

652. Broadway N.Y.
June 1st 1865.

My Dear Meyer,

It is so long since you and I have written each other that I am in some doubt if you will recognize either the hand, or the signature? -

I have thought of my duty, to you a great many times. - but as you perhaps know I have had a great deal upon my hands during the last year and half, and have had so many business letters to write, that my old friends have been neglected.

I was in Washington six months, I worked so incessantly upon my large canvas, that the result was a sickness after I got the picture on exhibition

which came near ending my
work in this world. - I was
attacked with dropsy of the
chest about 12 days after
I opened the picture to the
public. - was ²⁰ sick, ~~so~~
that I have not until quite
recently felt like painting
in earnest. I am now
hard at work again, however.

My extensive undertaking
is likely to turn out well,
though the picture is full
of faults. - It has been
very popular, is now in
Chicago. - It may get
around to Syracuse, one
of these days. -

With the knowledge I
have acquired, in studying
and painting it. I feel
that I could now take

up such a subject, and do
much better. It was no
"child's play" I assure you.

I wish you could have
known Mr Lincoln. - I remember
you had a great contempt
for him when I last visited
you. - but if you could
have seen him as I did, and
realized how simple he was
in his great position, how
little he was affected by
what people thought and said,
how earnest he was to do his
best for the country, - how
perfectly true to himself under
all circumstances, - never
affecting a dignity he did not
possess, or assuming to be any
thing but honestly, plain, common
sense, "Mr. Lincoln, of Springfield
Ill." - I believe if you could

have seen all this, you would
have come to have a sincere
respect for him. As Tennyson
says, "In his simplicity he was
sublime." — — Now that
he is gone, — people began to
appreciate, not only his great
tenderness of heart and ^{real} goodness
of nature, — but his sagacity,
and wisdom. —

The exhibition this year
is crowded with visitors as it
has never been. — The galleries
are too narrow, but on the whole
the building presents a fine
appearance. — The pictures 20:20,
— I have spent but little time
there, as yet, — and had no
time to go through the catalogue
carefully for you as of old
but I send you a catalogue
nevertheless. — Can't you
come down and see for yourself

We are living in our own house
296, West 45th St. and would
be very glad to see you and Mrs. Thayer
at any time. — With regards to him, — As of old —
yours, — Frank Carpenter

Friend

Honour Oct. 5th 1874.

My dear Thayer I do not think
my ordering the Golden Age sent
to you, an act worth half the
kind words you express, in return
- I hope you receive it regularly.
The editor is a very choice friend
of mine - He is the leading writer
on the Graphic - in addition to
editing the "Age" - By the way
I meant to have told you that the
sketch published of me a few weeks
since in the "Age" was as unexpected
and unknown before hand to me, as
to you. As a spontaneous thing it
was of course pleasant to me some
favourable words as an offset to the
abuse of the saint machines,

- I wrote to your friend Mrs.
Gardner, - after receiving your
last. - I am sorry for the delay, but
you know I am a bad correspondent.

Thayer I am in some trouble -
and I want to ask you to help
me, if you are willing to do so.

I have got to raise \$500. for
three months on my note, -

I have a portrait for Mrs Lyon
at Lyon's Falls nearly finished
for which I will get \$500 - and
shall have my whole length of
Lincoln done (for the State House)
within six weeks, - so that I
will be abundantly able to take
up the note when it falls due.

Now you have often spoken of
John Truesdell as a man of
good impulses, - It occurred
to me to write you to see for
me, if he would discount my
note, - I have no claim upon
him, but I think him a man
who will do this favor for
me, if he can, conveniently,

- it is a service I can appreciate
at this time especially. The
note will be promptly paid
when due, and I will pay
whatever discount is current.

At any rate speak to John
about it. and let me know,
- I owe some money. and the
parties have written for it -
which is the occasion of my
wanting this loan,

But do not trouble
yourself about it. - Only
you know we artists are
not business men to go
into the market and buy and
sell notes, etc, - Every favor
of this kind has in our cases
to be done as a favor, through
friendly interest. After this
fall. I have a prospect of smooth
sailing.

