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CONTENTS.



| | PAGE |
|---|------|
| Pigeon M. de la Rosa | 4 |
| Choosing the Bride. C. Makoffsky. | 6 |
| Monastery at Briex W. Riefstahl. | 22 |
| Russian Wedding-Feast C. Makoffsky. | 24 |
| Threading the Needle. P. Epp. | 28 |
| Judgment of Paris. C. Makoffsky. | 30 |
| Young Shepherds. H. Salentin. | 35 |
| Sailor's Fireside. Otto Kirberg | 37 |
| Le Lendemain de Noce. Max Volkart. | 44 |
| La Belle Russe. C. Makoffsky. | 46 |
| Precious Stones. | 47 |
| Mother's Darling. Oswald Stieger. | 55 |
| Cupid at Work. | 56 |
| Charm of Gifts | 57 |
| Papa Joins the Dance P. Baumgartner. | 59 |
| Interrupted Serenade. Luigi Monteverde. | 60 |
| Invitation to Dance P. Baumgartner. | 61 |
| Fishermen. E. Duecker. | 62 |
| Friars' Dinner P. Baumgartner. | 63 |
| Bavarian Tyrol Albert Zimmermann. | 64 |

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PIGEON.

M. DE LA ROSA, PINX.

Original owned by CHARLES WM. SCHUMANN.

CHOOSING THE BRIDE

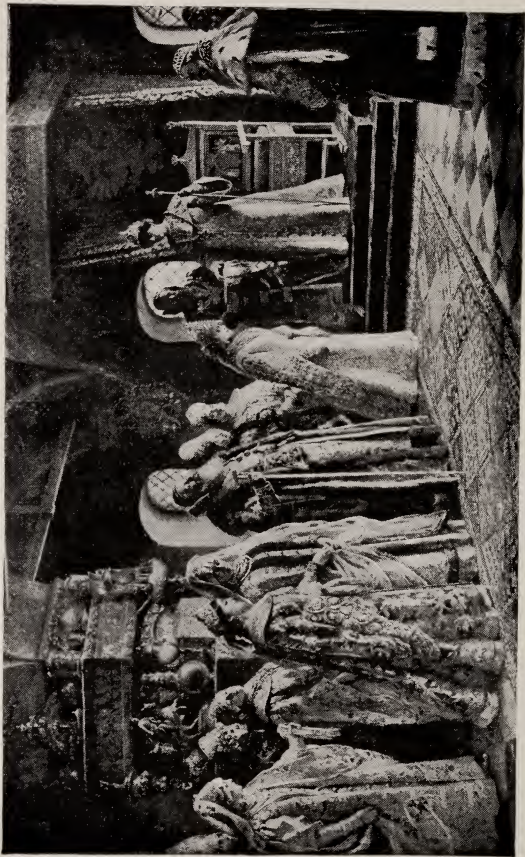
A PAINTING

BY THE RUSSIAN ARTIST,

Constantine Makoffsky,

OF

ST. PETERSBURG.



CHOOSING THE BRIDE.

Canvas, 15 feet by 10 feet.

C. MAKOFFSKY, PINX.

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CHOOSING THE BRIDE.

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THIS PAINTING BY C. MAKOFFSKY ILLUSTRATES A MOST INTERESTING EVENT IN RUSSIAN HISTORY.

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I N 1645 Alexis Michailowitsch was declared Czar of Russia.

He was only sixteen years of age when this important event occurred.

At this time his tutor, the Boyar Boris Iwanowitsch Morosoff, assumed almost absolute rule.

Although he was a man who inspired high and low with a sense of fear, and his power was acknowledged and dreaded by all, still the intelligent young Czar allowed him no arbitrary action.

With a keen perception of governmental affairs unusual in one of his age, he permitted no decree to pass without his sanction.

Morosoff, who was shrewd and calculating, endeavored not to lose the grace of his sovereign, for he wished to retain his influence in national affairs.

Uneasy regarding his future, he projected a plan, whereby he might strengthen the ties between the young Czar and himself.

He carefully intimated to the youthful sovereign that it was time he should think of marriage.

The Czar was now eighteen, and the thought had never yet presented itself to his mind.

“Marriage,” he repeated; “why, the people will laugh at me, and say I am but a boy.”

Morosoff answered him that the people, as well as the Boyars, desired his marriage. It was indeed the demand of the country.

“And whom should I marry?” the young Czar asked, with a blush.

“I have not yet selected a bride for your Majesty,” Morosoff replied. “The ancient custom is, as your Majesty knows, to send reliable emissaries throughout the empire to invite the fairest maidens of the oldest and noblest families to come to Moscow. You have but to command, my Sovereign, and your Majesty may then choose from many the one you graciously deign to love.”

