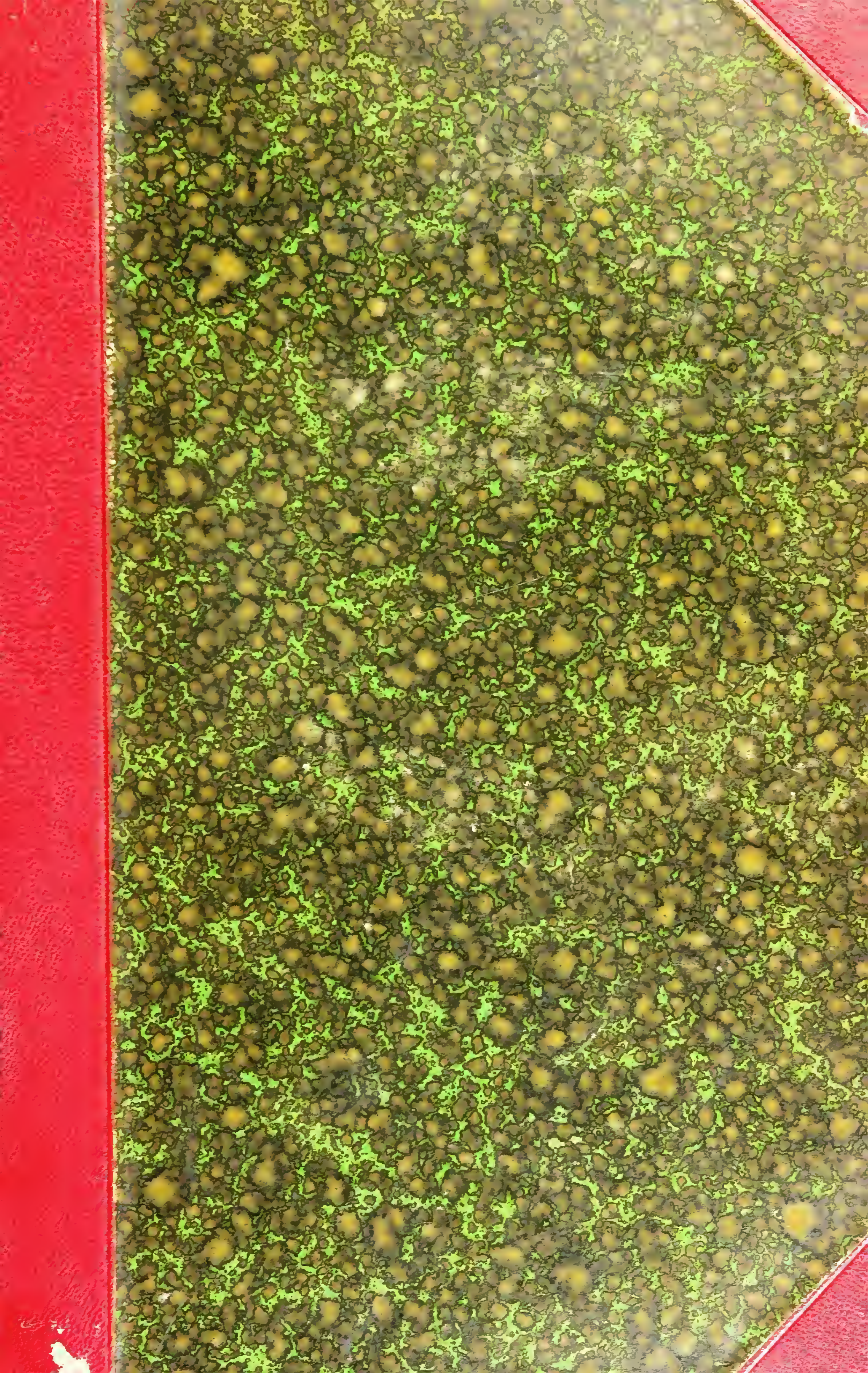

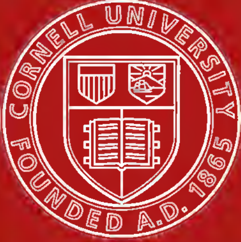

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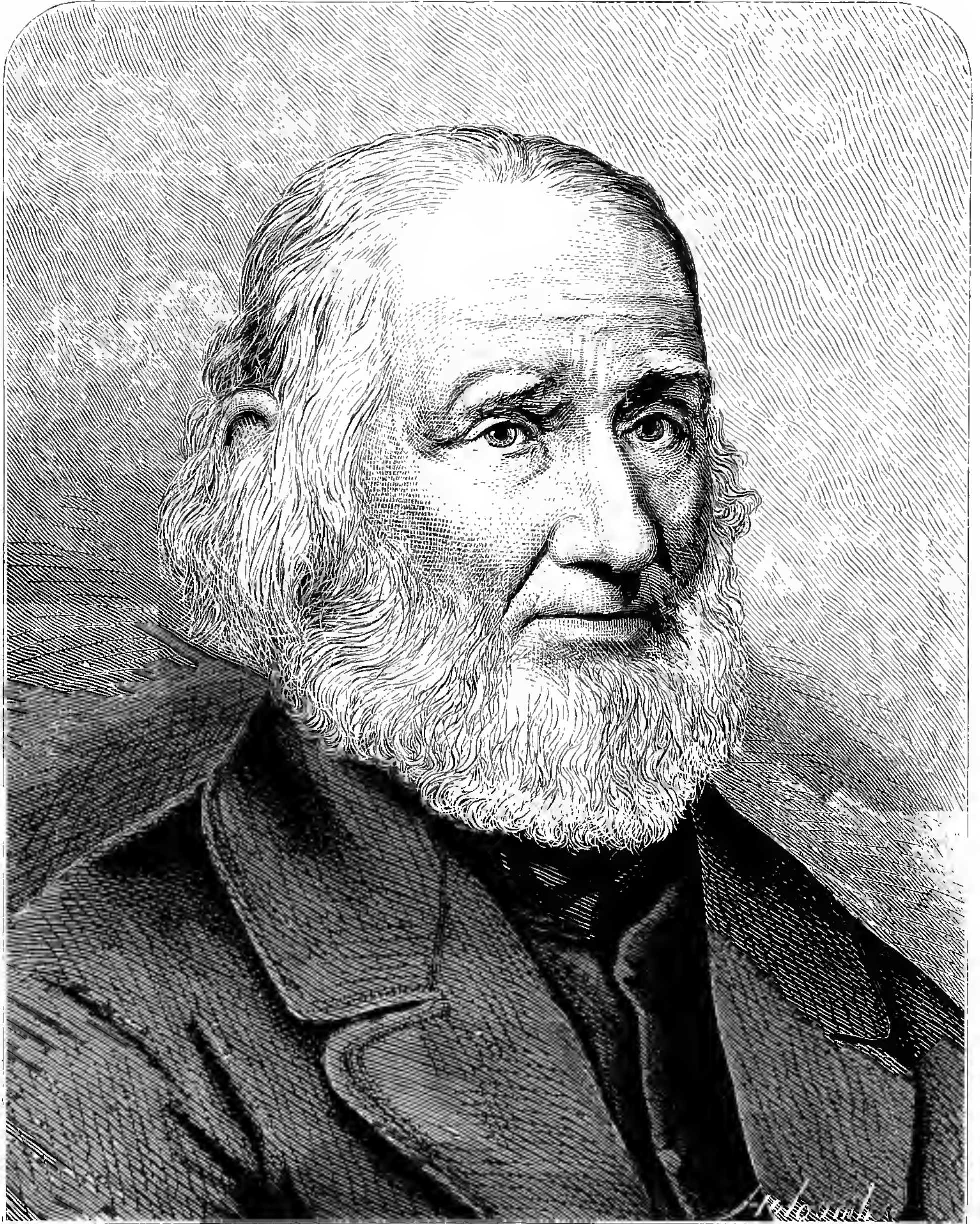


I.

MEMORIAL

OF

ALEXANDER ANDERSON, M.D.

A

MEMORIAL

OF

ALEXANDER ANDERSON, M.D.,

THE

First Engraver on Wood in America.

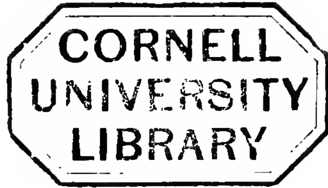
READ BEFORE THE NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, OCT., 5. 1870.

BY

BENSON J. LOSSING.

NEW YORK:
PRINTED FOR THE SUBSCRIBERS:
1872.

A. 6272.



NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee, held at the Library, on Tuesday evening, February 1, 1870,

"Mr. MOORE offered the following resolution which was adopted:

"*Resolved*, That BENSON J. LOSSING, Esq., be requested to prepare and read before the Society a paper on *The Life of the late Dr.* ALEXANDER ANDERSON, *and the History of Wood Engraving in this Country.*"

Extract from the Minutes.

GEORGE H. MOORE,
Secretary.

At a meeting of the New York Historical Society, held in its Hall, on Tuesday evening, October 5th, 1870,

"Mr. BENSON J. LOSSING read the paper of the evening on '*The late Dr.* ALEXANDER ANDERSON, *the First Engraver on Wood, in America, with a Brief History of the Art.*'"

"On its conclusion, Mr. ERASTUS C. BENEDICT, after some remarks, submitted the following resolution which was adopted:

"*Resolved*, That the thanks of the Society be presented to Mr. LOSSING for his able and highly interesting paper read this evening, and that a copy be requested for the archives of the Society."

Extract from the Minutes.

ANDREW WARNER,
Recording Secretary.

PREFACE.

This Memoir was written, as the proceedings of the New York Historical Society, herewith printed, indicate, at the request of the Executive Committee of that society.

It was prepared with care from materials gathered from the Pioneer himself, from his daughter (Mrs. Lewis) and her son, and from and by other friends, to all of whom I offer thanks.

In a special manner I acknowledge my obligations to Evert A. Duyckinck, Esq., for the eminent assistance which he has given me from the beginning: in furnishing materials for the Memoir, such as notices of early New York booksellers and their publications; in procuring wood-cuts by Dr. Anderson to illustrate the work; and in other services essential to the success of the undertaking.

In behalf of the New York Historical Society I here acknowledge these obligations to the artists and others, mentioned in the Appendix, Number II, who have kindly contributed engravings for this memorial record.

B. J. L.

MEMOIR.

Mr. President—

Ladies and Gentlemen:

I come at the bidding of this Society to participate with you in the rendering of honor to the memory of a venerable associate, whom it was my privilege to love as a personal friend and fellow-craftsman for the space of thirty years.

The eulogist of the late Horace Binney, Jr., says:

"It is not often that the judgment of a man's life and character by the world agrees with that of his intimate friends. By the world, success in life is too often measured by results which strike most forcibly the popular imagination; it means a large fortune, a brilliant professional reputation, opportunities eagerly sought and adroitly taken advantage of for gaining prominent public positions. To his friends, on the other hand, a man may be most endeared and best remembered by

qualities of which the world knows nothing, or at least best knows them only as they are seen in the perfect symmetry of his life."

These thoughts may be fitly indulged in the contemplation of the life of him whose memory we honor this evening, and who, for eighty years, skilfully practised among us the art of Wood Engraving, which plays so conspicuous a part in modern civilization; but who was so modest, even to timidity, that he was personally known to only a few loving friends. For many years authors and publishers, whose productions he had illustrated by his pencil and graver, supposed he was no longer among the living. His name is indicated by an asterisk, as of one among the dead, in the last printed catalogue of Columbia College, in this city (of whose medical classes he was a graduate), issued while he was living within an hour's distance of that institution.

Before considering the character of our friend, I will, in compliance with the official request of this Society, take a necessarily brief historic view of the art of wood engraving.

Thirty centuries ago a wise man said, "there is no new thing under the sun;" and our egotism is rebuked by the admitted fact that most of the discoveries of our day are but rediscoveries of

knowledge in ancient times—the revival of lost arts.

Our accepted chronology, tested by Art alone, appears absurd. In the Egyptian collections of this Society you may see a seal ring of pure gold, as exquisitely wrought as any workman of to-day could do it, and which bears evidence, Egyptologists say, that it was made six hundred years before Pharaoh placed his signet ring upon Joseph's hand. That carries us back to the first patriarch after the flood, according to our chronology. But the workmanship of that ring indicates that it must have been the result of centuries of growth in the art, and makes us readily believe that Manetho was right in declaring that 5,000 years before the birth of Christ, Egypt was full of light and knowledge. As with seal engraving so it may have been with other arts. The arts of Wood Engraving and its daughter, Printing, may have been practised in that Golden Age of the world about which the old poets sung, in greater perfection than we know them.

The connected history of what is known of wood engraving as an illustrative art covers but a brief space of time—a little more than four hundred years. The art appeared in Europe immediately precedent to and suggestive of print-

ing, as we know it. We are allowed only a few glances at undoubted antecedents of the art at an earlier date. The first of these was the Stamp, made of raised or sunken letters or signs, with which to impress softer substances. In the Egyptian collections of this Society you may see a sun-dried brick of Nile mud, on which was so impressed the monogram of the Pharaoh who exalted Joseph. That is doubtless one of the oldest specimens extant of the art of seal engraving, which Moses suppressed in the Wilderness, because it kept in remembrance the idolatrous uses of hieroglyphs, the picture language of the Egyptian priesthood.

Similar stamps, from which impressions were made on paper by inking the faces, were used by emperors, princes, and popes of Rome, in the earlier centuries of our era, to affix their signatures to documents. This led to a revival of the use of the seal. The Italian merchants, and those of Western Europe afterward, used similar stamps for printing their trade-marks; and these signs or monograms were often placed upon their monuments, or in memorial windows in churches.

These marks, which were common in the fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, bear a strong resemblance to ancient Runic monograms

from which they may have been originally derived.

Playing-cards were introduced into Europe from the East, by the Crusaders, and were extensively manufactured in Italy, France, and Germany, in the fourteenth century. The stamps suggested to the card-makers the printing of the figures of King, Queen, Knave, and Jack, which hȧd been produced by the slower process of drawing. This was the first known use of wood engraving, as an illustrative art, in Europe; for the popular story of the earlier art-exploits of the Cunio twin-children, of Ravenna, is regarded as a pure fiction.[1] But there seems to be positive proof that wood engraving, as an illustrative art, and block print-

[1] Papillon, in his "Traité de la Gravure en Bois" gives an account of certain old wood engravings which he professes to have seen, and which it was recorded, were engraved by "Alexander Alberic Cunio, *Knight*, and Isabella Cunio, his twin sister, and finished by them when they were only sixteen years of age." The time given is that of Pope Honorius the Fourth, between the years 1285 and 1287. It is said that there were eight pictures representing scenes in the life of Alexander the Great. The size was "nine inches wide and six inches high." Connected with a description of these engravings is a florid and romantic account of the surprising beauty and accomplishments of the maiden — the early death of herself and lover, and the extraordinary heroism of the brother when only fourteen years of age. The whole story is regarded as a French romance.

ing, were practised in China at least four hundred years earlier. And that was fifteen centuries after Confucius, the Chinese sage, deplored the degeneracy of his people, and tried to revive the more ancient civilization which he extolled, when these arts may have flourished in far greater perfection.

The Church denounced playing cards as "books of Satan." The printing of them appears to have led the monks, some of whom were artists, especially those of the German races, to the production of engravings on wood, of saints and sacred buildings. Of this character is an interesting wood engraving which since its discovery by Baron Heineken in 1769, has been generally accredited as the earliest specimen of the art extant. It is a picture in outline, of large dimensions, representing St. Christopher carrying the child Jesus on his back across a river at night, by the light of a lantern held by a hermit. I have made a careful fac-simile of it, the exact size of the original,[1] and now present it to the Society. The original was found by Baron Heineken pasted on the inside of the cover of a manuscript volume in the Monastery of Buxheim, near Memmingen,

[1] It is of folio size, being eleven and a quarter inches high and eight and one-eighth inches wide.

in Suabia, and is now in the library of Earl Spencer, in England. It bears the date of 1423. It is impossible to determine whether it was printed on a machine, or by the pressure of a burnisher as the wood engravers now take India proofs of their work.

From the time of the appearance of the St. Christopher until the publishing of block-books, say twenty years later, single figures of saints and some compositions became quite numerous. The block-books were composed of entire pages of words and pictures, each engraved on a single block, and having the appearance of the stereotype plate of our day. They were fully illustrated by elaborate compositions drawn and engraved in outline like the St. Christopher. Who was the discoverer of this almost unfolded germ of the art of modern printing is not certainly known.