I will probably see you
some day this week. Wife
and Florence will probably
go to New York - for the purpose
of renting our house, to be gone
a week or two, and I will
accompany them as far as
Syracuse,

So "Incarnate Selfishness"
has returned to Brooklyn and
of course been received with
an ovation! In a certain
old book we read that "Upon a set
day Herod arrayed in royal apparel
sat upon his throne and made an oration
unto them,

And the people gave a shout and said
"It is the voice of a God, and not of a man!"

And immediately the angel of the Lord
smote him. x x x - and he was eaten of
worms, and gave up the ghost."

(Bible. Book of Acts, xii. chap.

Always sincerely yours
Frank B. Carpenter

146 West 40th St New York
Brooklyn, September, 19th 1884

My dear Thayer You will
be greatly surprised on getting
this letter to find we are all back
here in New York, - We returned
last Friday. I had promised
to be back on a certain day, and
made all my calculations, to go to
Syracuse Wednesday night and have the
visit I promised you, and had anticipated so
much myself - Late that afternoon, an acci-
dent happened which spoiled all my
plans; so I felt obliged to come back
the day I had set to be here, without
seeing you again. The truth is
I have had no time to visit this
season. - When I went to Homer
I had just agreed upon the sale
of my Emancipation. - It was
understood I was to put it in order
at once; so I went right to work
upon it - Some of my good
friends(?) upon learning of

my arrangement with my
real and noble friend Mrs.
Thompson through the unwise
and unsought publications
of the sale, tried to unsettle
her, and break the matter
up - They have not succeeded,
but of course I became
very anxious, and having
written her that I would be
back on ~~Thursday~~ or Friday,
I had to let the visit go
this year. We have not
made so short a stay in
Houma in many years.

I received your
letter about Miss Stins
and made inquiry, but
could not learn that any
such person lived now in
Houma. The postmaster
said he knew of no such
person. I remember

the painting by Greuze, in
the Historical Gallery well,
and would like much to see
Miss Stins' copy.

We came back Friday.
Saturday we commenced
moving back to our little
house in 45th st. - This
occupied Monday and Tuesday.

I am writing this under
my own roof. Of course
I have had no time to see
any body or anything yet.
I hear of nothing new in the
art world. I called at
Mrs Bullards, (where you
met Frank Moulton) night
before last, and met Theodore
Tilton, who returned last
week from his flying trip to
Europe. He was full of the art
he saw, as any artist, - was
gone about two months, and

saw a great deal, I said he
was treated with respect and
regard every where, never
once meeting with anything else.

He said he had heard since
his return that Page ~~was~~ is
quite sick.

Did I ever acknowledge
the receipt of the little book
you sent me, the poem
by Fanny Osgood? It was
a treat to me, I think I live
in the past more than in
the present, and I love to read
Mrs Child's letters, and the
incidents of 40 years ago
more than the incidents of
to day. - We have missed
our visit this year, but we
can make up in part by writing
often. I hope you are feeling better
and stronger, and are as much
dissatisfied as I am, that we
failed to meet. Kindest remembrances
to Fannie, and Albert, John, & wife,
and believe, ever the same.
Frank

Lucy's Portraits
146 West 40th St. New York

Dec. 19th - 1894.

My dear Thayer. I have scarcely
written a letter for weeks,
though hardly a day has passed
that I have not said to myself
"I must write to Thayer," But
this and that and the other
thing are constantly preventing
my doing as I ought to do. Why
I have not written my dear old
mother a line, I am ashamed
to say, since I returned from
Homer! - My large canvas
is here, and I am at work upon
it at the Derby gallery, 625
Broadway. where I can at
last see it ~~at~~ a distance,
I am going over it now for
the last time, and when I
get through I would like you
to see it. I believe at last
its great fault, at first, that

of defective perspective,
of the group, is entirely
obviated! For thirteen
years this work has been
on my heart and brain,
It will probably be the
only thing of my life
that will have an interest
hereafter, and of course
my whole concern has
been to make it as good
as I could execute, with
my limited capacity.