“Love? you said love?” Alexis repeated, interrogatively. “And does marriage with a Czar naturally involve love?”

Although he had never given the subject thought, still some instinct, heaven-born in the soul of man, taught him that Love was sovereign of the world, and not subject to command.

He shrank from the mode of marriage proposed by his tutor. He felt that the event was too serious to be decided in that manner.

He desired something more than a mere introduction before he chose his life companion.

Finally he arranged to have his sisters, the princesses, invite the maidens to a private concert at the palace, where he would be present, unknown to them.

This plan did not suit the scheming Morosoff.

He intended to surprise and confuse the young man, and induce him to choose Marie Miloslawski, while he himself would marry Anna, her sister.

Then, as the brother-in-law of the Czar, he would retain and augment his power.

To the Czar he spoke in glowing terms of Marie.

He enthusiastically described her beauty of face and character, and suggested that as her family was one of the oldest, and her pedigree irreproachable, no other

maiden could be so safely recommended or prove more acceptable to the country.

Still, of course, he could not do otherwise than submit to the positive decision of the Czar himself.

Among the six young ladies who were selected from among over two hundred and found morally, mentally and physically eligible, there was, besides the two sisters recommended by Morosoff, a young lady named Eufemia Vsevolodski.

She lived with her parents at Kassimoff, in a retired country seat in the province of Rjazan.

Greatly renowned was she for her beauty and childlike innocence.

When summoned to attend the concert, she obeyed timidly.

The gorgeous splendor of the brilliantly-lighted palace overpowered her.

Embarrassed and abashed, she took her seat with the princesses.

Musicians appeared at the entrance of the Terem, a room exclusively for ladies.

When they played the sweet national tune of her own province, Eufemia looked up, forgetting her timidity in the enjoyment of the air.

Her eyes encountered the fixed gaze of one of the

musicians. Indignant and alarmed, she tried to turn away, but her eyes disobeyed her will. He was so young, so handsome! She was like one charmed by a spell. His pale face blushed when his eyes met hers.

“His face seems so familiar to me,” she mused; “surely I have met him before—yet how dare he, a common musician, gaze at me like that! It is an insult.”

Still, she could not resist wishing that he might continue to gaze at her.

That same evening after the concert, the Czar walked up and down his room in deep agitation.

He loved! His face expressed infinite rapture, and then again it was shadowed in deepest gloom with the apprehension that she might not reciprocate his passion.

Morosoff, who had accompanied him to his room, watched him with penetrating eyes, as if to read his most secret thoughts.

At length, in sweetest accents, he asked:

“Well, Gossudar,* have you nothing to tell me? How are you pleased with the maidens we have selected for you? Have we mistaken your Majesty’s tastes, or did you find one to your fancy?”

* My Lord.

In silence the Czar cast down his eyes.

He knew not what to say. He felt it would be a sacrilege to betray what agitated his whole soul.

It would be a profanation. For the first time the presence of Morosoff, his tutor, his fatherly friend, was annoying to him.

But Morosoff did not intend to leave before consummating his object.

“My sweetest child,” he continued, “brightest sun on earth, embrace me with all your heart. Let me look into your soul! Confide in me as you have done heretofore. Tell me which of those charming angels has captured your heart. Do not be ashamed, dear child, to converse freely with me! There is no wrong in loving. ‘Love is divine!’ Let me share your joy as I have ever shared your sorrow! For which of the maidens shall I say my prayer? Whom do you command me, your ever devoted servant, to call my superior?”

Although he embraced the Czar with ardor, the latter would not reveal his secret.

“Leave me, Iwanytsch,” he cried. “Leave me alone with my dreams. My heart moves like the waves of an agitated ocean. I can tell you nothing now—I know nothing myself. I wish to sleep. You yourself

have told me that I must arise early to-morrow, for it is the all-important day when I must choose a bride for life!"

Morosoff, furious at heart, but suppressing his anger, kissed the Czar good-night.

After all, he thought, Marie might be the chosen one.

Alexis passed a sleepless night of tempestuous emotion.

Early in the morning he went direct to the chapel next his room, where generations of his ancestors had said their prayers.

In tears he knelt. Never in his life had he prayed so fervently and so long. Yet what he begged of God he scarcely knew himself.

The palace was crowded with nobles. Many of the first families in the city were wild with excitement and hope.

The master of ceremonies was overwhelmed with the magnitude of his duties.

Eufemia only was calm. She had decided not to be presented to the Czar.

Why should she be?

Did she not love Dimitry, her friend, who had grown up from childhood with her? She knew nothing, cared

nothing, about a more ardent love than that of a sister.

