

confronted at each step with almost every obstacle by which nature could bar their path, and groping their way through a tangled forest the impenetrable gloom of which could be likened only to the shadow of death. The undergrowth stayed their progress, the upper growth shut out the light of heaven. Officers could rarely see their troops for any considerable distance, for smoke clouded the vision, and a heavy sky obscured the sun. Directions were ascertained and lines established by means of the pocket-compass, and a change of position often presented an operation more like a problem of ocean navigation than a question of military manœuvres. It was the sense of sound and of touch rather than the sense of sight which guided the movements. It was a battle fought with the ear, and not

with the eye. All circumstances seemed to combine to make the scene one of unutterable horror. At times the wind howled through the tree-tops, mingling its moans with the groans of the dying, and heavy branches were cut off by the fire of the artillery, and fell crashing upon the heads of the men, adding a new terror to battle. Forest fires raged; ammunition-trains exploded; the dead were roasted in the conflagration; the wounded, roused by its hot breath, dragged themselves along, with their torn and mangled limbs, in the mad energy of despair, to escape the ravages of the flames; and every bush seemed hung with shreds of blood-stained clothing. It was as though Christian men had turned to fiends, and hell itself had usurped the place of earth.

(To be continued.)

Horace Porter.

SOUVENIRS OF A VETERAN COLLECTOR.

THE late William T. Walters of Baltimore, whose admirable collection of pictures and Barye bronzes is known to many art-lovers in the United States, went to Europe in 1861, and resided there for a number of years. Before that time he had been interested in art, and had purchased pictures by some of the American painters then in vogue. In Paris he met his friend Mr. George A. Lucas of Baltimore, a graduate of West Point, and an engineer, who knew some of the Barbizon painters and their artist friends, and, making their acquaintance, Mr. Walters was so much impressed with the merit of their works that he thought they might find purchasers in America. He thus appears as one of the earli-

est American amateurs who predicted the success of Millet, Rousseau, Corot, Diaz, and others of the famous group. Mr. Samuel P. Avery was at this time practising his profession of engraving in New York, and toward the close of our civil war he decided, at Mr. Walters's suggestion, to go into business as a dealer in works of art. Mr. Walters bought pictures in France, Mr. Avery sold them at auction in New York, and they divided the profits. This was the beginning of the long career that made Mr. Avery the best-known dealer of his time in America, and which came to a close eight years ago, when he retired. He has since been prominent in art matters in New York, being one of the trustees of the Metropolitan

Paris le 23 Juin 1879.



Adieu, mon vieux Sphinx,
au revoir, Monsieur Avery

Luc Olivier Merson

23 Juin 1879

Museum, and devoting much of his time to its affairs. His advice is highly valued. His friends include about all of our prominent collectors, — except, perhaps, some of those who have come to the front in the West of late years, — the book-loving coterie of the Grolier Club, and the trustees of Columbia University, in which he founded an architectural library. But his friends and acquaintances are not confined to his earlier associates and

from Mr. Walters were some genre subjects by Édouard Frère, and two landscapes by Corot. The Frères found ready purchasers, but the Corots were not so easily understood. These two were the first that were brought to this country, and they had cost five hundred francs apiece. Both the price and the profit now seem incredibly small, but they show how modest were the beginnings of a business that afterward involved many thousands of dollars. Mr. Avery had charge of the Fine Arts Department in the American section of the Paris Exposition of 1867, and from that time on his trips abroad were frequent. His acquaintance with French, German, and British artists grew wider with each succeeding year, and some of his acquaintances became his friends. Though not an autograph-collector, it occurred to him to get the signatures of the many painters he had met, and it is not remarkable that when he had the sketches and souvenirs they had given him bound in a tasteful volume, its pages should be full of interest. Some of these artistic *cartes de visite* were made on the spur of the moment, and possess the impromptu quality of a bit of conversation; others consist of a sentiment or a greeting. There are carefully finished drawings in the book, and sketches made with a few hasty lines. The pages are dotted with the autographs of many of the greatest men in modern art.