Do you know, I have
been so busy that I did not
even know of the death of Gray
till I got your letter! This
seems very strange, but so it
is. I sent you that paper
for its interview with Story
the sculptor, - never saw
the notice of Gray's death
at all, and I guess,

I was an astonished fellow
when your letter came, Why
I had met Gray in the street
only a few days before, looking
as well as ever! It appears
he died very suddenly, - an
attack of apoplexy if it is
said - and for some reason
the family wished nothing
printed about it, - The Sun
the only morning paper I see
usually - did not mention
his death, If it did I missed
it, and as I did not happen
to meet any one who knew,
he was buried before I
even heard of it, My studio
was over his at 1155, B. way,
for years, and I could not
forgive myself for not knowing
of the funeral, and attending it,
Poor Page, I fear is going
soon also, something like
paralysis, He has left

his studio, - is at his home
on Staten Island near Perth
Amboy, and goes about
moaning, incapable of fixing
his thought on any subject.

O'Donovan the sculptor, whom
I saw last week told me it
is feared he will not recover,
- that he has probably painted
his last picture, - Poor Page.
We can ill spare his art
love and enthusiasm, But
thus they go, one after another

Who would have thought you
would have outlived Gray,
Irving, and perhaps so many
others who seemed in so much
better health than you were
when you were last here?

O'Donovan, says there are
photographs of his bust of
Page. I will send you one
when I can get time to go to the
studio building to get it. He is
now modelling a bust of Tilton,
+ Mackaye, has "Wow at
Last!" - I have sent you
a number of notices of his play

Do you enjoy the Sunday Times, and
does it continue to go to you? If you
like the paper I will have it continued
to you. I hope you are improving in health
+ strength, ^{Regards to Nanby, Albert, Truesdale}
and wife, ever the same Frank

146 West 40th St.

New York March 8th 1878.

My dear Thayer

At last I

take up my pen to write to you; - I have had so many things on my mind this winter that few letters have been written; but now, ^{that} my little bark has safely shot the rapids, and come through safe and sound, I hope to get even with my correspondents.

And first I will take up your letters and answer the questions.

There was nothing scarcely published about Gray's death. It is said he died from an attack of apoplexy.

Benjamin's, book I have not yet seen, but mean to get it. Will write more about it after examination. I have not seen O'Donovan's book of Page yet, or the photographs.

of it. Will go down and get
one and enclose in this letter.
No, I have seen nothing of
Mrs. Elliott (that was,) nor
heard anything of her, have
not come across any more
photographs of noted artists.

Munkasey, I believe had
a picture on exhibition here
somewhere last winter, but I
did not see it. I went to
Schan's once to inquire about
Beloin's picture you liked
so much. - Was told, if I recollect
right that it had been packed
and I think sent back to Europe.
At any rate I have never seen
it since.

No, Tilton's poem
has never been published, (the
one we heard ^{read}) By the way
O'Donovan is making a
best of Tilton, which is
said to be very fine,

"Beatrice" went to Washington
a year or more ago. There
she made the acquaintance
of parties, who it was said sent
her to England. We have heard
of her playing once or twice
in London, but has made
no great impression I imagine.

With a good deal of talent, and
I have never changed my mind
about this she has not principle
or character enough to accomplish
anything. - Have never seen
or heard of "Mrs Godfrey," since.