Then she thought again of the musician whom she had seen the evening previous, and tried vainly to forget him.

It was only after persistent entreaties that her parents persuaded her to go to the palace. They would be ruined, they told her, if she insulted the Czar by refusing to be introduced.

Even after she had consented to go, Eufemia resolved that if the Czar's choice fell upon her, she would beg him on bended knees to select another. She could never love him, and she would prefer death to marriage without love.

Morosoff kept places for Marie and Anna near the throne. Eufemia timidly remained in the rear.

Indifferent to the important event about to occur, she realized now that she was enchanted by that stranger, the musician, despite the fact that she had no expectation of ever again beholding his beautiful face.

So absorbed and unassuming was she, that her rivals scarcely noticed her presence.

The exciting moment came. The master of cere-

monies announced the coming of the Czar. The ladies trembled with expectation and hope.

Eufemia looked mechanically in the direction of the entrance.

The Boyar Morosoff came marching in front.

When she saw that pale-faced, black-bearded wizard, with the evil eye, she shuddered. Unable to endure his gaze, she cast down her eyes.

[The description immediately following refers to the painting.]

The Czar took his place on the throne. He was appareled in his gold-embroidered robes of state, his cape and cap radiant with precious stones.

With a stately bow, he greeted the assembled audience.

Morosoff presented the Czar with a ring and a handkerchief on a silver plate, and excitedly whispered: "There is Marie—the one right before your Majesty!" With trembling hands the young Czar took the offered gifts and stood immovable, his eyes intently searching for some one.

Morosoff pressed his hand upon his throbbing heart. His vulture orbs followed the movements of his master.

What! he overlooks Marie—and even so her sister! and now his eyes rest upon the face of another!

The distorted face of the Boyar grinned with ill-concealed wrath. His eyes flashed with fury.

Eufemia carelessly raised her head. There on the throne, clad in the resplendent robe of the Czar, she beheld her adorable musician! In the surprise of joy and alarm she almost fainted.

The Czar attempted to speak, but found no words for his emotion.

After an exciting moment of suspense, he hastened to Eufemia, presenting her with the ring and handkerchief, the tokens of his preference.

With faltering voice, he whispered: "'Tis you, 'tis you whom I do choose—you alone shall be my wife, my Czarina!"

Under the excitement of the moment her strength failed her, and the young Czar caught her drooping form in his arms.

Her eyes, eloquent with love, looked into his! Their souls met in infinite happiness.

Truly had Morosoff said, "Love is divine."

Then the Czar took her hand, and turning to the assembled people, declared her his chosen bride.

Morosoff was the last one to offer congratulations.

In his heart he said: "My will shall yet be obeyed; this chosen bride shall never be Czarina."

He was wily and powerful, and had a herd of unscrupulous men who were ready to obey his command. These conspirators found confederates among the court ladies, who acted as attendants of the young bride.

Instinctively Eufemia feared this evil-eyed man, and kept her faithful old nurse with her, watching night and day, to thwart any attempt upon her young life.

Great preparations were made in the palace.

The day approached when the public betrothal should take place. Suddenly a rumor was circulated that the Czar's bride was a victim to the disease known as Demoniacism.

She shrieked at night, and was often found in spasms.

When Morosoff was informed of it, he slyly feigned disbelief.

On the day for the public betrothal, maids were appointed to dress the bride in the presence of royal ladies. Mauka Charitonowa braided her rich hair with strings of pearls, and twisted it so tight and close to her head that she screamed with pain.

Vainly did she beg to have it loosened.

All agreed that it was in proper style for the Czar's bride, and that the Court etiquette demanded that she be attired this way, and no other.

They loaded her down with jewels, around the neck, on the shoulders, arms, hands, and ears. They forced a diadem on her head, cutting a deep groove in her forehead. She called for her faithful nurse to remove it, but the conspirators had banished the nurse from the palace.

They looked at the bride, admiring her with malicious smiles.

With racking pains in her head and limbs, Eufemia was scarcely able to move.

They took her by the arms and almost dragged her into the grand salon, filled with boyars, ambassadors, priests, officers, and ladies.

She saw the "evil eye" gazing triumphantly upon her.

The blood rushed to her head. Green and red rings flickered before her eyes.

Just as the young Czar extended his hand to receive her, all became darkness. She screamed and fell swooning upon the floor.

The young Czar, who was but a moment before the happiest man on earth, uttered a loud cry and lifted her death-like form in his arms, weeping bitterly.

The Boyar Morosoff alone was self-possessed.

