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*E. Quade
1893
Lapham*

ODDS, ENDS AND TRIMMINGS

THE general public, as a rule, I imagine, regard most of the stories they hear of the plundering of public libraries by their frequenters as apocryphal. Once in a while, however, an accident occurs to demonstrate the actuality of these tales. Thus, since the last issue of this paper, a person has been apprehended in this city who seems to have been living off the proceeds of his thefts of rare books from the Astor and other institutions. At first glance it would appear to be the fault of the employees of a library that its treasures could be filched in this fashion, but there are several points to be considered in the matter. A great library, open to the public, can scarcely be watched in every hole and corner by its attendants. Their duties, in attending upon the visitors, occupy so much of their time that dishonest persons can always find a propitious moment to perpetrate a theft. Moreover, if such a person secures the confidence of the attendants, he gains a certain freedom of movement which materially assists him in his thievery. If they imagine to discover in him a sincere student or a scholar, they are likely to confide in his sense of honor and grant him as much license as they reasonably can. Of course, a fellow who abuses such confidence is a complete and inexcusable scoundrel. He is a robber in a double sense, since he not alone plunders the institution whose generous hospitality he violates, but the public, for whose advantage the institution was created. More than this, he casts a cloud of suspicion upon others who honestly utilize the favor he makes a prey of.

Once upon a time, as I remember, I had occasion for some months to work every day in one of our libraries, gathering material for a series of magazine articles which I was then compiling. I was well known in the place and occupied a convenient table in an alcove, where I could labor undisturbed by the coming and going of the public. One morning when I arrived at the library, I found the chief officials engaged in a very serious confab. I went to work as usual, but I noticed that the ordinary porter and the janitor had been reinforced by a person whom no one could mistake for anything but a police detective. Every new comer was closely scrutinized by them, as he or she reached the level of the library floor. Meanwhile attendants were carrying armsfull of books into the committee room, where the authorities sat in council. A singular gloom rested on the whole place. People were served with the books they called for, it is true, but, somehow, one could feel instinctively that there was something wrong. Furthermore, I could note from my post of observation that a very close watch was kept upon all the readers at the various desks and tables. It did not make matters the merrier that a furious sleet storm was pelting the skylights as if with a fusillade of grape shot, and that the penetrating chill of the tempest sneaked about the rooms in spite of the steam which fizzed in the gilded radiators.

I had gathered together my day's batch of notes, and was preparing for luncheon and a return to my quarters to work them up, when one of the librarian's assistants asked me to step into the council room. There the chief librarian had the long table covered with some of the most valuable books of reference which the library possessed, in various stages of mutilation. These books, all costly folios and great quartos, issued abroad, were worth even then, for I am writing of more than fifteen years ago, from \$100 to \$300 each. To-day their value would be double. All of them

were of an archæological character, special publications, printed in small numbers and illustrated with the most expensive plates. Scores of these plates had been cut from the binding, and in many cases columns and even pages of text had been cut out. To make it brief, the books, to the market value of certainly a couple of thousand dollars, were ruined.

The deputy who had issued them from his department of the library could not describe the person to whom they had been issued. He only remembered that a man had called for them, and that he had apparently made notes out of them, at a table nearly in front of the alcove in which I was working. What they desired of me was to learn whether I could recall the appearance of this vandal sufficiently to give them a description by which he might be identified. I remembered several men who had handled such volumes within my range of vision, but none very clearly. So the matter was for the time being dropped.

A couple of weeks later an acquaintance of mine who was fitting up an apartment asked me to look him up some prints that he might frame to decorate his bachelor walls. In one of the several Nassau street shops that I visited I found quite a collection of old copper-plates, principally of Roman and old Italian architecture, the things of the very class of which the library had been robbed. I bought a couple, at a very moderate price, and turned them over to the library for judgment. They were recognized as part of the stolen plates. The library, I believe, recovered a great many more, but not all. The thief had peddled them here and there, and some had disappeared entirely. It was discovered who he was; an Englishman of education and all that, who had explained to the shopman that he was compelled to sell these things from his private collection because his remittances were tardy. The gentry with whom he dealt were not overscrupulous in such matters, and so he was able to unload his spoil. He had had time to get clear of New York before the police got on his track, but, perhaps a year later, he was sent to State Prison in Massachusetts for robbing and forging the name of a Boston gentleman who had befriended him. This miscreant, I may add, was a most scholarly man by all accounts, and for all I know he may be looting our public libraries to-day. Why he should have carved the text of the books to pieces, too, nobody ever could learn. But when a criminal mania possesses a man, it would puzzle a conjuror to analyze its motives. These Jack-the-Rippers of the libraries are almost as mysterious to-day as the yet and probably to be forever unidentified strumpet-slaughterer of Whitechapel.

Thefts of pictures from public collections are not as numerous as the cases of book-stealing and mutilation at the libraries, but they are still by no means of rare occurrence. Europe, so far, enjoys or suffers almost a monopoly of this form of depredation. At this very day, in Paris, they are trying to trace seven pictures which have been stolen from the collection of the Hotel Parrissee. These include a Wouvermans; a Peter Neefs, painted on wood; a Ruysdael, painted on wood; a Van Mieris; a Van Vaël, on copper, and two Teniers, on wood. The curious feature of this robbery is, that the pictures seem to have disappeared at one time, and must have formed a bulk sufficient to attract attention and arouse suspicion had anyone been on the lookout.

Considerable comment has been caused by the manner in which the delightful water color pictures of Japan by Alfred Parsons, shown at the American Art Galleries, have been framed. The tendency to dress up water colors like oil paintings is entirely too common nowadays. Some of the works in this medium, executed in the broad, powerful style and color of the Dutch school, can stand it, but the more delicate and subtle productions, among which those of Mr. Parsons belong, are suffocated by the frame-maker. In spite of the framing, however, Mr Parsons' exhibition has scored the remarkable sales record of some \$15,000 since it was opened.

The group of pictures from the collection of Mr. Thomas B. Clarke, which are to go to Chicago, was exhibited at the Union League Club last week. The selection, made from the abundant material in Mr. Clarke's collection, provided a forcible illustration of the capabilities of American art at its best, and these forty-seven pictures, averaging such a high order of excellence, should open the eyes of many collectors to the possibilities of creating noteworthy and valuable collections of native art. Only the other day I happened to visit a gentleman whose collection of pictures had formerly been almost exclusively of foreign origin and fashionable character, when I found it radically changed. A great many of the works which had composed it had been removed, and others by American painters substituted. In the place of inferior if not actually doubtful examples of Corot, Rousseau, Dupré and Daubigny, hung fine specimens of George Inness, A. H. Wyant and D. W. Tryon. The best of the pictures by the French masters had been preserved, while the auction room bargains had been discarded. The owner remarked that he had come to the conclusion that there was more pleasure in collecting the works of living men, and his only complaint was of the scarcity of American figure pictures equal in standard to the landscapes. This is, indeed, a weakness of native art, but it is one which will amend itself

But to return to the Clarke exhibit. There is in it a group of eight examples of Winslow Homer: "The Campfire," a magnificent night scene in the Adirondack wilderness; "Eight Bells," the well-known group of the captain and mate of a New England fishing schooner, snatching a noonday observation from a brief gleam of the sun in a sky of storm; "The Two Guides," an old mountaineer and woodsman and his young companion, crossing a wild mountain ridge at early morning; "The Great Gale," "Midnight on the Coast," "The March Wind" and "The Carnival." The series, commencing with "The Campfire," the date of which is not known but which is the earliest in point of production, brings the artist down to the present year and reveals him in the prime of his strength. To call such a painter an American artist is only to identify his nationality. He belongs to the future and to the world.

Another native master to whom we should take off our hats in this collection is George Inness. He is represented by fourteen canvases. The earliest in point of date is the "Delaware Valley," painted in 1863, a landscape finer in character, composition and spirit, and as noble in color, as Richard Wilson at his best. A masterpiece in every sense of the term, dating from 1877, is "A Gray Lowery Day," that wonderful representation of a rainy day in mid-summer which has more than once rejoiced the eyes of New York at loan exhibitions. "The Mill Pond" is one glowing splendor of Indian summer. It dates from 1889. The others, each distinct in character and eloquent in expression, are the "White Mountain Valley," 1879; "The Sunburst," 1878; "Twilight," 1876; "Near Marshfield," 1876; "September Afternoon," 1887; "Winter Morning, Montclair, N. J.," 1882; "Threatening," 1891; "End of the Shower," 1891; "Nine O'Clock," 1891, and "Sundown in the Lane" and "A Sunny Autumn Day," 1892. It will thus be seen that the art of Mr. Inness for some thirty years is here set forth for study in progressive order, and set forth, moreover, in examples of a quality which sound the highest notes of his splendid power.

There are eight examples of the late A. H. Wyant in the Clarke exhibit; "An October Day," "Evening," "Clearing off at Sunset," "In the Woods," "Clearing after Rain," "A Lovely Pool," "A Mountain Road," and "A Brook in the North Woods." Without the organic resonance and variety of expression, of the Inness's, these pictures, in a gentler strain, present the same poetic charm of nature. It is the difference between the poet content to sing in simple strains, and the Homeric bard, to whom all nature is a field for perpetual exploration, experiment and conquest of new ideas and feelings. The same comparison might be made of D. W. Tryon, who is seen in seven examples. He is also an artist of

the tenderest sensibilities, to whom nature appeals in a subdued rather than a dramatic or tragic spirit. The "Silence" of William Bliss Baker is a most remarkable work, in that it not only gives the suggestion of infinite detail but at the same time preserves the broadest possible effect in one of the most difficult subjects of landscape painting. R. Swain Gifford's "Island of Nashawanna" is an American coast scene of supreme excellence, and the "January" of Walter Palmer, a canvas which would have warmed the cockles of some old Dutch master's heart.

The figure subjects in the Clarke exhibit are not numerous, but they are of the foremost importance as showing that we have some genuine painters of the figure in the United States. Mr. Homer's pictures I have already adverted to. Here then, in addition, is "The Glassblowers," by Charles F. Ulrich, a painting which has won by its intrinsic merit, international praise: the strong study of negro life and character by Alfred Kappes, "Rent Day;" Louis Moeller's "Stubborn," a cabinet picture which, while not equal in quality to his "Puzzled," also in the private collection of Mr. Clarke, is still beyond approach in its way by any other American painter who has yet appeared; and the humorous but thoroughly artistic rendition by William T. Smedley of the old plea "How happy could I be with either, were t'other dear charmer away," which bears the title of "Embarrassment." Francis C. Jones's "Exchanging Confidences" is a delightful touch of nature, the interchange of converse between the grandsire and the baby, whose circuit of life brings them together, which is well known. "A Breezy Day," is a spirited bit of real life by Charles C. Curran; "The Evening Breeze," by H. Siddons Mowbray, is a conception that belongs to the poetry of the Orient, refined by a touch of the Hellenic spirit, and presented with modern elegance of execution; and Frank D. Millet's "Lacing the Sandal" remains, as when it was painted some ten years ago, as fine a classical genre as our art has produced.

The season of auction sales has begun in Paris, and with a good deal more snap than it has shown here. At the Hotel Drouot the collection of the late Auguste Breyse, the picture dealer, sold, under the direction of Mr. Paul Chevallier, with MM. Bernheim, Jeune and Durand-Ruel as experts, produced a total of over 90,000 francs for thirty-six pictures, all modern works. A much more important sale, that of the Abraham de Camando collection, made at the Georges Petit Gallery, developed some handsome prices. A Theodore Rousseau fetched 40,000 francs, one Corot 50,100 francs, two Diazes 20,000 and 22,600 francs respectively, a Fromentin 23,500 francs, and one Isabey 13,200 francs. Very good prices were also commanded by the old masters, which were principally of the Dutch school. The highest price at the Breyse sale was for a beautiful Daubigny, which commanded 16,300 francs. The Victor Koning sale at the Hotel Drouot, in Paris, brought \$25,000, the owner having at the last moment withdrawn his "Vedette," by Meissonier, and many pieces by Chaplin, De Neuville, and others. A "Hussar," by Meissonier, went for \$1,940; a water-color by the same master brought \$1,820; a "Pool," by Jules Dupré, was sold for \$1,600, and a "Dreams," by Chaplin, for \$1,000. In London the Murrietta sale reached a total of over half a million francs, the highest price being touched by a "View of Venice," by Bonington, for which nearly \$11,000 was paid.

The old mansion of George Bancroft, the historian, in Washington, has been sold. His library will not, for a time at least, come under the hammer, as the executors hope that Congress will pass the bill which has been introduced for its purchase for the Congressional Library. The price is moderate, less, in fact, than the books would certainly bring under the hammer, and their legitimate place is in the National collection. If the bill for their acquisition does not pass, it will be simply a scandal on the nation.

The last issue of the *Westminster Gazette* says that the record has been closed by Lord Stormonth Darling in the Court of Sessions in the action by Mr. John Stewart Kennedy against James Stillie, bookseller, 19, George street, Edinburgh, in which pursuer seeks to recover payment of the price of the Burns and other manuscripts sold by defender to him as genuine, and which the latter now says he has discovered to be spurious. The sum concluded for is £750, comprising three sets of manuscripts, for which the pursuer paid £150, £300 and £300. Pursuer says that defender represented the manuscripts to be genuine. This defender denies, and he further avers that they are genuine. Lord Stormonth Darling has ordered proof in the case.

The distinguished German engraver, Professor Gustav Eilers, has completed the plate which has so long employed his best energies, the engraving after the "St. Caecelia" of Rubens. The original picture is in the Berlin Museum. The plate is in the combination of etching and line in which Professor Eilers is a master, and is a superb example of his reproductive art. While he was at work upon it, the original picture was subjected to a thorough cleansing which removed from it many of the repaintings of the so-called restorers which veiled its original beauties, and as the engraver, with loving care, conformed his plate to the changes thus revealed, his "St. Caecelia" may be accepted as the only true representation of Rubens's famous work which has yet appeared. The model for the figure, it may be stated, was Rubens's second wife, Helen Fourment, whom he used with impartial readiness as his type of pagan nymphs and Christian deities.

Among new etchings and plates at Knoedler & Co.'s is "The Dedication to Bacchus," by Aug. Blanchard, after L. Alma Tadema. It represents the presentation of a popular oblation to the deity, and is of the same dimensions as "The Village Festival," to which it is, in a manner, a companion, $14\frac{1}{4}$ by $33\frac{1}{4}$ in. After Sir Frederick Leighton is a mezzotint by J. D. Miller, $13\frac{1}{4}$ by $21\frac{1}{2}$ inches, entitled "Invocation," the subject being a Greek girl offering a sacrifice and a petition to the shrine of Venus.

A binding of exceptional quality and beauty has been executed by Stikeman & Co. for a Chicago collector. It is applied to a copy of the Grolier Club's publication for 1888, "Christopher Plantin, and the Plantin-Moretus Museum in Antwerp," which was written by Mr. Theodore L. De Vinne. To the illustrations made for the work by Joseph Pennell and others, the owner has added a number of plates, greatly enriching the volume. The binders have dressed it forth in a rich brown levant, of beautiful evenness of grain and color, upon which the gold tooling shows with glowing effect. The design of the covers is a series of laurel sprays, drawn in graceful scroll-like sweeps, and enclosing a centre panel of skeleton tooling. The scrolls support at the top the hand and callipers, which were the Plantin colophon, with the motto, and at the bottom appears the insignia of the Grolier Club. The cover edges are lined in gold, and the morocco of the cover is carried over to the inside, where it forms a broad border, with floriated ornamentation in gold. It is a pity that collectors who cherish the illusion that one must travel to Europe for artistic bookbinding, and there are many such, unfortunately, cannot enjoy an examination of this veritable gem of native talent in the art.

The Count De Lignerolles, whom the Paris *Evenement* characterizes as the greatest bibliophile in the world, is dead. His library, it declares, is superior to that of the Duke d'Aumale. It is composed entirely of ancient publications, which he sought for in the most perfect condition. It is now a question whether the Count bequeathed his library to the nation, or whether it will be broken up at public sale.

An original proposition is made by M. Arthur Bloche, in the Paris *Gaulois*. It is that owners of bogus pictures unite to make an exhibition of them. Such a show in this country, or even in this city, would be edifying, indeed.

Mr. Frederick Keppel has written and published a biographical and critical sketch of Evert Van Muyden, the painter etcher, to whose works THE COLLECTOR has already adverted at length. The pamphlet is illustrated with nine reproductions of the plates of the artist, including his portrait of himself.

The sale of the Spitzer Collection is to commence in Paris on April 17.

The Meissonier exhibition at the Georges Petit gallery has aroused Paris to enthusiasm, in spite of the deficiencies in it caused by the family quarrel between Charles Meissonier and the lady whom he considers to have become his step-mother all too tardily. Even without the pictures and sketches belonging to the widow, there are some 1,400 examples of the master, in all stages, at the Petit gallery. They very completely illustrate the painstaking care which he devoted to every picture he undertook, in order to secure accuracy of drawing, spirit of action and fidelity of detail. From half a dozen to a score of studies of the same figure are shown, some differing so slightly that the variation is scarcely visible to an inexperienced eye. For instance, there are twenty

distinct sketches of the figure of the trumpeter in the "1807," which was painted for A. T. Stewart and presented by Judge Hilton to our Metropolitan Museum of Art, and scores of studies of costume, arms and armor, and the like. For that class of painters who believe that there is a short cut to immortality, such a show should be an instructive lesson.

Mr. C. Klackner has issued a series of plates which should command wide attention among lawyers, public libraries and collectors of Americana, as well as from the public at large. They comprise a full set of the Chief Justices of the United States Supreme Court. Commencing with John Jay, of New York, the series includes in chronological order John Rutledge, of South Carolina; Oliver Ellsworth, of Connecticut; John Marshall, of Virginia; Roger Brooke Taney, of Maryland; Salmon Portland Chase, of New Hampshire; Morrison Remick Waite, of Connecticut, and Melville W. Fuller, of Illinois. The plates are finely executed in photogravure, from crayons by A. A. Anderson, derived either from the best existing painted portraits of the dignitaries concerned or from photographs.

The galleries of the local picture dealers have not for a long time been so attractive as now. At the Delmonico Art Rooms are newly shown some choice examples of the older and newer French schools, and at Knoedler & Co.'s both the oil and water-color galleries have been freshly decked forth. Among the oils, the place of prominence is occupied by the "Oedipus," of J. L. Gérôme, the famous picture of Napoleon interrogating the Sphinx, which has been fully described in these columns. The Dutch school is represented in its usual variety and strength in both media. At Schaus & Co.'s one may find, in addition to a great array of new prints, a fresh display of pictures of the high and attractive order, and the Richard Galleries have also been rearranged. A powerful Troyon and other additions are to be noted at Boussod, Valadon & Co.'s, and the Durand-Ruel Galleries afford the usual opportunity for comparison between the men of 1830 and those of 1893. At Mr. Avery's there has been a successful exhibition of pictures by the American landscape painter, Charles Warren Eaton, which are to be followed by a display from the brushes of Mr. W. L. Picknell, who is now abroad, Eugene Jettel and Prof. Karl Heffner. The exhibition of William Keith's pictures at Mr. Macbeth's Gallery, it is gratifying to learn, was a decided success.

There will be a sale at Bangs & Co.'s on March 20, 21 and 22, of an important collection of Americana, including atlases, maps, rare views, etc.; another of works on Napoleon and the French Revolution; and another of general literature, old and new. Over 900 numbers are catalogued.

Whether the Rembrandt of Pecq, which was shown at the American Art Galleries for a few days, be a genuine Rembrandt or not, it is certainly a fine picture. I should hesitate to adjudge it to Rembrandt, not from any inferiority of color, for it is really as ripe and fine as much of his own work, nor for certain discrepancies in the figures, since these may be due to restorations and repaintings, but on account of a certain weakness of treatment which is not Rembrandtesque. The same subject, but entirely different in composition, by the master, is in the Hermitage collection at St. Petersburg. In it Abraham sits at the left at the table. At the right are three angels, two childish figures, and the third older. The latter is making the announcement to the patriarch. Sarah stands listening at a door behind him. The handling of this picture is in the artist's most massive and powerful style. The concentration of light exhibits him in the greatest force, and the color is in his ripest vein. Still, Rembrandt did not always paint thus. The only just way to view the Pecq picture is to take it for itself. After all, it does not matter who paints such a work. Its intrinsic merit should establish its value. Its test should be the art in it, not the name in the corner. Anyone can manufacture signatures, but those who can paint such a picture are rare.

It is the fashion with our half-baked newspaper critics to ascribe every doubtful picture of Rembrandt's to Ferdinand Bol. Bol certainly came very close to his master in style and color, and, while generally not so simple and strong in drawing and broad in detail, there were times when he rose so close to the Rembrandt level that his pictures might be, and indeed often have been, accepted as those of his master. Still, Bol was not a mere imitator. He was an artist of the foremost talent, and, but

for the strong influence his master exercised over him, would certainly have developed an original style. He was not the only pupil Rembrandt had, however, who acquired the style of his master to a greater or less extent. I have seen pictures by Gerbrandt van den Eckhout, by Goevert Flink, and by Arnold de Gelder, which might readily pass for Rembrandt's, even without miraculously discovered signatures. As far as the Pecq picture is concerned, I shall be sorry to see it leave the country, if it is to go.

FRENCH BOOKBINDERS

A NEW French publication of the foremost interest and value for book collectors, and especially for that class which has an eye to fine and historic bindings, is just received at Mr. J. W. Bouton's. It is entitled "Les Relieurs Français," and is written by Ernest Thoinan and published by Em. Paul, L. Huard & Guillemin. It covers the subject as it has never been covered before, from anno 1500 to 1800, and in a manner at once replete with historical and personal as well as bibliographical material.

Opening with an exhaustive history of the Guild of Bookbinders and Guilders of Books, in Paris, it presents as illustrations maps, views and character figures bearing on the subject. The second section is devoted to a study of the styles of binding and ornamentation, illustrated with examples from great public and private collections of bindings executed for or by Louis XII, Francis I, Grolier, Geoffroy Tory, Henri II, Diane de Poitiers, Catherine de Medici, Nicolas Fumée, Henry III, Henry IV, Peirese, Florimond Badier, Antoine-Michel, Padeloup, Jacques-Antoine Derome, Marie Antoinette, the younger Derome, and others. The illustrations serve admirably to elucidate the critical application of the text as to the different styles of the binders, and of the periods to which unidentified bindings, which are also given, belong.

Section third is a critical and anecdotal biographical list, alphabetically arranged, of French binders. It is full of curious personal matter, and gives fac simile reproductions of many binders' signatures and marks, etc. The text is rendered additionally interesting by quotations of prices achieved by notable books at various sales, and more than any other portion of the book represents an extraordinary amount of information and research. Indeed, it is almost impossible to conceive how the author has contrived to ferret out the details which he gives concerning hundreds of obscure and in many instances hitherto unknown smaller fry of antique bindery. Even the fact that the author is himself a bibliophile scarcely explains the exhaustive accuracy of his work.

"Les Relieurs Français" is issued in an edition of 650 numbered copies. Of these, twenty are on imperial Japan paper, eighty on vellum paper hand made from the Marais mill, and the remainder on a fine vellum paper. The first hundred copies are in 4to, in a convenient size for the insertion of plates of bindings.

IMPORTANT AMERICANA

MR. BERNARD QUARITCH has issued cheap editions of four of the most important documents relating to the early history of the New World which are known to historians. They have been brought out at the suggestion of Mr. William Curtis, the head of the American Government Department connected with the World's Columbian Exposition, who anticipates an immense demand for them all over the United States, and especially this year at Chicago, nor is he likely to be disappointed.

The series consists of Columbus' Spanish Letter announcing the discovery of the New World, printed at Barcelona in April, 1493, and reproduced in reduced fac simile from the unique original; with a translation: the Latin Letter of Columbus, translated from the Spanish and printed at Rome in 1493; reproduced in fac-simile, with a preface; Vespucci's First Four Voyages, reproduced in fac-simile from one of the five extant copies of the original edition, printed at Florence in 1505; with translation and introduction; and Hariot's Relation of the First Settlement in Virginia; reproduced from the edition printed at Frankfort in 1590; with fac-similes of the plates engraved by Th. de Bry from John White's designs. The volumes, while of varying bulk, are of a uniform quarto size, convenient to be bound together. The Spanish letter sells at 40 cents, the Latin letter at 30 cents, the Vespucci Voyages at 75 cents, and the Hariot at 60 cents.

The typography and make-up of the books are worthy of a costly edition. The Vespucci Voyages is illustrated with the original woodcut designs in the text, and by a fac simile frontispiece from a drawing by Stradanus, and a reduced fac-simile of the Admiral's map from the Strasburg Ptolemy of 1513. The Hariot's Virginia is one of those quaint, ancient narratives, in which accuracy and truth and error and legend go side by side, giving it the fascination of a romance in addition to the value of a chronicle.

A ROYAL "ROMEO AND JULIET"

THE edition of "Romeo and Juliet," promised us some time since by Duprat & Co. of this city, has at last appeared, and those collectors who have been rendered impatient at the delay will find ample compensation in the result of the careful preparation which necessitated it. The volume constitutes the second of the Shaksperian series projected by the house, and luxurious as was the dress which was given to the "Antony and Cleopatra," which preceded it, its sumptuousness almost denies the former work a title to comparison. If the artistic advancement of the series continues to compound interest in the same proportion, their Shaksperian cycle will set Duprat & Co. indisputably among the master bookmakers to whom the immortality of bibliography belongs.

The illustrations of "Romeo and Juliet" comprise two distinct series. One is a set of full pages, vignettes, head and tail pieces, etched with exquisite delicacy by L. Muller, from the original designs prepared for the work by Jacques Wagrez, a painter who is concededly the foremost living master of the life, character, costume and local color of the period. The compositions of M. Wagrez number twenty. By Louis Titz are five designs, archeological and architectural in their fundamental character, but in every instance characterized by the most picturesque artistic feeling. The artist enjoys a reputation as a student of Italian architecture of the mediæval and renaissance periods which these compositions alone would show to be deserved. His pictures, which are all full pages, have been executed in wash, and reproduced with wonderful exactitude to values, color and effect by an aquatint process.

Of the literary portion it may be briefly stated that it is introduced by a specially prepared essay, historical and bibliographical, upon the origin and history of the play, by Mr. Richard Henry Stoddard, in which all that is particularly worth knowing to the reader as to the sources from which Shakespeare derived his idea of the story, and the disputed points of the text, are tersely and authoritatively treated. By way of an appendix is printed the "Glossary and Notes" of J. Thomson, in which the obsolete terms and abstruse phrases of the various acts are taken up seriatim, for explanation. The text has been set, with unusual perfection of proof reading for English in a French printer's hands, by D. Jouaust of Paris, by whom the book was also printed. The size is a royal octavo, the type of superb clearness, and the margins ample, without extravagance. The edition is limited to 350 numbered copies, of which 50 are on Japan and the remainder on Holland paper. Of the quality of the printing the name of M. Jouaust is a sufficient guarantee.

MR. WAGGAMAN'S CATALOGUE

SOME years since, the lamented Edward Greer compiled for Mr. Thomas E. Waggaman, of Washington, D. C., a catalogue of that gentleman's collection of pictures and oriental objects of art, for private circulation. Later, Mr. Waggaman issued an addendum to this, and now a completely new catalogue has been undertaken by Mr. Heromich Shugio, and the first of the three volumes is freshly off the De Vinne press. The collection has undergone many changes since its foundation. It has been greatly augmented and also purged, both in the departments of paintings and orientalia, of much material that no longer rises to its owner's standard, so that the Shugio catalogue, apart from the amount of descriptive material in it, and the historical data, is practically an entirely new work.

The first volume of the new catalogue enumerates fifty pictures in oil and forty-two water colors, pastels and drawings, by modern artists of established individuality, all with two or three exceptions, of foreign origin. In the department of Japanese ceramics are seven hundred and fifty numbers, the various pieces comprising the list being assembled in groups, according to their places of origin. For the collector of Japonaiserie the value of such a catalogue, with introductory historical notes, and descriptions, measurements, marks and dates of the individual pieces, must be apparent. The typography and make up of the volume are characterized by an elegant simplicity.

Mr. W. Lewis Fraser, of the *Century Magazine*, has made a distinct success of his excellent lecture on the art of illustration. It is a lucid and instructive paper, interesting to laymen and valuable to art students, the more so as Mr. Fraser illustrates and exemplifies his remarks by the exhibition of original drawings made for illustration for the Century Company, and loaned for the purpose from the rich store of the company's private collection.

AND STILL IT GRINDS

THE Philadelphia relic mill appears to be as prolific of Washingtoniana as the average Delaware river shad is of bones. Now we learn that the collection of autograph letters formed by Joseph Henry Dubbs, D.D., of Lancaster, Penn., with autograph letters and documents from other sources, and, strange to say, more relics of Washington and his heirs, are to be sold by auction in the Quaker City on March 21 and 22. The catalogue describes autograph letters and signatures to letters or documents of fifty-two signers of the Declaration of Independence, including Hewes, with two pages in quarto size dated Feb. 20, 1776; Hooper, with an undated page in folio; Francis Lightfoot Lee, with three pages in folio; Ross, Taylor, and others of whom it is comparatively difficult to obtain examples.

A plan of battle, for reconnoitering the enemy's posts at "York Island," wherein Washington appears to have written three times in a folio of three pages, "Lauzen" for Lauzun, "Spiter devil" for Spuyten Duyvil, and "Brunx" for Bronx; autographs of Generals of the Revolution, of Presidents and members of Cabinets from Washington to Arthur—including even Andrew Johnson, the unattainable, in the form of a franked envelope; autographs of members of the old Congress, of members of the Convention and signers of the Constitution, of Bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church and military men, statesmen, artists and writers, make the catalogue varied in interest.

There is Martha Washington's music book, an oblong quarto containing minuets and "gavots" of Lully, airs of Handel, marches, a jig, copies of Barker's "Musick Book," and songs, as "Lovely Nancy," "The Wedding Day," "O Dear, What can the Matter be," and "Hither Mary"—in all about forty pieces, in the handwriting and with the signature of Martha Parke Custis. There is Nelly Custis' music book, "containing several pieces that were undoubtedly written by Martha Washington," also her spinet, in a mahogany case, inlaid with brass and gilt. There is Washington's bookcase and secretary, in mahogany, inlaid with white holly and surmounted by five gilt eagles; his card tables and his dining table, his pewter inkstand and a letter which he wrote at Mount Vernon Dec. 13, 1799, to Mr. James Anderson about farms and the care of cattle. This letter takes from the one dated Dec. 8, 1799, purchased by Mr. George W. Childs at the Mickley sale in 1878, the honor of being "the last letter written by George Washington." Every relic is fortified by a certificate of authenticity, a guarantee, and what the French call "toutes les herbes de la Saint Jean."

The surprising and inexplicable gift of cataloguers of autographs of not describing is exemplified in this catalogue. George William Curtis is described as "author of 'Lotus Eating,' 'The Howadji in Syria,' etc.;" William Cullen Bryant as "Poet," John Greenleaf Whittier as "Celebrated Poet," Henry W. Longfellow as "Eminent Poet," Edgar Allan Poe as "Distinguished American Poet," John G. Saxe as "Eminent American Poet," and Alexandre Dumas *filis*, about whom there may be no uncertainty, not as playwright, but as "Romancer and Comic Author." If any intelligent catfish in the vicinity of Chestnut street wharf ever strikes a copy of this work of genius, he will laugh until he grows fat enough to pass for a sturgeon.

A volume on vase painting as practised by the Greeks has been published in London by T. Fisher Unwin. It is written by Miss Jane Harrison and Mr. D. S. Maccoll, contains reproductions of fifty-seven vases, dating from 570 to 470 B. C., and is of imperial quarto size.

A book of water-color drawings by Edouard de Beaumont having been lost, was the subject of a lawsuit by Boussod, Valadon & Co. for \$4,000 against Mr. Norton Q. Pope, the art amateur, of No. 241 Park Place, Brooklyn. Now the book has been found on a dusty shelf in the storeroom of Ortgies & Co., the auctioneers. Boussod, Valadon & Co. turned the book over to Mr. Pope for inspection in April, 1889, and nobody knew what became of it after it was placed in his carriage. The firm deferred taking legal proceedings because Mr. Pope was a good customer, but at last began a suit, which was thrown out in the Supreme Court this month. When Mr. Ortgies read of the case he remembered that a package of De Beaumont's drawings had been left at his place about the time the book disappeared. He notified Mr. Pope, who went with General Stewart L. Woodford, his counsel, opened the parcel and at once identified it as the missing book. The lawsuit will be continued, however, to determine the ownership of the drawings, which are now worth considerably more than when they were lost, as De Beaumont has died in the meantime. Eugene H. Lewis, counsel for Boussod, Valadon & Co., is of the opinion that Mr. Pope's coachman was probably responsible for the mistake, and instead of returning the book to the firm from which it came had delivered it to Ortgies & Co., with whom Mr. Pope had had extensive dealings.

WASHINGTON RELICS IN NEW ORLEANS

MRS. CHARLES CONRAD, the widow of the distinguished Louisiana lawyer, is in possession of a valuable and authentic collection of relics of Washington and his family, which came to her husband through his grandmother, Nellie Custis, who married Edward Park Lewis, Washington's adopted son. Their daughter married C. M. Conrad, who was Secretary of War under President Fillmore, and upon the death of the Conrads, their grandmother assumed charge of their two orphan sons. Thus the manner in which the relics passed into the hands of Charles Conrad's widow is clearly set forth, which is a great deal more than can be said of Washington relics on an average.

Among the objects which Mrs. Conrad treasures is a curious old casket containing the breast-pin in gold, pearls and diamonds, which Washington wore on state occasions; the knee and shoe buckles which he wore when he was inaugurated as President, mounted in gold and set with sapphires and topazes; rare old pieces of lace and delicate embroidery that formed the front frills and sleeve cuffs of Washington on state occasions, and the fan that Martha Washington used at the first inaugural ball. This fan is of ivory, chastely and delicately carved and wrought, to the appearance of being a design of old lace. A delicate line of white ribbon connects the pieces, each of which is of separate and different design. The fan is of Parisian make and Washington presented it to his wife. It is in a perfect state of preservation. There are also yards of old point lace, that decked the robes of Martha Washington on grand ceremonial occasions. A sort of memorial pin contains a lock of General Washington's hair, iron gray in color. The pin is set in pearls, and its companion pieces are two richly enameled pins, also set in pearls, containing respectively a lock of Martha Washington's hair and of the brown tresses of Nellie Custis. Other souvenirs are a curious dressing-case which belonged to Washington, a Chinese secretary, and an old jardiniere, the snuff-boxes of George and Martha Washington, both of gold, richly carved and enameled and set in jewels, and the shirtstuds and cuff pins of the General, set in diamonds and pearls. A portrait of Nellie Custis painted by Peale in 1793, a picture by Ary Scheffer of Lafayette's country house La Grange, and presented to her by the latter in 1825; cabinets, chairs and other furniture, family paintings and the like aid in making up the collection. One special feature of it is the scrap-book of Nellie Custis, which was presented by her to her grandsons. It is filled with poetry and pictures, including many drawings by herself.

As will be seen, the Conrad collection does not possess the vast and variegated comprehensiveness of those which have been recently ground out into the collections of relic hunters and the channels of trade by the Philadelphia relic mill. One does not find in it a Martha Washington "comport" from R. H. Macy & Co.'s, a George Washington will, or an autograph prayer book. But such as it is it speaks for itself, and requires no tooting of a catfish pedler's horn from the Quaker city to make it genuine.

James Clegg, of Rochdale, England, has in preparation the fourth edition of his "International Directory of Second-Hand Booksellers, and Bibliophile's Manual," the second half of the title covering lists of public libraries, British and foreign publishers, learned and scientific societies, etc., etc. The same publisher announces a centenary edition of the works of "Tim Bobbin (John Collier)," edited by Lieut.-Col. Fishwick, F.S.A., with the original and other illustrations.

Some prices obtained at Mr. Gill's annual exhibition, at private sale, of works by American artists, at his gallery in Springfield, Mass., were "A Neapolitan Maiden," Walter Blackman, \$300; "Cliffs at Nahant," A. T. Bricher, \$500; "A Rainy Day, Beverly Shore," A. T. Bricher, \$500; "Algerian Women Weaving Braid," Frederick A. Bridgman, \$750; "Lake George," John Bunyan Bristol, \$350; "An Off Day," W. Warren Brown, \$250; "Dutch Boats on the Maas," A. F. Bunner, \$300; "The Venetian Lagoon," A. F. Bunner, \$350; "Sunset on the Sound," J. W. Casilear, \$200; "A Day in June," Thomas B. Craig, \$600; "Homeward Bound," M. F. H. De Haas, \$500; "Loitering," James M. Hart, \$300; "Morning," James M. Hart, \$300; "A Halt by the Spring," James M. Hart, \$450; "At Rest," William Hart, \$700; "Cherokee Roses," M. J. Heide, \$175; "The Young Hostess," Francis C. Jones, \$225; "A Stranger in Town," Francis C. Jones, \$350; "November," H. Bolton Jones, \$300; "Birches in Autumn," Charles Linford, \$250; "Winter Twilight," George H. McCord, \$150; "Morning, Newport," William T. Richards, \$500; "The Coast of Donegal," William T. Bricher, \$300; "A Shady Vale," Julian Rix, \$350; "Anxious Moments," M. Rouzee, \$300; "A Bit of Venice," Henry P. Smith, \$250; "Chickens," A. F. Tait, \$175; "A Peaceful Corner," A. F. Tait, \$200; "A Gap in the Fence," A. F. Tait, \$275; "A Midsummer Day," Wordsworth Thompson, \$550; "From a July Meadow," Margaret C. Whiting, \$85; "A Sylvan Scene," A. H. Wyant, \$750.

A CURIOUS COLLECTION

THERE has been opened at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts a loan collection of about one hundred rubbings from monumental or memorial brasses found in England, about a third of the collection made during the past twenty-five years by Messrs. Richard H. Day, H. Kent Day and Frank Miles Day, who have loaned them for exhibition. There are in it silhouettes of knights and ladies, bishops and priests, merchants and their wives, who have thus been commemorated in the little parish churches where they worshipped. The collection includes the oldest known memorial brass in England, dated 1277, down to the time when they practically ceased to be used. In order that they may be easily and properly studied by any one desirous of carefully looking into the subject, the rubbings, which have been carefully mounted, like maps, have been hung chronologically and numbered in the catalogue accordingly. The rubbings were made with a black substance known as shoemaker's heel ball, which was applied to the plates to transfer their inscriptions to the paper by pressure. The greatest labor was experienced in the mounting, which is a very delicate operation.

Mr. H. Kent Day, who has given considerable of his time to the study of the old brasses with which the stone floors of many old churches in England are mosaiced, has prepared the catalogue. Writing as an expert, his catalogue is naturally full of curious and interesting information. He fixes the earliest record of a memorial brass in England at 1208. Brasses were probably introduced from the continent, one of the reasons for their general adoption being that the great size and number of sepulchral monuments and effigies filling the churches and cathedrals rendered it necessary to find some other means of commemorating the dead. Flat plates of thin metal, engraved with figures, inscriptions, etc., were then affixed to the slabs of stone which formed the floors, thus not only ornamenting the edifices, but requiring actually no room. In most of the English brasses the metal outside of the figure is cut away, and the figure so left is inserted in a cavity in the stone corresponding in size to the shape and thickness to the brass, which was riveted to the stone and generally imbedded in pitch. The metal used was called Latén. It was similar to brass, but more costly and much more durable, though the composition varied greatly, some plates having withstood wear better than others. For three hundred years or more before the establishment of the first factory in England the plates continued to be made in Germany and Flanders, and were imported into England to be engraved as required. So many came from Cologne that they were usually known as Coln or Cullen plates.

About 10,000 brasses were put down in England, of which only about 4,000 remain, and these in out-of-the-way churches, for the wars, the iconoclasts and thieves destroyed the others. However, England fared better than the Continent, for in Germany and Belgium there are now only about seventy-five each, a few in Denmark, and only one each in France and Spain, out of the several thousand which are believed to have been put down. An interesting fact in connection with the history is that brasses were sometimes taken up and engraved on the reverse for another person and then replaced. Many of these palimpsest brasses came from the Continent to be used in England. The earliest brasses are, generally speaking, the finest, artistically, having been engraved with great care by an able artist, who was frequently the architect of the cathedral in which the metal slab was to be placed. As the years rolled on the brasses became less and less artistic, cheap and common workmanship having evidently sprung into existence, owing to the increasing demand. About Elizabeth's time they declined, and soon the last of them were seen, although spasmodically they were used until the last century.

The prime value of these monuments is the illustration they afford of the period of which they give the day and date. In the sixteenth century portraiture was introduced, and likenesses were engraved which were doubtless faithful. A wide variety of details, arms and armor, costumes, personal appointments, and household belongings, also interest the antiquary and the historic student. Besides these general features the brasses are especially valuable as authentic records of family history. The only other collections of any importance are in the British Museum and in the Bodleian Library at Oxford.

The fine library of the late Sir Bernard Burke, of "Burke's Peerage" renown, is to be sold shortly in Dublin. He possessed a rare and splendid collection of genealogical works and family county histories, including a great number of privately printed books.

COLONIAL ANTIQUES

AT a meeting of the Brooklyn Woman's Club, last month, there was a loan exhibit of articles belonging to the Colonial or Revolutionary period. Mrs. Andrew Jacobs, who traces her descent on her mother's side from Governor John Endicott, of Salem fame, exhibited a large coffee urn in lustre ware and solid silver candlesticks and snuffers, formerly the property of Timothy Endicott. A silver spoon from Endicott farm, Danvers, bore the date 1630. A solid silver headed cane, once the property of Major James Whitlock of the Continental army, who was captured at the battle of the Highlands, was shown. The cane came into the Whitlock family in 1690, and has come down from father to eldest son ever since. Major Whitlock, having left his cane on one occasion at Washington's headquarters at Perth Amboy, Washington afterwards delivered it to him, saying: "I knew it was valuable and have used it myself during your absence, and now have the pleasure of returning it to you." This relic is owned by Mrs. Sidney H. Smith. Mrs. Norton Q. Pope loaned three Broadsides, dated Nov. 5, 1773, besides other valuable relics. Mrs. M. R. Hawley's loaned articles included a book of sermons two hundred years old, a duck pattern pewter teapot, soup tureen resting on claw feet and many historical papers, and a conveyance of land signed by Roger Sherman. Mrs. Alice Morse Earle exhibited a cup and saucer of old Worcester, owned by Lucien Bonaparte, a fac simile of Edward Brewster's teapot, said to have been brought over in the Mayflower; a fac simile of a tea set owned by Martha Washington, the original pieces of which are in the National Museum at Washington, and a collection of lamps.

Mrs. Isaac Howland and Mrs. Virginia Titcomb's articles ranged from fine laces and rare old coins, jewelry and precious keepsakes to household implements in pewter. Mrs. C. B. Bartram exhibited a plate of Davenport china brought from England by James Gibbons, of Albany, in 1775, and a watch one hundred years old, containing a figure of Christ on the cross, and several burnished lustre pieces. Miss Caroline Hicks loaned a pearl card case, 1850; cigar case, 1840; old lace and frame, 1820; samples, 1830; quaint jewel box, 1820, and colonial overshoes, 1760. Mrs. Tunis Bergen loaned a miniature painted by Fox, of London, 1800; mallet and salad set made from oaken beams in old Bergen homestead of 1662; card case in gold filigree work, points and samplers. Mrs. F. P. Whiting loaned a number of valuable relics once belonging to the famous Putnam family, of Danvers, Mass., chief of which was a fan taken from a French vessel during the French and Indian wars of the last century. A bed valance made from flax grown on a Massachusetts farm, spun and woven about 1740, with crewels homespun and dyed; a hand-wrought wedding veil of 1815; a tea apron worn in 1820, loaned by Mrs. Elizabeth Coffin, and garments, homespun bed curtains woven in 1771, loaned by Mrs. Lydia Field, were among the hand-wrought articles. A case of old papers and books was in charge of Mrs. J. H. Burtis. An old drinking horn bore the date 1776, loaned by Mrs. John L. Heaton. Prints and photographs completed the exhibit.

Several interesting papers appropriate to the occasion were read. One on "Witchcraft and Demonology" was given by Miss Virginia B. Goddard. "Old Almanacs" was a sketch read by Mrs. Alice Morse Earle. Mrs. Earle said: "I am not sure that almanacs ought to come under the head of literature, since the founder of the Bodleian Library would not even deem them books and excluded them from the shelves. Charles Lamb classed them under the head of 'books which are no books,' still I think it would have been difficult to find any New Englander of the first two centuries who did not think an almanac a book, and a very valuable one, too. For in many a colonial home, where the Bible and Psalm book constituted the whole standing library, the almanac was the sole yearly comer. It is difficult for us to understand and comprehend to-day what the advent of a new almanac was in a country household in early days. It was to the family a complete Century Dictionary; in it were not only weather notes, but astronomical, theological and medical information; jests as old, perhaps, as the English language; advice on all domestic subjects, preserving, pickling wine and cordial making, and rules for rearing children." Mrs. Earle spoke also of the habit of keeping accounts in almanacs, how Governor Hutchinson jotted down on the margin his wig money and cost of rich finery. Parson Eliot kept a record of his mourning rings and funeral gloves. Mrs. L. A. P. New read an original poem, entitled "A Revolutionary Ancestress," and Mrs. G. L. Vanderbilt a sketch on "Social Life During the Revolution."

A Chinese banknote 500 years old is preserved in a Chinese museum.

THE H. M. JOHNSTON SALE

IN spite of an extremely inclement night, the sale of the fine collection of pictures belonging to Mr. Henry M. Johnston, of Brooklyn, which was made by Ortgies & Co. at Chickering Hall on February 28, was a gratifying success. Some of the pictures showed a notable appreciation in value, and the prices throughout held up very well. The bidding was spirited, and the seventy-four works realized \$108,810. The following is a list of the works sold, with the prices obtained and the names of some of the buyers:

Ingres, "Love's Whisper".....	\$65	Vollon, "Still Life;" Reichard & Co.....	775
Braith, "Calves at a Trough".....	250	Ziem, "Quay at Marseilles".....	1,100
Pelouse, "Landscape".....	220	Jacque, "Watering Sheep at Night".....	1,800
Jongkind, "Winter Scene" in Holland, L. C. Delmonico.....	300	Zamaçois, "Spanish Troubadour;" S. P. Avery.....	700
Boudin, "Port of Havre".....	155	Cazin, "Road to the Village;" Boussod, Valadon & Co.....	1,900
Hoff, "After the Duel".....	225	Jongkind, "Moonlight on the River;" L. C. Delmonico.....	1,200
Smith-Hald, "Homewards".....	250	Monet, "Road by the Hillside;" Boussod, Valadon & Co.....	550
Vollon, "Landscape—Early Morning".....	350	Boldini, "Peaceful Days".....	1,500
Isabey, "View at Honfleur".....	300	Decamps, "The Conflagration".....	425
Lecomte, "A Lady of Morocco".....	510	Jacques, "The Coming Storm;" S. P. Avery, Jr.....	1,100
Lambinet, "The Tow Path".....	730	Schreyer, "A Wallachian Pack Train".....	2,700
Johnson (David), "Bayside, New Rochelle, N. Y.;" Julius Oehme	550	Dupré, "Driving Cows to Water".....	1,900
Ochtman, "Sunshine and Shadow;" Julius Oehme.....	400	Troyon, "Going to Pasture".....	1,100
Inness, "Autumn Landscape;" T. J. Blakeslee.....	775	Domingo, "Resting".....	2,300
Roybet, "The Smoker".....	350	Cazin, "Environs of Châtillon;" L. C. Delmonico.....	1,800
Robie, "Flowers".....	750	Diaz, "A Cloudy Day in Lorraine".....	1,400
Dupré (Julien), "Girl Feeding Poultry".....	700	Delacroix, "The Combat".....	2,900
Desgoffe, "Historical Objects of Art".....	500	Breton, "The Tired Reaper".....	1,300
Becker, "Portrait of a Westphalian Peasant;" S. P. Avery, Jr..	380	Jacque, "Shepherd and Sheep".....	2,725
Monticelli "The Bride".....	500	Corot, "Pond Among the Willows".....	2,000
Jalabert, "The Annunciation".....	425	Dupré, "Cottage by the River;" Boussod, Valadon & Co.....	1,500
Munier, "En Penitence".....	600	Bonheur, "Landscape and Cattle".....	1,200
Pissaro, "Springtime;" L. C. Delmonico.....	350	Cazin, "An October Day in France;" L. C. Delmonico.....	2,500
Troyon, "Cow Grazing".....	475	Rousseau, "The Outskirts of Barbizon;" S. P. Avery, Jr.....	2,200
Chardin, "Mutton;" Reichard & Co.....	225	Daubigny, "The Afterglow;" L. P. Morris.....	2,700
Huguet, "Scene at Biskra".....	525	Diaz, "Clearing in the Forest".....	2,600
Clays, "Scene Near Rotterdam".....	825	De Neuville, "The Outpost".....	2,150
Grison, "The Curate's Birthday".....	650	Corot, "Near Ville d'Avray;" E. Bradley.....	3,400
Mettling, "Preparing the Meal".....	650	Van Marcke, "A Summer Day;" E. Bradley.....	3,700
Michel, "Landscape".....	500	Knaus, "Helping Hands".....	7,000
Courbet, "The Castle of Chillon".....	500	Delacroix, "Tiger and Serpent".....	6,500
Cazin, "Scene in a French Village;" L. C. Delmonico.....	1,600	Breton "A Summer Day;" E. Bradley.....	2,550
Pasini, "Crossing the Desert".....	600	Isabey, "The Embarkation".....	2,400
Diaz, "Flowers;" Reichard & Co.....	725	Monticelli, "Testing Fate;" Dr. E. M. Harris, Providence, R. I.	1,500
Jongkind, "Moonlight in Holland".....	1,175	Bouguereau, "Literature and Art;" Dr. E. M. Harris.....	3,500
Kaemmerer, "Adam and Eve".....	1,150	Dupré, "The Oak by the River".....	7,500
Rico, "A Venetian Garden".....	1,100	Corot, "Tiger Seeking Prey".....	4,600

COLLECTING LACE PATTERNS

OF the numerous sections into which the subject-matter of books might be divided, few are more curious or more beautiful than those of lace patterns. The best examples, which appeared during the sixteenth century, are also among the rarest of bibliographical treasures, and a mere handful of these are worth a small fortune. It is only within the last few years that they have become objects of keen competition among collectors, and many of them have been reproduced in fac-simile. Even in this counterfeit state these little brochures sell in the auction-room for from £1 to £1 10s. each. Among thirteen of the original editions which came up for sale in December last at Sotheby's, at least four were of excessive rarity, two of them being quite unknown to Brunet; and of another, only two examples appear to be known, of which one was in the library of Baron James de Rothschild. The best of the examples bear the imprint of Venice, and range in date between the second and third quarters of the sixteenth century. The most notable of the two examples with French titles, Vinciolo's "Singuliers et Nouveaux Pourtraicts pour toutes sortes d'Ouvrages de Lingerie," was issued at Turin in 1589, and in addition to its 112 patterns of lace, contains woodcut portraits of Henri III and Queen Louise de Lorraine. A second edition of this book, with the same portraits, was issued in Paris nine years later. Perhaps the most beautiful of the Italian examples is Cesare Vecellio's "Corona delle nobili et Virtuose Donne," the four parts of which appeared at Venice, 1591-92, and is especially valuable on account of the woodcut of women at work. This book has 109 exquisite designs for lace, and the last copy sold realized 1,260 francs. The fifteen examples at Sotheby's, among which were two reprints, fetched a lump sum of £165, and were all knocked down to one private buyer.

The library collected by the late Prince Lucien Bonaparte is now being catalogued, and the expert at work on the task is astounded at the discovery of its richness in philological works. He has a long list of those which cannot be found in the British Museum, although his selections, for a test, were quite at haphazard. The prince had exceptional facilities during the Empire to collect rare books in the line of his hobby all over Europe, and he devoted all his energies and fortune to the work. It might be worth the while of some American institution with money to spend on an unexampled philological library to take a look at it before it is offered for sale.

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL MSS.

ACCORDING to the Paris *Figaro* the "Book of Hours" of the Duc de Berrî, with miniatures of the fourteenth century, and now in the possession of the Duc d'Aumale, at Chantilly, is the most beautiful manuscript known. At the same château, also, are found the marvelous series of forty miniatures which Jean Fouquet executed for Etienne Chevallier; and the "folles entreprises du poète Gringore," printed on vellum, in Gothic characters, ornamented with twenty-two miniatures of great beauty, and bound in morocco with the arms and the device of Diana of Poitiers. At the Bibliothèque Nationale there are the "Heures d'Anne de Bretagne," with fifty-one whole-page paintings done in 1507 by Jehan Bourdichon; the two Bibles of Charles le Chauve, which are considered as one of the most beautiful monuments of art of the Carolingian period; the first of which, executed for Charlemagne under the direction of Alcuin, came from St. Martin-de-Tours, and the second, with the arms of Henri IV, was written for Charles le Chauve, and at one time belonged to the Abbey of St. Denis; the unique copy of the Pentateuch of the fifth century, formerly the property of Libri, and the "Livre d'Heures" of Grimani, at the Palace of the Doge of Venice. Among the printed books in the National Library at Paris, the three most notable are the Mazarine Bible; an edition of St. Gerome, with the binding signed and dated 1469—the earliest known instance of the kind—by Jean Richenbush, at Geislingen, near Stuttgart; and the Ptolemy, with the sixteenth century mosaic binding, executed for Diana of Poitiers.

"Le Pâturage en Touraine," by Troyon, one of his most famous cattle pieces, was sold the other day in Paris for \$14,650. It was in the collection of the late Baroness de Gunsbourg.

Some recent picture prices at Christie's, in London, were: Copley Fielding, "Coast Scene," 40 guineas; Birket Foster, "Crossing the Ford," 110 guineas; Carl Haag, "Head of a Bedouin," 61 guineas; C. Stanfield, "An Indian Landscape," 62 guineas; David Cox, "Girl Crossing Bridge," 155 guineas; "A Heath Scene," 80 guineas; Seymour Lucas, "After Culloden," 130 guineas; G. Morland, "Two Peasants in Cart," 74 guineas; J. Stark, "Windsor Castle," £126.

THE COLLECTION OF JOHN G. JOHNSON, ESQ.

WE hear very much of great American collectors, in these days of big picture sales, with crack pictures going at prices to take a poor man's breath away. The great collector, in the true sense of the word, is not, however, he who tosses his sacks of gold into the scale of art, to outweigh the money bags of his competitor. One must look for the genuine great collector among the men who not only assemble rare and costly objects, but who make their collections the subject of contemplation and study; who not only collect, but who have a definite plan upon which they do so, and who, living with their treasures, in a manner get upon a familiar footing with them, and come to know as well as to own them. When you find such a person, you find a true great collector, whether his collection be worth a hundred thousand or a million in cash. Moreover, it is such men as these who really advance art. By the development of their taste and knowledge they gain courage to purchase the works of men of merit yet unknown to the trumpet blasts of Fame, while others buy only names which the market has rendered important, and proportionately costly. An ideal collection of pictures will probably never be formed, for the reason that even the most sincere and intelligent collectors are governed to a certain extent by personal taste, but there are approaches made to it, and perhaps the most conspicuous example in this country is to be found in the collection of Mr. John G. Johnson, of Philadelphia.

Personally a man of cultured mind and strong æsthetical sympathies, Mr. Johnson has found leisure, from the exactions of a busy and laborious professional life, to bring together an assemblage of paintings which is unique. In fact, he seems to have sought his relief from the strain and drain of work and social duty in the pursuit of art; straying, when occasion served, from the stony and thorny labyrinths of business into the flowery domain where the poets of the palette sing in color those melodies for which they were fore-ordained. THE COLLECTOR has had the honor to recently quote some of Mr. Johnson's critical observations on modern art in Europe, which were printed in a Philadelphia paper, as the result of his latest trip abroad. An acute observation, and a just and logical mind, revealed themselves in these letters, and they demonstrated that the writer was not alone an art collector, but a student and sympathizer with his pursuit. As a collector of pictures, Mr. Johnson is well known to New York and Philadelphia from his liberal contributions of many noble works to various loan exhibitions; but one can obtain an even approximate idea of the splendor of his collection only from a knowledge of its constituent details. He has recently printed, for his own use, a catalogue of his collection, which from the surface indications has been compiled by himself. It is, in its way, a model catalogue, giving titles of pictures, dimensions, collections or sales from which they come, and terse but lucid descriptions of the works themselves; and as a work of reference illustrates the value of thus recording their collections which I have so often urged upon our collectors.

There are two hundred and eighty-one pictures enumerated in Mr. Johnson's catalogue, and their range extends from a small group of choice examples of the old masters to the present day. Among the artists represented are some who are, unfortunately, practically unknown to the American collector at large, like the German, Arnold Böcklin, and the great English animal painter, J. M. SWAN. Sixteen Corots form a collection in themselves, of which anyone might be proud, and the other men of 1830 are strongly represented, notably in the case of Dupré, who is seen here at his best. The collection comprises examples of the best art of the day in Europe, from England to Russia, and shows a number of distinctive works by American artists. It is as if the owner desired to illustrate in it the best artistic tendency of the time in collectorship; if he did not, he has, unconsciously, succeeded in establishing the idea on a broad and firm foundation. The list given below enumerates Mr. Johnson's pictures in the alphabetical order of the artist's names, with their origin and dates, as far as they are within his knowledge. In itself, it is a lesson in great collectorship, as distinct from the mere process of collecting by rule of cash.

Jean Aivasowsky: "Moonlight Near Theodosia," "After Wreck," "Storm and Wreck." All from the Aivasowsky Exhibition, London, 1881.

Emile Barau: "A Village in Champagne," 1886.

Barker of Bath: "Gypsies on the March," 1815.

Wm. H. Bartlett: "Landscape," 1884. Guardi Gallery, London.

Barye: "Landscape and Deer." Dillais collection.

Jules Bastien-Lepage: "The Thames." Engraved by Van Ness, dated London, July, 1881. M. E. May sale. "The Thames," 1882; "Early Morning at Damvilliers," 1882.

Nicolas Berchem: "Landscape with Cattle," signed in full. Wellington collection.

Pierre Billet: "The Fagot Gatherers." Medal at Salon, 1874; French Gallery, London, 1878. From Duncan collection.

Rene Billotte: "Landscape," 1891; "Chateau Gaillard les Andelys."

Gregor von Bochmann: "The Hay-Makers." French Gallery, London, 1886.

Arnold Böcklin: "Sappho," "Nymph and Faun."

Rosa Bonheur: "Barbaro." Lord Powerscourt collection.

Leon Bonnat: "Italian Girl," 1867. Probasco collection.

F. Bonvin: "The Engraver," 1872. Borie collection. "The Laundress," 1858.

Jan Both: "The Bridge." Hamilton collection.

Eugene Boudin: "Toulligon," "Trouville," 1873.

W. A. Bouguereau: "The Thank-Offering," 1867. Collection Geo. Fox, of Alderley. French Gallery, London, 1887.

E. Brandon: "La Sortie de la Loi le Jour du Sabbat," dated 1869-71. Salon, 1869; engraved by Courty. Camondo sale, 1893.

Jacques R. Bracassat: "Head of a Black Cow, with White Scar."

Jules Breton: "The Penitent," 1872; "St. John's Eve." Universal Exposition, 1878.

Henry Bright: "Iffly Mill—Oxon."

F. Brozon: "The House-Maid." Guardi Gallery, 1884.

J. Lewis Brown: "The Meet," Cross of Legion of Honor. Salon, 1870. A. T. Stewart sale.

A. Calame: "The Twin Oaks."

Antonio Canaletto: "Venice Fete," "The Rialto." Cavendish-Bentinck sale.

Jan van der Capelle: "La Meuse," signed with initials. Rotham sale.

Eugene Carriere: "Mother and Child."

J. C. Cazin: "Solitude," "The Dunes," "The Hill Path," "The Pond." Triennial Exhibition, 1883; Exposition Universale, 1889. M. E. May sale, "Starlight."

Edouard Charlemont: "The Alhambra Guard." Guardi Gallery, 1883.

Fleury Chenu: "Effect of Snow."

Antoine Chintreuil: "Landscape," "Sunset," "The Roadside."

Raphael Collin: "Spring-Time," 1884; Salon, 1889; Universal Exposition, 1889; engraved by Baude.

John Constable: "Landscape," 27th Sept. 1810, from Miss Constable's sale, 1891; "Chain Pier, Brighton," same collection. Old English Art Exhibition, French Gallery, London, 1893.

J. B. C. Corot: "Fountain in Brittany," M. E. May collection.

"Cathedral of Nismes," "Lake Geneva," 1839, Corot sale No. 91, Gentier collection. "Cottages at Douai," painted for Dutilleux, 1873. "The Road through the Woods," Robert collection.

"Sunset," Cottier collection. "Sous Bois a Marcoussis," Detrimont collection. "Near Saintry," "Near Gisors," Corot sale 219

"Samur," Cottier collection. "Landscape," "Near Ville d'Avray," "Park of Presles Courcelles," 1825, presented by Corot to his nurse, Mère Felix Lemaitre. "Near Saintry," Chevalier de Knyff collection. "Mother and Child," "Lake Nemi," Vienna International Exhibition.

Old Crome: "Landscape," Lord Stafford's collection.

Gustave Courbet: "Source of the River," "Landscape," "La Vague," painted for Courbet's friend Boisse. "La Pluie," 1868.

"The Willows," "La Vallée," "Castle of Chillon."

- T. Couture*: "The Troubadour," Salon 1843, collection Gsell, Secretan sale. "Landscape," Eggers collection, Vienna.
- A. Cuypp*: "Landscape and Cattle," signed.
- P. A. J. Dagnan-Bouveret*: "The Halt," 1883. "Bernoise," Salon, 1888.
- C. Daubigny*: "View Near Villerville," 1868. "The Creek," "Sunset in the Department of Seine et Oise," Van den Eynde collection. "Village of Conflans," 1867, Borie collection. Barye Exhibition, New York, 1889.
- H. Daumier*: "The Bath."
- J. L. David*: "Napoleon."
- H. Dawson*: "Landscape."
- A. G. Decamps*: "Syrian Landscape," Kaye-Knowles sale, London, Barye Exhibition, New York, 1889. "Marine," San Donato and Roederer sales. "The Bivouac Before Waterloo," collections Dubois, Cachardy, Gaillard and Borie. Barye Exhibition, 1889. Moreau's "Decamps," page 211.
- A. Legas*: "The Cow," "Tired," pastel. "Ballet Dancers," pastel.
- E. Delacroix*: "Flowers and Fruits," 1041. Robaut's, Delacroix, Piron and Faniel collections. Exposition Universale, 1855. "Copy of Fragment of the Marriage of Cana," 1931, Robaut *Gazette des Beaux Arts*, 1887, p. 71. "Lion and Prey," Florent Willem's collection.
- Adrien Louis Demont*: "Les Oeillettes," Salon, 1888; gold medal at Exposition Universale, 1889. Engraved by Paillard.
- N. Diaz*: "La Danse de Almees," 1864. Collections Vicomte Aguada and Secretan. Diaz Exposition 1877. Exposition des Cents Chefs d'Oeuvres. "The Storm."
- A. Van Dyck*: "Portrait Study of Rubens."
- Jules Dupré*: "The Great Oak," Secretan collection. Barye exhibition 1889. "Forest of Compiègne," "Beached," water color. "The Shore," Mme. Pierson collection.
- A. Edelfeldt*: "The Little Boat," 1884. Salon 1884. Engraved by Baude.
- E. Ellis*: "Landscape," French Gallery, 1891.
- Eugene Feyen*: "Berceuse Endormie," Silver medal. Salon 1880.
- M. Fortuny*: "Wood Nymphs Worshipping a Statue of Jupiter," Rome 1858. Davillier's "Life of Fortuny."
- Edouard Frère*: "Return from Work."
- Emile Friant*: "The Garden Walk."
- Eugene Fromentin*: "Venice."
- J. L. A. T. Gericault*: "The Veteran."
- J. L. Gerome*: "L'Abreuveur," painted 1857; repainted and finished 1883. Salon 1857. Scharf sale. Engraved by Chauvel.
- Jan Van Goyen*: "Landscape," signed V. G., dated 1653. Marquis de la Rochelambert sale, collection Baroness N. de Rothschild. Engraved by Maxime Lalanne. *Gazette des Beaux Arts* 1873.
- L. Graner*: "Asleep," Salon Champ de Mars, 1892.
- F. Guardi*: "Venice," Ingram (Marsala House) collection. "La Dogana," Vicomtesse de Courval collection. "Venice," same collection.
- Gustave Guillaumet*: "Evening in the High Plateaus of the Sahara," painted on commission, 1885.
- H. Harpignies*: "Landscape"—"The Village Road," 1874.
- Alexander Harrison*: "Harbor of Concarneau," "Midnight," "Newport Harbor," "Pond at East Hampton," "Moonlight," "Newport Gas-Works," "The Open Sea," Champs de Mars, Salon 1891. "Chateaux en Espagne," Salon 1882. Universal Exposition 1889. Engraved by Baudet and Closson. "Wave Play."
- Birge Harrison*: "Gathering Pond-Lilies."
- Butler Harrison*: "Landscape."
- A. A. E. Herbert*: "Rosa Nera at the Fountain." Finished original study for the painting of that title.
- Winslow Homer*: "Maine Coast in Winter," 1891. "The Breaker," 1891.
- George Inness*: "Valley of Cadore," Rome 1873. "Landscape," 1883. "Landscape, Autumn."
- E. Isabej*: "The Prisoners," "View at Granville," 1855. Universal Exposition 1855. "The Duel."
- Josef Israels*: "Cottage Interior," "Seashore," 1890.
- C. E. Jacque*: "Return to the Fold," "Going to Pasture," 1860. Borie collection.
- J. G. Jacquet*: "The Courtship," 1868.
- Th. Gericault*: "Raft of the Medusa." Study.
- Vigo Johansen*: "Mes Amis," Salon, 1888.
- J. B. Jongkind*: "The Canal," 1869. "Harbor Scenes," 1852.
- Sir Godfrey Kneller*: "Portrait of Baron Liebsig."
- B. C. Koekkoek*: "Landscape—Copy of Van der Meer's 'Delft' at the Hague," 1851.
- Peter Severin Kroyer*: "Fisherman's Inn," 1886. Petit Gallery 1886.
- L. E. Lambert*: "A Family Conference."
- Pierre Legarde*: "Street Scene," Societe Internationale, 1892.
- Emmanuel Lansyer*: "Environs of Cernay."
- Jean Paul Laurens*: "The Parting of Bertha and Robert," 1883; a sequel to "The Examination," by the same artist in the Luxembourg. "Vengeance of Pope Urban VI." Salon of 1884, Brussels Exposition, 1884.
- Stanislaus Lepine*: "St. Ouen."
- Baron Henri Leys*: "The Old Hostelrie," 1849.
- Leon A. L'Hermite*: "The Sheep Fold," crayon. "The Old Tinker," crayon. "Landscape Coast of the Bay of Biscay," crayon. "The Wood-Cutter," crayon. Engraved by Courty. "The Bathing Place," 1889. Universal Exposition 1889, pastel.
- L. Loefftz*: "The Sewing Woman," 1886. French Gallery, London.
- Edouard Manet*: "Kearsarge and Alabama," Salon 1872. Etched by Gaucherel.
- Prosper Marilhat*: "Landscape,"—"Oriental Landscape," 1835. "The Market Place," 1832.
- Jacques Maris*: "The Prayer," 1867. "Canal in Holland," 1873. Salon 1873, Barlow collection, England. "Landscape," French Gallery 1884. "Homeward Bound."
- Mathew Maris*: "Head of Young Girl."
- W. J. Martens*: "Mamma! A Ship!" Hague Water Color Exhibition, 1881.
- Henri G. Martin*: "Study of a Head," Salon, 1887.
- A. Mauve*: "The Meadow," 1869.
- Gabriel Max*: "Inspiration."
- J. L. E. Meissonier*: "View Near Poissy," completed 1884 by the introduction of a figure of the artist himself, the landscape having been painted many years before.
- Hugues Merle*: "Au defaut de clés voici les portes," 1857. Salon 1857.
- G. Metsu*: "Interior," John Hare Powel collection.
- Louis Mettling*: "Street-Sweeper at Lunch," Mary J. Morgan collection.
- Claus Meyer*: "The Nun."
- Georges Michel*: "The Old Château," Durand Ruel Gallery, No. 284.
- P. Michetti*: "The Serenade," 1878. Berlin Exhibition 1891.
- J. F. Millet*: "The Noon-Day Rest," Feral sale, 1872. Sarlat and Stardecker collections. "La Fileuse," water color. E. Guerin collection, Barye Exhibition 1889. "View Near Greville," pastel.
- Claude Monet*: "The Boat,"—"The Railroad Bridge,"—"La Manne-Porte, Etretat," 1882.
- Adolphe Monticelli*: "The Fete,"—"The Ravine."
- F. Moucheron*: "Landscape," signed in full. John Hare Powel collection.
- Prof. Leopold Muller*: "Oriental Scene," French Gallery, 1886.
- M. Munkacsy*: "The Last Day of a Condemned Man," Keokuk Gallery, London, 1884-5.
- L. Munthe*: "Noon."
- Patrick Nasmyth*: "View Near Lambeth."
- Alphonse de Neville*: "The Cemetery of St. Privat," 1881. Salon of 1881.
- G. de Nittis*: "Return from the Races, Bois de Boulogne," 1875. Exposition Universal 1878. A. T. Stewart sale, "The Connoisseurs."
- Adelsteen Normann*: "Norwegian Fjord," 1877.
- Alfred Parsons*: "A Quiet Bit of Country," 1883. Salon 1886.
- A. Pasini*: "Landscape,"—"A Market in one of the Streets of Constantinople," 1867. Salon 1868. "Sketch," in crayon—"Damascus."
- James Paterson*: "Landscape," 1890. French Gallery, 1891.
- Eilif Peterssen*: "Waiting for the Rise of the Salmon," 1888. Gold medal and Legion of Honor. Universal Exhibition, 1889.
- A. von Pettenkofen*: "Market in Hungary."
- C. Pissaro*: "Landscape," 1883. "Landscape," 1888.
- F. Pradilla*: "The Finishing Touch," water color.
- Puvis de Chavannes*: "War,"—"Peace," both in Universal Exposition 1867, where they won a medal and the Legion of Honor.
- J. B. Pyne*: "View of Rochester, England, from the Bridge."
- J. F. Raffaelli*: "The Gossips,"—"Mid-Day, Effect of Frost," Salon 1886. Universal Exhibition, 1889. "At Work," Exhibition Rue Volney.
- Henri Regnault*: "The Moorish Dance,"—"The Pyrenees."
- S. W. Reynolds*: "The River," collection Binder, for which it was purchased in London in 1871 by Jules Dupré.
- Theodore Ribot*: "Basse-Cour," 1861. Salon 1861—"Flowers."
- M. Rico*: "Near Chartres," first Spencer sale. "Evening Hour," 1870, Borie collection.

- Rodowski*: "The Pilot."
Th. Rousseau: "Landscape,"—"October," 1831. Barye Exhibition 1889. "The Farm Pool,"—"Landscape." Sedelmeyer sale, 1877, No 86.
F. Roybet: "Death of Roxana."
Jacob Ruysdael: "Landscape," figures by A. van de Velde, signed in full. Nieuwenhuys sale, 1834.
S. Rusinol: "The Cabaret," Champ de Mars, 1892.
John S. Sargent: "Versailles Garden," 1879.
Alfred Sisley: "Landscape," 1880. Porto Riche collection. "Pont de Villeneuve."
Alfred Stevens: "Reverie."
J. M. Swan: "The Approaching Combat," 1891. "Wild Boars," 1879. "The Two Tigers,"—"Lioness and Serpent."
O. Tassaert: "Les Pauvres," 1855. M. de Tretaigne sale, 1872. Dumas sale.
David Teniers Jr.: "Cottage Interior," signed in full. Cammell collection, Norton Hall.
W. B. Tholen: "The Breakfast," 1891.
Max Todt: "Devil May Care," gold medal, Vienna Exposition, 1887.
C. Troyon: "Landscape,"—"Dogs in Leash," Troyon sale, 1866. Boquet collection—"The Red Cow,"—"Forest Clearing," 1846. Barye Exhibition, 1889—"On the Road to the Market," Derby sale, New York, 1871. Barye Exhibition 1889—"The Garden Gate." Hulot sale—"Treport," Van Praet collection 1893.
Jan Van Beers: "Pretty Poll," 1879.
E. Van Marcke: "La Mare au Pommier, Normandie."
B. Vautier: "The Mayor's Annual Dinner," 1871, first medal Universal Exhibition, 1878.
J. G. Vibert: "Grasshopper and Ant," water color, 1875.
José Villegas: "The Ransom," 1875.
A. Volton: "Dunkirk,"—"Woman at Spinning Wheel," 1876. "Still Life,"—"In Charge," 1869. "The Mountebank,"—"Treport," Salon 1886. Universal Exhibition, 1889. Dumas sale—"View of Martignés, Suburbs of Marseilles." Malignet collection.
Emile Wauters: "Study," 1878—"Mary of Burgundy Taking the Oath, 1477," original of painting on the grand staircase of the Hotel de Ville, Brussels, Belgium. Exhibition, Philadelphia, 1882.
Richard Wilson: "Italian Landscape," Ellis collection.
William Wissing: "Portrait," the Duke of Sussex.
Emanuel de Witte: "Church Interior." Sedelmeyer collection.
E. Zamacois: "Toreador," 1866. Everard sale.
F. Ziem: "View of Paris from the Seine,"—"Venice." Albert Wolff collection.
H. Zügel: "The Oxen." Gold medal, Munich International Exhibition, 1883. French Gallery, London, 1884.
E. Zegelaar: "The Bricklayer," signed. "The Carpenter," signed.
Tintoretto School: "Female Portrait."
Italian School: "Virgin and Child." John Hare Powel collection.
Verspronk (Att. to): "Portrait" of an old man.

COLLECTORS WITH CRANKS

A JERSEY CITY man devotes himself to the collection of door-knobs, old and new, and claims a museum numbering over 3,000 samples.

Nebraska boasts proudly of a collector who gathers locks of the hair shaved from the heads of noted criminals, when they enter the penitentiary, labeling and indexing them with great care.

Philadelphia is the abiding place of a collector of cast-off horse-shoes, who will risk his neck to secure a prize in the street, and whose house is decorated with them in all sizes, shapes and degrees of dilapidation.

Boston can produce a collector whose specialty is old bricks, each having been secured from some historical local edifice while it was being demolished, and being tagged with a *résumé* of the history of the building from which it was obtained.

A New Orleans person is a collector of sugar samples, and is believed to have a flask of the granulated product of every plantation in the State, some being of actual historical interest.

A Louisville collector has several hundred sample phials of the whisky produced within the borders of his commonwealth, but when he experiences the necessity for a bracer, takes it from an ordinary demi-john.

According to a work just completed on the subject of "The Stamped Envelopes and Wrappers of the United States," the list includes no fewer than 1,643 varieties.

PHILATELY AT THE FAIR

AT the 1891 convention of the American Philatelic Association a committee was appointed with power to secure a suitable space at the World's Columbian Exposition and obtain and arrange an exhibit of stamps. After a trip to Chicago, where the committee tried to secure a small private building, which they were unable to obtain, they entered into correspondence with General Hazen, Third Assistant Postmaster-General, and Chairman of the Post Office Department Exhibit, that will be arranged in the Government building. The Post Office Department, through the kindness of General Hazen, allotted the Association in the Government Building a large gallery overlooking the Post Office Exhibit. This gallery is 65 feet long by 25 feet wide. The large cases are 20 feet long and hold 144 sheets each, the same size as the Staten Island sheets. The smaller cases are 15 feet long and hold 108 sheets each. The half cases against the wall and railing hold half the amount of the double cases. There is room for 1116 sheets in the cases, besides wall space. At an average of 40 stamps to a sheet, this will give room for a collection of fifty thousand stamps.

It is the intention of the Committee to secure as complete a collection of the stamps of the World as can be had, and to this end collectors, whether members of the A. P. A. or not (as this is to be an exhibit of postage stamps by American collectors under the auspices of the American Philatelic Association), are invited to notify the committee of any countries that they have which are complete and in fine condition, that they are willing to loan for this exhibit. It is the desire of the committee that this exhibit come not so much from our large collections, but that the larger portion of it be made up from the collections of the smaller collectors. The Committee have decided to use sheets made especially for this purpose, of the same size as the Staten Island sheets, with a view of giving the most artistic effect as they are grouped together, and at the same time showing the stamps off with the best effect.

The Committee will not become responsible for any stamps, the exhibitors sending them at their own risk. They, however, represent the leading collectors of the country, men of means from whose collections there will be many thousands of dollars worth of stamps exhibited, so that it may be relied upon that the utmost care will be used to insure the safe return of all stamps sent for exhibition. The sheets containing stamps will be kept in a safe deposit vault in New York until they are ready for shipment to Chicago, when they will be sent under seal by express as money is forwarded. They will be properly insured against fire and loss in transit. Part of the Committee will go to Chicago and receive them, and with the Hanging Committee will put them in the proper cases. These cases are being especially made, the large ones consisting of four sections, each section holding six sheets, or 24 sheets in a row. There are three of these frames, one above another on each side of the case. The smaller cases hold three sections lengthwise, and the half cases have sheets on one side only. The cases are made of whitewood stained cherry, the glass being heavy plate, lying flat on top of the stamps. Each frame has a Yale lock, and is locked by the Committee and sealed. Around the cases are a number of screws to be screwed down, making it impossible to get into the cases or remove them. After the Exhibit is over, the Committee will return the stamps to New York in the manner sent, whence they will be returned to the owners.

As no catalogue will be allowed on sale in the Government building, the committee will issue an official catalogue, containing a full description of the exhibit, who the exhibitors are, what they exhibited, etc., and will handsomely illustrate it with photo-engravings of some of the exhibits. These catalogues will sell at fifty cents each, and will be on sale at all dealers and on the news-stands in Chicago, so collectors will have no trouble in securing this interesting souvenir of their visit. This catalogue will contain a limited number of advertisements, and, having a very wide circulation among people who are new beginners in stamp collecting, it will be a paying advertising medium.

It was the hope of the committee that the Government would not only furnish space for the display, but would also assist the collectors in securing the necessary cases, but the only fund from which this money could be drawn was exhausted by other needs of the Post Office Department, and so the collectors have to shoulder the burden alone. The estimated expense of the exhibit is \$3,000, but the committee believe that that amount can be raised by voluntary subscriptions from the collectors of the United States and Canada. At the present writing over \$300 has been contributed, and subscriptions are coming in rapidly. The announcement of

the finance committee has been sent out, and also the circular giving the plan of work. Subscriptions for any amount not exceeding \$25, and not less than \$1, will be welcomed. Every subscriber will receive the official catalogue. All subscriptions must be accompanied by the amount subscribed, and they will be duly acknowledged in the American *Philatelist*, and by the treasurer, Mr. George H. Watson, 35 Broad street, New York City, to whom subscriptions and remittances are to be addressed. Mr. A. R. Rogers is chairman and Mr. H. E. Deats secretary of the Executive Committee.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

Perhaps some reader can answer the following query, to the care of this office:

Editor THE COLLECTOR.

In your last issue you speak of Calvin Thomas and his history of Niagara. Now, I have a fine copy, with map, but the date is 1839. Was another edition printed in 1845? My copy has three full-page wood-cuts—two views of the Falls and one of the burning of the steamboat *Caroline*—and on the title page is printed "Press of Thomas & Co.," "1839." On the last leaf "Press of Thomas & Co., 165 Main street, Buffalo."

March 3, 1893.

Very truly yours,

W. J. L.

SHERBROOKE, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

Editor THE COLLECTOR.