I now and then meet Charley
Jenkins in the street, but have
not in a long time, neither Geo.
Clogg, whom I have lost sight
of entirely. Have never heard
but that Fisher is still living,
but have seen no portraits from
him in years. You say
Truesdell called upon Foster at
Rochester, and "put him to his triumphs"

Did he find out any thing new
about the modus operandi of
Foster? I would like to know
all about it. I have seen
nothing new of late, except I have
met several times Dr Buchanan
of Cincinnati who is a thinker
and philosopher, and writes
a good deal for the Banner of
Light. He is the strongest kind
of a believer in the spiritual
phenomena, etc, - a very interesting
man,

I suppose you have seen accounts
of the proceedings over the presentation
and acceptance of my large painting
"Everything went well, as I could
have asked. By the way can you
or Albert get me a copy of the
Syracuse Journal of Feb. 19th
containing a Washington letter about
the affair? I would like it to
put with other things of the kind in
a scrap-book. The picture has
been placed permanently in the very
place or panel I have always desired
for fourteen years. I have "Worship
at last," thank God, & Mrs. Thompson!

124 West 45th St. Nov 25th
1878.

My dear Thayer -

Mrs Thompson left for Washington the morning of Thanksgiving day. I went with her to the cars in Jersey City. On the ferry boat she said she wanted the December number of Appleton's Art Journal sent to you as she was annoyed to learn that when she ordered the Journal sent to you for a year three or four weeks ago, the clerk made the subscription to begin with the new volume, the first ^{month} of the coming year. She wanted you to have a number at once as a foretaste, and had spoken about it before. On the ferry boat she asked if I had sent it to you the December number and I said I had ordered it sent. Then she said, suddenly.

"I want Mr Thayer to paint
a couple of little pictures for
me, of trout. - one, of a
single trout, - on a
canvass by itself, the
other of a string of trout.
"tell him to make them little,
or any size, to suit himself,
and I will send him a hundred
dollars." Of course I
wish it was to be five hundred
dollars, but knowing how this
^{good} grand woman is beset from
all sides I was so overjoyed
and grateful for this little
order for you that I almost
got down on my knees to thank
her, - "Now" she said as I left
her in the car, "go right and
telegraph this to Mr Thayer -
this Thanksgiving morning."
And I gave her a hearty "God bless
you," and went straight to a

telegraph office and sent you
the despatch, which I hope
reached you in time to give
a relish to your ^{dinner, or} supper, - It
is not much, but I think I never
was more overjoyed and grateful,
for anything in my life, and
on an impulse went down
to the "little church round
the corner, and looked at
the fountain, where the little
birds were taking their morning
bath that morning when you and
I went there, There was service at
the church yesterday, and I went in
for a few moments, and listened to
the closing words of the good rector
who preaches there, and I am not
unwilling to say, I devoutly thanked
God for giving me the gift of the
friendship of this noble woman
Mrs Thompson - That such a
woman lives on the earth!!

Now she has gone to Washington to stay a month, perhaps longer.

This little streak of daylight for you, will not I am sure end here, there is no telling to what other order's, it may lead,

She knows Rawson through & through, and was displeased at his assumption that he could have prevailed her buying my painting, as you wrote "as easy as he could turn his hand over." It was not true, Nothing influenced her but her own heart, - and she has often said she never had such compensation from any thing in her life, as from this action in buying this painting, and she has repeatedly told me that no one she had ever met had brought so much sunshine and satisfaction to her, as I had done, which is the best tribute she could pay me, God forever bless her! Now do not let your tender heart be overcome by all this, It is simply a little ray of daylight for you in your days of darkness, Go right on and paint the pictures, as soon as you

feel able to do so, and she will send you the money as soon as they are completed, and God grant this may lead to something much better. (I think the price in her mind was what you wrote you got for the fish picture you painted for Mr Mann, lately) so she ordered two, similar pictures) only she wishes trout.)