The picture was produced by the combined skill of the wood engraver and card colorer. The engraved portions given in my fac simile, were produced in dark coloring matter similar to printer's ink, after which the impression seems to have been colored by means of a stencil plate. Under the picture are the following lines, in Latin:

"Each day that thou the likeness of St. Christopher shall see,
That day no frightful form of death shall make an end of thee."

This is in allusion to a popular superstition, common at that period in all Roman Catholic countries which induced people to believe that on the day on which they should see a figure or image of St. Christopher, they should not meet with a violent death, nor die without confession. As a talisman, a little silver image of St. Christopher was sometimes worn upon the breast.

I have before me an impression of a St. Christopher of the same design, which is in the Royal Library at Paris. For a long time it was supposed to be a duplicate of that in the possession of Earl Spencer. But a comparison shows it to be an inferior engraving on another block — probably a copy.

The date when this St. Christopher was produced, has been a subject of discussion among antiquaries. Its comparative excellence in execution and superiority to the wood-cuts of the following half century, which have been preserved, seems to render it probable that it was the work of a later date. On this and other accounts its date has been questioned by more than one writer on the subject. Henry F. Holt, an ingenious English antiquary, in a paper in "Notes and Queries" in September, 1868, has sought to get over the difficulty by supposing the artist no other

than Albert Dürer, who copied the date from an earlier legend. For various reasons he assigns the engraving to the last quarter of the century. It should be remembered, however, when considering comparative excellence, that long after Dürer's time there was no artist capable of producing an engraving equal to that great master. Might not the artist who produced the St. Christopher been without a rival during the next half century after its date of 1423? M. Duplessis, an eminent French authority, in his recently published "Merveilles de la Gravure," of which an English translation has lately appeared, recognizes two other wood engravings bearing the still earlier dates of 1418, and 1406.

Movable or single types soon followed the appearance of the block-books. These were invented by John Güttenberg, a citizen of now desolated Strasbourg, in the year 1437, when the pretty Anna of Iserin Thure had sharpened his wits by prosecuting him for a breach of promise of marriage. Others assisted him in bringing the invention into practical use. It was the *conception* of Güttenberg, the *money* of John Faust, and *ingenuity* of Peter Schöffer, Faust's son-in-law, which developed in great perfection the art of printing in its modern form, in or about the year 1452.

2

Then wood engraving as an illustrative art, and type-cutting, became distinct pursuits; yet they always have worked, and forever will work, as allies and auxiliaries. Then metal types superseded the wooden ones, and printing was done by a machine — a press — which varied but little in the principle of its construction during three hundred years. Whether the block-books were printed with a press, there is no certain evidence.

Now, wood engraving in connection with printing became a most useful and honored art, and painters of the highest eminence, like Michael Wolgemüth, Albert Dürer, his pupil, and Burgmair, Dürer's pupil, were constantly making the most careful drawings on wood, engraving them with skill, and in every way promulgating and promoting the beautiful art. Chromo-typography, or printing in colors from wood blocks, was introduced as early as 1457, when an initial letter appeared in a Psalter, printed in red and blue ink, in imitation of the illuminations in manuscript books. Toward the close of the century the principle was adopted in the production of pictures, made by blending neutralized tints. This was first effected by Carpi in Rome, by the use of well-registered blocks, in printing; and in the 16th and 17th centuries, the pencils of Raphael,

Parmegiano, Titian, Rubens and others, were employed with wood-engravers in the production of such pictures.

Until the appearance of the Nuremberg Chronicle, in 1493, which was largely illustrated by Wolgemüth, all wood engravings were done in outline. Afterward Dürer used the art most extensively and effectively. He introduced fine effects of light and shadow together with the most perfect and delicate drawing; and he may be justly regarded as the father of wood engraving as it is known in our day. He carried engraving, both on wood and metal, to a perfection which has scarcely been excelled. There are about two hundred wood engravings extant bearing the monogram of Dürer. Of these the most remarkable may be found in the "Triumphal Procession of Maximilian," Emperor of Germany, under whom Dürer was court painter.

There were several eminent engravers on wood in the 16th century, among whom Holbein the Swiss painter, Amman of Zurich, Stimmer of Schaffhausen, and Cesare Vecellio, a younger brother of Titian, were most conspicuous. The remarkable series of pictnres known as "The Dance of Death," designed by Holbein, were first engraved on wood, and present some of the finest specimens

of the art. The engraving, also, has been generally attributed to Holbein, but it now seems to be conceded that they were executed by Hans Lützelburger, a Swiss wood engraver, who lived about 1520–40, and who engraved some fine illustrations of the Old Testament, aud a portrait of Erasmus.

The "Dance of Death,"[1] appeared in a small quarto volume at Lyons in 1538, which has recently been reproduced in fac simile by the photolithographic process, and issued in the first of the publications of the Holbein Society of England. The peculiar excellence of the original engravings is said to defy exact imitation. The series in the well known work on the general subject by Douce,

[1] The subject of "The Dance of Death" employed the skill of the artist before Holbein's time. A "Dance of Death" was painted in the cloisters of the church of the Innocents, at Paris, which was imitated in the cloisters of St. Paul's, in London, in the reign of Henry the Sixth. Another series with the same title, was painted on the wall of a kind of court-house attached to the Dominicans at Basle, in Switzerland, and is said to have owed its origin to a plague that ravaged that city during the time of a great council from 1431 to 1448, when persons of almost all ranks, whom the council had brought together, perished by the scourge. In the same city was a painting of the same subject on the walls of the cloisters of a nunnery, executed in 1312, or about two hundred years before Holbein, a native of that city, used the pencil. Holbein's drawings of "The Dance of Death" were made with a pen, and slightly shaded. They are now in the royal collection at St. Petersburg.

published by Pickering in 1833, has been well executed by Bonner.

There were also, in the 17th century, a few wood engravers who approach Dürer and Lützelburger in excellence, such as Van Sichem, Eckman, and Jergher. The last engraved some masterly pieces from the designs and under the direction of Rubens, early in the 17th century, and later the French family of Papillon produced several good practitioners of the art.

But from the time of Dürer — the early part of the 16th century — when the commotions produced by the German Reformers convulsed Europe, the art of wood engraving, so young and promising, declined; and during a period of two hundred years nothing equal to what Dürer had done appeared. The art never fell into absolute disuse, but for reasons inexplicable it was so neglected that at the middle of the last century it had, as a rule, degenerated into an inferiority below that of the block-books printed three hundred years before.

A second Dürer then appeared, in the person of Thomas Bewick, son of a poor collier living near Newcastle-upon-Tyne, in England. There Thomas was born in 1753. At an early age he became a skilful designer, draughtsman, and en-

graver on wood, and in the use of his three-fold talent he made pictures that were then marvels in the xylographic art. In the year 1775, when he was twenty-two years of age, he received a premium of seven guineas from the Society for the Encouragement of Arts and Manufactures, for an engraving of a huntsman and hound, which was first printed in an edition of Gay's Fables, in 1779.

Bewick soon carried the art to that perfection seen in his British Birds, in which his "Woodcock" presents a specimen which has never been surpassed, if equalled. He did not revive a lost or forgotten art. It was alive, but degraded. He practised it, with a full appreciation of its own marvellous capabilities, and not in imitation of another. He did not seek to show mere mechanical skill in elaborate cross-hatching and the sketchy style of etching which belong to metal engravings, and which, a few years ago, under the influence of draughtsmen who could not comprehend its powers, threatened to bring it into disrepute. He was faithful to its inexorable requirements, and achieved for it legitimate victories, which, happily, have been repeated within the last few years by the French and Belgian engravers of Doré's drawings on wood. These have fully vindicated the character of wood engraving

as a fine art of unrivalled potency in the work of moral and intellectual culture and the advancement of civilization.

In the same year when Bewick received his premium, the wife of a Scotchman and printer living near Beekman's Slip, in New York, gave birth to a son who was afterward justly called the "Bewick of America." That son was Dr. Alexander Anderson, our late venerable associate. He was born on the 21st of April, 1775, or two days after the skirmish on the "Green" at Lexington. He lived until the 17th of last January, the one hundred and sixty-fourth anniversary of the birth of Franklin, at whose death Anderson, then a lad of fourteen years, engraved on copper a rude portrait of the sage, made some impressions on a press of his own construction, and sold them to the booksellers.

The father of Dr. Anderson was a near neighbor and social and political friend of Isaac Sears—"King Sears," as he was called—one of the most zealous of the "Sons of Liberty" in New York during the excitements which preceded the breaking out of the old war for Independence. Anderson printed many of the hand-bills calling political meetings around the Liberty Pole, in "The Fields" now City Hall Park; and, in 1775 he commenced

the publication of a semi-weekly newspaper, entitled "The Constitutional Gazette" (of which this Society has a file), in opposition to Rivington's "New York Gazetteer." It heartily espoused the cause of the colonists, and was as heartily denounced by the Loyalists or Tories, who spoke of the publisher as "John Anderson, the Rebel." Long years afterward one of these, who was also a Scotchman, said to Dr. Anderson, "I knew your

Dr. Anderson's father.

From a drawing by Dr. Anderson.

father well. A line at the head of his paper read, 'Printed by John Anderson, Beekman's slip:

Price two Coppers;' and these were the only words of truth in it."

In 1776 Anderson reprinted twenty-seven numbers of the English "Crisis" that gave to Thomas Paine the hint and title of his "American Crisis," which was so potential in bringing the colonists to a declaration of independence. Paine's "Common Sense," of which 100,000 copies were sold, had already produced a profound sensation, in both hemispheres, and had opened a way. The reprint of the British "Crisis" accelerated the movement, and the "American Crisis" completed it.

Anderson also printed, in small pamphlet form, the first edition of the satirical poem entitled "The Voyage to Boston," by Philip Freneau, the young Bard of the Revolution. These and other publications offensive to the Loyalists, made Anderson a conspicuous mark for the thunderbolts of British wrath. When in the Autumn of 1776 the British army, victorious in the battle of Long Island, was menacing New York city with capture, he prudently packed the contents of his printing office and his household goods into wagons, and with his family began his flight toward Westchester County, along the Kingsbridge road, now Chatham Street, the Bowery, Fourth Avenue, a part of Broadway, and the Bloomingdale road. He had

just escaped the pickets of the British army, then crossing the East River from Newtown, at Kip's Bay (now 34th street), and gained the high ground at Fort Washington (now Washington Heights), then held by the Americans, when his wagons were seized for the use of the Patriot army. Their contents were thrown out, and Anderson's books and papers were used by the garrison at Fort Washington in making cartridges.

Dr. Anderson's Mother.

From a drawing by Dr. Anderson.

The fugitive printer finally reached Greenwich, in Connecticut, where friends of his wife — a New

England woman — were living. Only a remnant of his property was saved. His paper money soon deteriorated to worthlessness, and he was ruined in fortune. The roof of kind friends sheltered his wife and two infant boys, and he entered the military service as captain of a sort of scouts on the Neutral Ground. After peace was declared, he returned to this city and resumed the business of printing, but not of publishing.

According to a brief autobiography written by Dr. Anderson in the seventy-third year of his age, his taste for Art was first developed by his mother, who amused her children during winter evenings by drawing faces, animals, and flowers, with a pen and dissolved indigo, when ink could not be obtained. She appears to have been a woman of rare excellence and strength of character. She was the early and thorough educator of her children, and by example and precept inspired them with the loftiest moral and religious sentiments. She was a devout member of the Church of England; and in his earlier manhood our late associate was a regular communicant in Trinity Church in this city.

Young Anderson's first evidence of his own critical discernment, was when, at the age of four or five years, he looked upon the rude pictures on

Dutch tiles around a fire-place, with feelings of mingled curiosity and disgust. Some type ornaments saved from the wreck of the printing office, delighted him. In a letter written to me a few years ago, he said, "I recollect being allowed an occasional peep at a considerable pile of prints, such as were issued from the London shops, among which were Hogarth's illustrations of the careers of the *Idle and Industrious Apprentices,* which made a strong impression on my mind. These prints determined my destiny."

On his return to New York, Anderson's father hired a house in Murray Street, near the Greenwich road (now Greenwich Street); and nearly opposite was a boarding house kept by Mistress Day a woman of powerful physical frame and an ardent Whig in politics. Dr. Anderson related to me an incident of his experience in connection with that boarding house on the morning of the day on which the British troops evacuated this city — the 25th of November, 1783. At sunrise Mrs. Day ran up the American flag upon a staff at the gable of her house fronting the Greenwich road. Cunningham, the notorious British provost-marshal, heard of it, and sent a subaltern to order the lowering of the flag, for he claimed that the British had the right of possession until twelve

o'clock at noon. Mrs. Day refused to lower it. A little while afterward, young Anderson, then between eight and nine years of age, sitting in the porch of his father's house, saw a stout, red-faced man in scarlet coat, buff waistcoat and breeches, a well-powdered wig, and a cocked hat — a British officer in full uniform — walking rapidly down Murray street. It was Cunningham, full of pomp and wrath. Mrs. Day was standing in her door with a broom in her hand. With rough voice, that carried with it an insult and a menace, the provost-marshal ordered her to haul down the flag. She refused, and defied him. He seized the halliards to pull it down himself, when Mrs. Day beat his head vigorously with her broom-stick. "The powder flew from his wig," said Anderson, "and in the bright sun appeared like the nimbus of a saint around the head of the big sinner." Mrs. Day triumphed, Cunningham beat a retreat, and the stars and stripes continued to float defiantly over the Day castle.

Young Anderson was soon afterward a pupil in a school where he learned a little Greek and more Latin. He retained a knowledge of the latter, and all through life he was fond of reading it. I remember visiting him just after the assassination of President Lincoln, in 1865, when I

found him reading in the original Cicero's Fourth Oration against Cataline, in which the consul pleaded for the vigorous punishment of the conspirators against the life of the Republic, as a mercy to the state.

While in school, young Anderson indulged much in copying engravings with India ink. How the engravings were made was a mystery to him until, through the kindness of a school-fellow who had access to Chambers's Cyclopedia, edited by Dr. Rees, he learned the particulars of the process of production. He at once procured some small copper plates, made of cents rolled out for him by Burger, a silversmith, and on these, with a graver made of the back-spring of a pocket-knife, he began the practice of the engraver's art when he was twelve years of age, or eighty-three years before his death. "I did a head of Paul Jones," he says in his autobiography, "and pleased was I when I got an impression with red oil-paint, in a rude rolling press which I had constructed"—the same used by him two or three years later in taking impressions of his engraving of the head of Franklin. Afterward a blacksmith made him some tools, when he cut some small ships and houses, on type-metal, and sold them at the newspaper offices. In this way he earned some money,

and as only one other person was then engaged in the same employment in New York, he began to feel, as he said, "of some consequence."

Young Anderson wished to make engraving his life-profession. His father did not approve his choice and it was determined that he should be a physician. So, at the age of fourteen years, he reluctantly left his workshop in his father's garret, and entered, as a student of medicine, the office of Dr. Joseph Young, who had been a surgeon in the Continental army, under Doctor Cochran, a brother-in-law of General Schuyler. That step was taken on the first of May, 1789, or the day after the inauguration of Washington as the first President of the Republic — a ceremony which young Anderson witnessed.

Dr. Young was so kind-hearted and amiable, that his pupil soon became reconciled to his fate, and was a most attentive student for five years. These were years of hard labor for brain and muscle, for at that time the student compounded all the medicines, delivered them to the patients, and sometimes administered them. During his studies Anderson also continued to engrave for his own gratification and profit. He soon became so famous that he had almost daily employment in the art. He practised it in every form, from

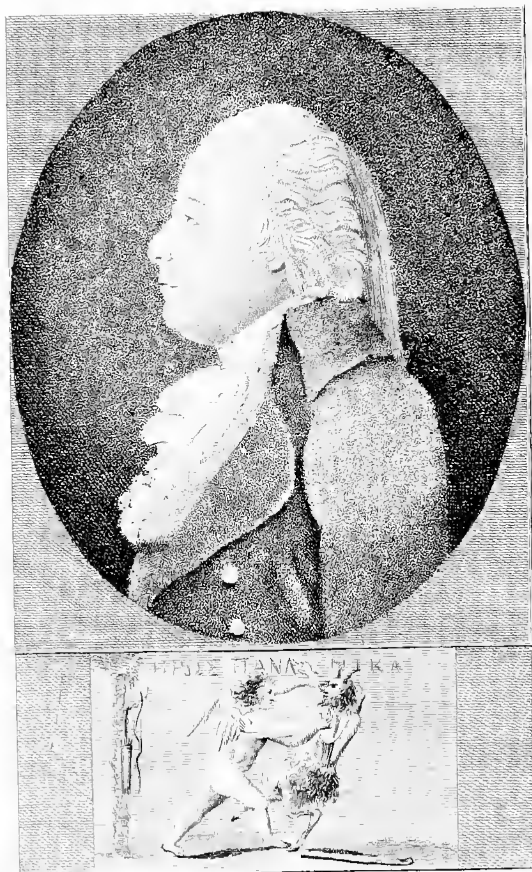
the lettering of silver-ware jewellery, dog collars, mathematical instruments and cane heads, to maps

Joseph Young, M.D.