DEAR SIR: I have a painting by Ribot (one of his favorite subjects, an old woman holding a portfolio of prints or papers in her arms). It is, I presume, one of his later works, and while fine in color and showing great power, it is so roughly painted, especially the face, as to be almost brutal in its disregard of finish and detail. It is a very enjoyable picture to me, and yet I am puzzled to account for his having signed it in this condition. Two theories have been suggested—one, that, having been painted only a year or two before his death (it is *not* dated), he had not the steadiness of hand to give it the finish, nor perhaps the clearness of vision; the other, that this disregard of finish simply showed the power of the man and the advancement of his genius to the point where he could afford to disregard the detail for the breadth, and that it was not owing to any incapacity. You doubtless know or have seen such examples as mine, so different from earlier work. Will you kindly give me an explanation, either in your paper or otherwise, and oblige. Yours truly, S. F. M.

Your picture, from your description, is thoroughly characteristic of Ribot's later and better style. Its distinguishing qualities were simple, strong drawing, bold, free brush work, and a heavy impasto. He sought effect of color and chiaro-oscuro, upon the broadest possible basis, cultivating neither small niceties of detail or finish.

THE REMBRANDT OF PECQ

A LARGE canvas with four figures, which was sold a few years ago at auction in a little place called Le Pecq, writes Mr. Charles de Kay, in the *Times* of this city, created a great deal of talk in Paris when the buyer proclaimed it a Rembrandt. In France there is an official appraiser for works of art to be sold at auction, and the poor widow among whose effects the canvas was sold entered suit against the buyer, who was an expert, but not the official appraiser. She held that the latter had no right to be deceived and should not have called it a Ferdinand Bol, or a picture of the school of Rembrandt. On the other hand, the canvas was in very bad condition, blackened with age and dirt, and good judges were found to support the appraiser's verdict and maintain that it was not by the hand of the master, but merely in his manner, and possibly of his immediate school. Nevertheless, the court decided that M. Bourgeois, the buyer, must satisfy the former owner as if it were a veritable Rembrandt. This picture was sent to Chicago last year by M. Bourgeois at the request of Mr. Yerkes, and exhibited there.

The central figure, that of the patriarch Abraham, is a beautiful and majestic personage. He stands behind a table on which is a platter of roasted meat, a wine jar of Dutch earthenware, and other objects of "dead nature," as the little Anglo-French catalogue delightfully calls still life. To right and left are youthful angels, distinctly Dutch in physiognomy, and to the left front an older man, apparently a servant bringing refreshments, whose face is almost turned away. The accessory figures are much poorer in workmanship than that of Abraham. No others appear on the scene, although it was usual, when painting the visit of the two angels to Abraham, to introduce the aged Sarah eavesdropping, and often with her mouth wide in a laugh, as she overhears the angels prophesy that she is to be a mother. The angel in profile on the right of the picture, again, is distinctly inferior to him on the left, who is seen nearly full-face. Whether these variations are due to restorations or to an original poverty of brushwork can no longer be ascertained. The main point is that while as a group the whole is not remarkable, the figure of Abraham and the "dead nature" on the table are deserving of admiration.

Those who feel that Rembrandt was so great a genius that he could not execute a work of art weakly are quite sure to give this picture, if not to Ferdinand Bol, then to some other painter who worked for a time in Rembrandt's house. For Rembrandt the whole picture is certainly weak. The face is delightfully drawn, the gesticulating hands, waving the guests to partake of the meal, are done by an artist. But they are small, feminine hands, and the face is, for all its nice drawing, also weak; weak likewise is the dramatic action of the group. It may be one of those not infrequent cases, however, in which Rembrandt gave one of his pupils orders to block in a picture, then took it in hand himself for the chief figure, and turned it over again to the pupil to complete the rest.

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Under no circumstances will any attention be paid to inquiries from non-subscribers to THE COLLECTOR; while this journal is always at the service of its patrons, it has neither time nor patience to waste upon any casual stranger who may seek in it a source of eleemosynary aid to personal profit.

SPOILING A PRETTY STORY

PARIS, Mar. 3, 1893.

DEAR SIR:—In THE COLLECTOR of February 15, we read under the heading of "Babble of the Boulevard" a tale about Mr. Chauchard's Millet "La Bergère" having been sold by the painter to a Mr. Calmettes, for a dozen bottles of wine valued at 40 francs.

We have already contradicted this pretty little fable in the French journal *Le Temps*, to which paper we sent the correct history of the first sale of Millet's masterpiece. We cut it out from the *Temps*, and herewith beg to enclose it. It will be easy for you to translate it into good English, and thus re-establish facts, which is what art collectors search for in your current record. We are, dear sir,

Your subscribers and obedient servants,

ARNOLD & TRIPP.

A number of inexact statements have been made in regard to the pictures of the Van Praet collection. Among them it has been announced by some of our contemporaries that the picture by Millet "The Shepherdess," was exchanged by the master with a M. Calmette, of Cahors, for a basket of wine.

This picture was, in fact, purchased from Millet, in the month of August, 1864, by M. Tesse, who paid for it the sum of 2,000 francs.

"The Shepherdess" had been exhibited in the Salon of the same year. It would be a great mistake to suppose that at this epoch the works of Millet were not appreciated. On the contrary, there existed such an enthusiasm for them that the Superintendency of Fine Arts, through M. H. Courmont, desiring, doubtless, to render reparation for previous neglect, wrote to Millet, in care of Alfred Sensier, 6 Rue Neuve, Paris, proposing to purchase "La Bergère" for 1,500 francs. The date of this letter was May 20, 1864. On May 25 Millet answered, from Barbizon:

"Monsieur le Directeur. You have done me the honor to write me proposing the purchase of my picture, No. 1362 of the Exhibition of Fine Arts, for the price of 1,500 francs. This picture is no longer my property. It was purchased during the first days of the exhibition. Flattering as is your offer, it is, therefore, impossible for me to dispose of my picture to you."

Both the proposition and reply are still in existence.

It may be added on the authority of M. Henri Garnier, that after the closing of the Salon "The Shepherdess" was exhibited at Brussels, where it so excited the admiration of M. Van Praet that he prevailed on M. Tesse to sell it to him, the price being the same as M. Tesse had paid the artist.

At a late sale at Puttick & Simpson's, London, some book prices were: Montaigne, "Essays," (1580) £22; Molière, "(Œuvres," (8 vols.) (1682) £15 10s.; Racine, "Works," (on vellum) £19 19s.; Cruikshank's "Humorist," £29; Dickens' "Pickwick Papers," £13.

Queen Victoria will lend the Royal Anglo-Australian Society of artists some sixteen portrait studies and etchings by herself and Prince Albert for their exhibition. The Queen will send to the Chicago Exhibition a water-color drawing of her Indian secretary, a picture of "Spot," her favorite fox terrier, and various sketches of Balmoral done with her own hands, some of which come from the walls of the private dining-room of the castle. Princess Louise and Princess Beatrice will also send pictures.

CHINESE STATUARY AND FIGURES

(Special correspondence of THE COLLECTOR)

DESPITE the tremendous poverty of the Celestials and the fierce struggle for existence, which never ends, there is a noticeable love for works of art. The poorest coolie decorates his hovel with a joss or carving of some sort. The demand for these ornaments is universal, and the supply seemingly exceeds the demand. Unlike the architecture, which is painfully alike from Peking to Canton, and has hardly varied in thirty centuries, there is infinite variety in the statuary and figure-work.

Some of the schools border upon the extraordinary. At Leh Ong, near Chian-Chin in Fokien, is an art industry which forms figures out of sea-shells. A skeleton of the figure is made in wood or terra cotta, and on this the shells are laid in cement until the surface is entirely covered. Every known variety of univalve and bivalve upon the Fokien coast is employed in this work. The effects are at times quite startling. I have the figure of a saint sitting on a unicorn. Both biped and quadruped seem ordinary carvings at a distance of five yards. The features, even down to the teeth, are well reproduced, and the glaring colors which mark every respectable Chinese unicorn are as deep as if laid on with a palette-knife. Close inspection shows both saint and beast to be composed of minute shells, about the size of the letters in which these lines are printed.

The scarlet colors are derived from pieces of boiled lobster and crab shell; the whites, yellows, browns and grays from littorinas and whelks; the blues, greens and olives from ostreas and tridacnas. By filing or grinding whelks or whorls parallel to their major axis, a capital human eye or ear is obtained. Similar treatment of littorinas produces a fair imitation of a nose or chin. Cutting the translucent parts of the thinner univalves into circles and ovals gives excellent petals, which, when joined, afford very pretty imitation flowers.

The Leh Ong artists are very ambitious. Besides making their shell-work into the figures of men, dragons, deer, birds, tigers and other animals they turn out tables, chairs, vases, flowers and flower-pots, temples, turcens and soup-plates of the same material. They apparently value their labors by the number of shells upon a piece. A clumsy and ugly plate and stand which contains a thousand shells commands a dollar, while a pretty and artistic deer made of three hundred can be bought for one-half that sum.

From Shantung come what are known as Tientsin figures. These are clay images from four to ten inches in length. They are well modelled and colored in life-like tints. The realism of the work is increased by dressing them like the characters they represent. The beggar and opium fiend are in rags; the gambler is neat and clean; the thief and bully are attired according to the conventionalism of North China. The artists confine their work within narrow limits, and for that reason produce finer and more artistic results than would otherwise be the case.

The great majority of their images are taken from the shadowy side of life. The beggar, tramp, opium fiend and leper, the hunchback, thief, bully and assassin, the condemned murderer, the executioner, the victim of starvation and worn-out old age are their favorite subjects. There is much skill in their work. The victim of the pipe lies upon a broken pot for a pillow; the rags and tatters which constitute his raiment are falling from his body, so that here and there his emaciated frame can be seen in all its horror; his eyes are fixed upon the pipe and lamp with an expression so terrible as to provoke a shudder. The artist has increased the effect by making the pupils converge toward

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the pipe, as they generally do in the case of hopeless victims of the habit. With equal skill is depicted the loathsome beggar, who sits by the roadside and exposes with professional pride the diseased leg, through whose hideous sores the bones seem to be protruding.

These figures are the best made in China, to judge by the standard European esthetics. They belong, however, to a class in art which is not of the highest type, and may be fitly compared to the blood curdling characters in Mrs. Jarley's wax-works, or the sanguinary images in the famous Eden Musée.

In Amoy is a guild which does notably good work in small wooden figures. They range from five to ten inches in height, and are carved out of a single block. Afterwards they are sandpapered, polished and painted in thick and heavy oil colors. The carving and coloring are alike admirable. Even the crescents on the fingernails and the small studs and buttons of the clothing are reproduced with the highest accuracy. As in all Chinese art, the sculptors prefer realism to conventionalism. The figure of the astrologer is adorned with a real hair queue; the literatus wears tiny spectacles made of horn and glass, and held by wires over the ears the same as in actual life; the pipe of the merchant is a straw, or a piece of split bamboo, cut and painted to imitate the real thing; metal buttons are represented by tiny brass-headed nails; books and documents are real, though in miniature.

Carrying realism so far involves great labor and consequent expense. The wooden figures of Amoy are about the most costly on the China coast. They take seldom less than a month in their manufacture, and cost from \$8 upward.

In the atelier, the artist is assisted by all his family. Some prepare the hair that is to make queues, beards and eyebrows; others make the diminutive books, pipes, bells, trumpets and other articles which stand as the trademark of the image's vocation. Some rough-hew the blocks into their future shapes, while others apply the thick first coat of paint that becomes the body on which the finishing touches are laid. It is not uncommon to see working together the white-haired grandfather, the son and the five-year-old grandson.

Near Chian-Chin, in Fokien, is a guild whose specialty is the making of figures of lime and clay. They do a large business, and send their goods to markets in every direction within a radius of two hundred and fifty miles. The images are cast wet in moulds similar to plaster of Paris. They are re-enforced by wooden skeletons, and are carefully dried in either the open air or in kilns after the casting. The rough pieces are then finished, cracks being filled up, projections cut away and grooves and channels carved where necessary. A second drying is had, after which the artist paints them with thick, heavy colors.

They range in height from six to fifteen inches. The subjects employed are usually domestic or theatrical. Among the former the favorites are a mother dancing her babe, a scolding mother-in-law, an ideal bride and a happy father. The latter is more numerous, and includes characters and scenes from all the standard Chinese plays.

Both classes depict groups as well as single figures. The workmanship is praiseworthy, the modelling being correct and not too conventionalized, the coloring natural and the expression life-like. In the better specimens great care is bestowed upon the accessories of dress and other details. Hairpins and other head ornaments are carefully reproduced in miniature, and weapons and furniture portrayed exactly as they are.

The cost of these figures ranges from fifty cents to three dollars each. In a large collection they would have great value, as their number would enable the exhibitor to give a clear idea of nearly every phase of domestic and industrial life on the one hand, and of every dramatic character and scene upon the other. They, like the Tientsin figures, are rather brittle, and should be handled with considerable care. In case of breaking, however, they are easily repaired, the lines of fracture being very clean and distinct. They are good illustrations of Fokien art-work, but are inferior esthetically to both the Tientsin figures and the clever wood-carvings of Amoy.

AMOY, February 2, 1893.

W. E. S. FALES.

Some new art and other books of European origin which may be had through Mr. J. W. Bouton are: "La Femme dans l'Art," by Marius Vachon, published by J. Rouam et Cie., Paris; Mr. Marcus B. Huish's "Year's Art, 1893," a valuable reference book and useful to every artist and collector, and "Dans la Rue," a collection of street songs, by Aristide Bruant, illustrated by Steinlen.

A man in New Jersey, according to the *Sun* of this city, is collecting skunk-skins, his ambition being to form a collection of 100,000 of these odoriferous peltries.

The collection of books and treatises on games formed by Mr. John G. White, of Cleveland, Ohio, is said to be the most extensive and complete in existence. Apropos of games, another collector, Mr. N. T. Horr, whose specialty is the history of playing cards and card games, has compiled a bibliography of over 1,300 titles relating to this subject, and covering works issued in England, America, France, Germany, Sweden, Norway, Holland, Denmark, Italy, Spain, etc. It contains 785 whist titles, 33 Pole titles, 78 Hoyles, 38 Dicks, 46 hombre books and 53 of the Academie des Jeux.

The Kilmarnock edition of Burns' poems consisted of 612 copies. One of these was sold in Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, 1832, for 1s. 6d. Since then the advance in the price has been progressive. A list given in *The Bookworm* notes sales: at Edinburgh, 1858, £3 10s.; Glasgow, 1859, £8; Edinburgh, 1869, £10 and £14; Glasgow, 1871, £17; Edinburgh, 1874, £19; London, 1876, £33; same, 1881, £49; 1882, £67 and £73; 1888, £86 and £111; 1890, £72, £100, £107, £120. The collector of first editions can take courage from such a showing, since it shows him, in plain figures, that as the years go on a book printed in a small edition grows more rare, and consequently more valuable, provided, of course, that it is the right kind of a book.

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NOTES AND NOVELTIES

MUCH interest is displayed by antiquaries all over Europe in the final dispersal by public sale at Brussels of the vast collection of curiosities of every description accumulated during the last thirty years by the Marquis de Negron, a Spanish grandee, who was on several occasions intrusted with important diplomatic missions to England. For more than a quarter of a century he almost starved himself so that he might devote nine-tenths of his income, £4,000 a year, to the purchase of books, cameos, old watches, snuff-boxes, ancient plate and every other kind of bric-à-brac. He was not always a judicious buyer, but some of his cameos and watches are supposed to be unique. In the course of a few years he filled several houses with his treasures. A very small portion of them was sold in Antwerp some time ago before he left Belgium for Mexico, where he died. The sale of his books alone lasted eleven days.

* * *

A portfolio containing twenty-four photographs of Mr. Whistler's pictures is announced by Goupil, at six guineas, and at the London gallery of the Goupil house is shown a highly characteristic picture of "Mr. Whistler at work in his studio," painted by Mr. Whistler himself.

* * *

At a sale of Americana and other books at Bangs & Co.'s last week, some prices were: a copy of the New Testament, published at Augusta, Ga., in 1862, by the Confederate States Bible Society, \$8.25; a copy of the laws and regulations of the Confederate army, published at New Orleans in 1861, \$3; one of the few humorous works, published during the war, the "Letters of Mozi's Additions to Billy Irvins," Richmond, 1862, \$8; bound volume of the Pennsylvania Gazette, founded by Benjamin Franklin, and dated from April 29 to December 31, 1795, \$11; the refutation by Alexander

Hamilton of charges of speculation, \$6.75; a first edition of Nathaniel Hawthorne's "Wonder Book for Boys and Girls," \$3.50; a black letter copy of Hieronymus, dated 1483, \$7; a copy of the first book by Thackeray, printed either in England or America, "The Yellowplush Correspondence," Philadelphia, 1838, \$28; a copy of the first American edition of the "Essays of Elia" (Charles Lamb), in two volumes, Philadelphia, 1828, \$10 a volume; McKenney & Hall's "History of the Indian Tribes of North America," in three volumes, Philadelphia, 1854, \$7.50 a volume; a quarto volume on the proceedings in Virginia in preparation for the war of the Revolution, Richmond, 1816, \$7.50, and a first edition of Whittier's poems, written during the progress of the Abolition question, between 1830 and 1838, Boston, 1837, \$4.50.

* * *

There were some good prices bid for Chinese and Persian rugs and carpets on the last day of the Vantine-Raymond sale at the Fifth Avenue Art Galleries last week. For a silk Persian rug with a curious design of animal and trees in blue and green, \$3,150 was secured. The rug measured five feet three inches by seven feet four inches. This was the highest price paid for a rug during the sale. Another of the same variety, showing a temple on an old ivory-white ground, with a border of old red, was sold for \$1,380. Much competition was aroused over a superb Khorassan carpet, which brought \$1,460. This carpet had medallions of old red and pink and gold figures on a green field with a rich border of old pink and palms in gold and blue. An ivory-white and blue Sirak carpet went for \$1,210. A magnificent Chinese carpet, salmon-pink centre with figures of sacred animals in white, gold and blue, and a Grecian border in blue and gold, sixteen feet eight inches by seventeen feet, was sold for \$1,790. One said

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to have been taken from a palace in Peking during a riot went for \$1,250. Another was knocked down for \$1,300. A superb Ispahan brought \$980, and a Persian of Tjoskhan design in blue, cream and gold, \$1,075.

The sale of the Vantine-Raymond porcelains and curios did not achieve the same success as the rugs. Some of the prices were: an ivory carving of an old woman cutting open the peach in which was found the baby Momotaro, \$4; an ivory carving, representing a hunter attacking a dragon, 13 1/2 inches high, \$130; another representing an old man with a rake, \$90; a finely carved ivory sword sheath and hilt, \$90; an ivory carving, 13 1/4 inches high, highly decorated, \$125; six handsome ivory tusks, from \$205 to \$230 each; a Chinese porcelain vase, bottle shape, with decorations in peach blow and dark blue, finely decorated with dragons and scroll work, height, 29 inches, \$305; a superbly colored vase, of Chinese porcelain, having a globular body, with base and neck covered with floral scrolls of blue on a white ground, the centre decorated with figures in colored enamels, \$260; a Chinese eggshell porcelain having a ground of fine diaper pattern in soft pink and black, decorated in brilliant colors with figures in panels, and surmounted by a Shishi, \$260; a similar vase, slightly damaged, \$240; a jade vase and cover, square shape, with grotesque handles, \$122; several teakwood cabinets and desks, handsomely carved, varying prices, the average being about \$100; a bottle-shaped vase of Chinese porcelain with a long neck, brilliant *sang de boeuf* glaze, crackled, height 18 inches, \$275; a similar vase, \$175. There were many bargains in the sale.

Mr. Samuel P. Avery, in a letter to the *New York Tribune*, says: "In your issue of yesterday the painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds recently presented to the Metropolitan Museum of Art by Jacob H. Schiff is mentioned as a portrait of an unknown person. The picture in question is described in the catalogue *raisonne* of the engraved works of Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A., by Ed. Hamilton, London, 1874, thus: Hawksworth, John, L.L.D., born 1715; son of a watchmaker at Bromley; died 1773, it is said from elation at being offered £6,000 (an immense sum at that time) for his 'History of Cook's Voyages.' Half-length, writing, sitting at a table, pen in right hand, coat trimmed with fur, left arm bent, hand in waistcoat, curtain draped, bookshelves with books. Engraved in mezzotint by James Watson, 1773. Another, octavo, by J. Hall, 1773, prefixed to the 'Adventurer' picture painted in 1773. In possession of Mr. Graves, Pall Mall, from whom it came to New York. The painting is unusually well preserved for a Sir Joshua, the carmine tints not having faded. The portraits of Messrs. George P. Putnam and Stephen Whitney Phoenix were painted by P. P. Ryder, N.A. Mr. Putnam is well remembered as the founder of the publishing house. He was the chairman of the Art Committee of the Union League Club, which called the public meeting at the old club-house in 1870 which resulted in the founding of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. He remained a trustee until his death. Mr. Phoenix was a lover of art, and as a trustee made the first bequest—his collection of oil paintings and objects of Oriental art, collected in those countries by himself, and valued at \$50,000. Hiram Hitchcock is now the treasurer of the Museum of Art."



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NOTICE.

Unless something of exceptional importance should occur to warrant an intermediate issue, the next number of THE COLLECTOR will be published on October 1st. Subscribers to and correspondents of this paper are again requested to be careful to address all communications intended for it, by name, to 454 W. 24th Street, New York City.

ALFRED TRUMBLE, Editor and Proprietor.

NOTES ABOUT NOTHING

ONCE, in the days when I was endeavoring to learn something about art by ascertaining how endless and unfathomable are her mysteries, I had a friend who worked much in my company, both in the life school of our old academy and in the real life of the city and the fields. He was a clever fellow, stuffed full of talent, and already a sufficiently tolerable painter to pick up a living—for he was poor and alone in the world—by painting pictures for the auction dealers, who were then in their glory. I had already begun to indulge my own fancy for picking up prints and the like which I fancied and which were cheap enough to be within my reach. One evening, on my way to the life school, I found in an old bookshop a set of woodcuts of the pictures by Teniers, known as "The Five Senses," the originals of which were purchased by M. Durand-Ruel, at the Secretan sale a couple of years ago, for one of our New York collectors, if I am not mistaken, Mr. H. O. Havemeyer. They were finely executed engravings in the elaborate style then in vogue, with German xylography, and nearly, if not quite, the size of the paintings. I bought them and carried them with me. After our evening's work was done, several of us adjourned to a certain snug little beershop, where it was the custom to serve a lunch of hot sauerkraut after eleven o'clock on stated nights during the winter season, and while we were indulging one of our senses there I submitted my prizes for inspection. The landlord, who was a burly Belgian, with a capacity of about a cask of beer a day, was so delighted with them that he proposed on the spot to pay my friend \$5 apiece and the price of the canvases for copies of them to add to the attractions of his Gambrinian sanctuary, and to throw in a supper for the party when the job was done—an offer too dazzlingly splendid, as you may imagine, to go begging.

When it came to painting the copies, however, my friend was in a quandary. He was deep in the bad books of his colorman, and had no credit with any other and no way to pay for the canvases. He was afraid to ask his pothouse patron for an advance, lest he should have thought better of his bargain when he sobered up, and should rescind his order. I happened to have quite a stock of mill boards, or, as they call them now, I believe, academy boards, which I used for sketching in oils, and he helped himself to these. His copies were pretty close to the originals in drawing, but nothing like the paintings in color or handling, for the copyist had not only never seen these, but had never even seen an original Teniers at all. Still the results of his ingenuity were voted a great success, the landlord fulfilled his part of the contract like a man, and for many a long year the new "Five Senses" grew mellow in the fog of pipes, the steam of sauerkraut, and the vapors of lager beer upon his walls. In the end, however, our old landlord was washed into

oblivion on the tide of beer, and happening to visit the old town and seek the old place out, I found a brand new candy shop or cake bakery, I forget exactly which, upon its site, and all I could learn from an old shopkeeper nearby was that the pothouse and all its belongings had been sold by the sheriff for the benefit of the deceased owner's creditors, some years before. I believe several works of my own genius were distributed among an, I trust, appreciative public by this event, for the landlord had been spasmodically liberal in his encouragement of the arts when he was in his cups, and we were willing to take the amount of his liberality out in trade.

My poor clever friend has fed the cemetery grasses and the graveyard wildflowers for some ten years. His very name is forgotten, I fear, by all of the old crowd but some chance victim of a vagrom love for such easily forgotten things as old friendships, like myself. When M. Durand-Ruel brought over from the Secretan sale the superb originals of "The Five Senses," and I saw them at his New York galleries, the ringing chime of Fifth avenue on a fashionable afternoon suddenly faded into the stillness of a winter twilight, darkening over housetops deep with snow, and for a flash my fragrant Havana was transformed into a black pipe, and I was smoking shag tobacco in a dingy garret studio, and listening to the plaintive melody of a phantom flute, blown by dead lips across the Arcadian meads of memory.

Well, last month I heard the flute again. I received an invitation from a subscriber to this paper to visit him, and furnish him with a professional opinion upon some original pictures by Teniers of which he had become possessed. This gentleman is a collector of what are known to the trade as old masters, and he lives in a museum of melancholy horrors of the brush beside which the English diction of my friend Citizen George Francis Train renders that of Addison mere slops, and Goldsmith's the foul puddling of a horse pond. When I called upon him he exhibited to me with great pride "The Five Senses," each enclosed in a gilt flat that had evidently once been part of a larger frame. The flute played softly. I looked at the back of one. It was mill board, and so was another, and, indeed, all the rest. Moreover, on the back of the boards was the stamp made with an iron die of the artist's material man from whom I had procured my supplies in those salad days of studenthood. The piping of the flute grew louder in my ears. My connoisseur received my statement that his masterpieces were mere copies, and not even copies of the originals, with supreme scorn. When I said I knew the originals he sneered, and threw out a broad hint to the effect that he did not see why they

should not be copies. His pictures were signed, didn't I see? When I pointed out the fact that the mill board was modern, he retorted that the pictures had been merely mounted upon it. He declined to remove the inch of gilt wood, so that I might get at the edge of the board. The pictures had been discovered by his own critical acumen in a sort of junkshop uptown, and they came from the collection of an impoverished gentleman who had once owned many others. The dealer did not know who the artists were. The pictures had been simply sent to him to sell for what he could get. The flute had a shrill note of triumph in it, as if the ghostly player was celebrating with triumph the tableau of this besotted gull, who would leave living genius to starve for want of a few dollars, snapping greedily at this stale, not to say putrid bait. My collector bade me farewell with frigid civility. But what I would like to know is, who put the signatures to those fly-blown, pothouse daubs? The hand that painted them did not. They were not presented for anything but what they were when I knew them before. But what does it matter, after all? *Cæsar* was an honorable man. So are we all, all honorable men. Our geese are all swans, and the swan of our neighbors the bastard progeny of turkey buzzards and mudhole cranes.

* * *

A most interesting and valuable descriptive catalogue of the remarkable works of Oriental art in bronze and iron, contributed by Mr. Heber R. Bishop to the Loan Exhibition now current at the National Academy of Design, has been issued. There are in this collection many really extraordinary pieces. All are fine and valuable, for they represent the carefully revised collectorship of years, but among them are exploits of combined artistic ingenuity and mechanical dexterity which must quite confound the ordinary mind. Nothing like this special collection has ever been shown to the general public here before, and I question if there will be again, unless, of course, Mr. Bishop should make his collection a legacy to a museum. Indeed, I do not believe that, as the exhibit of a private collector, this showing could be duplicated in the world. The articulated pieces in Japanese wrought iron are wonders not only of construction, but of a workmanship whose art rises superior to the mere trickery of technical skill. Among the bronzes, both Chinese and Japanese, are pieces whose equal in the material and its manipulation I really believe could not be found. The catalogue of this collection should be of the greatest value to collectors of Orientalia, since the various pieces are all carefully described, and with every possible identification. Mr. Bishop, I may add, has had completed his catalogue of his collection, both of jade and Oriental porcelains. This work, which will be issued for private circulation only, has been over three years in preparation, is profusely illustrated, and is to be a rare example of the modern printer's and bookbinder's art.

* * *

The collection of miscellaneous objects of value at the Detroit Museum of Art, is constantly being added to and improved in its historical character. The case of French relics, whose collection was begun about a year ago by Director Griffith, has attracted much attention, and recently some of Detroit's well-known Scotch citizens offered to loan articles from the land of the thistle and the heather to start another case. Quite a number of exceedingly interesting Scottish relics have already been secured, and more are to go into the case later. Rev. Dr. James F. Dickie, who possesses many objects from Scotia, as well as a thorough knowledge of her stirring history, has sent a Delft plate, once the property of the Earl of Kilmarnock, who was beheaded in 1745; a Scottish deed, dated Oct. 9, 1465; a copy of Sallust, printed in 1751, and a pamphlet entitled "Solemn League and Covenant for the Reformation and Defence of Religion, the Honour and Happiness of the King, the Peace and Safetie of the Three Kingdoms of England, Scotland and Ireland," printed in 1643. Andrew Young sends two curious old horse pistols, made by George Harriott, the famous armorer and banker, and the companion of James VI, of Scotland, and I, of England. After James ascended the English throne Harriott founded the Harriott Hospital, Edinburgh, which is still one of the most famous institutions of its kind in the world. Readers of Scott will remember him as one of the characters in "The Fortunes of Nigel." These pistols also belonged to Prince Charles, whom the Scotch still call Bonnie Charlie. A curious stone shield is from the tomb of Sir David Lindsay, on which the historic lion is rampant. Mr. Young happened at Arborath Abbey just when a new tomb to Sir David was being built, so he was enabled to secure this quaint relic, which he had mounted on a large shield of wood. A small chest of drawers, made for a child by a French prisoner who was billeted on a citizen of Edinburgh during the war of Napoleon, in 1806, is also loaned. J. B. Wilson

lends a beautiful drinking cup, made from a bullock's horn, lined with silver and having a copper edge, which belonged to the famous and infamous freebooter, Rob Roy Macgregor, if its pedigree be correct, and George Craig, a snuff horn, once the property of the brilliant John Clark, advocate of the Court of Sessions, Edinburgh. The Emmons heirs have sent horn spoons, used by the Scotch peasants; James Swan, two gay-colored samplers, worked by Scottish maids in 1822 and 1843, and there are other articles of interest, both artistically and historically.

* * *

Prof. Max Rooses, the Conservator of the Plantin Museum at Antwerp, has made some curious investigations into the prices paid to great painters of the Netherlands in the past. Rubens, he states, received 3,500 mark, or scarcely \$800, for his "Descent from the Cross," 1,100 mark for the "Communion of St. Francis," and for the twenty-one pictures which he executed, with his pupils, for the gallery of the Medicis, and on which he worked over a period of three years, 100,000 mark, or less than \$8,000 a year. Of course he did other work beside. The purchasing power of money was also much greater then than now. Still Rubens was always modest in his prices for his own works. He painted his famous portrait of Balthazar Moretus, Plantin's son-in-law, for 35 mark, and his prices for drawings were according to size: Folio, 29 mark; quarto, 17 mark, and octavo, 12 mark. A comparison between these figures and the values our unfledged geniuses place on their masterpieces in the local exhibition catalogues of to-day is interesting. Imagine Vandyck painting his "Charles I," now in the Louvre, for 2,000 mark, his "Christ on the Cross," at the Mecheln Cathedral, for 800, and his "Golgotha," at the Cathedral of Ghent, 1,200 mark; and a great engraver like Lucas Vostermann being paid 100 mark apiece for his largest plates.

* * *

By long odds the most unspeakably hideous building on Nob Hill, in San Francisco, is the one which was the residence of the late Mrs. Mark Hopkins Searles. Contrasted with its neighbor, the Leland Stanford mansion, which is a handsome and dignified structure, the Hopkins house is a wild freak of architectural insanity. It has all sorts of jigs and jags of windows, balconies, etc., sticking out all over it, from foundation to roof. Even the big tower bears an outgrowth of these ridiculous projections, like warts. The house is of wood, and would make a gorgeous bonfire once it got started, yet it is to be the receptacle of works of art, having been made over to the public, under the title of the Hopkins Institute of Art, by the relic of the deceased owner. The most sensible thing to do, it would seem, would be to pull down the big barn, preserving those of the interior decorations which are really fine, and erect a fireproof structure in its place, whose interior could be enriched with the fittings preserved from the old place.

* * *

The Historical Society of Santa Fé, N. M., reports that it has received from Paris an exceedingly rare and valuable set of books relating to the history of Mexico and New Mexico. These were found in a catalogue by Governor Prince, President of the Society, and the money was sent for them some time ago. They are a most interesting addition to the collection of the Society. The books, with the dates of publication, etc., are: "History of the Conquest of Mexico," Solis, Paris, 1730, 2 volumes; "History of the Incas of Peru," Garcilasso de la Vega, Amsterdam, 1715, 2 volumes; "Coronado's Expedition," Castaneda, Paris, 1838; "Cabeza de Vaca's Expedition," Paris, 1837; "History of the Civilized Nations of Mexico and Central America Before the Discovery of America," Brassem de Bourbonny, Paris, 1857, 4 volumes; "Leyendas Mexicanas; Xochitl, or the Ruin of Tula, etc.," Barcena, Mexico, 1862; "Commentaries of Alva Nunez Cabeza de Vaca," Paris, 1837; "The Civil Wars of the Spaniards in the Indies," Garcilasso de la Vega, in vellum, Paris, 1658; "Autograph Memoirs of Agustin Iturbide," Paris, 1824, and four treatises of Brassem de Bourbonny on "Mexican Hieroglyphics," "The Stone Age," "Bronze Age," "Origin of the Civilization and Religion of Antiquity," Paris, 1868. The library of the Society is already quite rich in literature of this character.

* * *

The Long Island Historical Society, says the *Brooklyn Eagle*, was organized at a meeting held March 3, 1863, in the rooms of the Hamilton Literary Association, by a few persons interested in local history and kindred subjects, and in the following month it was formally incorporated under its present name. Rooms were then obtained in a building located at the corner of Court and Joralemon streets, Brooklyn, owned by the late Mr. A. A. Low.

Such material as was added to the collection from time to time was exhibited there until the summer of 1880, when the Society moved to its present commodious and fireproof building at the corner of Pierrepont and Clinton streets. Shortly after the organization of the Society a Department of Natural History was instituted and has been a valuable adjunct to the more general purposes of the institution. A small and unostentatious beginning has become the nucleus of an excellent and instructive collection of the zoology of Long Island, and has grown to embrace much of value of its ethnology, local antiquities and historical relics. The Department of Natural History now contains 329 well-mounted specimens and 311 unmounted skins of Long Island birds, representing some 296 species. Its collection of eggs contains about one thousand specimens, representing 153 species. The larger part of the collection represents the avifauna of Long Island, although a few extra limital species are included.

* * *

All of the specimens in the bird collection were presented to the Society by a few donors, the larger part coming from Col. Nicolas Pike, long a resident of Kings county, and always an ardent and successful sportsman, and withal an accurate and scientific field naturalist. Early in the thirties he commenced to make a collection of the birds of Long Island, which he continued for many years and finally presented to the Historical Society. In the annotations of the species, which will follow, many very interesting items of Long Island bird history will be given from his notebooks.

* * *

Coincident with the early work of Colonel Pike, Mr. John Akhurst established himself as a taxidermist in Brooklyn, where he has followed his profession for over half a century. Nearly all the specimens in this collection were mounted by Mr. Akhurst, who, besides his skill in taxidermy, is also an excellent field naturalist. For many years Colonel Pike and Mr. Akhurst collected birds and other zoological specimens in Kings county, which was then largely wooded or occupied as farm land where now it is covered with streets and blocks of dwellings. Fulton Market in New York City was, as it is now, the depot for the sale of produce from Long Island, and the dealers there received from the professional gunners on Long Island a large number of game birds and many rare birds. There was a great rivalry between Mr. Akhurst and the late John G. Bell, of New York, as to who would get the rarities, and many an early morning visit was made to the market by each in hopes that he would be the first to find and secure some new and strange specimen. Another channel through which many birds came to Mr. Akhurst was by a traveling marketman known as Old Jake, who twice per week traveled with a horse and wagon from Babylon to Brooklyn, a distance of forty miles, and brought to the city for sale game, poultry, eggs and other country produce. Knowing that he could always find a market for rare or uncommon birds with Mr. Akhurst, he brought to him all he secured during his semi-weekly trips along the south shore. Local gunners, of whom there were many in Brooklyn, brought to Mr. Akhurst rarities for identification, sale or mounting. While it is difficult at this late date to establish full data for each specimen in the collection, yet, from the notebooks of Colonel Pike and Mr. Akhurst's knowledge of the specimens, can be established the fact that many of them are from Long Island, and in many cases the exact locality and date of capture can be given. A few specimens have been contributed by other individuals, whose names are on record.

* * *

In this connection it is but just to state that the addition of a branch of natural history to the objects of the Historical Society originated entirely with Mr. Elias Lewis, Jr., and it is due to his untiring and devoted labor that this collection has attained its present size. Since its foundation he has been the honorary curator of the collection, and it is due to his care that it has been preserved in its present excellent condition. There are many gaps yet to be filled in the collection before it will be a complete representation of the avifauna of Long Island. These gaps can be filled with little difficulty, provided the necessary means are furnished the curator. It is to be hoped that civic pride will lead some individual in Brooklyn to complete the work that has been so admirably commenced by Mr. Lewis.

* * *

In connection with the article in the last issue of this paper upon the exhibit of Tiffany & Co. at the Chicago Fair, a subscriber writes to inquire what are the trophies for sportsmen which form part of the collection. These include the American Steam Yacht Challenge Cup, valued at \$10,000, for international contests, for which

no challenge has been received up to the present time, and which is loaned by the American Steam Yacht Club; the Goelet Cup '84, schooner prize, won by the *Grayling*, loaned by Mr. L. A. Fish; the Goelet Cup '84, sloop prize, won by the *Bedouin*, loaned by Mr. Archibald Rogers; the Goelet Cup '86, schooner prize, won by the *Grayling*, loaned by Mr. L. A. Fish; the Goelet Cup '89, sloop prize, won by the *Titania*, loaned by Mr. C. O. Iselin; the Goelet Cup '92, schooner prize, won by the *Merlin*, loaned by Mr. W. H. Forbes, and the Goelet Cup '92, sloop prize, won by the *Harpoon*, loaned by the Adams Brothers. Outside of the marine trophies are the Carteret Gun Club Cup, '88, team trophy, loaned by Mr. J. Seaver Page; the Pigeon Shooting Cup, '91, club team trophy, won by the Carteret Gun Club, loaned by Mr. T. G. Jones, and the Carteret Gun Club Cup, championship cup, loaned by Mr. J. Seaver Page.

* * *

The greatest amount of popular attention at the Tiffany exhibit was naturally attracted to the wonderful collection of gems and of fine jewelry. There is always a fascination about costly things, merely because they are costly. But to me, perhaps, the most interesting feature of the display was that portion relating to the processes of working silver. One division of this, for instance, made clear the method of spoon making, commencing with the bar of sterling silver, and terminating with the finished spoon. Another division covered the process of vase spinning, and a third that of tureen making by the hammering method, in each case the advance of the work from raw metal to perfected object being illustrated in every stage of progress. As each process is essentially different, so each division of this technical-artistic exhibit possessed an interest of its own.

* * *

Anyone who follows such matters with attention cannot help contrasting the prices which prevail at the book auctions abroad, and especially in London, with our own, or to note the difference between the priced catalogues of the great European bibliopoles and those of our booksellers. Of course, there are genuine collectors of books in this country, to whom choice is above price, and they continue to add to their collections as opportunity offers. But the business of the bookseller has undergone a transformation. The rage for merely showy works—the so-called *éditions de luxe*—seems to have died out. Subscription publications that originally brought from a hundred dollars upwards now turn up in auctions for a quarter as much, and even less. Most of the book agents who once fattened on this branch of the trade have, I believe, become peddlers of pictures. They no longer drive about in cabs, with a hired man to carry samples of their wares. But the sale of standard works keeps up, if, indeed, it does not increase; the demand for good first editions continues, and publications whose value is intrinsic find a market. The leading bookseller in his line in this country informs me that his business, while it has been affected by the commercial disturbances of the time, has not been seriously affected. Where one class of books has gone out of fashion, others have come back to, or gained added favor. His chief complaint was of the difficulty in making collections. But dealers in every department of collectorship could tell this same tale.

* * *

In a crisis of financial strangulation like the present two elements intervene to cripple the mart of collectorship of ready money. There is one class of people who, while they are safe to pay in the end, take advantage of the prevailing conditions to prolong their exemption from payment. They buy and they let the seller wait, or they give him notes for his pictures or books or bric-à-brac, or what it may be, which means the same thing. There is another contingent whose word is gold, but whose means are so engaged that if it buys it does so on credit, where usually it pays cash. I can give no better illustration of this than the remark of a Chicago gentleman who, in speaking of the ruling stagnation of money, said to me: "I have not rescinded an order for a picture or a book or a piece of porcelain, or anything else, but I have made it plainly understood that I cannot cover the bills at once. Whatever means I may have to spare must first of all be used to help tide over the crisis for others. If one did not do that, if one did not stand by another, it would simply precipitate a general smash in business by which all would suffer, and many who only require a little support would be hopelessly ruined."

* * *

Col. Andrew Jackson, who claims to be the son of President Andrew Jackson's adopted son, is making an exhibition in Cincinnati of what are described as valuable personal relics of Old Hickory. Among them are furniture, porcelains, etc., from The Hermitage; a phaeton built of the timber of the ship *Constitution*,

presented to General Jackson on his retirement from office; a chair that stood for thirty years in General Washington's study, and a proof sheet of the veto of the bill to re-charter the United States bank. The collection also contains a portrait of Columbus, said to be over 300 years old, presented to General Jackson by the town of Roxbury, Mass. These articles have never been on exhibition before, it is said, and the object of the exhibit is to secure sufficient funds to establish the exhibit in The Hermitage as a public museum and memorial to the victor of the Battle of New Orleans, and one of the sturdiest Presidents the United States has had.

The celebrated Miss Biffin has found a successor. Her name is Aimée Rapin. She is the daughter of a Swiss lawyer of Geneva, and, like Miss Biffin, was born without arms. She does portraits in pastel and models bas-reliefs with her feet, and seems to have been rather taken up by the younger branch of the royal family of England, where she has been spending the summer.

At a picture auction in this city last winter a small sketch in oil by George Clint, the subject being a portrait head of Liston, the actor, sold for \$125. The editor of an art journal, in commenting on the sale, expressed his surprise that such a price should have been paid for "a trivial work by an unknown man." Mr. Augustin Daly, Mr. John H. V. Arnold, Mr. Peter Gilsey, Mr. C. C. Moreau, Mr. Thomas J. McKee, and other local collectors of theatrical pictures, curios and relics, would enjoy a smile at such a remark about the most famous painter of scenes from plays whom England has produced, a painter who was an Associate of the Royal Academy as far back as 1821, who is represented by his works in the British National Gallery, the Sheepshanks and other collections, and one of whose more important pictures was sold by a London dealer last month for over £800.

George Clint was born in 1770, in Brownlow street, off Drury Lane, London, the exact date of his birth being April 12th. Like Turner, he had a barber and hairdresser for a father. The elder Clint seems to have wasted little affection on his son. He packed the boy off to a Yorkshire school of the Dotheboys Hall order, and after he had had the rudiments of an education beaten into him, apprenticed him to a London fishmonger. He ran away from this employment and managed to secure the cancellation of his indentures by the Lord Mayor, but his father promptly put him to work in an attorney's office. Old Clint, who had been a widower, had re-married, and his only desire was to keep his son away from his house. He ultimately sold out his shop, and went off to India with his new family, where he died. So when George Clint left the lawyer, with about as little ceremony as he had observed in severing his connection with the fishmonger, he was cast entirely upon his own resources.

His life was, for some time, one of great misery. He had not only no friends to rely upon, but not even a trade. For many days he subsisted as by a miracle of endurance, feeding on beggars' orts, and sleeping under the dry arches of the Thames bridges, and on the warm ashes of glass-house and foundry yards. Accident procured him a job with a house-painter, who took pity on his destitution, and thus casually was his future vocation determined. He displayed a decided knack as a house painter, having good natural judgment of colors, and was soon advanced to decorating the interiors of houses. He now earned a good living, and married a young woman who was destined to become the mother of a generation of artists. In his leisure at home he practiced drawing, using his wife as a model. He next experimented in miniature painting, which was at that time in the height of popularity, and finally he threw up his old trade and hung out a sign as a painter of miniature portraits. Very few of his miniatures remain in existence, or at least very few are to be identified now, but he appears to have been an artist of some merit in this line. Still, he was so far from prospering by it that he did odd jobs of sign painting, made drawings of machinery and philosophical apparatus for the publishers, colored architects' plans and prints, and, having taught himself to engrave in mezzotint, obtained employment from the publisher John Bell, whose nephew Edward had, indeed, given him his first lessons in mezzotinting. This latter work brought him in contact with Sir Thomas Lawrence, who commissioned him to engrave several of his pictures, and his skies commenced to brighten. The pictures of Sir William Beechey, who had himself been once a house-painter, interested this younger graduate of that craft, and he began to try his hand at oils, first by copying Beechey, Lawrence and others, and then by painting original por-

traits. Sir William, who was a fine, great-hearted man, as well as an admirable artist, gave him every encouragement, and assisted him with money, as well as advice. The wealthy mezzotint engraver, Samuel Reynolds, also conceived an interest for him, and secured him commissions for portraits in oils and water-colors.

One of the most gifted of the pupils of Sir Thomas Lawrence was George Henry Harlow. He was a Londoner, seventeen years younger than Clint, and of such precocity of talent that he was an exhibitor at the Royal Academy when he was eighteen years of age. Harlow painted for Tom Welsh, a rich and popular musician and teacher, a picture of the trial scene from "Henry VIII," in which he introduced portraits of the Kembles, John, Charles, Stephen, and Mrs. Siddons, of Conway, Blanchard, Park, Miss Stephens, who became Countess of Essex by marriage, and other popular players in the Kemble Company. This picture created an immense sensation when it was exhibited at the Royal Academy, and Cribb, the print seller, purchased the copyright from the artist. When the question came up as to who should engrave it Lawrence suggested Clint, and, with Harlow's approval, he was secured. The plate was an artistic triumph and an enormous commercial success, and Clint's fortune was made.

It is worth stating, by the way, that the late Frank Leslie, the publisher, of this city, while he was still a working wood-engraver in London, executed a large cut of this picture which remains to this day one of the very finest works produced by the xylographic art in England.

Chiefly through his engraving of this picture Clint made the acquaintance of the leading players of the day, and so launched out as a specialist in theatrical scenes and portraiture. He had set up his studio in Gower street, and had among his sitters William Farren, Edmund Kean, Charles Matthews, the elder, whose son was so well known to American audiences, Liston, Munden, Harley, Oxberry, Holland, etc., and all the noted actresses of the time. He not only painted more portraits of them, but he showed them also in groups, in the action, and with the surroundings of the most important scenes of their successful performances. His pictures were full of life and spirit, and excellent in drawing and color. While some of his pictures were executed for the originals, most of them were painted for admirers of the drama, collectors of dramatic art, and for the print sellers, who had them engraved for publication. From being prosperous Clint became rich. His copyrights alone produced him large sums. His pictures brought high prices. His popularity spread wherever the English stage was known. He was made an Associate of the Royal Academy in 1821 for his picture, which he painted for the elder Matthews, who was a great collector, of Munden, Knight and Mrs. Orger, in Hoare's musical piece, "Lock and Key." But after waiting vainly for fifteen years to be made a full member, he became disgusted, and resigned his Associateship in 1835. The place he left vacant was, curiously enough, filled by one of his own pupils, J. P. Knight. Knight was the son of a celebrated actor, and he, in time, secured the title of Royal Academician, to which his master aspired in vain. Another of Clint's pupils was R. W. Buss, one of the earliest illustrators of Dickens. Clint was associated with Mulready, Cooper and other distinguished artists in the establishment of that noble institution, the Artists' Benevolent and Annuity Fund.

George Clint had been long retired from his profession when he died, in May, 1854. He left one living son, Alfred Clint. He began as a portrait painter, but passed over to landscapes and coast scenes. Another son, Raphael, was a well known gem sculptor, and another won distinction as a medalist. The eldest son, Luke Clint, became a scene painter, and promised to take the lead in that art in England, but died young.

To go into a detailed list of the long series of engravings by George Clint, and of engravings after his pictures, would be useless. They are known to all dramatic collectors. His pictures rarely come into the market now. The prints associated with his name, with few, if indeed any, exceptions, command high prices. The English stage owes more to him than any other man for the pictorial preservation of its records. All the great English painters have given us portraits of the players. The "Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse," of Sir Joshua Reynolds is immortal. Zoffany, Lawrence, Romney, Gainsborough and other artists down to the present day have busied their brushes with counterfeit present-

ments of the professional presenters of counterfeit presentments. But Clint, almost alone, made the actors a part of the scenes they enacted. He was not a master, nor even a great painter. The melancholy circumstances of his early life handicapped him too heavily. But he was a student of human nature, an admirable grasper of character and expression, a correct and spirited draughtsman, and a good painter. There have been and still are many members of the Royal Academy, which did not admit him to membership, of which none of these things can be said.

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The Joan of Arc craze should have reached its limit by this time in France. Certainly, the equestrian statue by Roulleau, which was unveiled at Chinon last month, ought to be enough to choke it off. I do not believe there is a more ridiculous public statue than this in London, or even in New York. How it ever found acceptance I cannot conceive, unless, as a correspondent writes me, the broad hint that official influence did more for M. Roulleau than artistic merit has some foundation of fact.

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MM. Durand-Ruel have delivered the printed price-lists of the Spitzer sale, which complete the catalogue whose distribution in this country was made by them. Collectors may now congratulate themselves upon the possession of a reference whose value will be more apparent as time goes on. The catalogue makes a handsome volume in itself, and the plates, which are enclosed in a portfolio, can be either preserved in this form or bound as a volume apart.

* * *

Some months ago a collector of this vicinity purchased from a local dealer, who handles pretty much everything collectable in which there is a profit, a picture. He loaned it to a committee who were getting up an exhibition for a charitable purpose. When the exhibition opened a friend of the collector's, who is also addicted to the same pleasant mania, called upon him and asked him where he had obtained the picture which was credited to him as owner in the catalogue. The other told him, "Well," said the friend, "that picture was stolen from me along with several others." The picture was promptly returned to the dealer from whom it came, with proper notice of the facts, and the amount paid for it reclaimed. The dealer, who appears to have acted in the matter as agent for a person who speculates in pictures, returned it to the latter. What has become of it since I do not know.

* * *

The other day a strange man came to me, with a card from an artist of my acquaintance, to ascertain if I could facilitate the sale of a picture for him. He was, to judge from his appearance and speech, a Hungarian. He said that he owned several fine pictures, which had been in his family for many years, but he needed money and must part with them. When he showed me the picture, which was an excellent sketch by one of the old Dutch masters, I recognized it at once. This heirloom, which had been in his family for many years, I had catalogued for a sale in this city less than two years ago. I took his address and promised to send him a customer. From the house which had made the sale I learned that the picture had been bought by an artist of this city. I wrote to ask him if it was still in his possession. He was out of town, but came back, looked the matter up and told me that the picture was gone. When I gave him a description of my caller he recognized him as a man whom he had employed as a model. I imagine that the customer I sent to this collector in unfortunately reduced circumstances wore a suit of blue with brass buttons.

* * *

I do not think that professional models are dishonest. In fact I have always found them unimpeachable. It is only such fellows as this, who are casually hired by some painter because they happen to serve his purpose, and who have no idea of making a regular trade of it, who take advantage of every opportunity. I remember that once, while I was still connected with the daily press, I called on an artist friend. He was painting a picture for the Spring Academy, and he had a model posing, as hangdog a looking chap as I ever saw. He had hired him from the street he said, because he just about filled the characterization he needed. There was something familiar about the fellow's appearance; but I could not locate him. A few weeks later I saw quite a number of the artist's sketches in a cheap old-bookshop on Sixth avenue. They were offered for sale at miserable prices. It struck me as curious that a man in his position, not in any way in need of money, should have permitted such things to pass out of his hands, and I hunted him up and asked him about it. He was amazed. We went together

to the shop and he recognized all the sketches. Then he found that the drawer of a bureau in his studio, in which he kept such memoranda, had been rifled. He did not, however, know whom to blame. I asked him if he had ever allowed his sinister model to remain alone in his studio. Yes, he had. When he went to lunch the model had remained. The bookseller was perfectly honest in the affair. He said a shabby fellow had brought the sketches to him—they were all on loose canvas, which had been taken from the stretchers—in a roll, and told him that he came from an artist who was in need of money. The bookseller had bought the lot for \$5. They were not in his line, but he supposed he could make a little money by selling them off. He returned what were left, two or three having been sold, and when the painter insisted on repaying him the \$5 he reluctantly accepted it, and then took us out and spent all of it, and perhaps a little more, on luncheon and champagne. After some time I happened to be in the Tombs Police Court, when a sneak thief was sent up the river for practising his artful but illicit trade. It was his third or fourth offense. He was my hangdog model, and then I remembered that I had once before seen him in the dock and heard him being sentenced for the same crime. He had, it appeared, been but a few days out of jail when the painter had picked him up for a model, and given him the run of his studio.

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The *Quarterly Illustrator*, which is issued at the subscription price of \$1 per annum by Harry C. Jones, at 92 Fifth avenue, this city, is a unique publication. It is abundantly illustrated, and the text is rich in personal information with regard to the artists whose works embellish it. Many of the articles are written by men and women who have acquired deserved consideration in this particular field, and the editor, Mr. Perriton Maxwell, is himself a competent and just critic. The *Quarterly Illustrator* merits the support of every collector interested in American art.

* * *

The famous triangular duel between Mr. Easy, the midshipman, Mr. Briggs, the boatswain and Mr. Easthupp, the purser's steward, which resulted so painfully to the anatomy of the latter that he had to take his meals standing for a month or more, has gone into history. It is not likely that the little difference between Dr. Ohnefalsch-Richter and Mr. W. J. Stillman, with Gen. L. P. di Cesnola for a mutual target, a letter in regard to which will be found elsewhere, will result even as seriously. Still, when these scientific gentlemen fall out you can never feel certain as to where they will end. So far it must be admitted that Dr. Richter has the advantage, both of Mr. Stillman and General di Cesnola.

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There will, I understand, be many acquisitions made from the World's Fair for the Chicago Art Institute and other local public collections. In many cases foreign exhibits, especially those of governments, will be disposed of at what may be called nominal sums to avoid the risk and expense of their return. Chicago may be poorer in money for the Exposition, but she will surely be richer in that which will remain to her as a reminder of her great show.

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According to the *Times*, of Cumberland, Md.: "Mr. Fred. Hafflefinger has at Mr. Hervey Laney's, on N. Centre street, a guitar valued at \$3,500. The instrument was made in Barcelona, Spain, in the year of 1848, and has been in Mr. Hafflefinger's family over 150 years. Were it an infant instead of a guitar it could not be nursed more tenderly by Mr. Hafflefinger, who shows it to those interested in old instruments with great pride." A man certainly can afford to be proud of a guitar made forty-five years ago, and which has been in his family over 150 years.

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The library of the Hon. George H. Balcom, of Claremont, N. H., is said to be the finest private library in the State, excepting that of ex-Gov. Charles H. Bell, of Exeter. His collection is rich in Americana, and especially in New Hampshire and Massachusetts history. In New Hampshire history his library ranks with the best four, privately owned, the others being located at Exeter, Concord and Wilton. Mr. Balcom's rarest book in this collection is an original Osborne's New Hampshire Register for 1787, concerning which Mr. Stickney, the best authority on this subject, says he knows but three in existence. Among other books in this line may be named the *History of Bath*, by Sutherland; *Narrative of Dartmouth College*, by Wheelock; *Chesterfield*, by Randall; *Croydon*, by Cooper; *Acworth*, by Merrill; *Epsom*, by Curtis; *Canterbury*, by Patrick; *Andover*, by Moore; *Chester*, by Bell; *Londonderry*, by Parker; *Dublin*, by Leonard; *Troy*, by Caverly, and *Alstead*, by Arnold. An extremely valuable collection of

works on the Episcopal church numbers some 600 books and pamphlets, and there are complete sets of the New England Historic-Genealogical Society Registers, the publications of the Prince Society; the Historical Collections of the Essex Institute, and the writings of Hon. Samuel A. Green, M.D., of Boston, etc. A unique specimen of labor is a bound volume containing the inaugural messages of the Governors of New Hampshire, from 1857 to 1889, illustrated with the portraits of each. In this connection it may be stated that Mr. Balcom has nearly a full collection of portraits of the Episcopal Bishops of the United States, to be used in extending a work by Rev. Herman G. Batterson, D.D., of Philadelphia, a copy of which Mr. Balcom has in sheets.

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While western buyers come to the east to purchase old china, intelligent eastern collectors gather some porcelain treasures in the west. Miss Francis C. Morse, of Worcester, Mass., sister of Mrs. Earle, author of "China Collecting in America," has recently bought in Chicago a large and beautiful collection of plates, pitchers and platters bearing American historical views. Many rare pieces are in the number. There are alone twelve different buildings and views of New York city. Miss Morse has also eleven Boston views, and seven of Philadelphia, all in the rich, dark blue so much desired. There seems to be a steady increase in the value of this old English ware, and a widespread interest in its acquisition. Miss Morse has a collection of several hundred pieces, including sixty rare pitchers, many of them historical.

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I have made the acquaintance of a man whose entire library consists of scrapbooks. Of these he possesses scores. Moreover, they have undoubtedly cost him more than many a pretentious collection dressed up in gold and fragrant of fine morocco. His books contain nothing but verses clipped from newspapers during the past forty odd years, and he must have expended hundreds upon hundreds of dollars in accumulating them. He has clipped out good poetry and poor verse with an impartial hand, but has expressed his estimation of each piece by underlining its title in red ink if he considers it good, and in blue if it be to his mind only fair. His taste, I may add, is very good. Many of his excerpts bear names which are now famous. Others go the credit of rhymesters who are forgotten, if, indeed, they ever were known. One of the most interesting features of the collection is the manner in which verses published by, say, Jones in 1850 reappear in 1889 as having been written by Robinson, while the soulful outpourings of Amelia Teabiscuit, in the *Pokeberry Palladium*, of 1855, turn up in 1890 in some other harbinger of civilization as the production of the rising young Sappho of the century, Miss Patty Defoiegras. If one dared suspect poets of such base courses as plagiarism one might have one's suspicions. As it is, I suppose it must be laid to unconscious cerebration.

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When a man draws near the end of a wearisome day's journey he commences to breathe more freely at the prospect of a rest. The journey through this summer of 1893 has been weary enough for a great many people, and it is to be hoped that the autumn now at hand will bring some refreshment with it. The sailor, who was cast ashore naked on a barren sandbank, without food or water, consoled himself with the reflection that things couldn't be worse. Perhaps we might make a profitable application of this philosophy to ourselves just now.

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The Edinburgh autograph forger, Alexander Smith, whose victimization of a New York collector has been noticed at length in THE COLLECTOR, has been convicted of fabricating historical and literary documents. From the evidence of the experts who had examined the documents which Smith sold, says Mr. Labouche in *Truth*, one would be justified in concluding that such collectors and their agents are congenital idiots, for they do not appear to have ever taken the slightest pains to verify the alleged relics of Burns, Scott, Oliver Cromwell, Charles Edward Stuart, and other literary and political celebrities, for which they were ready to pay large sums. The paper on which the Burns poems and letters were written did not in the least resemble that which was invariably used towards the close of the last century. The poems, indeed, were written on modern cartridge paper. As to Scott's letters, a collection purporting to have been written in 1801, 1804, 1818 and 1820 were all indited on paper of the same size and water-mark. The Jacobite documents were described as being palpable forgeries, defective not only in the handwriting and signatures, but also in the materials and in the contents, while the dates were outrageously wrong. All these fabrications, however, had deceived the intelligent collectors of such relics, who seem to

have accepted anything which Smith brought to them without a glimmer of suspicion. Collectors were so gullible, indeed, that they went to Smith and told him precisely the sort of relics which they desired to purchase, and when they presently returned to find out whether he could comply with their wishes, lo and behold! the letter, or poem, or document which had been indicated was sure to be forthcoming.

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I would once more call the attention of subscribers to this journal to the request which will be found upon the last page. At the same time I desire to express my gratitude to the many readers who have already sent me such lists of names as I there specify. Every addition to the distribution of THE COLLECTOR will be a distinct benefit to all who read it, since its expansion will increase its efficiency and add to the variety and value of that which it presents to its readers. After another month THE COLLECTOR will enter upon its fifth year of publication. It will enter it with flying colors, and the higher its friends can help to hoist them the greater will be its opportunities to return the favor by improving on itself.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

MARTIN:—The Gillott sale occurred in London in 1872. Gillott was the great pen maker, and his sale was about the start of the epoch for high auction prices for modern art in England.

B. A. C., ROCHESTER:—The binder Trautz-Bauzonnet was born George Trautz, Pforzheim, Baden, 1808. He learned bookbinding in Germany, and became a gilder for Bauzonnet, the successor of the binder Purgold, in Paris. Bauzonnet had married the widow of his old employer. Trautz married the daughter of Purgold, and became the partner of his stepfather-in-law, whom he succeeded in business. Hence the hyphenated names Trautz-Bauzonnet. The stamp Bauzonnet-Trautz on your book belongs to the period before Trautz succeeded his father-in-law. The latter retired in 1851. Trautz was the first bookbinder to receive the knighthood of the Legion of Honor, 1851. He died in 1879, and left no successor.

STUDENT, CITY:—John Burnet was an engraver on steel and copper, born in Edinburgh, 1784, and a fellow student and friend of David Wilkie. He was also a painter of some merit, but is chiefly known as an engraver and a writer on art. His books are valuable as instruction, and also valuable in their early editions as rarities. Hamilton Hamilton is of English birth, but has resided in America since childhood. He commenced as a portrait painter in Buffalo, N. Y., and later studied in France. He is said to have received the highest price for reproductive etchings ever paid in this country. Gustave Mercier, who received an award for etching at Chicago, is a Frenchman, now settled in this country. He worked with the etcher Rajon up to the death of the latter. His most conspicuous plate is the "Automedon, With the Horses of Ulysses," which he executed for the well-known St. Louis collector, Mr. S. A. Coale, Jr. Inquire of Frederick Keppel & Co., 20 East Sixteenth street, New York, for the rest.

CHINA HUNTER:—Address R. T. Van Deusen, Stuyvesant, N. Y.

AMBERSON, OSWEGO:—Subscribe to some technical art magazine. The *Art Amateur* is the best published in this country.

SUBSCRIBER Z:—There are several publications of the same title as this in the United States. One is published in the west by an agency which makes a business of the collection of debts. Others are merely trade circulars, issued to advertise their own business by dealers in stamps, autographs, etc. This is the only newspaper treating the field from a news standpoint. It neither buys nor sells, nor does it act as agent for anybody.

The collection of armor at the house of Mr. G. P. Morosini, at Riverdale, N. Y., is one of the finest private collections in the world. Mr. Morosini's collection of antique watches, snuffboxes, etc., is also extremely fine, and he is the owner of a number of brilliant pictures, chiefly of the modern Italian school.

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John C. Ropes, of Boston, the magazine writer, is the owner of what is probably the greatest collection of Napoleonic pictures and relics in America. He is considered an authority on the subject.

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It is claimed that the guillotine upon which Marie Antoinette was beheaded is one of the "attractions" of the World's Fair. It seems a pity that Chicago did not procure the knife of "Jack the Ripper" as a pendant.

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The Columbian postage stamps, which are about the biggest nuisance in the line which we have been compelled to swallow, at least, some of the gum from, are said to be in demand in Europe at a premium. We can afford to let them go here at a discount to Mr. Wanamaker's bargain counter.

A COLLECTION OF JADES

THE peculiarities of jade, observes the *Sun*, of this city, as all know who have seen the wonderful carvings for ornamental objects made by the Chinese, and much sought after by bric-à-brac collectors here and elsewhere, are the greasy appearance of the surface, the deep olive green color, and the extreme toughness of the stone. There is a popular error that credits jade with being the hardest of stones, but quartz crystal will scratch it easily, while a blow with a sledge hammer would hardly mar the surface of a pebble of it.

The use of jade for purposes of ornament is very ancient. The principal jade mines of the world are in Burmah, and the Chinese, who have the exclusive privilege of working these mines, have for centuries esteemed this stone above gold. By them it is known as *Yu*, and they speak of its color, after their poetic fashion, as "the color of spring." Formerly they attributed to the stone certain supernatural and medicinal qualities, but the principal secret of its value, besides the fact of its rarity and beauty of colors and markings, is the difficulty of working and polishing it. The little carved bottle or other ornament often represents the life work of an extraordinarily patient Chinese lapidary. The stone is drilled and chipped away, particle by particle, with infinite skill, and finally polished in all the details of the relief patterned with emery or some other powder. It is very compact in texture and heavy, and even when polished it retains both to the touch and sight the sense of greasiness. It is usually green, but has been found in a variety of other colors. What is called the pork fat jade is not uncommon; it has very much the appearance of lard, and usually marked or colored with brilliant splashes of lettuce green.

So much for the Oriental jades, which the collectors of art wares have made reasonably familiar to us. These are all from Burmah, and, so universally has it been assumed that jade was found nowhere else, that when pebbles of the precious stone were first found in New Zealand, Mexico, Alaska and British America, it was assumed that this was evidence of the migrations of primitive races of the earth. But modern discoveries of jade in places have upset that theory, and make it appear that it may be found in many quarters of the globe.

In the Museum of Natural History in this city is a collection of jades and allied stones, remarkably interesting as showing the love of the most primitive people for the green stones which they worked into rude ornaments, implements and tools of many kinds. For a long time the museum has owned in the Squier collection some of the rarest and most curious pieces of aboriginal jade in any public collection, found in Mexico and Central America, where they were carved long before Columbus landed on these shores. The Ammen collection and that made by Prof. James Terry, of the Department of Archaeology and Ethnology of the Museum, in Alaska, still further enriched their choice display, and recently the museum has acquired from Mr. George Frederick Kunz, the expert, many splendid pieces from many quarters of the globe, which give a unique character to the museum's aboriginal jades.

Perhaps the largest pebble of nephrite or jade ever found on this continent is one that belongs to Professor Terry. It came from southern Oregon, where it was found in the auriferous gravel of a stream near a small mining hamlet. Its color is of a mottled, deep leek green, interspersed with veins of light green and yellow. It weighs 47½ pounds, and is remarkably compact and homogeneous, giving out under a heavy blow a metallic ring like bell metal. Professor Dawson, of the Canadian Geological Survey, describes the finding of two partly-washed boulders in the Frazer River, showing still further that the aborigines found this precious stone in sufficient quantities for the making of their implements and ornaments. In 1889 Prof. F. W. Clark, of the United States National Museum, found nephrites in the mountains of Alaska, north of the Kowak River and 150 miles from its mouth.

In the small but unique Squier collection in the Museum of Natural History are several articles of ornament and worship used by the aborigines of Mexico and Central America. These specimens, according to Mr. Squier, are said to be "unrivaled in their way in the world." One of these is a piece of jade, half an inch thick and 4 by 2 3-10 in area, bearing in low relief a sculptured figure of a divinity seated cross-legged, with left hand on hip and right on breast. The face is in profile, with prominent nose and the retreating forehead common to Central American sculpture. There is another a trifle larger, the face in full front and surmounted by a herald's shield and feather ornaments. The back of this piece of jade shows that it was sawed from a

solid rock above and below to within half an inch and then split off. It was probably a breast-plate. A slightly irregular globe, 2 6-10 inches in diameter, is pierced from top to bottom by a circular hole, and on three of its surfaces are engraved hieroglyphics. This was plainly an ornament of some kind not very clearly indicated. Two hat-shaped pieces of jade, pierced through so as to leave a very thin rim, were probably designed to hold clusters of feathers, or may have been ear ornaments. A carved divinity in dark sea-green nephrite bears a profile, probably of the god of death, the eye closed and the tongue protruding from the side of the mouth. It is boldly cut and very highly polished. This came from the Island of Flores, Yucatan.

In the Kunz collection, lately added, are specimens from Mexico, Alaska, New Zealand, Russia, China, India, Persia, and Switzerland. There is no other collection in the country containing specimens drawn from so many sources. In it is included a number of allied minerals from the great collection of Dr. Heinrich Fischer, of Freiburg, Baden, including more than sixty fragments, being unique sections from his type specimens.

Perhaps the most remarkable object in the collection is the jadeite adze from Oaxaca, Mexico, which Mr. Kunz calls a votive adze. It is said to be the largest and finest object of archaeological jadeite known in any collection. Its weight is 229 ounces, Troy. It is carved with a hideous face and figure in high relief, and highly polished. There is another very large piece of polished jade from the Terry collection that must have been carved from a piece originally as large as that which constitutes the adze. It belonged to a Maori chief, and was an emblem of authority.

A jadeite breast-plate of bright apple green is carved with a face and has a brown coating due to heating. It was taken from a tomb near Santa Lucia, Colzulmaguapa, Mexico.

Among the specimens from Alaska is a sacrificial axe, found by Professor Terry. It is a club-like piece of dense green jade, and has a record of having brained a dozen slaves in Alaska before coming into the peaceful precincts of the museum. There are chisels with stag-horn handles, large pestles, lip ornaments from Alaska, and a large and curious adze-like implement, called a snow cutter. A curious pectolyte hammer, among the allied stones, has a carved reindeer bone handle, to which the heavy head is attached with sinews, making a most formidable weapon.

In the Oceanic material the most interesting pieces are the Hei-Tiki idols, carved with hideous heads cocked on one side, and with great, round, staring eyes. There are also beads, axes, and chisels of curious workmanship.

Among the Oriental jades nothing is more interesting historically than the jade mace-head that was originally the property of Nadir Shah, the great Persian conqueror, and obtained by him in the loot of India. It was purchased from his descendants by Gen. Richard Khan, a secretary of the present ruler of Persia. This mace-head of jade originally contained 169 precious stones of large size, set into the fluted surface. The gems were removed and sold by descendants of Nadir Shah, who are now said to be living in poverty at Teheran. A small flat piece of dark green jade is an amulet with the first chapter of the Koran engraved upon it.

The Chinese jades are of about the tenth century, and include snuff bottles, cut from pebbles that have been bored out, bracelets and other trinkets, trifling, but representing infinite labor on the part of their makers.

A large jade adze from New Zealand, presented to the museum by Mr. D. Jackson Steward, a trustee of the museum, and a wonderful blade of jade with an elaborately carved handle inlaid with mother-of-pearl and wound with a fine four-sided cord of human hair, are owned by the museum.

The interest in the collection of fine specimens of worked jade has greatly increased in this country in the past ten or twelve years, and the finest and most costly private collection in the world is that made by Mr. Heber R. Bishop, of this city. It is said that as much as \$2,000,000 is now invested in carved jades outside of China and India.

Recently some old and musty documents were found in the City of Mexico, by which it was learned that treasure consisting of jewels and gold coin, amounting in value to \$2,000,000, is buried in the city. The documents state that the wealth was secreted by order of Emperor Maximilian. The discovery of these documents produced a sensation among those who were permitted to share the secret, and preparations were at once made for unearthing the treasure.

A MIDSUMMER COIN SALE

WHAT was described as the collection of American coins and medals of Mr. C. T. Whitman, of this city, was sold on the afternoons of Aug. 10 and 11 by Davis & Harvey, of Philadelphia. Mr. Whitman, who was formerly a resident of Albany, N. Y., has long been known as a close buyer of American coins, and this sale was an important one. It was the belief of many that the stringency in the money market would cause the prices to rule low, and, as a consequence, an unusual number of collectors were represented, all hungry for bargains. The reverse of this pessimistic anticipation proved to be the case. Prices for fine American coins never ruled higher than at this sale, and it was a decided financial success. If the collection still belonged to Mr. Whitman, he must at least have doubled his investment, and if, as was generally supposed, it had been purchased by S. H. & H. Chapman, who made the catalogue in their usual florid style, they cannot but have found it a prolific source of profit. The catalogue was of unusual length for a two-days' sale in August, comprising 1,269 lots, and the descriptions were of the most enthusiastic yet ambiguous class. But of this I shall speak later. The total of the sale was \$5,477.88, and the principal buyers, outside the Chapmans themselves, were Prof. Ed Frossard, who represented several of the largest investors in fine American coins, and who secured many of the finest pieces; the Scott Stamp and Coin Company; Martin A. Brown, of East Northfield, Mass.; Mr. Earle, of Philadelphia; Dr. Thomas Hall, of Boston; Mr. Elwell, of Bridgeton, N. J.; Mr. D. C. Wismer, of Richmond Centre, Pa., and others. I give the names in the respective order of the importance of the purchases.

The sale opened with the Canadian coins, medals and tokens. A fine Franco-American copper piece of 1751, with a bust of Louis XV in armor, by Du Vivier, brought \$6; a Wolfe Quebec medal, 1759, \$7.75; a bronze Newfoundland token, 1762, with a bust of George III, \$7, and a silver proof of the medal struck to commemorate the recovery of the Prince of Wales, 1872, \$11. The big prices commenced with the British Colonial coins of North America, opening with Massachusetts silver. A N. E. shilling, 1652, the first coin issued in America, fetched \$48; a willow tree shilling, same date, \$37; an oak tree of the same year \$15, and three others of the same type, but variously defective, respectively \$8.25, \$6.75 and \$4. These were coins with the fine, delicately executed tree. Another, with the tree strong and the two shrubs, brought \$8.25; one with the wide and bushy tree, \$23, and another, an inferior strike, \$8; an oak tree sixpence, also of 1652, brought \$16.50; another, less choice, \$6; an oak tree threepenny piece, same date, \$12 and an oak tree twopenny piece, 1662, \$10.50. Large pine tree shillings, 1652, in various states and types, commanded respectively \$15, \$20, \$12.50, \$20 and \$18.50; small sized shillings of the same year, all pine trees, brought \$10.10, \$10.50, \$15.50, \$7.50, \$7.25 and \$4.75; a Lord Baltimore shilling, even with a plug in it, date 1659, brought \$17, and a sixpence of the same date and coinage, \$20.25. Of the Rosa Americana series, struck by William Wood, a twopenny, 1723, sold for \$9.25; a penny, same year, \$12.50; another, with a difference in the inscription, \$6; a halfpenny, \$4.90; a 1723 twopenny, \$11.75; another from a different die, \$5, and a penny of the same date, \$6. Some prices for French coins issued by the State for circulation in the American colonies were, 5-sous piece, silver, 1670, \$8; 6 deniers, copper, John Law's Mississippi Company coinage, 1720, \$2.35; and a 10-sous piece in silver, of the same coinage and date, \$5.25. Silver coins of the State of Maryland, struck by J. Chalmers, goldsmith, Annapolis, were, shilling, 1783, \$10.25; another less perfect, \$8.75; sixpence, same year, \$7.50, and threepence, same date, \$15. A Baltimore Town threepenny piece, issued by the silversmith, Standish Barry, 1790, brought \$20. A Vermont cent of 1785 fetched \$8, and a series of Connecticut cents, selling at from 7 cents to \$7, according to condition and variety, and running in date from 1785 to 1788, averaged about \$2 apiece.

A great rarity, a Massachusetts cent of 1787 of the coveted variety, with the eagle clutching the bunch of arrows in its right talon was bought by Professor Frossard on an order for \$44; a half cent of the same coinage, date and state brought \$4.60. Among the New York coins, Professor Frossard secured on orders a 1786 cent at \$55, one of 1787 at \$90, and, another, a famous piece from the C. I. Bushnell collection, for \$118. This was, by the way, the highest price realized for any coin in the sale. Other New York cents of 1787 brought \$20, \$11.50, \$7, \$5 and \$1, according to type and condition, and a half dollar of the French colony of Castorland, on Lake Ontario, from a die by Du Vivier, \$13; a bar cent of 1785, proof in silver, sold for \$26.50; an Immune Columbia

cent of the same year, for \$42.50, and a poor specimen of the same for \$10. A Kentucky cent, 1791, which was very gushingly and mendaciously described in the catalogue, brought \$6; a Myddleton silver piece, Kentucky, 1796, \$25.50, and a bronze proof from the same die, \$16. A United States dollar, 1776, in pewter, brought \$11; another in brass, \$20.25, and another, \$5.60.

An interesting episode was the offering of a series of pattern strikes for the first United States cents, 1787. These are the so-called Fugio or Franklin cents, and are viewed by well-posted collectors with an eye of suspicion, being believed not to be originals of the period, but more recent productions from altered old dies. One of these patterns, in gold, was sold at the Parmelee sale, and afterwards rejected by the purchaser on the ground of being modern, and is still in Mr. Parmelee's possession. The present series consisted of strikes in silver, copper and brass. There was no competition for them, and they were sold for \$500, it was claimed, to the managers of the sale. A Washington cent of 1792, said to be one of only five known, sold for \$12, and another, of a different die, for \$5.25.

A silver dollar of the United States, 1795, brought \$5.75; one of 1798, with thirteen stars, \$7, and one with fifteen stars, \$8.50. A Gobrecht dollar of 1836 cost somebody \$9, and one of 1839, \$37, and \$7 was paid for a dollar of 1854. A half dollar of 1796, with the fifteen stars, fetched \$72, and one of \$1797, \$54. Other halves sold at the usual auction-room prices. A beautiful quarter dollar of 1806 went dirt cheap at \$10, and the same price was secured by one of 1853. The dimes ran off very well. One of 1804, the rarest date of dimes, brought \$39.50; other prices were 1796, \$12.50; 1798, \$23.80; 1800, \$9.50; 1802, \$6.10; 1803, \$5.25; 1805, \$10; 1807, \$14; 1811, \$10; 1824, \$17; 1829, \$5. Half dime prices worth noting were, 1792, the first coin made by the United Government after the establishment of the mint, \$12; 1794, the same; 1796, \$6.80; 1800, \$7.75; 1805, \$20. A California gold \$50-piece, 1852, Humbert stamp, brought \$71; a Clark Gruber & Co., \$10, Pike's Peak Colorado gold piece, 1860, \$23; a Feuchtwanger three cent piece, with the laurel wreath, 1837, \$10.25, and one with the oak wreath, \$15. Some colonial coins of New Jersey were: A Mark Newbie halfpenny, 1681, \$10.75; a Newbie farthing in silver, same date, \$18, and one in copper, \$7. New Jersey State cents averaged \$1.75; the best prices were, 1786, \$9; 1787, \$9 and \$10 respectively; a trio of Washington Masonic medals, including a brass, 1797, at \$3; a tin, from the Bushnell private die, 1853, \$15; another, in silver, \$20, and there was one in silver of the England Grand Lodge of Freemasons, 1780, which brought \$27. A curious medal in silvered white metal, of Gen. Robert E. Lee, commanded \$14. It is believed to have been produced during the Civil War. Another oddity in bronze was a medal to Tristram Coffin. This was a sort of family piece, struck in honor of the first of the race that settled in America, and fetched \$7.

Perhaps the most interesting phase of the sale was provided by the prices brought by the United States cents and half cents. Professor Frossard opened the ball by paying \$95 for a 1793 cent with the abbreviation "Ameri." on the reverse. Another, with the "America" spelled out in full, and the olive wreath, instead of the fifteen links, enclosing the denomination stamp, brought \$36, and three others, with variations of die and condition, but of the same date of issue, \$21.50, \$12 and \$7.50. One of 1794 brought \$35, and another, of the starred variety, with a circle of stars and inside milling on the reverse, \$50. This was another Frossard purchase. A 1795 of remarkable quality, at \$105; others at \$26, \$12 and \$23; three of 1796 at \$78, \$15 and \$60 respectively; a 1797 at \$11.50; 1799, \$21; 1801, \$18; a perfect die, 1804, \$15.50, and a broken die, for which it was said Mr. Whitman paid \$20, \$56; an 1805, \$13.50; 1806, \$19; 1807, \$11.50; 1808, \$23; 1809, \$53; 1810, \$12.50; 1812, \$21; 1814, \$9.50; 1822, \$7; 1827, \$6; 1828, \$7; 1829, \$20.50; 1831, \$5; 1833, \$10, furnish further figures of note. A half cent of 1793 brought \$25, one of 1797, \$7, and one of 1836, \$37. From these quotations it may be seen that it pays better to save coppers than gold, if you can only get hold of the right kind of coppers to save. At any rate, the sale demonstrated throughout the truth of the statement which I have frequently made in THE COLLECTOR, that the value of American coins of good quality is steadily rising in the numismatical market.