Do not think you "bore" me as you say when you pour out your innermost soul. I deeply sympathise with you in all your deprivations and trials, and get no letters I am more glad to get than yours. Never allow yourself again to think you are deserted or forsaken or alone in your hunger and thirst of spirit. - You are one of a band scattered here and there, I think

I never knew a more wholly
artist nature than yours. How
you fed my soul, in those early days
of our acquaintance, Can I ever forget
how good and kind you were to the
crude former boy who sought you
out, to show him how to become an artist.
We are different in many ways, but I
can never tell you how in many ways
my very soul bows before you in
reverence and affection. I have
never known a person more honest at
heart than you are, with a deeper
devotion to the true and the beautiful as
you know it! - I often feel ashamed
of myself in contrast with you,
But God helps us all, for I am very
sure there is a God, when I know
such people as you, and Mrs -
Thompson, I will keep "The
story of a Waltz" for a few days. I
want to get it copied if I can. It is
very touching. I met the author
Offenbach, the ^{musician} composer, when he
was in this country three or four
years ago. With much love to
Nanny and Albert as ever
most faithfully Frank -

London p. 6

124 West 45th St New York.
Middle of the night, Nov 28th 1879.
My beloved Thinger,

I can't sleep, and so I have
dressed myself partly, and seated
myself to write to you, whom I have
neglected so long. First of all, let
me say that I have recovered
"Zimmer's Lost Waltz" (Not
Zimmerman, as you write it)

I sent over to Edinburg by a
friend last Summer, with a
request to overhaul the files of
the paper till the story was found.
My friend lately returned to America
and to my great delight brought the
North British Advertiser & Ladies Journal
of October 26th 1878, containing the
"Lost Waltz." I was as much
delighted to recover it as though
I had been the original composer of
the music, or Offenbach, (who wrote
the story,) himself. I had written

to my daughter Florence to try & get me a copy of the paper containing the story, but not knowing the date she could not find it. When Offenbach was in this country, I met him one evening, at a reception given him by the Press Club. Had I seen this story at that time, I would have asked him about poor Zimmer, for I have no doubt it is a true story. Next week the story will be copied into The American Art Journal, and will then be read by other artists, and be permanently preserved in American type. I would never have rested easy, until I had recovered this story, for it is one of the most touching stories I ever read, Poor Zimmer! I will send you the Art Journal containing the story, as soon as it is out.

This evening Augusta and I

went to call upon Mrs. Thompson, and I read her your letter, enclosed to me. It was all right. She is not with us this winter, but is keeping house by herself in a very modest way in a few rooms, near us. With all her peculiarities, she is after all the best person favored with money I have ever known.

She did not make much of any comment upon your letter, and I do not know whether she will renew the subscription to the Art Journal or not. If not, bless her for sending it to you for a year, say I. I will at last enclose with this a photograph of her, which does not do her justice, but which is perhaps the best taken of her.

She is a very noble looking woman, full of good impulses, but not governed by principle in her benevolence. She acts upon impulse almost

wholly, and the result is sometimes
good, sometimes not good,

Well, she has been a most noble friend
to me, and I say "God bless her,"

You ask me "what I think of Bennetts
correspondence with his outside lover,"

What do you mean? I do not know,
Do you mean James Gordon Bennett?
I have seen nothing of the kind, Please
explain, Your friend confounded
Huntington with Hunt. There
has been an exhibition of Hunt's
pictures since his death, in Boston,
There has been no exhibition of
Huntington's works, I never saw
a picture by Hunt that I liked,
You would not have liked his
work, Powell died very poor
His daughter Anna has just
followed him, She lived with him
and was devoted to him, which
shows that there was something good
in poor Powell, I was at the
funeral of Powell, He was

one of the most conceited men I ever knew, but had a great deal of talent. He drank hard, and was very selfish, but who is not? Surely it is not for me to cast a stone at him on this account. I have not yet

been in search of Lizzie Elliott Renter, but I mean to go as soon as I can find time. It is quite a long journey over there you know.

You are curious to know what are the "outside matters" which I have taken up. Well, last summer I accidentally struck a man who has been for years in search of a solution which will render all kinds of woven fabrics, water and moth proof. He has at last hit it, and it is likely to be of great commercial value. He put the whole matter into my hands, to get him up a stock company. I became convinced

of the value of the invention, It is invisible to the eye and imperceptible to the smell, You cannot see that it impairs the lustre or texture of the finest silk velvet, silks, satins, broadcloth, furs, leather, kid gloves, etc, etc, and yet all these fabrics, treated with this solution become absolutely water and moth proof.