From a drawing by Dr. Anderson.

and elaborate pictorial illustrations for books; also labels, and all sorts of objects for merchants' cards and newspapers. He became so expert in engraving letters that he was employed for that purpose by other engravers, when he was only eighteen years of age.

In 1794, two years before his graduation, the eminent Doctor Samuel L. Mitchill employed Anderson in designing and engraving a Commencement Ticket for Columbia College. He also engraved in the spring of 1795, on copper, a book-plate, for the library of that institution, for which the artist wrote in his Diary, Brockholst Living-



J. C. Weaver del *J. S.*

MITCHILL.

ston paid him £2 8*s*. Mitchill fully appreciated his genius and kindly nature, and on every occasion gave him his confidence, encouragement and sincere friendship. In his Diary for January 26, 1796, Anderson wrote: "Dr. Mitchill detained me in his room [after the chemical lecture at the College] till near one o'clock, overhauling Montfaucon's Antiquities. He wishes me to delineate a *Cupid* wrestling with and overcoming *Pan* —allegorical of the power of Love over chaotic nature." This he did the next day. It appears as an ornament for an early portrait of Dr. Mitchill drawn by Weaver,[1] and engraved on copper by Scoles,[2] whom Anderson often mentions in his diary.

With the earnings of his art labors while he was a physician's apprentice, he partly clothed himself and paid the fees for four courses of medical lectures given by Doctors Bard, William Pitt Smith,

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[1] Weaver was an Englishman, who painted portraits in oil, mostly on tin. Dunlap says they were as hard, and as "cutting in the outline, as that metal." He painted a portrait of Alexander Hamilton for Dr. Hosack, which attracted much attention as an excellent likeness. Hosack exchanged it with Colonel Trumbull, who, it is said, destroyed it.

[2] A relative of Dr. Mitchill has kindly allowed the use of the engraving on which Dr. Anderson's design is given, for the illustration of this Memoir.

Hosack, Hammersly, Bayley and others; a course in Natural History and Chemistry by Dr. Mitchill; another on Physics and Mechanics by Dr. Kemp; some lectures on Law by Professor (late chancellor) Kent,[1] and his instructions in French in an

This Ticket admits Mr.
Alexander Anderson to the
Course of Lectures on Na=
=tural History and Chemis=
=try; begun in Columbia
College 30th July 1792.—
Sam L Mitchill Professor.

FAC-SIMILE OF TICKET OF ADMISSION TO MITCHILL'S LECTURES.

evening school.[2] On the 14th of January, 1793, entered his name in the Album of Columbia Col-

[1] The ticket of admission to these lectures was designed and beautifully engraved by young Anderson, when he was between seventeen and eighteen years of age. A compass lay upon a table, on the rim of which were the words *Fidem non derogat error*. Over this was an olive branch supporting a staff, around which a serpent was entwined.

[2] At that time the French Revolution was making a very deep impression on the public mind in this country, and gave

lege as a student of medicine. Without this matriculation no certificate that he had attended the lectures in that institution would have been given.

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tone and intensity to the energies of a new party in opposition to the Federalists or supporters of our new national government, who called themselves Republicans, and were led by Mr. Jefferson. The Republicans warmly sympathized with the French Democrats, and received with open arms, Citizen Genet, who was sent hither as ambassador of the French Republic formed after the death of the French Monarch. The seeming co-patriotism of the American and French Republicans produced great enthusiasm here, and under the inspiration of that enthusiasm, young Anderson, then eighteen years of age, was impelled in common with a large number of young men, to study the French language. In his Diary under date of August 7, 1793, he wrote:

"At twelve o'clock the arrival of Citizen Genet was announced by the ringing of bells. I went down to the Battery and saw him land under a discharge of cannon. A procession was formed and proceeded to the Coffee-house, where an address was presented to him by the committee appointed for that purpose." On the following day he wrote: "At 12, went to Broadway, opposite Trinity Church, where a multitude was assembled, and heard an address delivered by Colonel Troup [Federalist] on the advantages of a state of neutrality; after which several resolves were passed expressing their approbation of the President's [Washington] conduct, &c., amidst the general assent and shouts of the peeple." The President had issued a proclamation declaring the neutrality of our government in regard to the affairs of France, which offended the Republicans. Anderson afterwards records tumultuous gatherings at the Coffee-house, collisions between French and English seamen in port, and exciting political meetings.

Young Anderson's Diary shows that his life while a student of medicine, was one of most extraordinary activity and usefulness. Between the age of seventeen and nineteen years, his character appears to have been fully developed. His tastes were most delicate. Profane or obscene language shocked and disgusted him. Every day was crowded with a variety of useful employments, and not one was marked by frivolity. Yet they were not days of wearing labor, but were enlivened by many recreations, the chief of which was the variety of his duties and the enjoyment of them. During that period he was a diligent student of medicine, and he was an industrious compounder and distributor of remedies for Dr. Young, his preceptor. He also practised the healing art among his friends and the poor, when occasion required. His daily reading was extensive and varied. It comprised the Scriptures, and the subjects of Medicine, Surgery, Chemistry, Natural Philosophy, Natural History, Theology, Biography, History, Travels, General Sciences, Belles-lettres, Mechanics and Fiction. He was a close attendant upon the lectures at the College and the Services of the Protestant Episcopal Church in which he was a communicant. He loved and studied music, and played the violin daily. He also

studied Greek, Arithmetic and Stenography, and, as we have seen, also studied French. He was a devoted son and often acted as clerk and accountant for his father who was then an Auctioneer and kept a variety of articles for sale in a shop in Wall street. He was a loving minister to the wants and enjoyments of his mother,[1] and a gallant beau among his feminine friends. He speaks of the care with which his hair was tied with a ribbon; and in the summer of 1793, he was slightly touched by Cupid's arrow. "After lecture" he wrote in his Diary, "went with my brother and Cousin Katy on the Battery—cannot altogether approve of this employment on Sundays when I review my thoughts during that time. The walk

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[1] His Diary abounds in records of attention to his Mother. He accompanied her to church, on every visit, to tea with friends, and on rides and walks for amusement. Ice-cream was first introduced in New York by a Frenchman, in the Summer of 1794, according to a statement once made by the veteran journalist, Mordecai M. Noah. In his Diary for June 25th, of that year, Anderson wrote: "I proposed to mama to walk to Corré's to take a glass of ice-cream by way of experiment. She assented, and I saw the pleasure this mark of attention gave her. We each took a glass (1s. each) and found it a very delicious refreshment for warm weather. While we were there, some French officers came capering in upon the same errand. Mama was much diverted at hearing one of them exclaim, that it was 'good for Hell.' Corré's place was called 'the ice-house.'"

was very much crowded. Saw Miss E. Hall with Borrowe (sail-maker). I was irresistibly attracted towards her—irresistibly do I say? I laughed at myself and began to think I must put an end to these feelings and not endeavor to persuade myself I was in love. Implored divine protection and guidance." At about this time he became a rhymer. In the same month when he encountered the danger on the Battery, his first composition in print, appeared. It was entitled "An authentic, surprising and wonderful Account of the unaccountable Old Man in the Highlands of Harlem Flats," which he calls, in his Diary "a ridiculous jumble."

Young Anderson and his brother (then a handsome young law student who was also a lover and practitioner of art) were affectionate companions at home and in long walks together. He speaks of strolling out to the hills near the Collect (just east of the present Centre Market) to enjoy "rural prospects," and of shooting snipe at Corlaer's Hook, now the foot of Grand Street at the East River. He took excursions to Hoboken and to Brooklyn and beyond; and in 1794, he was a volunteer with many others in building fortifications on Governor's Island in the harbor of New York. He went on scientific excursions with Dr. Mitchill

and others, and attended many surgical operations at the Hospital, where he was always a keen observer of methods.[1]

During all this time, young Anderson was engaged daily in the art of Engraving, of which he was passionately fond. For a long time he carried his tools and type-metal on which he engraved, in his pocket, until he fell down stairs one day and was severely injured by his gravers. He was now very expert, and produced pictures with amazing facility not only with his graver, but with his pencil. Before he was eighteen years of age he was employed by all the printers and publishers in New York, and by persons up the North River, in

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[1] A single entry of this year, of the date of the month of August, furnishes a characteristic accouut of Anderson's occupations for a single day: "20th, morning, sharpen'd my tools—stitched up a small book for the Dr.'s little negro—went to Scoles and got another seal to cut—from that to the Doctor's—went to market a little after and took home some fruit—cast the metal for the seal and returned by 10—went with the Dr. to dress the boy at Buchanan's—took medicine to Dav. Johnson's and Mrs. Hunter's child—returning call'd at Birdsall's and engag'd with his partner to engrave 2 cuts for 10*s*.—Din'd at the Doctor's—after that came home and cast 2 type metal plates—call'd at Louis Jones, he having sent for me. Bought 12lbs type metal at Durell's for 9*s*.—returned to the shop about 4—at 5, went to Dr. Smith's Lecture—return'd and drank tea at which my Brother bore us company—play'd on the violin a few tunes with him—read in Cavallo—came away at nine.

New Jersey, Philadelphia, and remote Charleston. He used copper and type-metal, until 1794, for until that time he was ignorant of the use of box-wood, its substitute, on which Bewick had achieved such wonderful triumphs. But early in that year he was favored with the perusal of a sketch of Bewick's life and works, and also a sight of his marvellous illustrations of birds and quadrupeds. He received therefrom, a new revelation. He successfully tried experiments with box-wood; and the first mention of its use for gain, in his Diary, is under the date of the 25th of June, 1793, when he engraved a tobacco stamp. A few days afterward, he agreed to engrave on wood one hundred geometrical figures for S. Campbell, a New York bookseller, for fifty cents each, Campbell finding the wood. This was procured from Ruthven, a maker of carpenter's tools, who at first charged three cents a piece for the blocks, but finally asked four cents. Campbell, Anderson says, "was not well pleased, but concluded he must give him that."

It was more than a year after that before Anderson ventured to engrave elaborate pictures on wood, excepting in the way of experiments. He had engraved on type-metal for William Durell, a leading bookseller, about one third of the illustrations for "The Looking Glass for the Mind,"

VII.

VIII.

after Bewick's cuts, when he felt satisfied that he could do them better on box wood, and in September, 1794, he attempted one of them, on the new material. In his Diary on the 24th of that month he wrote; concerning a drawing on that material: "This morning I was quite discouraged on seeing a crack in the box-wood. Employed as usual at the Doctor's. Came home to dinner, glued the wood and began again with fresh hopes of producing a good wood engraving." On the 25th he wrote: "This morning rose at 5 o'clock—took a little walk — engraved. Employed during the chief part of the forenoon in taking out medicine. Came home after dinner and finished the wooden cut. Was pretty well satisfied with the impression and so was Durell. Desired the turner to prepare the other 24." After overcoming some difficulties, the young artist was delighted to find a more pleasant material than type-metal for engraving on, and it was not long before he abandoned the use of the latter altogether. And so it was that late in 1794, when he was between nineteen and twenty years of age,[1] Alexander Anderson-

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[1] Another edition of "The Looking Glass for the Mind" was published by David Longworth in the year 1800. In a prefatory advertisement, the publisher calls attention to the fact that "our native American genius and artist, Dr. Alexander An-

son became *the first engraver on wood in America*—the pioneer in the beautiful and useful art.

Before this time Young Anderson had numbered among his chief employers, the following leading publishers: William Durell, Evert Duyckinck, S. Campbell, Hugh Gaine, Bunce & Co., Bissett, Buel, Harrison and Brower, of New York; Philip Freneau and Wood of New Jersey; John Babcock of Hartford (afterward of New Haven, where his son, Sidney Babcock yet [1870] carries on the business), and Davis, a young printer at Bloomingdale, who, in after years, printed the first edition of Irving's "History of New York, by Diedrich Knickerbocker." For Durell, he had already engraved a large number of illustrations for books, on copper and type-metal. He became an extensive reprinter of English works, small and great, from toy-books to a folio edition of the works of Josephus, and

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derson, executed the cuts for this edition all on wood," adding that "if they do not equal Mr. Bewick's, whose productions in that line have justly gained him so great a reputation, and are mentioned by the reviewers in England with an applause so highly merited—yet, when the numerous opportunities there afforded to the man of genius for improvement, and for the want of which he languishes here, are considered, it must be admitted that Dr. Anderson's merit falls little short of Mr. Bewick's excellence." A copy of this now rare publication is in the possession of our fellow member of the Historical Society, Mr. Charles C. Moreau, to whom we are indebted for its use.

more than a hundred volumes of the British Classics. He employed Anderson to reproduce the pictures in these works, and they were done with great skill considering his opportunities.

For Hugh Gaine, the eminent journalist before and during the Revolution, he engraved on type-metal illustrations of "The Pilgrim's Progress;" for Brower, cuts for "Tom Thumb's Folio;" for Harrison, pictures for a "Book of Fables;" for Babcock, "15 cuts for 50 shillings:" for Reid, Campbell and Wood, portraits and cuts for their separate editions of "Dilworth's Spelling Book;" and in February, 1795, he began engraving the cuts for an edition of "Webster's Spelling Book," for Bunce and Co. He finished the first cut on the last day of that month. For Philip Freneau, the notable bard of the Revolution, he engraved cuts for a Primer. Under the date of June 12, 1794, he made the following interesting record:

"Mr. Freneau came again. He had forgotten my parents. Upon their reminding him of some circumstances which occurred seventeen years ago, much joy was caused. He drank tea, and gave in a few words a sketch of his life since my father printed the 'Voyage to Boston' for him. Upon the commencement of hostilities, he said, being averse to entering the army, and be knocked in the

head, he went to the West Indies and followed the sea for fourteen years, and several times sailed out of this port. He next went to Philadelphia and was engaged in conducting the 'National Gazette' for two years, but finding it a very expensive and troublesome employment, he retired to his farm on Middletown Point, New Jersey, where he has built a printing house, and now spends his time in printing and farming. His first appearance does not bespeak great genius; but the proof of it is, that he composed the 'Voyage to Boston' when he was seventeen years of age."

In 1792, a folio volume was published in New York which, as a typographical undertaking, was an affair of great magnitude for its day, and as an illustrated work, rude in some respects as was the execution of the engravings, was the most important yet attempted in that city. This was an edition of Maynard's Josephus, "embellished with upwards of sixty beautiful engravings taken from original drawings of Messrs Metz, Stoddard and Corbould, members of the Royal Academy, and engraved by American Artists. Printed and sold by William Durell at his bookstore and Printing Office, No. 19 Queen [now Pearl] street, near the Fly Market." The engravings were on copper by C. Tiebout, Tisdale, Rollinson, J. Allen, A. Doo-

little of New Haven, B. Tanner, and Alexander Anderson.[1] The latter was then only seventeen years of age. A list of subscribers' names was printed at the close of the volume. Among them appear John Jacob Astor, Governor George Clinton, Benjamin Foster, pastor of the First Baptist Church, New York, Thomas Greenleaf the printer, Dr. John Mc Knight, minister of the Presbyterian church, Dr. John Onderdonk, John Pintard, Colonel Ebenezer Stevens, and generally the solid men of the time, of New York, New Jersey and Connecticut.

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[1] CORNELIUS TIEBOUT was very little older than young Anderson. He was a native of New York city, and began engraving on copper while yet an apprentice with Burger, a silversmith. He engraved several heads for Dunlap, the painter, in 1794, to illustrate his "German Theatre," and in 1796, went to England for instruction—the first American Engraver who did so. On his return he settled in Philadelphia and engraved for Matthew Carey. He died in Kentucky.

E. TISDALE was also a miniature-painter. He was a native of New England and then quite young. He designed and engraved the illustrations of "The Echo," by Richard Alsop and Theodore Dwight, published in 1807. He also made designs for an edition of Trumbull's "M'Fingal," He wrote a political Satire called "The Gerrymander," and made designs for it. At one time he was a member of a firm of engravers of bank notes, in Hartford, known as "The Graphic Company."

