

lished only six months ago another pamphlet, where he declares that the groups in question are *not* Asiatic, but Attic! This is simple nonsense, for no man who knows the actual condition of Greece may fancy that hundreds of groups and figures are daily discovered near Athens, without the Government officials knowing anything about them.

In short, I not only assert that all the groups nominatively mentioned in my papers of the *Classical Review* are forgeries, but I add that most of the so-called Tanagraean figures which are actually offered for sale are also forgeries, sometimes of the best, often also of the worse, kind.

As I have been personally attacked in THE STUDIO, I hope that you will readily comply with my request and insert the present letter in your journal.

Respectfully yours, *Salomon Reinach.*

THE TERRA-COTTA GROUPS AGAIN. ARE THEY FORGERIES? A LETTER FROM MR. A. CARTAULT.

MR. W. J. STILLMAN, in the *Nation* of February 20, throws suspicion upon the Greek terra-cotta groups in the *Century Magazine* of the same month. He declares, for the rest, that he has not seen these groups. This is a specimen of the tactics of a certain clique—international, it would seem!—whose statements are made up in about equal parts of self-confidence and levity. These gentlemen condemn the groups. But beside the groups, there are isolated figures, vases ornamented with figurines of an identical design; and it would be going too far to declare the whole false, in a mass. The statements of these objectors are supported by facts which they declare to be conclusive; but these facts are either invented or they prove nothing. For example, the cases seized by the Customs-officers, and not reclaimed by the senders. Mr. Stillman knows well enough that in such a case the sender would be very simple were he to reclaim them: they would not be given up, and he would expose himself to the rigors of the Greek law relative to the exportation of antiquities. What Mr. Stillman appears to ignore is the fact that sometimes the persons to whom the objects were consigned have reclaimed them without restitution. The Greek Government declares them false, and at the same time retains them. This is not precisely logical!

But there is something more serious. Mr. Stillman says that he knows the workman who makes these groups. Now, I have forced the principal leader in this campaign, Mr. Salomon Reinach, to acknowledge, in the *Revue Critique* of the 10th of last February, p. 119 "that he did not know him," and even, which is only moderately exact, "that he had never pretended to know him." As to the revelations which Mr. Salomon Reinach has for many years threatened to startle us with, he declares in the same place "that he will not make them, because he does not choose to do so." After this sorry backing-out, we might have concluded that the war was over, and probably Mr. Stillman would have been less bold if he had been advised of

this latest position taken by his commander-in-chief.

There remain in favor of the authenticity of the groups of which the *Century Magazine* has published some specimens, the following arguments, which no one has attempted to refute:

First. The actual appearance of the terra-cotta clay is so incontestably antique that modern sculptors and the experts declare it would be impossible to give it to objects recently made. The clay has acquired a degree of dryness and lightness that is not to be imitated.

Second. The differences of make are too evident to make it possible for us to attribute all the groups, isolated figures, and vases to the same workman. It is not one forger but an army of forgers that would be needed for such a task. Where are they hiding? How comes it that no one can discover them; that no imprudence has as yet put the searchers on their track?

Third. The style or the styles represented by these groups were unknown before their appearance. Now, a forger copies what exists; he does not create. To say that a forger invents a style is, in the opinion of every one who knows anything about art, to utter an absurdity.

These are the material impossibilities which render the thesis of Mr. Stillman untenable.

(Signed) *A. Cartault.*

PARIS, April 6, 1890.

CHAMPFLEURY—AUTHOR OF "THE HISTORY OF CARICATURE," "THE BOOK OF CATS"—HIS ODDITIES AND ECCENTRICITIES: REALIST, POET, SATIRIST.

THERE has been much talk here lately of Champfleury, who has just died. He was indeed a sombre and singular person; and I may be permitted perhaps a few words, in my turn, about the man and his work. They concern the founder of Realism—of an ancestor, in fact.

It is about twenty years ago that I first met him on the Quay Voltaire, in the office of a review for which I worked (being young) without receiving any remuneration. It was a sumptuous review, dedicated to book-lovers and especially to bibliomaniacs, wherein they discoursed on the bookbinders of the sixteenth century and early wood-cuts. M. Leroux de Lincy inserted therein copious and, no doubt, very valuable articles which had this in particular about them: that they were all devoted to Groslier. This Groslier, who was living somewhere about 1550, a virtuoso in books and medals, inspired our bibliomaniacs with an interest difficult to conceive. The writers in this review also occupied themselves with certain specimens of rare books, for the purpose of measuring their margins to within a millimetre. A special editor described the armorial bearings stamped on the covers of the antique bookbinders. This man, a perfect gentleman in all respects, was the most enthusiastic of democrats. A strange destiny attached him to heraldic science, and he was eternally surrounded by these crowns and shields,