Coldly, he gave the signal to the ladies' maids to carry Eufemia away. Then, in a solemn, loud voice, he exclaimed: "From what a terrible fate has the Lord mercifully saved our beloved Czar and his people! When it was rumored that the chosen bride of our young sovereign was a bewitched demoniac, I did not believe it. I called it old woman's gossip. But the Lord is gracious. He has opened our eyes in time to save us. Let us charitably call the unfortunate woman a victim of epilepsy."

"Epilepsy" passed from mouth to mouth. Nobody doubted it, and many were glad, for it renewed their hopes of yet becoming the chosen bride.

Morosoff was triumphant, but the Czar, sobbing, covered his face with his hands, and shut himself for days alone in his room.

One old man in the assembled populace pushed his way through the excited groups, and cried in the face of Morosoff: "Epilepsy? You lie! My daughter is well. She never was sick in her life. You are doing this to ruin my child!"

Morosoff called the guard, saying coldly: "Seize that old maniac, and put him in irons; he must be punished for his audacity. He has tried to deceive our beloved monarch, and now he insults me!"

Boyar Putschkin, a friend of the old man, saved him from being put to torture, but he was sent with his family to Siberia.

Eufemia's state of mind bordered on insanity. In later years she received proposals of marriage from men of the best families, but she remained single, and to her dying day treasured the ring and handkerchief as sacred tokens.

It was more than a year before Alexis even partially recovered from the cruel shock to his affections.

But his character was changed, and a dull apathy took possession of him. Nothing cheered or interested him, and the wild sport of hunting bears was his only diversion.

Years afterward, entirely under the influence of Morosoff, he married Marie Miloslawski.

She died in 1669, and two years later he married his second wife, Natalie Kirillowna Naryschkina.

His son, born May 30, 1672, followed him to the throne, and was known to the world as Peter the Great.

Years after that memorable day, Alexis was made acquainted with and convinced of the fact that his beloved Eufemia had never been ill, and that her ruin was plotted and carried out in the palace. He rein-

stated the family in their former position at Kassimoff, but it was then too late to redress the grosser wrongs which had been perpetrated, and resigned to his fate, though with great pain, he placed a restriction upon their ever coming to Moscow.



MONASTERY AT BRIEX.

W. RIEFSTAHL, PINX.

Original owned by CHARLES W. M. SCHUMANN.



THE CELEBRATED PAINTING

A RUSSIAN WEDDING FEAST

Of the Seventeenth Century

BY

CONSTANTINE MAKOFFSKY

OF

St. Petersburg



DESCRIPTION BY

CHARLES WM. SCHUMANN

NEW YORK





A RUSSIAN WEDDING FEAST.

Canvas 12 ft. 10 ins. x 8 ft.

C. MAKOFFSKY, PINX

The highest prize, "MÉDAILLE D' HONNEUR," was awarded to this painting at the International Exposition, 1885, at Antwerp, where it was bought, with all rights of reproduction, by its present owner, Charles Wm. Schumann, of New York.

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A RUSSIAN WEDDING-FEAST

OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.



BEFORE the time of Peter the Great, when the old Boyar families of Russia were at the zenith of power and wealth, they often surpassed the emperors in the display of wealth which they made at their wedding feasts. Antique chests were called upon to contribute their contents of precious jewels, plate, silver and golden goblets, and chalices of unique shape, to testify the renown of the house, to prove its hospitality, and to ornament and beautify the happy day of family history.

Betrothals, in Russia, in the times of the Boyars, which this painting represents, were frequently made by the parents for their children while still quite young. Their daughters, during their education, lived

in strictest retirement, unacquainted with society, associating only with their parents and attendants—a custom partly observed to this day in France. When the wedding day approached the bride received a guardian, or Lady of Ceremony—an elderly relative—who was the intimate adviser of the young bride, and took great pains that the ancient traditional rules should be strictly observed. The Rites of the Church and some other very singular traditional customs before, during, and after the Divine service, must be omitted in this brief description. The artist has selected and charmingly represents the first appearance of the newly-married pair in society.

The young husband and wife have entered the room and stand at the head of the table. He now with admiration and tenderest love, for the first time beholds her unveiled. Sympathizing with her embarrassment, he gently gazes into the blushing face of her who is to be his life's companion; while she, with drooping eyes, cannot look up to him. The company around the table greet them, and wait with filled cups to drink to their happiness, when the young husband shall have given his wife the husband-kiss. The timid bride, sensitive at being the subject of curiosity, conscious that every eye rests on her, a picture of innocence and bashfulness

hesitates, the men urging, while the women, pleased with her modesty, encourage her with loving words. Even her guardian tenderly ushers her onward, pleading earnestly in favor of the old custom. At the lower end of the table a little group are merrily enjoying the joke of the silken slipper of the bride, of which they have obtained possession and hidden away.