I have already made a passing allusion to the manner in which this catalogue is compiled. I may add that it is but one of others which has proceeded from the same hands. It suffers from a plethora of words and a constipation of good English. It is expanded in the first place by altogether unnecessary explanations

of well known facts, translations of Latin legends known to all collectors, repetitions of descriptions and superlative adjective praise, which the compilers constantly contradict by their reservations and modifications. But this is not its worst offense. Over-estimations of the condition of pieces are frequent, but in this case, at least, the cataloguers hold themselves responsible, so that such errors may be in part excused. But what can one say of coins described as being in color pink, purple, brown, olive and what not else, tints which can only exist in the imagination of the writer; or of the introduction into a sales catalogue of a private dispute, written in the style of some schoolboy trying his prentice hand at amateur literature? If a catalogue is not a guide for the buyer it is nothing, for collectors cannot always be present at sales, and they must rely absolutely on the integrity of the printed descriptions for giving their orders for purchases.

NUMISMATIC NOTES

It is announced by Prof. Ed. Frossard, 108 East Fourteenth street, this city, that he has in hand several collections of coins and medals which are to be sold by auction in the early fall. The first sale will be that of the collection of Canadian coins and medals of F. J. Grenny, of Brantford, Ont. This will include some very interesting British war medals—one with five bars, for the Peninsular Campaign against Napoleon I, and a copper medal for some possibly American campaign, of 1767, which seems to be a unique and unrecorded piece. The second sale will be that of Part II and last of the collection of William Poillon, formerly Secretary of the American Numismatic and Archaeological Society of New York, who has recently removed to Chicago. Third will come what is described as "The Finds of a Curio Hunter," being the general collection of coins and medals of all countries made during his many travels by Mr. Frederick Stearns, of Detroit, Mich. The fourth sale in order of date will consist of fractional currency, Colonial paper money, Confederate treasury notes, etc., and the fifth, of copious extracts from the largest and best collections of ancient coins in the United States, including family and imperial denarii and bronze coins of Rome.

A queer find of old Maryland currency has been made at Wilmington, Del. In 1870, when one William Cooch, a miller, died, the man in charge at Cooch's mill found a small keg in the loft which was full of old currency notes. He thought they were useless old papers and threw them out of the window. They were, however, recovered, and once more laid away to mildew, until they recently passed into possession of the old miller's nephew, Register Cooch, of Wilmington. They are of various denominations, and of the issue of 1774.

Smith Hubbell, of Washington avenue, Bridgeport, Conn., has in his possession a \$5 gold piece dated in 1849, which he secured while in California in that year. It is pure gold, with no alloy, and was made for the State of California. On the face of it appears a miner in the act of lifting a gold nugget from the earth, and beside him his pick and shovel. The coin is a rare one, and is now worth much more than its face value.

Buried treasure still continues to be dug up. A block-tin medal, bearing a portrait and the name of General Admiral Lord Howe, of the British navy, and the date June 1, 1794, was found by Attorney W. S. Wagner, of Tiffin, O., while on a recent visit to Paulding County, O. The medal was presented to Admiral Lord Howe for his victory over the French in the channel, celebrated in English history as the victory of Friday, June 1, 1794. A West Virginia farmer, while plowing over the former site of Fort Van Meter, four miles from West Liberty, on Short Creek, the spot on which Major McColloch was killed, unearthed a coin of 1752 which was promptly purchased by Judge G. L. Cranmer, a collector and numismatist of Wheeling. The most interesting discovery, however, is that of a considerable number of Spanish, French, German and English gold pieces, made by a poor white farmer at Landrum's, S. C. The farmer was plowing, and his plow turned up two gold coins. He picked them up and went ahead. His wife came along shortly afterwards, hoeing. She hoed up two more. Then they stopped work, went back to the spot, and in a short time unearthed over one hundred coins. The value of the gold itself is said by Mr. W. H. Lyles, of Greenville, S. C., who reports the case, to be some \$500. It is supposed to have been a collection of rare coins made by some man with a fancy for such things during the present century, and buried there for safe keeping during the war. The coins range in date from 1719 to 1792, and there seems to be no question as to the genuineness of the find.

A Mrs. Sallie Colgan, who died near Millington, Queen Anne's county, Md., recently in the eighty-first year of her age, had in her possession a hoard of coins, chiefly Spanish and American dollars, many of them being the first put in circulation in this country, and aggregating \$300 in face value. They are now in the possession of one of her heirs.

The Frossard Special List, No. 8, for Oct. 1, 1893, comprises a unique collection of essays and proofs of United States fractional currency, which is offered to be broken up for sale at marked prices. This really remarkable and certainly unique collection was formed by the late Mr. S. M. Clark, chief of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, United States Treasury, Washington, D. C. After Mr. Clark's death the collection was purchased from Mrs. Clark by a private collector, who recently placed it in Mr. Frossard's hands to be listed and offered to collectors at marked prices. By order of ex-Secretary of the Treasury Foster each note has been lightly punched at ends and marked Specimen, and it is in this shape only that these notes can lawfully be sold to collectors. It may be added that all are first impressions, printed in deep, strong colors, mostly on thick fibrous paper, differing from that used for the regular issues, and that no other collection of this class exists. There are seventy lots in the list, all the items of which are guaranteed to have been printed at the United States Treasury, Washington, D. C., between 1862-4. Some other items of the list are also of interest to numismatists.

The sale, last May and June, by L. & L. Hamburger, at Frankfort-on-Main, of the immense numismatic collection of Privy Counsellor Kosloff, of St. Petersburg, was unusually successful, even for Europe, where such auctions reach a magnitude unknown to our own. Large prices were obtained for all sorts of coins, ancient and modern, one firm alone representing nearly two hundred buyers. Among the American medals put up the most interesting was one struck in bronze, and granted to Mad Anthony Wayne for his marvellous exploit deservedly famous in history as the storming of Stony Point. It is of this forlorn hope, worthy of the Old Guard itself or the Six Hundred of Balaklava, that the story is told that Washington asked Wayne if he thought he could surprise the garrison at Stony Point. He replied: "I'll storm hell, General, if you'll plan it." The medal was purchased by Professor Frossard, of this city. It is worth noting that there is a very interesting collection of Wayne relics at the home, at Jamaica, L. I., of the family of his grandson, Thomas Wayne, who died in July last at the age of ninety-three, and who was sixty years or so ago the only rival of the Lorillards in the manufacture of tobacco in this city.

AFTER THE PIRATES

NEW YORK, Aug. 29, 1893.

To the Editor of THE COLLECTOR.

SIR: We beg to advise you that quite recently we succeeded in obtaining an injunction, in a suit brought in England, against Messrs. Holloway, for an infringement of the copyright of our firm in a picture called "The Guardian Angel," painted by B. Plockhorst.

We had just about disposed of the English litigation, when we noticed that our valuable copyright in a picture called "The Golden Wedding," painted by O. Erdmann, was being infringed in this country, and so we are again compelled to defend ourselves against piratical invasions of our rights.

This time we have been obliged to sue the Taber Art Company, of New Bedford, Mass.

It is to the best interest of all respectable dealers to extinguish the inferior and fraudulent issues of really fine original prints, whose sale at cheap prices has done and is doing so much to depress the market for genuine works of merit in the reproductive arts, and we have no doubt that all honest dealers will assist us, by every means in their power, to suppress these piratical attacks. We shall, therefore, be exceedingly grateful to all who will call our attention to infringements of our copyrights, as we have instructed our counsel to promptly bring civil and penal actions against all infringers.

Respectfully yours,

FRANZ HANFSTAENGL FINE ART PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Formerly Geo. Kirchner & Co.

No purchaser having been found for the correspondence between Goethe and Charlotte von Stein at the price named, 200,000 marks, a Berlin antiquarian has advertised the collection at a lower price—105,000 marks. There are 1,748 letters, and they extend from 1776 to 1826.

Señor Agreda, Librarian of the National Museum of the City of Mexico, has, during many years, been collecting rare books bearing on the early history of Mexico. His private library is probably without an equal on the continent. He reports the discovery of an exceedingly rare book, having an important bearing upon the history and conquest of Mexico—the recollections of Baltasar Dorantes, son of one of Cortez's companions. It gives an account of all of the members of Cortez's army, biographical sketches, and where they settled in this country, together with details of great interest. A careful copy is being made.

R. T. Buerstatte, of Milwaukee, Wis., has an interesting collection of political, literary and social autograph letters, as well as a great number of signatures.

THE DRESDEN GALLERY

THE Franz Hanfstaengl Fine Art Publishing House announces the completion of a series of some 300 reproductions of the masterpieces composing the famous collection of the Dresden Gallery. This world-renowned collection, whose possession renders the city of Dresden one of the great artistic centres of Europe, contains, as is well known, some of the choicest and finest productions of Raphael, Rembrandt, Rubens, Titian, Leonardo da Vinci, Vandyck, Poussin, Watteau, Paul Veronese, Holbein, Guido Reni, Claude Lorrain, Murillo, Corregio, David Teniers, Carlo Dolci, Frans Hals, Adrian Van Ostade, and other great masters of Italy, Holland, etc.

Among the pictures composing the collection may be mentioned the "Madonna of San Sisto," the greatest Raphael in existence; Rembrandt's portrait group of himself and his wife, a work which he never equaled for genial characterization; Corregio's masterpiece, "The Magdalen;" the wonderful "Marriage of Cana," by Paul Veronese; the noble and pathetic "Ecce Homo" of Guido Reni; the "Children of Charles I," one of Vandyck's crowning efforts; the unsurpassable portrait group of his young sons, by Rubens; the "Daughter of Herodias," by Carlo Dolci; the "Duke of Milan," by Leonardo da Vinci, which has well been called one of the foremost portraits of the world; the Madonnas of Murillo and of Holbein, each a masterwork in an entirely different spirit, and a great number of cabinet pictures of the Dutch and Flemish schools, each of which has a distinct and distinguished reputation in the world of art.

Even Napoleon I, who did not hesitate to sack the museums of every foreign city he conquered, respected the magnificent collection of Dresden, not a single picture from which found its way to Paris, and Frederick the Great, when he bombarded the city and laid its palaces and churches in ruins, gave particular orders to his artillerymen to "Keep clear of the Picture Gallery."

In the Hanfstaengl reproductions of these immortal triumphs of art each work is taken directly from the original picture, and the minutest care has been evidently observed to secure not only an accurate copy of the forms, but also of the most delicate qualities of texture and characteristics of the artists' style of handling. The result of this laborious artistic conscientiousness, aided by the exercise of the greatest possible skill and the perfection of the processes of reproduction, has been the completion of a series of plates which stand quite without equals among any artistic publications of the past or present time, not excepting those known as the Braun series, excellent as these latter are in many ways.

The steel engravings by which many of the pictures in the collection are known, however beautiful they may be as examples of the engraver's art, are necessarily inaccurate in drawing, and convey but a lifeless and faint idea of their originals. The reproductions by more modern processes are also imperfect in various ways. It has remained for the public to obtain an adequate idea of the Dresden Gallery as it really is, in all its marvelously beautiful variety of creativeness, doing justice at once to the genius of the masters and to the different manner in which the genius of each expressed itself. The complete series is published in unalterable carbon prints, of uniform size. Prints upon the largest scale have been made of some of the most important works, of which Raphael's "Madonna of San Sisto" may be instanced.

Of this peerless masterpiece a photogravure plate has been also prepared upon a similar scale of grandeur, in which all the fine qualities of the original likewise find faithful reproduction. To those who have never been so fortunate as to view the original, this reproduction should be a source of perpetual joy. Surrounded by a glory composed of innumerable cherubim, with majesty throned upon her brow and a divine serenity beaming from her lovely features, the Queen of Heaven descends towards earth, bearing in her arms the infant Saviour of the World. The countenance of the Child is illumined by a wonderiul expression of divine dignity and power, in which is reflected a presage of the glorious mission He is decreed to perform. Below, at the left of the composition, kneels the canonized Pope Sixtus II, clad in the splendid robes of his sacred office, and at the right is the graceful figure of St. Barbara. At the base of the picture is a ledge of stone, as if forming part of a large arched window, and on it rests the tiara of St. Sixtus, while two cherubim recline upon their elbows on the ledge, both gazing upward. At either side of the picture, above, appears the draped curtain of the window, looped back in picturesque folds.

The history of the acquisition of this work for the Gallery is not

without romance. It is painted on canvas, and is nearly 10 feet high by 7½ feet wide. It is a picture of Raphael's later time, and was painted entirely by his own hand. No study for it is known to exist. It was painted in Rome in 1518 for the church of the Monastery of San Sisto, or St. Sixtus, at Piacenza, whence it derives its title. In 1754 Augustus III, Elector of Saxony and King of Poland, purchased it from the monks, whose monastery had become impoverished, and added it to the Dresden treasures, of which it became the crown jewel. The price paid for it by the Elector was 40,000 Roman crowns, and in addition he was compelled to furnish the monastery with a copy to replace it. This copy was made by Paris Nogari, and still hangs in the place of the original at Piacenza.

The lowest valuation set upon the "Madonna of San Sisto" now is \$1,000,000, and if it were for sale it is said that England would readily pay that price for it for the national collection. The picture has undergone some slight restoration, but altogether may be accepted, as the Germans claim it should be, as the most complete and perfect existing example of the master, possessing as it does every quality of grace of composition and line, grand breadth of treatment, and noble strength and harmony of color which characterized his genius in its supremest manifestations of itself.

RICHTER—STILLMAN—CESNOLA

To the Editor of THE COLLECTOR.

SIR: I have read Mr. W. J. Stillman's letter, dated Rome, July 16th in the last issue of THE COLLECTOR, and I am certainly gratified that he admits the non-existence of the alleged Curium Treasure, and also that of the fictitious Temple of Aphrodite of Golgos. But as Mr. Stillman has referred to me in his letter to your journal, and to the expedition of the British School to Cyprus, and as he states that I have only confirmed what the British School has put upon official scientific record, I must request of you the privilege of space to reply to his remarks.

I claim the honor to have first drawn attention to the fictitious nature of Cesnola's Temple Treasure romance as early as 1883, and on Sept. 13 1885, Dr. F. Dümmler, now Professor of Archæology at Basel, and myself carried out, in the presence of many witnesses, the exhaustive practical and scientific investigation at the site of the mosaic on the hill of the town of Curium, under which Cesnola located the discovery of the mythical treasure vaults, about which I spoke in full in my lecture at Chickering Hall, New York, the 15th of May last.

Later on, Major Chard, Messrs. T. W. Williamson and C. Christian, and the French Consul, M. de Castillon, re-opened the richest tomb, which was found by Cesnola's man Theocharis, not on the hill, but in the plain at a considerable distance from the mosaic. It was this tomb which inspired Cesnola with the idea of inventing a temple treasure, and of placing in it objects found in and bought at many places in the island.

With regard to the ghostly Temple of Aphrodite of Golgos, Dr. Dümmler and I also made the first and exhaustive investigation on the spot in 1885, and published the results. The first discovery of Cesnola's misrepresentations of this spot was really made, shortly after Cesnola's publication of his invented discovery, by Mr. H. Long, the British Consul.

Of course, any intelligent and honest archæologist, going to Cyprus and investigating Cesnola's statements on the spot, must arrive at the same results as we did. General di Cesnola's innumerable misrepresentations are now so generally known to scholars that Mr. Hogarth, in his "Devia Cypria" (London, 1889, p. 19), when compelled to severely criticise the brave General, considered it necessary in doing so to apologize for flogging a dead horse.

In the lectures which I delivered in New York, and in the articles which I contributed to the papers, and especially to the *Sun*, I naturally referred to various investigations in confirmation of my statements. But if it comes to the question of priority, we owe it to the late Mr. G. L. Feuardent, who died while I was in New York, that he made the first discovery of many of Cesnola's misrepresentations, wrong repairs and restorations in New York. Meanwhile I claim the merit of having first found out Cesnola's misrepresentations, distortions and inventions with regard to his Cyprian discoveries, on the spot, and, together with Dr. Dümmler, of having verified some of the most important of them.

As far as concerns the members of the British School of Athens, they have simply "confirmed" what Dr. Dümmler and I had conclusively proved. Other details of the Cesnola humbug, like the Temple of Paphos, were first shown up, and with positive proof, by the English archæologists when they excavated in Cyprus. Mr. Dyer,

an American scholar, has also great merit in this, as see his two long articles originally published in the *Nation* of New York.

From Mr. Stillman's letter I may again infer that the little book which I shall publish next winter, with copious illustrations, upon "Cesnola's Explorations in Cyprus," will not be superfluous at all. In it I have collected all the important material written by or about Cesnola and his explorations, and I cherish the hope that this work will render a great service to everyone—even to Cesnola himself.

At present the Cesnola collection of the Metropolitan Museum of Art is really much more seriously discredited than it deserves to be. Should the trustees choose to carry out the measures which I have proposed, and others which I shall propose, the very interesting collection of Cyprian antiquities, the great treasure of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, will become of solid value to the student as something on which he can rely. At present he cannot.

MAX OHNEFALSCH-RICHTER.

LONDON, Aug. 15, 1893.

THE FALL ACADEMY

THE twelfth Autumn Exhibition of the National Academy of Design will be opened to the public on Monday, Dec. 18, and will close on Saturday, Jan. 13. Works will be received from Friday, Nov. 24, to Monday, Nov. 27, inclusive, after which time no works will be admitted. Lists must be sent to the Superintendent, Mr. C. S. Farrington, at the Academy, before Nov. 20. Varnishing Day will be Friday, Dec. 15, from 9 A.M. to 5 P.M. Academicians, Associates and exhibitors will be admitted, and the press, by card, after 12 o'clock M. The only exhibits eligible are original works in oil, pastel or sculpture, by living artists, and which have never before been publicly exhibited in the city of New York or Brooklyn. All works are received at owner's risk. Glass on oil paintings will be admitted, but not more than three works by any one artist will be exhibited. A competent person will attend to sales, upon which a commission of ten per cent will be charged. Prices should be stated on the list when sent in, and will be inserted in the catalogue, unless otherwise directed. Artists should understand that the Academy does not collect or return exhibits. They must be sent in and afterwards removed by the exhibitor himself, or his agent, within the specified dates. No packing-boxes will be received at the Academy, and all works offered for exhibition by dealers must be accompanied by the artist's written consent thereto, or they will, under no conditions, be hung.

The Jury of Selection comprises Messrs. E. H. Blashfield, J. R. Brevoort, J. B. Bristol, Geo. de Forest Brush, Charles Calverley, J. Wells Champney, M. F. H. de Haas, Frederick Dielman, Frank Fowler, R. Swain Gifford, Hamilton Hamilton, William Hart, J. Scott Hartley, Robert C. Minor, Thomas Moran, J. Francis Murphy, Walter L. Palmer, Walter Shirlaw, Wordsworth Thompson and Carleton Wiggins. The three members constituting the Hanging Committee are Messrs. Frederick Dielman, R. Swain Gifford and Geo. de Forest Brush.

France has just received an interesting bequest, through the death of a M. Beugniet, of Paris. It consists of 116 palettes of famous French painters, including Corot, Troyon, Delacroix, Benjamin Constant, Bonnat, Rosa Bonheur, Detaille, Puvion de Chavannes and other artists of celebrity, which the donor spent his leisure in collecting.

The picture galleries of Rome are to be illustrated by Braun photographs, executed in the carbon process. A selection of paintings, 324 in number, will be issued in eight portfolios, with a letterpress written by Professor Venturi, Director of the Royal Museums at Rome.

The largest postage stamp ever issued measured 4 inches by 2—the size of an old United States five cent stamp, restricted to packages of newspapers and periodicals posted in bulk, and never intended for letters. The penny Madagascar stamp, second in regard to size, 3 inches by 1½ inches, was used to prepay postage on letters posted at the British Consulate at Antananarivo, where there was no other post-office in 1886. The private postage stamp of Robinson & Co.'s express, with its figure of a bear, is 2¾ x 1½ inches. The stamp entitled "California Penny Postage, from the Post-Office, care of Penny Post Co.," for 1885, is in size 2½ inches by 1¼ inches. The quarter-schilling stamp of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, which was issued in 1856, is the smallest ever issued—less than one-fourth the size of the current penny English stamp—and it would take about fifty of them to cover the surface of the largest stamp issued by the United States.

A London newspaper says that "one of the first of Japanese experts, Mr. Heromich Shugio, is at present in England for the purpose of examining the few collections of note which are to be found here. He has just completed an admirable catalogue of the ceramic portion of a well-known American collector, Mr. Thomas E. Waggaman, of Washington. It is, however, more than a catalogue, for each section is prefaced by a history of the manufacture of the ware to which it refers, and Mr. Shugio's knowledge and research have enabled him to print for the first time in the English language many facts concerning them."

NOTES AND NOVELTIES

NO one, at least within my knowledge, has ever denied the average autograph collector the possession of a cheek which dynamite could not shatter, and a nerve sufficiently substantial to be used as a cable for the Brooklyn Bridge. But the most recently reported case in point rather outdoes anything I ever encountered before. From an article in the *New York World* of Aug. 20 one might learn that one W. W. Crompton, of New Haven, Conn., was the possessor of a valuable collection of distinguished photographs and autographs, collected by what the *World* is pleased to call "a Yankee's wit, pluck and enterprise." Of what this process of wit, pluck and enterprise consisted the *World's* own story is the best explanation. Its hero is reported as saying: "First I recognized the necessity of suitable space at the World's Fair for an exhibit of this nature, and made application therefor. Space as an exhibitor, 18x20 feet, was granted, and so far my plan seemed hopeful. But I desired to do everything open and above board, and thought if I could secure the official sanction of the Director-General of the Exposition it would give my plans better success. Acting on this impulse, I wrote George R. Davis, stating my plans and asking his official sanction to my project." In reply he received the following letter: "I am in receipt of your favor of Feb. 4, suggesting a collection of the autographs of the rulers of different countries for the World's Columbian Exposition. No provision has been made for the granting of such authority as you suggest in connection with this matter, and if you are inclined to carry out your project it must necessarily be done on your own responsibility." This champion autograph fiend, who "desired to do everything open and above board," next blandly states that he took "the last clause of this letter to mean that if I saw fit at my own expense and labor to carry out my project I might do so, but that Director-General Davis had not the authority to lend to my plan his official name and thus help it along." This was, of course, exactly what Director-General Davis did mean, but in the face of distinct official prohibition this witty, plucky and enterprising Yankee, to accept the *World's* description of him, went gayly on at his autograph-hunting confidence game. He secured some local names that read big on paper in foreign eyes as references, or at least claims to have done so, and none of his references appear, as yet, to have denied connivance with him.

To continue to quote his own words regarding his autographic bunco game, he goes on to say: "My next plan was to get an extra quality of stationery printed that would be suitable to send to the most fastidious sovereign of earth. For autographs I secured a neat, beveled-edged wedding bristol cream-colored card, at the top of which was printed in gold the inscription: 'World's Columbian Exposition,' with a blank space left for the royal signature. I then had printed a neat letter-head on the best quality of linen paper, note size, and personally wrote to 150 sovereigns, rulers, Presidents and Governors of the world, from the smallest to the greatest." The context of this "neat letter-head," furnished by its ingenious originator himself, was as follows:

WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION,
Autograph and Photograph Bureau,
W. W. Crompton, Manager.

Refers by permission:

His Excellency, Morgan G. Bulkeley, Governor of Connecticut.
Hon. S. E. Merwin, Lieutenant-Governor of Connecticut.
Hon. O. H. Platt, United States Senator.
Hon. Nathan Esterbrook, Jr., President Chamber of Commerce.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., U. S. A.

Thus equipped this exponent of Yankee "wit, pluck and enterprise" turned himself loose on a long suffering and, it is evident in many instances, short-sighted foreign contingent. He had actually secured a number of photographs and autographs, some even accompanied by autographic or official letters, when, as the *World* sympathetically informs us, his plan was cruelly nipped in the bud by Director-General Davis, of the Columbian Exposition. In spite of the fact that Mr. Crompton, as he himself informs us, gave to some potentates "more 'taffy' than to others in the way of letters, according to their official importance," some effete emperor, or cranky king, failed to swallow his saccharine seductions, and wrote to Director-General Davis regarding the Connecticut Yankee's scheme, and inclosed one of the letters Mr. Crompton had written, whereupon the Director-General "sat down vigorously" on Crompton and his plan by threatening to prosecute him for using the title "World's Columbian Exposition" on his letter-heads. Then Yankee "wit, pluck and enterprise," with an added amplitude of cheek worthy of the chart of the world upon Mercator's projection, rose to the occasion with really regal majesty. Mr. Crompton, the veracious *World*—on the Pulitzer projection—tells us, wrote to Mr. Davis that he could prosecute and "be hanged," if he wanted to; that he stood on the dignity of an American citizen who had engaged space at the World's Fair for an exhibit, and that he held Davis' own letter, in which the latter was fully cognizant of his plan. The result was that the Director-General refused to permit the Crompton exhibit at the Exposition, so it will be next in order for Yankee wit, pluck and enterprise to sue the Exposition for exemplary damages. And yet there are people who wonder that when Tennyson saw an autograph hunter a mile off he took the

woods, and consider Carlyle a crank because he used to smash his pet pipe whenever the shadow of such "wit, pluck and enterprise" fell across his correspondence.

* * *

Lady Shelley has presented to the Bodleian Library an extensive collection of MSS. relating to Percy Bysshe Shelley and Mary Godwin, consisting of letters written by them or addressed to them, as well as of original MSS. of Shelley's poems, and the original diary kept by Mrs. Shelley, together with a number of copies of the impression privately executed by the late Sir Percy Shelley.

* * *

A number of valuable Indian relics have been dug up in Dorchester county, Md., by Professor Dinwiddie, of the Smithsonian Institution, and the excavations are being continued.

* * *

A considerable collection of American and other curios and antiques is said by the *Eagle*, of Brooklyn, to belong to John D. Anderson, a postman of the local post-office, who resides at 223 Sixteenth street, in that city.

* * *

Frederick Burgess, who, with G. W. Moore, was one of the founders of the original Christy Minstrel Troupe in London, and who died last month, has left behind him a remarkable collection of first editions of Dickens, Thackeray, Ruskin and many other authors, splendidly bound. He was also the possessor of a great number of autograph letters and of a series of playbills said to be unrivalled. All will, it is said, eventually be sold. Mr. Burgess' partner, Pony Moore, is the father-in-law of the much advertised professional pugilist and knocker-out of champagne bottles and saloon waiters, Charley Mitchell.

* * *

A watch originally owned by Alexander Hamilton now belongs to Mr. Louis M. Hobbins, of Madison, Wis. Hamilton left his watch, which he had carried for many years, to his son Philip when he died. This son married Miss McLean, sister of Mrs. Dr. Joseph Hobbins, of Madison, Mr. Louis Hobbins' mother. This aunt, Mrs. Philip Hamilton, died a few months ago, and by her will bequeathed to this nephew, among many other things, this old watch. The works have been taken from the original case within the past few weeks and placed in a modern eighteen-carat gold case. The original case, which Mr. Hobbins preserves, is also gold. It is known that Hamilton wore this watch when the Declaration of Independence was signed, and also that he wore it during the duel with Aaron Burr.

* * *

Mr. Edmund Yates informs us, in his correspondence to the *Tribune*, of a recent invention of W. S. Simpson, C. E., which promises to do away with the dangers which all pictures, and especially water-color drawings, have hitherto undergone from the disastrous effect of light on pigments. Mr. Simpson has, by an exceedingly simple device, made it possible to frame all pictures, large or small, under this desirable condition. The canvas or painting is placed in a chamber or box, either copper or aluminum, according to the size and weight of the picture. The front of this chamber is of achromatic glass, and by the use of an air-pump all air behind the glass is exhausted and a vacuum created. The picture is then replaced in the original frame, the only difference being that the colors appear considerably brighter, and every detail is more distinct, owing to the absence of the air formerly imprisoned between the glass and the painting, and the substitution of achromatic for ordinary glass. Under these conditions the most delicate Turner water-color may be exposed to the full light of the sun without any danger of fading. A picture once inclosed in a vacuum needs no further cleaning or dusting.

* * *

A Roman tomb has been unearthed at Cologne containing the bones of a man, a silver sword handle, with an inscription, and an inkstand of bronze. The sword grasp is inlaid with gold and enamel, and the inkstand is rich in decoration. A coin of Gordian III gives some clew to the period of the interment.

* * *

The French Government has bought of W. T. Dannat his "Portrait of Miss E. H.," shown at the Salon of 1885, and again at the Universal Exposition of 1889. It will be placed at the Luxembourg. Mr. Dannat is a New Yorker by birth, the son of a wealthy lumber dealer recently deceased, and is the only American, as far as I know, to have been made a professor of the Ecole des Beaux Arts in Paris, where he resides. His fine picture, "A Quartet," is in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, to which it was presented by his mother.

* * *

Recent excavations near Bologna have unearthed ancient tombs containing many pottery vases and a wealth of bronzes—pins, knives, razors, horse-bits, buckets and boxes. The most uncommon find is a small chariot of bronze, which has been mounted in the Museum of Bologna. In the Etruscan tumulus of Pietrera other excavators have found stores of cups called *buccheri*, one of which has zones of animals stamped on its sides. Some are covered with gold leaf. Parts of two exquisite gold bracelets, with pendants of human heads and figures in embossed gold leaf, are in this find, together with a necklace of seventy hollow beads, ribbed, and with thirty gold pendants in the shape of busts of women with breast plates attached. These and other objects will be placed in the museum at Florence.

* * *

The South Kensington Museum, assisted by the contributions of a number of amateurs, has bought a splendid carpet, made in 1535, and for many years in the Mosque at Ardebil, Persia. It is 34½ feet long and 17½ feet broad. All was done slowly by hand, the design and filling being produced by the accumulation of knots, of which, it is reckoned, there are 33,000,000 in the whole piece. The design shows a large central medallion in pale yellow, with cartouches of different colors disposed about it. In each corner is a section of a medallion like the one in the centre, with its attendant cartouches. On the broad border are long and circular panels alternating and floral traceries relieved against a brown ground. On the panel at the top is a Persian inscription, translated: "I have no refuge in the world other than thy threshold. My head has no protection other than this porchway. The work of the slave of the Holy Place, Maksoud of Kshan, in the year 942."

* * *

Col. William H. Love, secretary to Mayor Latrobe, of Baltimore, Md., has the finest and most complete collection of Indian relics owned by any individual of the city. In his home, at 611 Reservoir street, Colonel Love has grouped his relics, classifying them according to location and different methods of manufacture. Over 3,000 specimens are shown, including battle-axes, clubs, lance and spear heads, and other implements of war, the chase and domestic utility. Colonel Love began his collection when a boy. The present collection is the result of over twenty-five years' labor.

* * *

E. W. Vest, of St. Louis, is the possessor of a walking-stick that is made of the single horn of an oryx, or gemsbok, of southern Africa. The cane was originally owned by the Prince of Wales. It was presented by him to Lieutenant MacGregor, of the Scotch Greys, for distinguished personal services. Lieutenant MacGregor subsequently went on a toot and sold the cane for three ha'pence worth of ale. A friend of Mr. Vest's bought it at a public house in Scotland and presented it to him. The cane is a straight horn, twirled from the middle to the point, and highly polished.

THE COLLECTOR

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Editor and Proprietor,

Published at 454 West Twenty-fourth street, New York City, will shortly enter upon its fifth year of issue. It is published semi-monthly, with the exception of July, August and September, when it appears as a monthly. It is the only journal of its kind issued in the United States, and its expert opinions and news of all departments of collectorship are quoted by the press throughout North America, and in England, France, Germany, Holland, the East Indies, and other English colonies and settlements. To collectors of pictures, books, prints, coins and medals, etc., it is invaluable for its news and reports of sales and prices at home and abroad, and its information in regard to public and private collections. The subscription price, for the United States and Canada, invariably in advance, is \$2 per annum; foreign subscription, \$2.50, and all subscriptions should be addressed to

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The library of Judge Ricord, of Newark, N. J., is claimed to be one of the finest in New Jersey. It is rich in Elzevirs, Aldines, black letters and first editions. It is not the library of a bibliomaniac, and the books that line the well-filled shelves are not there simply because they are books and are curious, but each one is of value and has been carefully read and used by its owner in his literary researches. The oldest book in the collection in point of date is a beautifully bound and splendidly printed copy of Politan's "Miscellanies," in perfect preservation, whose colophon bears date of 1489. Others are a folio edition of Terrence's comedies illustrated, printed in 1499, and filled with the annotations of some mediæval monk. This is only one of thirty rare and valuable editions, as Judge Ricord has translated several of these plays, and felt the need of studying the various texts. Among other editions are Stephano's, 1536; Giovanni Medici's—a relative of the great Lorenzo—1556; the Leipsic of 1599; the Delphine, 1688; and the first

edition of Bentley, 1726. Wedged in between a first American edition of Dickens and Maria Edgeworth's tales, printed by John Murray, is a curious set of German poets, made more interesting by the fact that they were bound by Judge Ricord himself—who not only knows how to buy books and what to get, but also how to keep them and how to bind them, the practice of the latter art being his private pleasure.

* * *

The Society for the Protection of Virginia Antiquities reports the acquisition of the church and churchyard at Jamestown and some twenty acres of land, which have been deeded to the association, without charge, by Mr. Edward E. Barney and his wife. The Mary Washington house in Fredericksburg has been fully paid for, and is now in charge of the Fredericksburg branch of the association, which is restoring the home of

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the mother of Washington as nearly as possible to its condition at the time of her death. The Colonial Capitol branch at Williamsburg is taking steps to have the "Powder Horn" appropriately fitted up as a receptacle for relics. The association desires to obtain from the United States Government the old light-house at Cape Henry, which was erected during the administration of General Washington, and is now abandoned for practical purposes. They desire to convert it into a monument to mark the spot where the colonists first touched the soil of Virginia. The following officers for the ensuing twelve months have been elected by the society: Mrs. Joseph Bryan, president; Mrs. George W. Bagby, corresponding secretary; Mrs. James Lyons, recording secretary; Mrs. G. N. Woodbridge, treasurer. Vice-presidents: Mrs. C. W. Coleman, Williamsburg; Miss M. G. Galt, Norfolk; Mrs. J. L. M. Curry, Washington; Mrs. Joseph R. Anderson, Mrs. J. S. Wellford, Mrs. E. T. Crump, Mrs. E. R. Ball, Mrs. Arthur M. Seddon, Mrs. Wyndham R. Meredith, Mrs. E. B. Addison, Mrs. Thos. Pinkney, Mrs. P. W. McKinney, Mrs. Thomas N. Carter, Mrs. Ben. Purcell, Mrs. W. C. Preston and Mrs. M. P. Myers. Advisory board: W. W. Henry (chairman), Colonel Archer Anderson, Rev. J. B. Newton, Dr. J. L. M. Curry, Mr. Edward T. Crump, Mr. Joseph Bryan, Mr. Roswell Page, Mr. E. T. D. Myers, Mr. R. A. Brock, Mr. E. V. Valentine, Mr. W. L. Sheppard, Mr. Wyndham R. Meredith, Mr. J. Alston Cabell, Captain R. E. Lee, John P. McGeorge, Thomas Nelson Page and Rev. Dr. Moses D. Hoge.

Dr. Thomas Evans, the famous American dentist of Paris, who is a native of Lancaster, Pa., possesses in his house, in the Avenue Malakoff, a collection of unique souvenirs presented to him by almost all the crowned heads in Europe. Among the most valued of these is the silver field-bottle belonging to the Prince Imperial, found lying near him after his death, and given to Dr. Evans by the Empress Eugenie. Upon its surface is the name of the young Prince, inscribed there by his own hand with the point of a penknife. Dr. Evans has also preserved the carriage in which he drove with the Empress through the gates of the city on the morning of her departure from Paris, and a medallion, a gift from herself.

* * *

Robert Van Bokhelem, of 478 Washington avenue, Brooklyn, writes to the *Eagle*, of that city: "I saw in the window of a Fulton street drug-store a mortar with a card, 'The oldest mortar known to medicine and pharmacy,' and bearing date 1668. This is not by 110 years as old as one I have. It bears the following inscription: 'Hensick Van Leempotte en Heesken Sun Hous trov M.CCCCC.LVIII.' This mortar was brought to New York, about 1796, by my great-grandfather, from Holland, where he had used it as a doctor in compounding drugs, it having been given him by his father, also a physician. We know it to have been in our family over one hundred and seventy-five years, and how much longer cannot say, not knowing if we are descended from the parties whose names are on the mortar."

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THINGS OF THE TIME

NOW that the holidays are over, with the exotic attractions of the occasion which they inevitably bring forth, the art dealers, the booksellers, the venders of things collectable in general, have settled down to the serious business of the season. Whatever there is to be of special interest in sales, private or public, must now be advanced. The consensus of opinion is in favor of a late season, one that will last until June at least. Any extension of the period of activity that brings business with it will be welcome. The first art sale of great magnitude will be that of the Seney collection, at the end of this month. The collection is a curious one, and in one sense illustrates the character of the much misrepresented man who formed it. We are told from certain quarters that he was a mere speculator in pictures, and that art was with him only a part of the commercial programme of a mercenary spirit. In this which he has left for posthumous distribution there is ample refutation of this charge. I have heard American painters abuse him who would blush, if they had any sense of shame, at the evidences of his good will to be found in these remnants of his buyings. In plain English, any person, in whose opinion he had confidence, could point out to him the work of a struggling man of merit, and his hand was open to him. I could print a long, long list of men whose pictures he bought, not because he liked them, but because he thought that it would assist them on their way. Many of these men will be represented in this sale. Their productions can then speak for themselves, and testify to the critical periods of their careers when a hand was reached out for their encouragement at which more than one has since snapped, as a greedy ingrate cur fangs the fingers that feed it. There are many fine pictures in the collection, including examples of the romantic French school of which Mr. Seney was especially fond—a noble Delacroix, two powerful Troyons, a superb Diaz, a Corot of choice, a couple of gems of Dupré, several powerful Couture studies; indeed, it would be difficult to say what nationality is not represented in these three hundred and more pictures. There is, in fact, a sort of assemblage of the art of Europe from Ireland to Siberia, and from Finland to Sicily, in the list.

The sale of prints from the collection, which will be made at the American Art Galleries on an afternoon, independent of the picture sale at Chickering Hall, will be found of special interest by our print collectors. The engravings and etchings were all used by Mr. Seney for the adornment of his home. Probably no one but the people from whom he purchased them had an idea that he was a collector in this department. Yet here the pieces stand in evidence, mostly proofs in the best states of some of the works most precious to the portfolios of collectors. Here are Rajon's Darwin, with the eight or nine remark heads, and his Carlyle, with some fourteen remarks on the margin; two first proofs of Bracquemond's plate of Meissonier's "La Rixe," with the remark portrait of Meissonier on horseback etched by himself; two of Koepping's fine etching of "The Syndics of the Drapers" of Rembrandt; choice proofs of Brunet-Debaines after B. W. Leader, and after Constable's "Cornfield," "Water Mill" and "Hay Wain;" R. W. Macbeth's "Cast Shoe," and many more. When one comes to the line engravings, there are such proofs, all in chosen states, as those of Müller's "Madonna of San Sisto," the "Madonna della Scala" of Toschi; Garavaglia's "Christ, St. John

and Angels;" Mandel's "La Bella" and "Madonna della Sedia;" Calamatta's "Mona Lisa," after da Vinci; a presentation proof to M. Chatin; a proof in the rarest state of Francois plate after Bouguereau's "La Vierge aux Anges;" Mercuri's "Columbus," "Wille's "Satin Gown," in grand condition; the "Aurora" after Guido; the "Last Supper" after da Vinci; and the "Transfiguration" after Raphael, by Raphael Morghen; Lefevre's "Immaculate Conception" after Murillo; the "Communion of St. Jerome," by Alexander Tardieu after Domenechino; Toschi's "Descent from the Cross" after Volterra; Waltner's last plate of "L'Angelus;" Massard's "Apollo and the Muses," after Romano, and so on.

Immediately preceding the Seney sale, Messrs. Ortgies & Co. will sell the collection of pictures in oil and water colors accumulated by Mr. C. Klackner, the print publisher. The sale will require two sessions. There is much choice material, especially in American work, in Mr. Klackner's collection.

While the American Art Association are selling the Seney pictures, Bangs & Co. will be hammering off his books. Another sale to follow this will be the second part of the library of Dr. Geo. H. Moore. Both catalogues are ready and are of much interest to collectors.

The Englishmen continue to advance the revival of mezzotinting. At Knoedler & Co.'s is a really superb plate of recent production, entitled, "Leafy Trees and Sparkling Brook." It is one of those lovely English landscapes with which everyone who wanders through England becomes enamored. The plate is by John Timmins, it measures 22 inches in height by 15½ inches in width, is limited to an edition of 125 proofs only, and is well worth a place in any collector's portfolios who takes a pleasure in this most expressive and really noble art.

A group of pictures by the newer French apostles in paint is a feature of the Delmonico galleries. The selection exercised in making it up is apparent at sight. The examples have been chosen with an eye to quality and at least approximate interest of subject as well as for the illustration they give of the theory upon which the artists work. For instance, here is a view of Antibes by Claude Monet, which shows the truth of what I have often urged about him, that he is a true artist when he forgets to practice on us as a mere painter. The town is seen beyond the bay, with its picturesquely varied masses of buildings bathed in rosy light. Water and sky sparkle and shimmer with the freshness of early day, and a wonderful effect of distance is given by a strip of shore in the foreground and a tree. The picture dates from 1888. Another fine Monet is from the Coquelin collection. From the verge of a hill one looks over a lofty slope embowered with olive trees, upon the houses of Bordighera which crown the height. A third Monet, of an earlier date and very different manner, is a view at Vetheuil, where he once had his studio. Three recent Sisleys are of the same degree of quality. One is from the Champ de Mars Salon of 1892, dated 1891, "Le Gros Peuplier." Another

of the same year, "Au Bords du Loing," is executed in a similar feeling. Really exquisite in its feeling of period and weather is the third, a scene of early spring, painted in 1892. Two examples of Pissaro go farther back. One, painted in 1870, gives a fine early spring morning effect, in an orchard with vegetable beds in the foreground. The other is dated 1872. There are two Renoirs, both his as usual uncompromisingly ugly girl models, but one showing some wonderful modeling and painting of flesh.

In salient contrast to these expressions of a current tendency in French art are two landscapes in oil, by Barye, the sculptor, from the Barbedienne collection, at the same galleries. Nothing could be more powerful or more living in rich color. One of them, a study in one of the wildest portions of the forest of Fontainebleau, would pass readily for a Rousseau, at his broadest and best. Another man of yesterday, Chintreuil, is represented by a sunset, beautiful in harmonious shadowiness of midsummer verdure under a sky in which fade the expiring fires of day. An Italian of the modern type—impressionist, luminist or what you will—but at any rate a man whose ability is patent in his work. Ciardi is represented by a harbor scene at Genoa, with boats at a quay, of very broad and forcible execution.

The splendid exhibition of Joseph Pennell's etchings, pen and ink and wash drawings now on exhibition at the art rooms of Frederick Keppel & Co., No. 20 East Sixteenth street, has at least one important lesson to the young artist, apart from the technical knowledge to be gained from a close study of the methods of this thoroughly earnest and conscientious artist, whose work, as here displayed, places him in the front rank of the world's illustrators. The lesson that I refer to is one which in my own way and in mere words I have often attempted to convey, but it is here actually and strongly demonstrated in a manner that admits of no rejoinder. It is that we have no need to travel to foreign lands in search of the picturesque; that the picturesque is not bounded by locality, but here, there and everywhere appeals to the soul of the true artist whose training has not narrowed his mental faculties to merely conventional lines.

Joseph Pennell has been a wanderer in search of the picturesque since his early days in quiet Philadelphia, but he found it there and in New Orleans before the opportunity of foreign travel was within his means. He has found, or he thinks he has, "the most picturesque place in the world," and some of the drawings which are to be seen in this exhibition appeared in a recent *Century* under that enthusiastic caption. They are of a sleepy old town in the province of Le Puy, in the south of France, whose narrow streets and squat looking homes cluster around a gigantic rock, surmounted by a cathedral evidently antedating that on Mont St. Michel, which at first glance these pictures seem to recall. There is an air of antiquity about the place which lends it a certain charm, and tells at once that it is some corner of the earth whose sweet lazy life has not yet been destroyed by the noisy entrepreneur, bringing in his train the mammoth hotel, the locomotive, the telegraph and other creators of bustle and nervous excitement. But there are quiet, forgotten corners in busy cities, too, and even in this very modern country: little knobs of decaying existence in the very swath of progress, which the scythe of Old Father Time has unaccountably left untouched. The exhibition of Mr. Pennell's works is so disposed as to make the quaint spots he found in our own cities easy of comparison with those of the older cities of Europe, and in point of picturesqueness the former do not lose in the comparison.

In the Philadelphia Series there are alleyways and lanes and courtyards which, to those who have the impression that the Quaker City is like the Quaker garb for monotony of line and color, will be something of a surprise. One scene shows a squad of street sweepers squatting on the curb at their noontime meal, on a road whose ruggedness gives no suggestion of the cleanliness which is next to godliness. In the background are two dilapidated mansions, with the fanlights and foliated columns for doorposts of what is known as the Colonial style, and sandwiched between them a rude wooden shanty such as is commonly found in the negro quarter of more southern cities. "Sauerkraut Row," "Plow Inn Yard," "Chancery Lane" are others of this series which not only appeal to those with an eye for the picturesque, but which possess a value as historical mementoes that time will enhance. There are fourteen of these etchings of

Old Philadelphia, and then follow eight of a New Orleans series, made when the artist was collaborating with the novelist George W. Cable for the illustration of the latter's popular romances of creole times and customs. Among these latter are two of the same locality, one of them under the title of the artist, "An American Venice." This is of old Pilot Town, Louisiana, a shantytown in the delta of the Mississippi, whose streets and ramshackle habitations are on spiles, and there is a quaint tower of cross-ties of timber supporting a signal bell. As a matter of history, Pilot Town was swept away by the high gales of last September.

It seems but a step from the dead white walls of "Madame Delpines" and "Sieur Georges," of New Orleans, to the narrow ways of Florence and the "Little Venice" in the Italian Series, and from this, still in pursuit of the picturesque, we get to the odd nooks of Old Chelsea. Some of the London plates are really superb, that of St. Paul's Cathedral being especially noticeable for its detail and truthful atmosphere. There are fifty-five of these etchings and over two hundred drawings in pen and ink in the collection. Of the latter a number are unpublished originals, but most of them have been used for illustrations, and from a study of the latter an idea may be formed of the loss or gain, in an artistic sense, by the processes of reproduction. It would really seem that Mr. Pennell is a trifle the gainer in the best reproductions of his drawings that have been made, as in some of the examples his drawings are hard and cold, and appear to have been much benefited by reproduction. But these instances are rare, and there is scarcely a sketch that does not indicate a master hand and a virile mind to guide it. Very rarely, indeed, has there been an exhibition of the works of an illustrator to compare with this one in general excellence, and Keppel & Co. have once more earned the gratitude of art lovers in getting it together.

The etchings of famous cathedrals by Axel H. Haig, introduced here by the Messrs. Wunderlich, have met with the popular favor they so richly deserved. The most recently received is one of the north transept of Rheims Cathedral, which, in execution and fidelity of artistic transcription, is equal to any of its predecessors.

The French Minister of Public Instruction has accepted on the part of the State the donation to the public of the collection of faïences, porcelains, ivories, lacquers, etc., formed by Mme. D'Ennery, the wife of the dramatist. This important gift comprises 4,700 pieces, and is valued at several million francs. Many of the objects are unique, and others are of great historical value. The collection was assembled piece by piece by Mme. D'Ennery in the course of over forty years, and will pass into the possession of the State upon her death.

In connection with the recent Veyrassat sale in Paris, one point of general interest is to be noted. It is common at these sales of the studio collections of deceased artists for unscrupulous dealers to buy up all manner of unfinished sketches and studies, and have them finished up and sold for complete works, the government seal of the sale which each object bears being relied upon to guarantee them genuine. In view of this fact, the expert in charge announced that in order to obviate all errors or future disputes, Mme. Veyrassat had had all the pictures, studies and sketches photographed in their actual condition, and two albums made for consultation, one at her residence, and the other in the hands of her expert, M. Bernheim, the younger. The pasticheurs are reported to have been vastly indignant at this cruel invasion of their prescriptive right to work a left handed swindle on the collecting public.

A very beautiful example of Jacquet, I believe from the last Salon, is one of the new features at Schaus' galleries. It is called "Le Dessen," and shows at half length, seated at a table, a lady in the costume of the Louis XV period, who holds a crayon poised over a sketch book, and looks up as if to study the model from whom she has been drawing. The color is fresh, pure and vivacious, and the composition and expression of infinite gracefulness. Born in Paris in 1846, and a pupil of Bouguereau, Jean Gustave Jacquet made his first exhibit at the Salon at the age of twenty years, and was medaled two years later. He commenced as an historical painter, but later devoted himself to the delineation of piquant types of feminine beauty, with picturesque accessories and surroundings. He received the order of the Legion of

Honor in 1879. Another work of remarkable force at the same establishment is a pastel by Jean Beraud, representing worshippers at early mass in a Paris church. Beraud was born in St. Petersburg, Russia, of French parents, but educated in Paris. He became a pupil of Leon Bonnat, under whose instruction he acquired a sound foundation of technical knowledge. He first attracted attention in Paris by his drawings in the illustrated publications of Parisian life, all full of spirit, character and local color. Meanwhile he continued to paint, receiving his first medal at the Salon of 1882. He devotes himself almost entirely to subjects of current Paris life, which he paints in a thoroughly original style, as this special example attests. By his master Bonnat is shown a life-size, full length of a little Italian peasant girl, very rich in color, and powerfully painted. It is dated 1891. There is also an exquisite little Rico from the collection of the comedian Coquelin, whom we may just now see every day at Delmonico's or the theatre.

* * *

The Grolier Club has made an exhibition of forty-two pastels by Mr. James Wells Champney, copied from portraits of noted personages of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, in the public galleries of Paris, Versailles, St. Quentin, Berlin, Dresden, Amsterdam and elsewhere, which has been of distinct historical interest. The pictures included copies from the original pastels or oils by François Boucher, 1704-1770; Rosalba Carriera, 1671-1757; Jean Baptiste Siméon Chardin, 1699-1779; Jacques Louis David, 1748-1825; François Pascal Simon Gerard, 1770-1837; Jean Baptiste Greuze, 1755-1805; Frans Hals, 1580-1666; Maurice Quentin de La Tour, 1704-1788; Elizabeth Louise Vigée-Le Brun, 1755-1842; Jean Etienne Liotard, 1702-1789; Anton Raphael Mengs, 1728-1779; Pierre Mignard, 1612-1695; Jean Marc Nattier, 1685-1766; Jean Baptiste Perroneau, 1715-1783; Pierre Prud'hon, 1758-1823; John Russell, 1745-1806; Johann Friedrich August Tischbein, 1750-1812; Anton Van Dyck, 1599-1641. Mr. Champney is a Boston man, born in 1843, and studied under Edouard Frère at Ecouen, and at the Antwerp Academy. He has traveled much in Europe and on the western continent, and is perhaps widest known as an illustrator, especially in connection with the literary works of his accomplished wife. He has been also a lecturer on anatomy in the schools of the National Academy, of which he was elected an associate in 1882. He paints portraits and genre subjects in oils and water colors, and of late years has devoted much attention to work in pastels. While neither a strong draughtsman nor a vigorous executant, he is a conscientious worker, and has acquired a very complete control of the medium in which he figured at the Grolier Club exhibit.

* * *

At a recent meeting in Munich of the Society for the Promotion of Rational Methods of Painting, the master F. von Lenbach declared that the plastic arts are in a bad way in Germany. For some time past, he said, things have been going from bad to worse, and two serious evils have been engendered which it will require a long time to remove. On the one hand, large and increasing quantities of rubbish are sent to every fine art exhibition, where it fails to find a purchaser; and, on the other, the number of starving artists has swollen to enormous proportions. The chief causes of this decay of art among the Germans are, in Professor Lenbach's opinion, the wrong system of teaching at the various academies of art in the empire and the revolt of the younger generation of painters against the proved methods of the classical school, handed down from the greatest masters of the Middle Ages. The younger generation pride themselves on the rejection of all traditions, and boast that they alone study nature with a clear and unprejudiced eye. But the productions of this new naturalistic school fail to win public favor, and will not sell. Professor Lenbach holds that a revolution in German notions of art must be brought about before the present distress among painters can disappear. He points out that the true way to pursue art is to go to work modestly, to study thoroughly, and not to despise the art work required in various industries. He calls on the Bavarian Government to provide an experimental institute and art workshop, where all art students may study and practise for some time before entering the higher fields of art.

* * *

Dr. Charles Gilman Smith, one of the oldest and best known physicians in Chicago, died at his home on Calumet avenue, in that city, last week. Dr. Smith was, perhaps, the first print collector of any note in Chicago, and did yeoman's duty to advance in that city the cause of the chalcographic arts. To-day Chicago is rich in print collections of a rare order, to which his influence, probably, gave the original impetus.

M. Jules Cousin, for many years the curator of the Musée Carnavalet in Paris, has retired from that post on account of ill health, and has been succeeded at his own request by M. Lucien Faucou, his former assistant, and the editor of *L'Intermédiaire*, a sort of French *Notes and Queries*. Thirty-seven years ago M. Cousin was attached to the Library of the Arsenal, and it was out of this connection that the Carnavalet Museum grew. He presented to the museum his collection of 6,000 books and 6,000 prints, which formed the foundation of the present collection of 100,000 volumes and 80,000 prints relating to the history of Paris, and was tireless in promoting and building up the museum. By an unanimous vote of the Council the city of Paris decreed that a gold medal be struck to commemorate his faithful and valuable services, a tribute which he accepted on condition that the medal should remain deposited in his beloved museum, of which he has also been appointed Honorary Curator.

* * *

The Salmagundi Club, of this city, has put itself on record as opposed to the free admission of foreign works of art into this country, but as favoring a specific duty of \$100 apiece on imported works. This resolution being official has a certain significance, since the Salmagundi is a club of artists, either native born or permanently resident in this country, and therefore presumably directly and not merely theoretically interested in the question. Next to a free art bill, I myself believe in a specific duty. Under the *ad valorem* system, exactly what the opponents of free art fear is made possible, for it actually favors the importation of rubbish and poor foreign stuff, and lays a penalty upon the introduction of the finer works whose value is high. It is an old argument, which I have gone over so often for so many years that I am weary of it. It happens, however, that I have just had an experience of the present tariff system as applied to art that falls in line with the Salmagundi Club's arguments. The gist of the club's resolutions is this:

That the Salmagundi Club, an organization composed of artists only, favors the abolition of the present *ad valorem* duty on works of art imported into this country, believing that works of art by masters, being of an educational character, should not be burdened with a high tariff; but believe it to be to the best interests of all concerned to substitute for the present duty a specific one of not less than one hundred dollars on every painting in oils or water-colors or piece of sculpture brought to these ports. We sincerely believe that the adoption of this measure will have the beneficial effect of being practically no barrier to the importation of works of art of a high standard, while placing a healthy restriction upon the deluge of cheap works which threaten to swamp us if the duty be entirely abolished.

* * *

All collectors who have undertaken to import tariff-taxed works of art from abroad by way of New York have had a taste of the appraisal system at our Custom House. It was only the other day, however, that any official light was shed upon the system which is applied in this department. A Brooklyn gentleman, who has a fancy for old pictures, and who has formed an extensive private collection, went to Europe for his health in 1892. He visited Ostend in the fall, and there purchased five pictures, four from one dealer and one from another. These pictures cost him 1,800 francs, as the receipts, attested by the United States Consul at Ghent, showed. They were properly invoiced and shipped to New York. At the Custom House the appraiser in charge promptly raised their valuation to 4,000 francs, with the added implication that the fraud of undervaluation was intended. By accident, the notice of this raise was sent to the wrong person, and its delivery to the owner of the pictures was delayed until the limit of time in which he could have secured the submission of the matter to the Board of General Appraisers had passed. The Government then seized the pictures. The owner, through his counsel, who is not only one of the ablest lawyers in the city, but himself a collector and competent judge of art, took immediate steps to recover his property and compel the retraction of the implication of undervaluation. Competent and experienced judges examined the seized pictures, and unanimously testified before the United States Commissioner that so far from being worth 4,000 francs, they were not worth even half the 1,800 francs which the owner had paid for them. Only two had any real market value, and these but a low one. The others were not salable at all, and two of the experts, both dealers of repute, refused to even estimate upon them. All were unsigned and of unknown origin. It was, moreover, shown by the owner's drafts in payment and his receipts that he had invoiced them at the price he had paid for them. Still the Government held them, and it was only by the continuous efforts of the owner's counsel at Washington that a trial of the claim

upon its merits was forced. This trial came up before Judge Brown and a jury in the United States District Court in this city on January 2d and 3d. The former testimony in favor of the claimant was repeated, and even strengthened. The United States District Attorney relinquished the implication of fraud, but insisted that the appraisal of the Custom House Deputy or Assistant Appraiser should be sustained. This official was then put on the stand to show why his decision that pictures worth less than \$200, at the most liberal estimate, should, by his mere opinion, be assessed at more than four times that sum, and at more than double what the purchaser had been unwise enough to pay for them. This testimony should be of interest to all collectors.

* * *

He had held office for ten years. What experience or knowledge of the value of works of art qualified him to pass upon them could not be extracted from him. He admitted that when he was in doubt, especially about private consignments, he consulted a dealer, all of whom, of course, object to collectors spending abroad the money they might spend at home, and who, moreover, it may be assumed, are willing to flatter his opinions in consideration of his friendliness to them, in connection with their own importations. It came out in his testimony that he had raised these pictures in question on such advice. He admitted that unsigned and unknown paintings had no standard market value. Then he made the astonishing statement that he did not appraise such pictures according to their cost, but according to what they might, in his opinion, original or borrowed, sell for here. That is to say that, for objects which had no fixed value, he provided his own or somebody else's figures. The infallibility denied to the Supreme Pontiff this petty office-holder by political favor arrogated to himself. To cap the climax he admitted that of two pieces of sculpture identical in character, one, imported by a dealer, had passed him at the dealer's price, and the other, imported by a private person, had been dutied at about three times the same figure. He naively added that the private person had, no doubt, paid an excessive price to some foreign dealer. Yet he had not raised the figure of the other piece, in face of the fact that he claimed to appraise things not on what they had cost in Europe, but on what they possibly might sell for in New York. The farce ended by the Judge instructing the jury to render a verdict for the claimant, but at what cost! He is vindicated of the charge of fraud, and he will get his pictures back—some day. But to arrive at this end he has spent even more money than the injustice of incompetent officialism imposed upon them as a self-created valuation of what was admitted under oath to be practically valueless. Even a specific duty would surely be preferable to the continuance of such a license to ignorance by rule of a political pull. What this country needs is, not protection to American art so much as protection to citizens who are willing to spend their money in a direction which, as all experience has shown, is the only one by which the art of any country can reach its legitimate expansion.

* * *

Mr. W. S. Kimball, of Rochester, N. Y., has for some years been gathering a collection of choice pictures. He has recently had a new gallery constructed in connection with his residence, the architect being, I believe, Mr. John Du Fais, of this city. This gallery has been lighted under the architect's direction, by the I. P. Frink Company, and upon an entirely novel plan, which, from all the reports I have received, has been a revelation in the possibilities of this admirable and incessantly progressive system. Both gas and electric light are utilized in the Kimball gallery, and the construction of the illuminating paraphernalia is at once effective in results and highly artistic in general effect. I am not aware of how many of the readers of *THE COLLECTOR* are familiar with the Frink system, which provides both for daylight and artificial illumination, but I can confidently state that none who investigate the matter will be dissatisfied at having been advised to do so. I believe I have noted in a previous issue that the Frink reflectors received the highest award and a medal and diploma at the Chicago Fair, in the art building of which they were used.

* * *

The exhibition of the latest water-colors of Venice by Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith will continue at the Avery Galleries until the end of the month. The pictures are of a character which merit attention, not only for their intrinsic charm, but for the selection of subjects which Mr. Smith has made. It is not the conventional Venice which we know from the time of Turner, but Venice in its remotest byways, which no one visits except some enthusiast. Rico has given us a smell of it in a few instances. Whistler has

given us a sample of its quality in a few of his sketches on copper. For the rest, Mr. Smith is now in completer evidence. This artist is, by the way, about to publish a book on Venice which, from what I have seen of the advance material, should, to my mind, be a revelation, in spite of the hackneyed material with which he deals. He has gone away from the show places, the places where patient tourists promenade between trains, and grubbed into the Venice where Venetians live who work for a living, so that, for the first time, we may have a glimpse of the Venice of actuality in his book.

* * *

I must again, and emphatically for the last time, draw the attention of foreign readers of this paper to the fact that I cannot use domestic postal orders of foreign countries, nor foreign postage stamps. If anybody wishes to subscribe to this paper, or to secure special copies, he must qualify therefor by an international money order or draft negotiable in New York. Hereafter no attention will be paid to any communications of this character except upon this basis, and no correspondence be entertained. If such persons cannot take the trouble to go or send to the post office, they may rely upon it that their remittances will go in the waste basket. There are several such now here, which are useless to this office, although I have printed repeated warnings to the foreign contingent, especially to the English, who seem still to rest under the delusion that the United States remains a dependency of their empire, like Ireland, for instance, or Scotland or Canada. No subscriptions are acknowledged at this office, whether from individuals or subscription agents, until the actual cash is received. There are many sinners even in this country who send in orders from customers subject to an agent's discount, and wonder later why their customer does not receive his paper. The simple solution of the mystery is that all subscriptions to *THE COLLECTOR* must be paid in advance, and that no others will be recorded on the books. No name is entered on the subscription book of this paper unless the subscription is actually received. It would be impossible to keep the accounts and records straight under any other rule.

* * *

The season of club exhibitions is now upon us. That of American pictures at the Union League of this city would have been stronger for the absence of a quarter of the pictures shown, which must have crept in by favor rather than selection. The Brooklyn Union League had a mixed show of European and native works that was of interest. The sketch exhibition at the Salmagundi Club while making no pretensions, was, in some senses, the most enjoyable of all, for in its way it brought the artist nearer to you, in his habit as he lived and worked. In reply to several inquiries, by the way, I would state that this club is located at 40 West Twenty-second street. Speaking of these exhibitions, I notice that both at the Union League and the Salmagundi there were excellent examples of William H. Howe, a St. Louis man lately back from Paris, who makes a specialty of cattle. Mr. Howe is a strong draughtsman, and a good colorist, and has a firm, broad style. His pictures have been noted with favor at the Salon, as *THE COLLECTOR* has stated in past issues. His sketches and studies of sheep, cattle and landscape in the Salmagundi collection were especially satisfactory. A group of sketches in oil by George Inness, Jr., was another gratifying feature of this same exhibition.

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The Salmagundi was founded as a black and white club. Its membership included men who painted as well as draughtsmen for the publishers, but the painters had all practiced also as illustrators. Its exhibitions at the Academy and elsewhere were restricted to works in monochrome, and it was not until it took up the practice of making these displays in the clubrooms that the element of color crept into its public exploitation of its members' productions. Now I learn from London that Harry Furniss, Joseph Pennell and other workers in black and white over there have established a society of artist illustrators. The purpose of the society is to protect the interests of members somewhat in the same way that the British Society of Authors and Institute of Journalists attempt to look out for writers in their relations with publishers. The movement has already been attacked in London journals as a species of trades-union. But why the artists should not form a union if they choose I cannot see. It would have been better for them, in a business sense at least, if they had done so long ago, while by bringing them into mutual contact it would have rubbed off some of the mould which a man is always likely to accumulate who sticks too closely to his studio.

M. Delisle, the principal librarian at the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris, warns us that our modern literature is destined to perish. Of the 2,000 and odd volumes published annually in France, not one, he thinks, will remain after a certain time. Cheap paper is a splendid thing in its way, but this is the price we must pay for it. Old-fashioned paper made from rags has stood the test of hundreds of years, as the many fine specimens of fifteenth-century printing show, to say nothing of still earlier books in manuscript. Nowadays, however, paper is made of all sorts of material of a more or less perishable character. In particular, as M. Delisle points out, books printed on paper made from wood pulp soon begin to rot away. At first the pages are covered by yellow spots, and these are replaced in course of time by holes. Even so-called hand-made papers are often no more durable, being treated with chemicals that slowly destroy them.

* * *

The auction prices of Americana keep fairly up. A small quarto volume, bound in crimson levant morocco, was among those offered at the second day of the sale of the Chittenden library, at Bangs & Co.'s rooms. Not a word was spoken except by the auctioneer, who in his quiet monotone announced the catalogue number and said "\$50 is bid." Nods, movements of pencils, here and there a raised finger, or catalogue, kept him busy noticing bids until \$110 was reached, and Capt. Luke Fox's "Northwest Fox" was sold to a Boston buyer. The book was printed in London in 1635, by "B. Alsop and Tho. Favveet, dwelling in Grub street." Among the other Americana sold were William Douglas's two volumes on the British settlements in North America, which went for \$13.75, and two volumes of Hakluyt's "Voyages," for \$62. Ralph Higden's "Polycronycon," in black letter, was bought for \$30, and the "Enchiridion" of Erasmus, a black letter octavo "Imprynted at London by Wynken de Worde" in 1533, was obtained by a collector for \$19.

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Some other Americana prices at the same sale were: Rene Goulaine de Laudonniere's "L'Histoire Notable de la Floride," Paris 1586, to Dodd, Mead & Co., \$162.50 (which is \$7.50 less than the Brayton Ives copy sold for, and almost \$100 below what the one in the Brinley collection brought). Lescarbot's History of Canada, 1609, \$60; Chrétien Le Clerc's History of Colonies on the St. Lawrence and in Louisiana, \$56; "Histoire de la Nouvelle France," by Lescarbot, second edition, 1611, \$55. "Linschoten's voyages" printed by John Wolfe, London, 1598, \$67.50. "A History of Connecticut," by the Rev. Samuel Peters, 1781, \$34. Increase Mather's "Discourse Concerning Comets," \$11. André Thenet's small octavo on "The New Found Worlde, or Antartike," \$110, after a sharp contest. Another volume by Thenet, a small quarto printed in Paris in 1558, \$65. Smith's "History of the Colony of Nova Caesaria on New Jersey," Burlington, N. J., 1768, \$37; Captain John Smith's folio of 1624 containing the "Generall Historie of Virginia, New England and the Summer Isles," \$38. A number of books and pamphlets on the history of Vermont brought fair prices. A small post octavo volume, Cicero's "Cato Major," printed by Benjamin Franklin in 1744, sold for \$26; and Francisco Creuxiur's "Histoire Canadeusie," Paris, 1654, was run up to \$35.50. A rare edition of "Champlain's Voyages," in a small octavo, beautifully bound by Rivière, at Paris, was sold for \$23; and Benzoni's "Historia del Mundo Nuovo," from the press of Francesco Rampazetto, Milan, 1565, went for \$13.50. A bound volume of first edition tracts by Las Casas, in black letter, brought only \$16.

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After surviving her husband more than a quarter of a century, the demented widow of William Makepeace Thackeray died last Thursday in a retreat in Lancashire, England. Thackeray married her in Paris, in 1836, she being the daughter of an Irish Colonel Shawe, who had held a post in India, where Thackeray was born, and was a family friend of the Thackerays. Four years after her marriage, and after the birth of her third child, Mrs. Thackeray went mad, and had to be put under restraint. For twenty-three years thereafter, Thackeray, building a career for himself upon the ruin of his property and his home, and with his children worse than motherless, carried his burden on strong shoulders. It was only by the most incredible efforts, by a labor positively herculean, that he could keep afloat. Even when the end came he was comparatively a poor man. Like Henry Fielding, whom he loved and honored in his lecture, he died in harness. He had been ailing for some time, but was of a cheerful mood. Sometime between midnight and morning, on the day before Christmas, 1863, the great brain, for in mere weight alone, it was one of the heaviest on

record, suffered a suffusion of blood. The sun rose on something which would never be troubled by the living phantom of a mad-woman, or worn finer on the grindstone of labor for daily bread. He died at an age which is young in England, having only passed his fifty-second year. The hapless woman whose existence was the malediction of his life, reached her seventy-fifth year. Her misfortune had made him practically a homeless man, a haunter of the clubs, a wanderer driven by the double blast of necessity to provide for the helpless mother of his children and for his helpless children. I suppose some details of his domestic purgatory will now come out. But little has been printed about it heretofore, although during my residence in London I met people who were quite conversant with and free to discuss it between man and man. Close students of his works may discover shadowy suggestions of his family affliction in a few places. Those who heard him lecture on George the Third, and who remember his pathetic allusions to the madness of the poor old king, can understand how he felt personally when his voice shook over this beautiful peroration.

* * *

The Astor Library last Tuesday entered upon its fortieth year of usefulness. It was founded by John Jacob Astor, who died March 29, 1848, with the sum of \$400,000. The site selected for it on Lafayette place was 65x120 feet, and originally cost \$25,000. It is now worth about half a million. The work of inaugurating the undertaking was entrusted to Dr. Joseph G. Cogswell, a man of great learning and means. For five years he spent his time in the libraries and book marts of Europe, gathering data and making a collection. In the winter of 1852 25,000 volumes were gathered together in Europe. Of this number 3,000 were on mathematics. The corner-stone of the new library was laid March 14, 1850. Dr. Cogswell entered into the spirit of the new enterprise with a rare and discriminating will. To the collection purchased he added his own gift of 5,000 volumes. Upon January 9, 1854, the first building was opened with 80,000 books, at a cost of \$100,000. This number was increased in ten years to 138,000 books, and in another decade to 160,000 books. Now the total number of volumes in the Astor is about 750,000. The total value of the estate of the institution is put at \$2,600,000. The total amount invested by John Jacob Astor and his son, William B. Astor, amounted to \$773,336. Mr. William Waldorf Astor has also contributed liberally to its collections.

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Much of the success of the Astor Library for the past thirty years is due to Mr. F. Saunders, the librarian, and author of "Salad for the Solitary." He is still a hale and hearty enthusiast in his work. The objects of the library are to supply to persons engaged in scientific or literary and critical research, ample facilities for pursuing the lines of study or investigation which they desire to follow. During the past year from 80,000 to 100,000 readers availed themselves of the privileges. There were 9,000 students using the alcoves for special studies. Over 200,000 books were read, a daily average of 400 persons using the library. There were 30,000 readers of American history, 20,000 readers of British literature, 10,000 readers of works on art and archæology. In mechanics and engineering there were 9,000, and in chemistry and physics, 8,000 readers. Books in magic and witchcraft have the poorest showing. Not 400 in one year are read.

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American book collectors will, in a manner, experience a sense of personal loss in the death of Edward Spencer Mead, of the firm of Dodd, Mead & Co., of this city. Mr. Mead, who died last week at his residence, "Westover," in Southampton, L. I., was born in New York in 1847. His father, a merchant, died when he was an infant, and he was brought up by an uncle, Robert Hoe, the printing press manufacturer. He was graduated from Yale in 1869, and was married soon after to a daughter of John S. C. Abbott, the historian. Mrs. Mead is living. She has no children. In January, 1870, Mr. Mead and Frank H. Dodd formed a partnership and succeeded Mr. Dodd's father, M. W. Dodd, in the publishing business. Mr. Mead was at the head of the firm's literary department. He had culture, intellectual keenness and strength of purpose. His resolution was exhibited in his fight with disease for ten years. He had consumption, and ten days ago was attacked by the grip. Bright's disease set in on Sunday, and his case became hopeless. He translated several works into English for publication, and wrote books over a *nom de plume*. He was a member of the Century and University Clubs, and formerly of the Player's Club in New York, of the Meadow Club in Southampton, and the Shinnecock Golf Club. Of the latter he was the originator, it being the first of its kind in America. He served as its president.

A man who did much for American bibliography and local history is dead in Professor Aswald Seidensticker, of the University of Pennsylvania. He was a Göttingen man, born in 1825, and made Doctor of Philosophy at the famous university there in 1846. That same year he came to America and settled in Philadelphia, where he studied medicine, conducted a very successful private school, and in 1867 became Professor of German Language and Literature at the University. He wrote many text books and other works, and prepared a compilation of German-American bibliography, and his works on the early German settlers of Pennsylvania and kindred subjects are highly esteemed. His last book, "The First Century of German Printing," has just been published.

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In connection with a recent paragraph of mine, quoted from *L'Intermédiaire*, of Paris, relating to the death-beds, real and bogus, of the Emperor Napoleon I, I am in receipt of the following note from Prince Joachim Murat:

Le lit sur lequel Napoléon est mort appartient au prince Murat, qui en a hérité de la reine Caroline, sa grand'mère, ainsi que de plusieurs autres souvenirs provenant de Sainte-Hélène. Ces objets ont été remis à la reine par le compte Marchand, qui n'avait pu les faire parvenir au roi de Rome, comme le testament de l'Empereur le prescrivait. Je suis dépositaire de cette relique, qui se trouve chez moi, à la campagne, et n'a jamais été exposé.

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PERSONALIA

Charles Sprague Pearce, of Boston, has received in Paris the decoration of the Legion of Honor.

William H. Howe, the cattle painter, long a resident of Paris, has established himself in a studio at 24 East Forty-second street, New York.

Adolf Menzel, who recently celebrated the seventy-eighth anniversary of his birth at his home in Berlin, is still hale and hearty, and works many hours each day in his studio.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Bent have started on an expedition of archæological research in the Hadramaut region of Arabia.

Mrs. William Wetmore Story, wife of the sculptor and mother of Waldo Story the sculptor and Julian Story the painter, is dead at Rome, having celebrated her golden wedding last December.

Gerrett Smith Rice, an artist, died at his home in New Haven, aged seventy-eight, on Jan. 8. He was born in Smithboro, N. Y., and was for a number of years a member of the family of Gerrit Smith, the Abolitionist.

Thomas Seir Cummings, the oldest member of the National Academy of Design, dating from 1826, and the only surviving founder of that institution, resides at Hackensack, N. J.

John Tenniel, of *Punch*, whose pencil is still active as ever, reaches his seventy-third year in 1894.

Samuel Richards, the artist, who last month died in Denver of grip, was a native of Spencer, Ind., and studied at Munich, where he lost his health by overwork. His best painting, "Evangeline," is in the possession of the Detroit Art Museum. He leaves a widow and one child.

John S. Sargent has been elected an Associate of the Royal Academy of London. He was born in Florence of American parents, and on this basis is claimed as an American artist. He has been medaled in Paris, and is a member of the Legion of Honor.

Paul William Forchhammer, the great German archæologist, died in Kiel last week. He was ninety one years old.

Benjamin-Constant has arrived in this country, and is painting portraits in Philadelphia of the late Anthony J. Drexel, William L. Elkins and others.

James Lawrence Breese, who is widely known both as a society man and as an expert photographer, has taken to carbon photography as a regular matter of trade, and opened a studio for the purpose at 130 West Twenty-third street, this city.

D. W. Powers' additions to his art gallery at Rochester, N. Y., have increased the collection to nearly 1,000 paintings and 17 pieces of statuary, representing 46 old masters and over 400 modern painters.

Connoisseurs have had no such opportunity to study lace in Philadelphia as is offered by the collection of rare antique and modern laces at the Loan Exhibition, now being held under the auspices of the Pennsylvania Museum and School of Industrial Art, at Broad and Pine streets. The exhibition will, by urgent request, be kept open to the public daily, from ten to six o'clock, until Jan. 27. The Curator is Mrs. John Harrison, and the committee consists of Mrs. Henry Borie, Mrs. R. M. Cadwalader, Mrs. Ellwood Davis, Mrs. Geo. Dallas Dixon, Mrs. Alfred C. Harrison, Mrs. C. Leland Harrison, Mrs. John L. Le Comte, Mrs. S. Weir Mitchell, Mrs. Bloomfield Moore, Mrs. Frank W. Paul, Miss Pendleton, Mrs. Wm. Platt Pepper, Mrs. John Sanders, Mrs. Wm. Weightman, Jr., Mrs. Chas. Wheeler, Mrs. Talcott Williams, Mrs. Ed. R. Wood. Members *ex-officio*: Mrs. E. D. Gillespie, Mr. Wm. Platt Pepper, Mr. Dalton Dorr.

JOSEPH PENNELL

THE late James L. Claghorn, of Philadelphia, was one of the greatest benefactors American art has known. He was not only a collector of works of art, but an encourager of those who produced them. He was the life and soul of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts in his day, and every student in the schools worked the better for the knowledge that the president was making a tour of the Academy. The strongest painters of the strong Philadelphia group are those whom the Academy graduated during the Claghorn epoch. Of one of these, Joseph Pennell, Mr. Frederick Keppel is now making what will take rank among our most important exhibitions of the season.

It was Mr. Claghorn who, as the word goes, discovered this young student of the Academy, who went about the beautiful old city by the Delaware, sketching and drawing with pencil and pen its quaint byways and the nooks and corners picturesque of the past in which it is so rich. It was the time when artist etching was coming into favor in this country, and just as this young man drew subjects in a style all his own which no one else sought out, so he commenced to etch them with equal originality. He was saturated with the genius of the sketch: in a manner born to the gift of suggestiveness. He possessed an instinct for concentrating, simplifying, carrying his work just far enough and leaving off at the right place.

Such plates as Mr. Claghorn used to show with kindly interest and generous pride to his visitors could not long pass without compelling attention. There was a powerful group of them assembled at the memorable exhibition of the Philadelphia Society of Etchers in 1882-1883. Mr. Keppel, then as now, keen in his scent for new merit, began to show them to New York. The strong voice of a famous Philadelphian, Charles Godfrey Leland, proclaimed them in terms which can be imagined from that brilliant adventurer of the brain, who had the quickness of the flash in forming his opinions and the courage of a lion in announcing them. The artist, as will be seen, had strong sponsors, and he was strong enough to warrant their support.

It was natural that the peculiar ability displayed by him in what is known as his Philadelphia Series of etchings and drawings should attract the attention of the publishers. The present result was his production of a series of illustrations to George W. Cable's creole studies, and of the etchings known as the New Orleans Series. The following year found him in Europe, working in Italy, France, England, Scotland, through Germany, Austria, Austro-Hungary, down into Roumania, and, in fact, since 1882 or '83 he has been constantly employed abroad, working on his own account or illustrating the literature of others, as might fall out. Two remarkably valuable tasks performed in the latter line are his series of pictures to Andrew Lang's magazine papers on Edinburgh, and to those on the English cathedrals written for the *Century* by Mrs. Margaret G. Van Rensselaer, of this city. His own book, "Pen Drawing and Pen Draughtsmen," is widely known among collectors.

The most recent of his works in the Keppel exhibition are the illustrations to Mrs. Pennell's new book, "In Gipsyland." It is pretty generally known that Charles Godfrey Leland, like George Borrow before him, who was, indeed, a genius of much the same type, has taken a deep interest in the wandering tribes of this strange people, who retain their picturesque individuality even in our conventional time, has studied them closely and written much about them. Mrs. Elizabeth Robins Pennell seems to have imbibed some of her uncle's enthusiasm in this direction, and in indulging it has enjoyed from her husband an assistance her uncle did not have. The Pennell Gipsyland is that in which these modern Ishmaelites retain their most romantic characteristics, the eastern provinces of the Austrian Empire. Mrs. Pennell is a very graceful writer, with a sensitive sympathy for her subjects, as has been evidenced in other papers for which her husband has supplemented with his pencil the pictures of her pen.

According to the *Washington Capital*, Chief Munce, of the stamp division of the Post-Office Department, says that a dozen or more letters come through the mail every week asking how much the Department pays for cancelled stamps. They come from all parts of the country, from the big cities and backwoods, and they generally state that their writers have been reliably informed that sewing machines, or stoves, or greenbacks, are regularly given away by Uncle Sam in this way. One well-written letter on proper paper from a woman in New York City, the other day, wished to know just the rate per thousand that the Government was paying. This interesting superstition is so common that the Department has for years been sending out circulars stating specifically that it does not deal in cancelled stamps.