One of the first of the French artists whose acquaintance Mr. Avery made was Jules Breton. He wrote to him at his home at Courrières in Picardy in 1867, with reference to a commission for a picture that Mr. John Taylor Johnston wished to give him, and Breton replied that he would meet him on a given day at twelve o'clock at the Universal Exposition, in front of Meissonier's pictures. He did not appoint the rendezvous before his own works, as he might have done. Mr. Avery and Mr. Lucas were at the appointed place, and promptly at the hour Mr. Lucas, who knew Breton, said, « There he comes. » He was accompanied by his wife and daughter — his only child, then five or six years of age, accompanied by her *nounou*, with cap and cloak and flowing ribbons. Breton, hale and hearty,

Courrières

Lorsqu'à travers ta brume, ô saine d. Courrière ?
L'ombre monte au clocher dans l'or bruni du soir
Que s'inclinent tes blés comme pour la prière
Et que ton mérai fume, immobile encensoir,
Quand reviennent des bords fleuris de ta rivière,
Portant le linge frais qu'a blanchi le lavoir
Les filles, le front ceint d'un nimbe de lumière
Je n'imagine rien de plus charmant à voir !
D'autres courent bien loin pour trouver des mer-
veilles. Paissons-les s'agiter. Dans leurs fièvres vaines
Ils ne sentiraient pas ta tranquille beauté
Tu suffis à mon cœur, toi qui vis mes grands-
pères lorsqu'ils passaient joyeux, on leurs heures précieuses
Sur les mêmes chemins, aux mêmes soirs d'été.