The highest prize, "MEDAILLE D'HONNEUR," was awarded to this painting at the International Exposition, 1885, at Antwerp, where it was bought, with all rights of reproduction, by its present owner, C. W. Schumann, of New York.

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THREADING THE NEEDLE.

P. EPP, PINX.

Original owned by CHARLES WM. SCHUMANN.

THE
JUDGMENT OF PARIS

A Painting

BY THE RUSSIAN ARTIST

CONSTANTINE MAKOFFSKY

OF

St. Petersburg

DESCRIPTION BY

CHARLES WM. SCHUMANN,

NEW YORK.



Canvas 12 ft. 6 ins. x 8 ft.

C. MAKOFFSKY, PINX.

THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS.

"The Judgment of Paris," bought of the artist by Charles Wm. Schumann, is one of the paintings of the collection for which C. Makoffsky received a Medal at the World's Fair in Paris, 1889.

THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS.

BY CHARLES WM. SCHUMANN.

IT is peculiar to fine art that in search of poetic subjects, the artist will generally choose from the ideals of the ancient Greeks. In mythology their good gods represent heavenly attributes embodied in beautiful figures bringing the spirit nearer to the human mind. These attributes, making up the nature of beneficent gods, were revered by the intelligent, but were not more worshipped as idols than our present-day images.

The philosophers, especially Plato, over four hundred years before the advent of Christianity, regarded Love as a purely spiritual affection subsisting between the sexes, relating to the mind only. They recognized

in Venus the celestial representation of love, uniting heaven and earth, chaste, superior to desires of passion, embodied in the most perfect and sublime beauty of the human form, floating in an enchanted atmosphere, and enlivened by sweet cherubs. Where her foot first touched the ground, the Rose, the emblem of love, sprang up into existence. Wherever she dwells on earth all flowers unite to glorify her surroundings. She possesses the charm of imparting love to all who regard her with a pure mind. This is the Venus who is the immortal ideal of the great philosophers.

THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS, like the legend of Psyche, "the soul," is one of the loveliest fables of mythology. When, by the wish of Jupiter, his favorite hero, Peleus, married the stately Thetis, all the gods appeared at the magnificent wedding-feast with precious gifts, indicating sweet sentiments. Eris, alone, the Goddess of Discord, was not invited. To avenge such disregard she came unnoticed, and while the happy guests were at the height of merriment around the table, she tossed among them a golden apple, bearing the inscription, "To the most beautiful." Instantly harmony was interrupted, for it was an acknowledged fact that, among the many rivals, Juno, Minerva, and Venus made equal claims to the prize. To determine the contest,

they begged Jupiter to decide it; but, as each in her way was equally charming and beloved by him, and not wishing to offend either by his preference of another, he carefully and wisely declined, proposing that the delicate question should be referred to a mortal, who would be better qualified to judge of the beauty best appreciated by man. They consented to ask Paris, a handsome young shepherd, who was an unknown son of King Priamos. To avert the misfortune of a prophecy Paris was, at his birth, sent into the woods to perish, but his life was saved by shepherds.

The simple youth was embarrassed by the request, but he accepted the delicate charge and received the golden apple from Hermes (Mercury) who had accompanied the goddesses. Blinded by their radiant beauty, he stood timidly hesitating before the anxious applicants. First one and then the other seemed to deserve the prize, and then again all three appeared to be of equal merit. To be just in his decision it was desirable that they should appear before him singly, as they were formed by Nature's hand. Juno passed first, and profited by the moment to promise that she would make him King of all Asia should he, by giving the prize to her, make her the Queen of Beauty. Minerva, the second, whispered that she would

elevate him from his low position to a noble and invincible hero ; but Venus only breathed that she would assist him in love, and endow him with the charm of being beloved by all, if he should regard her worthy of the prize. Charmed by the heavenly apparition of chastity, and dazzled by her dream-like beauty, he handed her the golden token of the TRIUMPH OF BEAUTY.

“The Judgment of Paris,” bought of the artist by C. W. Schumann, is one of the paintings of the collection for which C. Makoffsky received a Medal at the World’s Fair in Paris, 1889.



THE YOUNG SHEPHERDS.

H. SALENTIN, PINX.

Original owned by CHARLES WM. SCHUMANN.

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THE SAILOR'S FIRESIDE.

OTTO KIRBERG, PINX.

Original owned by CHARLES Wm. SCHUMANN.