Of ROLLINSON, very little is known. He was one of the oldest of the engravers here mentioned. Dunlap acknowledges

Anderson studied Bewick closely, and he imitated his style faithfully, for he perceived in it the true spirit of wood engraving. During his long practice of the art he was never tempted to depart from it. Fine examples of his style may be found in forty illustrations of Shakespeare's plays engraved by him, from designs by T. H. Matteson, when he was in the 77th year of his age. The volume was issued by Cooledge & Brother, of this city, then the publishers of Webster's "Elementary Spelling-Book" which Anderson, as we have here observed, had first illustrated more than fifty years before, and of which, with his pictures, almost 50,000,000 copies have been sold. And the last

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the receipt of information from him, but gives no sketch of his career. ALLEN appears to have been an amateur engraver. AMOS DOOLITTLE was then a middle aged man. He was a soldier, for a short time, in the old war for Independence, and engraved four pictures representing the skirmishes at Lexington and Concord in 1775, two days before Dr. Anderson was born. The drawings were by Earl, a painter, who made them on the theatre of the events. The engraving of the Skirmish at Lexington, was Doolittle's first attempt at the art in that form, and was next to the first regular historical print published in America, which was Paul Revere's "Boston Massacre" in 1770. Doolittle died in 1832, at the age of 78 years.

B. TANNER was a native of New York, and a pupil of Cornelius Tiebout. He engraved for the publishers a long time, and became an extensive map publisher. "Tanner's Atlas" was a standard work for many years.

IX.

X.

XI.

fond of playing the violin; and he recorded, with evident delight, that a "clever old wench, belonging to the Vanderbilt family, borrowed for me a violin from one of the neighbors. This afforded a very acceptable amusement." Having procured a copy of "Scott's Elocution" "reading this, walking and fiddling," he says, "filled up the remainder of the day." Disappointment came. The violin was taken away that night; so, the next morning, sighing for the loss of "one source of amusement," he wrote a poetical epistle to his mother, in Hudibrastic style and measure, descriptive of his journey and adventures, closing with the postscript:

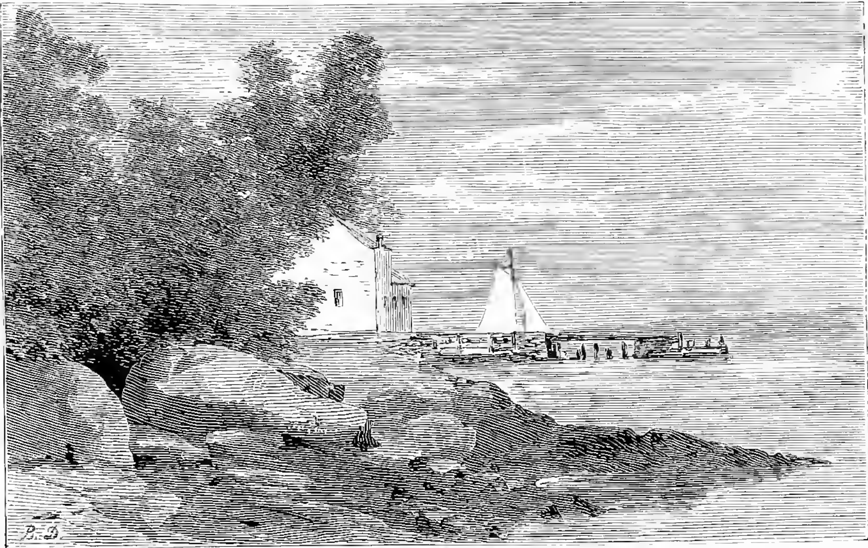
> "A draught inclosed I send, that you
> My present residence may view."

Then he took a long stroll, "almost to the Narrows," and was for some hours lost in the woods. He left for Brooklyn, in the stage wagon, the next morning, with only one fellow-passenger — a strolling exhibitor of the wonders of the magic-lantern. It was July — the height of "the season" for sea-bathers; yet Vanderbilt appears to have had no other guests. Sea-side charges were then somewhat less than now. Anderson's entire expenses at Vanderbilt's, for two days and a half, were two dollars and a quarter.

Soon after this the yellow fever prevailed in New York City as an epidemic, and our young doctor, then twenty years of age, was employed, at a salary of twenty shillings a day, by the Health Commissioners, as Resident Physician at Bellevue Hospital, on the East River, then more than three miles from the city, whither patients were sent in the last stages of the disease. He was taken out by Dr. Smith, who introduced him to the family there, and the patients.

It may not be uninteresting here to mention the constituents of the entire family at Bellevue, at that time, as given by Dr. Anderson in a letter to his brother, to whom he wrote every day and sent his letters by the sail-boat which brought the patients to the hospital.[1] "Our family," he says, "consists of the steward and his wife, old Daddy the gardener, a white and a black nurse, a black

[1] The hospital boat that conveyed the sick by water from the city to Bellevue, was managed by a colored man and two assistants. In his Diary under date of the 30th of August, 1795—a few days after he was installed physician at the hospital—he wrote, after mentioning the arrival of two sick girls: "I could not help contrasting the characters of the boatmen who are appointed to convey the sick here, with that of the hearsemen. I was pleased to see the care and attention of the former in helping the poor girls from the boat, and the "God bless you" which they left with them, but the other fellows seemed to glory in a disregard to feeling and delicacy.



XII.

man, Mulatto Jim the oysterman, 3 dogs, a lop-sided cat, a community of hogs, a flock of chickens, and a pair of cows, and all fulfil their stations with tolerable propriety."

Although Anderson was a witness of more than one hundred deaths by the disease, and assisted at post-mortem examinations, he escaped the epidemic. He remained there from August until November. A large portion of the time he was the only physician, and he had at one period between thirty and forty patients under treatment; yet he found leisure to walk, read, engrave a little, play on the violin, at which he was expert, make drawings in the neighborhood,[1] write poetical paraphrases of the Scriptures and poetical epistles to his mother, and withstand and moderate the stormy wife of the steward who too often indulged in strong drink. Dr. Bard and others highly commended his professional skill and attention, and he was offered the post of physician to the New

[1] He made a beautiful sketch, in water colors, of the wharf at Bellevue at which the patients were landed. The picture forms one of the illustrations of this Memoir. We are indebted to Mr. C. Parsons, the chief of Harper & Brothers' Art Department, for the copying of it upon the wood, and to Mr. C. B. Dolge, of the same department for the engraving of it. These gentlemen have kindly made these services their contribution to this Memorial of the pioneer wood-engraver.

York Dispensary, at a salary of $1,000 a year, which he declined.[1]

The following year (1796) Anderson was a graduate of the medical class of Columbia College (the eighteenth), with Dr. Saltonstall, and received the degree of Medical Doctor. The subject of his graduation thesis was "Chronic Mania." The late Dr. Francis informed me that the doctrine of that thesis, then first promulgated in due form, has ever since been accepted by the Medical Faculty as correct.[2]

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[1] The following is copied from Dr. Anderson's register of patients under treatment for the epidemic yellow fever at Bellevue, from the 24th of August until the 11th of November, 1795:

"There were 238 entered, of whom 99 were cured and 137 died.

"171 males, 67 females. Males cured, 65, died 106. Females cured, 34, died 33.

"16 were blacks and mulattoes, of whom 3 died.

"4 were Swedes—all died.

"5 were Welch—3 died.

"3 were Italians, 1 died.

"The remaining part were chiefly English, Irish and Scotch."

Anderson was assisted during some portion of the time, by Drs. Johnson and M'Farlane.

[2] In his Diary under the date of March 14, 1796, he wrote: "At 3, I repaired to the college and remained in Saltonstall's room 'till the Professors sent word that they were ready to examine me. They were Drs. Mitchill, Rogers, Hammersley and Hosack. I entered the room with rather more courage than I expected I should be able to muster, and was ply'd with ques-

In January, 1797, Dr. Anderson was betrothed to Nancy Van Vleck, a member of a most excellent Moravian family, then living in Partition street now the western part of Fulton street. In

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tions for an hour and a half. Being then desired to withdraw, I returned to Saltonstall who was grieving for his fate to-morrow. Dr. Mitchill afterward informed me that I had given satisfaction, but desired me, as a matter of form, to call on Dr. Bard to-morrow." On the following day he wrote: "This morning I called on Dr. Bard, who desired me to proceed and finish my dissertation. In the afternoon I went to encourage my fellow sufferer, Saltonstall, who was under the greatest anxiety at the thoughts of his examination. I staid until it was over—about 6 o'clock. He was in better spirits when he was informed of his having given satisfaction."

Anderson's thesis was printed in April. "I presented my father and mother with a copy each," he wrote: "The impression made on the former was very evident on this occasion. Then came preparations for a public examination on parts of his thesis at the approaching Commencement on the 3d of May, On the 24th of April, he wrote: "Sunday.—This morning I went to Dr. Hosack's and breakfasted with him, after which we had some conversation on the subject of my thesis." On the 3d of May he wrote:

> The great, th' important day big with the fate,
> Of Saltonstall and Anderson.

I dressed myself in black and awaited, with some dread, the time for the examination. In order to divert my mind, I had recourse to 'The Romance of the Forest,' and then to the violin. At 10 I went to the college and staid with my companion in affliction 'till 11. The Professors, Trustees, &c., began to assemble; and amongst the rest, the Governor. We entered the Hall and seated ourselves at a table opposite the

February he hired a house at 45 Beekman street; on the first of April, he engraved upon the wedding ring "United in Heaven," and on the same day was gratified by the appearance of one of his

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Medical Professors. Dr. Hosack began first with me, and after puzzling me a little, ended with an encomium. Dr. Rogers next asked several questions for which I was better prepared. After Saltonstall had been examin'd on his thesis, by Mitchill and Hammersley, we were desired to withdraw. At our return, the oath was read which we severally repeated and subscribed. The business was begun and concluded with prayer. The Diplomas were handed to us to procure the signatures of the Professors."

On the following day Anderson wrote: "I went to the College this morning where the students, &c., were collecting. About 10 the procession was formed. Salstonstall and I joined it, and marched to St. Paul's with a band of music. We were seated near the stage and attended to the orations of the students. At 3 P. M., the church was again opened. When the time arriv'd for conferring the degrees, my panic increased; however I ascended the stage and went through with the ceremony with less confusion than I expected. Here I was dubbed M.D.

"'*Hic finis laborum*' I should have said, had I not taken a peep into futurity.

"Saltonstall called upon me and we went to the Tontine Coffee house at eight o'clock in the evening to partake of the Commencement Supper. A number of toasts were given, and I was at my wit's end to evade drinking to them. I threw the greatest part of my wine over my shoulder or under the table, and by that means contrived to drink but a small quantity. The company became noisy and merry." And so Medical Doctors were commissioned three quarters of a century ago.

poems in the "New York Magazine." A fortnight later he was married by Dr. (afterward Bishop) Moore, a friend and frequent visitor of Dr. Anderson's family.

Anderson now undertook the business of a publisher and bookseller. He hired a small room, had some small illustrated books printed, employed a boy as clerk and tried the experiment. It did not succeed, and he very soon abandoned the enterprise. On the 2d of September, 1797, he wrote in his Diary: "Some desponding thoughts are now and then popping in along with the book store, but *pride* and *shame* forbid me to retreat until I have given the plan a fair chance." On the 18th he wrote: "I came to the resolution of dismissing my lad and sending my books (of which I have above 7000) to my father's auction. This was disagreeable news to the lad who was fixed in a snug berth and was earning three shillings a day; but poor I had not received enough from the sales to pay his wages." And so the undertaking ended.

Anderson was now a regular practising physician and skilful engraver. One of his art productions at about this period was a picture of a human skeleton, which he enlarged from Albinus' Anatomy to three feet in height. After getting a

few impressions by means of a lever, his work became disjointed and fell in pieces. It was the largest fine wood engraving ever attempted. As a work of art it was remarkable for accuracy of drawing and beauty of execution.

A prominent quality of Dr. Anderson's character was conscientiousness. He could do nothing which conscience — Emmanuel, God with us — did not approve. This quality was morbidly sensitive in him; and because the practice of medicine necessarily involved continual uncertainty and unceasing experiment, he was unwilling to bear the responsibility of a professional healer of disease, when expectations might be often disappointed. He was therefore impelled to abandon the vocation, and that the more willingly because it was not his choice; yet he pursued it until the fearful yellow fever season in New York, in 1798, when he was again, for a short time, in the hospital service, and also physician to the poor in the city. During that period he was called in consultation with Drs. Rogers, Hosack, Kissam, and others; and he was again offered the post of physician to the Dispensary, which he declined.[1]

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[1] In his diary for October 18, 1795, (just after he had been offered the place of physician to the Dispensary the first time) he wrote: " Sunday about 9 I went to town, found our people

During the prevalence of the fever, death made sad havoc among Dr. Anderson's idols. First he lost his infant son, in July. In September his brother, father, wife, mother, mother-in-law, and sister-in-law died; also many of his friends, whom he visited in their illness. Like Job, he was utterly desolated; yet with that sublime faith and equanimity which never forsook him, he allowed no murmur to escape his lips. He was a happy optimist, and never experienced an eclipse of faith in the righteousness of Providence. He only said, in his autobiography: "This succession of calamities seemed rather severe, and I sought consolation in a change of scene." At the close of the year he wrote in his diary: "A tremendous scene have I witnessed; but yet I have reason to thank the Great Author of my existence, and am

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sitting round the fire, ready for church. I received a sort of rebuke for refusing to offer myself as candidate for the office of physician to the Dispensary. My brother was not behind hand in enforcing arguments. The letter I received from my mother was in the same style. I may have acted imprudently in refusing it, when proposed by Dr. Smith, but my feelings are entirely discordant with such an employment; besides, the engravings which I have undertaken, and my unwillingness to disappoint my employers had great weight with me. My present employment is much against the grain — a sense of duty and acquiescence in the will of God are the chief motives which detain me here."

still convinced that 'Whatever is, is right.' I make no petition for the ensuing year."

In March following Dr. Anderson made a voyage to the West Indies in the Essiquibo packet, where he spent two or three months with his paternal uncle, Dr. Alexander Anderson, who was king's botanist in the island of St. Vincent. The botanic garden there was a perfect paradise; and during his sojourn with his uncle, Dr. Anderson revelled in its delights and found balm for his wounded spirit. There he imbibed a taste for plants and flowers, that remained with him, like a good angel through life. There was never a more thoroughly satisfied visitor to the Elgin Botanical Garden, established upon this island early in our century by Dr. David Hosack (then Professor of Botany and Materia Medica in Columbia College), than young Dr. Anderson. That garden covered twenty acres, from the present line of Fifth Avenue westward toward the Hudson River, between 46th and 50th streets. Through the dreary open country, from Canal street northward, Anderson strolled to that Eden whenever a leisure day would allow; and Dr. Hosack employed his pencil and burin in making a picture of the conservatory and surroundings for a catalogue of the Elgin Garden

XIII.

plants, which comprised some of the rarest exotics from each quarter of the globe.[1]

Anderson's uncle offered him a situation that would have speedily secured to him a pecuniary independence. He declined it, and returned to New York with a resistless craving for quiet and solitude in the practice of the engraver's art. He suffered much from indigestion and depression of spirits. He was a frequent subject of somnambulism and the victim of nightmare.[2] Physical and mental irregularity was the rule of his life. "Last month the traveling mania laid such a

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[1] DR. DAVID HOSACK was a native of New York city, where he was born in 1769. He was a graduate of Princeton College, and received the degree of M.D., in Philadelphia. He afterward pursued medical studies in Edinburgh and London, and on his return, brought with him a cabinet of minerals, the first collection of the kind ever seen in this country. He also brought with him a fine collection of plants. He was appointed professor of botany in Columbia College, in 1795, and afterward held other professorships in the same institution. He established the Elgin garden at great expense of time and money, and kept it up for a number of years. His medical practice became very extensive, yet he was found active in the public enterprises of the day. He was one of the founders of the New York Historical Society, and with his business partner, the late John W. Francis, he published the "American Medical and Philosophical Register," which contained engravings by Dr. Anderson. He died in 1835.

[2] His diary abounds with notices of his sufferings at night. Sometimes he would spring out of bed and be awakened by

hold on me," he wrote in his Diary in January, 1799, "that I set about drafting a petition to the president for an appointment to what? — to explore the continent of America! Next day I made my will and bequeathed my body to a surgeon for the purpose of dissection." He ate raisins plentifully, took gin and pancakes for supper, and so obtained a right to have horrible nightmares. For many months he shunned all society, lived chiefly upon bread and water, and was a hermit in a populous city. Then he suddenly went to the opposite extreme, indulging in gayety and stimulants, and giving his appetite loose rein. It was during one of these seasons of depression that he wrote the following lament:

"O! what avails a long-protracted life —
  A hopeless, helpless, misery of years —
A tortured witnessing of madmen's strife —
  Their blasted hopes, their rage, their groans and tears.
We pity those who fall in Youth's gay bloom:
  Far happier they than those who mourn their fate,
The tranquil rest, the slumber of the tomb
  Is bliss compared with life's mysterious state."