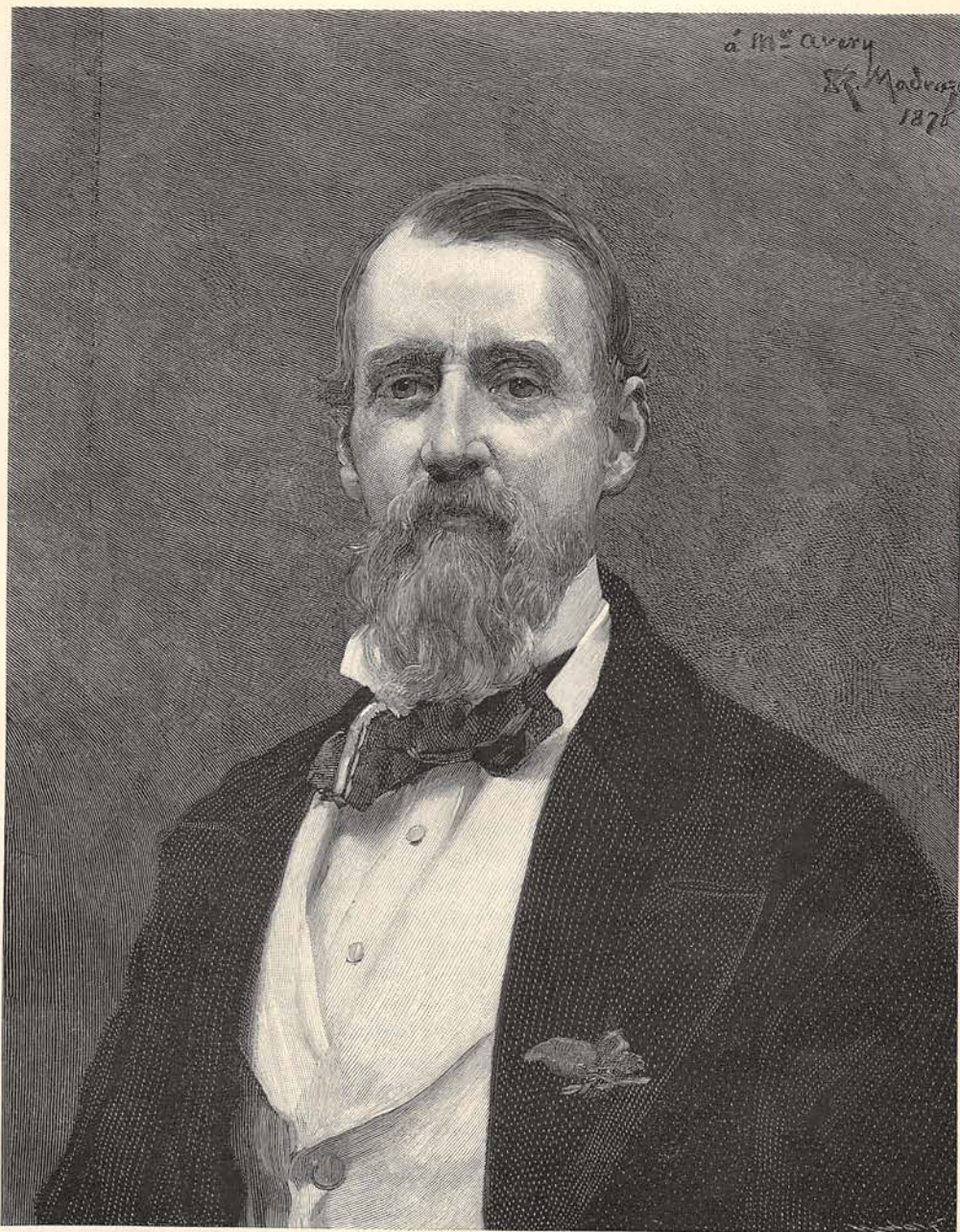


DRAWN AND WRITTEN BY JULES BRETON.

veterans among the connoisseurs. In the social meetings of the Architectural League, at the Century Club, and other places of congregation of the art world, he is often seen, and is as ready with his appreciation of a new movement as he is apt with his reminiscences of an old one.

Imagine a Corot sold in New York for one hundred and ten dollars! Yet this was the price obtained for one that Mr. Avery sold in 1863. Among the first pictures that he received

at twelve o'clock at the Universal Exposition, in front of Meissonier's pictures. He did not appoint the rendezvous before his own works, as he might have done. Mr. Avery and Mr. Lucas were at the appointed place, and promptly at the hour Mr. Lucas, who knew Breton, said, « There he comes. » He was accompanied by his wife and daughter — his only child, then five or six years of age, accompanied by her *nounou*, with cap and cloak and flowing ribbons. Breton, hale and hearty,



PAINTED BY R. MADRAZO.

SAMUEL P. AVERY.

ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.

wore a checked waistcoat with pearl buttons, such as are worn in the country districts, and the whole party had the unaffected air of good people from the provinces. The distinguished painter has always kept his simplicity of dress and manner. He accepted the commission from Mr. Johnston, agreeing to paint a picture with two figures for twenty-five hundred francs, and from that time on Mr. Avery saw

him frequently. Though they have no longer matters of business to write about, their relations continue, and the famous French artist does not forget his friend in America. He has given Mr. Avery copies of his books (for Jules Breton has published several volumes of prose and verse), with a few lines expressing his friendship on the fly-leaves, and this year he sent him « Un Peintre Pay-



Mes Messieurs Avery voici un médaillon
 desquis d'une vie figure de mon bon tableau, Le
 Oursi-guennette, que vous avez été d'Allemagne
 pour mon ami Do Vaudubert. J'aurais voulu le
 faire en mieux, mais tel qu'il est je le fais pas votre
 bien et souvenir du plaisir que j'ai eu de voir ce
 tableau et de la grâce de la savoir entre les mains
 d'un amateur aussi distingué.
 à vous bien cordialement
 1880 21 juillet C. Meissonier

DRAWN AND WRITTEN BY MEISSONIER.

san,» his latest production, bearing in his
 handwriting the dedication, «Témoignage
 bien affectueux à son fidèle ami.» One morn-
 ing, in Paris, Mr. Avery went to Breton's hotel,
 —a small but comfortable hostelry near the
 Luxembourg, which the painter's father and
 mother before him had made their stopping-
 place in the great capital, —and, though it was
 but nine o'clock, found that the painter had
 already set out for the meeting of the Salon
 jury. Breton had been up at six o'clock, for,

like a good many other artists in France, he is
 an early riser. He returned to the hotel about
 eleven, and Mr. Avery breakfasted with him.
 When Breton took up the album to write the
 verses, «Courrières,» on the page, his little
 daughter prompted him as he spoke them
 while he wrote, for she knew them all. At
 the bottom of the page he sketched with the
 pen a silhouette of Courrières from memory,
 with the field, the houses, and the church
 tower. When Jules Breton's little daughter



DRAWN BY ÉDOUARD DETAILLE.