which he could not behold without horror. Thus his life was one prolonged shudder. And it was with an angry hand, and scornful brow that bent over his table, he accomplished what to all appearance was a peaceful task. He wrote all day of the "Mallet" of Mailly, the "lilies" of La Vallière, and the "towers" of Pompadour, and all the figures *couchant* on enamel, sable, azure, argent, or sinople. He did this to live; for, after all, one must live—at least people say so, and seem to believe it. But he kept, hidden in his desk beneath the catalogues of d'Hozier and of Lachesnais des Bois, a dear little blue volume of the conspiracy of Babeuf, the father of Socialism; and he would read in it furtively a few lines between two descriptions of escutcheons. That was the cordial which gave him heart. A secret sympathy attached me to this honest man. Not that I was imbued, as was he, with the worship of Babeuf and of Darthé—nor that a wild love for liberty inspired in me saintly rages. But I felt none the less that I was not made for the task which chance had assigned me. I cared but little for early wood-cuts, *incunabula*, bindings in panel, or even for Grosliers. My soul was filled with dreams, sublime and charming; unknown voices mingled with the rustling of leaves; in the quiet night; I beheld the gliding of pale forms amid the shadows; and the invisible myrtles of youth perfumed the air which I breathed. But one could not treat of such subjects in a bibliographic review. I suffered, and suffered cruelly, from my repressed passion. One day I saw Champfleury, who brought in his article. He was lugubrious, dry, and surly to look at; a face seemingly carved out of wood, marked obliquely with deep wrinkles; mouth sunken and lips compressed; the moustache disfigured with continual biting, and the air of mystery which characterizes a Marionette of the Gignol Théâtre—something sinister and withal amusing about him that I cannot describe. He did not speak. His eye was sparkling, frank, intelligent—the eye of a connoisseur.

He took from his pocket his almost undecipherable "copy," which at first view appeared to have been written in Merovingian characters of the seventh century; for the writing of this scribe was like his person—curiously crabbed, cramped, and grimacing. There were in the printing-houses of Paris five or six compositors, at the most, who could decipher this fine and complicated writing—altogether peculiar, annoying as a mystery or as a mystification, and exactly suited to this man, who was in himself so imbued with the mysterious.

This article treated of old signboards. Champfleury, passionately fond of bric-à-brac, had bound his article—I see it yet—with an old, worm-eaten wooden panel on which were coarsely carved knives, razors, and penknives; the same wood having formerly served to hold the vignettes of the manufactures of a cutler (whose soul is with God) who sold knives in the time of Diderot the elder. This thing, at once frightful and touching, was just to the taste of Champfleury, who loved art only under the naïve forms of popular mediæval picture-books and carvings.

As to the article itself, it was composed entirely of

little notes cut and collected on large sheets of paper. There was neither preamble nor conclusion. The whole criticism of Champfleury was represented by this one article—little notes placed one after the other; no generalization. In 1869, when I had the happiness of seeing him, he was the confirmed master. He got rid absolutely of literature. He edited no longer; he noted—noted furiously, in those times; always on the search, gliding everywhere where bric-à-brac abounded, travelling with the prudent and silent agility of a cat across piles of old rubbish, he noted, noted, noted. His "History of Caricature," which I just now ran over, is a marvellous amalgamation of bits of paper. In the total absence of style and of ideas, one detects the man of intellect who jests but does not allow himself to smile; for Champfleury was, after his fashion, a man of intellect. He had genius—a genius for mocking at the whole world. His romances, *The Bourgeois of Molinchat*, the sufferings of Professor Deltbeil, are mystifications which have the one fault of being a trifle too long. If monkeys, who are full of maliciousness, wrote, they would write in no other manner. In his fun, Champfleury resembles the monkeys—he never laughs. Now, I am going to show you many men in one, and to demonstrate in this perverse *Realist* a poet full of fantasy. If Champfleury invented Realism, it was simply that he might mock at the world. He was neither interested in the regular course of things nor the ordinary sort of men. By nature he possessed a fantastic spirit, an odd taste, an innate love of music, the genius of the pantomimist, and in his soul a certain indescribable oddity which betrayed itself in his physiognomy. He loved Hoffman, whose stories at the same time amused and disturbed his generation; and, to tell truth, he was himself like one of Hoffman's own characters. He had a gift—or I should rather say he had a fatality: everything he touched began to grimace after a marvellous fashion; the commonest things took, under his pen, a strange aspect. He could not show us a housekeeper with a broom in her hand, without in some way indicating the witches' *Sabat*. In his most familiar phases there is something diabolical; and I know not whether he did not mix sorcery with the adventure of poor McTringle, who went in disguise of the devil to a *bal masqué*, whom the peasants chased with pitchforks, and who bestrode in his own despite a furious bull. I repeat it, there is a magic in the little notes which this man wrote in Merovingian characters. In his character the occult and mysterious disputes his possession with the trivial, and he is altogether too much of a mocker to be merely vulgar. His art recalls that of the makers of images in the thirteenth century, who carved gargoyles on the churches. In vain they designed figures sometimes obscene or sometimes grotesque: their work was deeply melancholy in spite of themselves.

I know not the secret which this dead old man has borne with him to the cheerful little cemetery of Sévres, where he rests; but I suspect the author of the *Bourgeois of Molinchat* to have been a prodigious satirist. The sadness of the great railers at mankind was on his visage and I would willingly believe that three quarters of his books were written for the

purpose of mockery. I have, lying here before me, the excellent study which M. Alcide Dusolier made about twenty years ago, of the life of Champfleury, and which has been reprinted in a book of literary memories entitled "Our Men of Letters." M. Alcide Dusolier, who well knew Champfleury, and who judges him with a sort of sympathetic severity, insists on the singular power of irony possessed by this creator of Realism. "The outer calm and coldness of Champfleury," says he, "conceals a treacherous and malicious depth which everywhere comes to the surface. He is a literary Were-wolf. At certain hours the frightful mystifier who was toward 1840 the terror of Laon, this indefatigable good-for-nothing who consecrated so many nights to pulling down signboards and shutters in his native place, becomes once more himself, formidable as ever." And M. Alcide Dusolier relates very pleasantly how Champfleury, disguised as an old Academician in a Louis Philippe wig, with his chin lost in a large white cravat, presented himself to Mme. Ancelot under the name of Florestan Dufour, "holder of floral games, on a poetic mission to Paris." Admitted to one of the learned lady's soirées, standing, with his back against the mantelpiece, he murmured in a low voice, protestations against the decline of tragedy. I do not give you as a fact this little anecdote, which M. Dusolier does not absolutely claim to be true. But nevertheless I take Champfleury for a man delighting in mystifications.