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severe contacts with objects in the room. Sometimes he would arouse other sleepers by his outcries. Once he found himself lying half way out of the door of his room; and at another time while in a somnambulic state, he lifted a heavy chest upon his bed.

A second marriage to a charming young woman, sister of his lost wife—seems to have been the regulator of his life. He lived sensibly, and applied himself closely — too closely — to the Arts. He was passionately fond of his quiet home, and allowed himself no amusements, excepting occasional rambles out of town to commune with Nature, botanize, and make pencil sketches. He was now happy; and in a joyous mood he gave expression to his feelings in composing the following verses, partly in the Scottish dialect, to his favorite tune of "Whistle o'er the lave o't."[1] He entitled his piece

"A NEW 'WHISTLE O'ER THE LAVE O'T.'"

"We should na fret oursel's to stane
Like Niobe, wha's dead an' gane,
Nor blear our een out a' our lane
But whistle o'er the lave o't.

Gie me a man wha's een can blink:
Wha's heart is free, wha's soul can think;
Wha's Clishma-Clarer care can sink
And whistle o'er the lave o't.

[1] In his Diary for July 3, 1794, he wrote: "At dark amused myself with the violin, and not myself only, for lo! two negroes set down their load in the middle of the street, and listened to the Caledonian strains of 'Whistle o'er the lave o't.'"

Let Beauty's smiles illume the way,
The murky glen through which we stray;
Thus may we live our little day
And whistle o'er the lave o't.

When fortune shows a scowlin' brow,
And lays our fairest prospects low;
As pleasures fade, let reason grow,
Then whistle o'er the lave o't.

But when she glints with face serene
And decks the warl' in gayest sheen,
We'll aye distrust the fickle quean
And whistle o'er the lave o't.

And when auld Death wi' ruthless paw,
Shall clapperclaw us, ane and a,'
We maun submit to Nature's law
And whistle o'er the lave o't."

He added

"Quantum mutatus ab illo."

Among Anderson's acquaintances at that time was John Roberts, an eccentric Scotchman from Dumfries, whom Burns mentioned as expert with the burin. He came to America in 1793, and soon attracted much attention because of the versatility of his genius and social qualities. He was a meritorious miniature painter and engraver, an ingenious mechanic, and a skilful musician and mathematician — a universal genius, with all

the waywardness which often distinguish men of that character. He was the founder of a musical club called the "Euterpian Society," whose first meeting place was next to the Methodist chapel in John street. There the musicians, with profane intent, tried to drown the sounds of prayer and singing of their devout neighbors. They failed. Fervency of soul and strong lungs were an over-match for flutes and fiddles, and the "Euterpians" stopped their ears and fled to a more quiet neighborhood.

Anderson sought and obtained employment with Roberts, chiefly for the purpose of improvement in his art. He assisted the wayward Scotchman in finishing several large engravings on copper. He wholly engraved others, among them the portrait of Francis the First, as a frontispiece for Robertson's *History of Charles the Fifth*, published in New York in the year 1800. Roberts's habits were so irregular, that Anderson dropped his acquaintance after he had learned much that was new about engraving, and also how to play the clarionet. In the latter accomplishment Anderson taught Washington Irving, then a gentle youth whom he often met in the publishing houses of Durell, Duyckinck, Swords, Longworth, and others. When mentioning this circumstance to me, Mr.

Irving spoke of Dr. Anderson in the most affectionate terms. "He was handsome, artless, and full of good humor," he said, "and as gentle as a woman."

An incident in Roberts's career as an engraver, is worth alluding to in connection with Dr. Anderson. The story is told by Dunlap in his "Arts of Design," his informant probably being Dr. Anderson himself. Benjamin Trott, a painter of the day, "had executed a beautiful miniature of Washington from Stuart's portrait of the hero, and Roberts engraved a plate from it, but after he had finished his work to the satisfaction of his friends, he was retouching it, when Trott came in, and some misunderstanding taking place between the engraver and the painter, Roberts deliberately took up a piece of pumice and applying it to the copper, obliterated all traces of his work; then taking the miniature, he handed it to its owner, saying, "There, sir, take your picture, I have done with it and with you." A very few proofs had been taken of Roberts's work before its destruction. One of them, showing great merit in the engraver, was preserved by Dr. Anderson, who also engraved a fine head after it on wood, and made it the model of his many future engravings of Washington.

For all of the New York publishers, and for Matthew Carey, of Philadelphia, Anderson was an engraver at the beginning of this century. So early as 1802 he was employed by David Longworth in the reproduction, by careful redrawing and engraving, of three hundred of Bewick's Illustrations of Quadrupeds[1] — "a laborious undertaking," he said, "and poorly paid." He also made a set of illustrations on copper, for Dr. Langhorne's "Fables of Flora," issued by Longworth, and executed for the same publisher the engravings, both on wood and copper, which accompanied the early editions of Irving and Paulding's "Salmagundi." Several of the copper plate engravings of Riley's once celebrated "Narrative of Travel in Africa," were from his burin; also several of the best of those which were inserted in the first American edition, published by Stansbury of New York, of Fessen-

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[1] Dr. Anderson appears to have first seen this fine production of Bewick, in the summer of 1795. In his Diary for the 17th of August, a few days before he went to Bellevue — he wrote: "Mr. Loudon called on me, and informed me of a history of Quadrupeds with elegant wooden cuts of Bewick, at Wayland's. I went to price and examine it, when Wayland desired me to take it along, and let him know what I would engrave the cuts for." Anderson sent a copy of Longworth's edition to the American Philosophical Society of Philadelphia, for which that body officially thanked him, in 1806.

den's "Terrible Tractorations;" also a number for an American edition of Bell's "Anatomy." He engraved many cuts for the excellent small books issued by that eminent publisher and member of the Society of Friends, the late Samuel Wood. His last considerable engraving on copper was a picture of the Last Supper, after Holbein, done at about the year 1812, to illustrate a quarto Bible.[1] After that he confined his art labors chiefly to engraving on wood. Some of his wood engravings at about that time, were very large. A series engraved in 1818, illustrating the four seasons were nine and a half by twelve and a half inches in size, and are remarkable specimens of the art.

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[1] This is a fine specimen of the graphic art in America at that time. It was six by eight inches in size. Holbein's composition of "The Last Supper" is more pleasing than that of Da Vinci, yet, perhaps, not so truthful. Its whole air is more modern. Jesus sits talking, while the Apostles, all fine looking men, are attentively listening. In one corner, a curtain hangs in a graceful festoon, and a lighted antique lamp is suspended from above. In the foreground is a handsome Etruscan vase and a cushioned seat.

At about the same time (1812), Anderson designed, engraved on copper and published a series of designs in a semicircle, entitled: "The twelve different Stages of Human Life, from the Cradle to the Grave:" also an allegorical picture entitled the "Wheel of Fortune." Winged Time is turning, by a crank, an immense wheel, from the rim of which project more than a dozen arms upon which are different characters, men and women.

They are after pictures by Riedenger, an eminent German designer and engraver, who flourished early in the eighteenth century. He also engraved on a little smaller scale, another series illustrating the same subject from paintings by Teniers.

The late Dr. J. W. Francis, in the portion of his "Old New York," devoted to the literature of the city, mentions among other notable undertakings the issue of Isaac Collins's "highly prized quarto Family Bible." The second edition of this work, published in 1807, made some pretensions to a revised edition of the Holy Scriptures, and a preface, or address "To the reader," by Dr. Witherspoon was substituted for the dedication of the old ver-

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some ascending, some at top, some descending, as the wheel revolves. For example: on the descending side is seen Napoleon half between the arm from which the members of the French Directory have fallen, and another on which is Louis the Sixteenth whose crown and sceptre have fallen beyond his reach. On the ascending side at the bottom, is Toussaint L'Ouverture, the black general-in-chief of San Domingo (whom the jealous Napoleon starved to death in prison) trying to mount one of the arms, while a host of white people are trying to prevent him. There are artists, students, soldiers and statesmen, some going up, and some going down, as the great wheel revolves. That wheel and Time stand upon a huge stone block, on which are inscribed the Scripture words: "They are exalted for a little while, but are gone and brought low."—Job, XXIV, 24. "He bringeth low and lifteth up. He raiseth up the poor out of the dust, and lifteth up the beggar from the dunghill."—I Samuel, ii, 7, 8.

sion to King James. It was illustrated by a series of engravings on copper of remarkable excellence. "The admirers of engravings in their Bible," says the advertisement, "will be pleased with those introduced into this edition. The great price paid for the engravings, the plan of procuring a single plate from each of the first artists of our country, and some from an eminent engraver lately from London, and the exciting of a competition of the reward of a gold medal for the best, have produced a set of plates which may be regarded as a specimen of the degree of perfection to which the art of line engraving has advanced in the United States." From the following additional paragraph it would appear that there existed, at that time, in some minds, a prejudice against this species of fine art illustrations of the Scriptures — "As some persons may prefer their Bibles without plates, copies may be had without them."

The "eminent engraver," alluded to was probably W. S. Leney,[1] whose figure of the Angel

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[1] W. S. LENEY was a native of London, where he established a reputation for stipple engraving in the style introduced by Bartolozzi a quarter of a century before. Among his finer works was one from Rubens's "Descent from the cross." After his arrival in New York he entered into partnership with Rollin-

appearing to St. Matthew is gracefully and most skillfully executed.

There is a St. Mark, by Scoles. Dr. Anderson's subject after Domenichino was admirably executed — a spiritual St. John the Evangelist sitting at a table holding an open scroll, his countenance raised to an eagle on the wing bearing in its beak a reed, the pen of inspiration.

Among the more noticeable of Dr. Anderson's early works, connecting his name with that of Bewick and the memorable work of Holbein, was the reproduction of the fifty-two cuts of "Emblems of Mortality" by Thomas and John Bewick, after Holbein's "Dance of Death," which appeared in London in 1789. Anderson's engravings appeared in an edition of this work first published by John Babcock already mentioned, then in Hartford, in the year 1800, and reprinted by Sidney Babcock, his son, in 1846. Devices of the old school of art, introducing the "fleshless monarch of the hour-

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son, in bank note engraving. He made money and saved it. In the course of a few years he had sufficient to buy a farm on the St. Lawrence river, below Montreal. "His eldest son was his farmer" says Dunlap; "and he, having renounced his occupation to enjoy life — died." Leney engraved in the stipple style, Tisdale's illustrations of "The Echo" already mentioned.

glass and scythe," seem to have had a peculiar fascination for Dr. Anderson, it may be from his early professional studies and experience of pestilence in New York. In one form and another when working to please himself, he frequently recurred to the designs of this nature. One of a very striking character — Death in the form of a skeleton preaching at a pulpit or lectern composed of another bending skeleton, before him, supporting an open book, was preserved with his early drawings and was among his latest engravings on wood. It was copied from a rare print by Adrian Van Venne, a Dutch poet and artist, who contributed to the designs of "Cat's Emblems."

For many years the publications issued by the American Tract Society were illustrated with printed wood cuts designed and engraved by Dr. Anderson. The first tract sent forth by this Institution, "An Address to the Christian Public," was decorated with an effective vignette on the title page from his hand and was followed by a host of others in a long series of several hundreds similarly illustrated by him, exhibiting a great variety of subjects of sacred history, religious, and domestic scenes, of much simplicity and feeling,

XIV.

XV.

XVI.

XVII.

and often, when temperance was the theme, of considerable power.

A series of cuts, fifty-nine in number, were executed by him as illustrations for "The Fables of Pilpay." These generally followed the designs in an old English edition; but they were better engraved. After lying many years unused, they remained still unpublished after Dr. Anderson's death. They are now in the possession of Messrs. Hurd & Houghton, and have been lately issued in an edition of the work for which they were designed. By the favor of these publishers several of these cuts are included in the illustrations of the present memoir.

The antiquarian interest of New York is indebted to Dr. Anderson for a series of well executed wood engravings, mainly of old Dutch buildings existing in the city in his earlier days, engraved about thirty years ago for the old Mirror of George P. Morris, after the faithful drawings of the architect Alexander J. Davis who, with the late worthy collector, John Allan, often sought the society of our honored associate. Both thoroughly appreciated Anderson's labors, and admired his high character and intelligence. The late Robert Balmanno, another virtuoso, held him

in high regard, and in the illustration of that elegant volume, "Pen and Pencil," by Mrs. Balmanno, Anderson's aid was sought and obtained for the execution of a series of beautiful initial letters. In 1838, he engraved a series of admirable illustrations for O'Reilly's "Sketches of Rochester with incidental notices of Western New York."[1] A few years later (1841) he engraved the fine illustrations of A. J. Downing's work on "Landscape Gardening." He also engraved a series of excellent Shaksperian cuts for Monroe & Francis, of Boston, and illustrations for Peter Parley's maga-

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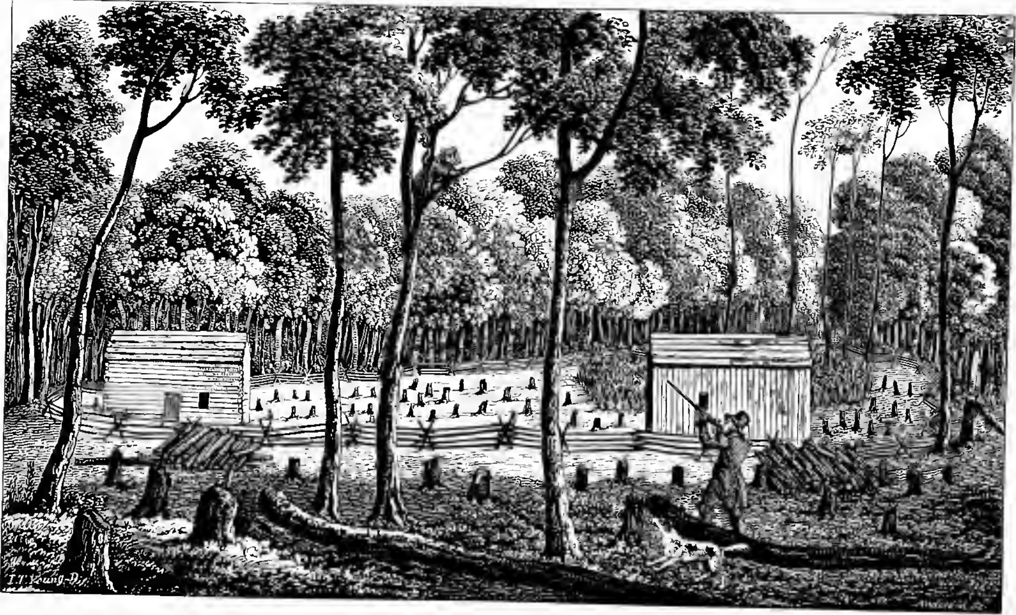
[1] This work was prepared by our fellow member, Mr. Henry O'Reilly, well known as one of the most active, zealous and intelligent promoters of the system of telegraphing in this country. Mr. O'Reilly edited the first daily newspaper that was established in the vast region between the Hudson river and the Pacific ocean. It was published by Luther Tucker & Co., at Rochester, N. Y., and its first issue was on the 26th of October, 1826. The first book issued about the origin and progress of any city in that same region, was the volume alluded to, for which Anderson made illustrations. It was published in 1838. Its frontispiece, engraved by Anderson, kindly lent by Mr. O'Rielly for the illustration of this memoir, is a view of all there was of the now large city of Rochester, in 1812 — a log house and barn, and a man shooting a bear, in a tree between them — an actual occurrence. Mr. O'Rielly has a fine circular oak table made of a portion of the timber of that log-house.



XVIII.

XIX.

zine and other publications of that popular author. Late in life he engraved exquisite illustrations for Bentley's Spelling Book, from drawings by one of his pupils, Mr. Morgan, then seventy years of age. Still later in life he engraved for Mr. Charles I. Bushnell, of this city, an extensive series of portraits of revolutionary men and other subjects. During many years he engraved a large number of religious pictures, (a greater portion of them illustrations of the life of the Virgin Mary) for Spanish printers in the West Indies, Mexico, and South America. One of these has been kindly lent by his family for an illustration of this Memoir.

I should weary your patience unprofitably were I to attempt to enumerate the works of every description, from sheet-ballads and primers, business cards, tobacconists' devices, wrappers of playing cards, diplomas and newspaper cuts of every sort, to magazines, stately scientific treatises and large Bibles, which pictures from Anderson's graver, both on wood and copper, illustrated during fifty years from near the close of the last century, and I will forbear. For a long time he was the only skilful engraver on wood in this country; and I venture to say that every owner of gray

locks in this hall will readily recall the pleasure derived, when a child, from pictures in school-books, in which, in a dark corner, were seen the mysterious little white letters "A A"— Alexander Anderson.