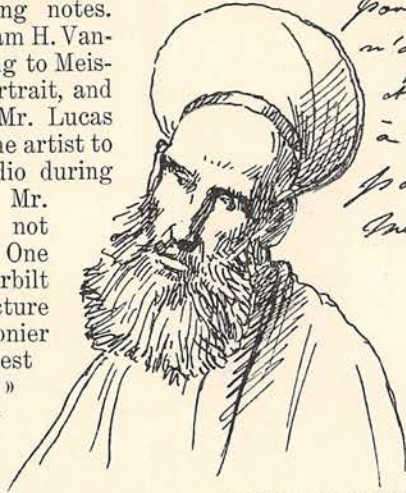
ENGRAVED BY S. G. PUTNAM.

grew up she became a painter, and married a painter, M. Adrien Demont. Mr. Avery bought her first picture. (See page 210.—EDITOR.)

Meissonier writes: «I thank Mr. Avery for his visit to Poissy, and I am so much the more flattered since he informs me he has just purchased my small (Republican Sentinel of the Army of the Var.) I take pleasure in repeating to him what I said to my friend M. Petit, who ceded him the picture; it is the first time I sign a canvas with which I am absolutely satisfied.» This is dated at Poissy, August 29, 1875. Later on, July 21, 1880, he writes:

«Dear Mr. Avery: Here is a bad sketch (*méchant croquis*) of one of the figures in my good picture, (Le Renseignement,) which you have got back from Germany for my friend Mr. Vanderbilt. I wish I could have done better, but such as it is, I leave it in your book as a souvenir of my pleasure in having seen the picture again, and of knowing it is in the hands of so distinguished an amateur. Very cordially yours, E. MEISSONIER.» The way in which «Le Renseignement» was «rescued» forms an interesting story. The picture shows Marshal Saxe, with a body of

troops, interrogating a peasant at a crossroads in the forest, and taking notes. In 1880 Mr. William H. Vanderbilt was sitting to Meissonier for his portrait, and Mr. Avery and Mr. Lucas were invited by the artist to come to his studio during the sittings, as Mr. Vanderbilt did not speak French. One day Mr. Vanderbilt asked, «What picture does M. Meissonier think is the best he ever painted?» Meissonier, replying through Mr. Lucas, spoke of two, the celebrated «1814»



*quelques coups de plume
sans s'appeler à moi Every qu'il
m'a fait voir à l'original
et que j'ai été très sensible
à cette attention, avec
mes sympathies.*

M. Meissonier

26 juillet 1878

DRAWN AND WRITTEN BY J. L. GÉRÔME.

and «Le Renseignement.»¹ The latter picture, he said, with a sigh and a deeply felt «hélas!» was in Germany, in the hands of the enemies of France. It had been painted for the Exposition of 1867, and was bought by M. Petit, who asked fifty thousand francs for it. Mr. Walters had offered forty-five thousand francs, but a German banker in Paris, M. Mayer, paid the price and got the picture.

¹ Engravings of these pictures appeared in THE CENTURY for July and August, 1896.