A CHAMPION BARGAIN HUNTER

To the Editor of THE COLLECTOR:

SIR: Your frequent allusions to the bargain hunter in collectorship have reminded me of a personal experience in this city, which may be of interest to your readers. I must premise that I had just returned from some years of study in Europe, and had rented the top floor of a dwelling house in the West Side district, known as Chelsea, one room to serve me as a studio and the others for my bachelor dwelling. The name on a very handsome old doorplate was Chomley, and the landlady of whom I hired my rooms was a person of some forty years, fair, fat, gayly dressed in slovenly finery and wearing a whole jeweler's stock of rings and other gewgaws. The house was filled with the most extraordinary collection of all manner of stuff I ever saw; rich furniture, pictures, bric-à-brac, rugs, porcelains, bronzes, I can't recall what in all, and everything it seemed second-hand and in some fashion damaged. There was, it appeared from my landlady's conversation, a male Chomley, whom she designated, in a general way, as the Colonel, and frequently alluded to, but who was not produced in evidence.

Once settled and at home, I was not long in making the acquaintance of my landlady. She was nearly always enthroned in state in the polyoramic parlors, generally sipping coffee and playing at a bit of embroidery. Sometimes there was a smutty faced and preternaturally sagacious little girl in a dirty pinafore and battered shoes around. There was also a white faced, quiet little boy, who belonged to the house. But though the Colonel was alluded to on every occasion, and with more or less italicism, he remained a phantom, and as phantoms should, he haunted me.

To make his acquaintance in the flesh became an absorbing passion with me, and I found myself dreaming of a somewhat pompous, but in the main, enjoyable veteran, with a curious fund of anecdote and experience to develop over a pipe and a pot, until I began to regard myself as actually imposed upon and injured by being deprived of his society so long, very much as if I had contracted for it with the rent. Going down stairs one day—I believe it was on my first Sunday in the house—I came upon a man anointing a chair with varnish by the light of a hall window. He was a meagre man, with little pouches of flesh under the corners of his mouth, and a heavy look about his eyes. He wore a fierce moustache, and his complexion suggested that he used ink instead of water for purposes of purification. He was sucking at a wooden pipe, which made its existence known to me two flights before I saw it; which bubbled and popped with every inspiration he made, and was, by all odds, the most striking thing about him.

I gave him a good morning, which he returned to me, and went my way.

One evening I heard a slapping and splashing in the hall outside my door, and found the meagre man perched upon a step-ladder, covering himself and the floor, rather than the ceiling, with excessively ill smelling color from a bucket. Between the warblings of his pipe he informed me that he was frescoing the ceiling for me.

A little later a rap at my door roused me from my book. A painty hand was protruded into the room, holding a tumbler a third full of whisky, and I seemed to hear the pipe bubble and an invitation to me to drink. I am too old a campaigner to affront a courtesy. I drank, and found the liquor good, and said so.

"It ought to be," popped the pipe. "It came from Boss Tweed's private cellar."

From this time forth I was admitted to the intimacy of the pipe, and we were frequent encounterers. At one time I would find it superintending the mending of a piece of furniture; at another, directing a job of gardening; at another still, presiding over the patching of a broken and battered bit of statuary on the back stoop. But wherever and whenever I found it, there was always a bottle within reach, and it extended a cordial invitation to the hospitality of Boss Tweed's private stock.

The pipe and its slave both puzzled me. I wondered who the one was, and whether he did not sleep with the other in his mouth. I knew he took it out when he drank, and in view of the anatomical necessities and restrictions of all animated nature, knew also that he must lay it by when he ate. But I was morally convinced that he kept it close by his plate, to flavor his food. I could identify him by it half the house away. Often in the quiet street of an evening, it announced his coming to me before I saw him at all, and when he treated it to a lounge on the front step, its potent breath reached me at my pinnacled retreat in the mansard, and quite discomfited the milder flavor of my modest clay.

I had heard of men who were slaves to their vices, but never, if

the delightful solace of a pipe be regarded as a vice, which I do not admit, had that familiar figure of speech been illustrated to me before. If ever anyone was held in subjection the owner of the pipe was the vassal of that malodorous bit of brier. It required his constant attention, for being old and saturated to a phenomenal degree of clammy, brown gumminess, it had to be frequently scraped out (I dare not call it cleaned), blown clear, wiped and otherwise tenderly coaxed into active utility. With all this it kept constantly going out, and the value of the matches burned in its honor must have far eclipsed the annual tribute of joss sticks to the most popular deity in the Chinese pantheon.

It not only trenched on his time and service thus, but it ruled his movements with an iron despotism. Once when he pointed a new curiosity out to me in the parlor, he remained in the hall while I examined it, murmuring something about "the smoke sticking to the curtains." At another time, when I offered him a theatre ticket, he declined it on the ground that he couldn't smoke there. From the fact that I several times discovered him, eating alone at a slatternly table, in the back basement, with the girl washing dishes at the other end, it became evident to me that the pipe had decreed his isolation, in gastronomic, as in other pursuits, from all society but his own.

On several occasions, when I happened to be in my rooms earlier than usual of an evening, for as a rule I kept late hours abroad, I heard feet go by my door and a clatter on the little staircase outside that led to the roof. Being curious enough to look out one night, I saw the pipe go by, in company with a lighted lamp. I hailed it, it invited me to "come up," and I followed it, not to the roof, but into an odd little box of a place, like a state-room on board ship, which was built on the roof itself, and had been, the pipe explained, an observatory for the former owner of the house, who had practiced astronomy as an amateur. It was now a bedroom, furnished with a hospital cot, a table, a couple of wooden stools, and a little sheet iron stove not much bigger than an opera hat, for winter service.

My conductor had hardly set the lamp down when I heard a rattling on the tinned roof outside, and a big, mangy old black tom cat leaped upon the ledge of the open window which went the whole length of one side of this extraordinary habitation. Another cat followed and another till a fair row, of both sexes and all examples of feline vagabondage, squatted on the ledge, mewing and purring, every one in as different a voice and manner as you would note among as many human beings.

The pipe presided over the production of a bundle of table scraps from its bondman's pocket, and these were fed under its supervision to the visitors till the last morsel was gone.

"The cats at night, the sparrows in the morning," said the pipe, as my host wiped his fingers on his sleeve. "Go long with you. There's no more for you now."

As if they understood their dismissal the pensioners leaped, one by one, from their perch, and the roof resounded under their scampering feet. The old tom cat, however, after sedately washing his scarred and battered head, jumped down into the room, rubbed himself in and out among the legs of his friend and the stool his friend sat on, and finally got on the cot and curled up there, watching me and the pipe with vigilant eyes.

"Would you like to see him take a drink?" asked the pipe.

I intimated that this performance might procure me a passing pleasure, and the pipe supervised the production of a saucer in which some whisky was decanted and a lump of sugar crushed up. The cat watched these preparations with a greedy gleam in his green and glowing eyes. He got up finally, stretched himself, and with his kinked and ragged tail waving, approached the saucer, which had been set on the edge of the cot. He lapped the fiery fluid up like milk, and when it was gone to the last drop, went back and curled himself up again, still watching the pipe and me.

It was a much wiser pipe than it looked, as I found from that night's talk with it. It had offered its full flavored incense up in more lands than one, and had not traveled in the dark, while it was about its journeyings. It grumbled some strange stories over our cups with a sort of smothered eloquence, as if unused or afraid to talk too much. A ruffling breeze came in and blew the lamp out, and when I left it it was popping and crackling in the moonlight, and in the dark behind it two round gleams of emerald fire followed me as I went down the stairs.

I soon discovered that, next to his devotion to his pipe, the hermit of the roof was a serf to auction sales. He commenced every week day with a study of the advertisements of those events in the *Herald*, and if he ever missed attending one I am sure it

was not his fault. It was through a knowledge of this passion of his that I got to understand the vast variety and common decrepitude with which the house was furnished. Not that he confined his purchases to household trappings alone, though. Far from it, nothing came amiss to him under an auctioneer's hammer. Within the first month I knew him to vary his staple purchases with the wardrobe of a fifth rate theatrical star, from a sale of boarding house confiscations; the entire outfit, from studies and sketch books to finished pictures of a bankrupt artist; the mechanisms and tools of a model maker in difficulties; the stock of a bar-room which the sheriff had descended on, and the living and dead collections of a fancier's shop.

These latter he brought home one afternoon, to the great edification of the neighborhood, in a couple of wagons. Returning from a stroll I found a very active coon chained to the railings of the front steps, and a wildcat rattling the bars of its cage on the sidewalk. A stately peacock spread its tail on the balcony, and a dozen dogs, gradated from a giant St. Bernard down to two toy terriers, roamed about the house and camped wherever they fancied. He filled the front basement with specimens of natural history, in viewing which an army of urchins flattened their noses against the windows all day long. He presented every lodger with a pair of canaries, and still had a roomful to spare. There were stuffed curiosities, and one morning, when a frightful screaming drew me to the yard, I discovered Jane in a fit, and the contents of a box of snakes under the back steps wriggling away in the grass.

It was on this occasion that the identity of the slave of the pipe was officially revealed to me. I heard Mrs. Chomley rating him in the back parlor for his investment, and learned, what I had already long made up my mind to, that this was the veteran of whom I had created such a flattering ideal.

At about this time I made another curious discovery. I had addressed the pipe on several occasions by the name of Chomley, and it had accepted the title. But this time it said:

"Don't call me Chomley, Mr. Rover. Plain Colonel is good enough for me."

I expressed myself as agreeable to this arrangement, but asked what objection the pipe had to its name.

"Nothing," it grumbled, "except that it isn't my name. My name is Grubb."

"And the doorplate?"

"A bargain," growled the pipe. "It came with the house. It's the name of the people that built it, and it looked so handsome on the door that we thought we'd let it stay."

Long after I had departed from Chelsea and settled in a studio in a more fashionable district, I happened to pass an auction room where a sign announced the sale of "the art collection, library, etc., of the late Colonel Chomley, by order of his widow." It was the collection of my old landlord, with many additions made subsequent to my departure. Either the Colonel, his widow or the auctioneer had created all sorts of pedigrees for the objects. Damaged Sevres from the collections of Louis XV, Mme. Dubarry, Marie Antoinette and the like, furniture from royal palaces and so on abounded. The pictures had all found famous godfathers, from Raphael down. Of two sketches which I had presented to Drs. Chomley-Grubb, one was ascribed to Corot and the other to Miaz. I had the curiosity to attend the sale next day, and found the room filled with a fashionable audience, and a sprinkling of dealers. Bidding was brisk, competition sharp, and everything brought good prices—even the Corot and Diaz. Often since I have been shown at different houses, precious relics which I recognized as prizes picked up by the slave of the pipe at the sheriff's auctions about town, and no doubt I shall find my Corot and my Diaz some day among the gems of a proud collection.

And for this are we collectors!

RALPH ROVER.

The artistic contents of the house of the late Baron Leys, at Antwerp, hitherto maintained intact by his executors, are to be sold. The chief item consists of the great fresco painted by the master on all four walls of the principal saloon, representing the mediæval city of Antwerp and its population, both within and without the walls, on a day of public festival.

* * *

In Crete a hoard of Mycenaean vases has been found in a grotto near Kamarais on Mount Ida. They resemble some vases of the island of Thera, and especially some lately found in Egypt.

* * *

An indefatigable British collector died a few days ago in the person of Sir Alexander Cunningham. To him is owing the richness of many sections of the coin collection in the British Museum, and he has left behind him a rich store of numismatic rarities.

A TRUMBULL COLLECTION

IN the last issue of THE COLLECTOR I printed a brief note of a very important find of historic Americana which had been made by Prof. Ed. Frossard, the numismatist and antiquarian, of this city. Since then I have made a careful examination in detail of the collection, and have found it, taken altogether, perhaps the most valuable assemblage of artistic memoranda bearing on our national history at its most romantic and critical period that has ever come into any one hand for sale. It is, moreover, as unique in character as it is historically important, and in all its associations is of the most dramatic personal interest.

The collection, in brief, consists of over eighty drawings in India ink and pen and ink, all portraits in single figures and heads, groups or miniature, of distinguished individuals of the Revolutionary period, by Col. John Trumbull. They are signed and dated, and in the best of preservation, only a few bearing slight stains of age.

In order to comprehend this collection it is necessary to bear in mind certain facts regarding the artist. John Trumbull was the son of Jonathan Trumbull, Colonial Governor of Connecticut, who, by the way, is said to have been the original of our national type, "Brother Jonathan." John, the son, was born at Lebanon, Conn., in 1756, and entered at Harvard College as a student. Here he commenced to display his aptitude for drawing and his inclination toward art as a career. The commencement of the Revolution interrupted his studies, and he entered the army before Boston as adjutant of the 1st Connecticut Regiment. At this time he had already painted two pictures of classical subjects, which gave indubitable evidence of his genius. The stern and unbending patriotism of his father, and the influence of his elder brother, Jonathan, who had resigned the Speakership of the Connecticut Legislature to become paymaster in the patriot army, aided in bringing the young artist into familiar contact with the higher officers of the Connecticut service, and in securing him an appointment as aide-de-camp to General Washington. It was at this period that the series of drawings comprised in the Frossard collection was begun.

John Trumbull had, from the start, the idea of creating a gallery of pictures of the American struggle for liberty, and in all the leisure of his service devoted himself to procuring material from which to work when the time arrived for him to lay aside the sword for the brush. He drew portraits of all the officers of rank under whom he served upon every possible occasion. This was the easier for him as his artistic services were valued by Washington, on account of some diagrams of the British works which he made during the siege of Boston, and for which he was created brigadier-major, so that the officers willingly gave him sittings. He continued his work in 1776 and 1777, when he served as adjutant-general under Gates and Arnold, and, in fact, carried it on until, in 1780, he resented the action of Congress respecting the date of his commission, threw that commission up, and went to Europe to resume his studies as an artist which the war had interrupted.

Not the least interesting feature of his work as special artist of the camp—the first special artist known, in fact—is the material upon which his pictures are made. The india ink drawings are executed over pencil outlines, in a few cases on parchment; but in most instances on deerskin. This skin was prepared to a parchment surface on one side by the Indians, who practiced a process of hard tanning which they preserved a profound secret. The inner side of the skin was shaved, the hair being left on the outer surface. The tanning, which is said to have been performed with a solution made of oak bark, acorn husks and acorn nuts, rendered the hide practically indestructible. Even moths and worms could only perforate portions which had been beamed too fine, or on which some fragment of fat or fleshy fibre had escaped the scraper's knife. The pen-and-ink drawings were made on the flyleaves of old books and on leaves torn from his adjutant's report book, and later mounted on panels cut from old book-covers.

When Trumbull left the army he went to France, whence he made his way to London, and studied under Benjamin West, his experiences being varied by eight months in prison, from which he was only released by the personal intercession of West with George III, and on condition of his leaving the kingdom. He went back after the war ended, studied again, returned to America, and once more appeared in England in 1796, as Secretary of Legation to Mr. Jay, our Minister. From 1808 to 1815 he again lived and painted in London. Then he reappeared in his native country, where he remained until he died in this city in 1843.

In 1817 Trumbull received a commission from Congress to paint four pictures in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington, for \$32,000 in all. He was an old man, past three score years. Life had not smiled on him. A naturally fierce spirit had been aggravated by disappointment. He had made many enemies and few friends, and his great genius—for he was unquestionably a genius—had been shackled by the circumstances of an unappreciative time. His own countrymen, who should have valued him most, were his most vindictive detractors. After he was dead a great Englishman, an Englishman of heart and brain proportioned to his massive body, who came to visit us, bade us never to despise this artist, or to neglect his memory. This tribute was but as a shower of dew on a forgotten grave, but it is well to note that the man who made it was William Makepeace Thackeray, and that it freshened American appreciation of the man most forceful in the foundation of American art, and the greatest historical painter America has produced.

In 1824 Trumbull finished the pictures in the Capital, and left Washington for New York. He had a close friend in Washington, a Virginia gentleman who held an office under the Government, and to him he presented the collection of arms, flags, uniforms and the like of the Revolutionary epoch, which he had used as models in the composition of his pictures for the rotunda. He gave him, also, the collection of drawings now in the possession of Professor Frossard. The gift may be understood from the fact that the painter was under certain obligations to his friend, which he was too proud to repudiate and too poor to fulfil in any other way. The collection was removed to its new owner's home, an out of the way plantation in Virginia. At his death it fell to his daughter, and at hers to her son, who disposed of the arms and other curios but retained the pictures until he sold them to Prof. Frossard. Even then he parted with them most reluctantly, giving the collection up, piecemeal as it might be, until the last and most important pieces had passed from his hands.

The pictures, with the exception of the bulk of the pen and ink drawings, were all in old frames, but they had been packed away for half a century, which may partially account for their good condition. It is to be further remarked of them that with but few exceptions they are drawings made directly from life. The exceptions are in some instances evidently drawings from memory, and in others copies of miniatures or portraits of people which the artist discovered and made his own reproductions of for possible future use. The following is a list of the collection:

GROUPS.

"The Surprise."—Full figure of Washington in undress uniform, but wearing sword; his left hand rests upon sword guard, his right arm is passed around the waist of a handsome New England girl, in coquettish colonial costume; her left hand passes behind the General's back and firmly holds his coat; her right hand pressed to her ear, affrighted expression. To left General Putnam, outside of window, on a ladder, throws aside window drapery and sounds a blast on trumpet. Fireplace with fire and canopy of arms to right. Signed under three-legged stool, J. T., 1876. 16x10 in. India ink, on parchment.

Washington, Putnam and Knox. Full military figures, wearing the chapeau: Washington standing at right, resting right arm on muzzle of musket; Putnam seated on drum in centre, grasping barrel of musket with left hand; Knox standing at left, with field glass in hand. Circular, 14½ inches diameter, 1776.

Washington and Putnam. Washington in full uniform of General-in-Chief, his right hand on the shoulder of Putnam, who is seated on a drum. Height, 5 inches; length, 8 inches. 1776.

Schuyler, Moultrie and Greene. Moultrie at left, with drawn sword in right hand; Greene centre, holding field glass; Schuyler at right, sword in left hand, right foot on dismantled cannon. Circular, 14½ inches diameter.

CABINET PORTRAITS.

- Washington, bust, in military cloak, 7½ x 6, 1776.
 Another, 6½ x 5½, 1776.
 Another, bust, in military uniform, 7 x 4½, 1776.
 Another, full figure, commander-in-chief uniform, with chapeau, standing, the right arm on muzzle of musket, sword in left hand, a dog at feet, 7½ x 4, 1776.
 Another full figure as last, with chapeau in left hand, 8 x 3½, 1776.
 Same seated, wearing hat, cloak over right arm, left hand resting on sword, left foot on cannon balls, 7¾ x 4½, 1776.
 Martha Washington, half length, seated, 4½ x 4, 1776.
 Another, in head dress and lace drapery, 4 x 3½, 1776.
 Gen. Horatio Gates, full figure, with dog before him, 5¼ x 3, 1776.
 Gen. George Clinton, bust, in uniform, 5 x 3¾, 1776.
 General Knox, full figure, chapeau in left hand, 7¾ x 4½, 1776.
 Gen. William Moultrie, full figure, with sword, seated, chapeau in right hand, dog before him, 7¾ x 4½, 1776.

Gen. Henry Lee, full figure, seated, dog at feet, 7¾ x 4½, 1776.

Patrick Henry, full figure, 8 x 4½, 1776.

James Otis, same size and date.

Benjamin Franklin, seated, dog and cat at feet. This very interesting portrait seems to have been taken when Franklin visited the camp at Cambridge as one of a committee to argue the enlisted Continental troops whose terms had expired out of disbanding, and keep them in the field. The dog which appears in these pictures was an English fox terrier, belonging to one of the Virginia officers, and known as the Headquarters' Dog. 8 x 4½, 1776.

Roger Sherman, full figure, same size and date.

Samuel Adams, same.

General Burgoyne, military bust, 6½ x 4¾, no date.

MINIATURE PORTRAITS.

Gen. Israel Putnam, circular, 4½ diam., 1776.

Gen. Richard Montgomery, oval, 3 in. high, 1775.

John Paul Jones, 3½ in. diam., 1776.

Another, 3 x 2½, 1776.

Alexander Hamilton, same size and date.

Gen. Nathanael Greene, 2¾ square, 1776.

Gen. Anthony Wayne, same size and date.

George Clymer, 3 in. square, 1776.

Robert R. Livingston, 3 x 3¾, 1775.

Daniel Boone, 4 x 3½, 1776.

General Lincoln, unsigned and undated, 3 in. square.

PEN AND INK PORTRAITS.

This series comprises: Count de Rochambeau, 1781; Count D'Estaing, 1786; Generals Daniel Morgan, Philip Schuyler, John Hancock, 1786; Gen. John Stark, 1781; Commodore Edward Preble, 1798; Gen. Joseph Reid and Mrs. Esther Reid, each 1786; Generals St. Clair, William Moultrie, Francis Marion, Nathanael Greene, Andrew Pickens, Jonathan Trumbull (the painter's brother), Baron Von Steuben, 1786; Col. Francis Barber, 1781; Lord Cornwallis, 1777; Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, 1786; Aaron Burr, 1786; Col. Timothy Pickering, 1800; James Madison and Mrs. Dolly Madison, each 1808; John Randolph, 1786; Mrs. Harriet Ackland, 1777; Rebecca Mott, 1786; Count Dumas, no date; Mrs. Alex. Hamilton, no date; Commodore Richard Dale, 1798; Richard Henry Lee, 1786; David Ramsay, 1808; David Humphrey, 1803; Henry Laurens, 1776; Gen. Peter Muhlenberg, 1786; Isaac Shelby, 1808; Gen. Guy Carleton, 1786; John Jay, 1776; and the Indians, Black Hawk, no date, and Brant, 1800. There is also a portrait of a British officer, not ascribed.

THE NEWEST CATALOGUES

(Catalogues sent to this office will be regularly noted under this head.)

George H. Rigby, 1113 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa.—No. 10. Encyclopædias, dictionaries, and books of character reference. With two additional lists of art books and general literature.

William R. Hill, 5 East Monroe street, Chicago, Ill.—No. 2, December, 1893. Choice, interesting and scarce books.

William Downing, 5 Temple Row, Birmingham, Eng.—January, 1894. Scarce books and valuable engravings from the libraries of S. Senior, Rev. E. Elmhirst, etc.

Edward Baker, 14 John Bright street, Birmingham, Eng.—Various. Including valuable reference collection on the rise and development of the railroad systems in Great Britain, Ireland, the United States, etc.

Bangs & Co., 739 Broadway, New York.—Library of the late George I. Seney, sale Jan. 22, 23 and 24. A general collection of books, sale Jan. 25 and 26. Library of the late Geo. H. Moore, LL.D. Part II. Sale Feb. 5 and following.

It is probable that the unique collection of original drawings by Inigo Jones, Palladio and others, lent by the Duke of Devonshire to the Royal Institute of British Architects, may be retained permanently by that body.

A Brontë society, which is to collect and publish interesting information concerning Charlotte and her family, and a Brontë museum, wherein are to be exhibited MSS., relics, drawings, editions of the sisters' works and other objects have just been established in Bradford, Yorkshire. It is thought that to Dr. Wright's lately published book on the Brontës is due this revival of popular interest.

One of the most valuable collections of autographs in this country is that owned by Mrs. R. C. Waterston, of Massachusetts. These autographs were accumulated by the Dowager Lady Byron. One of the MSS. is a bit of sense supposed to be in the handwriting of Dean Swift.

THE COLLECTOR
ARTISTS OF YESTERDAY

IX

THEODORE PIERRE ETIENNE ROUSSEAU

BORN in Paris in 1812, and a pupil of Lethière and of Remond, he gained most in his art by his direct study from nature. He was one of the first of the painters to settle the artistic colony of Barbizon, where he spent many years in the closest communion with his neighbor, Millet, and one of the most influential among the founders of the modern French school of landscape. He received many Salon medals, crowned with the Medal of Honor in 1867, and was a member of the Legion of Honor. It is claimed that his failure to secure an officership in the Legion, which he asserted was caused by an intrigue against him, hastened his death, by preying upon his morbid sensibility. He died at Barbizon, insane, in 1867. The fact, however, is, that his devotion to his insane mistress, who survived him, and the terrible incursions made upon his labor at times by the poor woman, who seems to have loved him in her rational moments, operated so upon his delicately-sensitive temperament as to drive him crazy.

X

JULES DUPRÉ

The last of the great landscape painters of the school of 1830 was born at Nantes in 1819, and commenced to earn his living by painting clock faces and decorating china, meanwhile studying diligently. His art was based entirely upon the study of nature, assisted by a contemplation of the old masters, and his style, from the first, was individual in character and original. He found, unlike most of his associates, an early recognition and enjoyed a long and prosperous career. Apart from his landscapes he painted a number of powerful marines. He was made an officer of the Legion of Honor in 1870, and died in 1889. The best pictures of his for collectors are those which he painted in his middle period. His later works became monotonous in color and mannered in composition.

XI

AUGUSTIN THEODULE RIBOT

A native of Breteuil, department of the Eure, born in 1823, he became a pupil of Glaize in Paris, and a painter of portraits and historical subjects. Later he devoted himself to simpler themes, involving the problems of deep tone, rich color and powerful concentration of light. His handling was characterized by great freedom and vigor of brushwork and massive simplicity. He was an officer of the Legion of Honor, and died in 1891. Any of his pictures are worth acquiring by collectors. His greatness has been established. He was one of the masters of the present century.

XII

PIERRE ÉDOUARD FRÉRE

Born in Paris in 1819, and a student of classic art under Paul Delaroche, he, after leaving his master's studio, cut completely away from all its traditions, and turned to the scenes familiar to him from childhood for his subjects. He established himself in the little town of Ecouen, where his influence in time created a school which is known by the name of the locality. His works of rustic genre, and especially of child life, were received with the greatest appreciation throughout Europe, in England and in America. A guard of honor was set over his house and studio by the Germans when they sacked Ecouen during the Franco-Prussian war. He was a member of the Legion of Honor, and on his death, in 1886, Bouguereau pronounced his funeral eulogium.

XIII

EUGÉNE LOUIS GABRIEL ISABEY

The son of the famous miniature painter, Eugéne Isabey, was born in Paris in 1804. At the age of twenty he became the recipient of a medal of the first class for genre art, in 1827 of another for marine painting, and in 1830 was appointed Royal Marine Painter with the expedition to Algiers. He belonged essentially to the romantic school, ignoring mere realism for creative composition, splendor of color and picturesqueness of subject, and in figure and marine painting achieved a success of equal quality. He was made an officer of the Legion of Honor in 1852, and died in 1886. His most desirable pictures for collectors are his figure subjects.

XIV

JOHANN GEORG MEYER (VON BREMEN)

A native of Bremen, from which he derives his title, he was born in 1813, and became a pupil at Düsseldorf of Professors Sohn and Schadow. He commenced by painting biblical subjects, but soon adopted a style of domestic genre, by which he gained world wide popularity. He settled in Berlin in 1852, and became a professor at the academy, was a member of various European academies, and in 1876 received the Centennial medal at Philadelphia. He died in Berlin in 1886. He was a really great artist of his school, and his pictures will endure in value even if the fashion of a time may militate against them.

XV

FRANCOIS AUGUSTE BONHEUR

A younger brother of Rosa Bonheur, and like her, a pupil of his father, was born in Bordeaux in 1824. He attempted genre painting with but little success, but found his vocation in subjects combining landscape and cattle, evidently inspired by his sister's performances in this field. His works at the Salon have been awarded medals, and he received the Legion of Honor in 1867. He died in 1884. An amiable painter, of very pretty and pleasing pictures.

XVI

EUGÉNE JOSEPH VERBOECKHOVEN

A native of Warneton, in West Flanders, born in 1799, he was first instructed in art by his father, who was a sculptor. After visiting England, France, Germany and Italy, he entirely abandoned sculpture and devoted himself to the painting of animals, in which field he acquired a swift and extraordinary success. He was received into honorary membership of the chief academies of Europe, and was loaded with honors in the shape of membership of the Legion of Honor and other orders. He died in Brussels, where he had his studio for many years, in 1881. His pictures are, deservedly, out of fashion with collectors.

XVII

ÉMILE VAN MARCKE

A native of Sevres, born in 1827, he was early a pupil of his father and mother, both of whom were decorative painters, and a diligent student of nature. The encouragement of Troyon emboldened him to settle in Paris, where he became the most distinguished pupil of that master. His earliest exhibits at the Salon achieved success, and won him repeated medals and steady patronage. As a draughtsman of cattle he had no living peer, while his compositions of cattle and landscape, in picturesqueness, color and feeling of nature, as well as in their broad and vigorous style, were recognized as second only to those of Troyon at his best. He was a member of the Legion of Honor, and died in 1891.

XVIII

EDWARD DUNCAN

Edward Duncan was born in London on the 21st of October, 1804. At the age of fourteen he became a pupil of Robert Havell in the art of aquatint engraving, which profession he subsequently followed till 1845, always having a love for drawing and painting, and devoting some portion of his time every year to studying from nature, with a view to ultimately discontinuing engraving. His first step as an artist was becoming a member of the New Society of Painters in Water Colors in 1835, he being in fact one of the founders of that society. Differences, however, arising among the members Duncan and several others resigned, and in the year 1848 he became a candidate at the Old Society, being elected a member in February of the same year. Coast scenery, moonlights, sea pieces, landscapes with sheep, formed the staple of this artist's subjects. In fishing-boat scenes he was quite at home, having evidently studied the vessels and craft of various parts of the coast long and critically. Duncan was one of the contributors to the Paris Exhibition whose works attracted attention among foreign critics. He was also successful as a book illustrator, generally choosing marine subjects, and frequently appeared among the designers for the *Illustrated London News*. He died in 1882. There are few of his pictures in this country. In England they are treasured by collectors.

ARTISTS OF TO-DAY

X

MARIE ROSA BONHEUR

STANDING at the head of the women painters of our time, and holding an equal rank with the greatest modern painters of animals, this artist occupies a position of unusual distinction. She was born at Bordeaux in 1822, the daughter of a painter, became a copyist in the Louvre, and by her original pictures of animal life won her first reputation. She has been loaded with honors throughout Europe, and is a member of many artistic institutions and distinguished orders, commencing with the Legion of Honor in 1865. Among her best pictures are some painted from subjects found by her during her visits to England and Scotland.

XI

VICTOR LÉON FERDINAND ROYBET

Born at Uzez, Department of Gard, 1840. After some little instruction at the Lyons Academy he made his way to Paris, in 1860, where he earned a subsistence at the rate of a franc a day's pay by working for a manufacturer of stained glass, studying drawing and painting at night. In 1866 he sent his first picture to the Salon, where its purchase by the Princess Mathilde directed attention to him and assured his future. Working without a master he had created for himself a thoroughly original style, characterized by firm drawing, rich color and a broad technique, whose merit forced an immediate recognition, which has grown to enduring fame. Few of his pictures find their way to the Salon, they being mostly sold directly from the easel. A collective exhibition of his works was one of the art sensations of Paris in 1893.

XII

LÉON BAZILE PERRAULT

Born at Poitiers, he studied under Picot and Bouguereau and in Italy, and devoted himself to historical and genre subjects and to portraiture. He brings to his compositions a graceful arrangement, perfect drawing, a fine sentiment of color, and solid execution. He took his first medal in Paris in 1864, it being followed by many others, including one of the Centennial Exhibition, Philadelphia, 1876. Perrault's pictures exhibit a certain influence of Bouguereau in the selection of subject, but are entirely original in manner of treatment, and have a strong impasto which lends them a distinctive quality.

XIII

MARTIN RICO

Born in Madrid, of poor parentage, his first instructor was an army officer who practiced art as an amateur, and who taught him to draw. He studied later at the Madrid Academy, supporting himself as a designer and wood engraver, and in 1862 won the Spanish Prix de Rome, the four years' pension which it brought him setting him on his feet. He sought his subjects in Spain, Italy and the Orient, revelling in effects of keen, bright sunlight and picturesque architectural detail, upon which his reputation is founded; is a member of the Legion of Honor, and has long had his studio in Paris.

XIV

THOMAS MORAN

Commencing in his youth as a wood engraver's apprentice, in Philadelphia, Thomas Moran taught himself to paint in water-colors and afterwards in oils. He had some inspiration to and encouragement in his work from his elder brother, Edward, who, under instruction from James Hamilton and Paul Weber, had acquired sufficient proficiency to set himself up as a landscape and a marine painter. In 1862 Thomas Moran visited England, of which country he was a native, having been born in Lancashire and brought to the United States as a boy of seven years. He devoted this visit to study of the old masters in the English galleries, and brought back a vivid impression of Turner's works, which reflected itself in his later paintings of this period. In 1866 he made another European tour, this time traveling extensively in France and Italy, and in 1871 made those explorations of the great west, with Professor Hayden's expedition, which resulted in his Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone, now in the Capitol at Washington, and other powerful works, including the celebrated Mountain of the Holy Cross. Throughout his life the grandest

phases of American scenery have engaged Mr. Moran's attention. He has painted Niagara, at the falls and at the Whirlpool Rapids; the coast under its most stupendous aspects of tempest, and the sea awful in the throes of storm; the splendid luxuriance of our tropics, and the bitter bleakness of the lands of icebergs and eternal frost. His frequent visits to Europe have resulted in many fine canvases, especially of scenes in Venice, where he has made several sojourns. His experiments in etching have placed him at the head of the craft upon the Western Continent. In 1872 Mr. Moran removed his studio from Philadelphia to New York, where he still maintains his winter headquarters, his summers being spent at his country seat and studio at Easthampton, L. I. He became a National Academician in 1884, and among other societies is a member of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, and of the Artists' Fund Society of Philadelphia, of the American Water-Color Society, the Society of American Artists, the New York Etching Club and the Society of American Etchers.

XV

GEORGE HENRY BOUGHTON

Although claimed as an American artist, this painter was born in Norwich, England, in 1834. Brought to America in his youth by his parents, he began painting in Albany and in New York City, and finally settled in England. He is practically self-educated in art. His earliest successes were made in episodes of American life in the colonial period, which he executed with great skill and sympathy, and which have become widely known by engraving. He was elected a member of the National Academy of Design in 1871, and a Royal Academician in 1888. He has done much brilliant work as an illustrator, and has also won favor by his literary productions.

XVI

FRANZ VON DEFREGGER

A native of Stronach, in the Tyrol, born in 1835, he was a pupil of Auschütz at the Munich Academy and of Piloty, and also studied in Paris. His subjects are chiefly selected from peasant life in the Tyrol, and he has painted some powerful historical pictures. He has been repeatedly medaled in France and Germany, is an honorary member of a number of Academies, and received a patent of nobility, in recognition of his artistic merit, in 1883.

XVII

IVAN POKITANOW

Born at Odessa, he taught himself drawing by the copying of old German prints, and painting by his work from nature. His minute style of execution reveals the influence of his early training, while his close adherence to nature lends his landscapes great freshness and charm, and from his methods he has become known as the Meissonier of Russian landscape. He secured medals at Odessa, Moscow and St. Petersburg, and after his settlement in Paris, where he now resides, soon won prompt recognition there. His only approach to a rival in landscape of exquisite minuteness of detail is the Spaniard Sanchez-Perrier.

XVIII

CHARLES ÉMILE JACQUE

The last survivor of the veterans of the school of 1830 was born in 1813, and still continues active at the easel. He has been, in his day, soldier, map engraver, wood engraver, etcher, designer for the illustrated newspapers, and above all an enthusiastic fancier of poultry, in which cause he wrote a book, and made the illustrations and engraved them himself, which did much for poultry breeding in France. His fondness for rural surroundings naturally gave the direction to his art, and as a painter of sheep and of fowl, of pigs, cattle and landscape, he achieved unique success. His masterly command of the art of etching did more than the work of any other single artist in France to revive and re-establish this great art upon its present stable basis of popularity with artists and the public. He is a member of the Legion of Honor, etc.

The copyright royalties of the late Guy de Maupassant's books will, it is estimated, yield about \$6,000 a year; last year they produced \$8,000. De Maupassant's heir is a niece. She is keeping all his MSS. and notebooks.

NOTES AND NOVELTIES

WITHIN the last few years numbers of forgeries of extremely rare coins in the British Museum and in private collections have been sold by auction in London. So good is their execution that it seems probable that means have been devised for casting steel dies on plaster casts or of hardening electrotype dies. The manufacture of rare "siege pieces," carried on in one of the English midland towns, shows a far lower amount of skill. When genuine, but defaced, coins are struck with new impressions, it is very difficult to discover the fraud. Some genuine ancient coins are surrappées in this manner—as, for instance, a whole class of Jewish coins which are struck on Roman silver denarii. But when the image and superscription of William III can be discerned underlying the device on a rare crown piece of Elizabeth the question of its authenticity is soon solved. Among the counterfeiters of comparatively modern times the German, Becker, stands pre-eminent. With incredible skill he engraved dies for upward of 300 types of coins, principally Roman, and as most of these were struck in gold, a metal that does not change in appearance with time, he realized large sums from unwary collectors. Becker was a man of resource and with some sense of humor. To take of the appearance of novelty from the freshly-struck coins he had a small box constructed, which he partly filled with iron filings, and screwed to the springs of his carriage, and in that box he placed his newly-struck coins, and then, as he expressed it, "took his old gentlemen a drive" on the road between Frankfort and Offenbach. The coins came out of the box still fresh, but with the too-glorious bloom of youth judiciously toned down. At length the market was overdone with his productions, and Becker, having ceased to counterfeit, now sold complete sets of impressions in lead from his dies to the museums and collectors who had formerly purchased his forgeries, so that there might be no difficulty in identifying what was his handiwork.

Theodore Wores, the California artist, has arrived at San Francisco from a fifteen months' stay in the Orient. He brings with him 130 pictures of Japanese life, which he proposes to exhibit in New York and London. Wores thinks Japan is rapidly becoming spoiled by the general adoption among the aristocracy of European dress. He declares that the peony will soon supplant the chrysanthemum as the fashionable flower among Europeans.

A most curious and interesting as well as valuable historical discovery is reported by *The Constitution*, of Atlanta, Ga. In 1861, when the ordinance of secession was pending in that State, Gov. Joseph E. Brown reported that he was unable to find the original document passed by Georgia ratifying the Declaration of Independence, and so had to read a printed copy of it from an old paper. Gen. Phil Cook the other day discovered the document in an old box full of musty papers in the old capitol, along with many other papers of historical value. A part of the find was a fine wax impression of the old seal of the State, long since replaced by another. Another paper carried a similar seal of South Carolina.

It is reported from England that the eyesight of George du Maurier, of *Punch*, is failing rapidly. For some time, it is said, he has been obliged to do his sketches almost in life-size on a wall, from which they are reduced by photography, and it is feared that he will soon be compelled to abandon his crayon altogether.

Dramatic collectors will be interested in an edition de luxe of Henry Irving's addresses on stage topics, collected under the title, "The Drama," which is issued by Lovell, Coryell & Co. With its spacious margins, super-fine paper, and cover in white and gold, the book is beautiful. The edition is limited to 300 copies, and each copy bears the autograph of Henry Irving.

It is said that on the fly-leaf of an odd volume of Emerson's works accidentally picked up by Professor Tyndall at an old bookstall—a volume which first made him acquainted with the writings of the New England seer—are inscribed these words: "Purchased by inspiration."

A Brussels stamp collector's paper asserts that a certain Don Juan Cardillas, in Montevideo, who had been collecting the blue postage stamps of 5 centimes with the figure of General Santos, issued in Uruguay in 1883, for a long time, and had purchased about 109,000 of these stamps for the sum of 15,000 francs, lately called together all the members of the Society of Postage Stamp Collectors and asked them whether they knew of a means of making postage stamps rare. On their replying that they knew of none, he struck a match and set on fire all the stamps he had collected, which he kept in a wire basket.

It requires an order from the President of the United States to procure an impression of the Great Seal of State. Collectors of seals and autographs frequently write to the Secretary of State for copies of the Seal of State. The same formal reply is sent to all of them—that under the law no impressions of the seal can go out of the Department unless they are affixed to official papers. The President of the United States could give authority to a collector to obtain an impression of the seal, but no President has ever done so.

Joel Munsell's Sons, Albany, announce "The Pioneers of New France in New England," or the French incitement of the Indians against the English settlement, with documentary French evidence and illustrations. The author, Mr. James Phinney Baxter, is president of the Maine Historical Society.

Mr. A. D. Weld-French, of Boston, purposes issuing in an edition of 300 copies his "Notes on the Surnames of Francus, Franceis, French, etc., in Scotland," with an account of the Frenches of Thorndykes and a discussion of the family connection with the Stuart kings.

The Twelve Times Twelve exhibition of paintings, a dozen each, will be opened at the Fifth Avenue Art Galleries on Jan. 22 by J. H. Dolph, J. Francis Murphy, Edward Moran, W. Verplank Birney, Henry P. Smith, Stanley Middleton, Hamilton Hamilton, J. J. Hammer, A. F. Bunner, Percival de Luce, Robert Koehler and George H. Smillie. An auction will follow the exhibition.

Mr. Ferdinand Julius Dreer, of Philadelphia, who presented his great collection of autographs to the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, and published a catalogue of it in two beautiful volumes, has received a letter from M. L. Delisle, the principal librarian of the great National Library in Paris, congratulating him on his achievement in making the collection and the catalogue. Mr. Delisle says that French students have learned from the latter of the existence of a number of papers relating to French history hitherto lamented as lost.

The private collection of Mr. Charles F. Brush, of Cleveland, O., loaned for exhibition in that city has attracted much attention. It consists of modern works by Gérôme, Luis Alvarez, Domingo, Kowalski, Brandt, Auguste Bonheur, Jacquet, Kiesel, etc. Other Cleveland collectors contributed to make up an extremely fine exhibition of over 100 paintings in all, among them being Munkacsy's "Mozart's Last Requiem," which belongs to General Alger.

The Lenox Library and Reading Room, Fifth avenue and Seventieth street, is open every week day from 10 A.M. to 4 P.M. The collections include the Lenox collection of Bibles, Americana, Shakespeareana, etc.; the Duyckinck Library of English and American Literature, the Astor Library of French Literature, the Drexel Musical Library, the Robert L. Stuart Library, the George Bancroft Library. Exhibition of rare and early printed books, Columbus documents, the oldest books on America, etc. There are also two galleries of paintings. Admission is free. No tickets are required.

The National Sculpture Society at its annual meeting adopted the resolution: "That the National Sculpture Society observes with satisfaction that the bill reported by the Committee on Ways and Means to the House of Representatives contains a paragraph freeing works of art in painting and sculpture from the present duty of 15 per cent." The officers elected were: J. Q. A. Ward, president; Richard M. Hunt, first vice-president; Richard W. Gilder, second vice-president; Charles de Kay, treasurer; F. Wellington Ruckstuhl, secretary; and Herbert Adams, Thomas B. Clarke, Russell Sturgis, Daniel C. French, William H. Hall, Thomas Hastings, I. Wayman Drummond, John Rogers, Augustus St. Gaudens, Olin L. Warner, Stanford White, and John Williams, members of the executive council.

A death mask of Richard Wagner, hitherto quite unknown to the public, has been added to the noted Wagner Museum of Herr Nicolaus Oesterlein in Vienna. Herr Oesterlein secured it last autumn during a visit to Venice, the scene of Wagner's last days. The mask was made by Augusto Benvenuti, one of the most prominent sculptors of Venice, on Feb. 13, 1883.

A specimen of that rare and ravenous sea rover, the basking shark, has been captured at Monterey, Cal., for the Zoological Department of the Stanford University. It was secured by an Italian fisherman. It is 35 feet in length and nearly 15 feet perpendicularly through the back. The British Museum is said to have a standing offer of \$1,000 for the skin of one of these monsters.

The New York Legislature has authorized the setting aside of 250 acres of land of Bronx Park for the use of the proposed Botanical Garden, and the issuing of \$250,000 worth of bonds for the erection of hot-houses and other plant, provided that \$250,000 be raised by private subscription. The \$250,000 has practically been subscribed. J. Pierpont Morgan laid a plan before the corporators of the Garden by which ten men were to give \$25,000 each, in which way the necessary sum was raised. These ten men have been secured, but it is the purpose of the corporators to raise a far larger sum before beginning the building of hot-houses or the establishment of the Garden. It is intended now to raise another \$250,000 by \$10,000 subscriptions, and then to ask for a smaller sum, in which way it is hoped to raise almost \$1,000,000 besides the \$250,000 issued by the city.

The superb picture of the late Jules Veyrassat, "An Old Servant," which figured in the Salon of 1881, and has been etched by Ch. Courty, has been presented by his widow to the Luxembourg. It represents an old work-horse at the door of a blacksmith's shop, waiting to be shod. The studio collection of Veyrassat was sold at the Hotel Drouot on Dec. 15 last, with M. Bernheim the younger as expert.

* * *

The National Free Art League, having its headquarters at 145 West Fifty-fifth street, has issued a letter to the press in support of the clause for free art in the Wilson bill to reform the tariff. The League numbers over 1,100 members. The letter is signed by the following artists and amateurs: J. Carroll Beckwith, President; William M. Chase, Vice-President; Kenyon Cox, Secretary; Henry Marquand, Treasurer; Charles B. Curtis, H. Bolton Jones, Francis D. Millet, Richard Watson Gilder, Robert Gordon Hardie, Calvin Tompkins, William A. Coffin and Augustus St. Gaudens. Copies of the letter may be obtained by addressing the Secretary as above.

* * *

William Winter is at work on a biography of Joseph Jefferson, to be uniform with his book on Edwin Booth. It will be issued by Macmillan & Co. The biography of Booth is now in its third edition.

* * *

The second volume of the very important "Catalogue of Greek and Etruscan Vases in the British Museum" is out. In 1857 Messrs. Hawkins & Newton issued the first catalogue. Since then this department of the museum has been so extensively enriched that a continuation of the inventory has become absolutely necessary. Other volumes will follow.

* * *

It is reported that important additions to the library of the University of the City of New York may soon be secured. Professor Stevenson, who occupies the chair of geology, was at one time connected with the second geological survey of Pennsylvania, and hopes to obtain for the university a complete set of the elaborate and expensive maps, geological and topographical charts and other publications relating to the survey published by the State. These works are of great scientific value, and extremely hard to procure, as the edition authorized by the Pennsylvania Legislature is almost exhausted.

* * *

In "Ballads and Poems Relating to the Burgoyne Campaign" Mr. W. L. Stone has brought together well-nigh three-score poems, as various in merit as in length. Some are only couplets or quatrains, others drag their slow length along through fifty pages; but all have a sort of interest, even those inspired in later generations; most of all those struck out in the burden and heat of the day. The volume figures as No. 20 in Munsell's Historical Series, published at Albany, and is printed on substantial paper, with broad margins, and in large type. Half a dozen previous monographs by Mr. Stone concerning divers specialties in Burgoyne's campaign have made him an authority on all minutiae regarding it. His pains to learn the truth, if possible, by personal observation, or at least by interviews with witnesses as nearly as possible contemporary, his indefatigable correspondence and research in archives, prove his work to be a labor of love, and leave scanty fragments for any who shall glean after him in his chosen field.

* * *

Macmillan & Co. import the reprint, published in England by J. M. Dent & Co., of Sir Thomas Malory's "The Birth, Life and Acts of King Arthur, of His Noble Knights of the Round Table." The text is carefully collated with former reprints, and with the original edition published by Caxton in 1485, the only complete copy of which is in the library of Mrs. Abby E. Pope, of Brooklyn. The text is spelled in modern style, printed modern style, and illustrated by Aubrey Beardsley with original pictures and ornaments learnedly antique, and very faithful to the modern artistic sense of the legend. The binding, in light cloth, decorated with tall lance-shaped flowers and leaves, is charmingly emblematic. The preface, by Professor Rhys, is accurate and thorough. The work is highly praiseworthy in its entirety.

* * *

A story which will be appreciated by book lovers is drifting around the press, being fathered on Henry Ward Beecher. The writer says he was at a friend's house one evening, when Mr. Beecher came in. As he entered the parlor, and saw the assembled company, he said, severely, "S., why don't you bring back that Ruskin of mine that I lent you?" S. colored to the roots of his hair. "Mr. Beecher," he said, "I'll take it to your house to-morrow morning. I would not have kept it so long if you had not told me I might." Mr. Beecher burst into a fit of merry laughter. "Found! Found!" he shouted. Then he explained. "I am always ready to lend my books to anyone who will make good use of them and bring them back, but I always forget that I have done it. It happened, in this case, that I wanted that volume of Ruskin, but when I went to the shelf for it, it was gone. I knew I must have lent it, but to whom I could not remember. I began to demand the book of every friend I met to whom I might have lent it. A dozen, at least, have protested innocence, but at last I've struck the guilty man. I shall know in future how to find missing books. The plan works beautifully."

The Munich publisher, George Hirth, announces the "Kulturgeschichtliches Bilderbuch," in German, and a French edition, under the title "Les Grands Illustreurs du 16, 17 et 18 Siecles," in six volumes, folio. It gives over 3,500 reproductions of engravings and etchings after 360 masters of all nations, including Dürer, Cranach, Burgkmair, Hopfer, Schüpflein, Holbein, Beham, Aldegrever, Virgil Solis, Hogenberg, Amman, Stimmer, Bol. van Dyck, Goltzius, Kilian, Chr. de Passe, Rubens, Abr. de Bosse, Callot, Wenzel Hollar, Merian, Rembrandt, G. Terburch, Berghem, Bega, Dow, Dusart, Ewerdingen, de Hooghe, Claude Lorrain, Mignard, Adr. van Ostade, Rigaud, Ruysdael, Teniers, Wouwerman, Boucher, Schmidt, Graff, Greuze, Hogarth, Lancret, Moreau, Nilson, Vanloo, Watteau, Chodowiecki, Mettenleiter, etc., etc. The price is 35 marks per volume, bound, and there is a collectors' edition, printed on one side of the sheets only, at 60 marks per volume, unbound.

* * *

The useful English handbook, "The Year's Art," for 1894, is issued by J. S. Virtue & Co., London. This is the fifteenth annual issue, and it contains a great deal of concise information relating to painting, sculpture and architecture in England during the past year, as well as information regarding the art events of the year to come. Among other things it contains a number of portraits of editors of art journals and journals whose illustrations are art. The frontispiece is a portrait of Mr. Philip Gilbert Hamerton, editor of the *Portfolio*.

* * *

Members of the Grolier Club have reason to be gratified over the evidence of the estimation in which the publications of the club are held. At the sale of the McLaughlin library, at Bangs & Co.'s, great interest centred in the volumes offered bearing the arms of the club and bound in the style for which it is famous among book lovers. There were sharp contests for some of the more richly bound volumes, and the bidders included representatives of some of the best-known book collectors in the city. The first one offered was the "Decree of the Star Chamber Concerning Printing," published by the club in 1884, at a cost to members of \$3.50 each. This volume, which was bound in dark-green, straight-grained morocco, finely tooled, brought \$82. The "Rubaiyat," Fitzgerald's translation, bound in Persian green morocco, sold also for \$82. This book, of which only 150 copies were printed, cost originally \$5. Irving's "Knickerbocker's History of New York," in two volumes, bound in orange crushed levant morocco, went for \$104, an advance of \$84 on its first cost. Robert Hoe's "Lecture on Book-binding," went for \$47, and Charles Reade's "Peg Woffington," in two volumes, increased in value \$75 over its first cost of \$5. A small, uncut quarto by William Matthews, a lecture before the club on bookbinding, was issued to members at \$5 a copy, and sold at \$60, while the "Philobiblion of Richard de Bury," in three volumes, brought the same figure. Other volumes went for lower figures, but as a whole the sale was a remarkable example of increase in values of finely bound books of special editions.

* * *

One reads strange tales in the out-of-town press. Thus it is reported from St. Louis that a \$100,000 masterpiece by Jules Garnier has been smashed in an elevator shaft of the Laclede Building, while in progress of removal from the room of the late S. A. Coale. Poor Garnier is underground a year or more, so he cannot tell us what he got for his so-called masterpiece. If his ghostly self is still conscious of mundane affairs, I imagine he would have a fit over this paragraph. What is the use of lying about works of art? Art is not benefited by it. Tell people the truth. Let them know what art is, not what liars and fools tell and print about it. It will be found better for art and even for the trade in art in the end.

* * *

A remarkable art exhibition is announced at Bristol, England. It consists of thirty paintings by a Mr. Bartram Hiles, an artist who, while quite a boy, lost both arms. Having from childhood shown a strong disposition and love for drawing, he was taught to draw, holding the pencil in his mouth. After a time he became a student at the Merchant Venturers' Schools, and won a National Scholarship, which gave him the privilege of studying at the National Art Training School at South Kensington for two years, where he won one national silver medal and two national bronze medals. The authorities at South Kensington sent him to Paris for some months to study at the museums, paying all his expenses.

* * *

James C. Leman, of Lancaster, Pa., has in his possession the field and camp order book in which are recorded the orders made by General Sullivan from the time he left New York to march to Wyoming, and thence up the Susquehanna Valley in pursuit of the Indians and Tories under Brant and Captain Butler, to avenge the massacre at Forty Fort and Wyoming in 1778. This rare and historically valuable relic was found among some old papers that had belonged to Captain Meyers, General Sullivan's orderly in that campaign, and the orders were evidently taken down by him as his chief dictated them. Captain Meyers was a relative of the Leman family. This order book has long been anxiously sought for by historians, and its contents have a peculiar interest in that they are the official record, in that part of the service, of the progress of that important campaign, which culminated in the overthrow of the powerful Six Nations and the destruction of their towns and villages in the Susquehanna Valley and in central and western New York.

It is reported from Philadelphia that Rosenthal Brothers, of that city, dealers in old iron, had a debtor in Virginia from whom they tried vainly for some time to collect a bill of \$500. Recently the Virginian sent the firm one of the 1804 silver dollars. It had been supposed that there were only seven in existence. He said that he sent the coin in payment of his bill, and if the Rosenthals could sell it for more than the total of the account they could keep the balance. Mr. Rosenthal took the dollar to the Mint, and it was pronounced genuine. At an auction sale of coins recently one of the 1804 dollars sold for \$1,000. This reminds me. There is in Canal street, in this city, a dealer in old books at whose shop I have been a customer for a number of years. Last week I stopped in to see what he had on hand, and in the course of conversation he produced from his pocket, done up in a scrap of paper, one of these same 1804 dollars. He had got it in the course of trade, he said. The coin was in excellent condition, although it had been circulated. As far as he remembered, it had been paid him for some books quite a long time ago.

* * *

It is impossible not to contrast the imperial honors showered from Vienna and all Hungary on Moritz Jokai, who was a revolutionist in 1848, and a banished exile a long time after, with the cold neglect and even the hostility which official Germany still shows the memory of Heinrich Heine. The Hungarian author during all the fifty years of writing, the completion of which was celebrated on Jan. 6, never produced anything to stand for a moment in the world's balance with the best of Heine's work. Yet only a few years ago the Berlin police, inheriting the stupid Prussian traditions of 1848, confiscated a whole new edition of his books, and still more recently the municipal authorities of Heine's native Dusseldorf declined to allow a statue of its most famous son to be erected in the town. To avenge this a Dusselderfer, who is an official in the service of the Congo State, writes home that he has erected a stone monument to Heine in the wilds of Central Africa, with a poetic inscription, saying that the savages of Ethiopia are more tolerant than the citizens of the Rhenish seat of the arts.

In a quiet and quite unostentatious way the authorities of the University of Pennsylvania have succeeded in establishing what is now the third largest collection in the world of ancient cuneiform inscriptions and other fruits of Assyrian exploration. The treasures of this nature in the university's museum are surpassed by those only in the Louvre and the British Museum.

* * *

One effect of the suspension of the use of the Columbian postage stamp has been to deluge the Post-Office Department with correspondence from collectors and others inquiring about the number of stamps still in stock of certain denominations not commonly used. From the form in which some of these inquiries come, the inference is suggested that certain dealers are thinking of creating a corner in the rarer classes of stamps and making large profits from sales to those collectors who were not prudent enough to supply themselves before the contract for printing the stamps expired. The same thing was tried once when the Government was about to cease the issue of ten-cent stamped envelopes. One large dealer in postage stamps secretly possessed himself of information supposed to be kept entirely within the Department as to the time the envelopes would cease to be issued, and the quantity which would then presumptively be on hand. There were about 10,000 of these envelopes still to be had, and these he quietly bought up at an expense of something over a thousand dollars, and prepared a circular announcing to the collectors of postage stamps that they would be able, after a certain date, to obtain these stamped envelopes of him alone at a price which was extortionate. At once the amateur collectors all over the country began to bombard the Department with protests and complaints, and the Department authorities were so indignant at the surreptitious way in which this dealer had obtained his information that they promptly revoked the decision to suspend the issue, ordered the printing of about 150,000 more, and notified all complainants that they could have as many envelopes as they chose at the regular price by applying through the customary channels. When last heard from the ingenious dealer was still in possession of his 10,000 envelopes, patiently waiting for the arrival of orders from customers, who do not materialize.

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NOTICE.

THE COLLECTOR has now entered upon its fifth volume, and commenced its fifth year of publication. Subscribers whose subscriptions begin with the new volume, and who desire to renew them, will confer a favor upon the publisher, and facilitate the compilation of the subscription books for the fifth year, by forwarding their renewals as promptly as possible. Subscribers who receive their papers with a pencil mark X upon them, will understand that their subscriptions have expired and that their papers will be discontinued unless they renew promptly. All communications and remittances should be made by name to, and to the order of

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L'Intermediaire des Chercheurs et Curieux, Dec. 30, 1893. Lucien Faucou, 12 Rue Cujas, Paris, France.
 Allgemeine Kunst-Chronik. Dec. 30, 1893. P. Albert, Kaulbachstrasse 51a, Munich, Bavaria.
 Die Kunst für Alle, Dec. 15, 1893. Friederich Pecht, Verlagsanstalt für Kunst und Wissenschaft, Kaulbachstrasse 22, Munich, Bavaria.
 The Art Student, January, 1894. Ernest Knaufft, 142 West Twenty-third street, New York.
 The Dial, Dec. 31, 1893. A semi-monthly journal of especial interest to book-lovers and literary collectors. No. 24 Adams street, Chicago, Ill.
 Geschichte der Malerei im Neunzehnten Jahrhundert, by Richard Muther. Part 8. G. Hirth, Munich, Bavaria.

Report of the Public Record Commission to the General Assembly of South Carolina, 1893 (relative to the transcription of S. C. State Papers from the British archives in London). W. A. Courtenay, Seneca, S. C.

There have been, it is asserted, more remains of mastodons and other extinct mammoths found in Ichtucknee river, Florida, than in any other stream in the world.

One John Kuhlman, of Salfordville, Montgomery county, Pa., has a flask which has blown on one side the name and likeness of George Washington, on the edge the words "Adams and Jefferson," and on the other side the inscription "Kensington Glass Works, Philadelphia, July 4, 1776." The bottle is believed to have been made more recently than 1776, in honor of Independence Day. Kuhlman has an old plate which was made at Cope's pottery, Frederick township, Pa., in 1798.

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MORALITY AND OTHER THINGS

THE Chicago Fair, while it unquestionably created a boom for our gigantic spirit of enterprise, seems destined in many of its details to earn for us a contempt that may counterbalance the share of admiration which the world accords us. The St. Gaudens medal business is in itself so brutishly stupid as to be ludicrous, but the official stamp it has received makes the whole nation responsible for it. There is not a country which calls itself civilized in which such an act of coarse indecency could be perpetrated by the governing powers. In effect the matter is this: Mr. Augustus St. Gaudens, a sculptor of the foremost ability, and a designer in relief who has no peer in this country, models a World's Fair Prize Medal, to be awarded to prize winning exhibitors at the Exposition. A few bullock brained office holders, whose only knowledge of art is of the art of professional politics, decide that it is obscene because there is upon it the figure of a man who has no clothes on. The Secretary of the Treasury supports their position, and the artist is notified that if he does not clap a breech clout on his figure some journeyman will be given the job to do it, independent of his approval. The trouble with these patent censors is that they cannot be got to understand that nakedness is not indecent in itself. If it were, they should, by logical sequence, be ashamed of their own children, and decline to propagate the race until some divine provision could be made for having babies all born in the regulation long skirts.

Intention alone can constitute indecency, and in artistic matters the grossest indecency can be created without any nudity whatever. At a time when the vulgar and suggestive performances of low ballet women, skirt dancers, high kickers, hurricane whirlers and experts of the split dance offer a bid for libidinous patronage in our theatres, and are freely illustrated in the public press, it is certainly an outrage on common sense for an artist of an absolutely stainless life, and of inspirations whose purity has never been challenged, nor ever could be justly challenged, to be officially branded as a pander, and published to the world as a producer of filth. And the outrage becomes the more monumentally monstrous when it proceeds from such a source, and makes a whole nation which claims to be within the pale of civilization and intellectual progressiveness responsible for the prurency of mind of a few individuals whom the people clothe with an authority which they so abuse.

Quite a many years ago there was a little shoe shop on Fourth avenue next door to the National Academy of Design. Its site is now extinguished by the Lyceum Theatre building. It was a small place, but famous in its way, from the fact that its owner, a Frenchman named Saint Gaudens, was the most accomplished cordwainer in New York. He did no general trade, and invited none. His custom came from the best people in New York. He worked as an artist, and no patron who ever came to him deserted him for another. He had two sons who evinced artistic talent, Augustus and Louis. Both are artists to-day, the eldest being the one about whom this scandalous and disgusting hullabaloo is being raised by men not critically fit to lace his shoes. As far as I recall, Augustus St. Gaudens was put with a cameo cutter, and became an expert at this delightful miniature art. To this early training may, perhaps, be laid his special gift for low relief sculpture, in which he has produced some masterpieces. Among his

father's customers was Gov. E. D. Morgan, a great collector in his day, and partly by his own labor, and partly by commissions from the Governor, young St. Gaudens was enabled to go to Europe, where he studied in Paris and in Rome. He came back to New York one of the most accomplished sculptors of our generation, as his Farragut in Madison Square, his superb models for the Morgan Mausoleum, and other works attest. These speak for themselves, and require no trumpeter. He is not a sculptor of sensational force, having imbibed his inspiration from the Italian masters of the best period, being perhaps most intimately in sympathy with Donatello. Grace of composition, tenderness of touch, accuracy of form, and a subtle poetic sentiment characterize his productions. His personal life has been that of an artist and a gentleman. To fling into the face of such a man, who is an honor to this country and his art, the filth of time-serving politics, and the ignorance of intelligences of mud, is not so much to insult him as to defame this country before all the world.

The other St. Gaudens, Louis, is also established in this city. His work, especially in decorative sculpture, is of the greatest excellence.

I note, by the way, that Augustus St. Gaudens has completed his statue of Peter Cooper, after some four years, and that it is now being cast in bronze. There is a very curious tale to be told about this statue. Peter Cooper was, as probably everyone knows, a true philanthropist, and, calculated by the value of his work, the greatest New York has ever known. When he died it was proposed to erect a statue to him in the little park by the institution which bears his honored name. The wire pulling and log-rolling which followed is an instructive chapter upon the way such jobs are done in New York, but it is too long a story to be told in detail just here. It deserves a chapter to itself.

The death is to be recorded, in Paris, of the elder M. Boussod, chief of the house of Boussod, Valadon & Co. He had been active in the art affairs of the old house of Goupil, to which his firm succeeded, for nearly half a century, and personally was held in high esteem.

To the *Sun* of Sunday last the London correspondent of that paper cabled an account of a picture case which interested London last week. The painting in dispute was a sham Constable, which had passed through two or three small dealers' hands at low prices. On the back of it one of them had written: "To my dear friend, T. Hunter, Esq. J. C." Thus adorned the picture was sold by a lady to a dealer in Manchester, who believed he had got hold of a genuine Constable. He sent it to Christie's. The picture, which had been sold in Manchester, first for 50 shillings and then £10, was bought by the Wallises, the well-known dealers in Pall Mall, for 153 guineas. Somehow the purchasers became suspicious and stopped payment, whence arose the action, which has been settled by the plaintiff taking back the picture and paying costs, it being admitted that he had no intention to deceive. Now my Paris correspondent sends me an account of another case of the same kind.

The widow of Alphonse de Neuville, the painter, happened to notice in the window of a picture dealer, a canvas representing an attack on a village, and signed with her husband's name. She interviewed the dealer as to the authenticity of the picture, which she doubted, and he was positive that it was genuine. Still not convinced, she got Detaille, her husband's friend and practically his successor in the line of military art, to examine it. He decided that the work was false. Then Mme. de Neuville hit upon what she considered an economical stratagem. She sent her son to purchase the picture, to be paid for on approval, and when she got it in her hands refused either to pay for it or give it up, and commenced an action against the dealer for 5,000 francs damages for the alleged fraud. The dealer's defence was good faith. He had bought the picture at public auction, its identity being certified by the expert who catalogued the sale, and if it was fraudulent he had himself been defrauded. The court ordered the return of the picture to him, but forbade him to expose it for sale until the matter of its authenticity could be settled. It also severely rebuked Mme. de Neuville for her petty trickery in securing possession of it, and named an expert who is to investigate the case to the bottom. There are, undoubtedly, a good many false de Neuilles knocking about. His works were reproduced so extensively, and his style was so well known, that counterfeiting comes easy to a dextrous hand. If Mme. de Neuville had been straightforward in the matter, she might be better satisfied to-day than she is by the result of her peculiarly feminine cunning.

An excellent portrait has been shown at the Knoedler Galleries of Mr. Walter Damrosch. It is painted by Herman G. Herkomer, and its execution demonstrates that the artist is no unworthy nephew and pupil of his uncle.

Many of the masterpieces of the great Flemish painters of the past, which are preserved in Belgian churches, are kept covered with heavy cloths, the idea being to stimulate public curiosity and extort from visitors an extra fee for viewing them. A result of this sordid policy is that the color of the pictures, being deprived of light, has materially deteriorated, and that the pictures have become darkened and obscured. The great Van Dyck "Saint Martin," in the church at Saventhem, has suffered so severely that the Government has interfered, and a similar action is expected in other cases.

The newest of the exhibitions of Messrs. Frederick Keppel & Co. is devoted to the great precursor of modern military art in France, Auguste Raffet. It has been undoubtedly suggested by that made in Paris last year, for the benefit of the fund by which a monument to the artist was erected in the Garden of the Louvre. The Keppel exhibition is made up from the collection of Mr. Atherton Curtis, of this city, a collector who has formed a remarkably fine and complete series of prints in this specialty. The term complete can only be used relatively, of course, for the productivity of Raffet was enormous. Besides an immense number of sketches, studies and drawings, of illustrations engraved on wood and steel, etc., Giacomelli gives a list of some 1,800 lithographic prints, by him or lithographed after him, and these do not include prints in which he only drew the figures, to the general designs of other artists. A careful but necessarily incomplete catalogue of Raffet's works, given by Henri Beraldi, covers over 60 printed pages in octavo. And all this colossal labor was performed between 1825 and 1859.

Auguste Raffet was born in Paris, on March 1, 1804. His father was a poor man, employed by the Postal Service, and was killed by robbers in the Bois de Boulogne in 1813. His mother being left without resources, the boy was apprenticed to a wood turner, studying drawing at night, in a cheap school. At eighteen years he became a decorator of porcelain under Cabanel, and next, encouraged by Riban, Cabanel's superintendent, he began to paint in the studio of Suisse. One of his fellow students, de Rudder, influenced him to go to work under Charlet, and so he became a lithographer. This art was then a precious recourse for students, since it enabled them to earn a little money, and Raffet, executing any jobs that came along, and publishing collections of prints once a year or so, managed to live and study painting at the Ecole des Beaux Arts. After five years under Charlet he became a pupil of Gros, still publishing lithographs for a living, and in 1831 he competed for the Prix de Rome, but was beaten by the brother of Chopin, the composer. Then he took up lithography seriously as

the vocation of his life. This great and noble art was then approaching its period of supremest glory. The enchanting beauty of effect which it permitted, the gamut of gradations from the most subtle delicacy to titanic power, and the suppleness of treatment possible by the process to a skillful hand, attracted some of the greatest artists of the time, so that Raffet worked in good company. From the commencement he was a designer of military scenes. Half of the 1,800 prints indicated by Giacomelli are of this character. They went straight to the French heart. As Theophile Gautier said in 1852, the greatest name in military art was not Bellange, not Charlet nor Horace Vernet, but Raffet.

When one studies these prints, one at once comprehends the grasp they took upon the public. They are really magnificent masterpieces of war and battle, producing on a sheet of paper compositions grander and more powerful than the huge panoramic canvases at Versailles. Vast distances smoke with the contests of countless legions of men. Enormous armies go into battle, horse, foot and artillery, over limitless wastes of snow. The thunder of unnumbered cannon shakes lofty skies like smoke blown by the wind. There are rushes of charging squadrons, breasting their horses against walls of bristling steel. Everything has a scene of bigness, strength, the heroic disdain of danger and death, born of the madness of battle, and the presage of victory. An army that might be composed of millions, marches in the winter rain over a country drowned in mire. Napoleon holds the night watch over his campfire in Italy, he rides his dromedary in Egypt, he is at Austerlitz, at Wagram; he gallops to the line of battle, with the shouts of maimed and dying men shaking the powder storm with their last "Vive l'Empereur," and he sits within the square of the sacred column at Waterloo, where miles of country are a shamble and the sky of gloom seems swollen fat with blood. This is real war, tremendously terrible, and terrifically grand, and the figures in it are real soldiers, no fancy puppets on dress parade. They are the scarred veterans of the Rhine and the Pyramids, the veterans of Austerlitz and Eylau, burnt brown by blasts of battle, seamed with scars of steel and bored by bullets from Egypt to Moscow; the veterans who pass the phantom Emperor in endless squadrons of phantoms, with the flames of unearthly fires in the sockets of their eyeless skulls, as if even the glory which brought its reward of death could not extinguish the hot hunger for more. To his later compositions, from the campaigns of Algiers and of Italy, Raffet brings the same sense of and suggestion of massive might and magnitude. And in everything he is the same strong draughtsman, with the same fine eye for character, action, atmosphere, working his pictures up to their broad effects upon a stone of fine grain, with a delicate crayon. The only draughtsman who has ever approached him in the capacity for grandeur of space is Doré, but Doré was but a child beside him, and one finds in Raffet none of the extravagance of violent contrast by which Doré produced his effects.

Raffet's last lithograph was drawn in July, 1859. He had produced comparatively little for some years, making journeys constantly, with Prince Anatole Demidoff, to London, Elba, Holland, Scotland, in Germany and Italy. In January, 1860, he returned to Paris for the last time. In February he decorated the graves of his mother, his little child and his old editor, Furne, at Montparnasse, and four days later he died at Genoa, struck down by heart disease. It is told of him that his corpse was shipped to Marseilles addressed to himself, in a case like a package, so that the superstitious fears of the sailors at voyaging with a dead body might not be aroused. I remember once seeing on his tomb at Montparnasse just after the Day of All Saints, which is the favorite for the decoration of graves in Catholic countries, quite a heap of wreaths of immortelle. They had been placed there, said the guide, by old soldiers, pensioners of the Invalides; and he added, lifting his cap as if a funeral were passing: "Sir, it is just, is it not?"

Something ought to be done to conclusively define what constitutes a painter's nationality. So far the question is by no means clear. We are doing some loud crowing just now over the fact that Mr. John S. Sargent has been made an Associate of the Royal Academy, on the ground that this is an exceptional honor to be paid to an American artist. But is Mr. Sargent an American, except by the remotest technical claim? His parents were Americans, it is true, but he was born in Florence in 1856, brought up in Italy and France, learned to paint under Carolus Duran, in Paris, and has done all his noteworthy work on the continent or in England. As the child of Americans, born abroad, he is legally an American.

As a matter of fact, he is a European in his personality, his methods of thought and his art. In his life of upwards of forty years he has not spent a year in America I imagine, and the Royal Academy had no idea, one may be sure, of doing any honor to the United States when it took this cosmopolitan in as an Associate.

The Roman police have seized an important piece of Byzantine sculpture from a workman employed on the Tiber, which he secreted after finding it in the river. It is a bust in relief of Christ, surrounded by an elegant carved border. The work is in marble, and is said to be perfectly preserved.

The Paris correspondent of the New York *Sun* writes: "It is known that Prince Barberini Colonna di Sciarra, notwithstanding the Italian law of the twentieth of June, 1871, which forbids the exportation of artistic works in galleries and collections, secretly managed to sell some works of art which belonged to him, in order to pay his debts. For this he was brought before the court. Several of the objects in the Colonna collection having been sold and transported to France, the court ordered their seizure. But the Court of Appeal of Paris refused the exequatur. The Court of Cassation, the Supreme Court in France, has confirmed the judgment, although basing it upon a simple question of procedure. As the matter stands, then all that an Italian owner has to do, is to safely smuggle his treasures out of the country, and put the cash where the local law cannot reach it."

A man who exercised an influence for good in the advancement of the cause of art in the United States is dead in Mr. John Wolfe, of this city. He was over seventy years of age. He was a cousin of the late Miss Catherine Wolfe, and it was largely due to him not only that she formed her fine collection of pictures, but also that she presented them to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, for the use of the public. Mr. Wolfe imbibed his taste for art in France, where he was educated, and formed a private collection, whose sale, thirty years ago, for nearly \$115,000, was about the first great art auction in this country. Twenty years later his second collection was sold, realizing more than \$130,000 for two nights. Out of this collection came the Bouguereau, now in the Hoffman House, and Henri Regnault's "Automedon and the Horses of Ulysses." This latter was purchased by Mr. Levi P. Morton, and sold with his collection, later, to the late S. A. Coale, from whom it was bought by subscription for the Boston Museum of Art, where it now is. Mr. Coale published a powerful etching of this work by G. Mercier, at one time the associate of Paul Rajon. Mr. Wolfe remained a collector to the end, and left a third collection, which will, I suppose, go the way of its predecessors, to the auction room.

The Coale collection, by the way, will be sold by the American Art Association this season. I hear also some talk, but for which no one can vouch, that the private collection of the late Mr. Frederick L. Ames will also come upon the market.

San Francisco is not much of an artistic city, but it enjoys the distinction of being able to claim possession of one of the most enterprising art dealers of the country, and a dealer of exceptional taste and excellent judgment as well. This is Mr. W. K. Vickery, who is, I believe, a family connection of Mr. Frederick Keppel, of this city, as well as the agent of Keppel & Co. at the Golden Gate. The Vickery Gallery on Post street is never without attractions, and each season witnesses some special exhibitions there which are of exceptional interest. Just now the gallery is occupied by a collection of the water-colors of T. Marjoribanks Hay, of Edinburgh, an artist but little known even here, and probably never heard of in San Francisco before.

During my time on the Pacific coast, the condition of art in San Francisco was curious, to say the least. The only two painters they swore by there were Thomas Hill, who was born at Birmingham, Eng., in 1829, and brought up in New England, and Toby Rosenthal, who was a German, from Hesse. Rosenthal had at least some claim to be called a Californian, since he was brought to this country as an infant, and took his first lessons in drawing as a pupil of the San Francisco public schools. But he went to Munich to become an artist, and in Munich he still makes his home. Hill was a student at the old Pennsylvania Academy, and painted a little in Paris. He made a trip in California in 1861, and did good work painting the grand scenery of the coast. He is, I believe, still located there. Another painter of foreign

birth came there at the time—Raymond D. Yelland. He was an Englishman, born in London in 1848, but educated as an artist at the National Academy of Design, in this city. He is a painter of ability, especially in landscape subjects and scenes of the coast. Then came along a Frenchman, Tavernier, a merry spirit, extravagant to the toenails, able and reckless, wasting his ability, and finally scuttling off to the South Seas to evade his debts, and dying in Honolulu or somewhere thereabouts. There was a remarkably clever draughtsman there named Strong, who, but for his habits, might have become an artist. I think he married the daughter by a previous marriage of the lady who is now the wife of Robert Louis Stevenson, the novelist, and, like Tavernier, paid his last account in the Hawaiiis. One of the most conspicuously able men California owned in those days was John Ross Browne, who lived in Oakland. He had the appointment of United States Mining Engineer for the Pacific slope. He was an Irishman by birth, born in 1817, and brought to this country by his parents, who were emigrants, while a baby. He was a man of great natural genius. He educated himself in the face of the greatest difficulties, became an expert shorthand writer, once serving in the United States Senate in that capacity, and then took to wandering and writing about what he saw. One night, over our grog at his house, he said: "I commenced to think that if I made pictures of what I saw, I could remember better the notes I made. So I began to sketch anything that came along: portraits of the sailors" (this was while he was on a whale ship) "and everything else. If I had only had a chance, I think I could have painted pictures. Don't keep that bottle anchored on your side."

While the great Bay lay broad as a sheet of silver before me, when I took the boat for San Francisco that night, I seemed to see in the scintillating track of the high-riding moon the vision of this man, whose vocation had come to him too late. Those who served under him will remember his savage tempers, and the many passings of the bottle over his board. But few of the few who are yet alive, perhaps none, understand how the disappointments of a lifetime may have worn upon him. It is a dozen years at least since he "went over the divide," as we used to say in camp when our mess was one short. The only tribute I can pay to him is to say that he belongs among the artists of California, and so heave up the anchor and pass the bottle along.

Collectors of Sèvres porcelains will be interested to know that the manufactory has a museum of counterfeit Sèvres, which was formed by the late M. Champfleury, and is open to the public. According to M. Paul Eudel, some of these counterfeits are frightfully exact, even to the signatures and marks. Champfleury had an unerring eye for their discovery, but since his death no equally competent expert has arisen.

The annual report of the Layton Art Gallery of Milwaukee states that the collection contains 146 paintings and seven pieces of sculpture. Its weakest point is American art. Mr. Frederick Layton does not seem yet to have learned to admire the work of native painters and sculptors, notwithstanding the triumphs of Whistler, La Farge, Sargent, and Dannat in Paris, and of Whistler, Sargent, and Mark Fisher in London. During the past year the gallery has had 37,639 visitors, the largest attendance since 1890, when the number was about the same.

The burning of the Russian Imperial Porcelain and Glass Works at St. Petersburg, together with all of their valuable machinery, medals, drawings, etc., on Jan. 22, 1893, is greatly to be regretted. This institution, which, like the stone cutting works, was under the direct patronage of the Czar, has produced some remarkable and unique examples of porcelain and glass and enameled glassware, and more especially during the reign of Alexander III. Every genuine object bears the mark of a capital A, with three long dashes under the bridge of the letter A. It was the enterprise of Messrs. Tiffany & Co. to first bring these productions to the attention of American collectors, many of the pieces of enameled glass being studies of the famous Arabian enameled glass temple lamps of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries.

Messrs. Tiffany & Co., by the way, recently issued a small volume, entitled "Charles L. Tiffany and the House of Tiffany," in which one learns that, although Messrs. Tiffany & Co. scarcely ever sell Japanese objects at present, they were the pioneer dealers in fine objects of this kind in the United States. Mr. Tiffany,

for several years before the opening of Japan by Commodore Perry, spared no expense to obtain the entire contents of the junks loaded with these objects, which the Japanese once each year exchanged with the Dutch. This was at a time when the Japanese did not manufacture for export, and many of the articles that thus found their way to the United States in 1851-'52 and '53 are now among the most valuable objects in the collections of those who obtained them at that time, frequently at a song.

* * *

Still on the House of Tiffany. They have transmitted a copy of the Columbus Medal, already described in THE COLLECTOR, to Pope Leo, with the following note to his representative:

One year ago we were invited by the American Archaeological and Numismatic Society of New York City to design, cut and strike a Columbus medal for that Society, to commemorate the Columbian year.

The design for this medal, as well as the finished medal, was approved and accepted by the society, and a resolution thanking us has been given to the house by the society.

Knowing the great interest His Holiness Pope Leo XIII has taken in all matters relating to Columbus, we avail ourselves of your kind offer to convey one of these medals to him. Therefore, we send you herewith one of the bronze medals having the new gold tellurium finish.

The medal we have cased with the Papal colors, and we sincerely hope that it will not only reach His Holiness safely, but that it will please him.

* * *

The *Art Amateur* for February gives a number of interesting cuts of book plates, some modern, from Mr. Egerton Castle's book; and others historical, from the collection of Mr. Henry Blackwell, of this city. Mr. Blackwell is the well-known bookbinder, to whose collections of Welsh books and of book plates I have already alluded in THE COLLECTOR, and in both pursuits he is a genuine enthusiast.

* * *

A German newspaper states that the original sketch of the well known letter of Napoleon I, which he wrote in 1815, to the Prince Regent, demanding permission to make his home in England, is to-day in the hands of a resident of Strasburg. It is entirely in the Emperor's own hand, full of erasures and alterations, and belongs to a descendant of the courier of General Gourgaud, who made the clean copy of it for transmission.