With certain gifts of expression and some originality, he studied to write carelessly and professed a diabolical contempt for beauty of style. In common with all sorcerers, the ugly was naturally pleasing to him, though he was an artist, after his fashion, and possessed a fine taste in ugliness. Having created Realism, his aim should have been to found a school, but, too peevish to endure disciples about him, he lived alone, like Diogenes. The followers of this school would be but doing him justice should they claim him as their ancestor. They prefer to ignore him altogether. This ancestor has more the air of a poor relation.

Anatole France.

PRESENT AND FUTURE ART-EXHIBITIONS.

THE annual spring exhibition of the Art Club of Rochester, N. Y., will open on May 24, 1890.

THE Society of American Artists admitted the members of the press to a view of their twelfth annual exhibition, on Friday, April 25, at the Art Galleries, 366 Fifth Avenue, New York. The exhibition opens to the public, Monday, April 28.

THE spring exhibition of the Art Association of San Francisco, Cal., opened on Tuesday evening, when the members and their friends had a private view of the exhibit. It will continue open for a month.

THE Committee on Fine Arts of the Interstate Industrial Exposition of Chicago, Ill., informs the

public by circular that the eighteenth annual Exhibition will be opened on Wednesday coming, September 3, and will continue until Saturday, October 18, inclusive. The Exhibition will consist of oil-paintings and water-colors by artists especially invited to contribute their works. The agents appointed to collect the pictures will accept the works of those artists only whose names appear on the lists furnished by the Committee, upon which pictures the Exposition Company will bear all expenses of packing and transportation, and of repairs of frames damaged while in its possession. The Exposition Company will also pay the insurance premiums, and will act throughout as the agent of the Artists in protecting their interests in case of damage or loss. Every effort will be made to effect sales, and no commissions will be charged on the works sold. Collections will be made in New York City, Boston, and Philadelphia from July 21 to 25.

Mr. Potter Palmer and Mr. James H. Dole (Chairman of the Art Committee) each offers a prize of five hundred dollars to be awarded, at this Exhibition, for the best landscape or marine and the best figure-picture. These must be painted in oil and entered for exhibition direct by the artists. Without limitation of age, the painters competing for these prizes must be citizens, resident or non-resident, of the United States. Competing pictures must have been finished within the last three years. The artists to whom the Potter Palmer Prizes of last year were awarded are not eligible for the Palmer and Dole prizes of 1890. The Committee of Award will consist of two artists from New York City and one from Chicago, appointed by the Art Committee.

AMERICAN NOTES.

IT is rumored that the "Angelus" has been as good as sold to an English collector.

ABOUT one hundred members of the Chicago, Ill., Art Club will pass the summer together in sketching on the Maine coast.

WHAT promises to be a lecture course of exceptional value to students of architecture will be given at the Brooklyn, N. Y., Institute, in May and June, by William H. Goodyear, of New York, who will describe and illustrate in six lectures American architecture and decorative art.

ONE by one our idols are being shattered, and now, after a long investigation, the learned ones declared that the report that Queen Isabella of Spain sold her jewels to raise a fund to assist Columbus in his voyage of discovery is without foundation. Nevertheless, it is proposed to erect a statue of Queen Isabella in 1892.

ON Wednesday last, President Harrison received at the White House a portrait of Mrs. Angelica Van Buren, who was mistress of the White House during the administration of her father-in-law, Presi-

dent Van Buren, and gave orders to have it hung in the Green Parlor along with the portraits of Mrs. Hayes, Mrs. Tyler, and Mrs. Polk.

WORK was begun on Tuesday in Hartford, Conn., on the pedestal of the statue of ex-Governor Richard D. Hubbard. The statue will be placed southeast of the Capitol, on the lawn near the corner of Trinity Street and Capitol Avenue. The granite of the pedestal will probably be in position to-day, but the bronze statue itself is not yet ready.

ONE of the absurdities of the present "protective" tariff is seen in its application to the great work of art known as the "Angelus." An American citizen having purchased the picture at a cost of more than \$100,000, to be placed in a public gallery in this country, is called upon to pay a tariff tax of \$30,000, in order to get it into America for that purpose. As a result the picture is sent to Montreal, and its future is quite uncertain.

A MEMORIAL was presented to the United States Senate on Monday, April 21, by Mr. Blair, and referred to the Committee on Education and Labor, asking Congress to appropriate \$500,000 for the establishment of a woman's national industrial university and school of useful and ornamental arts. The memorialist was the Woman's National Industrial League of America; and it asked that the proposed institution be located at Washington.

A WICKED-LOOKING Maori idol, imported from New Zealand, was seized at the Postoffice the other day and sent down to the Custom-house, where it will have to be examined and appraised before it can be delivered. The idol is intended for the Metropolitan Museum of Art. It is about six inches long and three inches wide. The story that comes along with the idol is, that a chief named Patirioni wore it on his breast 250 years ago. It is said to be a very rare specimen, being made of a dark green stone, the nature of which was not known to the savants of the Custom-house.