He was a well-known collector, and his family home was in Dresden. When the war of 1870 broke out, M. Mayer left Paris, and took the picture with him. Mr. Avery had seen his gallery every time he went to Dresden, and knew the picture. The conversation in the studio continued, and Avery and Lucas agreed that «Le Renseignement» was, indeed, a wonderful canvas. Petit had tried to buy it back, but could not get it. It was thought it would be impossible to get Mayer to sell it, but Avery, authorized by Mr. Vanderbilt, resolved to try. He did not wish to make a trip to Dresden at the time, so he wrote to Mayer that a friend of his wanted the picture, but not as a matter of business. It was not to buy to sell again. The banker replied that he had often been importuned to sell the picture, but had invariably refused; yet, now that he felt himself growing old (he had then reached the age of eighty), and that as after his death his family might not care to keep it, he would take a certain price for it. He added that he might change his mind overnight, for he found it hard to decide to sell. Avery lost no time in telegraphing, and the next day received the canvas by parcels post; the marvelous picture was actually in his room in the hotel! A draft on London was sent to Dresden at once, and the deed was done. Mr. Vanderbilt and his two fellow-conspirators now set about arranging a surprise for Meissonier. The next day was to be the last sitting for the portrait, and when they arrived at the studio one of them carried a



*Souvenir de la première
visite de M. Avery.*

*1878. M. Meissonier
J. G. G.*

DRAWN AND WRITTEN BY M. MUNKACSY.

parcel, which was placed in a safe corner. The sitting proceeded, and at last Meissonier said the portrait was finished; there was not another touch to be added. «Now you may see me sign,» he announced, and the act was accomplished with a due observance on the part of the company of the importance of the moment. The artist then went into another room to put the little portrait in a frame he had ready for it.

«Le Renseignement» was quickly taken from the corner, set in a frame on the easel, and the three men stood by to see what Meissonier would do. «When he came in and suddenly saw the picture,» says Mr. Avery, «he almost went crazy in his joy. He got down on his knees before it so that he could look at it closely, and cried out, (*Oh, mon bon tableau! Oh, mon bon tableau!*) and with difficulty found words to express his delight. He loved his picture that he never expected to see again, and his heart was full.» Of course when it became known that «Le Renseignement» was in France again, there were accounts in the newspapers of how it had come about, and in Berlin and in Paris the stories were equally wide of the truth. One paper said that Mrs. Vanderbilt, the wife of a multimillionaire from America, had gone to Dresden, bought the picture, and carried it off in her arms. Another said that a rich English lord had gone to Mayer's, and counted out bank-notes on the table before him until he told him to stop and take the picture.

Mr. Vanderbilt and Mr. Avery went down to By one morning to see Mme. Rosa Bonheur at her country place on the outskirts of the Forest of Fontainebleau. Her well-appointed trap met them at the station, and carried them to the house in time for luncheon. Mme. Bonheur poured out their wine for them herself, and they talked of the forest and the beautiful surroundings of her home. «Yes,» she said; «but I hear them cutting down trees in the forest sometimes, and every blow of the ax hurts my heart.» She had met Mr. August Belmont, and had received commissions from him to paint two pictures when he was United States minister at The Hague. She had told him that she was exceedingly busy and could not paint them very soon, and he had said: «How long must I wait? One year—two years? I am getting old, and I want them

soon.» She asked him how old he was, and when he said, «Seventy-one,» she replied, «That is my age, too.» So she shook hands with him, and told him she would paint the pictures for him at once. Mme. Bonheur related this incident to her visitors, and added: «Mr. Belmont is a great Democrat, is n't he? When will he be elected President of the United States?» She evidently thought his



DRAWN BY MENZEL.

chances were very good, but Mr. Vanderbilt told her he thought they were about as good as his own, and his he considered painfully small; so Mme. Bonheur was enlightened on American politics. «At this time,» says Mr. Avery, «she did not seem at all old. She had a refined, womanly face and a very sweet voice. Her temperament was bright and gay, and her manner charming.»

Gérôme writes in the album accompanying

a drawing, «A few strokes of the pen to remind Mr. Avery of the visit he made me at Bougival, with which attention I am much flattered, as well as to assure him of my many sympathies.» Munkacsy makes a formula sketch of himself, as a souvenir of Mr. Avery's first visit to him in Paris in 1878, and writes on another page, in New York in 1886, when he visited Mr. Avery. Jules LeFebvre, in 1878, accompanies a sketch of the figure in one of his pictures with the lines: «Good-by, Mignon! You are now safe in an asylum for which I have to thank Mr. Avery. Don't forget me!» Olivier Merson, in a simi-