* * *

The victim of a great wrong has passed away in Henry Vizetelly, one of the pioneers of illustrated literature in England, who died at Heatherlands, Farnham, on New Year's morning. He assisted many on the road to fortune, but died penniless. He had been in his day author, artist, engraver, publisher, a citizen of the world of the broadest intelligence, and above all a developer of new ideas, a fosterer of new talents, a man of such foresight that he read the future while other eyes were blind. Yet, in his old age, this man was mulcted in heavy penalties and sent to jail, because he dared to print in good English translations of such modern classics and masterpieces as those of Gautier and Zola. And this in a country whose real life is gilded with such episodes as the baccarat games at Tranby Croft, the Dilke divorce case, the unspeakable orgies of the Persian Shah while an honored guest of royalty, and the indescribable vileness of the Cleveland street scandal, the very whisper of which had to be officially hushed up.

* * *

Now that what we call process-engraving, the direct reproduction of an artist's drawings in brief, has such a vogue, it is well to recall that Henry Vizetelly was probably the first man to apply the fundamental principle of this manner of work to a public journal. It was while he was issuing the *Illustrated Times*, in competition with the *Illustrated London News*, more than half a century ago, when he had the then unknown William Makepeace Thackeray for a book reviewer, and John Gilbert for a draughtsman. Some of the copies of his old paper, which I have among my portfolios, contain early pen drawings by Gilbert, reproduced in the fac-simile which is now the order of the day.

* * *

Speaking of mechanical processes of reproduction, there is no question that the perfection of the photo engraving process has robbed the second and third-class wood engravers of a good deal of their utility. Millions a year are now spent in photo engraving that once fell entirely to the wood engraver, and its use is continually increasing. Book illustrations of the most ambitious charac-

ter are now entirely reproduced by photo engraving directly from the artist's drawings. The magazines are using the photo process more and more. In many lines of commercial work they have entirely superseded block work. The artists are happy. Defective though the processes still are, they are better than the old-style wood cutter, who mangled all the good out of a block and often left the artist unable to recognize his own work when he saw it in print.

* * *

But the best art of wood engraving can never die. There is always plenty of room at the top, and a first class engraver can, and always will, command notice and secure patronage. Some years ago the competition between the great magazines gave the American engravers their opportunity by inciting them to do their best for the highest prices known in the history of American wood engraving. While the boom lasted they all made a great deal of money. The demand for them was so great that they could almost dictate terms to the publishers. But the same activity in periodical publishing which made times so good for them encouraged an advanced development in the practice of wood engraving. Able old engravers adopted the new style, and talented young ones entered the profession. The result is that the supply is quite equal to demand, and though good work is still well paid, the glory days of the wood engraver are past forever. The best engravers still win handsome returns, but the poorer ones are poorer than they ever were before, and the middle class work is no better, if as well paid for, than the poor work used to be.

* * *

On Feb. 9 Professor Frossard will sell at Daniel R. Kennedy's auction rooms, 59 Fifth avenue, this city, the coin collection, covering all ages and countries, of Mr. Frederick Stearns, of Detroit. Mr. Stearns, who is one of the greatest manufacturing chemists in this country, is also a collector of the greatest enthusiasm. He is a traveler of many journeyings, particularly in China and Japan, and the record of his travels is preserved in his collections. He is the owner of a very remarkable conchological collection, and has enriched the Detroit Museum of Art with a collection from India, China, Japan and Corea numbering over 15,000 specimens. The coins of Prof. Frossard's catalogue are largely classic, and comprise many unusual types, from original finds made in Asia Minor by Turkish and Armenian peasants in soil which, during unnumbered generations, has been the tramping ground or highway between Asia and southern Europe for myriads of people. These finds were purchased for Mr. Stearns by Dr. E. G. Shepard, a missionary and physician, since deceased, of Aintab, near old Antioch. The other and miscellaneous coins are largely the result of personal purchases in bazaars and curio shops all over the world; a few only of the purchases were made at auction sales.

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The collection, when received by the cataloguer, was arranged in a unique and original manner, each coin being mounted in red wax on a descriptive card, giving every detail of attribution and discovery. In this shape the collection would have proved of immense attraction to a museum or even a private collector. Finding, however, that few of the coins would adhere to their wax-bed, and that with the cards, boxes, and necessary wraps, the collection became unwieldy and unsuitable for public auction sale, it was deemed necessary to change the arrangement and offer the coins in the usual method of such sales; but very many of the cards and notes have been preserved and placed with the coins, and will be found by purchasers in the numbered envelopes. A few, notably among the copper coins, are still mounted on cards, as arranged by Mr. Stearns himself. These will give purchasers a very correct idea of the superior system of classification and display adopted by that gentleman, and extended in modified forms to all his other collections.

* * *

Previous to and during the Civil War the Lamar family was one of the most conspicuous and influential in the south. It had ramifications which extended to New York itself. The last cargo of African slaves landed in the United States was an enterprise of a Lamar, and the slaver was his own yacht, and was victualled and fitted out for the voyage in this city. But this is all matter of history. During the war Col. C. A. L. Lamar, of Savannah, was largely engaged in blockade running. His warehouse at Savannah was a headquarters for such of his fleet as could get up the river. His main line ran into Wilmington, N. C. The Savannah warehouse was afterwards used for baling and shipping cotton, and is now utilized for storage. A week ago the present tenant discovered, in an old office used for the storage of rubbish, a couple of barrels of medals struck in honor of Stonewall Jack-

son, which had evidently been made in France. Inquiry brought from Mr. Brock, the secretary of the Confederate Historical Association at Richmond, Va., a partial explanation of their origin. He said that shortly after General Jackson's death the officers of his command, desiring to have some memorial of him, decided upon a medal which could be distributed among the officers and members of his celebrated division. The idea of the medal was sketched, but he sent to an artist in Paris, who drew up a design, which was engraved, and from which a number of medals were struck. The medals are about twice the size of a silver dollar. On one side is the head of General Jackson, with the inscription: "Lieut.-Gen. T. J. Jackson, Stonewall. Born 1821. Died 1863." On the other side is a list of the battles in which General Jackson participated, "Kernstown, Front Royal, Middletown, Winchester, Strasburg, Harrisburg, Port Republic, Mechanicsville, Cold Harbor, White Oak Swamp, Malvern Hill, Cedar Mountain and Manassas," occupying the centre in the order named. On a scroll around the wreath are inscribed: "Bull Run, Sudley, Harper's Ferry, Shepardstown, Fredericksburg, The Wilderness, Antietam, Martinsburg, Chantilly." The scroll and wreath spring from a mass of arms at the bottom, under which are the words "Deo Vindici." The workmanship of the medal is good, but the likeness of General Jackson is very poor, and might easily be taken for that of Abraham Lincoln. The metal appears to be a composition of nickel and copper.

The advent of the medals in Savannah remained to be explained. This was done by the Lamar family themselves. The Lamars of the last generation had a genius for commerce. Their eyes were keen for any speculation with money in it, and they had the nerve to take great risks. These medals appear to have been made by the medalist in Paris on speculation. In 1863 Colonel Lamar went to Europe on one of his own blockade runners, and accidentally came across the Jackson medals in Paris. He purchased the lot and sent them over to Wilmington on one of his ships. They were forwarded to Augusta, Ga., it being Colonel Lamar's intention to dispose of the medals in the South among Stonewall Jackson's admirers, but he was busily occupied with the closing scenes of the war after his return from Europe, and was killed at Columbus, Ga., at the occupation of that city by the Federal troops at the very close of the hostilities. The medals remained in Augusta until 1871, when the Savannah Lamars were notified of their presence there, and asked what disposition should be made of them. Mr. C. M. Cunningham, a son-in-law of Colonel Lamar, had them brought to Savannah by steamboat, and stored them in the Lamar warehouse. There were several barrels of them. A number of the medals had been given to his children by Colonel Lamar, and after they were received a few others were disposed of in Savannah. A one-armed Confederate veteran named Pitman, who knew of the existence of the medals, thought he could make a good thing of it by disposing of them among the old soldiers in Virginia. Mr. Cunningham entered into an arrangement with him for that purpose, and shipped him four barrels of the medals. Here comes the funny part of the story. The people of Virginia, who knew Stonewall Jackson well, declared that his pretended likeness on the medals was not Jackson's at all, but bore a nearer resemblance to Abraham Lincoln. They declared that it was an attempt to practice a base imposition upon them, and Pitman was actually run out of three or four towns where he tried to dispose of the medals. This was the last Mr. Cunningham ever heard of him, and what became of his stock of medals he does not know. This led the family to believe that the medals were worthless, and no more attention was paid to them. This explains, also, why they were treated as so much rubbish, and were allowed to remain neglected for so long. The family of Colonel Lamar, at whose head stands his widow, will probably adopt some means of distributing them among those who desire to secure them as relics.

The discovery of the medals brought out another interesting little episode of the period to which they belong. It seems that Mrs. C. M. Cunningham has a breast-pin and pair of earrings which were purchased in Europe by her father in 1863, to which considerable interest attaches as relics. The story is that a Baltimore young lady, of ardent southern tendencies, who was in Italy during the war, was being much admired by an Italian count, whose acquaintance she had made. Desiring to present her with some testimony of his esteem, the count had the breast-pin and earrings made, and presented them to her. They are of Roman mosaic, representing the Confederate colors, the stars and bars, in miniature, with the letters "C. S. A." in monogram under the flag.

The representation is perfect, and the workmanship is most artistic. The young lady desired to return to her home in Baltimore before the close of the war, but was afraid to undertake to pass the United States Custom House officers in New York with these "rebel" ornaments on her person. Meeting Colonel Lamar in Paris she offered him the ornaments. He purchased them from her, and afterwards presented them to his daughter.

I understand that Mr. Robert Hoe, of this city, is having prepared, for private circulation, an elaborate catalogue of his famous library, and that it will be gotten up in the most elegant style, and illustrated in a manner to do justice to the treasures which it will record.

These are piping times of profit for makers of memorial literature. Mrs. Brookfield, who will be remembered by readers of the early numbers of *Scribner's Magazine* as the inspirer and recipient of some delightful letters from Thackeray published therein, has, we now learn, been preparing for the public some reminiscences of Tennyson. Mrs. Brookfield is described as a beautiful old lady, with charming manners, a cousin of the Hallam who lives in Tennyson's "In Memoriam," and the mother of the member of Parliament for Rye, and of the clever actor, Charles Brookfield.

Burton, in his "Book Hunter," gives an amusing account of De Quincey's famous collection of books. "Some legend there is of a book creditor having forced his way into the Cacus den, and there seen a sort of rubble inner wall of volumes, with their edges outward; while others, bound and unbound, the plebeian sheepskin and the aristocratic russia were squeezed into certain tubs drawn from the washing establishment of a confiding landlady." The famous reviewer Jeffrey treated with disdain the bookbinder's delicate art, says *Chamber's Journal*. Books were merely meant to be read, he contended, and he was quite satisfied so long as the words were visible. Lord Cockburn laments the fact that Jeffrey's library was "for a lover of books, and for one who had picked up a few, most wretched, and so ill-cared for that the want even of a few volumes never disturbed him." Carlyle, in his "Reminiscences," describes the study of his brilliant countryman as "a roomy, not overneat apartment on the ground floor, with a big baize-covered table loaded with book rows and paper bundles. On one, or perhaps two, of the tables were book shelves, likewise well filled, but with books in tattered, ill-bound, or unbound condition."

I have often had a fancy to write up the physiognomy of the old bookshops of New York. We all know such establishments as Mr. Bouton's, Dodd, Mead & Co.'s and Mr. Bonaventure's, perfumed with crushed levant and Russia leather, and whose remotest recesses are lighted with flashes of the crimson and gold of the great bookbinders. We all know Mr. Sabin's, less splendid in style, but rich in bibliographical treasures, and the literary gallery of Mr. Benjamin, where our old friend Lauthier used to preside over his conglomerate commercial museum. We are no strangers to Mr. Francis's place, nor to the spacious basement of Francis P. Harper, and who is there who loves books hereabouts and has not felt the charm of the Duprat shop, where one may not only acquire treasures for the bookshelf, but treasures of bibliographical lore from the erudite head of the house, dis-coursing from his wheeled chair. These be familiar things enough, like the counters of the Scribner store and the shelves of Mr. Luyster, the bibliopological autocrat of Nassau street. But I am what one William Shakespeare would perhaps have termed a vagrom man. I can find pleasure in odd places, quite too common to be within the purvey of courtly collectorship. Perhaps they might assume a more attractive aspect even in these eminent eyes if it were known what fag-ends of romance they often have hidden among their dust and cobwebs, behind those grimy windows which are only washed when the wind is at the eastward and the skies bulging with rain.

For example: one horrible winter day, deep with snow and a bitter blast scouring the town, I went into an old-fashioned English public-house on Canal street to warm up with a jorum of Lochnagar, hot and strong. I found there a shabby Scotchman, already steaming his stomach with the same compound. It soon came out that he sold second-hand books nearby, and having mutually calorified ourselves I went with him into a one-story barrack, where a pigmy stove grumbled and sputtered as if in angry protest at having to work on such a day. Among the books I bought was a Keats, and when I looked it over at home I found in it the label of a Belfast bookseller, the name of the original

purchaser, dated, and annotations and marks which indicated that it had been closely read. The name was that of a friend of mine, an Irishman of fine poetical gifts, who had come to America with high literary aspirations, and who has since worn his life out among his unfulfilled dreams. One evening when I came home he was in my workroom, of which he made free use at times, to finish manuscript or revise proofs for a journal which I edited. He was unusually agitated, and when I saw the Keats on my table I understood the reason. I wanted him to take the book, but he would not. I have it yet, and would not sell it for its weight in gold. How it got into that grisly Canal street barrack I could divine. Only the other day I read in David Christie Murray's "Making of a Novelist," this passage:

Eight or ten years ago I was sitting in the Savage Club in the company of four distinguished men of letters. One was the editor of a London daily, and he was talking, rather too humbly, I thought, about his own career. "I do not suppose," he said, "that any man in my present position has experienced in London the privations I knew when I first came here. I went hungry for three days, twenty years back, and for three nights I slept in the park." One of the party turned to me: "You cap that, Christie?" I answered: "Four nights on the Embankment, four days hungry." My left-hand neighbor was a poet, and he chimed in laconically, "Five."

Probably the poet in quotation had no Keats to sell at that time—or perhaps he had already sold it.

* * *

In Sixth avenue, not far from Macy's, was and still is a moldy cellar, where a tin lamp diffuses a very little light, and a great deal of unsavory smell. The sidewalk entrance to this cellar is barricaded by heaps and piles of books, dusty, uncared for, cheapest of the cheap. In the cellar itself books are lumped up everywhere in all stages of neglect and decay, spotted and damp with mold, or reeking of dry rot; festooned with cobwebs, dusted with mortar and whitewash from the clammy walls. To those enthusiasts who really love their books the aspect of this place would bring a shudder as if they were looking in at a charnel house upon the rotting dead. The guardian of this literary morgue is a Milesian gentleman with an inflammatory complexion, and a melancholy eye. He judges the value of his wares entirely by their cost to him, and they are all cheap lots, such as are sold at the tail end of an auction, when all the profitable customers have gone. He handles them as a grocer might handle potatoes or turnips, and never makes a sale without indulging in a pessimistic reflection on the degeneracy of the times from the standpoint of his own commercial interest. To him the books are so much junk, with no more value of association or interest than old iron or bottles or rags.

* * *

Near by Union square was a deep, dark shop, whose walls were lined with books, which had a counter piled with books its entire depth, which had boxes of books outside, piles of books on the floor, and in mysterious inner vaults and corners other hoards of books that never saw the light. The contents of this shop were conveniently classified and arranged. There was plenty of good material among them of its kind. Men who knew what books were worth dropped in to mouse among its shelves. Especially was it frequented by persons of advanced religious theories, who raked down works on Spiritualism and Buddhism and the rest, and discoursed learnedly with the proprietor, who was never averse to an argument. He was a grave graybeard, with pronounced ideas on faith and society and politics, which he expressed freely and fluently. He was always reading his newspaper or poring over one of his own substantial tomes. I have an idea that he wrote books, too, and that he had published some pamphlets of that strange sort that no one ever reads, and that become prizes for the collectors years after their unknown author has mouldered to forgotten dust. At any rate, he was as much a part of his shop as his books themselves and had the same rusty-dusty and second-hand seeming as they. Late of a winter afternoon, when the shadows were like a black curtain waved by the dim light of a couple of oil lamps, the little stove in the rear of this place would flame red, like the eye of a Cyclops after a hard night at the flagons, and you could hear and smell, too, the hissing of a frying beefsteak. But the beefsteak fries no more on lower Fourth avenue, and some person with a portentous Teutonic name vends bad beer—for I have sampled it, and know—where I used to buy good brains.

* * *

On Fourth avenue, above the Madison Square Garden, there used to be a little old book shop. It was a very ordinary old book shop, whose chief stock in trade was cheap novels and inexpensive odds and ends from the auctions. The seeker after prizes

for his library was not likely to find them here. But the seeker after prizes of character was more successful. Under the window, obscured by piled up books and hanging prints, was an old-fashioned screw lying bench, such as bookbinders used in the days when Roger Payne was alternately getting drunk in his squalid cellar, and making the finest bindings in all England. There were the flat-faced hammer, the pounding stones, the glue pot, the trimming knife, those appliances simple and few, that with his own patience, skill and taste made the bookbinder an artist before the days of steam rollers, wire stitches and the rest of the contrivances that have cheapened and depraved the trade. And handling his tools with a deft hand, you might daily find a sturdy old man of seventy, florid faced, twinkling eyed, with a white stubble of beard and hair, and a dry, merry voice, full of that most admirable thing in old age, contentment and a cheery heart. For thirty years the old man worked at his trade in one establishment in this city, and raised a family in comfort and to spare. His sons were prosperous men; his daughter taught in a public school, and was one of the best teachers on the city's payroll. He played a little at bookbinding still, doctoring such damaged books as he picked up, or doing an odd job that might fall in his way; and between selling books and mending them he kept busy, and preserved a sound digestion. The march of progress obliterated the little shop a couple of years ago, and I have an idea that the old bookbinder and his tools have been put under the dust together, for he had a curious fancy that he should die if he could no longer keep busy, and on the move.

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The Spicer Memorial Library was opened at Mystic, Conn., last week. This library was the gift of Captain Elihu Spicer. The building is a two-story brick structure, handsomely finished inside with oak, and cost about \$100,000. The library opens with over 4,000 volumes and a fund of \$5,000, from the interest of which more books are to be purchased.

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Some fancy figures were paid for stamps at a recent auction in Chancery Lane, London. Among them were: Great Britain, eightpence, brown, an unused strip of three, £16; two shilling, salmon, an unused block of six, £18; a Tuscany three lire, yellow (a matchless specimen), £25 10s., and a brilliant unused specimen of a two soldi (the first in this condition ever offered at an English auction), £14; British Guiana, circular issue, four cent, lemon yellow, one corner mended, £25; same issue, eight cent, green, £13; Canada, twopence, black, slightly mended, £23; Antioquia, three specimens of the first issue, two and a half cents, five cents and ten cents, a total of £36 10s.; Peru, medio peso, rose, £11 10s.; United States, 1869, fifteen cents, brown and blue, £17, and same issue, twenty-four cents, green and lilac, £18 10s.; Mauritius, 1848, twopence, blue, early state, a fine specimen of the "Penoe" error, £10; Cape of Good Hope, wood block error, one penny, blue, £26, and the other error, fourpence, red, £18 10s.; Buenos Ayres, five pesos, orange, £11 10s.; New Brunswick, the "Connell" stamp, unused, £20 10s.; British Columbia, twopence halfpenny, pink, imperforate, £15 10s.

THE NEWEST CATALOGUES

(Catalogues sent to this office will be regularly noted under this head.)

- Henry Stevens & Son, 39 Great Russell street, London, England.—Second clearance list of books and pamphlets relating to America.
- Ulrico Hoepli, Milan, Italy.—Catalogue of works on the Fine Arts and illustrated books old and modern.
- E. W. Johnson, 816 Broadway, New York.—No. 18, January, 1894, select list of valuable and rare books.
- E. F. Bonaventure, 45 West Thirty-first street, New York.—New series, No. 1, catalogue of fine books, illustrated with bindings.
- C. F. Libbie & Co., 666 Washington street, Boston, Mass.—Catalogue of the library of the late George Livermore of Cambridge, Mass. In preparation.
- Chas. Steigerwalt, 130 East King street, Lancaster, Pa.—Autographs and books relating to American history.
- U. Maggs, 159 Church street, London, England.—No. 117, Jan. 20, 1894. Mr. Maggs calls attention of American buyers to the fact that his house not only ships purchases made from it to them but also will pack and send purchases from other dealers which may be sent to it, in the same enclosure with its own shipments.
- John Hitchman, 51 Cherry st., Birmingham, Eng.—No. 232, January 1894, second hand books, ancient and modern.

THE D. W. POWERS COLLECTION

EVERYBODY in America who is interested in pictures has at least heard of the Powers collection. Few people who have visited Rochester have failed to visit it. It is the biggest sight of that pretty and busy city, bigger even than the famous Powers Block in which it is housed. The creator of the collection is well known in art circles at home and abroad, as a keen-witted, genial gentleman, who, however little he knew about art when he commenced collecting, now certainly knows a great deal. Not the least interesting feature of his collection to me is the frank manner in which its owner permits it to stand in evidence as to his development as a collector. There is much in it that he would not dream of buying now, but he is above the poor weakness of being ashamed of having bought it when he was less critical than he has since become. Mr. Powers began purchasing pictures when he first visited Europe, some twenty years since, and from the commencement, he has made his collection a part of the commanding mass of buildings which is his pride. Even above the Powers Bank, the Powers Hotel, the Powers Block itself, does he value the Powers Art Gallery, which is, in fact, a series of galleries. You may find him wandering from room to room at any and all hours of the day, calculating upon additions to the collection and improvements in its arrangement, with a hearty enjoyment of it all, which many collectors do not experience in their treasures. The following list of original modern pictures will give an idea of the scope of the collection. Besides, there are some original works and many copies of the older schools, and some copies of modern works, the originals of which are in the public galleries of Europe. As a rule the copies are by expert hands, and are in themselves valuable in the reflection they give of pictures by the masters, otherwise inaccessible to the bulk of the public. This list is compiled from a very good descriptive catalogue made for Mr. Powers last year by James Delafield Trenor. Any errors in the list should be credited to typographical errors in the catalogue itself.

- Oswald Achenbach.—Garibaldi's Caprera Home.
 Benno Adam.—Ass and Colt.
 Louis Emile Adan.—Marguerite (Harper Collection).
 Ahmeru.—Ladies Surprised by a Snake (W. C.)
 Luis Alvarez.—Hide and Seek.
 E. Anders.—Mother's Love.
 Louis Apel.—River Scene (W. C.)
 J. Antonella.—Birth of the Lily.
 J. Jimenez y Aranda.—A Spanish Pharmacy (Seney Collection).
 A. Artz.—Gathering Wild Flowers (W. C.)
 Michael Arnoux.—The Old Hunter.
 E. Ascenzi.—Cavalier and Peasant (W. C.)
 E. Atalaya.—Out for an Outing.
 E. Aukelen.—Malta Harbor.
 Jules Frederic Ballavoine.—A Dream.
 H. Ballue.—Gathering Fagots in Forest.
 A. Banner.—Shropshire Hills.—Farm Yard.
 L. Bang.—Comparing Notes.
 J. O. Banks.—English Girl.
 T. Banti.—Galileo Before the Inquisitors.
 Wilfrid Constant Beauquesne.—Bugle Call.—On Guard.—The Alarm.
 W. H. Beard.—Voices of the Night.—"Go When I'm Mind To."
 Carl Becker.—Italian Mother at Prayer.
 E. Bellei.—The Beginning of the Game.—The Ending of the Game.—Easter Morning.—Favorite Beverage.
 J. Benedicter.—Dutch Kitchen.
 Jose Benlliure.—The Picador's Reward (W. C.)
 Frederick Berlin.—Scene in Antwerp.
 Georges Bertrand.—Whisperings of Love.
 A. Binder.—Interfering with Slumber.
 Edmund Blume.—Grandma's Story.
 Frank M. Boggs.—View of Dordrecht (Seney Collection).
 T. Bompia.—Dante and Giotto.
 Rosa Bonheur.—The Choice of the Flock (Seney Collection).
 E. Boutibonne.—Skating, Bois de Boulogne.
 Francois Boucher.—Pastoral Scene.
 George H. Boughton.—Katrina van Tassel.
 W. A. Bouguereau.—Petites Marandeuses.
 Bourland.—Shepherd with Goats.
 A. S. Borulby.—Fruit.
 H. Breling.—The Jolly Fiddler.
 Jules Adolphe Breton.—Self-portrait.
 Frederick A. Bridgman.—Afternoon Hours (Mary J. Morgan Collection).
 J. G. Brown.—Dead Broke.—The Challenge.
 Vacslav Brozik.—The Falconer's Recital (Mary J. Morgan Collection).
 L. Bruck-Lajos.—The Unwilling Schoolboy.—Rehearsal.
 F. Bruneri.—Before the Ball.—After the Ball.
 Ludovico Bruns.—Innocence and Fidelity.—Mother and Child in a Storm.
 A. F. Bunner.—The Molo, Venice.
 H. J. Burges.—The Fair Artist.
 Thomas Ball.—Joy (Marble Statue).
 A. Cabanel.—La Reine d'Amour (Sketch for the picture in the Russian Imperial Collection. W. C.)
 Leon Emile Caille.—The Harpist.
 J. C. Cancel.—The Little Flock.
 Constant Cap.—The Pet Bird.
 Carboni.—Italian Types (2).
 J. Carolus.—The Morning Toilet.
 J. C. Cazin.—Departure of Night (Seney Collection).
 Ceramano.—Sheep
 C. H. Chapin.—Moose Lake, Adirondacks.
 J. Chetwoski.—Lunch in Camp.
 Gaetano Cherici.—First Love.—First Grief.—Maternal Happiness.
 Chiavici.—Storm in the Mountains.
 David Col.—A Regular Customer.
 Benjamin-Constant.—Al Fresco, Tangiers.
 Joseph Coomans.—Phidias in His Atelier.—A Classic Beauty.
 V. Corcos.—A Visit to the Convent.
 J. B. C. Corot.—The Village Church (Seney Collection).—Landscape.—Fisherman's Morning.—Landscape.
 Corridini.—The Cardinal's Ante-Room (W. C.)
 Corrodi.—The Appian Way (W. C.)—Vico (W. C.)—Capri (W. C.)—Amalfi (W. C.)—Lake Thun (W. C.)—Bay of Baiæ (W. C.)—Roman Aqueduct (W. C.) All from Mary J. Morgan Collection.
 O. Costa.—Game Pieces (2).
 G. Courbet.—The Stone Breakers.
 T. Couture.—Love Drives the World (Blakeslee Collection).
 Reg. Cleveland Coxe.—The Narrows, New York Harbor.
 Creti.—Italian Types (2).
 L. Crosio.—The Lecture.
 A. Cuzzardi.—Playing the Mandolin.
 Wm. Couper.—Morning.—Evening (Medallions in marble).—"Forget Me Not" (Marble bust).
 E. J. B. Dambourgez.—Oyster Woman in the Kitchen (Salon 1885).
 H. Danger.—French Girl.
 C. F. Daubigny.—Sunset.—Springtime (Dousman Collection).
 J. De Bager.—What Next.
 A. De Bergh.—The Zoological Garden.
 V. De Bonfield.—Winter Scene (W. C.)
 H. De Benil.—Tending the Flock.—Shepherdess.—Shepherd Boy.—Leading Out the Flock.
 A. Defaux.—Landscape (Salon 1885).
 De Figlio.—Italian Mother and Child.
 F. Defregger.—Portrait—Seebacher and His Son.
 A. De Gault.—Page and Parrot.
 J. A. Degrave.—School Recess (Harper Collection).
 A. De Grossi.—The Jolly Cavaliers (W. C.)
 C. De Hageman.—Lost in the Desert.—Camp in the Desert.
 O. R. De Jonghe.—Scene in Amsterdam.
 Gustave De Jonghe.—The First Music Lesson.
 Eugene Delacroix.—Death of the Standard Bearer.
 J. E. Delaunay.—Battle Scene.
 S. Della Valentina.—Venetian Water Girl.
 B. De Loose.—Playing the Guitar.
 Charles Deprey.—Landscape.
 V. De Vas.—The Pets Alarmed.
 Chas. Melville Dewey.—Brown and Sere.
 N. V. Diaz.—Forest.—Mother and Child.—Forest of Fontainebleau (Seney Collection).—Landscape with Figures.
 Albert Dillens.—The Proposal.—The Broken Bowl.
 W. Ditterman.—The Foragers.
 A. Doll.—The Old Mill.—A Court-Yard (W. C.)
 Gustave Doré.—Children Feeding the Family Pet.
 Edouard Dubufe.—The Pacha's Favorite.
 Edward Dufner.—The Battle of Trafalgar.
 C. Duhing.—A Feast of Beverage and Flow of Soul.
 Adolf Dumini.—The Interrupted Love Letter (Florence Gallery, 1890).
 Leon Victor Dupré.—Landscape.
 Jules Dupré.—Landscape.
 Julian Dupré.—Harvester's Meal.
 A. Duval.—Throne Room, the Luxembourg.
 T. E. Duverger.—Preparing for Market.
 R. de Elloriaga.—The Old Beau (2, different).
 J. J. Enneking.—Cattle Scene.—Landscape.
 Otto Erdmann.—Secret Homage.
 Edouard Erali.—La Fille du Regiment.
 Leon y Escourra.—The Visit to the Chateau.
 G. Ewing.—A Bit of Confidence.
 Falat.—Portrait (W. C.)

- J. W. Falkner.—Just Missed It.
H. Farrer.—Landscape (W. C.)—Blossoms (W. C.)
F. Fasce.—A Bird That Can Sing, etc. (W. C.)
Cecile Ferrace.—A Hasty Line.
G. Ferrari.—The Harp Recital.
J. Georges Ferry.—A Literary Reunion, Under the First Empire.
August Fink.—Landscape and Cattle.—Autumn Landscape.
Fred. Flier.—Landscape and Cattle.
P. Floie.—Eve Before the Fall.
B. Freckmann.—Off Duty.
Edouard Frere.—Maternal Love (Seney Collection).
E. Fromentin.—Arab Falconer (Spencer Collection).
L. Gabani.—Moorish Prisoners (W. C.)
Max Gaisser.—Confidential Cavalier.
Gamla.—Gathering Wild Flowers (W. C.)
Garcia y Mencia.—The Effigy.
M. Garcia.—The Moorish Doctor (W. C.)
Edouard Leon Garrido.—Paris Cake.—Streets of Paris.—Promenading.
Annibale Gatti.—Justice.—Peace.
Gilbert Gaul.—The Summer Fields.
Edward Gay.—The Old Estate.—The Quiet River.
C. Geibel.—The Clock Maker.—The Bretzel Boy.
Theodore Gerard.—Stealing a Peep.
J. L. Gerome.—Bab-El-Zouel, 1886.—The Sentinel at the Sultan's Tomb (Seney Collection).
Adolphe Gillon.—The Shrimp Gatherer.
V. Giovannini.—The Appian Way.—The Roman Campaign.
E. Giroux.—Waiting for the Train.
F. Gobi.—Negro Head.—The Betrothal.
Juan Antonio Gonzalez.—The Spanish Coquette.
Jean Baptiste Greuze.—The Broken Pitcher.—The Milkmaid (W. C.)
Konrad Grob.—Peasant Family.
L. Grünfeld.—Shepherdess Tending Her Flock.
Grubas.—Snow Scene at Venice.—The Piazzetta, Venice, Moonlight.—Marine View.—The Harbor, Venice.—Marine View.—Shipwreck.—Fire at Sea.—The Giudecca, Venice.—The Rialto, Venice.—The Church of the Salute, Venice.—Church and Island of St. George, Venice.—Riva degli Schiavoni, Venice.—Palace of the Doges, Venice.
Chas. P. Gruppe.—Holland Shoemaker (W. C.)—Clam Gatherer (W. C.)—Street Sweeper (W. C.)—First of November.—Scheveningen.—Beach of Scheveningen.
Edward Grüntzer.—Contentment and Happiness.—A Flying Visit.
Cho. Gualdensleig.—Roman Ox.
E. T. Guisser.—A Jolly Party.—The Winning Hand.—The Village Politician.—Soldiers Card Playing.
J. L. Guyot.—Sheep and Lambs.—The Three Friends.—Shepherd and His Flock.
J. Gyselinks.—Pussy Like a Bath?
Thomas Gould.—The West Wind (Marble statue).
E. E. Hastings.—The Happy Family.
August Hagborg.—The Fisherman's Wife.—A Jack Tar.—October; Potato Gathering.—Waiting for the Boats.
Georges Haquette.—Hauling in Nets at Sunset.
Leon Hayon.—The Old Cardinal.
J. J. Henner.—The Model.—Madaline.—Thoughtful.
Theodor Hilderbrandt.—Lear Awakening from Insanity (Stewart Collection).
H. Hiller.—Changing Horses, Tyrol.
Karl Hoff.—The Unwelcome Guest.
Sigismund Holbein.—Head of an Old Man.
M. Hottes.—Niagara Falls.—Terrapin Point, Niagara.
W. Hough.—Raspberries.
Julius Hubner.—Baby's First Tooth.
A. Huerpoereus.—Woodland Scene.
Daniel Huntington.—The Princess Elizabeth.
G. Hyon.—French Cavalry.
C. Hyou.—A French Cuirassier.
Otto R. Jacobi.—Rebecca at the Well.
G. Jacobides.—The Children's Quarrel.
Alfred Louis Jacomin.—The Dilettante.
C. E. Jacque.—Landscape and Sheep.
J. G. Jaquet.—The Conqueror Conquered.
Jimenez y Aranda.—A Spanish Pharmacy (Seney Collection).
Eastman Johnson.—The Reprimand.
Seth C. Jones.—Flock of the Mission.
T. E. Jordan.—The Little Swede.—A Family of Swedes.
R. Jouhan.—The Cliffs.
J. A. Jackson.—Bust (marble).
Kahaloff.—Sea Coast.
J. Kener.—The Evening Meal (W. C.)
Th. Kindsdael.—The Fishing Boat.
L. Knaus.—Portrait.—The Butcher Boy.
W. Koiemans.—Milking Time.—Landscape and Cattle.
Karieco.—Sacred Oxen.
A. Kowalski.—A Ride in the Park.
Peter Kraemer.—Nun Praying.—The Winner.—Newsboy.—The Monk Musician.—Monk Taking Snuff.—Portrait of a Monk.—A Knight.
W. Kray.—Venus Aphrodite.
C. Kronberger.—Couldn't Resist It.
F. S. Lachenwitz.—Elk Pursued by Wolves (Stewart Collection).
T. Lapen.—Solitude.
Bruck Lajos.—Investigating the Lunch Basket.
Louis Eugene Lambert.—The Pet Kitten.
Emma E. Lampert.—Elk Lake, Michigan (W. C.)—Fagot Woman (W. C.)—At High Noon, Cape Ann.—Mother Claudius.
C. Laren.—The Gipsies' Home.
C. Cabailot Lassalle.—Shepherdess and Dog.
A. Lasalle.—The Pet Rabbits.
Casimir Lemaire.—A Holiday; near Fontainebleau, 1789.
Louis Leloir.—The Temptation of St. Anthony (Dousman Collection).
Jacques Edmond Leman.—Homage to the Dauphin, 1638 (Salon 1876).
Achille Leonardi.—Temple of Vesta, Rome (W. C.)—The Little St. John (W. C.)—Purity Whipping Cupid.—Charity.—Hope.—Petrarch's Father Throwing the Poet's Books Into the Fire.—Beatrice Cenci in Prison.
E. Gallard Lepinay.—Coast Scene.—Marine.
Lepisquiner.—The Shepherdess.
Henri Lerolle.—The Wanderer (Seney Collection).
A. A. Lesrel.—Soldier, Louis XIII (Harper Collection).—La Danse.
H. Lieupps.—Landscape.
Liep.—Portrait.
W. Lindenschmidt.—Luther and the Reformers at Marburg, 1529 (Morgan Collection).
Lockhart.—Boy with Wreaths and Flowers.
F. Tully Lott.—Dinan, Brittany.—Rue de la Hautville.
A. Lueben.—Her Own Barber.—Under the Hammer.—Bavarian Log-Runner.
R. de Madrazo.—La Belle Desœuvrée
Manhensch.—Horse Catching.
Hans Mackart.—A Study.
Maltza.—The Latest News.
Gustavus Mancinelli.—The Convalescent.
A. Marangoni.—Doge Francisco Morosini.—Doge.
Enrico Dandolo.—Marco Polo.—Titian.
P. Massini.—Always Happy.
D. Mastaglio.—The Sisters.
Anton Mauve.—Holland Landscape and Cattle.
Henry Mosler.—A Stroll in the Park.
Gabriel Max.—Sister Agnes; a Spanish Nun.
G. W. Maynard.—Waiting for the Train.
Guisepe Mazzolini.—Harvest Scene.
G. H. McCord.—Winter Night.—A Studious Beauty.—Autumn in Westchester.
Müllher.—Ancient Jerusalem.—Modern Jerusalem.
Charles Meissonier.—The Artist's Leave-Taking.
J. L. E. Meissonier.—A French Cavalier.
W. Menzler.—Character Studies (2).
Hugues Merle.—Interrupted.
Emile Munier.—Feeding the Pigeons.—Spring Time.
Meyer von Bremen.—Girl Reading.
Chas. Louis Muller.—Le Rond de Mai.
Adrien Moreau.—Rehearsal of Richelieu's Tragedy, "Miriam."
M. C. Middlebeck.—Winter Scene.
Munsch.—Country Scenes (2).
J. F. Millet.—Scene near Barbizon.
F. Miralles.—Coast at Badalone, Spain (Salon 1885).—Recreation (Salon 1885).
Molino.—Mexican Horseman.
J. E. Morel.—Morning.—Evening.
H. Muller.—Horse's Head.
M. Munkacsy.—Too Much Mother-in-Law.—Feeding the Favorite (Morgan Collection).
A. Munzel.—Pressing His Suit.
J. Francis Murphy.—Landscape.
E. Nardi.—The Favorite Air (W. C.)
Necheutrey.—The Hissites Before Hamburg.
Fritz Neuhaus.—The Prince's First Ride.
B. Neuville.—Fruit.
Burr H. Nicholls.—A Street Scene; Brittany.
Erskine Nicol.—An English Family.—Patience is a Virtue (Seney Collection).
Mme. Marie Nicholas.—Winding the Yarn.—The Toilette.
J. C. Nicolia.—Antwerp Cathedral.—Notre Dame.
H. Ochmidien.—Music, not Mathematics.
Balthazar P. Ommeganck.—Landscape, Cattle, Sheep and Goats.
Orloff.—Shepherdess.
Alex. Orbowsky.—Mail Coach in Hungary.
Ortega.—Whose Hat Is That?—The First Meeting.
Pierre Outin.—Good-By, Grandpa! (Stewart Collection).
Bartolomeo Pagani.—Meeting of Pius IX and Ferdinand II at An-tium, 1857.—Roman Carnival.

Giuseppe Palizzi.—Driving Out the Flock.
 Vincente Palmaroli.—The Storm.
 G. Paperitz.—After the Bath.
 Alberto Pasini.—The Falconers (Seney Collection).
 C. Pecrus.—Fainting by the Way.
 Emil Preuss.—Female Studies (2).
 A. Pecquezado.—Street Study (W. C.)
 R. Perlbera.—Cloister in Maulbronn (W. C.)—Portal in Rothenburg (W. C.)—Castle in Nuremberg (W. C.)—View of Vesuvius (W. C.)
 C. De Penne.—Wild Boar Hunt.
 Alonzo Perez.—Flower Girl.
 Alfred Perkins.—Cohasset Cove, Morning.
 Leon Perrault.—Azor's Education (Harper Collection).
 Olof Petersen.—Scenery in Norway.
 W. Merritt Post.—"Whence all the Blooming Flush of Life Has Fled."
 Ayn Pezant.—Cattle.
 C. Pittara.—On the Beach.
 Otto Piltz.—Grandpa Nursing.—Grandma Tea Drinking.—Lunch Time in School.
 Etienne Adolphe Piot.—Italian Girl Spinning.
 A. Piotrowski.—The Wood Chopper's Story.
 G. Plaserl.—Park and Lane.—Strolling in the Park.
 A. Pollak.—Coming Ashore.
 Eugene Prati.—The Morning Call.
 N. C. Popotti.—The Flower Girl.—Confidence Betrayed.—The Genius of Art.—Love's Mirror.—The Young Hunter.—Sunshine.—Storm.—Bust of D. W. Powers (Statuary in marble).
 Theodore Rabe.—The Duet.
 J. F. Raffaelli.—La Place de l'Opera, Paris.
 C. Roqueplan.—Sea Coast.
 Jules Ranel.—Rustic Happiness.
 A. Raudnitz.—Village Belle of the Tyrol.
 O. V. Ruppert.—Acrobats.—Jugglers.
 H. Rulany.—The Serenade.
 Ree.—Sketching.
 A. Ricci.—Reading.—The Temptation.
 A. Rigon.—Wedding at the Castle.
 A. Renshaw.—Female Portraits (2 W. C.)
 P. Renaud.—View near Brest.
 H. E. Reyntzens.—The Tea Party.—The Toilet.
 Martin Rico.—Scene in Venice.
 Edouard Richter.—Sappho—The Jewel of the Harem (Dousman Collection).
 F. Roybet.—Velasquez Painting the Infanta.
 Ruberti.—The Young Violinist (W. C.)
 Romako.—Sentinel, Louis XV.
 Henriette Ronner.—Pussy Hunting (W. C.)
 Marion Russell.—Rouen (W. C.)—Venice (W. C.)
 A. Rosenboon.—The Conversation.
 Theodore Rousseau.—Landscape (Seney Collection).
 J. Ryk.—Country Scene, Holland.
 Giuseppe Sacra.—Shore View, Bay of Naples.
 Hugo Salmson.—A Swedish Lady.
 N. Saresi.—The Rivals.
 E. Sarri.—At the Fountain.
 P. Sauvage.—The Young Mechanic.
 Seignac.—Resting.—Shelling Peas.
 Schonfry.—Cattle.
 E. Staneck.—Bon Voyage.
 R. Sayer.—River Scene (W. C.)—Boy Fishing (W. C.)—Boys Bird Catching (W. C.)—Girl Watering Plants (W. C.)
 G. Simeoni.—Harem Interior (W. C.)—Waiting for the Bey (W. C.)—Cavalier and Jester (W. C.)
 J. Scalbert.—Just a Peep; an Unwelcome Guest (Salon 1885).
 F. Schlesinger.—The Country Doctor.—The Buttermilk Girl.
 M. Schintzer.—Game.
 M. Schloz.—Russian Riders.
 Adolf Schreyer.—Hungarian Draft Horses.
 Wilhelm Schutze.—Blind Man's Buff.
 Otto Seitz.—The Old Miner.
 A. Schwarz.—Gipsy Girl.
 Anton Seitz.—The Card Players.—The King of the Riflemen.
 Friederich Simler.—Bird Hunting.—The Meet.
 E. Simonetti.—Love's Intrigues (W. C.)
 Karl Ferdinand Sohn.—Diana and Nymphs (Stewart Collection).—Study of Disappointed Love.—Traveling Locksmith.
 F. Souloerier.—Good Morning.
 V. G. Stiepvitch.—Indolence.
 George H. Story.—Cape Ann Fisherman.
 Franz Streitt.—The Stranded Musicians.
 Gilbert Stuart.—George Washington.
 Arnaldo Tamburini.—A Good Hand.—Hard Luck.—The Choice Vintage.—An Old Monk.
 Hermann I. K. Ten Kate.—A Forced Contribution.
 Marie Ten Kate.—The Rustic Critics.—The Little Boatmen.
 A. Tenfeld.—Portraits (2).—Longfellow.
 H. Thompson.—Landscape and Sheep.—Landscape and Cattle.

Thors.—Beeches at Windsor.—English Landscape.
 A. Toulmouche.—A Sweet Reverie (Dousman Collection).
 Karl F. Trautman.—An Old Portrait.
 J. B. Trayer.—The Lace Connoisseurs.
 Constant Troyon.—The Shepherd (Seney Collection).—Normandy Cattle.—Cattle, Sheep and Landscape, 1861.
 Adam Scipione Tadolini.—Cupid and Psyche. Executed from the model of his master Canova. Marble.
 T. Vander-Hulst.—Ship in Storm.—Harbor Scene.
 Cecil Van Haanen.—Tailor's Workshop.
 Emile Van Marcke.—Rich Pasturage.—Cows in a Pool (Mary J. Morgan Collection).—Cattle (Dousman Collection).
 F. Verhaas.—In the Boudoir.
 J. G. Vibert.—The Bishop's Ante-Room.—Rehearsing (Harper Collection).—An Uneven Game.—The Disclosure.—The Trial Sermon.—Inspecting the Fort (Seney Collection).
 Anatole Vely.—The Heart's Awakening (Dousman Collection).—Francesca da Rimini and Paolo.
 R. Venlo.—Turkish Baker.
 Eugene Verboeckhoven.—The Sheepfold.
 Horace Vernet.—Horse Training.
 F. Viney.—The Favorites.
 A. Voght.—Landscape and Cattle.
 Friederich Voltz.—Cattle. Meisenger Lake near Munich.
 Carl Von Piloty.—Elizabeth and Frederick of Bohemia Receiving News of the Loss of the Battle of Prague, 1620. Dated 1868.
 Horatio Walker.—The Farrier (W. C.)
 Watt.—Children in the Meadow (W. C.)
 A. H. Williams.—Ann (W. C.)
 Weiser.—Cardinal at Lunch.—Cardinal's Library.
 Edwin Lord Weeks.—Scene in Cairo.
 Florent Willems.—The Vow.
 F. Xavier Winterhalter.—Susannah and the Elders (Stewart Collection).
 B. F. Winner.—Marine.—Moonlight Marine.
 Weissenbruch.—Summer Day on the North Sea Coast, Holland.
 S. T. Walski.—Russian Riders.
 T. W. Wood.—"I Reckon."
 W. L. Wood.—Out for the Day.
 Jules Worms.—Before the Alcalde.
 George Wright.—Steamer's Smoking Room on a Wet Day.
 Barendt Wynveld.—Death of Angelus Merula, 1557.
 Percy Wood.—Psyche (marble statue).
 Kemendy Yeno.—The Artist's Studio.—The Tête-à-Tête.
 Edouard Zamacois.—Levying Contributions (Salon 1867).
 Zampighi.—The Gunmaker, Tangiers.
 F. Ziem.—Marseilles Harbor.—View in Venice.
 Richard S. Zimmermann.—Boy's Industrial Home.—Preparing for the Rehearsal.

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY

THE Sixty-ninth Annual Exhibition of the National Academy of Design will be opened to the Public on Monday, April 2, and will close on Saturday, May 12. Works will be received from Thursday, March 8, to Saturday, March 10, inclusive, after which time no work will be admitted. Lists must be sent to the Superintendent before March 1. Varnishing day will be Thursday, March 29, from 9 A. M. to 6 P. M., when Academicians, Associates and Exhibitors will be admitted and no other person, excepting the Press, by card, after 12 o'clock M. The only exhibits eligible are original works in oil, pastel or sculpture, by living artists and which have never before been publicly exhibited in the City of New York or Brooklyn. Glass on oil paintings will be admitted, but not more than three works by any one artist will be exhibited. A commission of ten per cent will be charged on sales.

The Jury of Selection is composed of E. H. Blashfield, J. R. Brevoort, J. B. Bristol, Geo. de Forest Brush, Charles Calverley, J. Wells Champney, M. F. H. de Haas, Frederick Dielman, Frank Fowler, R. Swain Gifford, Hamilton Hamilton, William Hart, J. Scott Hartley, Robert C. Minor, Thomas Moran, J. Francis Murphy, Walter L. Palmer, Walter Shirlaw, Wordsworth Thompson, and Carleton Wiggins. The Hanging Committee are Frederick Dielman, R. Swain Gifford and Geo. de Forest Brush. The Thomas B. Clarke Prize—\$300; the Julius Hallgarten Prizes—\$300 \$200 and \$100; the Norman W. Dodge Prize—\$300, will be awarded by the Jury of Selection, at a meeting to be held in the galleries, after the pictures are hung, in time to announce decisions at the opening of the Exhibition.

At the annual meeting of the Vonkers Historical and Library Association on Jan. 16 the following officers were elected for this year: President, The Rev. David Cole; First Vice-President, Col. William L. Heermance; Second Vice President, T. Astley Atkins; Corresponding Secretary, Thomas C. Cornell; Recording-Secretary, Charles P. Easton; Treasurer, Lyman Cobb, Jr., Librarian, Dr. G. B. Balch.

WALTER SCOTT'S RELICS

AN interesting work of its kind is "Abbotsford: The Personal Relics and Antiquarian Treasures of Sir Walter Scott" described by the Hon. Mary Monica Maxwell Scott, of Abbotsford, and illustrated by William Gibb, which is published in London, by Adam and Charles Black, and for New York, by Macmillan & Co. It is, practically, an illustrated catalogue of the *omnium gatherum* made by Sir Walter at his home, and presents a great variety of objects of historical and personal value. Here, for instance, is the sword of Montrose, given to the Marquis by Charles I. and presented to Scott by John Ballantine, who bought it at the sale of a gentleman's collection. Rob Roy's gun, broadsword, dirk, purse and sporran are also in the collection. So is a pocket-book worked by Flora Macdonald, which once contained a lock of Prince Charlie's hair. The heroine of that young gallant's celebrated flight had embroidered the book for a clergyman on the Isle of Skye. He died before it could be presented to him, and it remained in the hands of Flora's sister for years. She gave it to a Macdonald, who was the mother of a Mr. Campbell, and the latter forwarded it to Scott.

Gifts of this sort were frequently brought him. His tastes were widely known, and friends and strangers were continually passing on their windfalls to him. Lady Hampden gave him a pen case of Napoleon, left by the Emperor in the Elysée Bourbon, on the day of his hurried departure from Paris in 1815; another admirer sent Scott a packet of Napoleon's hair, and Mrs. Stewart, of Stenton, gave him a silver-bound quagh, or drinking cup, which belonged to Prince Charlie. The bottom of the quagh is transparent, and in the "Life" there is an interesting comment upon it: "This relic has been presented to 'the wandering Ascanius' by some very careful followers for the bottom is of glass, that he who quaffed might keep his eye upon the dirk hand of his companion." To this day pewter pots with glass bottoms are in use in old fashioned English taverns.

Among his Napoleonic trophies Scott had a few that were of unique character, for they were associated with crucial moments in Bonaparte's career. Blucher, referring to Waterloo in a letter to his wife, tells how "Napoleon got off in the night without hat or sword." The Prussian found his carriage, and in it the abandoned hat and sword, with Napoleon's state mantle and other objects. There is a tradition that he also found a green silk blotting book, the same that is now at Abbotsford. It is a handsome piece of desk furniture, bearing the imperial crest and bees richly worked in gold. It is a last souvenir of the Emperor's magnificence, and it comes with a special irony in coming from the scene of his most crushing defeat. A pair of Napoleon's pistols taken from his carriage with the blotter are grouped with a weapon of a similar nature that was once worn by Claverhouse. Some pistols of Scott's are in the armory where there are also two cuirasses and a sword, which he gathered up himself on the field soon after Waterloo. A piece of oatcake found in the pocket of a dead Highlander on the field of Culloden is a sad memorial of the battle, fought, as history records, on the scantiest of supplies. On the same page with Prince Charlie's quagh there is a snuffbox used by Balfour of Burleigh, one of the figures in "Old Mortality"; there is an old brooch illustrated that was once Helen MacGregor's; a hunting bottle, said to have been carried by James VI. is described; and the book ends with a picture of the door from the old Tolbooth in Edinburgh, which Scott mentions in "The Heart of Midlothian." This door was offered to Scott in 1817, when the old prison was pulled down. He built it into the west end of Abbotsford.

All these relics have been drawn carefully, and in an artistic manner by Mr. William Gibb, and his work has been delicately reproduced in colors. Mrs. Scott's pleasant text makes free use of the writings of Scott, Lockhart and others. The volume is full of antiquarian and personal interest. It makes a sumptuous catalogue of the relics at Abbotsford, and will be gathered gladly into the mass of Scott literature, that can never be too large, provided it is increased with sound sense, as in this instance.

The manuscript of Tennyson's first book, the "Poems of Two Brothers," which was bought by Dodd, Mead & Co., a few months ago, for about \$2,500 and held by them at \$3,500, has been re-purchased by Macmillan & Co., of New York, for their Cambridge firm, Macmillan & Bowes, from whom Dodd, Mead & Co. originally purchased it. What the English publishers paid for it is not known, presumably something less than \$3,500, nor is it stated whether they bought it for themselves or for a customer. The manuscript left New York last month after a short visit. It will be interesting to know its ultimate fate. Probably the British Museum will get it.

NOTES AND NOVELTIES

LAST week there died in this city an old man who for years had been well known among artists and literary men who buy foreign books and papers as a colporteur. He served French and German publications all over the city, and at a rate always less by some cents and frequently by a dime or two than Brentano's and the other big book stores charged. He was about in all weathers, often so heavily loaded down that he had to employ a boy to help him lug his stock along. He dressed poorly, and lived in a tenement house on the east side, where he cooked and kept house by himself. Now that he is dead it has been discovered that he had amassed a fortune at his humble trade, or at least taken in money enough to constitute a fortune had he kept it. His lawyer, an old friend, who has had his affairs in charge for years, and I have had his affairs in charge, and so his story comes within the purvey of THE COLLECTOR. Herr X was a man of good family in Germany. He was a lawyer and executor for several estates. Through the dishonesty of his father and brother, who were in business together, and who borrowed money from him and absconded, leaving their bills unpaid on all hands, he was ruined and disgraced. He lost not only his own money, but that of the families which he had under his official administration, and fled to America to save himself from jail. He immediately went to work to pay back the money he had lost for others, and in some fifteen years returned it dollar for dollar, with full interest. In five years more he laid by quite a snug little sum, which will go to his unworthy relations, who are all in this country now. Every penny, his lawyer states, was made out of his humble trade in printed paper, together with some little speculation in old books, which, as occasion offered, he bought and sold. The old man will be missed as a character by many New Yorkers whom he served faithfully and long, and none the less regretted for the sterling honesty and high sense of honor which made his life of labor brighter than gold. He is best dead, for in his latter days the old man was becoming blind. His sight failed steadily, and he sometimes asked me the figure of a banknote which I paid him for his wares. It was but a small percentage he collected of the bills that were paid to him. In his poor barrack of a room there were souvenirs of his rascally family, treasured by him in his solitude, and in his abnegation of himself, which those who may enjoy its benefits do not deserve. Obeying a specification of his apology for a will we burned them, and his lawyer, himself an old man, with a long and venerable beard, looked at me with moistened eyes as we fed them into the little stove. I believe that some society of Hebrews, to which race this gentleman of honor belonged, buried him, with the due rites of his faith. They could not have put a better man underground. They tell me that there were prayers for him in the synagogue. What prayers are needed by a man whose whole life was a prayer?

* * *

One of the important art-works of the current year will undoubtedly be the two large volumes by Prof. Giuseppe Merzario, entitled "I Maestri comacini; Storia artistica di mille duecento anni (600-1800)." Hardly a city or town in Tuscany but carries in some part of its historic buildings the characteristic stamp of these anonymous workers-in-stone of Coma; the great cathedrals of Milan, of Como, Pavia, of Pisa, even of Rome, show their presence. They realize the Middle Ages for the south no less distinctly, if more locally, than the Gothic masters do for the north. With the Renaissance their characteristic qualities, the hieratical nature of their constructions, pass away; they live on and work on, but as individuals, no longer as exponents of their guild notion.

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Within the last eleven months the Chicago Historical Society has succeeded in obtaining many exceedingly valuable papers bearing on important American history. The most important document in the collection is a copy of the first deed issued within the boundaries of the State of Illinois.

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The Field Columbian Museum at Chicago is to come into possession of one of the most valuable ornithological collections in America. Charles B. Corey, of Boston, has agreed to sell his collection of birds to the museum, and as soon as practicable the specimens will be moved to Chicago. Edward E. Ayer, representing the museum, negotiated the acquisition with Mr. Corey. The price agreed upon was \$17,000. Competent judges say that the collection is worth not less than \$100,000. There are 15,000 specimens, together with a large library on the subject of birds. Mr. Corey has made a life-long study of ornithology. He has traveled, in the pursuit of his studies in both hemispheres and many of the islands of the sea. He has also written several books.

* * *

Judge Charles Gayarré, the Louisiana historian, celebrated his eighty-ninth birthday on Jan. 9. Among the treasures of his cottage on North Priour street, in the French quarter of New Orleans, are autograph letters from Bancroft, Longfellow, Prescott, Dr. Holmes, Fenimore Cooper, Francis Parkman, Duyckinck, Loring, Gilmore Simms, Paul Hamilton Hayne, Lyman Draper, Jefferson Davis and other distinguished men of letters, with all of whom Judge Gayarré was on terms of intimate personal acquaintance. Judge Gayarré was elected to the United States Senate as long ago as 1835, but owing to ill health was unable to take his seat. His health has never been good since that time.

The geological department of Harvard College has received several sets of maps, charts, photographs and models on geological subjects which were exhibited at the World's Fair. The most valuable set is a series of maps and models comprising part of the exhibit of the geographical service of the French army. There are also sets of photographs illustrating the plains of the Red River of the North, views in Ontario, in Nova Scotia and in Virginia.

* * *

Braun & Cie, of Paris and Dornach, have just published in perfect facsimile the splendid series of heads at Weimar that go under the name of Leonardo da Vinci. These drawings are not by Leonardo, but are excellent contemporary copies of the Apostles' heads in the "Last Supper," and, considering the state the original is in, the drawings are indispensable for an understanding of Leonardo and his masterpiece.

* * *

The German-American Philatelic Association Germania, of New York, held its fifth annual convention in this city last month. There are now 595 active members and 35 corresponding members of the association in this country, Europe, Asia, Africa and Australia. The sale of used postage stamps and revenue stamps for 1893 by the association amounted to \$1,205. The dues have been reduced to \$1 per year. The library of the association has very much increased during 1893 in literature, and most all philatelic and curio publications of the globe are kept on file. The "Curio Annex" of the association numbers now seventy-five curio collectors in America and Europe. The sale of various curiosities for 1893 amounted to \$572. The following officers were elected to serve for 1894: President, Frederic Heinsberger; Recording-Secretary, A. Schumacher; Treasurer, H. Herman; Librarian and International Secretary, Frederick Phillips; Trustees, A. Sallinger, Vermont; S. Cramer, Illinois; H. Meier, Kentucky. Post-Office address, Germania Association, care of P. Heinsberger, 15 First avenue, New York.

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The large paper copies of M. D. Conway's edition of Thomas Paine's writings will be limited to 150 sets, but there will be a popular edition in a style uniform with Mr. Conway's biography of Paine.

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At a recent sale by auction the works of Hamilton in the Putnam edition, comprising nine volumes, sold for \$150. The original price was \$45.

* * *

A quarterly magazine of bibliography is soon to make its appearance in London. It will contain a series of papers by writers of authority on various points of book lore, and, successful or not, will end its existence with the twelfth number, to be published in December, 1896.

* * *

The present value of some first editions of memorable books is shown by the following figures, which have been collected from sales made in England last year: Cooper's "History of John Gilpin," 1785, £5 5s.; Goldsmith's "Good-Natured Man," 1768, £5; "The Traveler," 1770, £10; Milton's "Poems; both English and Latin," 1645, £33; Richardson's "Clarissa Harlowe," 7 volumes, 1748, £22; Thackeray's "Paris Sketch Book," two volumes, 1840, £13; a good "Pickwick," though re-bound, £29. Among valuable examples of the American press was Cicero's "Cato Major; or, His Discourses of Old Age," issued in Philadelphia, in 1744, by Franklin. Though a cut-down copy, it brought £40.

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John Sartain, the Philadelphia engraver, who has known many interesting persons, is understood to be engaged in writing his reminiscences.

* * *

John Donoghue, remarks the *New York Sun*, whose big statue, "The Spirit," is slumbering piecemeal in boxes on the Brooklyn docks, was quite a figure in Chicago several years ago. He was then a student at the Art Institute, and as he was a handsome young fellow and displayed more than ordinary talent, it wasn't long before John Donoghue found friends. Somebody in society took him up, and pretty soon he was the pet and pride of "the North Side set," than which, in a social way, nothing greater could be found in the Windy City. Time went on, and John Donoghue flourished. He modelled busts of several of his wealthy friends, and was more than ever the fad, when along came Oscar Wilde in sunflower and knickerbockers. Oscar inspected the young sculptor and found him pleasing, and accordingly took him up with even greater zeal than the Chicago aristocracy had shown. That turned John Donoghue's head. He took to wearing dark-green Roman togas lined with shrimp-pink and girt about with wide, soft sashes also of pink. And John Donoghue's hats were wonderful to behold. They were almost too much for the hordes of street gamins, who, nevertheless, managed to follow the queer figure along the streets and hoot vigorously at a safe distance. These eccentricities, however, were not so readily pardoned in young Donoghue as they were in the mighty Oscar, and the sculptor gradually lost the position of pampered protégé which he had enjoyed. He managed to get off to Rome somehow, and there he led a wild sort of student life. One by one the friends who had stuck to him through the toga and sash periods fell away, and John Donoghue, the petted and spoiled, became friendless and deserted. Then it was that he set to work. If he has the genius which his fashionable friends once thought he had, and if he has learned the lessons life seems to have given him a chance at, the last has not been heard of John Donoghue.

The Postal Department of France intends to issue a new set of stamps, and has to that end opened a competition for designs, to be sent in on or before the 15th of March, and to be sixty-four times the size of the regular stamp, together with a photographic or other reduction of the regulation size. Three prizes are offered—3,000 francs, 1,500 francs and 1,000 francs. Is such a nod as good as a wink to the blind horse of a postal department at Washington, D.C.?

* * *

A correspondent writes to *The Critic* from Athens: "I have found at a bookstall here a copy of 'Leaves of Grass,' edition of 1867. It is a presentation copy from Walt Whitman, but the name of the person to whom he gave it has been torn out. Perhaps the book has been lost or stolen. If so, I shall be glad to return it to its original owner, asking only that I may be assured that it goes to the person to whom it belongs. I hope that there is only one of him. A letter addressed American Legation, Athens, Greece, will reach me."

* * *

William Rose, of Port Republic, N. J., while investigating the hulk of one of the prize vessels sunk by the British in 1777 at Chestnut Neck, was enabled to walk out to it by the low state of the tide. He found on the deck an old metal pipe, an old pistol and a bottle, securely corked. It contained a small quantity of gin, the quality of which fluid not, however, being stated.

* * *

The veteran sculptor, W. W. Story, is suing the trustees of the estate of James Lick, San Francisco, for \$20,000 in addition to the \$40,000 paid him for a monument to Francis Scott Key, author of the "Star-Spangled Banner," which was erected in Golden Gate Park. Mr. Story had to make various changes in the plans, and claims \$20,000 more for the trouble they gave him.

* * *

F. S. Brodeur, an artist of Montreal, has modeled a Longfellow memorial suitable for placing in Nova Scotia among the former sites of the Acadians. It is a barefoot figure of Evangeline, clad in skirt, jacket and little shawl, holding high above her head a medallion of the poet, draped with the American flag. With one hand supporting the medallion she holds aside the flag so as to show Longfellow's head. At her feet are curling waves. On the pedestal are the words, in French: "Grateful Acadia to Longfellow, the Singer of Evangeline."

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The apartments of the Palazzo Reale, or royal palace, in Venice are to be used for a permanent art exhibition.

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The publication of a cook-book by subscription is a new idea, but Delmonico's veteran chef, Mr. Charles Ranhofer, will essay it, at his own risk, promising an octavo volume of 1,200 pages, embracing 3,700 recipes, and embellished with 800 engravings.

* * *

The first number of the "Farmers' Almanac" was published in Boston by Robert B. Thomas in September, 1792, the issue being for the year 1793. It was so well compiled, and so full of valuable hints and interesting information, that it was a go from the start. The printers were Belknap & Hall, the Apollo Press, who were also booksellers at 8 Dock Square, Boston. Thomas himself was a dealer in books and stationery at Sterling Mass. The almanac was successively printed by Manning & Loring, J. H. A. Frost, Jenks & Palmer and others. The present publishers are William Ware & Co., the direct successors of John West, who was a publisher of educational books as far back as 1792, and who seems to have bought the copyright of the almanac from Thomas in 1796. In 1892 a centennial number was published containing an excellent full-length portrait of its founder, Robert B. Thomas, accompanied by a biographical sketch written by Dr. Samuel A. Green, a record of the progress of one hundred years, in the United States, a fac-simile of the title-page of the first number of the almanac, and besides other interesting and instructive matter the census for 1890. It is a remarkable fact that this is the only almanac that has had a continuous and uninterrupted publication for more than a century.

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The *Jabberwock* is the name of a magazine published by the scholars of the Boston Girls' Latin School. The meaning of "Jabberwock" was as much a mystery to its founders as to the curious friends who asked questions about it. But from a letter from Mr. Carroll himself, granting permission to the girls to use the name, they learned that "Jabberwock" was very suitable and appropriate. The letter was as follows:

"29 BEDFORD STREET, COVENT GARDEN,
LONDON, Feb. 6, 1888.

"Mr. Lewis Carroll has much pleasure in giving to the editors of the proposed magazine permission to use the title they wish for. He finds that the Anglo-Saxon word 'wocer,' or 'wocor,' signifies 'offspring,' or 'fruit.' Taking 'jabber' in its ordinary acceptation of 'excited and voluble discussion,' this would give the meaning of 'the result of much excited discussion.' Whether this phrase will have any application to the projected periodical it will be for the future historian of American literature to determine. Mr. Carroll wishes all success to the forthcoming magazine."

Only the sons of wealthy families can, according to a French writer, afford to adopt the career of letters or arts in Japan. In the feudal times, when the powerful members of the aristocracy took promising writers and artists under their protection, the remuneration was also pitifully small. Famous novelists earned from \$6 to \$7 a month. The immortal painter Hokusai was forced to live from hand to mouth. In modern times matters have not much improved. Among the novelists now living, probably three or four earn as much as \$75 a month, and five or six from \$35 to \$50 a month. The incomes of the others are much smaller even than these paltry sums. The price paid a journalist for contributions to daily newspapers or periodicals is also exceedingly meagre. For one chapter of a short story such a writer, if he be unknown to fame, does not receive more than 25 to 35 cents. Even well-known writers are paid only from \$2.25 to \$7 for the same amount of work. As to artists, they fare no better. In the capital of Japan to-day there are three or four painters whose work compares favorably with their colleagues in European cities; but it is almost impossible for them to live from the sale of the products of their brush, and they are forced to have money from their families or receive small incomes from work in other fields. The people seem to care, it is said, only for paintings from earlier times.

* * *

The splendid collection of coins sent from the Philadelphia Mint to the World's Fair has been placed in position on the second floor of the Mint in the same mahogany cases in which they were seen at the Fair. In all there are about 7,000 coins and 2,000 medals, and a careful estimate of their value, made by the curator, R. A. McClure, places their worth at \$58,000. In the collection there is an array of the money of the Grecian Republic from B.C. 700 to 300. Coin of the Grecian monarchies, Macedonia, Egypt, Syria, Persia, and the Roman Republic before the time of Christ. Seven hundred coins of the Roman Empire, coins of France, the old German Empire, Austria, Spain and Portugal. The silver shekel of Scripture is also shown. In the United States cabinets are a silver dollar of 1804, worth \$800; a half-dollar of 1796, worth \$200; and a half-eagle of 1822, valued at \$500.

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The first book printed on all-wood paper has lately been sent to the Berlin Testing Office for examination. It is a report of the meetings of the Silesian Forest Association of 1852, and contains a number of articles about the use of wood to replace rags in paper. At that time chemical pulp was not yet known, and the book must have been printed on mechanical wood paper. The chief ranger, Herr Pannowitz, thought so much of this report that he sent copies to the late King Frederic William IV to interest him in a new industry, and also to some persons in high position. The test copy is one of these, and is very well preserved, and appears to have been kept carefully packed up all these years. The sheets were of a yellowish cream shade, and showed small yellow spots of the size of a pinhead, or even of a pea. Probably some fungus is the cause, which, however, could not be definitely ascertained without spoiling the book. There were no brown marks on the outer margin of the leaves, nor did they at all vary in shade. The great softness of the paper first raised doubts whether it really could be made from ground wood, but an examination by the microscope proved that it was made from pure wood alone, probably by hand-made process. The paper was unsized, and in the ash showed 6 1/2 per cent unburnt particles, thus proving the absence of any mineral additions. On the test of strips of 100 mm. length and 10 mm. width on a Schopper Tester the medium bearing length was 1,860 m., and the elasticity 1.4 per cent. From these tests the conclusion could perhaps be drawn that ground wood paper, after all, will last longer than the general supposition has hitherto thought possible. However, it should not be overlooked that these copies have been carefully guarded from the influence of the light, nor would they be in the same state if they had been frequently read. Some strips were afterward exposed for twenty hours to the direct influence of the sunlight, when the color became first yellow and after brown, thus unmistakably proving its origin.

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An interesting and valuable collection is said by the *Post* of Hartford, Conn., to belong to a Mr. T. Sedgwick Steele, of that city. Mr. Steele is an artist, painting still-life subjects with success.

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Book thieves take queer freaks. Last month Prof. Charles Knapp, of Barnard College, took to a dealer in photographic goods in Ann street, this city, a copy of Baumeister's work on "Classic Rome and Athens." The work is a ponderous folio in three heavy volumes, the text in German, and is embellished with some 2,500 cuts. Professor Knapp wished to have lantern slides made of some of these, to illustrate certain lectures which he was booked to deliver. While the book was at the dealer's shop, a fellow came in and found only the office-boy dusting up. After a brief pretense of pricing things, the stranger took possession of Professor Knapp's books and lugged them off, saying that the dealer had promised to lend them to him. What he can do with them, unless he keeps them for himself, it is difficult to surmise. But I recollect a wretched old fellow, a clerk at \$50 a month, who had a whole roomful of books which he exhibited to me with great pride. How he could afford to buy them I could not understand. When he died some relation who happened to be his heir, tried to have them sold at auction, when it was discovered that nearly every volume had been stolen from public libraries, old bookstalls or the shops of booksellers. The oddest part of it was that the old bibliophile never read any of his thievings. He stole the books only for the sake of the illustrations.

The French painter James Tissot, long a resident of London, has been making a vast number of pen-and-inks to illustrate the life of Christ. He seems to have been inspired by Holman Hunt, for he has made various trips to Jerusalem, and strives to make the scenes and incidents as modern and real as possible without entirely losing sight of archaeology. He calls his material "Pencil reporting from the life of Jesus Christ." Trying to imagine himself the reporter for an illustrated paper in Rome, under Tiberius, he makes sketches of the events that will interest Christians in later years.

* * *

The two-night sale of Mr. Klackner's collection of pictures realized about \$15,000, which is pretty good money considering the times and the fact that the copyright of many of the pictures still rests with Mr. Klackner, and accrues to the profit account of his publications. The sale was made by Mr. Somerville, at the Fifth Avenue Art Galleries, and some of the prices are worth quoting. The pictures sold included oil and water-color paintings, and were in great part the work of American artists. A landscape, "Near the Brandywine," by G. L. Henry, brought \$100. An interior, "The Home of Evangeline," by C. R. Grant, sold for \$170. Three other works by Mr. Grant, called respectively, "Winding and Weaving," "Rest in the Lord," and "When the Flowing Tide Comes In," sold for \$75, \$55 and \$100. A battle piece by W. T. Trego, with the name "A Pell Mell Charge," brought \$110, and a picture of two figures of girls, by F. C. Jones, called "The Love Letter," went at \$170. A. Robaudi's "Grecian Wedding," sold for \$125 and a landscape with two female figures, painted by Hamilton Hamilton, sold for \$100. Another landscape, the work of Carleton Wiggins, entitled "The Shepherd's Home," brought \$120. Two landscapes by Veend King, the English artist, brought \$105 and \$110. A water-color by E. Osthaus, called "Flushed," and consisting of figures of several hunting dogs, brought \$80. A group of women working in a field, called "The Pea Gatherers," the work of H. Roseland, brought \$110. A small painting of three female figures in Watteau costumes was the work of C. Detti, and sold for \$115. It was called "The Gardens of Versailles." A picture by E. Percy Moran, called "Bridal News," showed a young woman reading a newspaper by the light of a lamp. It brought \$110. A landscape by Arthur Parton, called "A Song of Spring," brought \$100, and a marine by Julian Rix brought \$100. Robaudi's "Mlle. Pierrot," a life-size figure, and the gem of the sale, went for \$400. "Vintage Dance," by W. Magrath, brought the highest price of the evening—\$600. "The News from Versailles" went for \$510, and "Love's Young Dream," by A. Piot, Paris, sold for \$450. Percy Moran's "In Disgrace," Giradet's "Game of Chance," and Dustin's "Returning Herd" sold for \$200 each. A large picture of the field trials of 1891 at Lexington, Ky., by the late Mr. Tracy, brought \$320. "The Evening Glow," by C. H. Davis, went for \$160, and Artigues's "Spanish Honeymoon" at the same price. The only others worthy of mention are "The Bridesmaid," Hayneswilliams, of London, \$130; "On the Bronx," Von Boskerck, \$125; "End of the Brook," Emily Hart, \$165; "Roman Steps," E. Fortk, \$160; and "Daisy," Carleton Wiggins, \$150.

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The attention of collectors is to be drawn to the fact that the Executor's Sale of the Seney Collection of pictures will be begun on Feb. 7, in the evening, at Chickering Hall, in this city. The sale is exclusively without reserve. The pictures and prints are now on exhibition at the American Art Galleries in Madison Square.

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The experiences of a violin dealer, who is also a skilful workman, serve to illustrate the method pursued in the purchase of decrepit violins. Once a year or so, says a correspondent of the *Saturday Review*, the dealer takes a tour. When he comes to a town he enters a barber shop or grocery store, and inquires who are the people who own violins. A number of names are given to him, and he pursues his investigations with varying success. Not long ago a barber in Ohio told him that a certain farmer used to have a violin, but he thought it had been broken with constant usage and thrown aside. The dealer visited the farmer, and after some parley induced him to produce the fragments of a violin which "mother" had saved. A glance at these told the dealer he had found a treasure. He wet one of the pieces in order to examine the varnish, and it shone with a beautiful reddish yellow hue that delighted his heart. The headpiece was the genuine article. The instrument, when put together, would be of the most graceful type, and of the best kind of workmanship. The farmer gladly parted with it in exchange for a new violin and \$20, and it passed into the dealer's hands. Now he has the instrument hung up in his shop, and apparently it is without a flaw. The color is beautiful, like that one sees in some old portrait; its form is extremely pleasing, and the price of it is \$200. A violoncello owned by a prominent musician was picked up in this manner for a mere song. The dealer learned that a retired sea-captain had an old cello. He made an investigation, and found that the instrument was covered with a coat of hideous yellow paint. The dealer looked over the debris carefully, for the instrument was broken a great deal, and soon learned that the wood of which it was constructed was over two hundred years old. After a time he succeeded in purchasing it. Then he took it to pieces and removed the paint and old glue. The workmanship was of a character that delighted the enthusiastic workman. It was made of Italian spruce, the kind of wood used in all Cremona instruments by Stradivarius. This wood cannot now be obtained. It was made in 1646. The musician who now owns the instrument cheerfully paid \$700 for it.

Some years ago John Malloy, whose achievements as a railroad builder in South America have made him well known among men engaged in that industry, and many others, deposited in the City Library of Springfield, Mass., a number of books which he secured in Lima, Peru, and in other places in that country. They were secured when the National Library of Peru and the Library of the University of Peru were sacked by rebels and insurgents in some of the many revolutions to which South American countries are subject. At these times books and pictures were thrown into the streets, and Mr. Malloy was fortunate enough to be able to rescue some of them. The consignment contains many books of inestimable value. Many are very old, bound in heavy parchment, and interlined and annotated by the priests who, in the convents years ago, spent whole lifetimes in annotating one volume. Occasionally is found one of those illuminated initial letters which show such beautiful colors, and which were also done by these priests. The books are largely of Greek and Latin authors, though there are also works on medicine, history, travels and mathematics. There are ten or more bound volumes of the *London Chronicle* of 1750-60, old copies of the Bible, and at least one Elzevir, with its exquisite press-work and finish. The collection is already a priceless one, and, when Mr. Malloy has been able to gather in one place all he has, it is doubtful if its equal can be found, in this country at least.

Mrs. Anna M. Holstein, of Bridgeport, Pa., Regent of the Valley Forge Memorial Association, has received from Charles F. Rockwell, of Wayne county, an interesting relic for the Valley Forge Museum—an old powder horn made from the horn of an ox that was killed for beef for the troops during their encampment there more than a century ago. The horn was made in camp by Mr. Rockwell's father, Jabez Rockwell, who was one of the soldiers that passed the winter of 1777 and 1778 in Valley Forge. Three widowed daughters of the old soldier are yet living at the age of eighty-one, eighty-three and eighty-six years.

The newspaper collection of the Wisconsin Historical Society's Library includes 7,000 volumes and covers a period of over 200 years. The collection is, it is claimed, unexcelled in this country. The library at Albany, N. Y., and the Congressional Library at Washington are larger so far as the number of volumes go, but neither equals the Wisconsin Library in some of the most important periods of the country's history. The Historical Society Library is especially rich in the pre-revolutionary and revolutionary periods, and is well supplied with papers of the post-revolutionary period. It is a matter of surprise to scholars and litterateurs that such a fine collection should have been formed in the west. Professor Sumner for one, when looking up material on Alexander Hamilton, found here four out of the five volumes for which he had ransacked the eastern libraries, and said he could easily have found all the material of this kind needed in the Wisconsin Library. When it is considered that it was not until 1853 that the library came into existence the wonder of it is that so much could be collected in so short a time. While the collection nominally numbers 7,000 volumes, it is really larger for the reason that, contrary to the custom in other libraries, two or three years' numbers of a paper are bound in one volume and counted as such, when ordinarily each year would be counted as a volume.

At the last annual meeting of the Wisconsin Historical Society 7,500 books and pamphlets were reported as added to the library during the year 1893. A new department had been added to the museum by the purchase of 250 specimens of pre-historic pottery from graves in Missouri and Arkansas. A monograph was read concerning a curious financial feature during French domination on the Mississippi which seems to have escaped the research of Mr. Parkman. His only remark regarding French fiat money thus far discovered is, that "the Mississippi Company within two years changed the value of the currency to the amount of 80 per cent." "Half-Century of Conflict," ii, p. 606. The paper, by Dr. Devron, of New Orleans, first touched upon pasteboard money under Louis XIV, and his edict that a coin passing for fifteen sols in France should be current at twenty in the colonies. But the main ordinances were framed in the reign of Louis XV, onward from his second year. They appeared in the King's name, but were doubtless drawn up according to the caprices of the Mississippi Company, which had unlimited powers. In 1722 that corporation, having minted 200 pounds of copper, sent it to America, with orders that it pass as legal tender for all debts, even those previously contracted. Little of it, however, was forced into circulation, and that slowly. Then in 1724 the King—that is, the Company—issued an order that the nine-denier piece should henceforth pass for six. "This reduction," says Dr. Devron, "was of no effect in New Orleans, which to this day has never taken any fancy to any copper currency; the copper cents of the United States being used only to make payments or change at the Post-Office or Custom-house, the nickel being now the only base metal piece used even among the poorest residents of New Orleans in any trade." The Company still persisted, and on Oct. 31, 1726, decreed that copper should for all purposes be equal to Spanish dollars—for instance, that holders of letters of exchange should not demand payment in anything but copper at the value stamped upon it, notwithstanding any clauses which might be inserted in said letters, under a penalty of 300 livres as a fine, payable one-half to the informer and the other half to the hospital, and under the further penalty of the confiscation of his exchange, as well as of his being himself flogged and branded by the hand of the public executioner,

Collectors of hydrographic charts will be interested to learn that the January chart of the North Atlantic, just issued by the Hydrographic Office, has several new features that will increase its value to navigators. The land, which, in previous charts, was marked in black, is in a yellowish light-clay tint. The storm and temperature signals of the Weather Bureau are shown in colors, and the region of equatorial rains is indicated distinctly by small, slanting blue lines. The European gale and storm signals, as displayed on the coasts of Great Britain and Ireland, Holland, France and Portugal are also shown. These consist of simply a cone and a cylinder, used in much the same way as our flags and pennants. The prophets of the Hydrographic Office predict for January strong westerly gales along the steamship routes, occasional gales in the neighborhood of the Azores, and ice near Cape Race during the last of the month. The Hydrographic Office has also issued an experimental chart, the first of its kind, of the North Pacific Ocean.