Although Dr. Anderson was exceedingly modest, and habitually shrank from contact with general society, and especially with persons of renown, he became, through his professional intercourse, acquainted with distinguished men of letters and art, all of whom cherished for him the highest personal regard. Among these in this city were Drs. Hosack, Mitchill,[1] Bard, Smith and

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[1] Samuel Latham Mitchill was a native of North Hempstead, Long Island, where he was born in 1764. He was graduated as M.D. at the University of Edinburgh. On his return to America, he studied law. He was an Indian commissioner in 1788; a representative of his native county in the legislature of the state of New York in 1790, and two years later was appointed Professor of Chemistry, Natural History and Philosophy in Columbia College. He was one of the founders of a Society for the Promotion of Agriculture, Manufactures and the Useful Arts, which employed him to make a geological and mineralogical tour along the Hudson river in 1796, the report of which gave him a great reputation abroad. For sixteen years he was editor of the "Medical Repository," the first scientific periodical published in the United States. He was a member of Congress; and was ever active in society where he might be useful. He died in New York in 1831.

Francis;[1] Coleman, Editor of the *Evening Post*, established in 1801, and Cheetham, his political opponent; the late Gulian C. Verplanck, Washington Irving, and others; also Colonel Trumbull,[2]

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[1] JOHN WAKEFIELD FRANCIS was born in the city of New York in 1789. He began to learn the printer's trade, when a lad, but was prepared for college under distinguished teachers, and entered Columbia College in 1807. Soon afterward he commenced the study of medicine under Dr. Hosack, and received the degree of M.D. in 1811, at the College of Physicians and Surgeons. He entered into professional partnership with Dr. Hosack and was his co-worker in literary and scientific labors likewise. They edited the "American and Philosophical Register," begun in 1810. At the age of twenty-four years he was appointed lecturer in the Institute of Medicine and Materia Medica at the College of Physicians and Surgeons. He soon afterward went to Europe to perfect himself in knowledge requisite for his professorship, and there he formed an acquaintance with many of the most eminent literary and scientific men of that time. On his return, he was at once fully occupied in medical practice, professional duties, and literary and scientific pursuits. The New York Historical Society was his favorite institution, and he was active in the service of many other associations, benevolent and otherwise. Dr. Francis was a voluminous and elegant writer; and no man has ever contributed so much to the records of American Biography as did he. His genius and character were highly appreciated at home and abroad, and numerous societies considered it an honor to have his name enrolled in the lists of their membership. He died in February, 1861.

[2] Colonel JOHN TRUMBULL was a son of the patriotic Governor Trumbull of Connecticut, and was born in Lebanon, in 1756. He was a graduate of Yale College, and was an officer in the Continental army. He studied painting, went to England,

John Vanderlyn,[1] William Dunlap,[2] John Wesley Jarvis, and other artists who flourished in the

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and in 1780, was under the tutelage of Benjamin West. He confined himself to portrait and historical painting. His first picture illustrative of American History was "The Battle of Bunker Hill." He lived abroad most of the time from the close of the Revolution until 1815, a part of the time employed in diplomatic duties. Under a commission from Congress he painted four historical pictures for the National Capitol, namely: "Signers of the Declaration of Independence;" "Surrender of Burgoyne;" "Surrender of Cornwallis," and "Washington resigning his Commission." The Trumbull Gallery of Yale College contains a large collection of his works. He was President of the *Academy of Fine Arts* from its foundation in 1816, until the formation of the *National Academy of Design* ten years later. He died in New York in November, 1843.

[1] JOHN VANDERLYN was born in Kingston, New York, in 1776. He was an art pupil of Gilbert Stuart, and through the assistance of Aaron Burr, he went to Europe to study painting, in 1792. He lived abroad a greater portion of his art life, and produced some very meritorious pictures. For his "Marius sitting among the Ruins of Carthage," he received the gold medal at the Paris Exhibition of 1809, and was an object of considerable attention from the Emperor Napoleon. His "Ariadne," admirably engraved in line by Asher B. Durand, was a very celebrated picture, and was the first successful representation of a mythological subject by an American painter. He also filled one of the panels in the rotunda of the National Capitol, with a picture of "The Landing of Columbus." His last work was a portrait of President Taylor, painted in 1851. Mr. Vanderlyn was a disappointed and soured man during the latter years of his life, which terminated in his native town in September, 1852.

[2] WILLIAM DUNLAP was both painter and author. He was born in Perth-Amboy, N. J., in 1766. He began to paint

earlier part of this century.[1] In the course of the last conversation I had with Mr. Vanderlyn, a few months before his death in 1852, he, as usual, made sweeping denunciations of American artists, living and dead, as unworthy of his esteem, but excepted three — Dr. Anderson, Thomas S. Cummings (for forty years Treasurer of the Academy

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portraits when he was seventeen years of age. He was allowed to paint Washington's from life at that age. At the age of eighteen he was a pupil of Benjamin West. He did not succeed as an artist, so he joined his father in mercantile business. Then he became a theatrical manager and wrote and painted for a livelihood. He was fifty-one years of age before he made painting a permanent profession. He was one of the founders of the *National Academy of Design*, established in New York. He wrote a "History of the American Theatre," "History of the State of New York," a standard work on the "Arts of Design in the United States," and one or two other books. He died in New York in September, 1839.

[1] JOHN WESLEY JARVIS was born near the banks of the Tyne, in the north of England, in 1780. He became a resident of Philadelphia at the age of five years. He began portrait painting early, and also engraving, with Edwin. They went to New York together, where Jarvis became an eminent portrait painter, and led an eccentric and not always commendable life. He loved to think that he was like the vagabond artist, George Morland, and assumed a carelessness of dress and sought notoriety in every form. He earned and spent freely a large income. He was a very facile painter, and with the help of Henry Inman his pupil, he once painted six portraits in one week. He was an attractive convivialist and a man of great wit and humor. He died in New York, in 1854.

of Design), and John G. Chapman, who has been a resident of Rome for nearly twenty-five years. Anderson was a member of the old *Academy of Fine Arts*, of which Colonel Trumbull was President; and after the establishment of the *Academy of Design*, in 1827, of which our illustrious citizen, Professor Samuel F. B. Morse, was the founder and first president, he was elected a member of that association of artists.

The young engraver, modest and reticent, was a favorite of John Wesley Jarvis, who, in temperament and habits, was ever his opposite. When, in the year 1809, Jarvis accompanied by John Pintard, one of the earliest and most active members of this Society, went to the lodgings of dead Thomas Paine, in Grove street in this city, to get the plaster-cast of his head which is now in the art gallery of this institution, he chose Anderson to be his assistant. And when party politics ran high just before and during the War of 1812, Anderson engraved a number of caricatures from Jarvis's designs. Those were especially spirited which related to the Embargo, and were suggested by a satirical poem against it by our distinguished associate, Mr. Bryant, then a lad only thirteen years of age. It was so able and trenchant that the editor of a popular magazine said—"If the

XX.

young bard has met with no assistance in the composition of this poem, he certainly bids fair, should he continue to cultivate his talent, to gain a respectable station on the Parnassian mount, and to reflect credit on the literature of his country." How well the *man* has redeemed the promise of the *boy*, let "Thanatopsis" of his young manhood, "A Forest Hymn" of his later years, and the unrivalled translation of Homer's grand epic, in his beautiful old age, testify.

Anderson's professional title of Medical Doctor did not foil the operations of the military draft in the War of 1812, and he was compelled to bear arms as a soldier, leaving his six little children to the care of their invalid mother. After awhile he procured a substitute and returned home, when he was employed by the corporate authorities of this city to engrave the plates for small paper money, issued when specie was scarce and gold was at a premium of thirty per cent., in the winter of 1814–15.

From that time until he was fifty years of age, Anderson had only two or three competitors as a wood engraver, in this country. The most skilful of these was Abel C. Bowen, of Boston, who began the practice of the art in that city, in the year 1812. It had been introduced there toward

the close of 1811, by Nathaniel Dearborn, who was also an engraver on copper. Dearborn projected a little illustrated work on Boston, in 1814, proposing to give pictures of the public buildings there and in the suburbs, engraved on wood.[1] A small volume was published in 1817, but Dearborn's original idea was not carried out until 1848, when his "Boston Notions" appeared in a volume of 430 pages containing his earlier engravings. Bowen became a very superior engraver. His style was more like the English engravings of our day than like Bewick's, which Anderson followed. Bowen was the tutor in the art of Alonzo Hartwell, who practiced

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[1] Dearborn's proposition appeared as an advertisement in the Boston "New England Palladium" of June 24, 1814, headed by a picture of a painter's palette, with a scroll and the words "Picture of Boston." The advertisement was as follows:

NATHANIEL DEARBORN,

ENGRAVER ON WOOD, SCHOOL STREET, BOSTON,

Proposes to publish by subscription, a Picture of Boston and its vicinity: the volume will contain at least two hundred pages, and ornamented with twelve accurate Engravings on wood of the public buildings in the town and suburbs;—Proposals for which are left in each Book store [only eight in Boston at that time] when those who wish to patronize the new style of engraving in this part of the country, or those who wish for a history of the town of Boston, are referred for a more particular elucidation of the Editor's plan."

wood engraving in Boston, very skilfully, for many years. He was a native of Littleton, Massachusetts, where he was born in 1805. He first entered the services of Throop, an engraver on copper in Boston, and when the latter left the city, he engaged with Mr. Bowen.

William Mason, a native of Connecticut, introduced the art into Philadelphia. He had been apprenticed to Abner Reid, a copper plate engraver of Hartford. Reid also painted signs, and occasionally engraved type-metal cuts for the newspapers. Mason became acquainted, through Mr. Babcock's books, with the beautiful effects of Dr. Anderson's wood engravings, and made his first essays in that branch of art, in cutting ornaments for toy-books. He had to invent his tools, for he was ignorant of their form. He succeeded well, and hearing that there was no wood engraver in Philadelphia, he went thither in 1810, and found ample employment. During the War of 1812, he entered into other occupations, and relinquished the wood engraving business to his pupil, George Gilbert.

During his long art life, Anderson had only four pupils, namely, Garret Lansing, of the old Lansing family of Albany, William Morgan of New York, John H. Hall of Albany, and his

daughter Ann, who became the wife of Andrew Maverick, a copper plate printer. Lansing received instructions in the year 1804, and was the second wood engraver in America. Until the spring of 1806, he depended upon Anderson almost wholly for employment. The latter sent him box-wood and drawings by "the Albany sloop." In April, 1806, he was married to a young lady of wealth, as fortunes were estimated in those days, and he went to Boston for the purpose of practicing his art there, but was so little encouraged that he returned, and afterward made New York his home. There he practiced the art for many years, and was skillful in the engraving of machinery. His son Alfred, learned the art, and he also became a comic actor, and was employed as such in the first Bowery Theatre built by Hamblin. The younger Lansing was the first person who engraved the very large pictures for theatre and circus bills such as now, in gaudy colors, attract the attention in all large cities. The elder Lansing and Anderson were warmly attached friends, and when the pupil was suffering his last sickness he would have no other physician but his old instructor.

William Morgan was Anderson's second pupil. He engraved well, but preferring the pencil to

XXI.

the graver, he employed the greater part of his time in drawing on wood. He was Anderson's favorite draughtsman, for he had caught the spirit

WILLIAM MORGAN.

of Bewick's style. Mr. Morgan fell into a melancholy mood and withdrew almost wholly from society. He made the beautiful little drawings for Bentley's Spelling-Book, as we have observed, when he was more than seventy years of age.

John H. Hall, the third of Anderson's pupils, was an apprentice, in Albany, when in the autumn of 1825, he applied to Anderson by letter, for the privilege of receiving a few months' instructions

from him in the art of wood engraving. He had already visited the pioneer, and in his letter he said: "Whether you instruct me or not, I shall consider you as my benefactor, for you showed me more about engraving than I ever found out myself." He became a pupil in 1826, and soon ranked among the best wood engravers of his time. He practiced the art for a long time in Albany, afterward he was engaged in New York, and in 1849 he went, among some of the earlier adventurers, to the gold diggings of California, where he died.

At about the time when Hall commenced his art labors, as a profession, Joseph A. Adams, a native of New Jersey and a self-taught artist, appeared in New York, and immediately attracted attention by the extreme delicacy and beauty of his work. There are some fine specimens of his skill among the wood engravings with which General Morris adorned the pages of his "New York Mirror." Of these, the large engraving—"The last Arrow—" is a brilliant specimen of the art, and would do honor to the best of the English school. "The Blind Musician," and a "Strawberry Girl and Boy Vending Fruit," are beautiful in execution. A small engraving, "The Burning of Schenectady," and a view of the "Church of our Lady of

XXIII.

XXIV.

XXV.

Cold Spring" with others, are noticeable for their bright tone. His productions are, however, not numerous, for his share in the profits of the sale of "Harper's Bible," (whose illustrations, drawn by John G. Chapman were engraved under Adams's supervision) gave him a competence, and he soon afterward retired from the profession and went abroad. The art is greatly indebted to Mr. Adams for the introduction of a superior style of printing wood engravings which has ever since been practiced. For many years since his return from Europe, Mr. Adams has amused himself with experiments in electrotyping and has made important discoveries. He has kindly engraved for this memoir the portrait of Dr. Anderson's father after a miniature by the artist.

In 1829, a valuable accession to the slowly growing fraternity of wood engravers was made by the arrival, in December, of Abraham John Mason, a native of London, and then in the thirty-sixth year of his age. He had obtained much celebrity in his native city as an engraver on wood. He was for seven years a pupil of Robert Branston, for which privilege he paid one hundred guineas. He remained with Branston, as his chief assistant, five years after the expiration of his apprenticeship. In 1821, he commenced wood-

engraving professionally, on his own account, and took high rank. He was also a poet. In 1822, he printed a volume entitled "Poetical Essays by A. J. Mason." It was embellished by eleven engravings on wood by the author, from designs by John Thurston.[1] By invitation he delivered a public lecture on the History and Practice of Wood-engraving, before the Royal Institution of Great Britain, and the London Institution.

Mr. Mason brought with him letters of introduction to Drs. Hosack, Francis, and other scientific and professional men, from Henry (afterward Lord) Brougham, Loudon the horticulturist, J. S. Buckingham, the oriental traveler, and other distinguished men. He was elected an associate of the National Academy of Design, in 1830, and in the spring of 1831, he delivered a course of lectures to that body, and the next year he was elected professor of wood engraving, in that institution.

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[1] I have a copy of this very rare book, which was kindly presented to me by Mr. John B. Moreau, an active member of the New York Historical Society. He purchased it at the sale of the library and collection of curious things that belonged to the late John Allan, of New York. The book appears to have been printed in limited quantity, for private distribution. Spaces for the illustrations were left on the printed pages, and India proof impressions of the engravings, are inserted. They are beautiful specimens of the art.

This is the first and last time that the beautiful art has received such recognition from any public institution. Mason remained in this country but a few years, for there was not sufficient employment for him to give him a livelihood for himself and family. So he returned to London.[1]

So limited was the demand for wood engravings in this country down to the time when Mr. Mason returned to England, that when, late in the year 1838, I engaged in the vocation in this city, Dr.

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[1] Mr. Mason became warmly attached to Dr. Anderson, and on the day before his departure from this country, he wrote the following letter to his friend:

"*Dear Sir :*

"I intended to have had the pleasure of calling on you before my departure for England, but now find it impossible, as I shall sail to-morrow morning in the *Westminster*. I cannot leave without expressing my kindest and best wishes for the happiness of yourself and family, and to return you my sincere acknowledgments for your friendly reception and uniform kindness. I beg you to be assured that I shall ever hold the above in remembrance, and that you will live high in my memory, as the founder of American wood-engraving. I trust my visit to this country has not been without its uses; though I must now return home to begin the world again.

"Mrs. M. begs to be remembered to yourself and family, and repeating my best wishes,"

I remain,
Dear Sir,
Yours very Sincerely,

Dr. Anderson. A. J. MASON."

Anderson, Mr. Lansing and his son, Mr. Adams, B. F. Childs and R. N. White (who was also a good draughtsman) were the only engravers here. Mr. Bowen and his pupil, Hartwell, were yet practising the art in Boston, and Gilbert was engraving in Philadelphia. Linton Thorne and William D. Redfield, young engravers in New York, had lately died, and the elder Lansing, and also Morgan, were just withdrawing from the business. The younger Lansing then engraved only the large, coarse, theatre bills, using mahogany for the purpose. Young Redfield was a brother of the well-known New York publisher, Justus S. Redfield, and was one of the most promising artists of his time.