THE Washington Memorial Arch Fund, which New York is endeavoring to bring up to \$100,000, now amounts to \$76,548.94. Mr. Oswald Ottendorfer of the New York *Staats-Zeitung* contributing \$250 Monday. A movement is on foot to have the unexpended surplus of the fund collected for the preliminary work in behalf of the World's Fair turned into the Arch Fund. Mr. Roswell P. Flower, the largest subscriber to the World's Fair Fund, has headed the list of persons petitioning for this disposition of the unexpended money, and a considerable number of the other subscribers have agreed to it. It is probable that over \$14,000 can thus be added to the new project, making the total \$90,000. If this sum is reached by May 1, the remaining \$10,000 is promised by one individual. It is to be hoped that the subscribers will all sign the petition, so that the original intention of the Arch trustees of laying the cornerstone on Decoration Day can be carried out.

IF the audience at the Art Students' tableaux, held in Boston, Mass., on Friday evening, had seen all the tableaux the newspapers stated they saw, they wouldn't have seen their respective homes until Saturday afternoon some time; and it is to be feared that the young man whose announcement of each tableau was just a thought explosive, though concise, would have grown more and more succinct 'til he out-jingled Jingle, and the un-Oriental portion of the audience that had not been brought up on "Lalla Rookh" would have had to draw on their imagination for the subject of each tableau, and very likely would have confounded Indian rajahs and Tartar ladies, Bedouin sheiks and Syrian brides, till artistic dyspepsia and nausea would have driven them to seek the healthier atmosphere of the Association-rooms below.

THE ART STUDENTS' LEAGUE of New York held its annual meeting on Tuesday evening, April 22. President E. D. French, in his address, spoke of the improvement made in the quality of the work, and of the increased facilities offered the students for study. A larger attendance was reported; and in the sculpture class, under Augustus St. Gaudens, and the life classes, instructed by Messrs. Kenyon Cox, H. Siddons Mowbray, and De Forrest Brush, the work was especially encouraging. The Treasurer reported the expenditure of \$17,000 for instruction, rent, and necessary expenditure during the year, and the receipt of \$22,000 from the students. The election of officers resulted as follows: President, Edwin D. French; Vice-presidents, B. L. Platt, Miss F. M. Ketcham; Members of the Board of Control, William M. Marsh, A. L. Kellogg, E. W. Deming. These officers elect six others, and all together form the Board of Control for the coming year. The present season ends, May 31.

A FLORAL and Musical Charity Festival was begun in Detroit, Mich., on April 22 and closed on April 25. The great success of the Floral Exhibition of 1889, which was attended by nearly 35,000 people, and which divided, among the twenty-one charitable associations represented, the sum of \$11,000, encouraged a repetition of the experiment, but on a more extensive scale. Two buildings, the Armory of the Life Infantry and the Skating-rink, were this year united by means of a roofed passageway and a bridge; and the space thus obtained, being double what was available last year, made it possible to increase very greatly the beauty and interest of the display. The Exhibition might have been called A Feast of Tabernacles, for each of the twenty-three charitable societies set up as pretty a booth for its committee as taste and fancy could devise, and the very fantasticalness, and independence of convention shown in some of the designs added to the pleasure of the occasion. The architecture of as many nations as there were societies was suggested by these booths, and the pretty girls and comely matrons of Detroit who ministered in these various pagan temples in the sweet name of Charity suggested a lesson of tolerance and good-will that we may hope struck home to more

than one heart. The whole affair was a woman's venture, and it was carried through with the energy, good sense, and taste by which American women on all such occasions prove their business capacity. Of course a few outlying men appeared here and there as buttresses to the affair, and, by their hearty, chivalrous co-operation, helped matters along, but the women carried off the honors of the day, as was most justly due. There was a very attractive collection of pictures, to which a few of our best known artists here in New York contributed, but the main part came from the Detroit Water-color Society and the Association of Detroit Artists. We hope to hear a good report of the outcome of this interesting affair.

MR. I. T. WILLIAMS, of New York City, obligingly allowed a certain number of cards to be sent out by the managers of the St. Luke's Home for the Aged, giving admission to his house on Wednesday and Thursday, April 23 and 24, to examine his collection of pictures. Few houses in New York contain so choice a group of examples of the modern poet-painters of France and Holland as Mr. Williams has here brought together; and the few examples of the older artists that are mingled with these serve, besides showing us their own perfection, to prove once more the harmony that exists between true poets the world over and of whatever age. Mr. Williams' noble "Still Life," by Kalf, looks out well pleased with the company of Millet and Diaz, Troyon, and Maris, and Monticelli, who are seen here in examples of the finest quality. It is a great pleasure to find one's self in a room so harmonious as this—a harmony that comes, not more from the pictures themselves, born of pure poetry, than from the fact that they are the selection of an amateur of a fine natural taste buying what he really liked—for no other reason than because he liked it.