M. Victor Schoelcher died on Dec. 25, 1893, at Houilles, in the Seine-et-Oise. M. Schoelcher, who was born in 1804, was one of the last noteworthy survivors of 1848. For the past thirteen years he had devoted himself to humanitarian and philanthropic questions. He was a partner in the well-known firm of Pleyel, Wolff & Co., pianoforte makers, and had great influence in the musical world of Paris, *Musical Notes* says. In 1840 M. Schoelcher went to Hayti to see how the black races used their liberty, and seven years later he landed in Senegal and penetrated into the country. He was a musician, and he collected in his tours negro melodies and African instruments of music. The collections he made were unique, and are now at the Museum of the Conservatoire du Musique. Until quite recently M. Schoelcher never missed a Sunday concert at the Conservatoire, or a first representation, or the debut of a great artist at the opera house. He accepted invitations to every soiree where good music was to be heard, and he may be said to have made the French acquainted with the works of Handel, whom he regarded as the greatest composer that ever lived. He gave the Conservatoire his collection of rare editions and manuscripts of illustrious composers. M. Schoelcher spoke English without a trace of French accent, and until he was past eighty was accustomed to spend his holidays in England.

The passion of mankind for curios is almost universal and very various, says James Payn, in the *Illustrated London News*, and what to one man is an object of desire, for others has not the smallest attraction; they even touch their foreheads with significance when they see him poring over his "collection," and wonder that his friends permit him to be at large. It is one of those cases where the proverbial maxim of "put yourself in his place" is impossible to be employed. To one person a copy of the first edition of a book, especially if it has errors in it, is worth all the others put together, including the *édition de luxe*. Another gloats over a stamp from the Cannibal Islands, which is all the more valuable if it has been used. These people are not mad on other matters, and may even have great intelligence. Sir Walter Scott laid immense store upon the wine glass out of which George IV drank when he visited Edinburgh, and had it not (one is glad to read) been broken in his pocket, would have added it to his "collection" at Abbotsford. These things are a matter of taste, and can never be argued about; but people may have "a good deal of taste and all bad." This must have been the case, I think, with the purchasers of the late Mr. Deeming's personal property at Melbourne. The axe and knife with which he murdered his victim fetched £4 15s., we are told, and the spade with which he dug her grave a guinea. "His clothing was eagerly bid for, even down to half a dozen pairs of patched socks." This is strange enough, since while he was awaiting his trial nobody would have stood in his shoes for anything.

Captain Gambier, R.N., in the *Fortnightly Review*, disputes Columbus's claims to be the true discoverer of America. He believes that one Jean Cousin, a Frenchman, who sailed out of Dieppe in 1488, absolutely crossed the Atlantic and discovered the Amazon river. In a record, "Antiquities et Chroniques," written by le Sieur Asseline, 1688, the voyage of Cousin is described, and is supposed to have been copied from the original. Unfortunately, Cousin's log was burned when Dieppe was fired by the English in 1694. Here comes in something which is, at least, curious. That most important personage, whose name is always joined with that of Columbus, Vincent Pincon, according to Captain Gambier, was second in command on board Cousin's ship. Vincent Pincon is described as a hardy seaman, but without any knowledge of navigation. Desmarquets, another authority, whom Gambier is satisfied copied Cousin's "Rapport," wrote of Pincon as a very jealous and troublesome man, inclined to find fault with Cousin's methods. If the story is true, Cousin put boldly to sea, reached the mouth of the Amazon (Maragnon) in 1488, and then sailed back for the African coast. Taking Captain Gambier's story as authentic, the later relationships between Columbus and Pincon—or the Pinzon brothers—is at once understood. The only trouble, and the serious one, is that the original log-book of Cousin is not forthcoming. What, however, seems to be amazing, is the name of a man, Pincon, first united with the voyage of Cousin and afterward with that of Columbus. Captain Gambier tries to show what Vincent Pincon did between his return with Cousin to Dieppe and Columbus's departure with the same Pincon from Palos. It is worth noting also, that the first port at the mouth of the Amazon is to this day called Maranon, which is only a Portuguese transcription of the old title, made by the rejection of the G,

THE CONTRIBUTORS' MAGAZINE

A NOVEL Chicago venture is the *Contributors' Magazine*, which may be briefly characterized as the occasional issue, for private circulation, of a handsome publication made up of papers by the Contributors' Club, an association composed of ladies and gentlemen, of which Mr. Franklin H. Head is President. The list of membership includes the best names in Chicago. The magazine is edited by Mr. Arthur J. Eddy, a member of the bar with literary tastes, who, in fact, was also the originator of the Club. That the publication is a rarity may be inferred from the fact that the edition is strictly limited, the first issue consisting of but 250 copies, the second of 150, and the third, now at hand, of 300. No copies are in any way for sale. Such can only be procured by compliment of members of the Club.

As to the magazine itself. It is of small folio size, superbly printed, with ample margins, on Van Gelder paper, the text being enlivened with initials, colophons, etc., especially designed for each issue. The cover, in which the title is rubricated, is a design by W. H. C. Bradley, delightfully decorative in style, and drawn with boldness and simplicity. The papers in the third issue are a departure from the original idea of the club, in so much as they are composed of the work of distinguished foreigners who were in some way connected with the Exposition, the names including Mr. Heromich Shugio of Japan, Prince Serge Walkowsky of Russia, the Contessa di Brazza Savorgnan of Italy, Phra Suriya Nuvatr of Siam, I. Hakky Bey of Turkey, Princess Marie Shahovsky of Russia, Señor Manuel de Peralta of Costa Rica and Mme. Linchee Suriya of Siam. Each paper is accompanied by a fac-simile of a portion of the writer's manuscript. The paper contributed by Prince Walkowsky, which opens the number and is the longest, merits every consideration. It is the frank statement of his impressions, by a man of the world who is blind neither of eyes or brain, and the reading of it inspires in one the desire to take the author by the hand, as one who can read the truth between lines, and is not afraid to speak it.

Mr. W. J. Harvey has undertaken the enormous labor of transcribing the Cambridge records of university alumni for the four centuries 1483-1893 in twenty-one volumes, including an index volume, one for each of fifteen colleges, three for Trinity and two for St. John's. The work will be entitled "Alumni Cantabrigienses," and will record admissions, matriculations and graduations, giving Christian name and surname, particulars as to parentage, birth, education, college, rank, age at admission, tutors, degrees, dignities, etc., etc.—say 150,000 separate entries. Each college record will be purchasable by itself at a guinea a volume. Mr. Harvey's address is Heathell, Melbourne Grove, Champion Hill, London, S. E.

* * *

Volume VII of the Transactions of the Royal Historical Society, being for the year 1893, contains several interesting papers. More than half the volume is devoted to Part II of "The Inquisition of 1517," edited by J. S. Leadham. This part gives an account of the enclosures and evictions which took place in Norfolk, Yorkshire, Herefordshire, Staffordshire and Hampshire. In his preface Mr. Leadham breaks a lance with Professor Ashley on the subject of the legal security of copyholders or customary tenants. The volume also contains a translation of Professor Pflugk-Hartung's "Druids of Ireland," a brief history of "The Magyar County," "Notes on the Family of Betoun," "The Laws of the Mercers Company of Lichfield," and Dr. F. Liebermann's "Instituta Cnuti." The title "Instituta Cnuti" is here applied to a private compilation written presumably in 1110. It contains a Latin translation of Cnut's laws and of various other legal enactments of which no Anglo-Saxon original is now in existence. Dr. Liebermann carefully analyzes the treatise, and, with his usual critical acumen, throws much new light on its origin and contents. He will print the first instalment of his edition of the Anglo-Saxon laws next year. He has devoted several years of laborious research to this edition, and it promises to be an epoch-making work.

* * *

Mr. Robert Lawson, a real estate broker, of Catonsville, Maryland, has in his possession an old and valuable portrait of Columbus. It was exhibited at the World's Fair in the upper story of the building representing the Convent of La Rabida. Mr. Lawson states that, in company with some friends, he stopped at an auction sale in Baltimore several years ago. The auctioneer stated that he had a few unclaimed bundles from the Custom House, and on these bidding began. One of the bundles was knocked down to Mr. Lawson. Arriving home, he found in his dirty-looking bundle a number of pictures. Mr. Lawson took them to the late Charles Volckmar, the artist, who retouched several, a few of which, he said, were very old. The others, he said, were beyond the hope of restoring. However, the rest of the collection were examined, and, after removing layers of dirt, Mr. Volckmar discovered the hand and globe, and, a little later, he was convinced that the worn-out canvas was a painting of Columbus. Mr. Volckmar advised Mr. Lawson not to part with the picture. The portrait had never, before the World's Fair, been exhibited.

THE VIOLIN TIMES

MR. EDWARD HERON-ALLEN is best known in this country as a writer of very dainty verse and prose, and as a student and exponent of the science of chiromancy. But among the initiated on both sides of the Atlantic it is no secret that he is strongest and most serious as an investigator and expounder of that most wonderful of instruments, the violin. It will be good news, therefore, to amateurs and collectors in this walk, and to the fiddle world generally, that, in association with Mr. E. Polonaski, the well known writer and critic, he has established a monthly journal in London under the title *The Violin Times*. The publication reaches its third issue with that of January 15, and carries in its pages abundant title to successful continuance. News, criticisms and special papers on the chosen topics of *The Times*, are treated with epigrammatic and authoritative pens. Everything is to the point, and every paragraph has a point worth aiming at. An interesting and, to collectors, valuable current feature is a transcription by Mr. Heron-Allen and Mrs. Marianna Heron-Allen, from the Arts and Crafts-Book of the famous Guild of Violin-Makers of Markneukirchen. Each number contains also a short story on a musical subject, and a feature is made of original letters of celebrated violinists. The first was a letter of Paganini's from the J. T. Carrodus collection, relating to a scandal of his connection with Signora Bianchi. The second was provided by some correspondence of Charles Auguste de Beriot, relating to Maria Malibran-Garcia, dating from the period when de Beriot and she were on terms of romantic intimacy. A department under the running head of "The Literature of the Violin" is of the greatest importance to collectors, and the "Answers to Correspondents" are pithy and valuable.

Altogether, *The Violin Times*, even though it makes its appearance in a field already rich in periodical literature, does so in a shape which provides it with a convincing *raison d'être*. It is a journal of the day, dealing with topics of the day from a living standpoint, avoiding on the one hand the abstract theorizations of technical musical papers and on the other the flatulent puffery of the organs that grind their grist out of the music trade. The construction and arrangement of its material demonstrate what can be done by well schooled and well informed intelligence governed by editorial taste. The subscription price is but 2s. 6d. per annum, and it is published by Alan Palmer, 11 Ludgate Hill. The editorial office is at 38 Warwick Road, Earl's Court, where the editors are to be addressed.

PERSONALIA

WILLIAM J. ONAHAN of Chicago has one of the finest libraries in the West, his collection being particularly rich in Irish and Scottish literature.

James A. Finlay of Kansas City, Mo., has gathered an extremely interesting collection of Indian curios and relics, especially of those relating to the Sioux tribe.

George F. Kunz has secured for the American Numismatic and Archaeological Society, from various exhibitors, officials, etc., a collection of over fifty medals of the Columbian Exposition.

Senator Sherman has a fancy for collecting copies of pictures by the old masters, and is said to possess the most complete and valuable collection in this line in the United States.

Pierre Jules Cavalier, sculptor, born in 1814, pupil of David d'Angers and Paul Delaroche, winner of the grand prize for sculpture in 1842, member of the Institute and officer of the Legion of Honor, died in Paris on Jan. 28.

K. Ogura, of the Photographic Laboratory of the General Army and Navy Staff of Japan, has, in connection with I. Tanaka, of the same staff, perfected an arrangement for photographing by electricity from a captive balloon.

The family of the late Dr. Abraham Coles, of Newark, N. J., is to present to the Free Public Library of that city the Columbian memorial shield, which was exhibited in the German department of the Liberal Arts Building, and is made of polished steel and bronze, about three feet in diameter; the allegorical and historical ornamentation upon it extremely elaborate.


Queen Victoria has a splendid collection of tablecloths, some of which are covered with most interesting designs, one representing the field of Waterloo, with the figures of Wellington and Napoleon faithfully portrayed.

Mr. Herbert H. Fay, of De Kalb, Ill., has made a fad of collecting famous men's portraits, and now has 50,000 of them. Many of them came only after a long search and persistent importunity, and some of them are very scarce, if they can be duplicated anywhere.

* * *

The heirs of Senator Jacob Moleschott, the famous explorer, teacher and physician, have given his valuable library, containing over 40,000 volumes of medical, philosophical and scientific works, to the Academy of Turin, where he began his labors.

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RAMBLINGS, RUMINATIONS AND REALITIES.

IN these days of next to universal collectorship, it has got to be a question not as to what people do but what they do not collect. I have a friend in Kentucky who breeds a very fine strain of racing stock. He has a shoe from every horse that he ever raced, and from every one sold out of his stable to other sportsmen. Each is mounted on a panel covered with plush, which has a gilt tablet upon it on which is inscribed the name, pedigree, etc., of the animal that wore it, and in most cases the races at which it made its record. A Virginia gentleman of my acquaintance has devoted himself to breeding stallions. Whenever one dies, by natural causes or accident, he has one hoof taken off and mounted in silver as an inkstand. His house is literally full of these trophies. In his library, which contains probably the finest collection of equine literature in the country, there must be upwards of a score, and each is numbered and registered with record to fit. A gentleman of this State who breeds Holstein cattle for pleasure has preserved a complete museum of the horns of those which have perished of disease or age. Each man collects according to his hobby; the sportsman preserves the antlers of the deer he has shot, or the peltries of the wild beasts he has killed. A New Yorker with a predilection for bull-dogs has every brute he owned stuffed and set up as a household ornament. Another does the same with his game-cocks. A lady I know, who is particularly prone to cats, has the skeleton of every pet that dies on her hands carefully prepared by a taxidermist, and she shows you a room full of these osseous souvenirs, each wearing about its bony neck the collar or ribbon which it wore in life. Goethe once said that the only thing a man could not preserve was his own life, which must, eventually, become the prize of the greatest collector of all. Only last week I learned of a collection, however, which I think belongs to a class not yet recorded. It is composed of the clippings of his finger nails, which a man in this city has made during a period of over thirty years, and which he now wants to have welded together, so that they can be moulded or carved into ornaments for a lady's wear. I don't know that finger-nails are susceptible of the same manipulation as tortoise-shell or sheep-horn or cows-hoofs. But if they are, no doubt some lady will be the possessor of what she may well call a unique collection.

Apropos of this subject I have just received an invitation from a subscriber to view his collection of Rhine-wine bottles, which he assures me is "immense." I have no doubt it is, for he is a lusty consumer of the vintages of those historic vineyards. A dozen or so years ago I was invited, with a friend, a well known journalist, now dead, to breakfast with a restaurant-keeper, at whose place we frequently fed, in honor of his fiftieth birthday. He gave us a magnificent breakfast, with royal white wines, and when, sometime about two o'clock in the afternoon, we had arrived at that condition which old Dumas considered the happiest under the sun, our host produced what he considered the crown of the feast. It was a bottle of champagne which had been corked and sealed the year that he was born. Champagne half a century old was certainly a novelty to us. The bottle, absolutely encrusted with dust, was uncorked with the most exquisite care. The glasses were ready. The cork came out in silence. Our host, with rather a puzzled expression, poured out a liquid of a golden amber color and as thick as fresh honey. But it was very far from being as sweet as honey. There was no life in it, but plenty of bouquet, of

a kind not likely to be popular with ladies. "Never mind," said our host, as he dumped the liquid into the silver ice-pail in which our other wines had cooled, "I'll keep the bottle." And he did, and when I last ate an omelette a la Espagnole under his roof the fat-bellied old flask, with its dust in all its integrity, stood enshrined in a glass case framed in silver behind the desk where his plump daughter did duty as cashier, as her plump mother had done before her.

To collect champagne is, evidently, an unprofitable form of the habit of collectorship. But the rule does not apply in the collateral direction of brandy.

Early in the seventies, while I was in the Island of Jamaica, I assisted an English friend in making a catalogue of the books in the Government Library, in the Legislature Building at Spanish Town. The work was done during the hot season, when the Legislature was adjourned, and the always drowsy capital of the Island seemed to have gone dead asleep. After we had finished our leisurely first day's work, my friend asked if I wanted to return to Kingston for dinner: "Because, if you don't," he said, "I'll promise you a dinner here that will last until supper time, and quarters for the night."

This prospect was so much more inviting than that of a twelve-mile trip in a railway train that traveled at the rate of six miles an hour, that I accepted it on the spot. He took me to an ancient house which stood in a large garden, surrounded by a high brick wall. The garden had run wild until it was a beautiful tropical wilderness. The house was of brick, in the style usual to the West Indies in the past, with steps leading up to a high veranda. At either side of the steps at the foot stood a splendid, long brass cannon, mounted on a ship carriage. The barrel of each was stamped with the arms of Spain and a name. One was named "El Temblador," or, the Earthquake, and the other "El Conquistador," or, the Conqueror. The arsenal date on both was the same - 1768. "The Admiral," said my friend, "took them off a Spanish pirate that he sunk under the Isle of Pines fifty years ago. Beauties, aren't they? And they didn't earthquake or conquer the old boy, either."

Up at the head of the steps we were received by a fat and pompous negro servant. He was dressed in immaculate white, even his feet being covered with pipeclayed canvas shoes. His snow-white wool showed that he was very old, but it was a healthful and vigorous old age. He bowed to my conductor with dignified respect.

"I've brought a friend to dinner, Isaac," said the latter. "He's from the States."

"Him very welcome, Marster Goarge," replied the major-domo, and then to me, "De house has honor, sar. Please you to enter."

He left us on the veranda, while he went within. There were chairs of bamboo and of rattan scattered all about, and on a little round table a decanter of brandy, tumblers, cigars, and ice-water in a silver pitcher. My friend mixed me a grog and one

for himself, pushed the cigars towards me and took one himself, and made a light for both of us from his fusee-box.

"Now, then, stretch out," he said. "It always takes half an hour to stir the old sea wolf up."

I had no idea who my host was to be, but I was presently enlightened. He was the elder brother of my friend's father. He had been a midshipman under Nelson, had won his rank in the British navy with many honors, and now held a high Government post on the Island. His office was a sinecure. He had accepted it simply because he preferred to live his life out in the tropics, and had neither kith nor kin but his nephew to bind him to England by any family ties.

"You'll like him," said my friend confidently. "In fact, nobody can help liking him. But you'll find his ways a little—ah—peculiar, and maybe abrupt. But you mustn't mind them, you know."

I promised that I would not, and we went on talking about nothing in particular. There was a soft rustle of leaves in the garden. The town outside the walls might have been dead for all the sound it made. A pretty green lizard ran along the railing of the balcony, and stopped to stare at us with no fear in its beads of eyes. Then a violent commotion broke out within the house. To describe it in detail would, I fear, shock the readers of *THE COLLECTOR*. But at any rate, in due time the admiral came out in a suit of white flannels, with a crutch under one arm, and Isaac supporting him on the other side, and we dined like kings, except that the admiral would swear at his gout.

As the dinner wore on, with all sorts of palaver on all sorts of things, the brandy came up for discussion, and it came out that it had been taken by the admiral from a privateer brigantine forty years before, when the war of independence was being waged in South America, which privateer had plundered it, along with the rest of its cargo, from a French merchantman on its way from Bordeaux to Martinique. Some time after I left Jamaica, the admiral surrendered to his gout for the last time. His nephew became his heir, and returned to England to settle. He died a couple of years ago, and his wife—for he had married on his return—sold his wine cellar by auction. Most of the collection was that of the old admiral, which we had sampled in Spanish Town. There were a couple of dozen or so of the privateer brandy left, and it brought upwards of two guineas a bottle. The birthday champagne would have been exorbitantly dear at two cents.

As I anticipated, the collections of pictures, porcelains, bronzes and bric-à-brac left by the late John Wolfe are to be dispersed by auction. The sale, which is made by order of the executors of his estate, will be made by Ortgies & Co., at the Fifth Avenue Art Galleries, on April 11 and 12, and the exhibition of the objects will be opened to the public on April 7. This sale ought to offer many prizes to collectors.

A lady, Jennie T. Clinton, of South Orange, N. J., who describes herself as "one of the large army of women art students" in New York, writes to the *Evening Post* to protest against the fact that the art collection of the Historical Society is not of general access. But as the pictures are arranged, I cannot imagine of what especial or even partial use they would be to students. Indeed, many of them can scarcely be seen at all. The Society has a rule that the card of a member be required to admit a stranger. Such introductions are not difficult to obtain, and moreover, according to my experience, the enforcement of this rule is not very rigorous. I have, for my part, never used a member's card to obtain admission to the Society's collections. The pressure for space in the present building is such that the enormously valuable material accumulated by the Society has been squeezed into the compactest compass possible, and no considerable part of it will be accessible for study until the completion of the new building affords an opportunity for its proper display.

The award of the Webb Prize of \$300, at the Society of American Artists, to Charles A. Platt for the best landscape in the exhibition, is at any rate a recognition of an artist of a sound and original talent. Mr. Platt became generally known as an etcher a year or two before the famous exhibition of the New York Etching Club of 1883. He was then a very young man, who had either studied under or been influenced by the veteran etcher, Stephen Parish. However, his manner even then was original and his execution so bold that his plates commanded attention at once. One in particular, the "Market Slip at St. John's, N. B., at Low Tide,"

bitten in 1881, enjoyed a great success and is now very rare. Mr. Keppel was, I believe, his first publisher. Mr. Platt then went to Europe, where he pushed his studies in painting, also etching many successful subjects in France, Holland and England. Of recent years he has devoted more time to painting than to etching, and has shown that his work in line and monochrome has by no means impaired his eye for color nor feeling for form. The winner of the Shaw Prize, Henry Oliver Walker, belongs to New England—I think to Boston. At any rate he had a studio there ten years ago. He has since studied abroad. The Shaw Prize, by the way, is less a prize than an annual purchase, since Mr. William T. Shaw, who provides the \$1,500 each year, receives for it the picture to which it has been awarded. It is, in one way, not a bad means of acquiring a collection which can claim the endorsement of a jury of artists.

The exhibition of this society, by the way, is extremely interesting this year. The portraitists come out strong, and the landscape work is of an excellent average. The weakness is as usual in the figures, which, with all their good painting, display the same old paucity of ideas, and in the nudes, which would send the censors of the United States Senate into fits. It is all very well to paint the nude for purposes of study. It is an essential to the education of an artist. But mere studies are not pictures for exhibition. When the introduction of the nude into public compositions occurs, it should have an actual and clearly defined purpose—as, for example, in the pictures of Puvis de Chavannes, of Sir Frederick Leighton, the marbles and bronzes of Carpeaux that was, of Rodin that is, and so on. Then only it becomes tolerable. In such form as it appears here it is merely meretricious. The artist has the same right to study as the surgeon. But what would be thought of a surgeon who made his dissections in public in order to create a sensation of morbid appetites to advertise himself?

The *London Chronicle* has been making a cynical but not unfounded assault on the art collectors of the day. According to it there is no intrinsic value in pictures. In other words, they are worth exactly what they will fetch. This is plainly a cherished view of the race which buys for £50 that it may sell after many days at £500. The scarcity of wealthy buyers, and the whims of fashion which dictate their taste, provide the conditions under which Bond street rents can be paid for establishments devoid of a customer for weeks at a stretch. And how often is the collector himself little more than a bargain hunter of a less robust type, hugging the notion that his "investments" in paint and canvas will pay him well, but ready at any moment to unload his accumulation on the first passer-by when he perceives a possibility of its money value deteriorating. "I suppose, then, I had better sell my Berghems," remarked one of this type to Constable, who had just pronounced a severe judgment on the once popular Dutch master. "No, sir," replied the great landscape painter, "that would only perpetuate the mischief. Burn them."

Still, in spite of the *Chronicle*, good art has a value which is intrinsic and which survives the whims of the superficial public and the caprices of fashion. It lives by its inherent force, and if this were not the case the art of the world would not have any standard. The same rule might be equally applied to literature, or music or architecture, as the *Chronicle* applies to pictures, which would reduce all intellectual productiveness to a mere trade of pandering to the thoughtless fancies of the hour. It has been proved over and over again that good art is the best of investments. Fashionable art is not and never will be.

Although it has had a good deal of fun poked at it by the eastern press, the Libby Prison Museum, in Chicago, has undoubtedly scored a popular and profitable success. It has got so far now that it publishes a monthly paper, the *Libby Prison Chronicle*, and additions are all the time being made to the collection, which comprises Confederate as well as Union relics and souvenirs. A southern subscriber writes to me in complaint that the building should have been removed from Richmond, but it seems to me that Richmond is the better off without it, while, in its present use, it can serve a better purpose than to revive bitter memories of ghastly misery and suffering. The prison is, in a manner, lost in the museum. The affair is run, I believe, by a company, but I think the idea of removing the old barrack and setting it up in Chicago originated in the brain of the indefatigably inventive grand commander of Chicago collectorship, Mr. Charles F. Gunther.

One of those theoretical editorial shouters who are forever flying in the face of facts has let out a thunderous blast for the creation of a National Art Department, to be added to the list of such departments as already exist. He wants to know why the United States cannot as legitimately create such a department as the French Republic has done. This sort of argument reminds a fellow of the vulgar but effective statement now popular in certain circles, that the speaker is talking through his hat. France is nominally a republic, it is true, but it is no more a republic upon our Constitutional principles than England is—perhaps less so. The Imperial system of centralization still prevails, and it is this system which created the protectorates of the various fine arts to which he alludes. The very danger which we seek to avoid here is that of centralizing power. Each State claims and is accorded certain individual rights—those powers which the General Government legitimately assumes are only such as concern or are supposed to concern the general welfare of all the States in combination. If any one State chooses to recognize art officially it can do so. Certainly the General Government could not justly undertake to create an arbitrary standard any more than it could establish an official censorship of the press, of the drama, or of the religion of the whole country. What we want is not a governmental bureau of art, but a higher intelligence in art matters among the people. No governmental orders can effect that any more than they could force Jews to become Gentiles, or compel the Catholic and the Protestant churches to amalgamate. Individuals and associations are now doing work in the required direction, and doing it as it should be done. The Metropolitan Museum of Art, for example, is a private benefaction. The State of New York grants it a certain amount of support, which it has a perfect right to do. But what right has the General Government to order the State of New York to do this, or to do it after a fashion some red tape and sealing wax, not to add salary-consuming Department in Washington, chooses to decree?

The loan collections exhibited at the Union League Club of this city this season have been such as to reflect credit on the Art Committee. The complaint once made that the club exhibitions were used as show places by a group of art dealers is certainly no longer justified. Some of the finest pictures exhibited, and which materially strengthen the exhibition, come from dealers' establishments, but they are a small minority among those contributed by individual artists and collectors. At the last Union League display I was much interested in the large picture by Mr. E. L. Henry, commemorating the start of the first railway in this State, in 1831. According to the current theory, such a picture is not art; that is to say, it is not a triumph of technique, a bravado of brushwork, and all that. In the same strain, our old friend Alexandre Dumas might have claimed that his "Trois Mousquetaires" was superior to Guizot, or Thackeray that "Henry Esmond" was greater than Macaulay. Each man to his trade is a good old proverb, and their need be no clashing of their claims to distinction. Mr. Henry's picture is an important and valuable work. It is a pictured page of history. It is part of a record which in time must become priceless. At the recent Water-Color Society Exhibition he had a scene on a Hoboken ferryboat, in the first half of the century. Surrounded by impressions in the Dutch style, the French style, the any-other-kind of style our imitative native geniuses may choose to imbibe, it created an impression of life, and it set one thinking back to the time from which the artist had drawn his subject.

The artist is, personally, a most interesting man. He is of moderate stature, rather sparely built, of a modest manner, and with the head of a student and the eye of an artist. He is a native of Charleston, S. C., now in the fifties as to age, but since the termination of the civil war has made New York his centre of operations. He commenced to study his art at the old Pennsylvania Academy in Philadelphia before the war, and afterwards went to Paris, where he became a pupil of Gleyre. He also painted in Florence and Rome. In 1863 he returned to this country, and followed the army in its Virginia campaigns, from studies of which, on the spot, he has painted some important historical pictures. In 1869 he became a member of the National Academy, and though he has since revisited Europe several times, he has pretty completely adhered to his original manner and methods of painting. He has an eye for character which none of our technicians possess, a knowledge of history that can only be the result of close study, and is an accurate draughtsman of whom we possess few equals. His pictures tell stories, it is true, and this is just now rated an artistic crime; but they tell their stories

forcibly and truly, and the verdict of the future will not be adverse to them. I was pleased to be able to study his large picture at the Union League exhibition, for it is a large picture, being about ten feet long, and, for the nonce, as it were, I seemed to see in these varied types so vividly presented, so truthful in character and costume, and in their surroundings, one of those stirring scenes of popular excitement of which the United States has provided so many, and of which the artists of the United States have painted all too few.

That there is an artistic colony of considerable importance in Montclair, N. J., is evidenced by the fact that the town is the residence of George Inness, of his son and of his son-in-law Jonathan Scott Hartley, Lawrence C. Earle, Harry Fenn, and perhaps half-a-dozen more members of the guild, including Thomas R. Manley, the draughtsman and dry-pointist. Laymen who are more or less collectors are also not rare in the community. Thomas Jefferson, the son of the eminent actor, has perhaps the most important collection in Montclair, and some excellent pictures and prints have been gathered by Benjamin Graham and others. So, when the Montclair Club made its first loan exhibition in its handsome house last week, the showing was a most creditable one. It comprised over two hundred pictures in oil and water-color, and prints. The exhibition was opened by a well-attended reception, and has attracted much interested attention.

Mr. J. W. Bouton has listed his entire stock of rare, standard and fine art books at a reduction all along the line of 50 per cent.

The fine arts enjoy their meed of honor even in Persia. The Shah, says report in one of the Berlin papers, has made a prime favorite of his court painter, who has won an unbounded influence over His Majesty. A short time ago a high official of the Empire became filled with a wild desire to see the painter at work in his studio. The painter, as the story goes, threw the intruder out and shut the door. But the great man returned, broke open the door and re-entered the room, whereupon the angry artist fell upon the official and painted his face a bright color. Fearing the displeasure of the great man and his friends, he then fled to the Shah for protection, who heard the report with great gravity. The Court favorite had hardly finished when the official, his face still covered with the fresh paint, presented his complaint to the Shah. "You are wrong," said His Majesty. "You must be punished." And he then condemned the official to two years' imprisonment because he had broken into a private room and stolen painters' colors with his cheeks! The unhappy man is now serving his sentence, and the painter is mounting higher and higher in the favor of the Court.

The late William H. Osborn, of this city, must have left a very fine and interesting collection of pictures and art objects. Like the late John Taylor Johnston, whose fortune was amassed in much the same field, he bought pictures because he liked to live among them—that is to say, in the true spirit of collectorship. Like Mr. Johnston, at whose sale, it may be remembered, Frederick E. Church's "Niagara Falls" sold for over \$12,000 to the Corcoran Gallery, he had a special fondness for the works of that artist. Among them he owned the well-known "Andes of Ecuador," which was painted in 1855, and the "Chimborazo," a really grand picture of its kind, in which one sees, towering up in the tropical haze far away beyond the windings of a river embarked with luxuriant foliage and dotted with islands wooded to the marge, the giant peak, crowned with eternal snow. Another Church in his collection is the "Tropical Moonlight," painted in 1874, a view through a vista of forest in the foreground of a placid lagoon, over whose farther shore, covered with forest, rises a full moon. One of the most poetic works Mr. Church ever painted belonged to him. This was "The Ægean Sea," which was first seen here in 1875. As in his other famous Greek picture, "The Parthenon," the artist had in mind the pathos of Greece in its decay and degradation. The ruined acropolis, the violated tombs in the mountain side, the foreground with its shattered columns and architectural wrecks, contrasted with a gaudy Turkish city on the shore of the sea the dead past, as sublime in death as life had been beautiful when Greece was in her prime.

The report of a fire in a Brooklyn office building brings out the fact that for many years there was in that city a large picture by Benjamin West, "The Death of Cæsar." It is stated one Abraham Sellers, a wealthy and eccentric manufacturer of cutlery in Sheffield, England, received the painting about thirty years ago in

partial payment of a debt of £1,000, and having a large zinc tube made for it, he rolled it up in that and never suffered it to be removed from his possession. He brought it to this country with him, and on his death it was purchased by Joel W. Sherwood and Kennard Buxton, of Brooklyn. It was hanging in the law offices of the latter when a fire broke out in the building, and was burned out of its frame and totally destroyed. It is claimed that its authenticity was endorsed by Mr. John Sartain, the engraver, of Philadelphia, who had once seen it in West's studio in London when he was an engraver's apprentice, and who examined it again while it was in the possession of Mr. Sellers.

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The sale of the collection of M. Théodore Duret occurs in Paris on Monday next, at the Petit Gallery, 8 Rue de Sèze, with Messrs. Petit and Durand-Ruel as experts. The collection is not large, comprising but forty-two examples, in oil or pastel, of Boudin, Cals, Cézanne, Corot, Courbet, Degas, Jongkind, Manet, Claude Monet, Berthe Marizot, Camille Pissaro, Puvis de Chavannes, Renoir, Sisley and Whistler. All these names are well known in the United States excepting Cals, whose example is a working girl, dated 1853, and Cézanne. Cals was, in his way, a well-known man of his time. He was a contemporary of the 1830 men. In the salon of 1841 he had two pictures, both of much the same character as the example in the Duret sale.

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Mr. Wentworth Wadsworth, the painter in water-colors, has, it is formally announced, undertaken to furnish a special weekly article to the *Brooklyn Sunday Citizen*, under the title of "With the Artists." Mr. Wadsworth, who has his studio in the Hotel St. George, is Secretary of the Brooklyn Art Club, and a member of the Salmagundi and the New York Water-Color clubs, and of the Society of Independents, newly fledged.

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A man who was dead to the active life of the town long before he was carried to the grave a week ago, was John McNevin. His name is scarcely even a memory to the present generation, yet he was personally a very interesting man. He was born in Dublin and was seventy-three years of age at his death. He studied art under Mulready, Maclise, and for a time had Landseer for master, was a special artist for the *Illustrated London News* during the Crimean War, and coming to the United States became one of the first of the illustrators employed on *Harper's Weekly*. His art did not keep up with the times, however, and he eventually dropped out of sight. He owned a place at Jamaica, L. I., and there he lived at ease, amusing himself by writing poetry, and working a little to keep his hand in, as he put it. The last work he did as an illustrator was, I believe, for one of the Irish weeklies in this city. He was not much of an artist as things go nowadays, but he was a man well worth knowing, for his own sake and the sake of those whom he had known.

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The Dutch Exhibition at the Avery Galleries has given an agreeable variety to the series of special displays which have been made there this season. The mainstay of the exhibition was Willem Bastiaan Tholen, by whom there were a dozen oils and a couple of water-colors. Tholen, although a young man—having been born at Amsterdam in 1860—is already almost buried in honors, which justify the pride with which his compatriots predict his future eminence in the Dutch school. He has been medaled at Lyons, Nizza, Nimes, London, Munich, Berlin and Paris, and is an Honorary Member of the Munich Academy and of the Royal Belgian Water-Color Society. The harmony of the exhibition was sustained by examples of Artz and Mauve, who are dead, and of Maris, Mesdag and Mettling, who are still very much alive.

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Mettling is one of two Dutch painters who, it has always seemed to me, are entirely too little known to American collectors. The other, who is much the older man, is Christoph Bisschop, who was born at Leeuwarden, in Friesland, in 1828, and lives and works at The Hague. He might almost be called a modern Rembrandt, so magnificent, powerful and vibrant is his color and so strong his grasp of character. He studied under Compté and Gleyre in Paris, but there is nothing of the influence of either in his work. One can see in it that he found his true masters in the great men of the past, and especially in the one, much of whose glories of the palette he revives. Mettling, another powerful colorist, is, however, more modern in spirit, approaching rather to Ribot, when that painter was yet a colorist and not, as he afterward became, principally an experimenter in chiaro-oscuro.

Mr. Dikran G. Kelekian, of Paris and Constantinople, who is reputed to carry the finest stock in his line in all Europe, has opened a New York branch in the Boussod, Valodon & Co. building, at Fifth avenue and Thirty-first street, where may be seen a variety of objects, including Turkish and other Oriental rugs of the greatest variety and beauty.

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Mr. John H. Converse, of Philadelphia, who has this year founded a Gold Medal for American Painters and Sculptors at the Academy of Fine Arts of that city, is one of the best-known collectors of this country. He resides at Rosemont, where his gallery is enriched by many brushes. He has been a liberal purchaser of works by American artists, owning among them some of perhaps the finest examples of William T. Richards that have been produced, and also works of note by the other Philadelphian, D. Ridgway Knight. The fine Knight of the Salon of 1888, "Hailing the Ferry," now the property of the Academy of Fine Arts, was presented by Mr. Converse. His collection carries one back to the great romantic period of French art in its examples of Diaz, Corot, Rousseau, Dupré, Fromentin, Marilhat, Isabey, etc., and is prolific in brilliant work of the Spanish and Italian schools. Mr. Converse was one of the first American collectors to appreciate the art of Puvis de Chavannes, and owns the two fine pictures by that artist known respectively as "Labor" and "Rest."

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The name of Mr. E. Burgess Warren, of Philadelphia, is not unfamiliar to New York, as pictures from his collection have appeared at more than one loan exhibition in this city. His collection is particularly splendid in its pictures of the Barbizon school, so-called, this group including some half dozen canvases by Corot, two or three Rousseaus, two fine Troyons, and so on. Examples of the more modern schools are the productions of Dagnan-Bouveret, Jules Breton, Schreyer, Detaille, Vibert, Lhermitte and Cazin, these last among the most choice in the country.

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An extremely interesting portrait of Daniel Webster has been engraved for the Max Williams Company, of this city, by James S. King. The original is a charcoal drawing of unknown authorship, which circumstance is to be regretted, as the picture is so good a portrait and so successfully treated in its expression and character that it deserves to be identified. The plate measures $10\frac{3}{4} \times 13\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Another interesting portrait at the same house is a Napoleon, at the period of 1806, after the portrait by Lefebvre. It is mezzotinted, in an oval 11 inches in height, by Cousins. Robert F. Bloodgood, an American artist, well known as a painter in water-colors and as an etcher of an original and boldly picturesque manner, is represented by a large plate measuring $15\frac{1}{4} \times 18\frac{3}{4}$ inches, which he calls very aptly "The Death of the Outlaw." The outlaw is a robber hawk, which has been pierced by an arrow while in full flight, and writhes in its death pangs as it drops like a plummet from mid air. In its broad, free use of acid tint and the power of its bitten lines the plate merits much consideration.

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Here is a subscriber with a grievance. He writes:

You are, no doubt, quite correct when you say that George du Maurier uses actual types in his new novel. He certainly used them with a vengeance in his first book, even in the title. The name of his lunatic murderer of a hero, Peter Ibbetson, is my family name. My great-grandfather was Julius Caesar Ibbetson, born in Yorkshire in 1759, and well known as an excellent painter of rustic scenes and figures in water-color and in oil. There are examples of him in the South Kensington Museum Historical Collection of Water-Color Paintings (*vide* Redgrave, pp. 144-145), and of his oils in private collections. He taught himself to paint, and at the age of seventeen years was employed as scene painter in the York and Hull theatres. The next year he went to London, where he worked for a picture-dealer, and there is record of his having exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1785. In 1788 he was made draughtsman to Colonel Cathcart's embassy to China, but on account of the envoy's death the vessel returned to England. After that time he painted steadily up to his death, which occurred in 1817. Domestic troubles embittered his later years, which he spent as a recluse in an out-of-the-way Yorkshire village. His son, Julius Ibbetson, went out to Bombay as a writer for the East India Company. He married the daughter of an agent in Calcutta, by whom he had one son, Peter Ibbetson. My father was educated in Europe, chiefly in London and Paris, married a Yorkshire lady and took her to Madras, where I was born. So, you see, Mr. du Maurier employed a well-known name for his book, even if he did take liberties with facts. There has never been a lunatic in my family. Even my great-grandfather, who lived rather a wild life in London, and had troubles enough to excuse his becoming misanthropic, was not accused of mental weakness.

Another subscriber writes:

The paragraph concerning American potteries reminds me that I have in my possession a piece of art pottery made at Havanna, Chemung County, this State, in 1838, by my father, George J. Halm. He was known until about 1865 to be the most expert stoneware potter in the country. The piece I refer to is a money barrel, 5½ inches high and 4½ inches in diameter. It is made of Amboy clay, and is covered with a rich brown glaze of "Albany slip," composed of certain parts red lead and a clay found around and about Albany. This glaze was produced by placing the barrel inside a "crock," and covered with another "crock" to keep the flames and the salt away from the surface, otherwise the flames and salt would utterly ruin it.

My sister has a churn made in the same manner, produced at Rochester, 1839, by my father. It also has the "Albany slip" glaze, but the heat was so intense in the kiln that the glaze "deadened" (as it was called in those days) and resulted in a dead-brown color. These pieces were "turned," not moulded; in other words, "thrown" on the wheel and fashioned into shape by revolving the wheel rapidly and "pulling up" the clay to the required form. When partly dry the piece was then "shaved" and polished, ready to receive the slip and be placed in the kiln to be fired.

You may remember one of the first art potteries (if not the first) in New York State was organized by me at Sandy Hill, N. Y., in 1877, and was known as "The Halm Art Pottery Company, of Sandy Hill." Lack of capital caused its failure, but some very charming shapes were produced.

Yours truly,

GEORGE R. HALM

Mr. John Wilkinson, the veteran dealer, fifty-two years partner of the firm of Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge, lately died in the ninety-third year of his age. He was learned in the history of editions, and likewise in engravings, pictures, coins and other works of art. Personally he was much esteemed, and was liked for his obliging disposition and courteous manner. Mr. Wilkinson was from 1856 a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries and of the Numismatic Society. The business with which he was connected has been carried on during a century and a half. Its first sale, conducted by Samuel Baker, was in 1744, about the date of the deaths of Pope and Swift. The late Mr. Wilkinson was the son of a Yorkshire clergyman, and became a partner, in 1843, of Samuel Leigh Sotheby and John Sotheby; Mr. Hodge was taken into the partnership in 1864. The history of the house is an important chapter in the history of bibliography. Samuel Leigh Sotheby, by the way, secured a place of honor for himself as a zealous and intelligent bibliographer and an enthusiastic collector. He was the younger son of Samuel Sotheby, Baker's partner, and was born in 1805, and compiled a number of works of antiquarian and bibliographical value. He was a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, of the Royal Geographical and the Royal Numismatic societies, and was drowned in the river Dart in 1861. His father had died the year before Mr. Wilkinson entered the firm.

The National Library in Paris seems to have quite a batch of literary executorships to fulfil in the future, in addition to the memoirs of Maxime du Camp, to which I alluded in the last issue of THE COLLECTOR. The same year, 1910, for instance, is set for the publication of the letters and correspondence of Alfred de Musset, including a number of communications which passed between him and George Sand. The memoirs of Volney, of Lareveillere and of Ginguéné are likewise to see the light of day about that time, while ten years later, in 1920, is the date fixed for the publication of Théophile Gautier's "Lettres à la Presidente," the manuscript of which is now in the vaults of the Bibliothèque Nationale.

The dry rot which, according to Mr. Labouchere and other drastic critics, is now prevalent in England, would appear not to be confined to society. The *Bulletin*, issued by the Kew Botanical Gardens, reports a remarkable instance of the growth of the same species of decay which has recently been discovered in the armory of the Tower of London. In November a communication was made to the Royal Gardens from the Horse Guards, War Office, to the effect that on repairing one of the wooden horses in the armory, believed to be more than one hundred years old, a mass of fungus was found in the interior. It was cut out, with the portion of wood to which it was attached, and sent to Kew, when it proved to be a large and characteristic specimen of the ordinary dry-rot fungus, otherwise *Merulius lacrymans*, Jacq. This fungus, as is well known, is very destructive to timber in close and ill-ventilated situations. The singular circumstance in this case, says the *Bulletin*, is that it appears to have been arrested in its growth, and killed and desiccated before it had produced the smallest fragment of fructification.

What turn will the relic craze take next? By the Paris correspondent of the London *Telegraph* one learns that, in accordance with the request of the society called the Daughters of the American Revolution, some pinches of earth were taken last month from Lafayette's grave, in the Picpus Cemetery, by order of the Minister of the Interior. A tree of liberty in commemoration of the American Revolution is to be planted in San Francisco, and the earth is to be placed at its base. I wonder if the patriotic emblem in question is to be a cherry tree?

San Francisco is pruning her feathers over the discovery of a very badly damaged piece of tanned goatskin, which has been found in the Sutro collection, and is believed to be an original manuscript by the great Jewish sage Maimonides. It is at present under examination by a counsel of rabbis learned in Hebrew lore, and their decision is awaited with much interest.

The oldest Christian fan in existence dates, it is claimed, from the sixth century, having belonged to Queen Theodelinda, the princess who possessed a nail of the holy cross, which afterward was set in the iron crown of Lombardy. The fan is preserved in the castle of Monza, near Milan, and shown to the tourist as a relic. It is a folded fan, made in two leaves, which shut on each other by means of a spring. It is gilded and ornamented with pearls and rubies, and bears traces of a Latin prayer. The handle is of solid gold, inlaid with gems. The young girls of Milan go to Monza on a certain day in the year simply to touch this magical fan, as it is supposed to bring about a speedy and happy marriage. There is a good deal of comfort in faith, even if it is not always efficacious.

There is an interesting item in the last published part of Mr. Bernard Quaritch's "Contributions Towards a Dictionary of English Book Collectors," etc. This relates to the great manuscript volume of the "Golden Gospels," in the collection of the Duke of Hamilton. The printed books sold by the twelfth duke of the line in May, 1884, brought nearly £13,000. The manuscripts in the collection were to have been sold by auction also, but through pressure from the Empress Victoria, daughter of Queen Victoria and mother of the present Emperor of Germany, the Berlin Museum acquired the lot for £70,000. Prince Bismarck, who was notoriously no friend of the daughter-in-law of the old Emperor, is said to have blocked the appropriations for the sale, so a selection was made for the Berlin Museum, and part of the rest of the manuscripts sold to the British Museum. The remainder were sold by auction in London, in 1889, the "Golden Gospels" fetching £2,500. It was bought by Mr. Quaritch, apparently, and from his statement that "it is now in a private library in Oswego," in this State, one may infer that what Mr. Quaritch terms "the most precious book in the whole new world" is now the property of Mr. Theodore Irwin.

Messrs. Robert Clarke & Co., of Cincinnati, have in hand several interesting books of the class of which they incline to make a specialty, and which have made the house so well known to collectors. One of which something will naturally be expected is "Recollections of Life in Ohio from 1813 to 1840," by the father of William Dean Howells the novelist. The Howellses were Welsh Quakers, who went into Eastern Ohio by way of Virginia, and the writer became a newspaper editor and publisher, so that he ought to be able to give us some good reading. The book will have an introduction by his son. It will be in one volume, octavo, published in a limited edition, and may now be subscribed for at \$2. Another really important work, from the same press, is "The History of Illinois and Louisiana Under the French Rule," embracing a general view of the French dominion in North America, with some account of the English occupation of Illinois. The author is Jos. Wallace, a prominent member of the Illinois bar, who has already published books on historical and biographical subjects. The present work is a condensed yet attractive and authentic history of the Mississippi Valley from its earliest exploration and settlement by the French, including the Spanish discovery, until the final surrender of Illinois to the English in 1765, and of Louisiana to the Spaniards in 1769, together with a concise account of the English sway in Illinois till 1778. A notable feature of the book is its biographical and character sketches of Cartier, Champlain, Nicolet, Talon, Frontenac, Joliet, Marquette, La Salle, Hennepin, Tonty, Iberville, Bienville, Montcalm, Pontiac, and various other historic names. Another interesting feature is notices of the early rise and progress of the principal towns and villages founded by the French in Canada and the

Valley of the Mississippi. It is an octavo of 433 pages, provided with an alphabetical index, and is issued in a limited edition at \$2.50. A book in press is a reprint of J. Ralston Skinner's "Key to the Hebrew-Egyptian Mystery in the Source of Measures," etc., first published in 1875 and now long out of print. In 1876 Mr. Skinner printed for private distribution a few copies of a supplement of sixty-three pages to the original work. This supplement will be included in the present publication, which will be of a limited issue, octavo, at \$5. Another coming volume, at \$2.50, is "Judaism at the World's Parliament of Religions." It will contain the papers read at the Jewish Denominational Congress, the Jewish Women's Congress, the Jewish Presentation at the Parliament and the Parliament proper, and promises to be the most valuable contribution to Jewish thought, and the most comprehensive statement of Jewish teaching that has yet appeared in this country. A work on the ancient civilization of Mexico and Central America, at the same price, is by the explorer, Dr. Augustus Le Plongeon, "Queen Moó and the Egyptian Sphinx."

The death of Dr. William Frederick Poole, fortunately for the Newberry Library, was deferred until his work in its organization was well advanced. Dr. Poole died March 1. He was born at Salem, Mass., in 1821, and was successively a jeweler's apprentice, a farmer, a store clerk and a tanner, winding up by securing a course of study which sent him through Yale College, which he entered in 1842, graduating in 1849. He commenced to make the art of the librarian a study while at Yale. It was at this time that he compiled the first "Poole's Index," which George P. Putnam brought out in 1848. It proved a great hit, and the author brought out a continuation of it in 1853. It led to a third issue in 1882, and in 1887 to the first "Supplement." The first "Index," with its modest 154 octavo pages, had in 1882 grown to 1,469 pages, royal octavo. After a long and successful career as a librarian in the East, Dr. Poole took charge of the Chicago Public Library in 1874, and in 1887, when the \$3,000,000 bequest of the late Walter L. Newberry was to be administered, he was elected librarian of the great institution which bears the name of its founder. His death is a great loss to the library, but his genius for organization and arrangement was such that whoever may succeed him will find the work he has to do so planned and outlined that he can prosecute it as its creator would have wished.

It is a common thing enough for people of the stage to lend their countenances as advertisements to the perfumer or the patent medicine maker. It is part of their trade to advertise themselves for nothing whenever they can, even if the party who pays the bills gets the benefit of an advertisement, too. But into the other and higher branches of the world of art, it has remained for the proprietor of the compound of coca invented by the French chemist Mariani to penetrate. The post brings me a four-page broadsheet, gotten up with true French taste, and beautifully engraved and printed, on which one may see portraits of such painters as Theobald Chartran, Henri Pille, A. Robida, Louise Abbema, and Carolus Duran, and of such sculptors as Rodin, Bartholdi and O. Roti, in all but one case accompanied by sketches, and in all cases with complimentary autographs signed. Nor is this all. The late Cardinal Lavigerie, Ambrose Thomas and Charles Gounod, Emil Zola, Henri Rochefort, Camille Flammarion, Octave Uzanne and so on are pressed into the same service, the composers with autograph scores, and the churchman and writers with autograph compliments of the compound. The cleverest hit of the whole lot is the portrait of the maitre d'armes, Bertrand, who supplements his autograph with a spirited sketch of one duellist running another through with a rapier.

There is nothing like submitting to a swindle with good grace. A writer in the *Evening Sun* of this city states that Librarian Eames is having bound, and expects soon to have ready for use, the issues of the Edinburgh paper giving accounts of the expose, trial and final punishment of the man who worked the famous manuscript forgeries which victimized one of the trustees of the Lenox Library, who several years ago purchased a collection of 200 manuscripts, purporting to be genuine originals, from an English bookseller for \$25,000. Of these 150 were supposed to be manuscripts of poems by Robert Burns, and the others, letters and manuscripts by Mary, Queen of Scots, Rob Roy Macgregor, Sir Walter Scott, and other notables. The whole collection was presented to the Library. The fact of their possession soon became known, and early in the past year it was discovered that several original manuscripts of the same works were afloat in Eng-

land and Scotland. An investigation followed, which ended, as THE COLLECTOR has already told, in the arrest of the man Smith, who had made the forgeries. The rascal had been so successful that he had not been content with making but one forgery of a poem, but duplicated, and thus brought about his own apprehension. He was tried and sentenced to imprisonment. The forged manuscripts owned by the Lenox Library were used as evidence in his trial, but will be returned and kept as curiosities. Mr. Kennedy's efforts to recover the money spent in them was frustrated by the death of the bookseller who was ruined by the fraud, although he was not concerned in its perpetration. The Lenox Library, in having bound the files of the newspaper most interested in running down the forger, will be in possession of a complete and interesting history of a great manuscript swindle.

Apropos of the Lenox, it now possesses a most remarkable and valuable collection of old American newspapers. Part of it comprises the collection of Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet, and includes copies of the old New York or New England publications, such as the *New York Mercury*, the *Journal*, *Rivington's Gazette*, the *Connecticut Gazette*, published in New London about 1777, the *Post Boy*, the *Boston News Letter*, and complete files of a number of other famous old sheets. The others were purchased from a Philadelphia collector and book dealer, who likewise spent years in gathering them. They were intended for the Pennsylvania Historical Society, but as that organization did not have the necessary funds to make the final purchase, they were bought by the Lenox Library. It has complete files of Franklin's paper, the *Pennsylvania Weekly Gazette*, from 1729 to 1785; the *Pennsylvania Journal*, from 1752 to 1755; the *New Jersey Gazette*, and other old colonial newspapers. The total cost to the Library of these purchases has been about \$10,000.

The Maine Historical Society, of Portland, announces the publication by subscription of a "Bibliography of the State of Maine," from the earliest period to 1891, compiled by Joseph Williamson. With a few classified exceptions the work aims to include the full title of every book, pamphlet, and magazine article ever written or published in, or concerning Maine, or of which her citizens were the authors. About 10,000 titles are thus given, and the names of over 2,500 authors, with brief notices. It contains numerous notes and cross references, the whole constituting a complete key to the biography, history and literature of the State. The volume will be furnished in substantial binding, printed on good paper, and delivered free of postage or express, at five dollars per copy. The edition is limited, and forms an octavo volume of over a thousand pages, printed from the type.

An important discovery has been made at Castel Trovino of a post-Roman necropolis of at least a hundred and fifty tombs, whose contents far surpass in abundance and richness any similar finds hitherto made on Italian soil. Gold and silver inscribed crosses, brooches, clasps, necklaces of Byzantine coins, dagger-sheaths, arms and fine articles in glass are included.

Another valuable discovery has rewarded excavators in Egypt, says the London correspondent of the *New York Sun*. On Tuesday morning, March 6, they opened a pyramid of bricks at Dashour which contained the tomb of a relative of a king of the twelfth dynasty. One of the finest collections of Egyptian jewelry was within, and included brooches, bracelets, plaques, charms and caskets, all of solid gold ornamented with emeralds, amethysts, coral and turquoise and scarabees. To the bracelets were attached two hawks with crowns on their heads. There were also lions, shells and other ornaments, all of exquisite workmanship. The royal chamber remains to be explored, and greater treasures are expected to appear.

The famous Parisian caricaturist, who calls himself Caran d'Ache, is said to have a wife who has taken up the curious profession of dancer before lions. She is known as Mlle. Bob Walter, and is giving performances in London. A man with a spear enters the cage and makes the lions race round; then Mlle. Bob appears and dances skirt dances in the centre of the cage. Her husband ought to make a picture of her, in his well-known classical style, doing her act.

Some recent auction prices in London were these: The five volumes of the first edition of Ruskin's "Modern Painters," £8 15s.; "Missale ad Usum Sarum" (Paris, 1515), £23; Landor's "Poems" (1795), and "Simonidea" (1806), first editions, £16 7s. 6d.; a manuscript collection of poems by Thomas Lord Fairfax, about 1670, £5 5s.; Clarendon's "Rebellion," four volumes, large paper, illustrated with 400 portraits, £21; Allot's "England's Parnassus" (1600), £10 15s., and a vellum Latin manuscript Bible, written in a minute and clear hand (1400), £9 5s.

NOVELTIES IN ART BUNCO

TIME, which brings about so many changes in the fashions of art collectorship, is also prolific of changes in the commerce of art by which collectorship is ministered to. A friend of mine who is just back from a residence of several years in Europe, advises me of one. He spent most of his sojourn in Paris, where he had an apartment and was registered at the *Herald* Bureau as well as at his bankers'. After some time it became known that he was acquiring pictures and other objects of art and decoration, and one day he received a call from a stranger who introduced himself as, let me say, Mr. Shark of New York. Mr. Shark referred my friend to his own bankers, where the latter found that he was indeed in good standing and carried a very respectable account. So he did not mistrust him.

A week or so passed, when my friend happened to purchase a couple of pictures. Mr. Shark happened to see them at his rooms, and expressed his high approval of the purchaser's taste, and inquired casually: "Do you go in much for this sort of thing?"

My friend informed him that he intended next May to settle in his house in New York, which had been leased while he was traveling, and the leasehold of which fell in at that date. So he was going to refurnish and occupy it himself. Mr. Shark remarked that he might perhaps put him on a good thing or two. He was not collecting art or bric-à-brac himself, but went in for eighteenth century books and prints, and, naturally, often landed on other things while in pursuit of his specialty.

The two were, by this time, on quite familiar terms, occasionally breakfasting and dining together, and frequently indulging in a stroll on the Boulevard in company. On one of these occasions Mr. Shark remarked:

"By the way, have you half an hour to spare?"

"What for?" asked my friend.

"I think I may have hit on something for you. My old friend, the Countess de la Chruccassée, since the death of her only son, has given up her Paris house and gone to live at her country place. She has taken all her own furniture with her, but she had no heart to preserve poor Victor's collections. So she has sold me his books, but there are yet his pictures and some other things which you might fancy. If you care to come along I will take you to see them."

He took him to an old house in a quiet quarter of aristocratic Paris, where they were admitted by a respectable elderly serving man in half livery. The house showed signs of having been recently vacated. To Mr. Shark's inquiry the servant said that Mlle. Croutons was in M. Victor's apartment waiting for the porters to come for the books for Mr. Shark; so Mr. Shark said he would take his American friend up to see the pictures and bric-à-brac.

"Mlle. Croutons," he remarked to his companion, "is a poor relation of the Countess, who has a sort of general charge of her domestic affairs for her."

To make a long story short, my friend bought, at a very good price, the whole outfit of the late lamented M. Victor's rooms, pictures, tapestries, bric-à-brac, old arms, etc., paying a very handsome price for them. Two or three times later Mr. Shark put him upon other bargains of a kindred character. When the purchaser was ready to break up in Paris for his return to New York, he arranged with a legitimate dealer, from whom he had also made purchases, to pack and ship his collections for him. The dealer visited him to ascertain what was to be done, and when his eyes lighted on some of Mr. Shark's bargains he asked, "Where did you get this stuff?"

He was informed, and laughed.

"Why, confound it!" he said, "a picture pedler from New York, a fellow named Shark, got those pictures from me to sell on what he could make above my price; those others there come from So-and-So's place, I know, and I think those two belonged to a chap in the Rue Laffitte, for I am sure I saw them in his shop."

And so it proved. The ingenious Mr. Shark had hired an empty house and created the Chruccassée collection in it out of goods obtained from dealers for sale. In the other instances it was the same. In every case the purchaser had paid from 25 to 50 per cent more for his bargains than he could have bought them for at first hand. But Mr. Shark had gone to Spain or Italy, and all his client could do was pocket his loss, ship his collections home, and make the best of a bad bargain.

There are more Mr. Sharks of New York now in Paris than this special one, from all that I hear, and their operations appear

to be conducted on pretty much the same plan. They haunt the traveling American like his shadow, and once they strike trail of his hobby it goes hard with them if they do not assist him to fool himself to the top of his bent. The reputable dealers, who have branch establishments in the United States, and reputable American dealers who have Paris agencies, take care of their own customers. But these privateers of the trade pick up the drift of travel, and will find rich booty in it, no doubt, until the eyes of the public are opened, as they must be in time.

This Paris instance recalls to me one which occurred in London while I resided there last. A certain Col. Barry Lyndon—it is as good a name as any for him here—had been a gallant officer under the Crown, but was a besotted gamester, and had run through most of a handsome fortune. He lived, *en garçon*, in his own house not a mile away from Hyde Park Corner. He had borrowed large sums from a gentleman of Oriental ancestry from time to time, and when the London season ended he applied to this friend in need for a loan to play against his luck with at Monte Carlo. The elucidator of the practical advantages of cent-per-cent could not accommodate him. He was really loaded too deep with the Colonel's paper already. But the Colonel must have some sinews to carry on his campaign against Monsieur Blanc. A couple of thousand pounds—or perhaps he might pull through on five hundred less. Then Mr. Centpercent made his military client a proposition.

"When do you propose to leave London, Colonel?" he asked.

"On Saturday."

"Have you let your house?"

"No. I shall not be gone long enough to make it worth while."

"Very well. Now perhaps I can see a way clear to accommodating you a little. I have a collection of pictures belonging to a client—"

"Meaning yourself?"

"—which he wishes so sell, being in difficulties."

"No wonder, if you hold his paper."

"Oh! come, Colonel," said Mr. Centpercent good humoredly; "I am offering you gold and you give me chaff in return. Let me have the use of your house to exhibit these pictures in, while you are absent, and I will advance you £500, and guarantee you £1,000 more if my client sells the collection."

The Colonel grinned and accepted the proposition. He started for Monte Carlo, with a credit of £500 at his bankers, leaving instructions with his housekeeper to permit Mr. Centpercent the use of his house. It was immediately stocked with a collection of art objects. Mr. Centpercent brought quite a number of gentlemen to view it. In the end a Birmingham gentleman of large wealth, who had become ambitious to gild his social brass, negotiated for the entire collection of Col. Barry Lyndon, the well-known member of the Rag and Famish Club, veteran of the Indian and Crimean campaigns, etc. The Colonel, at Monte Carlo, received a notification from Mr. Centpercent that £1,000 had been deposited to his credit at his bankers, and went on in his herculean efforts to reduce Monsieur Blanc to abject and hopeless poverty.

A year later Mr. Centpercent was killed at his house in Maida Vale by asphyxiation, caused by an accident to his gas-pipes. After another year Mr. Gulper, of Birmingham, made up his mind to settle in London, and let Mrs. Gulper and the Misses Gulper make a broad breach in the wall of metropolitan society. So he sent to a London picture house for a man to come to Birmingham to remove his gallery.

The man was sent—a most responsible person. He examined Mr. Gulper's art collection and smiled. He inquired as to where Mr. Gulper had acquired his treasures, and learned that they were the entire private collection of Col. Barry Lyndon. Then he looked serious. He had never heard that Col. Barry Lyndon had collected pictures. Had Mr. Gulper purchased the collection from him directly? No, he had purchased it through the late Mr. Centpercent. The responsible person from London excused himself upon a plea of sudden illness, and took a walk around several blocks in order to relieve his risibilities.

The matter was serious, however. Mr. Gulper had paid some £20,000 for the collection. It was such rubbishy bric-à-brac and worthless copies of paintings as usurers employ in forcing up their profits on their clients. The London house was telegraphed to, Mr. Gulper being yet kept in ignorance of the deception by which he had suffered. The head of the house sought out Col. Barry Lyndon, and asked him point blank if he had ever sold a collection to Mr. Gulper, of Birmingham.

"Never heard of him in my life," replied the Colonel. "Never had a collection in my life, except of bills I couldn't pay."

Then the circumstance was explained to him and he explained in turn. He was a man of honor, albeit his extravagances. Mr. Cent-percent had simply made him the unconscious tool of an outrageous swindle. Mr. Gulper eventually gulped down his dose, but he did not remove his art collection to London.

Such things could not happen in New York, of course. We are altogether too clever here to have sand blown in our eyes through a roll of painted canvas. But not many months ago I was requested, by an acquaintance, who buys pictures—and sometimes sells them—to inspect some which had been offered to him at a certain address uptown, in the debatable ground between Manhattanville and Harlem. I made the journey. In one of the cheapest of cheap flat-houses I found a greasy fat woman in a greasy bedgown, squatting in bed and devouring greasy fried beefsteak. A greasy younger woman, not so fat, and a couple of greasy brats, who would have required boiling to render them reasonably clean, received me in an atmosphere of stale cookery and fried fat that was beyond description and almost beyond respiration. In this tawdry kennel I was shown the works of art in question. The frames might have made good kindling-wood for the greasy stove in the greasy kitchen. For the rest there was nothing to say. The pictures were "heirlooms" I was told. I don't know what became of them, but I have no doubt they found a buyer in time. Rankly stale as this bait is, some gudgeon is bound to drift along and snap at it in due course.

Who buys such garbage? I have only a general idea. But I recall as I write the case of a man in this city who once invited me to inspect his collection of alleged old masters. There were a couple of hundred of the worst copies and daubs I ever laid eyes on. Every one, he averred, was an original. I stood it with ordinary fortitude until he displayed to me a very bad copy of a portrait by Boucher, in the costume of the last century, as a Holbein. Then I laid hands on my hat and stick and told him that his collection was not worth the canvas it had spoiled.

"Is that your honest opinion?" he asked.

I told him that it was.

"Oh! very well," he said. "I can sell it for more than it cost me."

And this collector of bargains was the father of a pious family and a member of the Presbyterian Church. As Neal Dow remarks in his "Patent Sermons," "So mote it be!"

THE NEWEST CATALOGUES

(Catalogues sent to this office will be regularly noted under this head.)

Estes & Lauriat, 301 Washington street, Boston, Mass.—March, 1894. Reminders of holiday stock, art works, etc., at large reductions.

Wm. Downing, 5 Temple Row, Birmingham, Eng.—No. 290, Feb. 26, 1894. Books from the library of the Bishop of Nottingham, etc.

Alfred Cooper, 68 Charing Cross Road, London, Eng.—No. 20, 1894. Choice second-hand books in all branches.

Henry Stevens & Son, 39 Great Russell street, London, Eng.—No. 41, March 1, 1894. Books and pamphlets relating to America, including scarce pamphlets on Canada.

George E. Littlefield, 67 Cornhill, Boston, Mass.—March, 1894. Local histories, genealogies, etc.

E. George & Son, 231 Whitechapel Road, London, Eng.—No. 6, 1894. Second-hand books, rare and scarce.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

ELECTROTYPES, MILWAUKEE.—There are a number of European houses from which you can purchase electrotypes for use in your projected magazine. Write to S. W. Partridge & Co., 9 Paternoster Row, London, Eng.; Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt, Stuttgart, Germany; Richard Jericke, Königsstrasse 10, Leipzig, Germany; Nop's Electrotyping Agency, 19 Ludgate Hill, London, Eng.; W. Hinrichsen, 87 Rue du Bac, Paris, France. State what classes of pictures you require and they will furnish proofs and prices.

AMATEUR, CITY.—There is no such thing as a "handbook of impressionist painting." Learn to paint first. Then, if you have any personal impressions of what you see, paint them to suit yourself. The less you paint like anyone else, living or dead, the more impressionistic you will be, according to the established rule. If you can teach yourself to paint with a broom or a coal shovel you might make the "hit" you think you are capable of. Impressionism is nothing if not original. It is not learned from books of rules, because it has no rules but what the painters make to suit themselves.

ARTISTS OF TO-DAY

XIX

ÉTIENNE PROSPER BERNE-BELLECOUR

BORN at Boulogne in 1838, this pupil of Picot and of F. Barrias has developed into an artist in whom one can discover no traces of his school. He at first painted genre and landscape subjects, which have now become quite rare, but reached the zenith of his reputation as a painter of military scenes, to which he was inspired during the Franco-Prussian war when he served as one of the artist legion in the defence of Paris. He has been repeatedly medaled since 1869, and is a member of the Legion of Honor.

XX

JOSÉ DOMINGO

Born in Valencia, a pupil of the Madrid Art School, and in Paris of Meissonier, he owes his development largely to the encouragement and advice of Fortuny. While his early works exhibited a close adherence to the style of Meissonier, he later broadened and brightened his style in the spirited and brilliant manner of the Spanish school at whose head Fortuny held his place.

XXI

JEAN PAUL CLAYS

Born at Bruges in 1819, and a pupil in Paris of Gudin, he early became recognized as one of the leading marine painters of the century, and received medals as such at Brussels and Paris. He has been an officer of the Legion of Honor since 1881, and is also an officer of the Belgian Order of Leopold, and he ranks as the most eminent marine painter Belgium has produced.

XXII

FREDERICK ARTHUR BRIDGMAN

Born at Tuskegee, Ala., in 1847, but brought to New York at an early age, he studied art at the Brooklyn Art Association, in the leisure of his employment as an engraver's apprentice with the American Bank Note Company. In 1866 he became a pupil of J. L. Gérôme in Paris, and commencing as a painter of subjects of peasant and real life in France, he finally devoted himself exclusively to oriental subjects, in which he has achieved a unique reputation. He has been repeatedly medaled at the Salons and other exhibitions, is a member of the Legion of Honor since 1878, and was elected a member of the National Academy of Design in 1881.

XXIII

JULES ADOLPHE GRISON

A native of Bordeaux and a pupil of Legnien, he finds his subjects almost entirely in the picturesque social life of France during the Seventeenth and Eighteenth centuries. His pictures are characterized by lively spirit and pleasant humor which never descend to vulgarity, and in his specialty he has no living rival in France.

XXIV

ANTONIO CASANOVA Y ESTORACH

A native of Tortosa, Spain, he studied at the academies of Barcelona and Madrid, and in Rome and Paris, of which latter city he became a resident. His earlier pictures were usually of figures or court scenes and ceremonies of the Seventeenth century, but later adopted, almost exclusively, the class of subjects drawn from the humorous side of monastic life which have given him an international popularity.

XXV

MIHALY MUNKACSY

Born in poverty in 1846, at the village of Munkacs, Hungary, his family name was Michael Lieb, for which he substituted that of the place of his birth. He worked in his youth as a carpenter's apprentice, but eventually contrived to secure instruction at the academies of Vienna and of Munich. In 1869 he commenced as a painter in Düsseldorf, whence in 1872 he emigrated to Paris. He visited the United States in 1886, when his pictures of "Christ Before Pilate" and "Calvary" were shown here. He is a member of the Vienna and Munich academies, and an officer of the Legion of Honor since 1878.

XXVI

FERDINAND JAN MONCHABLON

A native of the Department of the Vosges, he studied figure painting under Jean Paul Laurens and Alexandre Cabanel, but early gave himself over entirely to landscape art. His style represents the opposite extreme to the impressionism of the day, being absolutely conscientious in the minutest details; while the breadth of the general effect is preserved by his rendition of the luminous qualities of light and air.

XXVII

ADOLPHE SCHREYER

Born of a family of wealth, at Frankfort-on-Main, in 1828, he cultivated art from the observations of the travels which his means permitted him to make, having acquired a foundation by the study of drawing and anatomy at the Frankfort, Stuttgart, Munich and Düsseldorf academies. His most successful subjects have been those derived from Arab life, and from Hungary, Wallachia and Southern Russia, which he represents in an original style and with infinite spirit. He is a member of various European academies, the wearer of numerous orders, and for many years was Court Painter to the King of Mecklenburg. He maintains his studio in Paris, although he spends much of his time on his estate near Frankfort.

XXVIII

WILLIAM MERRITT CHASE

Born at Franklin, Ind., in 1849, he became a pupil of B. F. Hayes in Indianapolis, and of the National Academy of Design and of J. O. Eaton in New York. Commencing as a painter of portraits and still life, he went to Europe in 1872, studying under Wagner and Piloty at the Munich Academy and in various European museums. In 1878 he returned to America and settled in New York. He is one of the founders of the Society of American Artists, and was elected a National Academician in 1890, and he enjoys a merited reputation as an instructor.

PHILATELANA

George Gould is a stamp collector, but, like his late father, is very secretive with regard to his accumulations.

Artists are said to collect stamps in order to get pointers from their beauties of design. This does not, however, apply to United States varieties.

Queen Victoria has a stamp collection, a valuable feature of which is the first postal paster of the Garfield issue.

The collection of Robert C. Brock, divided into two parts, brought at auction \$8,000, and at private sale \$10,000—\$18,000 in all.

A. Gerald Hull, the broker who committed suicide, left a collection that cost him about \$40,000, and that is to be sold at auction by his heirs. He was only two years in making the collection.

A writer in the *Evening Sun* of this city says of the Columbian issue that one prominent dealer offers to pay for used \$5 stamps in good condition, \$4.50 each; for \$4 stamps, \$3.50; for \$3 stamps, \$2.50; for \$2 stamps, \$1.50; for \$1 stamps, 65 cents; for 50-cent stamps, 35 cents; for 30-cent stamps, 15 cents; 15-cent stamps, 8 cents, and for 6 and 8-cent stamps, 3 cents each. The face value of the whole series is \$16.34.

The Duke of York, who is a great collector, owns one of the first of the Victorian issues, with a portrait of his royal and imperial grandma, which is of an extremely maidenly aspect.

Stamp collectors hire experts to detect forgeries. R. R. Bogert was the expert of the Brock collection. He is said to make \$7,000 a year by expertising, and to pick up many plums at sales, which largely amplify his income.

Washington Helsing, Postmaster of Chicago, is credited with possessing the finest collection of stamps in town. Mr. Helsing is not unknown to philatelic fame, for his portrait, in all its pulchritude and hirsuteness, was published in a recent number of a leading philatelic magazine. His collection is particularly rich in specimens of the old German and Italian States, gathered during a European visit in 1861, when Mr. Helsing was a small boy, and now scarce and very desirable. He collects stamps issued before 1886 only, and gives particular attention to the condition of his stamps, being careful to see that they are lightly canceled and evenly centred.

In Chicago there are three philatelic societies; the most important is the Chicago Philatelic Society, which meets twice a month, at its rooms in the Masonic Temple. There are half a dozen large stamp dealers doing business there, and, up to a recent date, two monthly papers were published in the city, says a writer in the *Journal* of that city.

The largest private collection of antique weapons in this country is claimed to be that of Mr. A. E. Brooks, of Hartford, Conn.

* * *

The possession of a genuine Murillo, representing the deathbed of St. Joseph, is claimed by Dr. John J. Caldwell, of 1138 North Fulton avenue, Baltimore. It is said to have been painted in 1610 for one of the churches of Cadiz. During one of Marshal Soult's raids in Spain he is said to have taken this painting, among others, from the church. On his return to France the picture was placed in the Louvre. It was taken from thence by one of the Bourbons, and was sold at the Bourbon sale in the early fifties to a Mrs. Joe Page, of Boston. She, in turn, disposed of it to Mr. S. Caldwell, Dr. Caldwell's uncle, who presented it to Dr. Caldwell in 1858 or services rendered to Mr. Caldwell's sons.

ARTISTS OF YESTERDAY

XIX

ANTOINE LOUIS BARYE

THE son of a jeweler, born in Paris in 1796, he learned the trade of his father, studying drawing, engraving and painting in his scanty leisure. His predilections inclined him to sculpture, and especially to the sculpture of animals, but he never entirely abandoned painting, and experimented also in etching and lithography. He was essentially an originator, and he experienced the usual fate of men who undertake to do new things in the face of rooted public taste. Only the enormous force of his genius conquered in the end. He was creating a new school of sculpture, while his art was held in disdain by the stupidity of popular ideas. Some of his first bronzes to be brought to this country were probably those purchased during his trips to Paris by Mr. Henry T. Cox, the collector of Brooklyn, who then was in active business here. Mr. Cyrus J. Lawrence, the banker of this city, was also an early collector. The great impetus was given to Barye's status here by Mr. William T. Walters, of Baltimore, who has enriched that city with some of the artist's noblest works. The finest collection of Barye bronzes offered for sale here was that of the partition sale of the American Art Association in 1892. There were over fifty pieces in this sale, many being proofs. Barye did for sculpture what Millet and the rest did for painting in France. He died in 1875.

XX

CHARLES JOSHUA CHAPLIN

A Parisian with a strain of English parentage in his blood, born in Los Angeles in 1825, pupil of the Ecole des Beaux Arts, repeatedly medalled, and made an officer of the Legion of Honor in 1877. He was a most graceful designer of decorative compositions, a cheerful colorist and skilful executant, in whose works one could trace a reflection of the elegant art of Watteau and Boucher. He painted many noteworthy decorative pictures in public buildings. His easel pictures are of a fine quality of elegance, and in portraits of women he was especially happy. He died in 1891.

XXI

ALEXANDRE GABRIEL DECAMPS

Born in Paris in 1803, his boyhood, owing to eccentric notions of his father, was spent in rude and active life in the country, like the child of a peasant. His fancy for art developed itself in spite of these adverse circumstances and he was ultimately enabled to enter as a student under Abel de Pujol, David and Ingres, completing his studies by journeys into Italy, Greece, Turkey and Asia Minor. He made his first public hit as a political caricaturist in Paris, and as a lithographer of scenes of the chase. When he commenced to work up his Oriental material he achieved immediate success, and may, in fact, be said to really have discovered the cast for artistic purposes. His life henceforth was prolific and prosperous, but it was saddened by the influence of his neglected childhood, and by a hopeless ambition to achieve great works which were beyond his reach. He lived much by himself, finding his chief pleasure in hunting. In 1860 he rode out in the Forest of Fontainebleau upon the chase. Later in the day a forester heard dogs howling, and following up the sound found the great artist stretched on the ground senseless, having been thrown from his horse so that his skull was fractured against the trunk of a tree. He died of his injuries.

XXII

GEORGE FULLER

Born in 1822 at Deerfield, Mass. He worked, at the age of twenty, for a little while as a sculptor under Henry Kirke Brown at Albany. Then he became a portrait painter, settling in Boston for a few years, and finally settling himself down in New York for a dozen. It was here that he saved the money which carried him to Europe and revealed his vocation to him. In 1860, at the age of forty-eight years, during thirty of which he had been painting portraits on a foundation of very little schooling, Fuller came to a conclusion, or rather a conviction, that he had found the right path at last. For sixteen years, alone in his rural retreat, he worked out his problem, asking no counsel and making no confidences. When he reappeared in public in 1876, the George Fuller of the future had emerged from the shell of the George Fuller of the past. He had studied his own nature and learned to paint as he thought, but he could no more have taught anyone else to do it than he could help doing it himself. He was a dreamer of vague, poetic dreams. Isolation had given his mind a brooding, although not a morbid cast. That which he was his pictures showed him to be, and they suggest what he might have been, had the circumstances of his life been more auspicious—certainly an American Millet. His exhibition of 1876 had cleared the road to fame for him, but the lamp had nearly burned out before the splendor of its flame.

was appreciated. One of the most successful individual exhibitions ever held in America was made of his works in Boston after his death. He was made an Associate of the National Academy in 1857, but he accepted it as an honor thrust upon him, and disdained to seek for more. He believed, and truly, that his art was his own best compensation and monument, and it has placed him in the front rank of American colorists and painters of original creations. He died in Boston in 1884.

XXIII

GIUSEPPE DE NITTIS

An Italian, born at Barletta in 1876. France is proud to claim him as one of her own artists. He commenced to study at the Naples Academy, and continued at Paris under Brandon, Gerôme and Meissonier, later traveling and painting extensively on the Continent and in England. He was a true painter of the time, of the gay and vivacious life of the Boulevards, the race courses and the grand salons and cafés, and his pictures are characterized by great vital spirit and accuracy of observation. He died in 1884.

XXIV

CAMILLE ROQUEPLAN

An artist but little known in America. Born at Mallefont, Department Bouches du Rhone, in 1863, was a pupil of Gros, and one of the early adherents of the romantic school. He was an excellent colorist, and was one of the few Frenchmen who have produced acceptable pictures of scenes from Sir Walter Scott and other English authors. Unfortunately his productiveness was hampered by ill-health, and, after a lingering illness of nearly ten years, he died in 1855. His best works are closely held in French and English collections.