FLAMENG.» «I shall be glad to be presented to the American public by Mr. Avery, and hope soon to seize this happy occasion,» is signed by the great artist Paul Baudry. He wrote amid the scaffoldings and ladders in the foyer of the opera-house, where he was at work on his famous ceilings; but events prevented him from painting the promised picture. After his seven years' work in the opera-house he went to Egypt to rest, and other great works taking his time afterward, the commission was never executed. «Here is my autograph,» says Madrazo, laconically, but he painted a portrait of Mr. Avery in oil



Bon Voyage Mr. Avery

t. Seymour Haden

Aug 28
1880

DRAWN AND WRITTEN BY SEYMOUR HADEN.

lar vein, in 1879, writes: «Adieu, my old sphinx. Au revoir, Mr. Avery.» Van Marcke, on July 4, 1876, writes: «I am very much pleased to have met Mr. Avery to-day. His visit coincides with a great day, the anniversary of America's independence. I congratulate him on that great event with a hearty shake of the hand.» «And it was Van Marcke who remembered the day,» says Mr. Avery, «for I had not mentioned it.» «I swear on this Spaniard's head,» writes Jules Worms, referring to his sketch in the book, «to do all in my power to please our excellent friend Mr. Avery.» «A knowing hand has Mr. Avery,» writes a celebrated painter and etcher, «for he places it upon the choicest things. His kind visit to my studio proves this—he deprives me of my unique proofs. Nevertheless, I remain his truly devoted L.

in one sitting that is a marvel. «Here is a souvenir of our young Vestal, who is to wake up in America next year,» writes Hector Leroux. And so on through the pages follow the messages and sentiments of half the celebrated painters in France—Corot, Daubigny, Millet, Cabanel, Bouguereau, Detaille, De Neuville, Dagnan-Bouveret, Vibert, Jules Jacquemart, Charles Muller, Hébert, Clairin, Berne-Bellecour, Jacquet, Boulanger, Ziem, and many more.

Amusing stories are told of Ziem, who lived in a house at the top of the rue Lepic on Montmartre. His house was his castle in the literal sense of the word. It was difficult to obtain admission, for the painter had an upper window out of which he always looked when the bell rang, and interrogated his would-be visitors. He had a basket which he let down



Sr Avery -
 Muy Sr mio:
 deseo de tener
 noticias de V. y sa-
 ber el parecer del cuadro ultimo que
 le remiti, aprovecho la ocasion para
 felicitarle el nuevo año y que sea
 para V. de prosperidad
 Siempre de V. le sa-
 luda su affme amigo Domingo
 Paris 17 Enero 1882

DRAWN AND WRITTEN BY DOMINGO.

by a cord to receive packages or messages, and he slept in a wonderful swinging-bed. His house was a veritable museum, illuminated Persian manuscripts being part of his collection. Some of these were worth thousands of francs, but it was impossible to persuade him to sell any of them. In place of a newel-post on his stairway stood the prow of

a gilded gondola, and, closely immured in his studio, he painted pictures of Venice, and bade defiance to all who came to disturb his peace. Georges Clairin had just come back from Algiers when Mr. Avery saw him in 1871, not long after the siege of Paris. He had brought with him Henri Regnault's dog and painting-

Mancie Leloir



ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

Mancie Leloir
Paris 1887



Quand ce petit commissionnaire
Aura sur la rive étrangère
É transporté tout ce chargement,
Espérons, si l'on est content,
Qu'il en viendra reprendre autant

DRAWN AND WRITTEN BY LOUIS LELOIR.

traps, and told how he and some other comrades, who were in the same company of the national guard with Regnault, went to the battle-field of Buzenval after the sortie from Paris, and turned over the fallen French soldiers by night trying to find the body of their friend. The way the bodies all lay, Clairin said, showed that they had fallen with their faces toward the Germans, and Regnault's was found like the rest.