THE uncertainty as to Walt Whitman's ability to fulfil his engagement with the Contemporary Club on Tuesday evening was happily dissipated by the appearance of the old poet, looking better and fresher than usual, and, after he had once got settled in his chair, seeming quite equal to the task before him. He read his essay on the death of Abraham Lincoln slowly and with remarkable distinctness of enunciation; and as he pictured his first view of that great man, standing in front of the Astor House, in New York, looking quietly up and down, while the crowd preserved an ominous silence, the audience gradually became absorbed in the narrative, and followed the words of the reader with an attention which showed how thoroughly he held them under the spell of his remarkable powers of portrayal. Familiar as the essay was to many of Whitman's auditors, it seemed to possess the freshness and force of a life drama witnessed for the first time. The accustomed sights and sounds of a well-filled theatre, the exits and entrances of the actors, the indistinct report of a pistol "heard by not more than a hundredth part of the audience," the figure of a man leaping from the President's box, and with strange poetic justice tripping in the folds of the American flag, then falling

upon one knee, rising, uttering the historical words "*Sic semper tyrannis*," and walking from the stage in the sight of an audience sticken to dumbness by the sense of an impending horror as yet unrealized; then the vision of Mrs. Lincoln, leaning from the box and crying, "He has killed the President," the sudden surge and mad rushing of the people, the insane charge of the President's bodyguard upon the terror-stricken audience—all the details of the terrible night twenty-five years ago were given by Whitman with a graphic power which at times bordered upon solemnity, and the effect of which was heightened by the imposing figure of the reader and the grandeur of his presence.

At the conclusion of the essay, the poet read his poem "My Captain," with fine emphasis and feeling, after which Rev. Dr. Furness made some appreciative remarks, and the meeting adjourned. The occasion was one long to be remembered.—*The American*.

WITHIN a short time a stout iron fence will be put around the Lincoln Monument in Springfield, Ill., and nobody will be allowed inside the enclosure except during certain hours of that day. This step was decided on at a meeting of the Lincoln Monument Association, the object being to prevent the monument from being mutilated by relic-hunters. Heretofore there has been no fence of any kind immediately surrounding the monument; and when the custodian was not on the ground, it was left to the mercy of visitors. Within the last few months two of the groups of statuary on the monument have been badly mutilated. The sarcophagus, in which once reposed the body of Lincoln, is in the catacomb on the north side of the monument, only a few feet from the entrance, where there is simply an iron grating. A short time ago some visitors, during the absence of the custodian, reaching in between the gates with a heavy cane, knocked a piece of marble from the sarcophagus, raked it out and carried it off. Similar acts of vandalism have been quite common for years, and it has been found necessary to provide some means for the protection of the monument.

FOREIGN NOTES.

THE collection of Prosper Crabbe, that will be sold in Paris on the 12th of June, is declared to be fully equal in merit and interest to the Secrétan Gallery; but there is no "Angelus" in it, and probably there will not be so much crazy bidding as there was at the Sedelmayer Galleries last year.

EMPEROR WILLIAM, in a letter to the committee on the proposed Bismarck monument, expresses his deep pleasure and sympathy, and says he believes that all classes will cordially co-operate in the movement. He desires, himself, to support and promote the project, and will be happy to become a patron, as requested by the committee.

IN Paris the manufacture of false pictures—of forgeries of some two or three painters—has advanced

to a startling extent, and the singular thing is that the selected painters are all not merely modern but living. When it was Corot and Troyon, there could, of course, be no conclusive appeal. Indeed, there was one imitator of Corot whose work was so good that there is a story of a collector wishing to repudiate a purchase on finding that he had really got a genuine Corot instead of a forgery from this able hand. The painters now most popular with the forgers are Detaille and De Neuville. The police have lately made large seizures. The trade has evidently been going on at a wholesale rate. The audacity of the forgers has been without parallel. In one case not only was the name forged very distinctly, but an inscription recording that the picture was a gift to a good friend was added on the canvas. M. Tissot has also been singled out by the forgers for the slattery of imitation. It is curious that, having started with the Romantics, the fraud should next be practised on the school whose works affect the utmost minuteness of detail. The co-operation of the photographer, of course, explains the selection.

LITERARY NOTES.

WE have received from the Scientific Publishing Co., of New York, a copy of "Precious and Ornamental Stones of North America," by Mr. George F. Kunz, of which we can only say at this moment that the book is a notable contribution to our knowledge of the material riches of this continent, and that merely as a piece of bookmaking it does great credit to all who have had a hand in it. The chromo-lithographic plates made for the work by Messrs. L. Prang & Co. are remarkably fine specimens of the art brought to such perfection by this firm that nowhere in the world is work done of equal quality. As for Mr. Kunz's text there can be nothing but praise, and his work may be cordially recommended, not only to those whose interest in the subject is confined to its scientific side, but to those who look to a book for entertainment; for here is a world of interesting facts about precious stones and their relations to mineralogy and archaeology, narrated in a straightforward, clear, and lively style. That can make the dinner-hour and bedtime forgotten.

EMERSON'S "Leave the wood rose, and leave it on its stalk" might have served as a title to the excellent article in *Garden and Forest*, from which we take the following extract:

"To all who go into the woods and meadows after flowers and foliage this advice may be given: Gather only as many flowers as you really need to embellish your homes, or as you will give away, before they fade, to the poor or sick, which means, probably, not nearly as many as you have been in the habit of gathering. If you want large masses for any special purpose, as for the decoration of a church, take only those which grow in great abundance, like the golden-rod in autumn or the white-weed in spring. If an effective mass is your aim, a thousand daisies will serve as well as would a thousand white cypripediums,

if you could find them. Whatever you take, take it gently and discreetly. Do not cut off the branch of a tree when a twig would do, nor wrench a branch in getting off a twig. Use scissors or a strong knife; not your hands. If you must cut a branch, cut it close to the trunk, that decay may not fasten upon the wound; and take the one which is the least essential to the beauty of the tree. If you want the spray of a young pine-tree for its feathery green, or a bit of spring-time red-maple for its ruddy little leaves, or a branch of liquidamber for its brilliant autumn coloring, do not pick off the leading shoot; a lateral one will be less missed. When you pick from a small plant, use scissors, instead of starting its roots with a vigorous pull. If it is a shrub, do not take all its blossoms, but be content with a few, and complete your bunch from another individual. If it is an herbaceous plant, leave some flowers for seed; and if it is a bulbous one, spare leaves enough to insure the bulbs ripening for another year. Never dig a root unless you are entirely certain you know how to make good use of it at home. And, unless the flowers are as common as daisies or golden-rod, do not pick them at all if you mean to throw them away the next minute. Gather flowers to bring beauty into your homes, but do not gather them for the mere sake of gathering, for that is lawlessness and waste."