XXV

SANFORD ROBINSON GIFFORD

Born at Greenfield, in Saratoga County, and brought up in Hudson, N. Y., he enjoyed a classical education which reflected itself in the intellectual quality of his productions. He graduated from Brown University in 1842, and in 1844 took his first lesson as a painter in the studio of John R. Smith, in New York City. In 1850 he began the tour of Europe, and having returned was made a National Academician in 1854. Six years later he again crossed the ocean, this time extending his tour and sketching along the Rhine, in Switzerland, Italy, Egypt and up the Nile. Once more upon the western continent, he in 1870 visited the Rocky Mountains and brought back many studies of the great West. At the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia, in 1876, he was commended for excellence in landscape painting, and his fame and popularity survived him. His death occurred in 1880, and his genial personality invested it with the aspect of an almost national calamity as well as a great artistic loss. A man of elevated thought and refined feeling, he left upon our art that impress which only the student and the thinker can accomplish.

XXVI

ALPHONSE MARIE DE NEUVILLE

Born at St. Ouen, Pas de Calais, in 1836, he was educated as a student of law in Paris, but took to art by natural selection, studying under Picot and Pils. After some tentative experiments at general painting he devoted himself to military subjects; in which he evidenced strength of handling and color, and a powerful grasp of the dramatic episodes of war. The impression of his productions was such as to create the modern school of military art which has succeeded the more theatrical and artificial styles of his master Pilo and of Horace Vernet. His pictures have found a world-wide distribution and he is abundantly represented in American collections. In England, where he lived and painted for a time, he is also held in high esteem. He died, after a sad and painful illness, in 1885.

XXVII

WILHELM VON KAULBACH

The son of a German engraver, born at Arolsen in Westphalia in 1805, he was, amid many trials caused by his father's poverty and the troubles of the times, schooled in art at Dusseldorf under Cornelius and Mossler, both of whom appreciated his genius and warmly befriended him. Their influence finally secured for him, in 1823, a small stipend from the Prussian Government which raised him above actual want. After painting on the frescoes in the University of Bonn, he followed Cornelius to Munich in 1825, and through his kindly master secured the favor of King Louis I. It was the time when the future glory of the City of the Little Monk was being created as with strokes of a fairy wand, and young Kaulbach became one of the factors in this work. The great architect, Leo von Klenze, commissioned him to fresco the Throne Hall of the Queen in the new palace which he constructed. Prince Maximilian had him fresco his new palace. Von Klenze, like Cornelius, loved the little Westphalian genius with his wide open earnest eyes and his great domelike head, in which throbbed a learned and creative brain. His powers of work

were colossal. There seemed to be no limit to his intellectual scope. All over the Munich of to day is seen the impress of his master hand. His art is not the fashion of our time. We hear that it is stiff and cold and lifeless, full of formalities and conventions. But it is an art for all time, the art of a thinker, a dreamer of sublime dreams, a master so honest to his art that he did nothing that was not as well done as rested in his power. He was one of the great intellectual forces in art, as opposed to the merely emotional: both essential in their way, and each foolish to decry the other. I shall some day take pleasure in describing for THE COLLECTOR this great artist as I knew him in his studio. Very few of his original works have reached America, but the splendid Hanfstaengl reproductions of many of them are well known. The best, as far as I recall, ever sold here, was in the collection of Mr. Henry Probasco, of Cincinnati. There was another good example in the A. T. Stewart collection. Kaulbach died of cholera, in Munich, in 1874.

FOR AN ARTISTIC COINAGE

AT the last special meeting of the American Numismatic and Archaeological Society, President Parish presiding, called to consider a resolution relative to designs for the coinage of the United States, Mr. George F. Kunz presented the following:

"Whereas, there is no more honorable way of perpetuating the history or the art of design of any nation in the hearts and minds of its people than by the issues of its mints, either as coins or medals, on account of their personal and popular use; and, whereas, the appropriations of Congress for the use of the United States mints have been, within the limits of the amount allowed, used in a way to reflect honor to all who have been concerned therewith; and, whereas, the growth of a metric system throughout the world renders it adapted to our decimal system, and would thereby give our mint issues a more wide circulation on account of their utility and beauty,

"Be it therefore enacted, by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States in Congress assembled, that the Honorable Secretary of the Treasury be directed to appoint a committee of five members, to consist of two well-known sculptors, artists or medalists, to be named by the National Sculptors' Society of New York; two well-known numismatists or medal collectors, to be named by the American Numismatic and Archaeological Society, and a fifth to be a recognized authority on weights and measures, to take into consideration all matters relating to the United States mints as appertain to the weight, design and execution of coins and medals for the future.

"Be it therefore enacted, that in order that the investigations of this committee shall be of immediate benefit to the public, that the Honorable Secretary of the Treasury be directed to expend ten thousand dollars, five thousand dollars to be divided between artists and designers, and five thousand dollars between die-sinkers, who are willing to compete for said awards upon the conditions that the said committee may indicate, one of which there shall be that the result of such competition shall be capable of being used by the United States mints."

The resolution was seconded and carried unanimously.

NOT EXACTLY PREHISTORIC

LAST February, says the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, the Director of the Museum in Geneva presented, before the Historical and Archaeological Society of the Swiss capital, a great find he had just made, in the shape of two roughly wrought figures in iron, representing a man and a woman. The learned body sat in solemn judgment on the statuettes, and decided they were prehistoric, dating from the age of iron, and that they represented two of the divinities of ancient Gaul. Therefore they were received with enthusiasm, duly ticketed and catalogued, and set up in a prominent place in the museum for the admiration of all beholders.

Now, it came to pass that one Sunday the landlady of a little inn at Veyrier, near which village these ancient statuettes were found, came to improve her mind and pass her time by looking at the curiosities in the Geneva Museum. Suddenly she uttered shrieks of woe and anger, and pointed a trembling finger at the prehistoric divinities of ancient Gaul. "These are mine!" she cried furiously. "Call this a museum, indeed! It is a receptacle for stolen goods. My poor dear husband was an ironworker, and that group belonged to me and it was stolen; and now they put it in a museum, break it in two pieces, and stick nasty placards all over it."

This denunciation naturally drew a crowd, and the janitor admonished her severely for casting discredit on the Historical Society and its verdict; but she persisted and has proved her case, and the whole affair has got into the papers, and the Historical and Archaeological Society is covered with ridicule, and an episode in Dickens' "Pickwick" has been played out in real life. Moreover, as the true culprits cannot be found, the enraged landlady has actually brought suit against the Museum of Geneva for the unlawful detention of stolen property.

NOTES AND NOVELTIES

THE collectors of the literature of Master Izaak Walton are offered another prize in what is denominated the Tercentenary Edition of the "Angler," which is issued by Samuel Bagster & Sons, of London, and handled by James Pott & Co., in this city. It is an edition de luxe, of two volumes, quarto, about 300 pages each, printed at the Ballantyne Press, Edinburgh, on Dickinson's hand-made paper, bound in half vellum with cloth sides. The illustrations, which number over fifty, include many etchings after pictures by John Linnell the elder, some of which are published for the first time, the plates being by Percy Thomas, of the Society of Painters-Etchers. There is also a portrait of Linnell, etched by Mr. Thomas. This selection is especially appropriate, as Linnell made a loving study of the Waltonian landscapes, and at a period when they had changed but little from the genial angler's time. Another interesting feature of the embellishments is a series of drawings of riverside animals and birds by G. E. Lodge. The illustrations are printed on Japanese vellum. The edition, which costs here \$37.50, is limited to 350 signed copies, of which 50 copies only are appropriated to the United States.

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An interesting work in its way is Josiah Conder's "Landscape Gardening in Japan," which is published in Tokio and sold here by Charles Scribner's Sons. Mr. Conder's fitness for his task may be inferred from the fact that he is Professor of Architecture and Architect to the Imperial Japanese Government. The present work in a manner supplements a previous one by him, "The Art of Floral Arrangement in Japan," in which he treated of the curious and ingenious devices of native floriculture and floral decoration, with illustrations by Japanese artists. In this he handles the larger sphere of the gardens themselves, supplementing his text with an album of heliographic plates from photographs taken from nature by K. Ogawa. The book itself is illustrated by native artists.

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Mr. George W. Smalley, writing from London to the *Tribune* of this city, raises the ever-interesting question of what constitutes a legitimate edition of a book. His text is provided for him by a novel of no special importance which is being industriously boomed in London as being in its fourth edition, though it is not much more than a month old. The big houses, he says, as a rule, reckon 750 copies as a first edition of a three-volume novel. If the writer be unknown, it may fall as low as 500; if well known, it is 1,000 or more. This, you observe, is said of the big houses. The lesser ones often print but 350 copies of a first edition; sometimes even less. In the present case the author was unknown, and the publishers are not one of the largest firms. Now then, since there is no fixed standard for an edition made for general circulation, Mr. Smalley suggests that English and American publishers should adopt the French custom. The French publisher, instead of printing on the title second edition, third edition, and so on, prints second thousand, third thousand. Then we know where we are, and a pretty accurate test of the popularity and commercial success of the book is supplied. The practice is honest, but in these times of windy booming of worthless wares it is not likely to be popular with publishers or writers.

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Twenty and thirty years ago few copies of Mr. Ruskin's books on economics were sold; now the sale is very large, and is constantly increasing.

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A codex manuscript of Dante's "Divina Commedia," beautifully illuminated and dated 1450, is the latest discovery in the Vatican library.

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A piano made for Napoleon in 1810 has been unearthed in London. In shape it is a grand, with silver keys and five pedals. Two of these work a drum and cymbals and were presumably added in compliment to the military tastes of the Emperor.

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Some recent book prices at Bangs & Co.'s were: Ackermann's "Antiquities of Westminster," 1812, \$10.50; an elephant folio containing an early collection, largely unique, of ancient maps, views of cities, water-color drawings, portraits, etc., relating to America, formed by Wadham Windham, Governor of the South Sea Company at Vera Cruz in the last century, \$40; Bayle's Dictionary, 1734, \$10; Young's "Night Thoughts," illustrated by Blake, folio, uncut, 1797, \$17; Boys' "Picturesque Paris," colored plates, 1839, \$7.75; Monstrelet's "Chronicles," 1809, \$10; Cockburn and Cooke's "Pompeii," \$7.25; Craik's "Pictorial England," \$6.75; Currier's "Animal Kingdom," 1827-32, \$16; Cesar Daly's "Architecture au XIXme. Siècle," 1864, \$10.50; "English Drama," collected by Dyce Fairholt, W. Hazlitt, etc., \$23.75; Boyer d'Aigvilles's "Gallery of Famous Old Masters," 1698-1702, \$15; "National Gallery," 1840, \$7; "Dusseldorf Gallery," 1778, \$10; Dr. Johnson, including his "Parliamentary Debates," 15 volumes, Pickering, 1825-6, \$13.40; his "Dictionary," first edition, with his savage definitions of "oats," "excise-officer," etc., afterwards suppressed, two heavy 4tos, 1755, \$15; La Fontaine's "Fables," Paris, 1755-59, 4 vols., royal folio, illustrations by Oudry, brought \$30; the Musical Antiquarian Society's Publications, including many Elizabethan Madrigals, 16 vols., folio, 1841-47, \$32; "Notes and Queries," genealogical, artistic, etc., 12 vols, 1849-55, \$21; Pinkerton's "Voyages," 17 vols., 4to,

1808-14, \$22.10; Colburn's large-type Pepy's and Evelyn's "Diaries," 9 vols., uniform, 1848-54, \$9.45; "Kit-Kat Club," portraits by Sir Godfrey Kneller, folio, 1821, \$7; W. Jerdan's "Portrait Gallery of Eminent Personages," \$10; Charles Perrault's "Portraits des Hommes Illustrés," folio, 1699, bound by Zaensdorf, \$12.50; J. C. Pritchard's "Physical History of Mankind," 1851, \$6.25; Slezer's "Theatrum Scotiae," 1814, \$8. Walter Scott's complete works, mostly first editions, 1816-32, 74 vols., \$25.90; Nicholas Rowe's "Shakspeare," 7 vols., 8vo, plates, first 8vo, and first illustrated edition, 1709, \$40.15; Stothard's "Monumental Effigies of Great Britain," imperial folio, 1817, \$8; "Complete Works of Swift," edited by John Nichols, 1801, \$19.45; Wyatt Digby's "Industrial Arts of the Nineteenth Century," 2 vols., royal folio, \$8.

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Still other works were: Dugdale's folio "Monasticum Anglicanum," 1718, plates by Hollar and King, \$10; Pierce Egan's "Real Life in London," colored plates by Rowlandson, etc., 1821-2, \$20.50; George Eliot's "Mill on the Floss," 3 vols., 8vo, first edition, \$4.85; W. Fowler's "Mosaic Pavements Discovered in England and Ancient Stained-Glass Windows," colored plates to nature, coats-of-arms, etc., 1796-1809, \$21; Gilfillan's "Library Edition of the British Poets," embracing "Percy's Reliques" and specimens of the less-known poets, 48 vols., 2vo, cloth, 1853-59, \$19.15; "Goldsmith," plates by Birket Foster, small 4to, 1859, \$6.50; Halkett and Lang's "Dictionary of Anonyms and Pseudonyms in Great Britain," giving the names of 20,000 authors of works published anonymously, \$12. The next lot was an oddity, H. S. Grazebrook's "Heraldry of Smith," with cuts of their arms in Germany as well as Britain, small 4to, cloth, 1870. The famous family was poorly represented, as it brought only \$1.75. W. Hogarth's plates, atlas folio, 1822, including "Before" and "After," brought \$24; best "Library Hume's England," 10 vols., portraits, 1848, \$16; Mrs. Inchbald's "British Theatre," 32 vols., 12mo, \$17.60; Ireland's "Book-Lover," \$7; and the well-known 21 plates of the Beauties of the Court of Charles II, colored by hand, separately mounted, \$19; Dr. Johnson's Works, 15 vols., Oxford edition, 1825-6, \$18; "Life of C. Keane," wide paper, uncut, \$8.50 (for illustration); Lardner's "Cabinet Cyclopaedia," 116 vols., brought only 8 cents a volume; John Martin's royal 4to "Paradise Lost," 24 grand mezzotints, brought \$13; Metford's 8 vol. "History of Greece," 1838, \$12; Bourrienne's "Napoleon," 4 vols., 8vo, \$10; "Naval Architects' Institution," 12 vols., 4to, cloth, scarce, 1860-71, \$12.60, and Otley's "Early Masters," plates engraved on silver in 1828, \$9. A Becket's "Comic History of England," first edition, plates by Leech, brought \$12; the last production of the Baskerville Press, "Orlando Furioso," 1773, \$23; Bishop Johann Bale's "Unchaste Examples," black letter, 12mo, 1550, \$5.50, as did John Dryden's "Fables," Bensley, 1797; J. Bayley's "Tower of London," large paper, India-proof engravings, London, 1825, \$19.50; Bentley's Standard Novels and Romances, 119 vols., front and vignettes, \$134.50; Barker's Black-letter Bible, thick, small 4to, 1630, \$7.50, and Oxford edition of 1682, \$5.25; the "Orationes" of D. Petavius, golden fleur-de-lys binding, small 12mo, \$10; Mrs. Bray's Novels, 10 vols., \$7.50; Burke's "Heraldry of England" 3 vols., ed. 1844-6, \$7.50; Lord Byron's Works, 17 vols., small 8vo, plates by Finden, Turner, Stanfield, etc., \$15.30; Camden Society Publications, 43 vols., 1844-7, \$10; Campbell's "Lives of the Lord Chancellors," 1846-7, \$11.45; and a remarkable early black letter "Chaucer," J. Kyngston, 1561, folio calf, \$33; S. T. Coleridge's Complete Works, 27 vols., 8vo, portraits, etc., Pickering, 1834 et sq., \$66.15; and the first edition of "Valentine Vox," 2 vols., 1840, \$8. Rev. J. Corser's "Descriptive Catalogue of Early English Poetry," 11 vols., 4to, cloth, very limited large-paper edition, brought \$63.25; 22 vols. of *The Cornhill*, \$11; botanical magazines, Curtis and others, sold at about \$1.50 per volume, a considerable advance over former sales.

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Perrault's "Contes de Barbe-Bleu et la Belle au Bois Dormant," 41 exquisite illustrations on Whatman paper, in colors, folio, unbound, Paris, 1888, brought \$20; and L'Abbé Prévost's "Manual Lexique ou Dictionnaire Portatif," 2 vols., 12mo, Paris, 1775, \$5—a high price for a book of this kind. An unusual lot was *Punch*, a complete set to December, 1890, inclusive, 99 vols. in 49. It excited lively bidding and brought \$93.10; Quain and Wilson's "Anatomical Plates," about 250, royal folio, 1836-42, \$14.50; *Quarterly Review*, 88 vols., 8vo, 1809-51, \$17.60; Tracts on the Trial of Queen Caroline, bound in one volume, \$6; "Rousseau's Complete Works," plates by Marillier, Moreau, etc., 38 vols., 8vo, \$11.40; Rowlandson's "Dr. Syntax," \$4.50; Roby's "Traditions of Lancashire," drawings and plates by Pickering and Finden, 4 vols., 8vo, 1829-31, \$10; Ruskin's "Examples of the Architecture of Venice," large India paper, plates, folio, 1887, \$15; and vol. I only of his "Stones of Venice," 8vo, 1851, brought \$7; Sclater's "Monograph of the Jacmars and Puff-birds," rich colored plates, 1883, \$8; Scott's "Complete Works," 98 vols., 12mo, 1848-9, cloth, \$49; Henry Irving's "Shakspeare," limited edition of 150 copies, this No. 2, 1888-90, illustrations by Gordon Browne, on India, 8 vols., 4to, \$20; edition of Stevens, \$7.50, and literary light is thrown on his labors by the sale at \$4.60 of "Reprints of Jest Books Used by Shakspeare," edited by Hazlitt. J. Challoner Smith's "British Mezzotint Portraits," 125, 4 vols., super royal 8vo, cloth, 1884, brought \$18; Agnes Strickland's "Queens of England," 2 sets, \$12.60 and \$9.05, respectively; Thackerayana is quite active. The first edition of "Vanity Fair," 8vo, 1848, with rare woodcuts on p. 336, brought \$9, and first edition of "Henry Esmond" \$7.50; Shober's "French Revolution," \$8.50; D.

Croal Thomson's "The Barbizon School of Painters," royal 4to, cloth, 100 vignettes, 1890, \$8; "Turner's Picturesque England," 1838, \$15; Walton and Donne's "Complete Angler," Washbourne's fine edition, all the engravings of Major's edition, 1842-5, \$10; Waring's "Masterpieces of Industrial Art and Sculpture at the Exhibition of 1862," 300 plates, 3 vols., folio, 1863, \$15.75; George Jones's "Battle of Waterloo," portraits, etchings, etc., thick 8vo, 1852, \$5.25; Antoine Watteau's "Figures de Diferentes Caracteres," etc., 214 delicate etchings, very rare, \$25; Winkle's "Architecture of Cathedrals of England and Wales," 1838-42, \$9.75; Sorrell's "British Birds," 1856, 3 vols., 8vo, \$12.

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* * *

It is reported from Niagara Falls that when the old Niagara Frontier Lodge, F. and A. M., which organized early in the present century at Lewiston, moved to the Masonic Temple there lately, there was found, in cleaning out an ancient desk for removal, a packet of papers, yellow with age, which contained a portrait of Gen. George Washington and a lock of hair which, according to the lines written by E. Watson, was presented by Major Billings, of the Continental Army, to the writer. A letter of Washington to some Masons, thanking them for a presentation, was in the packet, and was dated Aug. 10, 1782. Of the present members of the lodge none can remember when the packet came into their possession.

* * *

At the sale of the collection of porcelains, etc., made by Dr. J. Edward Hall, of Shanghai, China, at the Fifth Avenue Art Galleries, the first session produced nearly \$2,500 for 150 pieces. A flawless Lang Yao bowl, of fluted pattern, which formerly belonged to the Hoo-Sing-Nan collection, was the prize of the second day. Active bidding carried the price up to \$310. A brilliant sang-de-boeuf crackle vase, eight inches high, with thick body and long neck, sold for \$230, and another fine color specimen of sang-de-boeuf brought \$185. A beautiful dark-blue ginger jar and cover, of the Kang-he era, brought \$110. Of the soft paste specimens offered, a fine white incense burner, Kien-lung, brought the highest price, \$55. A graceful pink, gold and white vase, of the seventeenth century, went for \$47, and a superb specimen of the Ming era, a vase fourteen inches high, brought \$50. The total for the 150 pieces offered was \$3,818.50. At the third session the top price of the sale was reached when a blue and white beaker-form vase was offered. It is a majestic specimen of the Kang-he period (1661-1722), and was obtained from the estate of the late Hoo-Sing-Nan, the Hang-Chow banker. Sharp bidding carried the price up to \$630, at which it went to a private buyer. A large blue and white hard paste crackle vase, of the same date, brought \$185, and a beautiful flower vase, from Tientsin, of a more recent make, sold for \$135. Some fine peach-blow vases, bearing the six marks of Kang-he, were in the list. One, a beautiful ovoid form, peach and white, 12 inches high, sold for \$160, and a semi-globular vase, 3½ inches high, in which the pale color was flecked with rich red, for \$165. After the porcelains were sold, some beautiful examples of teakwood carvings, in the form of chests and bedsteads, were disposed of at prices below their value.

* * *

One of the most important and valuable collections in the Cornell University Library is the May collection, relating to the history of slavery and anti-slavery, the nucleus of which was formed by the gift of the library of the late Rev. Samuel J. May, of Syracuse. Subsequent additions have made the May collection one of the richest in the world in the field which it covers. Students of American history, who are familiar with the collection, will be interested to learn that the late Miss Isabella G. Gifford's bust of the donor of the library has just been presented to the University by her friend, Paulina Saxton Pope, of Chicago, through the kind offices of Prof. Brainard G. Smith, of Hamilton College, formerly of Cornell University. The bust was the single product of the genius of Miss Gifford, whose premature death cut short a most promising career. Isabella Graham Gifford was the youngest daughter of Henry Gifford, of Syracuse, N. Y. Her artistic talent did not attract particular attention until she was about twenty years old, when she made, on a sick bed, a small soldier's head in a piece of coal. It was done entirely with a penknife and a pin, and showed so much talent and promise that Erastus D. Palmer, the sculptor, of Albany, urged her to go to Europe to study. In January, 1872, she went to Florence, and became the pupil of Hiram Powers. She had chosen as her subject for study with him the head of the Rev. Samuel J. May, of Syracuse, and while Mr. Powers had pronounced her work ready for the marble before he died, yet she pulled it to pieces and remodeled it after his death. A marble copy of the second work, the present bust, was finished and sent to Syracuse in

1875. It was purchased by Mr. May's church and presented to the public library of that city, President White, of Cornell, receiving it for the Board of Education. A second copy in marble was sent to the Centennial Exhibition in 1876, and there received one of the four medals awarded to American sculptors. In the autumn of 1874 Miss Gifford met Franz Liszt, and when she expressed a strong desire to model his head, he cordially gave her the opportunity. But while engaged in making the necessary studies and measurements she was seized with Roman fever, and thenceforward to her death in 1889 could accomplish no work. The bust of Mr. May, therefore, remains the only monument of her artistic life. It had been Miss Gifford's wish that a copy of the bust should be placed in the May Library at Cornell University. At her death the original plaster cast became the property of her friend, Paulina S. Pope, who has fulfilled the wish of the artist by presenting the cast to the university which possesses the great library of Mr. May.

* * *

A curious numismatic relic of the Custer massacre has turned up from the scene of that tragedy of our Indian warfare. This is No. 17 of the Presidential medals struck for Indian chiefs. It is one of three struck under James Madison's Administration. One of these was the Red Jacket, and another the Keokuk, the latter being the one discovered; while the former is in a private collection, the location of the third being unknown. The Keokuk medal was bestowed on the Sioux chief Keokuk on the consummation of the treaty made at Des Moines Rapids in 1809 on the ground where now stands the town of Keokuk, Ia. The medal remained in the possession of the Sioux chiefs until 1876, when it was lost on the occasion of the Custer massacre. There it was found two years later by a cattle herder. In 1885 Mr. Barton Atkins, of Albany, N. Y., was traveling in Montana, and fell in with the cowboy who had found the medal and carried it as a pocket-piece. He purchased it from him. The medal is in silver, with a profile bust of President Madison on the obverse and the date 1800, the reverse showing the hands of a white man and an Indian clasped, with a tomahawk and a peace pipe. A bronze copy of the die is in the United States Mint collection, with the bronze copies of the other medals of the series made for the Government.

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I am informed from Munich that the well-known art dealer, Pütterich, who was mixed up in the thefts of sketches and studies from the painter Lenbach, already described in THE COLLECTOR, has committed suicide.

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Dr. Thomas Frognell Dibdin's "Bibliographical Decameron; or Ten Days' Pleasant Discourses Upon Illuminated Manuscripts and Subjects Connected with Early Engraving, Typography and Bibliography," is in three volumes, and is richly illustrated. Dr. Dibdin had published numerous works on bibliography, and resolved to make this a monument to himself. As much as \$10,000 was paid for the engraving alone for this work, while the paper and printing cost as much more. But a very limited edition was printed, and the pages were not stereotyped. Of the small paper or ordinary edition there were 760 copies printed, and probably 200 or 240 of the large paper, making not over 1,000 copies in all. To prevent the possibility of any more copies ever being printed, the author, on the day the last volume was published, invited a dozen bibliographical friends to dine with him in celebration of the event. After dinner a servant appeared with a tray full of the costly engraved blocks from which the illustrations had been printed, and, each guest having been presented with one to be converted into a snuff-box, or other such trinket, the company were invited to join the author in throwing the remaining blocks into the fire which was burning in the grate. Dr. Dibdin did it to immortalize his book, but he had the satisfaction also of selling a large part of the edition at his own price, which he put at nine guineas, and professes to have found it a profitable business expedient. The work now commands about double that sum, or \$90, and is chiefly valued for the beautiful illustrations it contains of ancient typographical devices, initial letters and other book ornaments.

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The Delaware and Hudson River Railroad, in laying a spur track to a storehouse near Albany, found it necessary to remove one of the wings of the old Van Rensselaer mansion. As the beauty of the historic structure would be destroyed by the loss of this wing, it was decided to tear down the whole mansion. When it was learned that the old house was to be destroyed, the idea was conceived by Williams College men of taking it down, piece by piece, and removing it to Williamstown, Mass., where the Sigma

Phi Society would re-erect it as its home, in place of its clubhouse, which was recently burnt down. The ancient mansion is built of brick brought from Holland, and is handsomely embellished with brownstone pillars and massive pediments of the same material about the windows. In the plans for re-erection the wings will be omitted, as the interior accommodations are more than ample without them. The broad hallway, twenty-three feet in breadth, and forty-six feet in length across the house from end to end, will be reproduced exactly as it stood for generations in Albany. The front perspective will remain intact, and the beautiful stone porch, with its four massive Corinthian pillars and its four pilasters, strong stone balustrade, and massive newel posts, will be reproduced. From the side the house will be particularly attractive. The large New Jersey sandstone window casings will be taken from the windows and incorporated in the sides. From the walls paper was removed which was placed there in 1768, and its condition after such long service is nearly perfect. This paper will decorate the walls of the reconstructed house. The lodge room and a dozen sleeping apartments will occupy the upper floor, while the lower floor will be devoted to billiard, smoking and reception rooms, in each of which will be placed massive Colonial fireplaces. The furnishings will be of the most expensive kind. The society expects to have the finest home of its kind in the country.

BUGS BETTER THAN BULLETS

"ONE very peculiar characteristic of the Indian," said Major Barbour, a former plainsman now metamorphosed into a clubman and raconteur, to a writer of the Washington Post, "is his reverence, amounting to absolute fear in many instances, of an insane person. They never harm one whom they believe to be mentally affected. I remember one striking instance which will illustrate. I was a member of the expedition headed by General Custer that made a tour through the Yellowstone Valley and that section of the country the year before the Custer massacre. It was put on foot in the interest of science, and we had a lot of fellows from the Smithsonian Institution and about a dozen Yale professors. It was a big party, comprising two or three companies of cavalry, one of infantry, and some artillery, so the Sioux, who at that time simply swarmed over that country, were afraid to tackle us. But they hung around us all the time, and General Custer gave orders, after two men who were hunting had been killed, that no one should leave camp without permission.

"Those Yale professors just worried the life out of the soldiers. Every professor had a detail of five men who had to watch him. They would go around picking up bugs and chasing butterflies all over the prairie, and would break up rocks and pow-wow over them with magnifying glasses until the soldiers swore that every man of them was a howling idiot. One day the worst old fellow in the crowd, a bugologist, who wore two pairs of glasses, one red and one green, managed in some way or other to get out of sight of his detail, and wandered two or three miles away. He ran plump into a gang of Sioux. He walked up to them and offered to shake hands. They grabbed him, and the first thing they did was to dive down into a big green baize bag he carried.

"They pulled out lizards and pieces of clay and bits of rock and bugs and the worst assortment of truck imaginable. Just about this time the old professor caught sight of a peculiar looking bug. He caught it, pulled out his glasses and began to study it. That settled it. An Indian took him by the hand led him to a hill close by, and pointing to the army below, said: 'Go.' He came back and said that the soldiers totally misunderstood the Indians. 'Why, I found them the most polite and courteous of people,' said he to General Custer. But an old chief afterward told me that they wouldn't have had him stay in that country for anything on earth."

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BALTIMORE, MD.

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TICKETS FOR SALE AT
THE MOUNT VERNON HOTEL.

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The cacoethes scribendi appears to have attacked the artistic world of London of to-day very fiercely. George Du Maurier has taken to novel writing, George H. Boughton writes magazine articles up to his own illustrations, L. Alma Tadema does his share of scribbling, and now we learn that his daughter is about to publish a novel called "The Wings of Icarus."

Four golden dishes were missed last month from Prince Esterhazy's castle, near Oedenburg, which the deceased Prince's father purchased for £5,000 when he was Ambassador in London fifty years ago. Two of these golden dishes were once the property of Mary Queen of Scots, and Scottish noblemen, according to tradition, served the Queen's dinner on them daily. The other dishes are from a service which belonged to the Empress Marie Theresa. It is believed that some workmen who had to make repairs in the castle committed the theft, and in the town of Oedenburg a tradesman has been arrested. It is said that the police have already traced the golden plates, but that they have been melted and are but a lump of gold.

It is reported from Niagara Falls that when the old Niagara Frontier Lodge, F. and A. M., which organized early in the present century at Lewiston, moved to the Masonic Temple there lately, there was found, in cleaning out an ancient desk for removal, a packet of papers, yellow with age, which contained a portrait of Gen. George Washington and a lock of hair which, according to the lines written by E. Watson, was presented by Major Billings, of the Continental Army, to the writer. A letter of Washington to some Masons, thanking them for a presentation, was in the packet, and was dated Aug. 10, 1782. Of the present members of the lodge none can remember when the packet came into their possession.

At the sale of the collection of porcelains, etc., made by Dr. J. Edward Hall, of Shanghai, China, at the Fifth Avenue Art Galleries, the first session produced nearly \$2,500 for 150 pieces. A flawless Lang Yao bowl, of fluted pattern, which formerly belonged to the Hoo-Sing-Nan collection, was the prize of the second day. Active bidding carried the price up to \$310. A brilliant sang-de-boeuf crackle vase, eight inches high, with thick body and long neck, sold for \$230, and another fine color specimen of sang-de-boeuf brought \$185. A beautiful dark-blue ginger jar and cover, of the Kang-he era, brought \$110. Of the soft paste specimens offered, a fine white incense burner, Kien-lung, brought the highest price, \$55. A graceful pink, gold and white vase, of the seventeenth century, went for \$47, and a superb specimen of the Ming era, a vase fourteen inches high, brought \$50. The total for the 150 pieces offered was \$3,818.50. At the third session the top price of the sale was reached when a blue and white beaker-form vase was offered. It is a majestic specimen of the Kang-he period (1661-1722), and was obtained from the estate of the late Hoo-Sing-Nan, the Hang-Chow banker. Sharp bidding carried the price up to \$630, at which it went to a private buyer. A large blue and white hard paste crackle vase, of the same date, brought \$185, and a beautiful flower vase, from Tientsin, of a more recent make, sold for \$135. Some fine peach-blow vases, bearing the six marks of Kang-he, were in the list. One, a beautiful ovoid form, peach and white, 12 inches high, sold for \$160, and a semi-globular vase, 3½ inches high, in which the pale color was flecked with rich red, for \$165. After the porcelains were sold, some beautiful examples of teakwood carvings, in the form of chests and bedsteads, were disposed of at prices below their value.

One of the most important and valuable collections in the Cornell University Library is the May collection, relating to the history of slavery and anti-slavery, the nucleus of which was formed by the gift of the library of the late Rev. Samuel J. May, of Syracuse. Subsequent additions have made the May collection one of the richest in the world in the field which it covers. Students of American history, who are familiar with the collection, will be interested to learn that the late Miss Isabella G. Gifford's bust of the donor of the library has just been presented to the University by her friend, Paulina Saxton Pope, of Chicago, through the kind offices of Prof. Brainard G. Smith, of Hamilton College, formerly of Cornell University. The bust was the single product of the genius of Miss Gifford, whose premature death cut short a most promising career. Isabella Graham Gifford was the youngest daughter of Henry Gifford, of Syracuse, N. Y. Her artistic talent did not attract particular attention until she was about twenty years old, when she made, on a sick bed, a small soldier's head in a piece of coal. It was done entirely with a penknife and a pin, and showed so much talent and promise that Erastus D. Palmer, the sculptor, of Albany, urged her to go to Europe to study. In January, 1872, she went to Florence, and became the pupil of Hiram Powers. She had chosen as her subject for study with him the head of the Rev. Samuel J. May, of Syracuse, and while Mr. Powers had pronounced her work ready for the marble before he died, yet she pulled it to pieces and remodeled it after his death. A marble copy of the second work, the present bust, was finished and sent to Syracuse in

1875. It was purchased by Mr. May's church and presented to the public library of that city, President White, of Cornell, receiving it for the Board of Education. A second copy in marble was sent to the Centennial Exhibition in 1876, and there received one of the four medals awarded to American sculptors. In the autumn of 1874 Miss Gifford met Franz Liszt, and when she expressed a strong desire to model his head, he cordially gave her the opportunity. But while engaged in making the necessary studies and measurements she was seized with Roman fever, and thenceforward to her death in 1889 could accomplish no work. The bust of Mr. May, therefore, remains the only monument of her artistic life. It had been Miss Gifford's wish that a copy of the bust should be placed in the May Library at Cornell University. At her death the original plaster cast became the property of her friend, Paulina S. Pope, who has fulfilled the wish of the artist by presenting the cast to the university which possesses the great library of Mr. May.

* * *

A curious numismatic relic of the Custer massacre has turned up from the scene of that tragedy of our Indian warfare. This is No. 17 of the Presidential medals struck for Indian chiefs. It is one of three struck under James Madison's Administration. One of these was the Red Jacket, and another the Keokuk, the latter being the one discovered; while the former is in a private collection, the location of the third being unknown. The Keokuk medal was bestowed on the Sioux chief Keokuk on the consummation of the treaty made at Des Moines Rapids in 1809 on the ground where now stands the town of Keokuk, Ia. The medal remained in the possession of the Sioux chiefs until 1876, when it was lost on the occasion of the Custer massacre. There it was found two years later by a cattle herder. In 1885 Mr. Barton Atkins, of Albany, N. Y., was traveling in Montana, and fell in with the cowboy who had found the medal and carried it as a pocket-piece. He purchased it from him. The medal is in silver, with a profile bust of President Madison on the obverse and the date 1800, the reverse showing the hands of a white man and an Indian clasped, with a tomahawk and a peace pipe. A bronze copy of the die is in the United States Mint collection, with the bronze copies of the other medals of the series made for the Government.

* * *

I am informed from Munich that the well-known art dealer, Pütterich, who was mixed up in the thefts of sketches and studies from the painter Lenbach, already described in THE COLLECTOR, has committed suicide.

* * *

Dr. Thomas Frognell Dibdin's "Bibliographical Decameron; or Ten Days' Pleasant Discourses Upon Illuminated Manuscripts and Subjects Connected with Early Engraving, Typography and Bibliography," is in three volumes, and is richly illustrated. Dr. Dibdin had published numerous works on bibliography, and resolved to make this a monument to himself. As much as \$10,000 was paid for the engraving alone for this work, while the paper and printing cost as much more. But a very limited edition was printed, and the pages were not stereotyped. Of the small paper or ordinary edition there were 760 copies printed, and probably 200 or 240 of the large paper, making not over 1,000 copies in all. To prevent the possibility of any more copies ever being printed, the author, on the day the last volume was published, invited a dozen bibliographical friends to dine with him in celebration of the event. After dinner a servant appeared with a tray full of the costly engraved blocks from which the illustrations had been printed, and, each guest having been presented with one to be converted into a snuff-box, or other such trinket, the company were invited to join the author in throwing the remaining blocks into the fire which was burning in the grate. Dr. Dibdin did it to immortalize his book, but he had the satisfaction also of selling a large part of the edition at his own price, which he put at nine guineas, and professes to have found it a profitable business expedient. The work now commands about double that sum, or \$90, and is chiefly valued for the beautiful illustrations it contains of ancient typographical devices, initial letters and other book ornaments.

* * *

The Delaware and Hudson River Railroad, in laying a spur track to a storehouse near Albany, found it necessary to remove one of the wings of the old Van Rensselaer mansion. As the beauty of the historic structure would be destroyed by the loss of this wing, it was decided to tear down the whole mansion. When it was learned that the old house was to be destroyed, the idea was conceived by Williams College men of taking it down, piece by piece, and removing it to Williamstown, Mass., where the Sigma

Phi Society would re-erect it as its home, in place of its clubhouse, which was recently burnt down. The ancient mansion is built of brick brought from Holland, and is handsomely embellished with brownstone pillars and massive pediments of the same material about the windows. In the plans for re-erection the wings will be omitted, as the interior accommodations are more than ample without them. The broad hallway, twenty-three feet in breadth, and forty-six feet in length across the house from end to end, will be reproduced exactly as it stood for generations in Albany. The front perspective will remain intact, and the beautiful stone porch, with its four massive Corinthian pillars and its four pilasters, strong stone balustrade, and massive newel posts, will be reproduced. From the side the house will be particularly attractive. The large New Jersey sandstone window casings will be taken from the windows and incorporated in the sides. From the walls paper was removed which was placed there in 1768, and its condition after such long service is nearly perfect. This paper will decorate the walls of the reconstructed house. The lodge room and a dozen sleeping apartments will occupy the upper floor, while the lower floor will be devoted to billiard, smoking and reception rooms, in each of which will be placed massive Colonial fireplaces. The furnishings will be of the most expensive kind. The society expects to have the finest home of its kind in the country.

BUGS BETTER THAN BULLETS

"ONE very peculiar characteristic of the Indian," said Major Barbour, a former plainsman now metamorphosed into a clubman and raconteur, to a writer of the Washington Post, "is his reverence, amounting to absolute fear in many instances, of an insane person. They never harm one whom they believe to be mentally affected. I remember one striking instance which will illustrate. I was a member of the expedition headed by General Custer that made a tour through the Yellowstone Valley and that section of the country the year before the Custer massacre. It was put on foot in the interest of science, and we had a lot of fellows from the Smithsonian Institution and about a dozen Yale professors. It was a big party, comprising two or three companies of cavalry, one of infantry, and some artillery, so the Sioux, who at that time simply swarmed over that country, were afraid to tackle us. But they hung around us all the time, and General Custer gave orders, after two men who were hunting had been killed, that no one should leave camp without permission.

"Those Yale professors just worried the life out of the soldiers. Every professor had a detail of five men who had to watch him. They would go around picking up bugs and chasing butterflies all over the prairie, and would break up rocks and pow-wow over them with magnifying glasses until the soldiers swore that every man of them was a howling idiot. One day the worst old fellow in the crowd, a bugologist, who wore two pairs of glasses, one red and one green, managed in some way or other to get out of sight of his detail, and wandered two or three miles away. He ran plump into a gang of Sioux. He walked up to them and offered to shake hands. They grabbed him, and the first thing they did was to dive down into a big green baize bag he carried.

"They pulled out lizards and pieces of clay and bits of rock and bugs and the worst assortment of truck imaginable. Just about this time the old professor caught sight of a peculiar looking bug. He caught it, pulled out his glasses and began to study it. That settled it. An Indian took him by the hand led him to a hill close by, and pointing to the army below, said: 'Go.' He came back and said that the soldiers totally misunderstood the Indians. 'Why, I found them the most polite and courteous of people,' said he to General Custer. But an old chief afterward told me that they wouldn't have had him stay in that country for anything on earth."

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THE DYING SEASON

ON the principle that it does no good to cry over spilt milk, one might as well dismiss the season which this month will bring to its end with small waste of words. It has brought no great or even fine picture collections into the market, which is the good fortune of owners who have such to break up. Those sales which have been made have with but a couple of exceptions been of little interest, and their returns have been commensurate with their merits. At the sales of porcelains, on the contrary, the standard of the collections has been much higher, and probably half, or even more, of the finest pieces offered secured good figures, and in some instances excellent ones, while even the less important objects sold fairly well. This once more confirms my repeated assertions in *THE COLLECTOR* that now, as ever since they became an object of European and American collectorship, the masterpieces of Oriental ceramic art form what one might call an artistic staple, that is to say, a product which preserves a commercial value while it contributes to the instruction, pleasure and luxury of the world. The works of the painter are capable of infinite multiplication. The number of producers of pictures increases constantly. Of the army which paints, but a corporal's guard grasps the Marshall's baton and wins that fixed place in history which establishes the value of its name. The rest are all subject to the mutations and the caprices of a popular taste, or a mere whim, which may make them prosper for a time, perhaps, but in the end relegate them to the gutter. You need only study over the reports of auction sales given in this paper during the last four years and more to note how even in that time values have fallen in some classes of pictures, and how newer and totally dissimilar styles have risen, only in time to decline. And in these same records you will note how high grade Chinese and Japanese porcelains have preserved a course which has been rather in the ascendant than otherwise, and which even the severe pressure of the present time has not seriously affected. The country has been flooded with modern ware from the East, manufactured like common flower-pots or china ware for the market, and this stuff finds its level easily and quickly enough. But the gems retain their lustre. The diamond is always a diamond, whether it be painted on canvas, carved in marble, or turned on the potter's wheel and made resplendent by a baptism of fire.

I could fill a whole issue of *THE COLLECTOR* with an anatomization of the art of collectorship and a contrast of and argument upon its ramifications, supported by unquestionable authorities of actual record, if I could spare the space. I believe such an analysis would be of great value to all collectors—I mean of practical, not theoretical, value. I have endeavored, and I believe succeeded as far as possible, to make this journal one of facts and opinions based on facts. When it ceases to be this, its virtue, such as it has been, will have departed. I have been for a long time compiling material for such a paper as I have proposed above, intending to make it a supplement to the regular issue, but the time is not ripe for it, or at any rate the time at present is not such as to encourage anyone to load his shoulders with another burden when they already have their full share to bear.

The opposition Salon, having got a week ahead of the old one, Paris has been flocking to the Champs de Mars, as it will flock to the Champs Elysées in regular succession. By all accounts in the

press, the so-called National Society of Fine Arts has got together a good but not a particularly memorable exhibition. The contest between it and the Society of French Artists, which stands for the regular Salon, is, in a larger way—a much larger way, in fact—very like that which the Society of American Artists in this city annually wages against the National Academy of Design. Such competitions do no harm, for even if they divide public attention they stimulate public interest in art. The Americans, according to the *Herald*, have come out rather strong at the show. Paul Wayland Bartlett, of Boston, has sent in a plaster lion with an arrow in his ribs, twelve feet long—the lion not the arrow. The subject is so original that French sculptors no doubt tremble in their patent-leather shoes. But why did not Mr. Bartlett make a model of an American buffalo in its last agonies, or a grizzly of the redwoods, or a moose? Lions are the prerogative of the European sculptor. Our own fighting grizzly could give the biggest lion of the Atlas a tussle and win. I saw one old fellow once fight nine rifles, and not lie down till one of the poltroons who were slaughtering him mustered courage enough, when both the poor plantigrade's forepaws were shattered by their Winchesters, and his bowels trailing blood over the grass, creep up and cut his throat with a bowie knife tied to a pole. I vow the sight made me sick, and one day when the killer met me in New York and we had a dram together at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, I seemed to see the blood of that poor old desperado of the forest on his cowardly fingers as he gripped his glass. I tossed my bourbon on the floor, and we now only speak as we pass by. But this is a digression. What I want to say is that an American artist, to assist in creating or promoting American art, should find his subjects in this country, and that American collectors should encourage him to do so. Let him get his education abroad as he may, but the obligation rests upon him to apply his experience to his own country, or he is an American artist no more. We shall never have a true American art until its foundations rest upon American soil.

There is one American painter who, if my opinion holds, is an artist of the first fire. His name is George Inness. Let us have a few others of this calibre, and then we can parade ourselves. But we cannot do it out of our own people, who have virtually become the property of the nations to whose schools they may belong, and who follow, however cleverly, the examples set by their masters.

One learns from *The Herald* that the canvass which is attracting most attention in the Champs de Mars Salon is said to be the most impressive Jean Béraud has painted since he commenced his series of mystical pictures. It is entitled "The Way of the Cross." The central figure is the Man of Sorrow wearing a crown of thorns and bent under the weight of the cross. To his right is Mary Magdalen, in a dark purple robe, her hands clasped in prayer. The Virgin is tottering behind, supported by the Disciple John. Behind and around the Saviour is a crowd of jeering enemies. Most of them are impersonal brutes, their predominating expression being animality. A well-dressed clubman, with a lady of fashion in evening dress on his arm, typifying sensuality and egoism, is laughing boisterously at the agony of the man who had dared to reprove frivolity. A workman, barefooted and wearing his working clothes, is, however, the prominent figure of the crowd. He is

stooping down, picking up a stone to cast at the cross-bearer, while a mysterious being behind him, hidden under the red cloak of anarchy, is pushing him on to stone the Saviour. On the other side of the way are a number of figures typifying the elements of Christianity. A bride and bridegroom kneeling symbolize the sacred marriage tie, a soldier represents military devotion, a priest ministering to an old man dying denotes piety and death, a nun and two little children are charity and orphanhood, a poor wretch with heavy chains at his wrists typifies the penitent thief, while peasants and various other figures symbolize different phases of humanity wherein Christ is not the object of derision, but of faith.

This is a Frenchman's idea. It has a sensation in it, just as cayenne or tabasco has in your soup or your ragout. But after all, von Uhde, the progenitor of this cult, remains the artist, where Béraud is merely the painter. You may accept Uhde's combinations of Calvaric and current types because they are gently made. You may buy his "Road to Bethlehem," or his "Blessing of the Bread," as pictures, and enjoy them as such. But in the case of these Bérauds, it is to my mind merely a clever man with an eye to the public. He was very agreeable to me when he was the artistic chronicler of the Boulevards and the Quais, as the back files of this journal will show. But now—well I suppose he knows his own business.

A very interesting exhibition of early English pictures was that got together for the Lotos Club last month by Mr. Henry T. Chapman, Jr. It included the Turner, "Vision of Venice;" the Wilkie, "Family Sorrows;" the Reynolds, "Portrait of Mrs. Way," and the "Kemble as Hamlet," by Sir Thomas Lawrence, belonging to Mr. J. W. Bouton, all of which I have already fully described. The same remark applies to the example of Etty, belonging to Mr. Chapman himself, entitled "The Genius of Morning." Examples of Richard Wilson, Gainsborough, Hogarth, George Morland, Old Crome, Sir A. W. Calcott and the elder Herring were loaned from the collections of Mr. Chapman, Mr. J. C. Hoagland, Mr. George A. Hearn, Messrs. Arthur Tooth & Sons, and others. The pictures were excellently displayed, and of the entire thirty-three scarcely one was not of distinct importance.

The gentry who aspire to run the universe on the Trade Union basis have apparently discovered a new line of uselessness. Last month a committee of gilders took a tour of the Metropolitan Museum on a free day, and admired and profited by the works of art to the extent that they were enabled to report to their union that the frames of the pictures needed re-gilding. We shall next, probably, hear of the enactment of a law compelling public museums to have their frames regilt whenever a walking delegate commands them to do so. And if frames, why not pictures themselves? Let the Painters' Union decide that the pictures are not properly painted, the Varnishers' Union that they are not properly varnished, the Carpenters' Union that the stretchers and panels are all wrong, the Stonecutters' Union that the statuary is not cut according to the approved tombstone style. There is nothing like reforming things all around while you are about it.

Some luminously-inspired scribbler in *The Tribune* has discovered that it is a good American idea that men take off their hats when visiting public art galleries. Just why men should take off their hats there he does not say. Perhaps he removes his in order to cool his fevered intellect. Perhaps he sees art better bareheaded, as some people who read with spectacles can do their looking best without them. The hat matter is, for most of us, one of taste, or convenience, not of sentimentality, as this gent, who doffs his beaver reverentially before the Venus of Milo in the Louvre, would have it.

It is announced that the jury of the Vienna Salon has awarded gold medals to Messrs. Alfred Parsons and Walter Gay, both names well known to American collectors. Mr. Gay was born in or near Boston, and as far back as 1870 was painting flower pieces in that city. He is a nephew of William Allan Gay, also a Massachusetts man, born in 1821, who had been a pupil of Professor Weir at West Point and had studied under Troyon in Paris. The elder Gay, from whom his nephew received instruction and encouragement, was a landscape painter of merit, whose pictures are chiefly owned in New England. In 1876 Walter Gay became a pupil of Bonnat in Paris. He first exhibited at the Salon, in 1878, a landscape, but soon took up genre subjects, which are characterized by pleasant color, excellent rendering of types, as a true feeling for

the picturesque, and good technique. He received an honorable mention at the Salon of 1885. Alfred Parsons is an Englishman, and the most accomplished draughtsman of landscape for illustration alive. His illustrations in *Harper's Magazine* and other publications have made him known throughout the world. His pictures in water-color are especially esteemed in this country, but his pictures in oil are of scarcely less merit and charm of nature. Mr. Gay has had his studio in Paris for many years. Mr. Parsons resides in London.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. have issued a beautifully gotten-up pamphlet as a prospectus for the edition de luxe of William Cullen Bryant's "Poems of Nature," to the charming illustrations for which, by M. Paul de Longpré, I have already alluded in these columns. The poet could not have been happier in the choice of an artist had he been alive to choose for himself, nor the artist happier than in the sympathetic and charming interpretation which he has given to his subjects.

As this issue of THE COLLECTOR goes to press a very interesting picture sale is in progress at Frankfort-on-Main. It is the collection of old masters formed by the deceased Friederich Praechter, of that city, a gentleman of wealth who had devoted himself to this branch of collectorship during more than thirty years. A portion of the collection was purchased at the sale after his death of King Wilhelm, of Würthemberg. Others were secured under the advice of the late Philip Janz, of Mayence, a well-known museum curator and expert, as well as a painter of ability. There are 115 pictures in the catalogue, chiefly of the Dutch and Flemish schools. The sale is made by Rudolf Bangel.

There has for a number of years been a resident circle of painters in Pittsburgh, but it has not contained any particularly noteworthy figures. Those Pittsburgh artists who have made their national or international mark have invariably colonized elsewhere, where they have found a broader market, or a greater opportunity for the development of their talent. Still there is one man in the one-time Smoky City who stands head and shoulders above his surroundings, and who has remained faithful to the town for years during which he might have been establishing himself in New York. His name is John W. Beatty. I think he is a native, though, in fact, I know but little of his history, excepting that he studied for a period in Munich, and that he has for some years been active in Pittsburgh as an instructor as well as a painter of pictures. It is to the credit of Pittsburgh that his pictures are not seen in New York, because they are made prizes of by local collectors almost before they leave his easel; but for the artist's sake it is a pity that this is so. He has made a specialty of subjects of farm life, and of the life of the American farm at that—simple themes in which landscape and figure and cattle, by preference a plough-horse or a sturdy vassal of the haycart, combine in the formation of scenes which require no elaborate explanation to reach the appreciation of any man who has seen the dawn broadening over meadows and fallow fields, or studied in the spreading shades of sunset the portents of the night. How such a man could keep himself, in a fashion, so long locked up within comparatively narrow limits I cannot imagine, except upon one ground. I met him, some half a dozen years ago or so, at a plate printer's where he was having some proofs pulled from a large etched plate, which he had made after one of his own pictures, which is, I believe, in the collection of Mr. John Caldwell, of Pittsburgh. I may state here that he is an etcher of great ability, although he practices the art only on occasions. From the acquaintanceship thus accidentally formed I learned that he had, since his return from his studies in Munich, been for several years debarred from the practice of his art by an affection of the eyes, from which he was but then recovering. This may have chilled his ambition. At any rate, I trust that he may some day recover enough of it to make his début here.

On the afternoon of April 24, Mr. A. Muller Ury, of 58 West Fifty-seventh street, made a studio private view of his portrait of Mlle. Calvé, preparatory to its coming public exhibition.

The New York establishment of the Franz Haufstaengl Fine Art Publishing House, of Munich, will be located after May 1 at 114 Fifth avenue, near Seventeenth street, where collectors will enjoy greater facilities than ever for the examination of the extensive and varied publications of the house. Readers of THE COLLECTOR visiting Europe will find the London branch of the house at 5 Rathbone Place.

The latest issue of the Franz Hanfstaengl publication, *Die Kunst Unserer Zeit*, is chiefly given up to an interesting history of the famous Munich comic paper, *Fliegender Blatter*, which has now reached half a century of existence. The article is written by Fred. Walter, and illustrated by a number of reproductions from old files of the journal in question.

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Mr. Karl W. Hiersemann, Königsstrasse, 2, Leipzig, Germany, has got out a collection of his catalogues on the fine arts, of the new series, conveniently bound in red cloth, comprising over 700 pages and describing nearly 12,000 items. The price in Germany is but 3 marks, which, with postage to this country, would make it cost a dollar. If only for the hint as to prices which it affords, our collectors should find it invaluable. The departments covered are architecture, painting and the graphic art, European picture galleries, the industrial arts, engravings and etchings, archaeology and costumes, with many subdivisions to each. The titles of the books, engravings, etc., are in their respective languages of publication, but the reference text, indexes, etc., are in English. I would strongly advise readers of THE COLLECTOR to bear this catalogue in mind, as well as those relating to the other departments of Mr. Hiersemann's stock. Lying as it does within twenty-four hours' journey from London, an interesting city itself, and in a region full of interest, bookish tourists might combine recreation and pleasure this summer by a run to Leipzig and not regret the trip.

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The *Répertoire des Ventes* is a new venture in Parisian journalism, devoted to auction sales of books, prints, pictures, autographs, etc., giving details and prices of all important events of this class in Europe and America. It should be a most valuable journal of reference for collectors and dealers, while its text has much literary interest as well. It is edited by M. Pierre Dauzet, and is published at 24 Boulevard Poissonnière, Paris, the publisher being M. Horace Lesur.

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Mr. C. W. Kraushaar, the Broadway art dealer, has a happy knack of hitting on ideas for specialties in his business. One which he has now partially perfected is the formation of a collection of artist proofs of engravings after pictures by Rosa Bonheur. It of course need not be said that the collection is very interesting, but only actual examination can demonstrate just how interesting it is. I went over it the other day, not once but several times, with infinite pleasure. As far as Mr. Kraushaar has been able to carry it, his list now includes, the plates being all artist states and fine impressions, "The Horse Fair" and "The Stampede," engraved by Thomas Landseer; "Coming to the Fair" and "Brittany Cattle," by Zobel; "A Family of Deer," "Crossing the Pyrenees," "Morning in the Highlands," "The Highland Shepherd," "Huntsman Taking Hounds to Cover," "The Humble Servant," "A Scottish Raid" and "Deer in Repose," by C. G. Lewis; "Changing Pasture" and "Landau Peasants Going to Market," by H. T. Ryall; "The Straits of Ballachulish" and "Brittany Sheep," by Mottram; "The Long Rocks of Fontainebleau," by Leopold Löwenstam; "A Hunting Dog," "A Norman Sire," "A Noble Charger," "Scotch Cattle at Rest," "The Happy Family" and "Noonday in the Highlands," by J. B. Pratt; "An Old Monarch" and "The Old Pensioner," by N. W. Simmons; "Rosa Bonheur," by Samuel Cousins; "The Young Prince," "On the Alert," "The Foraging Party" and "Lord of the Herd," by A. Gilbert; "Lion at Home," by Atkinson; "The Chalk Waggoner," by E. Goodall; "The Pool," by Margelidon, and "The Pride of the Forest" by E. Salmon. There are a good many gaps to close up, as may be perceived, but even as it stands, this set, which preserves to us the greatest woman painter of all time by some of the best engravings of her own period, is of unusual attractiveness and is well worth viewing. Why does not someone undertake a collection of Landseer proofs on the same basis? They would make a collection indeed.

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People who have read Sensier's life of Jean Francois Millet will remember allusions therein to four large decorative, allegorical pictures, executed by the artist in 1865 for the Paris mansion of M. Thomas. These pictures were made for the dining-room of the house, which was on the Boulevard Haussmann, and represented the four seasons. "Spring" and "Summer," were canvases of four by eight feet each, and were framed by the paneling in the walls; "Autumn" was octagonal in shape and went on the ceiling, and "Winter," which was somewhat smaller than "Spring" and "Summer," filled the space above the chimney-piece. The figures were of the size of life. After the death of M. Thomas, in 1875, these pictures were detached from the walls and sold at the Hotel Drouot.

"Autumn" was purchased by the King of the Belgians, to whom, I think it yet belongs; "Spring" went into the Gérard collection, while "Summer" and "Winter" were purchased by M. Charles Thomas. These two have now come into the market and are to reappear at the Drouot on May 24, under the expertise of M. Durand-Ruel. "Summer" is typified by a buxton peasant girl, idealized into a sort of rustic Ceres, who stands at full front, her head crowned with a wreath of golden wheat ears, her full breasts sound and firm as ripe apples, who holds in one hand a sickle and with the other supports a winnowing basket. At her feet are a wicker basket of flour and a tray of bread. Her face, upturned to the glowing sky, has an expression of nobility. In the background are sheaves of wheat, reapers, some sleeping and others still at labor, and a great oxwain being loaded high with the garnered harvest. "Winter" goes still deeper into the realm of pure allegory. It is a bitter day, bleak and deep with snow. Cupid, frozen out of his vocation, comes to the door of Anacreon for shelter, and the poet, vine-crowned and warm from his feast, and his lady-love, who has been sharing it with him, welcome the shivering wanderer with open arms. There is a superb suggestion in the action of the old poet, who loosens his mantle as if to envelop the chill guest whose praises he has so often sung, in its genial folds. It will be interesting, indeed, to note what the outcome of the sale of these two works will be.

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Florida is about the last corner of the world to which one would look for a crusade against the nude in art. In fact, until the other day I did not know that there was any art in Florida, save that practiced by the natives of extorting money from the tourist. But now we have it in plain black and white that a bookseller at Jacksonville has been tried and convicted of selling a reproduction of Rubens's "Judgment of Paris," by a judge, jury and prosecuting attorney, who all appear to belong rather among the guileless denizens of the Everglades than in a civilized community. The poor bookseller lies under the chance of going to jail for a year, in order to vindicate the high moral standard of the only State in the Union which was willing to sell itself to the swindling Louisiana Lottery Company.

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But Florida has the excuse of a much more important initiative. A couple of weeks back the baillies of Glasgow interdicted the exhibition of a picture of an Oriental slave market, but it is really such a poor picture that they did the public a service in barring it out. Flushed by victory, apparently, they have gone ahead, and the London correspondent of *The Sun* of this city tells us that they have at last contrived to convert the laugh over the "Slave Market" affair into a genuine storm. A firm of fine art dealers exhibited in a window six mezzotints of well-known pictures of the best English artists. On the second day the chief constable called and requested that they be removed, on the ground that they were not fit for public inspection. The pictures were Sir Frederick Leighton's "Bath of Psyche," Watts's "Diana and Endymion," Poynter's "Visit to Æsculapius," Arthur Hacker's "Syrinx," and Solomon's "Orpheus" and "The Judgment of Paris." Considering what the average morals of Glasgow are, one would imagine that such purely conceived and almost classic things as these would mend rather than mar them, and one can sympathize with the artists concerned, who have been stirred to indignation by the attack upon them. The portion of the letter from Sir Frederick Leighton given by *The Sun* is well worth quoting. He writes:

I learn with surprise and regret that Glasgow, alone, I think, among the large cities of Great Britain, still lags in the stage in which works inspired solely by a desire to express the dignity and beauty of the noblest work of creation, the human form, awaken only suggestions of the obscene. This, however, is a matter which cannot be dealt with from without, certainly not by action on the part of the artists who produced these works. Time only and the increasing influence of the more enlightened of your citizens, who, I believe, are many, can be looked to bring about a more wholesome, and, let me add, cleaner frame of mind.

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The same correspondent states that English picture dealers insist that men are entirely out of fashion in the art world. Sir William Harcourt mentions that some time ago he went to Christie's, where he saw a good picture of Lord Rockingham, the last Whig Prime Minister, by Sir Joshua Reynolds. He asked the expert what the value was. He replied that if it had been the picture of an unknown lady it would fetch about £5,000, but as it was only the portrait of a Prime Minister, it would probably realize £500, and it did. This reminds me of the remark of a print pub-

lisher in this city last week. I suggested that he should add to a series he was publishing certain celebrated women of the past. "They won't sell," he replied; "what people want is pretty faces, they don't care whose they are." And no doubt he was right.

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A movement has been started in Rome by collectors and dealers in art, says *L'Intermédiaire*, of Paris, to secure the suppression of the Pacca edict under which Prince Sciarria, as I related in the last issue of *THE COLLECTOR*, has been fined half a million francs for selling some of his family pictures out of Italy. The sculptor Brodsky, Professors Gioia and Ruggieri, of the Roman Academy, Mr. W. J. Stillman, who is now Roman correspondent of the *London Times*, and others of equal prominence are actively concerned in the matter. According to a report of the proceedings, which occurred on the evening of April 7 last, published in *Italia*, this law applies to Rome alone, other districts of Italy not being affected by it, a discrimination which renders it doubly unjust. There seems to be a feeling abroad that the edict will be done away with.

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The Berlin Photographic Company has made an admirable album of photogravures from pictures by the clique of Munich artists who have taken as a title for themselves that of the Secessionists. Artistic Munich keeps a close eye on Paris, and when something occurs on the banks of the Seine, something kindred in Nature occurs on the banks of the Isaar, afterwards. The secession movement probably had its inception in the upheaval in Paris which created the new Salon. As they could not get a footing in Munich, the Secessionists went to Berlin, where they made their first show, and as they included in their ranks men of such merit as Max Liebermann, Fritz von Uhde, Skarbina, Klinger and Kuehl, it was but natural that their display should make a hit. Following up its Berlin success, the Society established itself on its own account in Munich, but its Berlin commencement had made a mark which that city, always in rivalry with Munich as an art centre, was not slow to take advantage of. The result of this rivalry, always amiable but always active, was the production by the Berlin Photographic Company of the album of some sixty odd plates from their productions. Of the originals of these pictures it may be said that they in no sense betray a German origin, nor do they assimilate with the art of the newer cults in France or Holland, in Spain or Italy. They are, in their way, a compilation, very ably made, but which the Secessionists will be very ungrateful if they do not in part credit to that firm foundation of the Munich Academy whose conventionalities they now renounce. The reproductions in the "Album" are deliciously beautiful, and it is a work which deserves a place in every art-lover's collection.

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The Society publishes also a series of original etchings by Max Liebermann, who, as far as I know, was born in Berlin. He was the first of the German painters of our day to take up the radical theories of Courbet, whom he studied in Paris, and there was a wild howl in Germany over his extreme ideas. But France accepted him in proportion as Germany revolted against him, and he secured a standing at Munich by the force of his own ability. His picture of "Christ in the Temple" at the Munich Exhibition, in 1879, created a furor. He had taken for his models the most repulsive types of Jews. His Christ was such a little boy as might peddle you matches or shoe-laces in any street in New York. Protestantism, Catholicism, Judaism, alike fell upon him with all their measure of anathemization. But he had made his hit, and his back was broad. I, myself, never liked his "Christ in the Temple," except for its great technical ability. But it was a picture which belonged in the realm of true art. As a genre painter Liebermann has done truly fine work, and he is highly and justly appreciated in Paris as in Germany. He etches as he paints, with a bold, strong and sometimes almost brutal hand, but it is always the hand of an artist. The "Secession" album and the Liebermann etchings may be inspected at the New York branch of the Berlin Company, at 14 East Twenty-third street.

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There will be an important auction sale of autograph letters and historical documents made on May 8, 9 and 10, by C. F. Libbie & Co., of Boston. There will be two sessions each day, morning and afternoon. The catalogue contains over 2,000 numbers, which include signers of the Declaration of Independence, members of the Continental Congress, Revolutionary officers, Presidents of the United States, Governors of Massachusetts, Union and Confederate officers of the Civil War, and theatrical, literary and other notabilities. Some portraits and engravings also occur. There is

one letter of Washington's, 1779, to Gen. Henry Knox, another 1798, written at Mount Vernon, some documents signed by him, and also a plan of a survey made by him in Virginia in 1751, entirely autographic and signed. The catalogue is now ready and may be had on application.

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Prof. Ed. Frossard's 124th sale takes place at the Central Auction Rooms, 59 Fifth avenue, on the 10th inst. The catalogue numbers, 565 lots, of which over 200 are of fine ancient and modern gold coins. There are also many medical and Masonic medals or jewels in the collection. I learn, by the way, that Mr. W. M. Friesner, Superintendent of Public Schools at Los Angeles, Cal., has placed his valuable, nearly complete, collection of United States silver and copper coins in the hands of Professor Frossard to be catalogued and sold by auction in the near future. The collection is a very important one, and will attract attention in numismatic circles.

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The town of Wakefield, Mass., is to celebrate the 250th anniversary of its settlement on May 28. There is to be an exhibition of historic articles, including a department of coins and medals placed under the superintendence of Mr. Edward Barker, a well-known local numismatist. The coins will include a large number of the Pine Tree money of 1652; also coins of Charles I. of England of the date 1644, under whose eventful reign the neighborhood was first settled.

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Into the world of art there burst their way, in periods which constitute epochs, men so great that people are afraid of them, because they cannot understand them. For such men, blessed by their fairy godmothers with the gift of not being somebody who went before them, there is the choice of but two ends. If they are mere dreamers closeted in their cells like bees in their hives, they pay the penalty of genius by an interminable struggle for life, and pass into forgottenness to secure a posthumous fame which is a mockery to their moldering bones. If they have in them the spirit of the fighter, they reap the profit of their inspired audacity while they survive. The rule holds throughout the realm of art, no matter what departments of the arts it may concern. Just now I am thinking of the greatest master in French literature alive to-day—an Immortal, though he is not ranked among the signed, sealed and delivered immortals of the French Academy. The name of this man is Emile Zola. What shafts of scandal, scorn, reprobation, a concatenation of abuse, have not been shot at this bookseller's hack, who dared to create out of a poverty of crusts and cold water a romance of hot wines, hot passions, hot humanity—in short, that humanity which will go on forever, in the face of theoretical reformers, a humanity that no laws can curb or control, any more than Venus Aphrodite could control the seas of which she was born; a humanity whose records remain to us in the Caves of Elephanta, in the annals of a past which Gibbon in his history discreetly veils in a language only scholars can read. This man, who in modern literature has taken up these social problems, is far above fanatical abuse, so I may be permitted to mention a very beautiful edition of one of his stories, of the Rougon-Macquart series, which I found at Mr. Bouton's the other day. This is "La Curée," which in this shape is given out with illustrations in and extra to the text by Georges Jeannot. The illustrations extra to the text are etched by L. Muller after Jeannot. It is not my vocation to go into the literary merits of the book, but to draw attention to its present setting. The edition is a sort of royal octavo in size, limited to 691 numbered copies, of which 10 are on imperial Japan paper, 130 on heavy China paper and 550 on vellum paper. The odd one is a special copy, containing the complete series of original designs as well as their reproductions.

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Another superb foreign work of an entirely different character at the same bookseller's is the latest addition to the series in which Ferdinand Ongania has embalmed the splendors of the city in which he is located. It is entitled "Calli e Canali in Venezia." The streets and canals are presented in large photogravure plates after photographs from nature, which form a series of pictures of Venice as she is, as fascinating and more valuable than any which have been produced by the brush of an artist. The plates are put up in a portfolio.

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Mr. Bouton has also for sale, from a private library, a rarity indeed, in the shape of a complete set of the celebrated Parisian illustrated journal, *La Vie Parisienne*, from the first number issued, in January, 1863, to December, 1892, inclusive. It forms twenty-nine large bound volumes, the issues of 1870-71 being bound

together in one volume, having been paged in that way by the publishers. The first sixteen volumes, 1863-1879, were bound in Paris, in full scarlet cloth, gold edges and gold side stamp, etc. The thirteen volumes, 1880-1892, are handsomely and durably bound in half scarlet morocco, backs banded and ornamented. This set includes the preliminary announcement cartoons, issued in 1862, and the very rare special numbers issued in 1870-71, during the Siege of Paris. There are about 2,000 double-page cartoons and many thousand smaller illustrations, the cartoons, of course, including the famous studies of the toilette, the "How They Eat Asparagus," etc. None are missing or mutilated. All are perfect and complete, and as fresh and clean as when first issued from the press. This set is a very rare one and probably could not be duplicated at any price, as many of the issues have long been out of print. It would be just the thing for one of our clubs which keeps up a library.

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When a dealer who handles old books undertakes to publish new ones on his own account, he invariably makes a good job of it. Such is the case with the couple of publications which have been issued by Mr. Francis P. Harper, of this city. The one which has just appeared is a re-publication of John Heneage Jesse's "Memoirs of King Richard the Third, and Some of His Contemporaries: With an Historical Drama of the Battle of Bosworth," from the original and only edition of 1862, which, curiously enough, is more rare to-day than earlier volumes from the same pen. I don't suppose anyone ever read Jesse once without having an appetite to read him again. He was born with the rare gift of a story-teller of history. Who that has gone through "George Selwyn and His Contemporaries," which he published when he was thirty-five, his "Literary and Historical Memoirs of London," 1847, and even his mere compilations from older writers on contemporary events, would be bored to repeat the operation? Jesse was, in a way, born to good luck when he opened his eyes in 1808. His father was a distinguished writer on and student of natural history, who also held a Government appointment. As soon as his son was old enough Edward Jesse procured him a place in the Admiralty, and here he went on, at easy work for good money, until he died, in midsummer of 1874. His light duties left him ample leisure for literature, and he could afford, thanks to his salary, to write what he chose, without the fear of having to peddle his manuscript around from publisher to publisher to fend off starvation. The offices of the Admiralty were at Whitehall, and this, perhaps, suggested his first book of what was to be a real series. The associations of Whitehall with Charles II led to his making a sort of *potpourri* of the memoirs of that period left by Pepys, de Grammont, Mme. Dunois and others, and from writing of the acknowledged Stuarts he by natural sequence fell into the humor to write of the Pretenders. He went on gathering together these odds and ends of history, traveling forward and backward, like a ropemaker, until he produced a pretty fair series from Richard III to George III. There was a difference of over twenty years between his Charles II and Richard III, but the advantage accrued to the latter, for by the time he took it up his powers of discrimination had been ripened by experience, while his gayety and pleasant vivacity of style had not been dimmed by age. Jesse continued writing till he died, his last book, indeed, being published a year after the clods had rattled on his coffin.

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Jesse's Richard III is unquestionably the most important of his works, to both students of history and collectors. It must appeal to the great army of Shakespearian investigators and collectors, while it possesses an intrinsic value for the scholar, in its lucid explanation and vivid presentation of facts, and its correction of many vulgar errors regarding the crafty but still much underestimated king. The first volume of Mr. Harper's edition gives the story of Richard himself. The second presents those of Margaret, Countess of Richmond, etc.; of King Henry VII, and of his Queen, Elizabeth of York; of Lord Stanley and Lord Clifford, each in a separate chapter. The drama concludes the volume. Jesse had an itching to be a tragic poet, and made valiant essays in that direction, though to no purpose. But even upon his deathbed he still hugged the delusion that his unactable plays would some day be acted. I may add that the Harper edition of "King Richard the Third" is an accurate reprint of the original, without expurgations or alterations. It is a handsome two volumes of about 350 pages each, bound in cloth, post octavo, printed from new type on fine book paper, and the price is \$2.50. The original edition of 1862 costs from \$30 to \$40 at auction, and does not turn up on an average once a year.

Mr. Harper announces, by the way, that Dr. Elliott Coues is now actively engaged in thoroughly revising and editing the original edition of Major Zebulon M. Pike's "Expeditions to the Sources of the Mississippi and through the Western parts of Louisiana to the Source of the Arkansas. Performed by order of the Government of the United States during the years 1805, 1806 and 1807, and a Tour through the Interior Parts of New Spain." This work will be edited in the same careful and exhaustive manner, and published uniform with Dr. Coues' "Lewis & Clark's Expedition," which met with such immediate success when issued by the same publisher.

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Mr. W. Carew Hazlit has compiled a lot of autograph inscriptions in books, among which occur some plums worth picking out. In a copy of Adam Smith's "Theory of Moral Sentiments," 2 vols. 8vo, 1790, is the following inscription presenting the book to his friend by Robert Burns: "To Robert Riddle, Esq., of Glenriddell, this book is presented by Robt. Burns -

Had I another Friend more truly mine,
More lov'd, more trusted, this had ne'er been thine.—R. B.

Inside the cover is the autograph, R. Riddle. In a set of Cowper's Poems, 2 vols., 1808, plates by Westall, is the memorandum by Thackeray: "Bought at a Sale, August, 1850. The engravings are as fine as the poems—and they are grand.—W. M. Thackeray." Another by Thackeray, better still, appears in "The Virginians," 2 vols, 1858, in the author's own hand, on half-title of vol. i.:

In the U. States and in the Queen's dominions,
All people have a right to their opinions,
And many don't much relish the Virginians.
Peruse my book, dear R! and if you find it
A little to your taste, I hope you'll bind it.

"Peter Rackham Esqre. with the best regards of the Author."

* * *

All book collectors and booksellers will be glad to get the seventh volume of Mr. Slater's "Book Prices Current," which gives a comprehensive record of the prices at which books have been sold by auction in England from December, 1892, to November, 1893. Over 7,000 items are enumerated in this volume. No really first-class library has been sold during the past year, and the books themselves are not above the average. Mr. Slater points out that the original editions of Sir Walter Scott's works, if in boards as issued, but not otherwise, are rising rapidly in the market; Dickens, Thackeray, and all books illustrated by such well-known artists as Rowlandson, Alken, Hablot Browne and Leech stand firm, or, indeed, may be said to be getting more expensive, if only they come up in point of quality and condition to the rather exacting requirements of the collectors of such books. Inferior copies are common enough, and excite comparatively little interest.

* * *

M. Léon Vallée is to be congratulated on the success with which he has undertaken and carried through a very difficult bibliographical task. To give within the limits of 500 odd pages an intelligent resumé of all the important works which deal with the history of the Bibliothèque Nationale, needed a technical skill and a universal knowledge to which few men can lay claim. Those who are acquainted with M. Vallée's previous works will not be surprised at the ambitious character of his latest contribution to bibliographical science, neither will they be surprised at its thoroughness. A comprehensive history of the great National Library at Paris has not, so far as I am aware, yet been written, but the task is now rendered comparatively easy, for this "Choix de Documents pour Servir à l'Histoire de l'Établissement et ses Collections" deals with every phase in its varied history. Some faint idea of the extent of that history may be gleaned from the fact that it has a continuous record of over five hundred years—a record all but unique in the annals of famous libraries. M. Vallée points out that his book is simply a collection of documents; it reproduces, without either approbation or otherwise, the titles of the works which have appeared from time to time dealing with the National Library. The temptation to traverse many of the obviously false charges and unjust accusations has been successfully resisted by the author, whose position as an official in the establishment would render an entry into controversial subjects contrary to good taste. M. Vallée proposes to publish a second volume dealing with the more ephemeral and less important documents relative to the history of the Bibliothèque Nationale, such as magazine and other articles which would have to be taken into account by the future historian. The present contribution is published by M. E. Terquem, 31 1/2, Boulevard Haussman, Paris.

Cleveland, O., has an industrious gatherer of book-plates in the person of the well-known book collector, Mr. Paul Lemperly. He is a member of the London Ex-Libris Society, and of the clever and whimsically christened Duodecimo Club, of which Francis Wilson, the comedian, is president, and Eugene Field, I believe, the poet laureate. As a book collector Mr. Lemperly may be called a specialist in modern English literature, and runs to sets of various men. Richard Le Galliene is a special favorite with him. He has twenty-five volumes of Tennyson, first editions; first editions of Longfellow, Bryant, Whittier, etc. Another Cleveland collector is Mr. Harry B. Hurd, who is chiefly interested in first editions of American authors.

* * *

Dr. John Stockton Hough, of Trenton, N. J., is a physician whose practice is mainly devoted to the accumulation of rare medical works, of which he has the most important collection in the United States. Some examples from it have recently been shown at the Philadelphia Free Library, and have attracted much attention. He resides, in retirement from his profession, in a house near where he was born, at Ewing, a few miles from Trenton, surrounded by a library of some 10,000 books and pamphlets, to which he makes incessant additions. He is a member of the University Club of this city, but is little known personally outside his special and exclusive circle of friends and bibliophiles. As a writer, however, he has a wider range of indirect acquaintances. He has produced over a score of valuable medical papers, and is a recognized authority on human monstrosities, and is the compiler of the "Repertorium Bibliographicum Cui Additur Directorium Bibliothecarum," in which is treated 1,574 different editions of books of the fifteenth century. The book is in Latin, with the notes in French. It is profusely illustrated with reproductions of the text pictures and copies of bindings of the editions. A part of the work is a directory, showing the libraries and people who own the books named. Dr. Hough is also a devotee of fine bindings, and possesses many examples of the greatest Parisian binders in his collection. He keeps his rarest works in a burglar-proof vault under his residence. Librarian Thompson, by the way, proposes to give at intervals of three weeks or a month other exhibitions at the Philadelphia Free Library. Probably the next will be devoted to bindings of all kinds—the rare, the old and the sumptuous, both antique and modern, for which the private libraries of Mr. Clarence H. Clark, Mr. James W. Paul, Mr. Myer Sulzberger, Mr. Clarence S. Bement and others will be drawn upon.

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I have written so much about the art collectors of Brooklyn that it is high time THE COLLECTOR had some words to say about the little army of enthusiasts who gather in books under the shadows of the many spires of that future part of the Greater New York. Certainly the most artistic library in the city is that of Mr. Henry T. Cox, who is not only a bibliophile but also an art connoisseur and collector, and when these two elements assimilate, as they do in him, they produce a collector indeed. Mr. Cox possesses some 4,000 standard works, mostly in the rarest or most coveted editions, and some among them are extra illustrated, his Walton, for instance, being probably a peerless example. Mr. Charles W. Fredrickson, though he has weeded down his collection by a couple of auction sales which are part of the record of such book sales in New York, has a library of several thousand volumes. Mr. David Adey is another who, like Mr. Cox, has enriched his library by extra illustration. A fine library is that of Mr. A. C. Barnes, and others still are those of Mr. George W. Alexander, Mr. S. W. Boockock and Mr. Samuel B. Duryea. THE COLLECTOR has in a previous issue alluded to the remarkable collection of Mr. and Mrs. N. Q. Pope, and also to that of the late Gordon L. Ford, which has, unfortunately, been disposed of since the death of the collector who formed it. Mr. John T. Martin, of the great Martins' Stores, whose art collection is one of the prides of Brooklyn, has also a fine library, as have Mr. Henry K. Sheldon, Mr. Daniel M. Tredwell, Mr. Charles E. West, and the well-known inlayer and adviser for our Grangentes, Mr. Augustus Toedtburg, who has laid by a notable private collection on his own account. Other Brooklyn book collectors who may be named are Mr. James H. Bates, who has a fine collection of standards, including first editions of Dickens and Thackeray; Mr. James A. H. Bell, who has an interesting collection of about 10,000 volumes of history, biography, travel, and, indeed, representatives in nearly every subject of literature; Mr. Charles Gilbert, who has a fine collection of works on chess, of which he is a devotee; ex-Judge Jasper W. Gilbert, who possesses a fine collection of books, including a collection of Napoleona, and Mr. J. Spencer Turner, whose library consists of general literature, especial attention having been devoted to essays, history, science and philosophy, with some 300 works relating to chess.