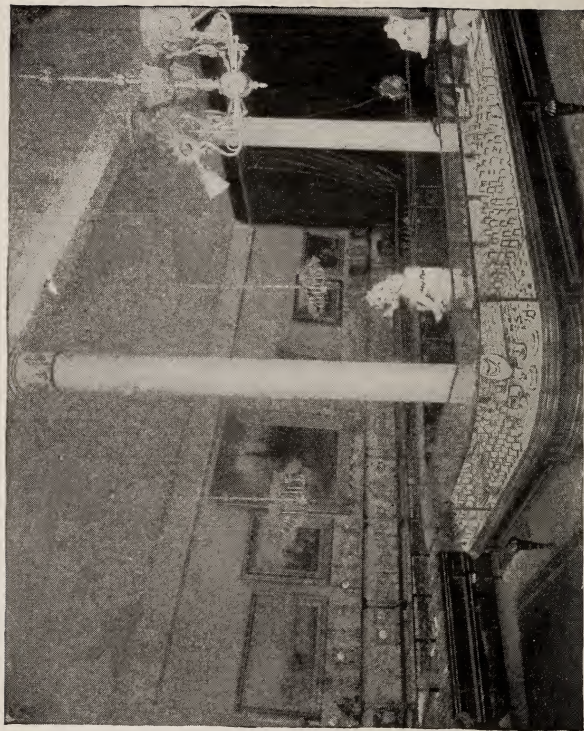
Interior, 937-939 Broadway, S. W. Corner 22d Street

IMPORTANT REMOVAL.

(From The Mercantile and Financial Times, Sept. 26th, 1891.)

We hear a great deal nowadays about the "uptown march of trade," and the more the matter is looked into the more clearly evident does it become that such a movement is really one of the conspicuous forces of the age. And there are good reasons for expecting that such a movement will be still more strongly marked in time to come.

Among recent removals that will interest a good many of the readers of this paper is that of Messrs. Chas. W. Schumann's Sons, the old-established and celebrated importers of fine diamonds and watches. It is forty years since the business carried on by these gentlemen was first established, and during the whole of that lengthy period they have ranked as acknowledged leaders in the trade. They have their downtown establishment at 24 John street, and for five years their uptown establishment has been located at



Interior, 937-939 Broadway, S. W. Corner 22d Street.

Broadway and Seventeenth street, Union Square. But, at length, they have found it necessary to join in the uptown movement, and they have removed to the southwest corner of Broadway and Twenty-second street, which gives them not only a much better location but also considerably more room. Messrs. Schumann's Sons have put in a new granite front, and new walls and floors of asbestos, and have fitted up the interior in most complete and elegant style, with the latest and best electrical appliances, elegant chandeliers of their own design, and so on. At the rear is a small art gallery, in which can be seen masterpieces of art by Constantine Makoffsky, and a number of other valuable paintings by renowned artists.

Messrs. Schumann's Sons carry at all times a superb stock of diamonds, watches and jewelry, and are sole agents for the celebrated "A. Lange" watch. They cater to the very best class of trade and carry none but strictly fine goods. They number a large proportion of the wealthiest and most aristocratic families of New York among their regular customers. No house in the business bears a more honorable reputation than that of Chas. W. Schumann's Sons. The members of the firm—Mr. C. W. Schumann, Jr., and Mr. G. H. Schumann—are both widely and favorably known and highly spoken of in both business and social circles. We wish them great success in their new departure.

To the above editorial we would add :



Interior, 937-939 Broadway, S. W. Corner 22d Street.

The location is convenient, and has the advantage of an unobstructed north light, known to be absolutely the best for judging the true color and quality of precious stones.

Our personal attendance, long experience, and careful discrimination in the distinctions and characteristics of gems and works of art, together with our facilities abroad, enable us to offer at all times the choicest selection.

We continually keep our stock at the highest standard, and supplied with artistic diamond jewelry of the newest designs; also complicated and plain watches, and every article requisite for leading jewelers.

Among the noteworthy gems we would refer to a collection of diamonds of different shades of colors, from the deepest black to blue-white, brown, gold, pink, green, aquamarine and opal; also a remarkably curious diamond, perfectly white on top, and a distinct, beautiful golden color on the reverse.

A leisure hour spent in viewing our exquisite collections will well repay visitors, to whom we cordially extend an invitation.

C. W. SCHUMANN'S SONS.



LE LENDEMAIN DE NOCE.

MAX VOLKART, PINX.

Original owned by CHARLES W. M. SCHUMANN.



VALUABLE INFORMATION

FOR GUIDANCE IN THE

SELECTION OF A GEM

IN

Precious Stones



BY

CHARLES WM. SCHUMANN





LA BELLE RUSSE.

C. MAKOFFSKY, PINX.

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PRECIOUS STONES.

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IN no other business are customers so dependent and so much obliged to rely on the knowledge and integrity of the merchant, as in purchasing precious stones. The following treatise will give general information and will assist the purchaser in selecting a gem:

THE DIAMOND.