OBITUARY NOTE.

THE death of Mr. George Jones, which occurred on Monday at his home, Scrub Oak, near Peekskill, removes a man who will be well remembered by New-Yorkers of half a century ago, though for the last twenty-five years he had lived the retired life of a country gentleman. He was born at Wern Hall, Flintshire, Wales, seventy-eight years ago, and came of an old and honored Welsh family. He early developed artistic talent, and was apprenticed to a noted engraver and etcher in London, with whom he made such progress that, after making a name for himself there, he decided to try his fortunes on this side of the Atlantic.

He arrived in New York in 1843, and shortly after established the firm of Rawdon & Jones, engravers. He soon became known as an expert, and from engraving door-plates, cane-heads, and jewelry he drifted into bank-note work. Most of the old State bank bills of forty years ago are specimens of his handiwork. He was a great student of his art and had its history at his finger ends. Besides, he was a great lover of field-sports, and when he retired from active business, some twenty-five years ago, and took up his residence near Peekskill, he was a familiar figure to the country-side with his dog and gun.

Mr. Jones was a brother of Thomas Jones, who married Mrs. La Farge, the widow of John La Farge of the old La Farge Hotel, and the mother among other children, of the artist John La Farge. He married Mrs. Eliza Gardner, the widow of John G. Gardner and the daughter of Gen. Storm of Revolutionary fame. Mr. Jones's sister is the wife of Mr. John Daniells, the drygoods merchant of this city.

NATIONAL FINE ART FOUNDRY

218 EAST 25TH STREET,
NEW YORK,

Casts Artists' Models and Executes
Architects' Designs in Standard
Bronze, Artistic Monuments
in Granite and Bronze
MAURICE J. POWER.
No Catalogues.

ETCHINGS.

PORTRAIT OF MRS. GROVER CLEVELAND. ETCHED BY PAUL RAJON. Of this etching it is guaranteed that only the following impressions have been taken before lettering. Two on satin, one of which has been presented to Mrs. Cleveland. Price of the remaining proof on satin \$150.00. Six on heavy Imperial Japanese paper with remarque, price \$30.00 each. Five hundred on Imperial Japanese paper, price \$15.00 each. Copies of the etching, after lettering, on Holland paper, price \$2.00 each.

PORTRAIT OF MISS CATHARINE LORILLARD WOLFE. ETCHED BY ROBERT BLUM. Of this etching twenty-five proofs have been taken, on Imperial Japanese paper, price \$10.00 each. Prints on large paper, \$1. each.

PORTRAIT OF JOHN QUINCY ADAMS. ETCHED BY SIDNEY L. SMITH. Of this etching only fifty proofs on India paper have been taken before lettering, price \$3. each. Prints on Holland paper, large, price \$1.00 each.

A SILVER COFFEE-POT SET WITH ROUGH PEARLS ETCHED BY SIDNEY L. SMITH. Of this etching only fifty proofs on India paper have been taken, price \$3.00 each.

THE FRITSCHKE EVER, CARVED OUT OF GLASS. ETCHED BY SIDNEY L. SMITH. Of this etching only fifty numbered proofs have been taken on India paper before lettering, price \$3.00 each.

As these numbered proofs cannot be obtained elsewhere, orders should be addressed directly to

THE STUDIO PUBLISHING CO.,
864 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

MODELS Classical and Modern
Statuary and Busts. FREE
PAMPHLET.

Parts of Human Body from Nature. Anatomical Studies, Leaf and Flower Forms, Geometrical Solids, Modelling Tools, Wax and Clay for Artists, Academies, Schools, &c. C. HENNECKE & CO. MILWAUKEE, WIS. CHICAGO STORE, NO. 207 WABASH / V

THE

EVERETT PIANO

For power and sympathetic singing, quality of Tone, and precision and delicacy of Touch, is unsurpassed.

UNEXCELLED

In other features which are essential in a first-class piano.

MANUFACTURED BY

THE EVERETT PIANO CO., BOSTON.

THE JOHN CHURCH CO.,

General Factors, Cincinnati.

GATE CITY STONE FILTER CO.,

46 Murray St., New York.



Fine China and Gray Stone-ware Jars to hold the Water.

A NATURAL STONE for a Filtering Medium.

Fitted with separate Patent Ice Chambers to cool the Water.

As easily cleaned as a Water Pitcher.

All Water is filled with impurities during the rainy season.

This Filter will ABSOLUTELY CLEAN IT.

Address as above for descriptive Price List.

Mention THE STUDIO.

Open Cut shows Filter Disc used in our Filters and separate Patent Ice Chambers.