The inventor found that though I was a poor devil of an artist that I knew a good many good business men, and he finally proposed to me to get him up a stock company, for placing the invention upon the market.

The first man I went for was Hon Hugh McCulloch Lincoln's Secretary of the Treasury, - I succeeded in getting him sufficiently interested to consent to become the

President of the Company to be formed. The rest was easy. I have gotten up, a company, which every one who knows any thing about such matters says, is as good a company as could be gotten up, in this city, to utilize this invention, which is secure by patents in United States, Canada, and Europe.

It looks as though it was a most promising business enterprise. Every body who knows about it congratulates me, etc, etc. We have taken two or three months to make the most thorough chemical investigation into the character of the solution, and the result is that all our hopes are proved and justified.

It really looks now,

This is an important letter —
as if I had struck "it."
If I have, you will be one
of the first to realize the fact,
I have learned to day that
Prof Doremus, who has been
conducting the investigation,
pronounces the invention on
discovery, a perfect success,
and your former boy pupil
of 1845, is the chap. who
has gotten up the company,
of Bankers, and Business men
to put this invention on the
market! But after all,
I do not forget that There
is "many a slip, between the
cup, and the lip," If it turns
out well I shall be glad.
If it flashes in the pan, it
will be like many other promising
things, Have I not written
you a good long letter?
And all because I could not
sleep? — As ever, Frank,

~~124 West 45th St~~

146 West 40th St.

April 19th 1880

My dear Thayer

Two papers from you to day. one enclosing an article about a new water proof discovery, and a question "Is this yours?" Yes, it is ours.

My dear old master and friend. do not lay up any hard feelings because I have not written to you. I have hardly spent a day in my studio since I struck this "water proof." Have been working it up, and it now looks as though we were going to make a great success of it.

But "there is many a slip between the cup and the lip" And I have hardly dared to believe there was to be a success for me in this

world, but perhaps there
is. We will soon see. A
public exhibition of the
Waterproof invention will be
given about the 1st of May.
After that I hope to get back
to work in my studio.

Baker is gone! In losing
him we have lost the best
painter of ladies and children
America has yet produced
in my judgment. The artists
were all at the funeral, but
only Vincent Colyer and myself
of them all followed his
remains to the grave, and stood
beside it while the earth was
filled in over them!

Such is life! The popular
artist sickens and dies. A half
column in the newspapers
a public funeral, and only two
brother artists follow his remains

to their last resting place!
Baker, Kensett, Elliott,
Leutze, the Mounts,
Gray, Powers, all
gone! Of the older
men, Durand, Huntington
Wier, ~~W~~ Cropsey, & Hicks
only remain.

I have not had time
or rather have not taken time
to go to the exhibition, since
the opening night. I believe
the judgment is that it is
not an improvement on
former exhibitions. A new
generation of painters has
come up. I do not know one
in ten of them. The
school at the Academy is full
the Cooper Union school is full
and the Art League has many
members. As many women as
men in all these, all thinking

that some day they will be
enrolled among the great!

Fond delusion, I shall
not awaken any one from
the dream!

I have not forgotten you all
these months, Your letters (un
answered) are lying before me.
I fail to see so strong a resemblance
to Willis, in the photo, you sent
as you do. though there is a
resemblance. I send you
back the letter from your
minister friend, Clark. He is
one of us, surely, I meant to
have written him, a letter of thanks
for his appreciation of you. Give
him my kind regards when next you
see him. Tell him I have
no sketches, being a portrait painter
but I will be glad to send him a copy of the
engraving of my head of Lincoln. Since
I commenced this letter I have been reading
over your letters. They are just like you,
I wish you would write every day, or week
at least. Never mind about answers.

world, but perhaps there
is. We will soon see. A
public exhibition of the
Waterproof invention will be
given about the 1st of May.
After that I hope to get back
to work in my studio.