The whole collection contains some 2,000 volumes. Probably the greatest fish library in the country is that of ex-Fish Commissioner Eugene G. Blackford; and others who have made book collections of value bearing on divers professions are Mr. R. R. Bowker, political science; Judge Gaynor and Counselor George F. Elliot, law; Mr. Thomas G. Sherman, economics, etc., and Drs. George R. Fowler, Joseph H. Hunt, John Byrne, L. C. Gray, Joel W. Hyde, A. J. Skene and C. W. Bellows, medicine. The library of Mr. William Berrian is chiefly devoted to Mormonism, free thought and botany.

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The Brooklyn *Citizen*—for as long as I am across the Bridge I might as well remain there until my job is done—has made a census of the butterfly collectors of that municipality. I do not religiously trust any Brooklyn paper excepting my old friend and national journalistic bird, *The Eagle*, but the list is worth giving, at any rate, if only for experimental purposes. The names *The Citizen* offers among noteworthy local lepidopterists are: Messrs. Edward L. Graef, R. F. Pearsall, John Akhurst, Jacob Doll, George Franck, A. C. Weeks and the Rev. George D. Hulst.

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It seems to me that the more often a certain kind of people are notified of certain facts, the more often they ignore the notification. I have frequently stated in these columns that any reasonable inquiry from a subscriber to this paper would be answered in the paper to the best of the paper's ability, but that no questions could be answered by mail except by special arrangement. Time is worth money even in these stagnated days, and letter-writing, apart from the necessary correspondence of business, is not to be rashly indulged in. Any subscriber to THE COLLECTOR who wants to know something is welcome to all the information THE COLLECTOR can supply.

* * *

Subscribers to THE COLLECTOR are requested to take notice that a cross upon the wrappers of their papers indicates that the terms of their subscriptions have expired, and that a renewal or a notice to discontinue should be sent to this office with the least possible delay. Dealers at home or abroad who may forward catalogues to this office will have them duly noticed without charge, but will not receive free copies of the paper in addition to the free advertisement. The generosity of the publisher, capacious as it may be, must necessarily be subject to a limit somewhere. Persons who write—or claim to write—for newspapers, all along the line from the North Pole to Cape Horn, and from Newfoundland to Alaska, who wish THE COLLECTOR deadheaded to them in return for an occasional quotation, are notified that if THE COLLECTOR is of the use to them they all say it is, it is worth \$2 per annum in advance. The exchange list of this paper has been carefully compiled after two years of liberal experiment, and it includes such journals as I have found to be worth exchanging with. In this connection I may quote from a note, just to hand, from a feminine person of the witching given name of Winnie, who says: "I have just been appointed art editor of the _____ of this city, and not having had the advantages (sic) of much experiences (sic) in this line, I am informed that your valuable paper would be of great use and guidance to me. So, if you will kindly send it to me regularly I will make quotes (sic) from it, and give proper (sic) credit wherever possible. Please send 10 or 15 back numbers, as there may be ideas in them for me." Painful as it is for a base male person to admit that he has failed to oblige a lady, I must plead *mea culpa* in this case, and state that Winnie's witchery has not yet secured her a place on THE COLLECTOR'S charity list. I have no doubt Miss Winnie is a very charming young feminine person. As to her tender and blushing modesty, her own request can attest—especially as it requested an immediate reply by post and failed to enclose a stamp.

AN ADDENDUM

To the Editor of THE COLLECTOR:

SIR: Being, as you know, what we used to call years ago an old file—some irreverents call me even a queer old file, I suspect—I have a present fancy for young people's literature. So I read the *St. Nicholas* magazine every month and then present it to my landlady's little girl. In the May number, which I have before me as I write, I find an admirable portrait of Washington Irving, reproduced by process from an etching by James D. Smillie, after a drawing from life by Darley. I remember how Darley once told me of his visit to Sunnyside in 1848, when he drew this portrait. I believe he went up the river to get some data for his large drawing, which was afterwards engraved, of Washington Irving and his contemporaries. You can tack this on to my notes on Darley in your last issue.

APRIL 25.

OLD ILLUSTRATOR.

THE NEW BERNARD DE PALISSY

(Special Correspondence of THE COLLECTOR)

AT the time of the Franco-German War, among the orphans who were received into a charitable institution at Lyons, was a boy some fourteen years of age, clever with his hands and very intelligent. He was employed in making rosaries and funereal wreaths. Placed later with a plasterer, he spent several years under his roof, sweeping out the shop, running errands and making himself generally useful, receiving for this his board and lodging. He then began to make mouldings for ceiling decoration and designs for religious statuettes at the magnificent salary of two francs a day. In his rare leisure moments he devoted himself passionately to drawing, until one day, weary of his barren and insipid labor, Jean Carriès left for Paris. He felt that the heart of France beat there and that he would find an outlet for the genius that vaguely tormented him.

Arriving in the great city with a few silver pieces in his pocket, he went straight to the only person whom he knew in it, a young Lyonesse sculptor, who was living here and working with an annual pension of eighteen hundred francs, which his native city bestowed upon him. The latter received his less fortunate friend with open heart and open purse. Although the heart was large the purse was small, and Carriès, not wishing to be a burden to his comrade, set out to seek for work in decorative, commercial *ateliers* of sculpture.

He suffered all the anguish of direst poverty, sleeping on benches in the streets at night, warming himself in churches, living on bread and water with the addition, on his fortunate days, of roasted chestnuts and of fried potatoes, eaten on the street corner. But the love of art he carried in his soul, the vigor of his temperament, the elasticity of youth, an indomitable energy, the hopes finally he cherished for the future, sustained him in these trials so patiently and so nobly endured. Life is never dark when there is sunshine in the heart.

He did well not to yield to despair. In a Catholic workmen's club, which he entered, a rich art amateur, the Comte de Brimond, remarked him, took an interest in him and sent him to his château to repair some antique terra-cotta statues and later to carve a stone tympanum, representing "Time Unveiling the Hours."

At this juncture he was called off to serve his military term. Incorporated for four years in an infantry regiment, his lucky star placed him under the command of a colonel who was devoted to artistic things and of kindly nature, and who granted him all possible facilities for continuing his drawing and modeling. Carriès was not ungrateful for this favor, and he still speaks with emotion of that happy time when, his material life, assured he could work at his ease. He executed medallions principally at this epoch.

Returned to civil life in 1880, he came back to Paris and exhibited in an artistic club a series of most expressive busts, "Les Desolés," or as one might put in English, "The Afflicted," heads of unhappy creatures he had met during his days of vagabondage, done from memory in a realistic character, but purified by an artistic taste, which strongly impressed connoisseurs. But this only brought him a little renown, and the question of his daily bread was always unsolved.

Finally the founder Bingen attached him to his works, and he began a new series of bronze busts, moulded in wax, fancy heads for the most part, or historical ones, of which an exhibition was held in the hotel of a lady of great taste, a sincere admirer of the young artist's talent, Madame Ménard-Dorian, wife of the Deputy, and whose daughter is to marry, in the spring, Monsieur Georges Hugo, grandson of the immortal poet. The works exhibited were in perfect taste, displayed charming fantasy, their execution was at once strong and delicate, and possessed an exquisite personality. They were much admired, and if he had been willing to continue in this road, Carriès would at once have made a most honorable position for himself.

But he was haunted by a dream, a mark by which genius distinguishes itself from talent. Though still fond of modeling and executing faces and forms, decorative art especially fascinates him, and, moreover, he aspired to creating an art which should be specially his own—the artistic transformation of a raw material. He selected kaolin on account of its tenacious and strong qualities, the which does not prevent it from being malleable in clever, strong hands, and for its capacity for resisting extremely high temperature, which allows it to endure successive bakings.

From being a sculptor Carriès became a potter, and left Paris to go and bury himself in the wooded mountains of the Department of Morvan, where the best clay proper for this fabrication is to be found. He lived there for several years like a peasant amid the

rustic potters, from whom he learned the technical elements of the manufacture, seeking laboriously and patiently for the best mixture by which to obtain a paste at once fine and strong, resisting and easy to be handled. Then he used his sculptor's art to give it the forms dictated by his decorative fancy, and becoming an enameler as well he decorated the objects which he moulded—plates, pots, jugs, amphora, flagons, tiles, medallions and masks—still seeking for a method of procedure for baking them which would give them the tones he dreamed of—not rich and brilliant ones, but soft, subtle and tender.

And there, in that laborious solitude, sustained by the faith in and the love for his art, like his predecessor, Bernard de Palissy, he had often to do without fire to warm himself in order to give his furnaces all the fuel which his very small means permitted him to buy. He would have died in Paris, and it was a rare mark of energy and wisdom shown by this young artist in voluntarily exiling himself in this manner in order to achieve his purpose.

The first Annual Exhibition of the Champs de Mars Salon in 1890 revealed Jean Carriès to the public, and his success was overwhelming. Besides his potteries, of infinitely varied forms and tones, he had some fragments of a mural decoration, in enameled sandstone, an invention of his own, to which he had given his heart, executed for the Princesse Scey-Montébeliard, *née* Winnaretta Singer—who has since been divorced from her first husband and lately married again to the Prince de Polignac—which was simply a masterpiece. This young Princesse, an American by birth, is passionately devoted to art under all its forms, and this work of Carriès forms a sort of tabernacle destined to contain the original score of "Parsifal."

Jean Carriès has remained a sculptor, though he has become an enameler and a potter. During the year 1890, and since, he has exhibited statuettes, busts, medallions and masks in bronze and in ivory, extremely remarkable for their elegance, vigor and suppleness. He has made a half-length bust of himself in his workman's blouse and apron, with a large, soft hat on his head, which is one of the best things he has moulded in wax.

When his working hours are over, which occupy the greater part of his time, Carriès amuses himself by walking about Paris, seeking his models and his inspirations. He has re-established himself in the capital, and is now far on the high road to renown and fortune. This young artist is a most interesting and sympathetic type, with his tenacious and energetic, very pale face softened by an abundant, silky beard. His eyes, of a cold gray-green, seem lost in a dream and are strangely introspective; his hands, remarkably white, are long and supple, made to handle fragile things, and in talking to you he keeps them buried in the pockets of his blue jacket. A large, soft felt hat shades his shaggy and rebellious hair. He has the slow and preoccupied walk of one who is given to meditation, absorbed in a fixed idea. The Middle Ages and the Renaissance knew many of these artist-workmen, who, almost nameless and without care for renown or money, lived solely for their art, and who would walk throughout different countries, their knapsacks on their backs, stopping to work on the decoration of some cathedral or palace until, establishing themselves under the protection of some prince or prelate, they would work indefatigably for him, executing beautiful and imperishable works of art, by which their patrons won great glory for little gold.

Carriès possesses the double merit of being an innovator who creates a new art by returning to those of olden times, which he rejuvenates by his own individual interpretation of them. There is nothing strained, brutal or ugly in his work, as is so often the case nowadays with artists who endeavor to escape banality. He is a younger brother of Bernard de Palissy and of Lucca della Robbia, and of those marvelous Italian enamblers and workers in mosaic who put more art in simple decoration than many others in works of the most ambitious aims. He is an artist of former days. One cannot give him higher praise.

HELEN STANLEY.

Paris, April 14, 1894.

A curio in the way of receipts for painting has been found in a writing by d'Arcet, who was a chemist and coin assayer in the year X of the French Republic. He advised the use of soft cheese as a vehicle, and maintained that cheese paintings kept their color and consistency well. But he said nothing of the temptation such painting might offer to mice.

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The Society of Chicago Artists has awarded the Yerkes prizes as follows: \$300 to Charles E. Boutwood for "A Pleasant Interruption," and \$200 to William Roecker for "Evening." Honorable mentions are given to "Mother," by Frederick W. Freer; to "Homeward," by Charles A. Corwin, and to "Wild Flower" sculpture, nude female figure, by Lorado Taft. Only Chicago artists competed.

ILLUSTRATED JOURNALISM IN AMERICA.—II

(Special for THE COLLECTOR by an Old Illustrator)

AT about the time when Darley had taken his place at the head of American illustrators another Philadelphian began to attract attention by the promise which his designs held forth. This was Jacob A. Dallas. Dallas was the son of a prominent merchant in Philadelphia, and came of a prominent family there. His cousin was George M. Dallas, who went to Russia in 1813 as secretary to our Ambassador, Albert Gallatin, and was at a later date United States Minister to Russia, and later still to England, and whose memoirs are a valuable part of our history. Jacob A. Dallas was born in 1825. When he was eight years old his parents went West and settled in Missouri, where he was educated at Amos College, from which he graduated at the age of eighteen. It was the purpose of his family to make him a lawyer, like his cousin, who had already made a mark at the bar.

But Dallas had from childhood a sneaking affection for the fine arts. He had taught himself to draw, and as a student produced no end of sketches and caricatures, which circulated among his fellows. After his graduation he came back to Philadelphia, and began to study drawing in the life and antique schools of the Pennsylvania Academy, and to pick up a smattering of painting under the portrait painter, Otis. But he never got very far with either. There was a wild spirit in him from his life in the West, and he always remained a careless draughtsman and an indifferent painter.

He gravitated to designing for the press by a species of natural instinct. A demand had just grown into active life for draughtsmen on wood. The work suited him. He was of a gay and convivial nature. Easy done, easy come, and much easier go, was his motto. The oyster cellars and the taverns knew him well. He was a choice spirit among choice spirits, and his education made him, aided by his natural wit, a brilliant conversationalist. He lived as fast as he worked, which is saying a great deal.

He came to New York about 1848 and was employed here by the Harpers, George P. Putnam, Frank Leslie, and other publishers. He was the principal designer for the magazine edited by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, an author and a lady of whom this country can afford to be proud, and I believe it was through her that he met his wife. Mrs. Stephens was a hostess of the old school. Her hospitality had about it the bigness of that which used to prevail in English baronial manors or our own southern plantations. Her personal and mental qualities rendered her the centre of a most brilliant literary and artistic circle, and I have heard it said—being an old fogey I do not wish to swear to it, of course—that she was an expert in the art of matchmaking. Anyhow, Dallas married the daughter of a well-known portrait painter of the day, whose name was Joseph Kyle. Mrs. Dallas was a Miss Mary Kyle, and is to-day known throughout the country as the clever story and essay writer, Mary Kyle Dallas. Her younger brother, George Kyle, who died a few years ago, was one of the most gifted low comedians of the newer school on the American stage.

The union appears to have been a happy one. The wife appreciated and deferred to the bohemian ways of her will-o'-the-wisp of a husband. But it did not endure for long. Dallas died on Sept. 17, 1857, as I find from my diary, of a consumption of the bowels, which succeeded a violent attack of dysentery. His grave is in the New York Bay cemetery, and his funeral was a notable event in the little local world of art and literature which he flashed through like a flame of lightning. His widow was for many years one of the chief contributors to Mr. Robert Bonner's *New York Ledger*, and I think is still busy with her pen. As I remember her first, she was a very beautiful woman, with a refinement of manner and speech not common in those days. The last time I saw her her face preserved its youthful sweetness of expression, her manner was as polished as ever, and to my mind she looked even more beautiful with her brown hair turned gray.

There is little to say of Dallas as an artist. He was a commencement only, full of talent, but of talent which was never properly developed. But he was original in ideas and execution, and, above all, had that conception of his subject, even in his most negligent work, which marks the artist as apart from the mere mechanical illustrator. He never would have been a Darley, for talent cannot soar to the height of genius. But he was one of the men who helped to make American illustrated journalism when the labor was a battle, and it is not to our credit that his name is not known to-day and does not appear even in a two-line biographical paragraph in our encyclopedias. His faults were manly. His latent

merits were great. No matter how tall the weeds may grow over the sunken mound in the New York Bay cemetery, that which they waver over in the breezes from the sea is what is left of a progenitor of the group of men who made art in America because they were predestined to do so, and whose shortcomings as artists are to be laid at the door of the circumstances under which they created their artistic selves.

There is another Philadelphian who in a fashion belongs to the time of Darley and Dallas, although he is alive and working as busily as ever to-day here in New York. This is George G. White. He comes closer to Darley as a designer and draughtsman than Dallas ever did. He, like Darley, has been an illustrator for the Harpers, for Leslie, and for the weekly periodicals. He, like Darley, has illustrated almost innumerable stories, books of history and travel, and the like. He has been a designer of bank-note vignettes, of vignettes for annuals, of any number you choose of drawings which the steel engraver has handled, and which some collector will some day commence to collect. When I last saw him he had a studio in John street, about midway between the fine old chop-houses of the departed Farrish and the still existent Wolfe. I presume he is there yet. I hope he is, for some day I may lunch on a chop and kidney, and a pewter of Bass in his company.

There is still another Philadelphian of the same period with whom I might as well conclude my bi-weekly poll-parrotting. This is Frank H. Schell, who has his studio at Broadway and Worth street, unless he has been evicted. He, curiously enough, like White, has an appearance not dissimilar to Darley. One might almost imagine that these veterans of their art had been cast in the same mold and only retouched by the sculptor. Schell is the elder brother of Frederick K. Schell, who now manages the art department of *Frank Leslie's Weekly*, and the father of a very clever draughtsman, Frank Cresson Schell, who is still, I believe, located in Philadelphia. As in the case of Dallas and White, you search in vain for his biography in the pretentious reference books, where even Darley is dismissed with little detail, if any at all; but his record rests in his work. He commenced, I believe, as a lithographer and designer in Philadelphia. When the Civil War broke out he became a special artist for the Harpers. The late—if he is late and not yet vital—Philip Ripley once spoke to me in words of real enthusiasm of having met him on the expedition to New Orleans which made Gen. Benjamin F. Butler dictator of the Creole city. After the war ended Schell had an authoritative position in the establishment of Frank Leslie, and when his engagement ended he set up for himself.

He had a partner in this—Thomas Hogan, now dead and buried. Hogan was a Brooklyn man. His father was the owner of a printing establishment over the river, and if my memory does not betray me, disappeared under a veil of mystery which was never lifted. The firm, so to speak, of Schell & Hogan acquired a high standing with the publishers. They handled the entire artistic work of the publication known as "Picturesque Canada," and other works of a similar character. They produced illustrations for story-papers, for papers of sensation, for books, novels—whatever might fall their way. Their work was sound, whether in figure or scenery, and when it came to ships, of which Schell is a master, or of landscape, of which Hogan was, no draughtsman of our *fin de siècle* school of illustration can touch them. Hogan, a younger man than his partner by ten years at least, had an ambition to become a landscape painter, and would undoubtedly have succeeded had he had the time to devote to study. Since his death Schell has continued what used to be their mutual work alone.

Hogan was a big, whole-hearted fellow, always of a genial and happy mood, in public at least, a quality which Schell likewise displays. He had the physique and corporality of a New York Alderman of the traditional type. It seems curious to me to disassociate the old partners. But the law of life and death cannot be overcome, and still as long as one is at his desk I can recall the other, and we will not be lonely in company.

I have traveled ahead of my subject in coming down to our own day, but the Philadelphia draughtsmen form such a distinctive group, in their way, that I thought it best to handle them as they suggested themselves. There are still others who approach nearer to the present time to whom I may advert later. In my next paper we will go back to the period before the Civil War, and to the men whom the war brought forward by the enormous demand it created for pictorial records of that colossal struggle.

THE VIRGINIA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

THE Virginia Historical Society has just issued a list of its publications, which should be of much interest and value to collectors of Americana, in which the records of the Old Dominion bear so conspicuous and romantic a part. The society was organized in 1831, and in 1833, a year before it was chartered, issued its first brochure. The publications constitute an old and a new series. I give them, seriatim and verbatim, from the report:

OLD SERIES

1. Collections of the Virginia Historical and Philosophical Society, to which is prefixed An Address, Spoken before the Society at an Adjourned Anniversary Meeting, held in the Hall of the House of Delegates, on Monday, Feb. 4, 1833: By Jonathan P. Cushing, A.M., President of Hampden Sidney College. Vol. I. Published by a resolution of the Society, under the direction of the Standing Committee. Richmond: Printed by T. W. White, opposite the Bell Tavern, 1833. (Octavo, pp. 87. Contains, preface, giving an account of the organization of the Society, 29th December, 1831; Constitution; Cushing's Address; Stuart's Memoir of Indian Wars; Record of Grace Sherwood's Trial for Witchcraft; Lists of Donations, Officers, and Members, and Table of Contents.)
2. An Account of Discoveries in the West until 1519, and of Voyages to and along the Atlantic Coast of North America From 1520 to 1573. Prepared for the Virginia Historical and Philosophical Society by Conway Robinson, Chairman of its Executive Committee, and published by the Society. Richmond: Printed by Shepherd and Colin, 1848. (Octavo, cloth, pp. xv-491. The preface contains a brief account of the Society, and states that this is the preliminary volume of a series to be entitled "Annals of Virginia," which, however, did not further materialize.)
3. The Virginia Historical Register. Edited by William Maxwell. Vols. I-VI. Richmond: Macfarlane & Fergusson, 1848-1853. (Issued quarterly. Six volumes, 12mo, pp. iv-iv-200; iv-236; iv-iv-240; iv-ii-240; iv-ii-240, and iv-ii-240. Contains proceedings of annual meetings of the Society, 1848-53, and much exceedingly valuable original historical material not previously published and not to be found elsewhere. Vols. I. and II. have the sub-title "Literary Advertiser"; III. and IV. "Literary Note Book," and V. and VI. "Literary Companion.")
4. The Virginia Historical Reporter Conducted by the Executive Committee of the Virginia Historical Society, Vol. I., Parts I-III., 1854-1856, and Vol. II., part I., 1860. (Four parts, 12mo pp. 12-104; 12-48; 12-63, and 87. Contains proceedings of annual meetings of the Society, 1854-59; the addresses of Grigsby, Hunter and Holcombe; George F. Holmes' address on the Virginia Colony, and Wyndham Robertson's paper on the marriage of Pocahontas.)
5. An Address on the Life, Character and Public Services of the late Hon. Benjamin Watkins Leigh, delivered before the Virginia Historical Society at its late annual meeting. By Wm. H. Macfarlane, Esq., Published by the Society, January, 1851. Richmond: Macfarlane & Fergusson, 1851. (12mo, pp. 12.)
6. The Virginia Constitution of 1776. A Discourse delivered before the Virginia Historical Society at their Annual Meeting, January 17th, 1852, By H. A. Washington. Published by the Society. Richmond: Macfarlane & Fergusson, 1852. (12mo, pp. 51.)
7. The Virginia Convention of 1829-30. A Discourse delivered before the Virginia Historical Society at their Annual Meeting held in the Athenæum in the city of Richmond, December 15th, 1853, By Hugh B. Grigsby. Published by the Society. Richmond: Macfarlane & Fergusson, 1854. (12mo, pp. 104.)
8. Observations on the History of Virginia: A Discourse delivered before the Virginia Historical Society at their Eighth Annual Meeting, December 14th, 1854. By Hon. R. M. T. Hunter. Published by the Society. Richmond: Clemmitt & Fore, Printers, 1855. (12mo, pp. 48.)
9. Sketches of the Political Issues and Controversies of the Revolution: A Discourse delivered before the Virginia Historical Society at their Ninth Annual Meeting, January 17th, 1856. By James P. Holcombe. Published by the Society. Richmond: William H. Clemmitt, Printer, 1856. (12mo, pp. 63.)
10. The Diary of George Washington, From 1789 to 1791; Embracing the Opening of the First Congress and his Tours through New England, Long Island and the Southern States. Together with his Journal of a Tour to the Ohio, in 1753. Edited by Benson J. Lossing. Richmond: Press of the Historical Society, 1861. (Octavo, cloth, pp. 248. The Journal of the Tour to the Ohio has introduction and notes by John G. Shea.)
11. Letters of Thomas Nelson, Jr., Governor of Virginia. Richmond: Virginia Historical Society. Anno MDCCCLXXIV. (4to pp. 71.)
12. Organization of the Virginia Historical Society; Officers and Members: with a List of its Publications (Seal) Richmond, Va. Published by the Virginia Historical Society MDCCCLXXXI. (Octavo, pp. 23.)
13. Proceedings of the Virginia Historical Society at the Annual Meeting, February 24, 1882, with the Address of William Wirt Henry;

The Settlement at Jamestown, with particular reference to the late attacks upon Captain John Smith, Pocahontas and John Rolfe. (Seal.) Richmond, Virginia. Published by the Society MDCCCLXXXII. (Octavo, pp. 63.)

NEW SERIES

- A "Collections of the Virginia Historical Society. New Series. Edited by R. A. Brock, Corresponding Secretary and Librarian of the Society, (Seal) Richmond, Va. Published by the Society." Eleven annual volumes, uniform. 8vo, cloth, issued 1882-92, carefully indexed, as follows: (From 14 to 20, inclusive.)
14. The Official Letters of Alexander Spotswood, Lieutenant-Governor of the Colony of Virginia, 1710-1722. Now first printed from the manuscript in the Collections of the Virginia Historical Society, with an introduction and notes, Vols. I and II. MDCCCLXXXII and MDCCCLXXXV. (Two volumes. Portrait and Arms. pp. xxi-179 and vii-368.)
 15. The Official Records of Robert Dinwiddie, Lieutenant-Governor of the Colony of Virginia, 1751-1758. Now first printed from the manuscript in the Collections of the Virginia Historical Society, with an introduction and notes Vols I and II. MDCCCLXXXIII, and MDCCCLXXXIV. (Two volumes, pp. lxix-528 and xviii-768. Portraits, *fac simile* of letter of presentation from W. W. Corcoran, cut of Mace of Borough of Norfolk, Va., and reproduction of the Map of Virginia, Maryland, Delaware and Pennsylvania, engraved for Jefferson's Notes on Virginia, 1787.)
 16. Documents, Chiefly Unpublished, Relating to the Huguenot Emigration to Virginia and to the Settlement at Manakin Town, with an Appendix of Genealogies, presenting data of the Fontaine, Maury, Dupuy, Trabue, Marye, Chastain, Cocke and other Families. MDCCCLXXXVI. (Pages xxi-247. Contains *fac-simile* of plan of "King William's Town.")
 17. Miscellaneous Papers, 1672-1865, Now first printed from the manuscript in the Collections of the Virginia Historical Society, comprising Charter of the Royal African Company, 1672; Report on the Huguenot Settlement, 1700; Papers of George Gilmer of "Pen Park," 1775-78; Orderly Book of Capt. George Stubblefield, 1776; Career of the Ironclad *Virginia*, 1862; Memorial of Johnson's Island, 1862-4; Beale's Cav. Brigade Parole, 1865. MDCCCLXXXVII. (Pages viii-374.)
 18. Abstract of the Proceedings of the Virginia Company of London, 1619-1624, Prepared from the Records in the Library of Congress by Conway Robinson, with an introduction and notes. Vols. I and II. MDCCCLXXXVIII and MDCCCLXXXIX. (Two volumes, pages xlvii, 218 and 300. The introduction contains a valuable critical essay on the sources of information for the student of Virginia history.)
 19. The History of the Virginia Federal Convention of 1788, with some account of the Eminent Virginians of that era who were Members of the Body, by Hugh Blair Grigsby, LL.D., With a Biographical Sketch of the Author and illustrative notes. Vols. I and II. MDCCCXC and MDCCCXCI. (Two volumes, pages xxvii, 372 and 411.)
 20. Proceedings of the Virginia Historical Society at the Annual Meeting, held December 21-22, 1891, with Historical Papers read on the occasion, and others. MDCCCXCII. (Pages xix-386. Contains papers on the Virginia Committee of Correspondence and the Call for the First Congress; Historic Elements in Virginia Education and Literary Effort; Notes on Recent Work in Southern History; Ancient Epitaphs and Descriptions in York and James City Counties; Washington's First Election to the House of Burgesses; Smithfield Church, built in 1632; Richmond's First Academy; Facts from the Accomac County Records, relating to Bacon's Rebellion; Thomas Hansford, First Martyr to American Liberty; Journal of Captain Charles Lewis, in Washington's Expedition against the French in 1755; Orderly Books of Major Wm. Heth, 1777, and Capt. Robert Gamble, 1779, and Memoir of General John Cropper.)
 21. Proceedings of the Virginia Historical Society at its Annual Meeting, held in the House of Delegates December 21-22, 1891, with the Constitution and List of Officers and Members of the Society. Richmond, Va: Wm. Ellis Jones, Steam Printer, 1892. (Octavo, pp. 15.)
 22. By-Laws of the Virginia Historical Society, Richmond, Va. Richmond: Wm. Ellis Jones, Printer, 1893. (16mo, pp. 16.)
 23. Proceedings of the Virginia Historical Society at its Annual Meeting, held in the Society's Building, December 14, 1893, with the Constitution and List of Officers and Members of the Society. Richmond, Va: Wm. Ellis Jones, Book and Job Printer, 1893. (Octavo, pp. xxvi. Contains interesting and valuable report of President Joseph Bryan.)
 24. The Virginia Magazine of History and Biography (Seal), Published Quarterly by the Virginia Historical Society, For the Year ending June, 1894. Volume I. Richmond, Va: House of the Society, No. 707 East Franklin Street. (Octavo, pp. 484-viii-xxvi-xxxii. Edited by Philip A. Bruce, Corresponding Secretary and Librarian of the Society. Contains cut of the Society's Building, accounts of the proceedings and transactions of the Society for the year 1893, and many

exceedingly valuable original historical documents and papers which have never before appeared in print. Among others may be mentioned Discourse of the London Company on its administration of Virginia affairs, 1607-1624; Abstracts of Colonial Patents in the Register of the Virginia Land Office, beginning in 1624, with full genealogical notes and an extended Genealogy of the Claiborne Family; The Mutiny in Virginia in 1635.—Samuel Matthews' Letter and Sir John Harvey's Declaration; Speech of Governor Berkeley and Declaration of the Assembly with reference to the change of Government in England and the passage of the First Navigation Act of 1651; Petition of the Planters of Virginia and Maryland in opposition to the Navigation Act of 1661; Bacon's Rebellion, 1676, His three proclamations, Letters of Sherwood and Ludwell, Proposals of Smith and Ludwell and Thomas Bacon's Petition; Letters of William Fitzhugh (1650-1701), a Leading Lawyer and Planter of Virginia, with a genealogical account of the Fitzhughs in England; Lists of Public Officers in the various Counties in Virginia late in the 17th and early in the 18th centuries; Roster of Soldiers in the French and Indian Wars under Colonel Washington; Officers, Seamen and Marines in the Virginia Navy of the Revolution; Roll of the 4th Virginia Regiment in the Revolution; Diary of Captain John Davis of the Pennsylvania Line in the Yorktown Campaign; General George Rogers Clarke,—Roll of the Illinois and Crockett's Regiments and the Expedition to Vincennes; Department of "Historical Notes and Queries," containing contributions by Hon. Wm. Wirt Henry, and many other items of value; Department of "Book Reviews," etc., carefully edited, copiously annotated and well indexed.)

The editions of nearly all of the earlier publications of the society have been for many years exhausted, and occasional copies command high prices at the book auction sales. The librarian can supply a few copies only of Nos. 11 and 13. Of the eleven 8vo volumes, "New Series—Collections of the Society," Nos. 14 to 20, the librarian can still supply a limited number of complete sets or odd volumes to fill up the sets of new members, collectors or libraries. A few copies of the first volume (four quarterly numbers) of the *Virginia Magazine of History and Biography* may be secured at present at the publication price. Subscription, \$5 per annum; single numbers (when they can be furnished), \$1.50 each. Contributing members are supplied free of cost with all publications of the society issued during the year in which they are elected and thereafter. Annual membership fee, \$5; life membership fee, \$50. The librarian of the society is Mr. Philip A. Bruce. He is also corresponding secretary, and may be called upon for information in regard to membership. He can be addressed at the house of the society, 707 East Franklin street, Richmond, Va.

THE NEWEST CATALOGUES

(Catalogues sent to this office will be regularly noted under this head)

John Hitchman, 51 Cherry street, Birmingham, England.—No. 235, April, 1894. First editions of Bewick, Ruskin, Leech, etc.

Dodd, Mead & Co., 5 East Nineteenth street, New York.—The Trumbull Collection of original sketches, studies and drawings of the Revolutionary period.

U. Maggs, 159 Church street, Paddington Green, London, England.—No. 119, April-May, 1894.—Ancient and modern books.

Ed. Frossard, 108 East Fourteenth street, New York.—Sale No. 124, May 10. Ancient and modern gold coins, American and foreign coins, medical and Masonic medals.

William Downing, 5 Temple Row, Birmingham, England.—A hand-list of modern books, in fine condition.

John Buchanan, 49 Great Queen street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, England.—No. 57, 1894. Second-hand books, ancient and modern, in all departments.

E. George & Son, 76 Whitechapel road, London, England.—No. 7, 1894. Second-hand books, including rarities and scarce works and editions.

Alfred Cooper, 68 Charing Cross, London, England.—No. 21, 1894. Choice second-hand books, new purchases.

Bangs & Co., 739 Broadway, New York.—Library of the late Michael Hennessy, of Brooklyn. Part I. Sale May 7 to 10, inclusive.

Georg Lissa, Kronenstrasse 64, Berlin, Germany.—Stock catalogue 14. Selection of rare and interesting books.

U. Hoepli, 37 Corso Vitt. Emanuele, Milan, Italy.—No. 93. *Filologia classica*, comprising Greek, Latin, neo-Latin, etc., authors, Greek and Latin grammars, etc.

What is the pedigree of a picture worth—at least in an English country town? An original painting by Van Dyke, subject, "The Chapel Master," was offered for sale at Kirkby-Stephen last month as part of the estate of the Rev. Stafford Haines, whose affairs are in the hands of a receiver. Only one offer of a sovereign was made for the picture, which, therefore, was withdrawn. About one hundred years ago the picture was given to a member of the Haines family by a royal duke in payment of debt. The receiver may do better in London, as the picture is said to be authentic.

ADVENTURES OF A BOOK

WERE it possible to trace a book from the time of its publication through the hands of its successive owners, writes Mr. F. S. Ellis in *The Bookworm*, how odd and curious would be the circumstances under which it changed hands from time to time. To weave a sequence of imaginary "Adventures of a Book" would be a theme not unworthy the pen of a skilful romance writer, but it does not often happen that it is possible to give the real history of a short period even in the life of a book so accurately as I am able to do that of the copy of the first edition of Milton's "Paradise Lost," which reached the unprecedented price of £120 at the sale of the library of Mr. E. H. Lawrence, in May, 1892.

Some thirty years since, I was talking with Mr. Hunt, for many years Town Clerk of Ipswich, who was an ardent book collector, and in the course of conversation he lamented how some ten years previously he had missed an opportunity of buying a first edition of "Paradise Lost" under the following circumstances.

There was a sale in the neighborhood of Ipswich in which a number of books were included. These were all tied in bundles and catalogued simply as so many books in the lot. Going over one of these bundles, what was his surprise to find a first edition of "Paradise Lost" with the first title-page, and in the original sheepskin binding. He said nothing, but went round to the auctioneer's house and asked him if he would be willing to sell him a particular book out of the collection previous to auction. "Oh! by all means," said the auctioneer; just point me out the volume and say what you are willing to give for it, and you can take it out at once."

What was Mr. Hunt's chagrin and disappointment on again taking up the bundle to find that the number of books was all right according to the catalogue, but the Milton's "Paradise Lost" had disappeared. Some one with as keen an eye as the Town Clerk had also discovered the jewel, and not being troubled with as many scruples of conscience, had put in practice the motto that exchange is no robbery, and had substituted some other volume for the Milton without going through the formality of a consultation with the auctioneer.

Not long after this a "Paradise Lost" (which I have every reason to believe was *the* "Paradise Lost"), in the original sheepskin binding and having the original title-page, was offered for sale to Mr. Simpson, who carried on an old book business for Mr. Skeat in King William street, Strand. He purchased it for what in those days was considered a high price; but how much it was below what is now esteemed its value is witnessed by the fact that he offered it to the late Mr. Crossley, of Manchester, and after much haggling sold it to him for what now seems the absurdly low price of £12 12s. When Mr. Crossley had secured it, he quietly remarked: "And now let me tell you that if you find a dozen more copies in similar condition I will give you the same price for every one." It remained in Mr. Crossley's library for many years, and at the sale of his books, in 1884, realized what was considered the very high price of £25. Eight years more and it had advanced to £120.

Let not possessors of first editions of "Paradise Lost" imagine that their treasure is of a like value unless it fulfils the like conditions. 1. That it has the first title, 1667. 2. That it is perfectly clean, neither needing nor having suffered from the careful attentions of some "eminent" binder in the way of cleaning, washing, sizing and pressing. 3. That it is in the original calf or sheepskin binding, just as it is issued from the shop of Peter Parker, Robert Boulder or Matthias Walker, the joint publishers, without having been invested with the glories of blue, black green or red morocco, with gilt edges, at the hands of Bedford, Rivière, or any other "skilful" professor of the modern binding art.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.—All subscription orders for THE COLLECTOR must be accompanied with cash. No subscriptions are received for less than one year. All communications, Editorial or Business, must be directed to Alfred Trumble, 454 West Twenty-fourth street, New York City.

At Elizabeth, N. J., on April 13, workmen found a number of immense bones, which are supposed to be the remains of a mastodon. The discovery was made in a bed of sand eight feet below the foundations of Governor Carteret's Colonial mansion. The bones are fifteen in number and are petrified. The largest evidently is a part of a knee joint, and is eighteen inches across the broadest part. Professor Voorhees, of Rutgers College, has been asked to classify the fossils, which are now in the possession of the finder, J. P. Glasby. A number of Colonial relics were also found in the course of the excavation around the old foundations, among them several silver coins dating back to 1680.

NOTES AND NOVELTIES

AS the prices at book auctions, and especially those of old and rare books, indicate in a measure the bookish taste of a community, I quote some of those obtained at a sale of two sessions by Elison, Fliersheim & Co., in Chicago, last month. At this sale the principal book collectors of the city were represented among the buyers, either in person or by agents. Among the names mentioned are those of Messrs. Knapp, Murray, Ferris, Quick, Waller, Fales, Furness, Hull, Purinton, Partridge, Morris, West, Fay, Brobst, Guion, Douglas, Southwick, Stonewell, O'Neil, Davison, Eldredge, Dawson, Smith, Case, Abbot, Scott, Newell, Helmer, McFarland, Johnson, Bell, Llewellyn, Sheridan, Reid, Bruce, Barrett and Clark. Now let us take a glance at the prices their presence produced.

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At the first session: Johnson's "English Poets," 1790, 75 vols., calf, \$7.50; Milton's complete works, 1753-61, 5 vols., \$9.25; Ben Jonson, 1692, \$5.50; Ovid, "Metamorphoses," 1732, vignettes by Picart, \$9; the Didot edition of Virgil, 1791, \$3.50; Boydell's Shakspeare, 1802, 9 vols., \$20.50; Hogarth, restored by Heath, \$19; "Commentarii Grammatici de Orthographia Dictionum E. Geaecis Tractatum," first edition, 1471, press of N. Jenson, \$10.50; Fox's "Martyrs," 1684, 3 vols., \$11.25; Pinellis "Istoria Romana," 100 fine engravings, \$5.50; "De Rossi's Views in Rome," 1670, \$9.50; "Artistic and Monumental History of Spain," 2 vols., with plates, \$11; "Cicognara: History of Italian Sculpture," 3 vols., \$9; "Don Quixote," translated by Jarvis, illustrated by Van der Gucht, 2 vols., 1742, \$8.50; "The Grave," etchings by William Blake, \$4.75; Dallaway's "Origin and Progress of Heraldry in England," colored plates, 1793, \$4; "Naples Museum," but apparently without the secret cabinet volume, \$7.50; Roberts's "Views in the Holy Land," 250 tinted plates, 3 vols., 1885, \$15.75; "Angleterre Ancienne," J. Strutt, 1789, \$5.25; Thomson's "Essay on Magna Charta," beautifully printed within ornamental borders, 1829, \$4; Besleri, "Hortus Eystetensis," 1613, with 350 engravings of plants, \$8.75; Cumberland's "Outlines from the Ancients," \$7; Dodwell's "Views and Descriptions of Cyclopien or Pelasgic remains in Greece and Italy," \$7; Macklin's Bible, 1800, 7 vols., \$22.75. Some figures of the second session were: Shakspeare, 1842, 12 vols., \$18; Pickering's Boccaccio's "Decameron," 1825, 3 vols., \$3.05; Smollett's works, 1796, 6 vols., \$7.50; Decamer, 1693, with portrait, \$1.40; the original edition of Knight's "London," 6 vols., 1841, \$6.30; Darlie's "Annals of Queen Elizabeth," 1625, \$1.50; Jabach's "Gallery of Pictures," embellished with 283 examples of the great masters, a few engravings missing, \$7.50; "Raphael's Pictures in the Vatican," enriched with 31 fine engravings, \$3.25; Joubert's "Etchings After the Old Masters," 63 India proofs, \$3; "Engravings of Mechanical Inventions and Contrivances," printed on vellum in 1596, \$1.50; a first edition of Adam Smith's "Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations," 2 vols., 1776, \$2.40; Bolingbroke's Works, 7 vols., 1754-98, 70 cents; Thornbury's "Old and New London," 4 vols., 1872, \$9.20; Rogers's "Poems and Italy," illustrations by Turner and Stothard, 2 vols., 1854, \$9; "Life of Johnson," by Boswell, 4 vols., 1824, \$3.60; Bryan's "Biographical and Critical Dictionary of Painters and Engravers," 1816, 2 vols., \$5.60; Virtue's Family Bible, 2 vols., 1866, \$4.

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Assuming that these books were of the condition they are represented to have been, one must conclude that Chicago has not yet struck even the New York level as a bibliographical auction mart, which may be a hint for the eastern bargain hunter who has time to spare and money to spend.

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At Bangs & Co.'s, since the last COLLECTOR appeared, some prices were: Sir Archibald Alison's "History of Europe During the French Revolution," etc., 1833-42, \$6.50; "Annals du Musée et de l'Ecole Moderne de Beaux-Arts," 21 vols., Paris, 1815, upwards of 1,400 fine line-engravings, \$15.75; The London Art Journal, from 1851 to 1867, 17 vols., roy. 4to, \$13.60; "Lord Beaconsfield and His Times," by A. C. Ewald, F.S.Q., 5 vols., 8vo., 1884, \$6.25; eighteen separate monographs of the British Palaeontological Society, by Owen, Bell, Darwin, etc., \$9; "Works of the Hon. Edmund Burke," cabinet edition, 7 vols., 8vo., 1854-64, \$7; facsimile of Kilmarnock first edition of Robert Burns, 4 vols., 8vo., 1870, \$6.40; George Cuit's "Wanderings and Pencilings among Ruins of the Olden Time," 73 full-page etchings, \$7; a complete set of the Edinburgh Review, October, 1802 to 1889, 173 vols., 8vo., articles by Jeffrey, Sidney Smith, etc., \$77.85.

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Other Bangs prices are: A rare set of complete Nathan Daboll's "New England and Farmers' Almanac," 1841-1889, New London, 12mo, paper, 50 vols., \$10. This set contains many anecdotes of whaling and other marine affairs. The first four volumes of New York Lyceum of Natural History, 1824, etc., \$7.50; "Siege of Louisburg," Charles W. Wall, Boston, 1867, \$4.25; the famous Chauncey C. Burr's "Nineteenth Century," a quarterly, 3 vols., 8vo., old calf, Philadelphia, 1848-49, \$4.88; Thomas F. Dibdin's "Antiquarian and Picturesque Tour in France and Germany," illustrated, London, 1829, \$6; the "Michigan Pioneer Collections," biographical, geological, etc., 20 vols., 8vo., cloth, Lansing, 1877-92, sold low, \$14, as did the neat brown cloth "Complete Works of De Quincey," 22 vols., 12mo, Boston, 1855, etc., \$9.90. A "Complete Set of the War of the Rebellion," a compilation of the records of the Union and Confederate Armies, Vol. I to XL, bound in 81 vols., 8vo., cloth, Washington, 1880-93, only \$20.25; and Washington, Samuel Davis's "Religion and Patriotism, the

Constituents of a Good Soldier." A sermon preached to Captain Overton's Independent Company of Volunteers raised in Hanover County, Va., Aug. 17, 1775 (8vo., unbound, London: Reprinted 1756), \$9.50. "History of Rome and the Roman Republic," edited by J. P. Mahaffy, illustrated with over 3,000 engravings and colored maps, 16 vols., imp., 8vo., gilt top, uncut, Boston, 1884-87, brought \$34; "The Library of Choice Literature," 8 vols., 8vo., Philadelphia, 1882, \$5.20; Parker's Edition of the "Waverley Novels," 27 vols., Boston, 1850 (rubbed), \$8.10; "The History of New York During the Revolutionary War," Thomas Jones, 2 vols., 8vo., uncut, 1879, \$10.50; Brodhead's "New York," 2 vols., 8vo., \$3.50, and F. B. Thompson's "History of Long Island," illustrated, second edition, 2 vols., 8vo., 1843, brought an extraordinary price, especially for a second edition, \$16. This book has evidently become a highly valued classic. Appleton's Annual Cyclopaedia, alone, 1876-1892, lacking 1888, \$40; "The Keinderhook Irving," 10 vols., 8vo., \$8.50; Agnes Strickland's "Lives of the Queens of Scotland and English Princesses," 8 vols., 12mo, Edinburgh, 1850, \$10; Charles Knight's "Popular History of England," 8 vols., 8vo., \$8.80; "Burke's Works," Boston, 1865, \$7.80; Thomas Hope's "Costumes of the Ancients," London, 1841, \$5; Vol. I only of A. W. Tuer's "Bartolozzi," plates, the same price; Scribner's Magazine, 1873 to 1880, inclusive, 16 vols., 8vo., uncut low, \$7.60, as did 16 vols. of the Popular Science Monthly, \$4, and Captain Marryat's novels, 23 vols., 12mo, Routledge, \$9.20. Two engravings by R. L. Aldridge, "Indolence" and "Juliet," brought \$2 each.

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At the sale of the books of the Wolfe collection, which were nearly all bound regardless of expense, and bore the impress of refined taste, artistic as well as literary, Abbott's "Napoleon" brought \$10; the "Aquarellistes Français," 2 vols., small folio, Paris, 1883, \$70; Agassiz's "Natural History," 4 vols., 4to, \$6.40; "Lane's Arabian Nights," Harvey's engravings, Routledge, 1865, \$18.38; Thos. Archer's "English and Scottish Portraits," 2 vols., 8vo., Blackie, 1884, \$8.50; L'Art, 47 vols., folio, 1875-89, red cloth, \$101.05; London Art Journal, 27 vols., \$28.35; "Art Treasures of America," Philadelphia, 1880-3, 3 vols., folio, \$24.75; "Artistic Houses," New York, 1883-4, 4 vols. in 10 sections, \$14; 3 vols. of the "Bohn Library," Atheneus's "Deinosophists," \$9; Audsley's "Ceramic Arts of Japan," \$5.50; J. J. Audubon's "Birds of America," 8 vols., turkey, large 8vo., for the author, New York, 1856, \$132, and his "Quadrupeds," 3 vols., ditto, Philadelphia, 1856, \$24.75; Capt. William Baillie's etchings after Rembrandt's "Three Trees," Ostade, Teniers, etc., \$13; first 8 vols. of "Bancroft," v. d., \$9.20; Harding and Cattermole's "Baronial Halls of England," 1844-47, \$8.55; "Biographie Générale," 1855, etc., 46 vols., \$36.80; Blavatsky's Books, about \$5 each; Launette, Paris, 1890; Boccaccio's "Decameron," \$7.50; 80 vols. "Bohn's Library," half calf, \$76; "British Poets," 94 vols., 12mo, \$32; James Bryce's "American Commonwealth," suppressed first edition, 3 vols., 8vo., \$18.75; Buffon's "Natural History," 1812, 20 vols., \$19, higher than heretofore; Bohn's "Cyclopedia of Heraldry," \$7.25; Alban Butler's "Saints," 12 vols., 12mo, \$8.40; A. T. Stewart Catalogue, etchings, \$10.50; Cassell's \$4to "Don Quixote" of Doré, \$7; "Chansons Historiques," text, portraits, 10 vols., levant, Paris, 1879-84, \$17.50; Couch's "British Fishes," lovely tinted plates, 4 vols., 8vo., green levant, \$11; "The Sterling Dickens," 30 vols., half calf, \$31.50. A playbill of Ford's Theatre the night Lincoln was assassinated, April 14, 1865, brought \$4; an Elzevir Molière, very scarce, 5 vols., 18mo, \$36; a black letter of Exquemelin, "De Americaensche Zee-roovers," Amsterdam, 1678, \$15; and lots 304 to 346, etchings, concluded the sale. They bore such names as Corot, Fortuny, Haden, Delacroix, and generally sold for from \$2 to \$5.

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At the second day's sale, an etching, "Le Petit Pont," by Meryon, brought \$6, and one by Millet, "La femme faisant manger son enfant," \$10. Fred W. Allen's "Famous Paintings," 90 photogravures, \$6.50; "Figaro Salon," by Albert Wolff, similar, \$12; "Galerie du Musée de France," Filhol et Lavallée, 720 copperplates, Paris, 1814, \$62.50; "Galerie de Vienne," par C. Haas, 4 vols. in 2, Frankfort et Paris, \$32; "Galerie Théâtrale," 144 full-length portraits of French actors and actresses from Molière down, Paris, 1872-73, \$34; "Œuvres Nouvelles de Gavarni," 4 vols., turkey, gilt, 4to, \$10.50; same author's "Œuvres Choisies," \$11.50; Gazette des Beaux-Arts, exquisite etchings, numerous engravings, 39 vols., three-quarter levant and paper, \$80; Edward Strahan's "Works of J. L. Gérôme," 100 photogravures on India, New York, 1881, No. 170, \$72.50; Allen's "100 Photogravures of Grand Modern Paintings," 2 vols. in 1, Boston, 1890, \$16.50; Hamerton's "Man in Art," \$23; two elegant extra illustrated "Memoirs De Grammont," \$16 and \$18; first edition of Hawthorne's "African Cruiser," original numbers, \$9.50; first edition "Scarlet Letter," \$6.25; part of "Veda" on palmleaves, over 200 years old \$13; Ch. Blanc's "Histoire des Peintres," 12 vols., 4to, \$57; Bowyer's "Hume," plates by Stothard, Landseer, etc., 1806, etc., \$32.50; Humphrey's "Illuminations of Froissart," London, 1844, \$15.50; "Michael Cresap Vindicated" (from Slaughter of Logan's family), Cumberland, Md., for the author, John J. Jacob, 1826, \$16; James's works, London, 1844, \$37.80; Murray's "Supplement to Boswell," 1836, \$8. For the first time, I believe, a complete set of the "Grolier Publications" was offered at auction. I subjoin a brief statement of prices realized: "Star-Chamber Decree," \$95; "Rubaiyat," \$92.50; Irving's "Knickerbocker New York,"

§80; Robert Hoe's "Bookbinding," §52; De Vinne's "Historic Printing Types," §33; Charles Reade's "Peg Woffington," §56; "Christopher Plantin," §20; Matthews's "Modern Bookbinding," §23; "Richard de Bury," §54; "John Milton," §27; George William Curtis's "Washington Irving," §25; "Barons of the Potomac," §25; "Catalogue of Printed MSS.," §17.50; same of "Early English Writers," §25; fac-simile of Bradford's "New York Laws, 1694," §43; "Transactions," pl. I, §4 75; same, 1884, §3; 1887 to 1893, same, 7 vols., 16mo, boards, §4.20; 15 miscellaneous, similar, §3.75. The total of the Grolier publications was \$703.70.

The funds at the disposal of the royal libraries of Berlin, Paris and London are \$102,000, \$165,000 and \$200,000 respectively.

An interesting relic of the Roman occupation of Britain has recently been acquired by the British Museum, in the shape of a bronze boss of a shield of Roman work found in the Tyne and bearing the name of the soldier to whom it belonged, as well as the number of the legion.

Some weeks ago a mound was discovered on the Kentucky river below Carrollton. A party of men excavated it, and on digging down for ten feet were surprised to find three human skeletons of gigantic size. They were between two layers of ashes, with their heads extending toward the setting sun. The bones were of monstrous size, and from the manner of burial, form of skeleton, etc., they were beyond doubt a relic of the mound-builders, that ancient race who occupied this continent hundreds of years ago. The arms and legs were literally covered with curious-shaped beads. The beads seem to be constructed from the teeth of some animal, and are in perfect condition.

Mr. Birket Foster's house and grounds of ten acres at the picturesque hamlet of Witley, called The Hill, is to be sold on May 15 at Tokenhouse Yard, London. The place is charmingly situated in the best part of Surrey, near Halmere and Godalming, and was selected and purchased by the distinguished artist some thirty years ago.

In Philadelphia the gold medal at the Art Club's exhibition has been awarded to Walter L. Palmer, of Albany, for his "March Twilight."

A cablegram from Rome last month announced the death of Roswell D. Sawyer there from hemorrhage of the stomach, aged forty-six years. He was a brother of ex-Governor Charles R. Sawyer, of this city. He was educated at the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute at Troy and the University of Göttingen, Germany. For the last fifteen years he had devoted himself to the study of art, having pursued his studies in New York, Paris, Berlin and Florence. His works have been admitted to the exhibitions of the Academy of Design, the Royal Academy and the Paris Salon. He had been in Florence and Rome for nearly two years pursuing his studies in art. Mr. Sawyer, who was married, had for several years a studio in the Sherwood Building, in this city. He owned an interesting little collection of old masters.

Archæologists are raising a strong protest against the Egyptian irrigation scheme. The engineers have recommended a vast reservoir, the base of which shall be formed by a dam a short distance below the Island of Philæ. The dam will create a reservoir of enormous extent, not only drowning the Island of Philæ, but extending southward into Nubia nearly a hundred miles. When full, the waters of the reservoir will rise several feet above the highest level of Pylon and of the Temple of Isis at Philæ. The rocks surrounding the island are covered with hieroglyphic inscriptions. These will spend many months under water. There is much to be discovered in the immediate neighborhood. Many other priceless treasures are also threatened.

It is reported from Hammondsport, N. Y., that while digging a cellar on his farm near Earl's, Yates County, Martin Larson unearthed the skeleton of a man who must have been nearly seven feet high. With the remains were found a stone knife, a curious red clay pipe, and a quantity of shell beads. After removing his find, the farmer went on with his digging, but had not worked long before he came upon another skeleton and more Indian relics. These were added to the other collection, and the cellar-digging proceeded. Soon Farmer Larson uncovered a third skeleton and a third collection of relics. Then he went to mining regularly in search of these buried reminders of a former people, and in a short time unearthed nine more skeletons, and a miscellaneous collection of pipes, arrow-heads, and other Indian relics. The locality was a favorite Indian camping ground before the whites came into that part of the State. None of the skeletons was under six feet in length, and all are in a good state of preservation.

Workmen excavating for the foundation of a new building, to be erected on the corner of Cass and Larned streets, Detroit, Mich., unearthed many relics of Fort Pontchartrain, which formerly stood partly on this site. The men shoveled out cannon balls, an old sword blade, cannon swabs, pewter dishes, an old musket, old shoes of King George's men, coins and bones. Two loads of decayed gunpowder, the odor of which was stifling, were carted away.

The valuable collection of Bibles, numbering some 500, that was recently purchased in London by the General Theological Seminary of this city, has been received and arranged in the Seminary library. The collection is a very unique one, and is of particular interest to bibliophiles and to ecclesiastical students.

The late M. Waddington, the French diplomat, left a very important collection of coins, which was begun by his father, who assembled French coins only. The son added rare Oriental and ancient coins. The French Government is being urged to buy the collection from the heirs for \$100,000.

The National Gallery, London, has bought, for \$500 apiece, a Rembrandt and a fine Ter Borch. Sir Charles Eastlake left in his will directions that the National Gallery should obtain these pictures on the death of his wife, and pay no more for them than they cost him.

Mr. John Wanamaker has set up a Napoleon museum in his Philadelphia store. It consists of relics and curios collected by Mr. Rodman Wanamaker during his long residence in Paris.

An original caricaturist, who signs his drawings "Cynicus," is a young Scotchman named Anderson, who opened a shop of his own in Drury Lane, London, and pushed his way without asking work from the publishers. The demand for his caricatures has grown so large that he has established an atelier in his birthplace, a village near St. Andrews, and employs a number of young women to color plates after his designs. The colored prints are now issued by the Cynicus Publishing Company, and are sold by print-sellers all over the kingdom.

The collection of photographs of actors forming part of the general collection of Mr. Peter Gilsey, of this city, is said to amount to about 10,000. One set in the collection comprises 135 different pictures of Ada Isaacs Menken alone.

The Bibliographical Society of London was founded in 1892 for the use by its members of works connected with bibliography, and for the general promotion of bibliographical studies. The roll of the society, which now stands at 203, will be closed on May 20, after which candidates will be admitted only to fill vacancies and on payment of an entrance fee. Anyone interested in bibliography before whom the objects of the society have not hitherto been brought, and who wishes to join it before the roll is closed, is invited to communicate with the Hon. Secretary, A. W. Pollard, No. 13 Cheniston Gardens, London, W. Public libraries and institutions are admitted to membership.

The Austrian historical and genre painter, Charles von Blaas, Professor in the Academy at Vienna, is dead, aged seventy-nine years. In 1855 he obtained a gold medal at the Exposition Universelle, Paris, for his "Charlemagne Reproving the Negligent Scholars." The Gallery of Victories, in the Arsenal at Vienna, contains frescoes of his representing the most important events in the history of Austria. He was born in a village in the Tyrol, the son of a poor wood-carver, began as an illuminator of cheap books of devotion, and when he acquired the means, through the generosity of an uncle, studied in Venice under Lipparini, in Florence and in Rome, where he was a pupil of Overbeck. He became Professor of the Vienna Academy in 1850; in 1855, Professor of the Venice Academy. He was knighted for his decorative paintings in Austria. The well-known and popular genre painter, chiefly of Venetian subjects, Eugen von Blaas, is his eldest son, and the younger son, Julius, is also a painter, of animals. Both sons were born in Italy, the elder in 1843, who still has his studio in Venice.

J. W. Keys, of Cartersville, Ga., who recently discovered in a cave, fifteen miles from that place, a curious piece of stone or pottery in semblance of a human figure, says that the cave has several entrances, and that a young man unearthed at another point an earthen pot with a handle shaped like a swan's neck. The figure that Keys discovered was found more than a mile from the entrance of the cave, and was buried under six feet of earth. It seems to be an earthen jar, shaped at the top like a human head. The chain found about the neck of the figure is made of twenty-four strands. It resists such acids as have been applied to it, but the nature of the material has not been determined. Along with the figure were found bones, arrow-heads, bits of pottery, and part of a flint-lock gun.

Mr. William T. Walters has presented to the Peabody Institute a marble bust of its late president, Severn Teackle Wallis, the work of the distinguished sculptor, W. H. Rinehart. William Henry Rinehart was born at Frederick, Md., in 1825. He worked as a stonecutter's apprentice in Baltimore, in the evening studying in the Maryland Institute night schools, until, at the age of thirty, he went to Florence, where he remained three years. He made a short stay in Baltimore in 1858, after which he returned to Italy, opened a studio in Rome, and died there in 1874. Rinehart was a sculptor of the foremost talent, and Maryland, where he found his first appreciation and his best support, is rich in works by him. The fine statue of Chief Justice Taney at Annapolis is from his chisel.

French lovers of art are becoming anxious over the distribution of many priceless treasures in the past year among English, German and American collectors. The original gallery of General Hacquin, the Napoleonic general who sacked the city of Pavia, was broken up this season. World-renowned originals of the early Italian, Dutch, Flemish and French schools went, most of them, to London and Berlin. The absence of any national reserve fund for the purchase of such treasures is much regretted. The annual subsidy allowed to the Government galleries is only \$30,000. It is urged that the unused fund of nearly \$2,000,000, the product of the sale of the Crown jewels, be devoted to this purpose. A small admission fee at the Louvre is also advocated for the double advantage of keeping out loafers and raising revenue to purchase additions.

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Mr. A. Andrews, of 311 Ontario street, Toronto, Ont., has in his possession a lock and key of massive weight, which he claims to be the identical instruments used by Cromwell for securing the crown jewels of England. The lock is fashioned somewhat after the style of a modern Yale lock, only on a much larger scale. Both pieces were made altogether by hand. It is said that the key could not have been made in less than fourteen days.

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A story is going the rounds of the foreign press which ought to interest collectors of autographs. It relates to the late and never-to-be-replaced Hans von Billow, and tells how, on an occasion, being requested for his signature by an American visitor, the musician rang the bell, and fiercely bade the servant "send up the man who writes my autographs." This is almost as good as Mark Twain's plan of having his autograph pounded out of a machine by his typewriter.

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An autograph letter from Oliver Comwell to the Hon. Sir Dudley North, dated March 30, 1646, in an excellent state of preservation, fetched £54 10s. at a sale held by Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge, of London, last month.

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A little known, but to collectors important, stamp is the Millbury Provisional. These stamps preceded the first stamps issued by the United States Government by several years, and were first issued in 1846. The Postmaster at Millbury, Mass., was at that time Col. Asa H. Waters. The idea of the stamp was first suggested to Colonel Waters by the arrival of letters at his office bearing the New York stamp. The Millbury stamp is printed in black on plain white paper. It is circular in shape. In the centre is a cut of the head of President Jackson. Over the head are the words "Post-Office." Upon either side are three stars, and beneath, the inscription: "Paid 5 cts." Only a very few of these stamps are known to be in existence, and these command very fancy prices. Two of these stamps are now in the library of the American Antiquarian Society at Worcester. They were found in a collection of letters received by the late Col. Isaac Davis, of Worcester. They were found in 1884 upon two letters written and posted in Millbury in August and December, 1846, postmarked with the ordinary dating stamp of Millbury of the dates of Aug. 21 and Dec. 16. A third specimen of the stamp postmarked July 18, 1846, was in the possession of Colonel Waters at the time of his death, and is supposed to be still held by the family. Still another specimen is held by a Boston collector, who rightly attaches great value to it.

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It is announced that another effort will be made by Secretary Gresham to purchase for the library of the Department of State the so-called Clinton manuscripts, printed books and pamphlets bearing on the history of the War of the Revolution, and dealing particularly with the controversy between General Cornwallis and Gen. Sir Henry Clinton, Commander-in-Chief of the British forces in America. The collection was formerly in Clinton's library, and the works were richly annotated by his hand. The Department could have purchased the collection eight years ago if it had had the money. The collection is of much importance to the history of the period, and its value has been ascertained by a careful and thorough examination. Another Clinton collection comprises the so-called "Dutch Books," about 100 books and pamphlets written by Dutch authors and printed in Holland during the Revolution. Their value as works of reference in the State Department is enhanced by the treatment and discussion they contain of the diplomatic negotiations of John Adams with the States-General of the Netherlands. The two collections are valued by their owners at \$1,500.

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The Historical Register of the Department of State is still in manuscript form. Efforts have annually been made to purchase the work from its author, John H. Haswell, Chief of the Bureau of Indexes and Archives in the Department of State, for \$6,000. The work is a digest of the records of the State Department for over 100 years. It is valuable as a book of reference for Congress and for students of history. It contains a full and accurate list of officers and employees of the Department of State, of diplomatic and Consular officers of this Government, and of the persons representing foreign countries in diplomatic and Consular capacities in the United States, with dates of appointment and termination of services. The dates and scope of all treaties negotiated by the United States, together with all international commissions and arbitrations established under claims conventions and their objects, are also briefly described. Valuable data lost when the Government offices were destroyed by the British in the war of 1812 are supplied in this work, which will fill in the neighborhood of 500 pages.

Frank H. Lattin, a conchologist, of Albion, N. Y., has bought from Mrs. Sarah Boyce, of Santa Barbara, Cal., the famous Jewett collection of shells. It comprises fifty thousand specimens of ten thousand distinct species.

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A circular has been issued from the British Colonial Office concerning the practice of using "surcharged" postage stamps, and the difficulties the post-offices have with stamp collectors and dealers. Wholesale stamp dealers have agents all over the world. When they hear there is a limited stock of stamps of a particular value in some outlying place they buy up the stock and ask for more. The Colonial officials, to avoid the delay of sending home for fresh supplies, print on stamps of different values the figures representing the price of those desired. Such a stamp is a "surcharged" one, and is sought for eagerly by collectors. So the dealers buy them all also. Some dealers keep small sums deposited all over with local postmasters, with instructions to forward the value of any surcharged stamps whenever issued. Stamp collecting, however, adds considerable revenue to the various colonies. The Republic of Liberia depends largely on receipts from postage stamps which it has beautifully engraved in London, mostly for the purpose of selling to collectors. As has been told in THE COLLECTOR, Liberia, being unable to give any money to a delegate of the Chicago Exhibition, gave a large supply of postage stamps. For every stamp used in the Cook Islands, probably a couple of hundred are sold abroad. Enough is gained in this way almost to pay for the Government expenses.

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Vassar College is about to collect on a large scale the nests and eggs of birds native to its section of the country. A collector, Fred W. Stack, has been engaged, who will devote his attention exclusively to this work. The collection of birds of North America at the college is said to be the largest, and to contain the finest stuffed specimens in the world. It is valued at \$30,000.

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A young gentleman in the employ of the Noel Mill Company, at Estill Springs, Tenn., recently went to the post-office and bought a dollar's worth of 1-cent stamped envelopes. The postmaster evidently had, during his career as custodian of Uncle Sam's mails, very few calls for that character of envelope. He dove into the inmost recess of a colonial safe and brought to light the required number of envelopes of the vintage of '57, ashes of roses in color, with a stamp closely resembling in hue the nose of a Connecticut farmer on a January morning. The purchaser, who is an authority on the worth of antique stamps, coins and other articles that enhance in value with age, discovered that the envelopes in question were worth just \$2.57 each.

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Prof. Hubert Herkomer, at his art school in Bushey Park, London, employs the phonograph for his lectures. He recites his lecture before that accommodating instrument, and whenever a pupil feels the need he has only to turn on the electricity and the words take wings again.

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Henry S. Heilman, of Sunside Mills, Pa., has a collection of almanacs from 1745 to 1894, all printed in Pennsylvania, from the presses of Christopher Laus, Germantown; Benjamin Franklin, Philadelphia; Antony Ambruster, Philadelphia; David Caschler, Philadelphia; P. Mueller, Philadelphia; Henry Miller, Philadelphia; Matthias Bartgis, Lancaster; Francis Bailey, Lancaster; Melchior Steiner, Philadelphia; Michael Billmeyer, Germantown; Carl Crist, Philadelphia; Johann Albrecht, Lancaster, etc.; Catholic Home almanac, printed by Benziger & Brothers, finely illustrated, from the first printed to the year 1894; Catholic Family almanac from 1871 to 1876; Reformed Church almanac from the first printed to 1894; a number of the Lutheran, but not complete, and other denominations; Webster's; all the Philadelphia Record, all the Philadelphia Public Ledger, the American, Frank Leslie's, Ayer's American, in ten languages; British, 1671-1761; all bound and in good condition, and quite a number of duplicates.

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In his report of the Department of Botany and Forestry in the State Agricultural College of Michigan, Prof. W. J. Beale gives a list of the more common mistakes which young collectors are apt to make in preparing their collections, which may give hints of the manner in which the work should be done. These are: Their specimen is too often a mere "snip" of a thing, one little top, destitute of lower leaves, of roots, and root stalks, instead of enough to fill completely a whole sheet. In many instances the plant is pulled into small pieces, and runners, sterile shoots, old leaves, etc., are thrown away; specimens lack fruit, which is often of more importance than are the flowers; if tender and young, they are pressed too hard, or later in the season are not pressed sufficiently to make the leaves dry flat. Too many use newspapers for the light sheets on the driers. The printed letters were made with oil, and such spots can take up little moisture. Plants are put in driers which are not thoroughly dried by the heat of the stove or the direct rays of the sun. The old-fashioned press made of tight boards is a clumsy device, but still in use. Plants are not changed two or three times a day on the start, and all this time kept in a warm place, hence the color is not good; they are too long for mounting, and must be broken or cut off, or cut in two to fit the sheet of standard size. For the proper methods, novices are referred to certain articles in botanical journals, to a chapter on the subject in Gray's large text-book, "or, better still, to hang about and worry some good collector and see how he does it."

A recent noteworthy addition to the Ex-Libris series, printed at the Chiswick Press, London, for George Bell & Sons, is "The Little Passion" of Albert Dürer. Of this masterly sequence of 37 woodcuts, 5 inches by 3 $\frac{3}{8}$, executed in the years 1509-1510 in the famous house by the Thiergärtner Thor at Nuremberg, there have been several English editions, but all have been incomplete in some particular. The present edition is printed from stereotypes of the original blocks, the majority of which have, after many vicissitudes, found a resting-place in the British Museum. It repeats, as nearly as possible, Dürer's own edition of 1511, which was dedicated to his friend Pirckheimer, and sold to his fortunate contemporaries for the modest sum of a quarter of a florin. The metrical Latin commentary, written at Dürer's request by a Benedictine monk named Chelidonius, for the edition of 1511, accompanies the cuts here also. The latter, however, tell their story to the eye without need of aid from the letter-press. The volume is preceded by an introduction from Mr. Austin Dobson, and is uniform with another interesting reprint in the same series, Holbein's "Dance of Death," also with an introduction from the same indefatigable pen.

Carpeaux, the sculptor, lived in close intimacy with the Imperial family at the Tuileries, at Compiègne, and at Fontainebleau. He clung to his old patrons after their fall, and went over to Chiselhurst to give lessons to Lulu. One of the most striking specimens of his skill is a portrait of the dead Emperor in his coffin. Another and more cheerful example will be found in the original clay group in which the Prince Imperial is represented playing with Nero, his father's favorite dog. The latter could only be induced to sit to the sculptor by the bribe of a plentiful supply of cherries, while the boy was rewarded for his patience by permission to dabble with the lumps of clay in the studio. Making little men of mud was the child's great delight, and several bits of his workmanship included in the current show display remarkable aptitude. At a ball given in the Tuileries Carpeaux met a charming young lady, Mlle de Montfort, whose rank, as he thought, precluded his making an offer. Next morning he presented himself very early at the Emperor's door and begged for an immediate audience. "Sire," he cried, on gaining admission, "please to create me a baron. The happiness of my life depends on it." Napoleon III, much amused, got him to tell his story, and explained to him that a title would in no way enhance the value of his name. A marriage was arranged, but it did not turn out happily. Mme. Carpeaux, who is making the current exhibition of her husband's works in Paris, did her best to render what was left of his life miserable by all the arts a vain and selfish woman can employ against a husband whose genius she is too stupid to understand and whose devotion she is too heartless to appreciate.

The result of the seventeenth annual exhibition of Mr. James D. Gill, of Springfield, Mass., is another feather in the cap of that enterprising and energetic dealer. The pictures sold numbered 45, and the total realized was \$20,750. The list comprises: "A Venetian Collector," Willis S. Adams, \$275; "The Yosemite Falls," A. Bierstadt, \$2,500; "Dorothy," Walter Blackman, \$350; "Along the Cohasset Shore," A. T. Bricher, \$450; "Surf at Nahant," A. T. Bricher, \$300; "Near Caldwell, Lake George," John Bunyan Bristol, \$350; "Sunday Morning," J. G. Brown, \$1,200; "Not In It," J. G. Brown, \$1,500; "Love's Token," Jennie Brownscombe, \$100; "Venetian Boats off Della Salute," A. F. Bunner, \$300; "Dutch River Boats," M. F. H. De Haas, \$600; "Surf at Marblehead," M. F. H. De Haas, \$600; "Friendly," James M. Hart, \$400; "Along the Shore of the Sound," James M. Hart, \$800; "After the Shower," William Hart, \$300; "Landscape in Winter," Dubois F. Hasbrouck, \$175; "In the Rondout Valley," Edward L. Henry, \$150; "A Chilly Day," Francis C. Jones, \$225; "Pansies," Luther Knight, \$75; "A Showery Day," G. H. McCord, \$250; "Moonlight Off Niantic Bay," Robert C. Minor, \$800; "The Harvesters at Lunch," Charles Sprague Pearce, \$1,850; "A Showery Day," W. T. Richards, \$500; "Mort Day," W. T. Richards, \$500; "Fire-side Reverie," P. P. Ryder, \$400; "Morning," A. F. Tait, \$400; "Spring," A. F. Tait, \$225; "Summer," A. F. Tait, \$225; "A Story of the Sea," Wordsworth Thompson, \$450; "A Colonial Inn," W. Thompson, \$400; "Landscape," G. W. Whitaker, \$40; "Lilacs," Margaret C. Whiting, \$100; "The White Cockade," W. J. Whittemore, \$150; "A Gray Day in Spring," J. Douglas Woodward, \$200; "The Path to Chapel Pond," A. H. Wyant, \$750; "Pools at Cohasset," A. T. Bricher, \$750; "Wild Cat Valley," T. Defrees, \$60; "September Morning," T. Defrees, \$60; "Ripe and

Luscious," E. C. Leavitt, \$350; "Fresh from the Garden," E. C. Leavitt, \$350; "Little Pets," A. F. Tait, \$175; "New England Farm-House," R. W. Van Boskerck, \$550; "Fruit," George W. Whitaker, \$40. The last eight pictures were purchased by Mr. Gill himself. The others went to collectors in Biddeford, Me; Providence, R. I.; Morristown, N. J.; Rockville, Conn., and Dalton, Florence, Chicopee, Worcester and Springfield, Mass. The latter city alone absorbed twenty of the number disposed of.

The Field Museum, in Chicago, was booked to open to the public on May 1. In a general way, the museum is divided into four departments—geology, biology, anthropology and the industrial arts.

An April 18, at the American Art Galleries, commenced the sale of the collection of antique Oriental porcelain made by E. O. Arbutnot, of Shanghai, China. Among the blue and white ware, \$220 was paid for a beautifully decorated soft paste semi-eggshell, pear-shaped bottle, 22 inches high. Among the pieces reaching the \$100 mark were a large jar of the Kien-Lung period, which sold for \$120; a cylindrical vase of the Kang-he, for \$110, and a blue and white hawthorn temple jar, with graceful spray decorations, for \$105. Among the porcelains in single colors there was a sharp competition for a set of four beautiful peachblow coupes. The glazings and shadings were different in each piece, and the set represented the varying hues of the ripening peach. Each measured 4 $\frac{3}{4}$ by 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and the set brought \$560. A fine liver-colored, pear-shaped bottle sold for \$200; a long, thick-necked, cottonseed red vase, with its foot of goose-egg green, having a large cloud of red, sold for \$215. Among the other three-figured pieces were a large sang-de-bœuf gallipot, \$155; an amphora-shaped vase of eelskin-green, and a long-necked, cherry-red bottle, \$130 each; while \$510 was paid for a pair of beautiful eggshell plates, of the Kang-he period. Other noteworthy prices were \$250 for a long, slender-necked celadon bottle; \$200 each for a club vase (Kang-he) and a fine long-necked white bottle; \$190 for a fine colored ginger jar; \$180 for an ovoid jar, with dark green panels, finely decorated; \$170 for a bottle vase, and \$150 for a brilliant pea-green club vase. A number of blue and white snuff-bottles and small vases went for moderate figures, the cabinet specimens bringing the better prices; but \$1,290 was paid for a Lang-yao crackle vase, 16 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches high, of remarkable beauty. A tall, peachblow, cylindrical vase, of finely graded color and mottlings of verdigris, sold for \$570, and a large plaque, beautifully decorated, bearing the Yung-cheng mark, brought \$350. Among the other three-figure pieces sold were a long, slender-necked hawthorn bottle, only two others of the kind being known to exist; this sold for \$620. A superb eggshell ovoid jar, of orange-peel surface, brought \$325; a graceful temple vase of blue and white, \$300; a superb, long, slender-necked Kang-he bottle, \$280; a blue and white cylindrical vase, \$245, and two fine powdered blue club vases, \$310.

At the Coale sale, at the same place, the 93 pictures in oil with which the sale opened brought, altogether, \$12,700. Some of the best prices were: Jos. Melin, "Boar Hounds in Full Cry," \$890; Luc Olivier Merson, "The Repose in Egypt," \$810; John Linnell, "Harvest Time," \$1,200; J. B. C. Corot, "Landscape," \$425; Theodore Rousseau, "Landscape," \$210; Jules Dupré, "Effect of Storm," \$305; Dagnan Bouveret, "In an Orange Garden," \$575; Jules Breton, "Evening," \$575; Peyrol Bonheur, "Landscape and Sheep," \$360; A. B. Durand, "Landscape," \$220. Prices for the water-colors included "Leopard and Horse," Delacroix, \$230; "Crouching Tiger," Van Muyden, \$205; "The Hayfield," Birket Foster, \$160; "The Primrose Gatherers," Birket Foster, \$130; "Landscape and Calves," Anton Mauve, \$135; "Landscape and Sheep," Ter Meulen, \$120; "Marine," Mesdag, \$115; "Anticipation," L. E. Lambert, \$115. The water-colors realized over \$4,500. The third night was devoted to the black and white drawings, miniatures and pencil sketches, \$957 being realized, making a grand total for the three nights of \$18,199. Two miniatures on ivory brought \$70 each, the highest price of the last evening. They were Fragonard's "The Princess de Lamballe," and Gerard's "Mlle. Mars." Ittenbach's black and white, "The Holy Family," went for \$50, and Detaille's black and white, "The Vidette," brought \$35. The large number of sketches by Bargue sold at prices ranging from \$1 to \$20. Of these "Nymphs at a Pool" brought \$19; "A Normandy Country Fair," \$12; "The Inn Yard," \$13; "A Bashi-Bazouk," \$11, and portrait, \$10. The set of 33 miniature vignettes by Stothard sold for \$132.

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At the sale of historical curios and relics of Napoleon and the First Empire, at the Fifth Avenue Auction Rooms, there was a good attendance, and sharp competition. A fine Sèvres teaset of 31 pieces, decorated with the Imperial coat-of-arms, and bees on a royal-blue ground, brought \$160. A Louis XVI buhl clock sold for \$145. The miniatures and colored engravings brought high prices, the most marked being \$56 for a miniature of Napoleon in his coronation robe; \$30 for a miniature of Josephine; \$42.50 for one by St. Aubin of Marie Antoinette, and \$36 for a colored engraving by Levachez of Napoleon on horseback. A pair of First Empire incense burners sold for \$114, and an equestrian statue of the Emperor brought \$50. A pair of fine Sèvres vases, with panels representing battles of Napoleon and the châteaux of Fontainebleau and Malmaison, signed Moreau, aroused some sharp bidding, and they were sold to David Wolfe Bishop for \$510. The next best single price was \$385, paid for a Méridienne sofa, said to have belonged to Mme. Recamier. Some oil paintings and old engravings sold for good prices, a portrait of Josephine bringing \$80, a

colored engraving of Napoleon at Lodi, \$70, and "A Delightful Conversation," by Frans du Mont, \$225. Bronzes were eagerly bid for, a fine statue of Napoleon bringing \$160, an equestrian statue of the Emperor at Austerlitz, \$110, and a Louis XVI bronze clock, made at the time of the marriage of Marie Antoinette, \$125. A beautiful ormolu centrepiece, said to have belonged to Josephine, and to have come from the Malmaison sale, sold for \$175. Some other articles sold and the prices were: Two Sèvres fruit-dishes, burnished gold, \$30; Sèvres plate, centre hand-painted portrait of Napoleon I, raised gold work, initial N on a green border, \$20; another, with portrait of Empress Josephine, \$24; steel rapier, Henry II, \$14; superb bronze urn, \$55; Louis XVI candelabra, in finely chiselled ormolu, \$57; Sèvres teapot, decorated with crown and initial of Napoleon, \$28; an autograph letter of Napoleon I, written in 1797 at Cairo, signed "Bonaparte," \$50. Among the buyers were Mrs. George T. Bliss, Mrs. Carter, G. G. Haven, Nicholas Fish, D. H. McAlpin and many other well-known people.

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