Louis Leloir put a delightful water-color in the album, a porter in Henri Quatre costume, loaded with pictures and crossing the seas from France to America in seven-league



DRAWN AND WRITTEN BY M. RICO.

boots, besides an inscription in verse. Maurice Leloir, the talented brother of this lamented painter, has a line in the book too, but he has recently sent to Mr. Avery a present that the latter rightly values very highly. It is an édition de luxe of "The Sentimental Journey," and the artist has retouched all the black-and-white drawings, of which there are some hundreds in the book, with water-color, and has painted on the false title a beautiful little picture. A dedication expresses the kindly sentiments always felt by the artist and his brother, and testifies to their pleasant relations with Mr. Avery.

In 1880, when the trustees of the Metropolitan Museum wished to have a portrait painted of their president Mr. John Taylor

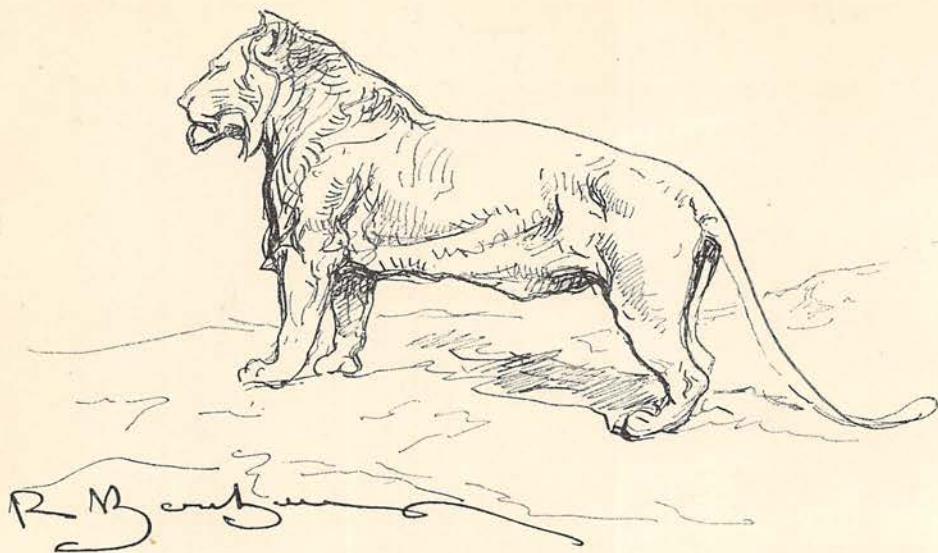
Johnston, Mr. Avery, on their behalf, called on Bonnat, whom they had selected as the artist, to give him the commission. M. Bonnat, however, at the mention of an order, expressed his regret that he could not possibly undertake to paint Mr. Johnston at the time, as he had so many important commissions on hand that he was obliged to have three different sittings every day, and to begin at seven o'clock in the morning, in order to get through his day's work: the Duc d'Aumale and other prominent men were among the sitters. But when it was explained to him that the portrait was to be for an American museum of art, the genial gentleman, who deservedly by his record and his attainments occupies the position of official head of the French school, said that that put a different face on the matter—that he would find time in spite of his overwhelming engagements; and he did.

While the preëminence of French art in the last thirty or forty years makes the contributions in Mr. Avery's book from the painters in and about Paris the most interesting, and these artists appear in his recollections as the chief figures, his relations with those in other places were close, and marked by many pleasant incidents. Madrazo, Domingo, Rico, Palmaroli, and Escosura, the Spaniards, were identified with Paris. So too was Castiglione, the Italian; Otto von Thoren, the Austrian; Gallait, the Belgian; Schreyer, the German; and Josef Israels, the Dutchman. "Rico made a charming little sketch in my book in no time," comments Mr. Avery, "for he happened to get it just as he was starting on a journey. He wrote, (I have no time for more, as the train leaves at eight.)" Under his clever sketch of an orchestra and choir Domingo indites his wishes for a happy New Year, and "greetings to you always from your faithful friend." Von Thoren writes a sentiment: "Though your subject be stupid, if you can render it with feeling it will make its mark." Israels says, "I have always much sympathy with America and its inhabitants." One day, when Mr. Avery and his wife were at the studio of Israels, Mrs. Avery asked him about a picture which she had seen and admired, giving its title as "The Widow." "Which widow can it be?" said the painter. "My dear madam, I have made so many widows, I cannot tell." When the picture was more fully described, he remembered it, and exclaimed: "Oh, yes, I know. That is one of my good widows."