THE MISSES GRAHAM,

(Successors to THE MISSES GREEN),
English and French Boarding and
Day School for Young Ladies,
No. 63 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

NEW YORK CITY, 54 and 56 West 55th Street.

Rutgers Female College.

Special Elective and full Collegiate courses. Fifty-first year opens Sept 25th, 1889.

REV. G. W. SAMSON, D. D., Pres.
MRS. E. S. WEST, Lady Principal.

Preparatory and Boarding Dep'ts open Sept. 25th.

NEW YORK CITY, 27 East 44th Street, between Madison and Fifth Aves.

Stern's School of Languages of N. Y. City.

"It would be almost impossible, I think, to overrate the merits of Professor Stern's method of teaching the languages; for not only is it perfect from a theoretical point of view, but the practical results are most remarkable."—(From the Assistant Superintendent of the Public Schools of Brooklyn, Edward J. Ward.) Programme will be sent on application to the New York address.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, Washington, 1407 Massachusetts Ave. and 1212 and 1214 Fourteenth St., N. W

Norwood Institute.

A select Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies Mr. and Mrs. WILLIAM D. CABELL, Principals.

LONG ISLAND, Garden City, Diocese of Long Island

The Cathedral School of St. Paul.

opens September 19. Church and Military School for boys. Healthful location. Large staff of instructors Military officer detail by United States Government. Apply to CHARLES STURTEVANT MOORE, A. B. (Harvard), Headmaster.

ILLINOIS, ROCKFORD.

Rockford Seminary for Young Ladies.

College course, standard for admission same as Eastern colleges. Excellent preparatory course. Superior facilities for Music and Art. Resident Physician. Sargent system of gymnastics. For catalogues address MARTHA HILLARD, Principal.

MASSACHUSETTS, AUBURNDALE.

Riverside School.

A Family School of excellent advantages for a limited number of girls. Prepares for Wellesley College. Seventh year begins Oct. 4th. Miss DELIA T. SMITH, Principal.

NEW YORK, Brooklyn, Oranmon Street.

The Packer Collegiate Institute.

A School for the thorough teaching of young ladies. Tuition of highest grades, \$160. per annum; lowest grades, \$60. There are no extra charges for instruction in Greek, Latin, German, French and gymnastics. New Students will be classified September 19, 20, 21. Forty-third annual catalogue sent to applicants.

NEW YORK, Long Island, Roslyn.

The Bryant School.

A Boarding School of the highest class for boys; Primary, Intermediate and Academic department; thorough Military Organization and Discipline, with Systematic Physical Training. School property representing an outlay of over \$250,000; one of the finest in the United States, in close proximity to country seat of the late William Cullen Bryant. For Catalogue apply to GEORGE BRUCE CORTELVOT, Principal.

NEW YORK, Syracuse.

Mrs. C. M. Wilkinson's Home School for GIRLS.

Only TEN pupils taken. Beautifully situated on the hills above Syracuse. Refers to Hon. Abram S. Hewitt, Geo. Wm. Curtis, Thomas Wentworth Higginson Hon. Andrew D. White, Hon. Wayne Mac Veagh, Hon. James B. Angell, Louisa May Alcott, Hon. John Lowell.

PENNSYLVANIA, Swarthmore.

Swarthmore College.

Opens 9th Month, 11th. Thirty minutes from Broad Street Station, Philadelphia. Under the care of friends. FULL COLLEGE COURSE FOR BOTH SEXES. Classical, Scientific, and Literary. Also, a Manual Training and a Preparatory School. Healthful location, large grounds, extensive buildings and apparatus. For catalogue and full particulars, address

EDWARD H. MAGILL, L. L. D., President

POPULAR BOOKS FOR THE MASSES!

The following books, each one of which contains a complete first-class novel or other work by a well-known and popular author, are published in neat pamphlet form, printed from good readable type on good paper, and many of them handsomely illustrated. They comprise some of the finest works ever written by some of the greatest and most popular writers, both of America and Europe, and place the best literature of the day within the reach of the masses of the people. Please look the list carefully over, and see if you do not find therein many that you desire to possess. Each one is complete in itself:

- No. 216. The Aunt Maguire Documents. By the author of "THE WIDOW BEDETT PAPERS." One of the funniest books ever published—fully equal to its famous predecessor, "Widow Bedett."
- No. 199. Bijah Beanpole's Adventures in New York. By the author of "THE MISS SLIMMENA PAPERS." Full of funny situations, laughable incidents and ridiculous scrapes. A great humorous book.
- No. 211. Perfect Etiquette or, How to BEHAVE IN SOCIETY. A complete manual for ladies and gentlemen, giving the correct rules of deportment for all occasions, according to the usages of the best society.
- No. 221. Gulliver's Travels. The remarkable adventures of Lemuel Gulliver among the Lilliputians and Gnanis. A standard work—this the only cheap edition.
- No. 220. The People's Natural History. Containing interesting descriptions, accompanied by illustrations of numerous beasts, birds, reptiles, fishes and insects, with much curious information regarding their life and habits.
- No. 224. Modern Recitations. A large collection of the most popular recitations, in prose and verse, both for professional elocutionists and amateurs.
- No. 219. Selections for Autograph Albums, Valentines, Wedding Anniversaries, Birthday Greetings and Bouquet Presentations. A large and valuable collection.
- No. 218. Ballads of the War. A collection of patriotic and soul-stirring poems, written during the war for the Union.
- No. 8. The History and Mystery of Common Things. This work tells all about the manufacture of the common and similar things which we see every day about us. Illustrated.
- No. 9. Distinguished People. This work contains portraits and biographies of our celebrated Statesmen, Authors, Poets, Editors, Clergymen, Financiers, etc.
- No. 225. Matwa's Revenge. A Novel. By H. RIDER HAGGARD.
- No. 202. Will Flowers. A Novel. By MARION HARLAND.
- No. 201. The Merchant's Crime. A Novel. By HORATIO ALGER, JR.
- No. 196. Ivan the Serf. A Novel. By SYLVANUS COBB, JR.
- No. 197. Heesperia or, The Lightning Star. A Novel. By M. T. CALDOR.
- No. 207. The Misadventures of John Nicholson. A Novel. By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.
- No. 214. Two Klases. A Novel. By the author of "Dora Thorne."