Baker is gone! In losing
him we have lost the best
painter of ladies and children
America has yet produced
in my judgment. The artists
were all at the funeral, but
only Vincent Colyer and myself
of them all followed his
remains to the grave, and stood
beside it while the earth was
filled in over them!

Such is life! The popular
artist sickens and dies. A half
column in the newspapers
a public funeral, and only two
brother artists follow his remains

to their last resting place!

Baker, Kensett, Elliott,
Srentz, the Mounts,
Gray, Powers, all
gone! Of the older
men, Durand, Huntington
Wier, ~~the~~ Cropsey, & Hicks
only remain.

I have not had time
or rather have not taken time
to go to the exhibition, since
the opening night. I believe
the judgment is that it is
not an improvement on
former exhibitions. A new
generation of painters has
come up. I do not know one
in ten of them. The
school at the Academy is full
the Cooper Union school is full
and the Art League has many
members. As many women as
men in all these, all thinking

that some day they will be
enrolled among the great!

Fond delusion, I shall
not awaken any one from
the dream!

I have not forgotten you all
these months. Your letters (un
answered) are lying before me

I fail to see so strong a resemblance
to Willis, in the photo, you sent
as you do. Though there is a
resemblance.

I send you
back the letter from your
minister friend, Clark. He is
one of us, surely. I meant to
have written him, a letter of thanks
for his appreciation of you. Give
him my kind regards when next you
see him.

Tell him I have
no sketches, being a portrait painter
but I will be glad to send him a copy of the
engraving of my head of Lincoln. Since
I commenced this letter I have been reading
over your letters. They are just like you,
I wish you would write every day, or week
at least. Never mind about answers.

[April 24, 1880?] 2

Saturday evening

So far I had written, late
on the evening of the 19th
and went to bed with my letter
unfinished. To day I
spent a little time in the
exhibition. It is not up
to many former exhibitions
How I ~~do~~ miss Elliott
Baker, and Gray's work.
Who can ^{ever} take the places
of such as these?

Thayer, if I get any
money next month so that
I can do so I am going
to send for you to come
down here again. You
are going to outlive your
whole generation of artists
after all, poorly as you
have been at times, I would
not wonder if you outlived
me! If I can only make

some money one of the
first things I want to do is
to give you some orders.

I have often been
self reproached for not
writing to you. But I
have not written even to my
mother. This "waterproof"
came in my way, and I
have been bound to make
the most of it so I
have temporarily let it
go. If an artist could
only be independent of
patronage or circumstances,
and paint when moved to
paint such subjects as
he liked then art would
be a delightful profession

Two questions occur
to me that I have not answered
First, "Have I seen any
more of Munkars's work
since the "Wrestler's Challenge"?"

No, I have not, though
a fine work of his has lately
been added to the Lenox
gallery, "Millon, dictating
to his daughters," and I hope
to see it soon. Second,
"Do I know Jay Charlton
who formerly wrote for Danbury
News?" Yes, his real
name is J. C. Goldsmith. He
has long been connected with
the Herald and makes up the
column each day headed
"Parsonal Intelligence" in which
are almost always some funny
things. Do you not remember the
letter he wrote about me to the
Danbury News several years

ago.² I think it likely you have it in your Scrap Book.

His letters in the "News" were always interesting. He was Oakley Hall's secretary, when Hall was mayor, then for a while Editor of Franklin's Illustrated paper, and finally was engaged on the Herald.

Did Richards send you the Academy catalogue, for this exhibition? If not let me know and I will send one.

Baker was very much out of health for a long time.

Poverty of the blood, I think doctors called his disease, with Rheumatism. Our Florence, came home just after New Years and spent three months. She returned to

Europe week before last. Now whenever you feel like it write to me, With kind regards to Mamma and Albert, as ever faithfully
Frank.