Among the German and Austrian artists Mr. Avery counts many friends. In the album,



SKETCH BY DAGNAN-BOUVERET, FROM "UN ACCIDENT."



DRAWN BY ROSA BONHEUR.

among others, are the names of Menzel, Piloty, Meyer von Bremen, Knaus, Lindenschmidt, Diez, Gabriel Max, Löfftz, Carl Becker, Defregger, Munthe, Preyer, and Braith. Menzel tore a leaf from his sketch-book for the album. Defregger says, «Life is serious, art is gay.» Max writes, «Think very often of the beautiful Starenberg Lake,» on the borders of which he lived, and the picturesqueness of which he was anxious to have appreciated. He had a study in his house, in which he worked with great interest in comparative anatomy, dissecting monkeys and other animals, and enjoying a wide reputation in the scientific world. Piloty, Löfftz, Lindenschmidt, and others were painting in one of King Ludwig's splendid palaces. They talked of the mysteries of the place, and gave the difficulties of their work for the mad king as an excuse for not having finished pictures they had promised. Preyer, the still-life painter, once so famous for the downy surface of his peaches, is an interesting figure. He was a man of various attainments, much esteemed by his fellow-citizens in Düsseldorf, and had been mayor of the town. He was a dwarf not over three feet high, with curly hair and a great beard. He lived to be over eighty years of age, and had two children, a tall son and daughter. He sat in a high chair at the head of his table, and offered his hospitality with dignity, but sometimes after dinner, his wife, who was a woman of ordinary height, would lift him up bodily and set him on the mantel. He knew all the American painters who had studied at Düsseldorf,

such as Worthington Whittredge, Eastman Johnson, and Ehninger, and was much interested in all that concerned the United States.

Of course any one having to do with the purchase of pictures must know the London market, and though before our present fashion for English works of the earlier school not many pictures by British artists were bought by American amateurs, and though scarcely any by the Englishmen of to-day are brought over, there are some notable exceptions. Mr. Avery, for instance, gave Sir John Millais a commission for Mr. Vanderbilt. The picture he painted was «Lucia di Lammermoor and Edgar,» and the artist made it a condition of the order that the engraver should keep the canvas two years. It was delivered by the engraver at the end of that period, and Mr. Avery wrote to Sir John that he should like to show it to him, so that he might see if it was in perfect condition before its departure for New York. He found Millais working on portraits of Gladstone and Carlyle, and the talk turned on the traits of the two men. It appeared that Mr. Gladstone asked questions, and evinced a desire to learn about painting from the artist's point of view, and showed deference to his opinions. Carlyle, on the other hand, was very dogmatic, gave his opinions as final, thought there could be no question as to their validity, and also proved to be such an impatient sifter that the portrait had to be abandoned.

Millais, Holman Hunt, Nicol, and Seymour Haden are among the English names in the album, and that of George Cruikshank also



Presented to Mrs Sam^l. P. Avery by the Artist.
 George Cruikshank - on his 84th birth day Sept.
 27-1876.

appears. But Mr. Avery has a unique souvenir from the hand of the famous artist of «Punch,» in the form of a business card which the latter etched for him. Cruikshank made the plate when he was eighty-one years of age, and presented the original drawing to Mrs. Avery on his eighty-fourth birthday. The old gentleman remarked that he could make such

a card for a dealer in New York, but it would never do to perform the same service for one in London. I doubt, though, whether any London dealer has had such unique and pleasant experiences with the painters from whom he bought pictures, and so perhaps none would have been entitled to so great a favor.

William A. Coffin.

SLEEP AND GRIEF.

AH, if oblivion of sleep would last
 Through one short hour of wakefulness, that so
 The heart might rest a little while and know
 That it was resting! But, however fast

We may awaken, pain has still the start,
 And sits beside the bed, and overhangs
 The opening eyes, that it may sink its fangs
 In the first stirring of the tortured heart!

Charles Buxton Going.