- No. 206. Bread Upon the Waters. A Novel. By Miss MARY CELESTINE.
- No. 204. Page Ninety-two. A Novel. By MARY CECIL HAY.
- No. 212. A Valabond Heroine. A Novel. By Mrs. ANNIE E. WARDS.
- No. 213. Clouds and Sunshine. A Novel. By CHARLES READE.
- No. 210. Caramel Cottage. A Novel. By Mrs. HENRY WOOD.
- No. 108. The Treasure of Franchard. A Novel. By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.
- No. 209. The Dream Woman. A Novel. By WILKINS COLLINS.
- No. 215. Ruthven's Ward. A Novel. By FLORENCE MARRIAT.
- No. 200. George Caulfield's Journey. A Novel. By Miss M. E. BRADDOCK.
- No. 203. Mary Hardwick's Rival. A Novel. By Mrs. HENRY WOOD.
- No. 205. A Tale of Three Lions. A Novel. By H. RIDER HAGGARD.
- No. 195. A Dark Inheritance. A Novel. By MARY CELESTINE HAY.
- No. 192. My Sister Kate. A Novel. By the author of "Dora Thorne."
- No. 189. A Woman's Secret. A Novel. By CLARA AUGUST.
- No. 161. The Wizard of Granada. A Novel. By M. T. CALDOR.
- No. 184. That Winter Night. A Novel. By ROBERT BUCHANAN.
- No. 211. Thornycroft Grange. A Novel. By BERT WINWOOD.
- No. 223. Ruth Herrick. A Novel. By WILLIAM H. BURNELL.
- No. 183. The Red Cross. A Novel. By M. T. CALDOR.
- No. 182. For Love or Illness. A Novel. By the author of "A Great Mistake."
- No. 49. A Bride from the Sea. A Novel. By the author of "Dora Thorne."
- No. 44. The Yellow Mask. A Novel. By WILKINS COLLINS.
- No. 43. Bell Brandon. A Novel. By P. HAMILTON MYERS.

OUR GREAT OFFER!

We will send you four of the above named books by mail, post-paid, upon receipt of 12 Cents; any ten for 25 Cents; any twenty for 50 Cents; the entire list (40 books) for \$1.00. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Please order by the numbers. This is the greatest bargain in books ever offered. Do not fail to take advantage of it.

Address all orders to THE COMMERCIAL CO., 864 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

M. Knoedler & Co.

(SUCCESSORS TO GOUPIL & CO.)

HIGH-CLASS OIL PAINTINGS.

WATER COLOR DRAWINGS.

FOREIGN AND AMERICAN.

Choice Collection of Rare Etch-
ings and Engravings.

Particular attention given to

ARTISTIC AND APPROPRIATE FRAMING.

170 FIFTH AVE., Cor. 22d St.,

NEW YORK.

WILLIAM SCHAUS,

IMPORTER OF

PAINTINGS, ENGRAVINGS, ETCHINGS

AND ARTISTS' MATERIALS,

204 FIFTH AVENUE,

Madison Square, New York.

MODERN FRENCH AND SPANISH ART

At Johnston's Art Gallery,

17 Union Square.

Works of Corot, Troyon, Jules Dupré, Casanova,
Barbudo, Vollon, Lizcano, Cordero, Uggell, C.
Jacque, Gatti, Echena, Sartorio, and those of many
of their contemporaries.

On Exhibition from Dec. 23d to May 1st,

Between the hours of 9 A. M. and 6 P. M.

A CHOICE AND BEAUTIFUL COLLECTION.

S. COLLINS.

IMPORTER OF

FINE PAINTINGS,

47 & 49 Liberty St., New York.

SYMPHER & CO.,

860 BROADWAY.

Cor. 17th Street,

NEW YORK.

IMPORTERS OF

Antique Furniture, Tapestries, Old
Silver Plate, Porcelains, Majolica,
Paintings, Marble Statuary, Bronzes,
etc., etc.Beg to call the attention of the
public to their large and splendid
stock of articles, including the recent
purchases of our European agents,
suitable for the

Decoration and Furnishing of Houses.

Our department of Old English
and other Silver is worthy
of special attention.This house, established since 1832,
has gained a national reputation for
the beauty and rarity of its goods
and for the excellence of its work-
manship.**COTTIER & CO.,**

144 FIFTH AVENUE.

— DEALERS IN —

High Class Pictures, and Specialists

— IN —

DECORATIONS, STAINED GLASS & FINE FURNITURE.

Messrs. COTTIER & Co., have also just published the Marvelous Etching by MATTHEW MARIS, of J. F. Millet's "SOWER," giving the feeling of the original picture.

Each Etching has been worked over by M. Maris. The entire issue is very limited and of one kind.