There were not then (thirty-two years ago), twenty professional wood engravers in the United States. When our venerable friend — the Father of Wood Engraving in this country — died, last January, they numbered about four hundred. Where twenty engravings were done in a given time thirty years ago, twice twenty thousand were made when the Pioneer laid aside his implements of labor. Equally marvellous has been the increase in the demand for this branch of art in Europe. It was at about that time that American publishers, taught by English books, and especially

XXVI.

XXVII.

by the "Penny Magazine" and "Penny Cyclopedia," the marvellous capabilities and great usefulness of wood-engraving, began to employ itmore freely, and very soon the increased demand brought forward several meritorious young engravers. To speak of the comparative merit of these, our cotemporaries, would be a delicate task, and I forbear.

From this city a large majority of the wood-cut illustrations are issued. Two publishing houses, alone (Harper & Brothers and Frank Leslie), employ one-fourth of the four hundred engravers of this country. The former gave steady employment last year, on an average, to thirty-five engravers, and the latter (the most extensive publishing house of illustrated periodicals in the world) employed, on an average, sixty engravers. Last year 18,000 wood engravings for Leslie's publications passed through the hands of Mr. Holcomb, the able chief of his art department, for which the sum of nearly $180,000 was paid. The enormous increase in the business of wood-engraving in this country is due, mainly, to the influence of illustrated periodicals, which have diffused a taste and created so great a demand for such helps to popular education in all branches of learning, that very few books are now published without the attractions of the wood engraver's art.

The publication of illustrated periodicals was begun in this country nearly forty years ago, in this city. The "Family Magazine," first issued as a weekly illustrated sheet in April, 1833, by Justus S. Redfield, was the pioneer. Like the London "Penny Magazine" and the Paris "Magazin Pittoresque," it was wholly and profusely illustrated by engravings on wood. It held the field, almost without a competitor, through eight annual volumes, issued in monthly parts. In June, 1850, "Harper's New Monthly Magazine" appeared, and was soon followed by the "International Magazine," published by Stringer & Townsend. "Godey's Lady's Book," and "Graham's Magazine" now published wood-cuts occasionally. In June, 1851, T. W. Strong, a wood-engraver, started the first regular weekly Illustrated paper ever attempted in this city. Its title was the "American Illustrated News," and was suggested by similar publications in London, Paris, and Berlin. It lived eight months, and died for lack of sustenance. In January, 1853, Barnum & Beach commenced the publication of the "New York Illustrated News," which lived only one year. Frank Leslie issued the first number of his "Illustrated News" in December, 1855, and "Harper's Weekly" began its career with January, 1857. In Novem-

ber, 1859, the "New York Illustrated News" was commenced by J. Warner Campbell. With these, "Gleason's Pictorial" in Boston was in competition, and was followed by Ballou's illustrated publications.

Several illustrated comic papers, one or two in ambitious imitation of the London "Punch," were started, but were short-lived. The most artistic of these was "Vanity Fair," began a while before the breaking out of the late Civil War, and continued during the earlier months of that conflict. Some of its best cartoons were designed by the late Captain Louis McLane Hamilton, of the Seventh Cavalry (grandson of General Alexander Hamilton and son of the Hon. Philip Hamilton of Poughkeepsie), who fell at the head of his command in the battle of the Washita, almost two years ago. They were made by him (then a lad sixteen or seventeen years old) for his own amusement, and the credit was claimed by another for his own *profit*.

Other illustrated papers have followed those just mentioned, and books of every description now teem with wood-engravings. Books for the young especially, are filled with these educators of the eye, which seldom forgets, and the best talent is employed (as it should be) in making

pictures for such books, scrupulously correct in drawing and beautiful in execution. If any pictures should be preëminently truthful, those for the education of the young should be so. The contrast in this respect, of the "New England Primer" and of many juvenile books a few years ago, with the publications of the American Tract Society now, is almost as great as that of light and darkness. And I believe it not unreasonable to claim for the Art of Wood Engraving in our day, as an element of power, a place in the grand procession of civilization next to that of printing. And in the records of that noble work — the elevation of the race — the name of Alexander Anderson will appear luminous.

A few words in relation to Dr. Anderson's person and character will close this paper.

He was of less than medium height, compactly built, with mild and beautiful dark grey eyes, and a face ever beaming with indices of kindly feeling and serenity of spirit; and for many years that venerable head was surrounded as by a halo, with white locks and beard. His voice was soft and low. He was genial in thought and conversation, and had a quick perception of genuine humor. To him this world was a delightful place to live in, because it was a reflex of his own sweet spirit.

XXVIII.

He was extremely regular and temperate in all his habits. He once said to a friend: "I would not sit up after ten o'clock at night to see an angel."

I have alluded to his excessive modesty. For many years after he had passed his allotted "three score and ten," his family and friends vainly urged him to sit for his portrait. "What do others care for a picture of my old face?" was his usual remark.[1] But it was obtained, and under circumstances quite trying to his modesty. Many years ago, Colonel Andrew Warner, now the Recording Secretary of this Society, had charge of the "Art Union Bulletin," a publication similar to the London "Art Journal." He asked me to prepare for it an illustrated outline history of wood-engraving. For such a paper Dr. Anderson's portrait would be essential. The daguerreotype art was then in its infancy, and Plumbe, on the corner of Broadway and Murray street, was the only eminent public practitioner of it in this city.

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[1] Mrs. Lewis, Dr. Anderson's youngest daughter, has a fine portrait of her father painted at his middle age by his friend John Wesley Jarvis. She has also a bust of him, in plaster-of-Paris, life size, made by Browere. The features were cast from the living face. She has also a pen and ink profile of him at his engraving table, drawn by Browere. A fac-simile of this has been kindly engraved by Mr. Thomas Sugden to illustrate this Memoir.

I asked Dr. Anderson to sit to him for his likeness, and frankly told him my object. He was disturbed. He wished to oblige me, but endeavored to evade the affliction by procrastination. I was persistent in the good cause. The daguerreotype was taken in duplicate the next day, for the photographic process had not then been discovered. That projected history of wood-engraving was not written, and the martyr felt relief.

The persecutor reappeared a few years later. That daguerreotype was carefully copied on wood, and I asked Dr. Anderson to engrave it for publication in the London *Art Journal.* He was shocked. He refused, because the act would be sheer egotism. Engrave his own portrait! But his scruples were overcome, and among my autographs of distinguished men, there are very few so highly valued as his in his moderate bill for engraving that portrait, with his proof-impression attached. The portrait was published in the "Art Journal" in September, 1858, with other engravings cut by him sixty-four years before.[1]

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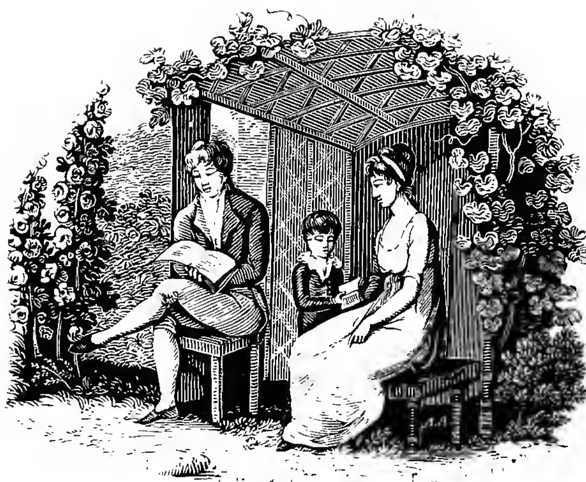
[1] About fifteen years ago, while conversing with the late General George P. Morris, the name of Dr. Anderson was mentioned by me, as one among the living artists of another generation. The general was surprised; he supposed he had been dead several years. He had engraved for Morris's old

XXIX.

XXX.



XXXI.

Dr. Anderson was then in the eighty-fourth year of his age. He was yet uncommonly vigorous in body and mind. His only serious infirmity was deafness, which varied in intensity at different times. The following year he moved from his place of long residence at 279 Broome Street, to another at 157 Orchard Street, where at the age of almost eighty-five, he drew, engraved, and issued a new business card, bearing upon a ribbon of the design the appropriate words, "FLECTUS NON FRACTUS"—"Bent, not broken."

For almost ten years after issuing that card, Dr. Anderson was daily employed in the practice of his profession, and at the age of ninety-three he engraved some illustrations for a new edition of Barber's "Historical Collections of New Jersey." The last of these series engraved by him, was a view in Rahway, New Jersey, drawn by Barber then over seventy years of age. That was the last cut that Dr. Anderson engraved for a publisher. It was finished in May, 1868, when he was

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"Mirror" twenty years before. "Give me a little sketch of him for the 'Home Journal,'" said Morris. I did so. A copy of the paper in which it was published was sent to Dr. Anderson. He allowed no one of his family to see it. Some time afterward it was found concealed in his bed. Such was his aversion to personal notoriety.

a little more than ninety-three years of age. He had then lately left this city, after a residence here of more than ninety years, and taken up his abode at 135 Wayne Street, in Jersey City, with his son-in-law, Doctor Edwin Lewis, whose wife — one of the most devoted of daughters — is the youngest of the three surviving children of the venerated Nestor of Art.[1] There he died on the 17th of January, 1870, a few weeks before his ninety-fifth birth-day. The funeral services were held in Trinity Church in New York City, and his remains were laid in Greenwood Cemetery. He had been compelled, by weakness, to give up labor more than a year before; but only six months before his death he drew a picture neatly

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[1] Dr. Anderson had one son and five daughters. His son bore the name of Anderson's brother John whom he loved so well. That son, who was a physician, died in 1836. Two of the artist's daughters inherited his taste and genius. Emmeline (Mrs. Maybe), was skillful with the pencil, and for several years earned a competence for herself and children. She was annually employed by the late John Allan, to design the ball cards of the New York Caledonian Society. Ann (Mrs. Maverick), already mentioned, was a skillful engraver. The surviving daughters are Mrs. Julia Halsey, Mrs. Mary Skillman, and Mrs. Jane Lewis. The latter was his youngest and greatly beloved child. She never left him; and for thirty-five years she was his loving house-keeper. Her son now approaching manhood, inherits his grandfather's taste, and promises to be an accomplished artist.

XXXII.

XXXIII.

on a block, and had partly engraved it when he laid aside the implements of his art forever. That unfinished block his daughter kindly presented to the writer.

Dr. Anderson was a good miniature painter, and it appears from records in his Diary, that he was frequently employed as such in his earlier art life. The likenesses of his father, mother, and uncle in the West Indies; of Dr. Young, his medical preceptor; and of Lansing and Morgan, his pupils, which he drew on paper, have been engraved to illustrate this Memoir, the exact size and style of the original. He also made a fine miniature of his second wife, Jane Van Vleck, on paper.

He also painted miniatures on ivory. In this way he preserved the features of all his daughters when they were young women. That of Mrs. Lewis, the only one I have seen, is a specimen of the art that would have been creditable to a Shumway or Cummings. In a Common Place Book, in which he had jotted down his own thoughts, Scotch maxims of his father, and other things to be remembered, he made many sketches, especially of cats that had been his pets. One of these, a foundling, whose portrait appears in the collection, survives him. She always followed him about, and would not leave his room for

several days after his death. Among his early drawings is one of what he had seen in the fire. It is a curious and confused collection of grotesque faces, forms and groups. During the present year (1870) a curious book with colored illustrations, written by M. Arsene Houssaye, called "Coals," has been published in London. The pictures, showing what the writer saw in the fire, have a general character precisely like that drawn by Dr. Anderson probably sixty years before.

I cannot close this paper more acceptably than by reading the following letter, written to me a few days ago by a member of the Executive Committee of this Society, whose father was one of the earliest employers of Dr. Anderson as an illustrator of books:

20 Clinton Place,
New York, Sept. 22, 1870.

My Dear Mr. Lossing:

You ask me to recall the incidents of our visit to Dr. Anderson, in December, 1867. It is a pleasure to do so, so agreeable was the impression made at the time, and so satisfactory is now the recollection. He was then in his ninety-third year, as may be supposed somewhat cramped by age in the enjoyment of his physical powers; but with the exception of a partial loss of hearing

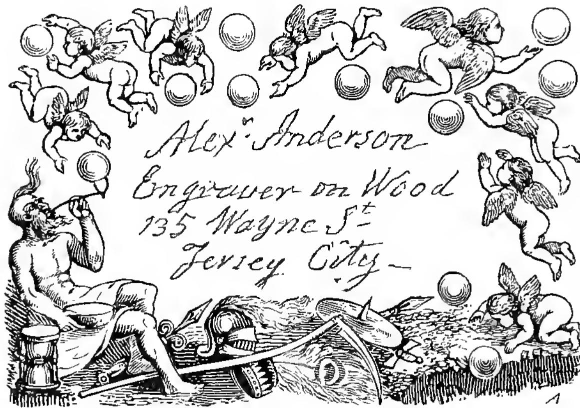
XXXIV.

apparently suffering little from the inconvenience; his mental faculties were still vigorous, his memory clear, his judgment sound. He conversed freely, and talked like one who had thought much in retirement — who had concentrated his thoughts and made himself master of his reading. He had, as you may remember, a copy of the Orations of Cicero in the original, the octavo Delphin edition, published by my father in 1814. It was a well-battered school book, which he said he had recently been engaged in reading without the aid of a translation, with occasional resort to a dictionary. His comments showed discrimination and judgment of his own. I remember his quotation of scraps of old Scottish songs and proverbs, and his remark on old age as a thing hard to be understood. He spoke of the schoolmaster who taught him Latin in his boyhood, one John Meanie, who kept school at the corner of Beekman and Gold streets; and of the early publishers who had given him employment.

His hand was still active at the bench at which he had worked so many years. He was, as he had been for some time, out of the current of his old engagements by the booksellers; but it was not in his nature to remain idle. He had just produced an engraving or two after designs of his own, of

an emblematical character, for a card-plate. On one of these he wrote his name for us. The figures were significant, reminding one of Hogarth's "Finis." Time was blowing his bubbles, and airy Cupids catching them; at his feet, crossed by his scythe, lay the emblems of ambition and vanity—the overthrown crown and a peacock's feather.

This, I think, was my last interview with the good Doctor. Though I called afterward, on



one occasion carrying with me the diploma of honorary membership of the New York Historical Society, he was unable to see me. Since his death I have been admitted by his faithful daughter, who, with the members of the family, contributed so much of strength and cheerfulness to his de-

clining years, to the sight of many specimens of his early and later work, of his portfolios of engravings, of his own drawing-book, and of some private journals — all of which have greatly confirmed and heightened my impressions of this remarkable man; for such he was, not only in the great length of healthy existence which he enjoyed, but in the singular tenacity of purpose of his devotion to his art, the formation in early youth of his manly character, his patience through long years of toil, often better rewarded by his love of the beautiful and pursuit of excellence than by the scant pecuniary returns offered in his day to the genuine artist.

His life was extended through a grand historic period, which your own works devoted to our American annals witness to in occasional anecdotes of the Revolutionary and other times, drawn from his retentive memory. No one can speak of this phase of his career with more propriety than yourself; nor of the finer qualities of his art, which is also your own.

Let me, in conclusion, add an incident illustrative of his remarkable conscientiousness, as it was related to me by the late James Harper, shortly before his sudden death. The Messrs. Harper had engaged Dr. Anderson to execute some map-

work at a stipulated price. When it was finished the Doctor insisted upon taking less than the sum agreed upon, as he said he had found the work not so laborious as he expected it to be.

Such was Doctor Anderson. From one trait learn all. The history of American Art has much of personal interest and worth. I congratulate you on the opportunity, in your memoir of Dr. Anderson, of adding another profitable and attractive chapter to the record.

With great regard,

Yours truly,

EVERT A. DUYCKINCK.

TO BENSON J. LOSSING, ESQ.,

I will only add to Mr. Duyckinck's remark, that Dr. Anderson was eminently a son of wisdom, in whose hand is "length of days." He was a son of wisdom because he was always loyal to truth; never took the name of God in vain; shunned anger and strong drink which burn men like fire; loved God and kept his commandments with sweetness of temper; ate and slept at proper times and in a proper manner; was just and humble: worked industriously with an ever-cheerful spirit; was kind, and loving, and generous to all around — in a word, he lived a pure, simple, blameless, and useful life.

XXXVI.

XXXVII.

APPENDIX.

I.