In viewing diamonds of different colors, it will require but little experience to discriminate between white, blue-white, brown, pink, green, and all the various shades of yellow. White, slightly tinted blue, is valued the most, for it is well known that a touch of blue mixed with any pure white color will improve it. Still, the *standard color* for a diamond is *true white*,

To ascertain this, place an unset diamond on a sheet of white paper, breathe on it, which will dim it for a moment, and while dim the slightest tinge of color will show, and can be judged as more or less deviating from true white. The result of this experiment on mounted diamonds is less reliable.

The merit of a diamond and its superiority over every other stone as a jewel, is its *brilliancy* or fire, the knowledge of which can be acquired only by comparing stones of different grades of lustre. Inexperienced parties will consider a comparatively dull stone very fine until they compare it with a brilliant gem full of fire, seemingly emitting electric sparks.

There are mathematical laws for the shape and respective proportions, about which even the experts differ in opinion. This question cannot be discussed in these brief remarks, but it is safe to accept the proportions and the angles of the facets as practically correct, if a stone, when looked at at various distances from the eye, shows no vacuum of brilliancy in any part, the fire being evenly distributed and the strength the same over the entire front of the stone.

Imperfections are the next consideration, and these consist in irregular shapes, flaws and black spots in the stone. Such stones are depreciated, and the value is

ascertained by appraisalment, judging the deduction to be made according to the extent and location of the defects.

Subject a drop of water to a most powerful microscope and the consumer might not wish to see the result. So, the demand for perfection in precious stones should not exceed the capacity of a good eyesight, and must reasonably be limited within the power of the microscope known as the watchmaker's eyeglass. This is the limit generally accepted by the trade as "microscopically perfect."

It is disheartening to connoisseurs to see a real gem rejected for a nominal imperfection. Many diamonds, dull as a piece of glass, if otherwise perfect, are frequently bought, especially for engagement rings, in preference to beautiful brilliants, which, having the full merits and requirements of a fine diamond, are rejected on account of a little speck, while in fact these are preferable stones in all cases where the expense prevents securing perfection.

THE RUBY.

The ruby is at present the most valuable of all gems, exceeding even the diamond in value. Those too dark

or too light are not highly esteemed. The color must be a clear rich red, without violet or brownish tint.

Among the imperfections, as, black spots and flaws, is frequently the silk, which is a little invisible fissure in the inside of the stone, detected by turning the stone slowly to admit the light from different directions, when a peculiar silky sheen will appear in the stone as the light strikes the surface, called silk, in a certain angle to the eye. This applies to all precious stones having little rents.

Great allowances are made for imperfections in the ruby, and the most fastidious purchaser will accept a ruby as real fine with shortcomings which he would object to if it were a diamond.

THE SAPPHIRE.

The sapphire in its mineral properties is identically the same stone as the ruby, and it may be called a "blue ruby," for it differs in name only on account of the color, which varies from white to the deepest blue and black. The clear intense blue, without purple or inky tint, is the most valuable. There are also sapphires of other colors, but these are very little used.

The imperfections are in every respect the same as those mentioned in the ruby.

THE EMERALD.

The emerald, though a softer stone, ranks with the first class of gems, on account of its beautiful, unsurpassed, rich, velvety, green color, the pleasing effect, both by day and candle light, has made it a favorite gem. It is rarely found perfect, and the saying, "*an emerald without a flaw*" has passed into a proverb.

THE OPAL.

This magnificent gem is admitted among the precious stones on account of its charming beauties; it is really the most beautiful gem in existence. It combines in itself the colors of all the other stones, and seems as if it were especially created for man to feast on its marvelous display of the lovely hues of the celestial rainbow, created, unfit for any mechanical purpose—drilling rocks or cutting glass—but to be admired as an ornament only, and to be appreciated for its virtue of being the *only gem which defies imitation*.

The fascination of the grate fire does not compare with the charm of the opal under an electric light. Even at candle light, it seems as if it had life within itself, as the least motion produces new combinations of all the soft shades of the prismatic colors.

This eulogy is intended only to do justice to the much-neglected opal, and it is not calculated to introduce that gem, for jewelers would find it very difficult to supply a general demand, as stones of the above description are rare specimens of the Hungarian "noble opal," with flakes of fiery colors distributed throughout the stone.

A superstition, that the opal is unlucky, originated undesignedly through one of Sir Walter Scott's romances. It is strange and mortifying that in our enlightened age there can exist and be entertained a prejudice, which is, like all superstition, against reason.

THE TURQUOISE.

The turquoise, a stone of pleasing sky-blue color, though modestly disclaiming the name of "precious stone," makes, in combination with diamonds, a beautiful piece of jewelry.

The Persian turquoise is the hardest, and retains its pale-blue color best. The most valuable are those of a deep sky-blue, and some, appreciated by connoisseurs, have attained very high prices. Most of the stones, especially the Persian, have brown crevices on the back, which are not considered imperfections unless they extend over the sides and front. Care must be taken not

to bring the turquoise in contact with acids, soap, camphor, or with musk or other scents, as they are apt to affect the color.

THE PEARL.

The proverb, "an emerald without a flaw," might well be applied to the pearl. For a gem-pearl suggests the remark: "It is too good to be real." It is a most difficult task to match pearls, and in a string of pearls invariably some will be slightly irregular in shape, tint, or now and then have a slight defect.

The general rule for a pearl is to be round, white, have a smooth and clean surface and lustre; that is, it must not be dull, as if it were chalk. Still, the pear or drop shape pearls are preferable to the round form as pendants to brooches and necklaces, and also for pin heads; even the button-shape pearl is desirable for some particular work.

Black Oriental pearls, with a metallic appearance of oxidized silver, resembling the iridescent dark green of the peacock, also some of the fancy-colored Wisconsin pearls, command the highest prices.

As a piece of jewelry of refined taste, there is no ornament so appropriate, so delicate, so poetic as a pearl necklace for a bride, to be worn at her wedding.

Mythically, the pearl was dedicated to Venus. It is sacred to love and beauty.

An undefined whisper about pearls says that they signify "tears." So they do, provided the pearl necklace made a present be of such magnitude and surprise to the dear recipient when she, with a thousand thanks and "*tears of joy*" in her eyes will repay the attention and love of the happy donor, and count each pearl as representing a happy anniversary of that memorable day.

PRICES.

It would be an unsatisfactory task to fix any price on precious stones on account of the great difference in quality, beauty and perfection.

Statements of the chemical composition, specific gravity, etc., of the different stones are omitted as not coming within the scope of this treatise, which is intended, not to confuse the amateur, but to contain only such points and information as will make it also interesting to many in the trade, while inexperienced purchasers will acquire a general knowledge which, at the same time, will suggest the advisability of relying for further information on a responsible house of good repute.

CHAS. WM. SCHUMANN.



MOTHER'S DARLING.

OSWALD STIEGER, PINX.

Original owned by CHARLES WM. SCHUMANN.



THE CHARM OF GIFTS.

BY CHARLES WM. SCHUMANN.

OFt in my reveries I have mused,
What has become of all the Gods
Of ancient Greek Mythology—
Of those sweet fairy-tales of old
The ideal fables full of soul.
It seems they all have fled the world,
In fear that they might be subdued
To modern times of realism,
To materialistic prose.
Yet in my dreams, "the God of Love,"
Divested of his earthly form,
And glorified, remains with me;
He dwells in heaven and on earth—
With splendor and humility.
There is no heart so desolate,
Where he hath not a cosy home;
He always finds some ways and means
To suit the ever changing times.
In advancing cultivation,
He, sweet Cupid, came to ponder
If his weapons were yet suited,
When his arrow penetrated
But one heart without the other,
When love, not reciprocated,
Changed it into bitter hatred.
Then unto himself he murmured:

“ Yes, I see my bow and arrows
Are no more the proper weapons.
Woody hearts must be, not wounded;
They are conquered by attention,
Kindness will engender kindness.
If such be the law of nature,
Then my weapons must be golden.
Farewell arrows, bow and quiver,
Ancient relics of the Greek;
Transformed be the flaming forge,
Ringing anvil, tongues and hammer,
Into a goldsmith's atelier.”
Where, in place of common iron,
Which he shaped in pointed arrows,
Now he beats the better metal,
And welds into precious jewels
Many yet unnumbered kisses—
Sunbeams from the radiant eyes—
Bliss and happiness of heaven.
Thus by his inventive power,
He in all his work embodies
Love's celestial attributes,
And produces heavenly *gifts*
Which possess the wondrous *charm*,
Whomsoever, whensoever
And as oft as they are given,
To return to cheerful donors,
Purest love and true affection.

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PAPA JOINS THE DANCE.

P. BAUMGARTNER, PINX.

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THE INTERRUPTED SERENADE.

LUIGI MONTEVERDE, PINX.

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AN INVITATION TO DANCE.

P. BAUMGARTNER, PINX.

Original owned by CHARLES W.M. SCHUMANN.



FISHERMEN.

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E. DUECKER, PINX.



THE FRIARS' DINNER.

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P. BAUMGARTNER, PINX.



BAVARIAN TYROL.

ALBERT ZIMMERMANN, PINX.^{***}

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