The following is the sketch of Dr. Anderson's life, written by himself in 1848, when in the seventy-third year of his age, to which allusion has been made in the Memoir:

In order to account for my neglect of the ordinary means of advancement in life, it may be necessary to say something of my parentage and incidents of my early days.

I was born in the city of New York in the year 1775. My father, although a native of Scotland, had become a thorough republican; and entering into the printing business published a paper "The Constitutional Gazette" in opposition to Rivington's "Royal Gazette," and soon became conspicuous as John Anderson, the rebel printer. His business was prosperous till the British army approached the city which obliged him to pack up and fly. On his way to Connecticut by the Kingsbridge road, his wagons were seized for the use of the American garrison at Fort Washington, and his books and papers converted into cartridges. His paper money depreciated and soon became worthless and the consequences may be imagined. He, however, found a refuge for his family among some friends of my mother (who was of the New England stock) at Greenwich, Conn., while he made himself

useful as captain of the alarm list on the debateable ground. My first recollections are those of playing on the shores of the Sound, building little huts among the rocks and roofing them with sea weed, delighted with everything around me. My brother and myself, however, were under the rigid government of my mother whose talents enabled her to give us some instructions. For want of ink she would dissolve indigo in water and the drawings of faces and flowers made their appearance and amused us during the evenings. Some pieces of type-metal ornaments which had escaped the wreck of the printing office became interesting objects to me. The grotesque vignettes in old editions of books done when the artist had not the fear of criticism before his eyes had charms for me, and I am not ashamed to say something of that taste still remains with me. The old Dutch tiles around the fire place were so execrable that I remember looking at them with a mixture of curiosity and disgust. At times we were indulged with the sight of a large pile of pictures such as issued from the London print shops of that day. Among the rest Hogarth's Industrious and Idle Apprentice made a strong impression on my mind.

As soon as peace was declared, the scene was changed to New York. I was put to school and drilled into the study of Latin and a little Greek. I became a great reader. After devouring all the toy books of Newbury, the first book of any consequence was Æsop's Fables and the next Dryden's Virgil, the engravings in which formed no small share of the entertainment. I was full of business, carving little figures, making boats and fitting up a little cellar as a

XXXVIII.

theatre; for I had been favored with the sight of one play and it was an event not to be forgotten. I had my drawing books and my drawings were made by wetting a hair pencil in my mouth, rubbing it on a bit of Indian ink and then imitating prints in line work. One of my schoolfellows had access to an Encyclopedia and there we found some instructions for engraving. Small pieces of copper were procured and pennies rolled out in the mill of a friendly silversmith, and when copper was scarce pewter was used. I did a head of Paul Jones and pleased was I when I got an impression with red oil paint in a rude rolling press which I had constructed. The first graver I used was the back spring of a pocket knife ground to a point. An obliging blacksmith afterwards made some tools for me and I began to work in type metal.

I engraved some small ships and sold them at the newspaper offices. Other little jobs followed and I produced some spare cash. As there was but one other person working in the same line I began to feel of some consequence.

At length it was determined that I should become a physician, and at fourteen years of age, I left my workshop in the garret and entered with Dr. Joseph Young, a man whose goodness of heart and amiable manners I shall never forget. He had been a surgeon in the Revolutionary army and had that talent of observation which is sometimes deficient in men of greater celebrity, and was very successful in his practice. The study of physic in those days was different from what it is at present. The students compounded all the medicines; delivered them to the patients and sometimes administered them.

No small share of fatigue attended this as our business was extensive.

I continued this mode of life for five years, reading all the medical books within reach, and yet found time for engraving for letter press and some on copper, the products of which partly clothed me and paid for four courses of all the medical lectures, besides of Natural Philosophy and a smattering of French at evening school. One of my earliest employers was William Durell who began with toy books and proceeded to larger works such as a folio edition of Josephus and above a hundred volumes of British Classics. It was while engraving for him that I met with Bewick's works, and having with difficulty procured some box wood, found the advantage of that material over type metal.

Before I was of age I underwent an examination according to law and received a license to practice physic. My wayward fate induced me to refuse the offer of a partnership with my old teacher Dr. Young. In 1795, I was employed by the Health Committee as Resident Physician at Bellevue Hospital where I passed three months among yellow fever patients (most of them sent up in the last stage of disease) and witnessed above a hundred deaths. Although I was employed day and night and even assisted in opening four dead bodies, I escaped the infection, but suffered from depression of spirits.

In 1796, I graduated in Columbia College as M.D., became a married man, hired a house and commenced practice, occasionally engraving a little, among the rest a skeleton from Albinus enlarged to near three feet. I contrived to get two or three impressions by

means of a long lever, but my work became disjointed and went to pieces.

I soon discovered that the practice was a different thing from the study of physic. The responsibility appeared too great for the state of my mind. However, I labored on till the fatal yellow fever of 1798, when I was again employed in the Hospital; but after a few days bade adieu to it as I had lost my wife and child. In a short time followed the loss of my brother, father, mother and almost all my friends whom I visited in their illness—all within three months. This succession of calamities seemed rather too severe; I sought consolation in change of scene and made a voyage to the West Indies to visit an uncle Dr. Alexander Anderson, King's Botanist in the island of St. Vincent. I remained at the Botanic Garden (a perfect paradise at that time) about three months; and, after rejecting an offer that would have made me independent returned to my native place.

I had a craving for quiet and retirement, with the hopes of supporting myself by my favorite employment. But my solitary life led me to indulge strange whims, such as living on vegetable food, mostly bread and water, for eight months, and then launching out into opposite extremes till a second marriage produced new scenes and new cares. I applied myself closely, rather too closely to the arts and lost no time in amusements except some rambles out of town and even then I was attempting sketches.

In 1802, I undertook the engraving of three hundred cuts for Bewick's Quadrupeds, a laborious undertaking and poorly paid.

I did a number of engravings for the late David Longworth, among the rest a set for the Fables of Flora, the head vignettes on copper and the tail pieces on wood. The late Samuel Wood was one of my most constant employers. I did an infinity of cuts for his excellent set of small books.

Among my acquaintances was John Roberts from Dumfries, the person mentioned by Burns as being good at the burin. I sought his employ in hopes of gaining some improvement from that almost universal genius and assisted in finishing several plates; but there was a downward tendency about the man, and our intimacy was dropped. His end was rather melancholy.

During the last war with Great Britain my title of M.D. would not preserve me from being drafted as a soldier while my six children were thrown upon the care of a mother already showing symptoms of the consumption which afterwards terminated her life. I was fortunate enough in finding a substitute in a short time. I returned to my pursuits and was employed by the corporation to engrave the small money bills issued during the scarcity of specie.

Constant employment has caused time to slip away, till I find myself in my seventy-third year. I have raised and supported a large family under rather discouraging circumstances, and what comes next is in the book of fate. A. A.

II.

List of Engravings accompanying this Memoir.

Page.

I. . . . . Frontispiece. Portrait of Dr. Anderson engraved for Frank Leslie's Illustrated News by A. G. Holcomb .

II. . . . . Dr. Anderson's Father, John Anderson, from a drawing by Dr. Anderson, engraved for this work by Joseph A. Adams 16

III. . . . Dr. Anderson's Mother, from a drawing by himself. Engraved for this work by H. E. Canfield - 18

IV . . Joseph Young, M.D., from a drawing by Dr. Anderson. Engraved for this work by R. Garraty 24

V. . . . Portrait of Dr. Samuel L. Mitchill, engraved by Weaver with a vignette "Cupid wrestling with Pan," designed by Dr. Anderson 25

VI. . Fac Simile Ticket of Admission to Dr. Mitchill's Lectures, engraved for this work by J. H. Richardson . 26

VII.VIII. Two cuts engraved by Dr. Anderson, for "Looking Glass for the Mind" 32

IX. . . . Illustration of "Two Gentlemen of Verona," drawn and engraved by Dr. Anderson after Thurston for an edition of Shakespeare published in 1812, by Messrs. Monroe & Francis 38

Page.

X. XI. . Illustrations of "King Lear," and "Twelfth Night" after designs by T. H. Matteson, engraved by Dr. Anderson for editions of Shakespeare, published by Messrs. Cooledge & Brother 38

XII. . . . The wharf at Bellevue drawn by Charles Parsons from an original design by Dr. Anderson, and engraved for this work by C. B. Dolge 43

XIII. . Portrait of Dr. Alexander Anderson, King's Botanist, engraved for this work by Stephen H. Brelett after a drawing by Dr. Anderson 50

XIV. . . Death's Pulpit, drawn and engraved by Dr. Anderson, after a print by Van Venne 62

XV. XVI. XVII. Three Illustrations of Pilpay's Fables, drawn and engraved by Dr. Anderson 63

XVIII. . Frontispiece to "O'Reilly's Sketches of Rochester," engraved by Dr. Anderson - 64

XIX. . . Holy Family, drawn and engraved by Dr. Anderson - 65

XX. . . The Embargo, drawn and engraved by Dr. Anderson after a design by Jarvis 70

XXI. . . Portrait of Garret Lansing, engraved for this work by J. H. Richardson, after a drawing by Dr. Anderson 74

XXII. . Portrait of William Morgan engraved for this work by A. G. Holcomb after a drawing by Dr. Anderson - 75

XXIII. XXIV. XXV. Three cuts drawn and engraved after Bewick, by Dr. Anderson after his 90th year 77

Page.

XXVI. XXVII. Two cuts drawn and engraved after Bewick by Dr. Anderson after his 90th year 80

XXVIII. Portrait of Dr. Anderson drawn by Browere, engraved for this work by Thomas Sugden 85

XXIX. . Portrait of Dr. Anderson engraved by himself after a daguerreotype by Plumbe 86

XXX. . . Dr. Anderson's Business Card issued in his 84th year, engraved by himself 87

XXXI. . Cottage Scene, an early engraving by Dr. Anderson - - - 87

XXXII. XXXIII. Engravings by Dr. Anderson after George Cruikshank, executed for Messrs. Francis - - - 88

XXXIV. Grotesque design "What he saw in the fire" by Dr. Anderson, engraved by himself 90

XXXV. . Dr. Anderson's card designed and engraved by himself - - - 92

XXXVI. XXXVII. Two cuts drawn and engraved after Bewick by Dr. Anderson after his 90th year - 94

XXXVIII. Illustration of Scott's Lay of the Last Minstrel, Dr. Anderson's last finished engraving 96

INDEX.

Anderson, Dr. Alex., *passim.*
Anderson, John, 16, 17, 18, 20, 77, 95.
Anderson (Dr. of St. Vincent), 50, 99.
Adams, Jos. A., 76, 77, 80.
Allan, John, 63, 78, 88.
Allen, John, 36, 38.
Alsop, Rich., 37.
Amman, Jost, 11.

Babcock, John, 34, 35, 61, 73.
Babcock, Sidney, 34, 61.
Balmanno, Robt., 63.
Balmanno, Mrs., 64.
Bard, Dr., 25, 43, 45, 66.
Barber, J. W., 87.
Bayley, Dr., 26.
Bewick, John, 61.
Bewick, Thos., 13, 14, 15, 32, 33, 34, 38, 39, 57, 61, 72, 75, 98, 99.
Binney, Horace, Jr , 1.
Bonner, 13.
Bowen, A. C., 71, 72, 73, 80.
Barnum & Beach, 82.
Bissett, 34.
Brougham, 78.
Browere, 85.
Bunce & Co., 34, 35.
Branston, Robt., 77.
Buckingham, J. S., 78.
Buel, 34
Burger, 22.
Burgmaier, 10.
Bushnell, Chas. I., 65.
Burr, Aaron, 68.
Bryant, Wm. C., 70.

Campbell, J. W., 83.
Campbell, Samuel, 32, 34, 35.
Carey, Matthew, 37, 57.
Carpi, 10.
Chapman, J. G., 70, 77.
Childs, B. F., 80.
Coleman, Wm., 67.
Collins, I., 59.
Cheetham, Jas., 67.
Corré, 29.
Cunio, Alex. Alberic, 5.
Cunio, Isabella, 5.

Davis, Alex. J., 63.
Davis (printer), 34.
Dearborn, Nath., 72.
Dolge, C. B., 43.
Doolittle, Amos, 36, 38.
Doré, Gustave, 14, 39.
Douce, 12.
Downing, A. J., 64.
Duplessis, 9.
Dunlap, Wm., 37, 61, 68.
Durand, A. B., 68.
Durell, Wm., 31, 32, 33, 34, 36, 39, 55, 98.
Dürer, Albert, 9, 10, 11, 13.
Duyckinck, Evert, 34, 55.
Duyckinck, Evert A., 94.
Dwight, Theo., 37.

Eckman, 13.

Earle, 38.
Edwin, David, 69.

Faust, John, 9.
Francis, J. W., 44, 51, 59, 66, 67, 68.
Freneau, Philip, 17, 34, 35.

Gaine, Hugh, 34, 35.
Gilbert, George, 73, 80.
Greenleaf, Thos., 37.
Güttenberg, John, 9.

Hall, John H., 73, 75.
Hamblin, T. S., 74.
Hamersley, Dr., 26, 44, 46.
Hamilton, Louis M., 83.
Hartwell, Alonzo, 72, 80.
Harper, Jas., 93.
Harper & Bros., 43, 81, 93.
Harrison & Brower, 34, 35.
Heincken, 6.
Holbein, 11, 12, 58, 61.
Holcomb, 81.
Holt, H. F., 8.
Hosack, David, 25, 26, 44, 45, 46, 48, 50, 51, 66, 67, 68.
Houssaye (Arsene), 90.
Hurd & Houghton, 63.

Inman, Henry, 69.
Irving, Washington, 55, 56, 57.

Jarvis, John W., 68, 69, 70, 85.
Jergher, 13.
Johnson, Dr., 44.

Kemp, Dr., 26.
Kent, Jas., 26.
Kissam, Dr., 48.

Lansing, Alfred, 74, 80.
Lansing, Garret, 73, 80, 89.
Leslie, Frank, 81, 82.
Leney, W. S., 60, 61.
Lewis, Dr. Edwin, 88.
Lewis, Mrs., 85, 89.
Livingston, Brockholst, 24.
Longworth, David, 33, 55, 57, 100.
Lützelberger, Hans, 12, 13.

Mason, A. J., 77, 78, 79.
Mason, Wm., 73.
Matteson, T. H., 38.
McFarlane, Dr., 44.
Maverick, Mrs. Ann, 74, 88.
Meanie, John, 91.
Mitchill, Dr. S. L., 24, 25, 27, 30, 44, 45, 46, 66.
Monroe & Francis, 64.
Moreau, Chas. C., 34.
Moreau, John B., 78.
Morgan, Wm., 65, 73, 74, 89.
Morland, Geo., 69.
Moore, Dr. Benjn., 47.
Morris, Geo. P., 63, 76, 86.
Morse, S. F. B., 70.

Noah, M. M., 29.

O'Reilly, Henry, 64.

Paine, Thos., 17, 70.
Papillon, 5, 13.
Parsons, C., 43.
Pintard, John, 70.

Redfield, Wm. D., 80.
Redfield, J. S., 80, 82.
Reid, Abner, 35, 73.
Riedenger, 59.
Rivington, Jas., 16, 95.
Roberts, John, 54, 55, 56, 100.
Rogers, Dr., 44, 46, 48.
Rollinson, Wm., 36, 37.

Saltonstall, Dr., 44, 45, 46.
Schoffer, Peter, 9.
Scoles, 25, 31, 61.
Shumway, H. C., 89.
Smith, Dr. Wm., 25, 31, 42, 49, 66.

Spencer, Earl, 7, 8.
Stansbury, 57.
Stimmer, 11.
Strong, T. W., 82.
Stuart, Gilbert, 56, 68.
Sugden, Thos., 85.
Swords, 55.

Tanner, Benjn., 37, 38.
Taylor, Gen., 68.
Thornton, Linton, 80.
Thurston, John, 78.
Throop, 73.
Tiebout. C., 36, 37, 38.
Tisdale, E., 36, 37, 61.
Trott, Benjn., 56.
Tucker, Luther & Co , 64.
Trumbull, Jonathan, 67.
Trumbull, John, 67, 70.

Vanderlyn, John, 68, 69.
Van Vleck, Jane, 89.
Van Vleck, Nancy, 45.
Van Sichem, 13.
Van Venne, Adrian, 62.
Vecellio (Cesare), 11.
Verplanck, G. C., 67.

Warner, Andw., 85.
Weaver, 25.
West, Benjn., 68.
White, R. N., 80.
Wolgemüth, Michael, 10, 11.
Wood, Samuel, 34, 35, 58, 100.

Young, Dr. Joseph, 23, 24, 28, 39, 89, 97.