WHO WAS WHO IN AMERICAN ART

Compiled from the Original Thirty-four Volumes of AMERICAN ART ANNUAL: WHO'S WHO IN ART
Biographies of American Artists Active from 1898–1947

EDITED BY
PETER HASTINGS FALK

SOUND VIEW PRESS
1985
Stuart
(1831-1898)

Memorial Exhibition • John Wanamaker Store, Wilmington, Delaware • February 1-10, 1956
He only, in a general honest thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle; and the elements
So mixed in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, “This was a man!”

Shakespeare

---

Exhibition Committee:

RUTHANNA HINDES
BETTY BURROUGHS
CHANDLER MYERS
WILLIAM P. FRANK
WENTWORTH H. DEVERELLL

JEAN & ARTHUR T. DOBBS
LORETTA M. HALEY
JAMES H. SMITH

Credits:
Research and Story, BETTY BURROUGHS
and WILLIAM P. FRANK also THE WILMINGTON INSTITUTE FREE LIBRARY;
Photography, JAMES H. SMITH; Booklet Design, ARTHUR T. DOBBS.

The Committee acknowledges with thanks the kind cooperation of the
JOHN WANAMAKER WILMINGTON STORE and MR. CHANDLER MYERS
in charge of display.
Just as the familiar words of John Masefield’s “Sea Fever” seem to arouse a strange nostalgia, so apparently, do the paintings of Alexander Charles Stuart bring the wild, wierd and wonderful call of the sea to many people.

The lack of records of the life and works of A. C. Stuart seem to indicate that he received little
recognition from his contemporaries while he lived, and even less from posterity since his death.

The day that Alexander Charles Stuart died, in his 68th year, was like any other day of August, 1898 — as far as Wilmington was concerned.

A war was raging in Cuba. America was beginning to flex her great muscles — and Wilmington was very much part of America. Tariff, free trade, monopolies and tax reform — these occupied the minds of business men.

Politicians on Market Street and over their drinks in the Clayton House were talking about the brand new State Constitution. And, of course the weather. It was hot, humid and sticky — as August can be in Wilmington.

But Stuart’s death? On page 3 of the Every Evening, August 5, 1898 is a 5-line report of the death of A. C. Stuart, with no mention that he was a painter!

And yet — Alexander Charles Stuart, engineer, doctor, draftsman and artist, had touched the lives of so many people — so many everyday people. Down to this very day, his name is mentioned with the same warmth and affection as by those who knew him when he came this way.

In his wake he left hundreds of paintings — enormous canvases, medium-sized, and tiny ones. Most of them were for people — everyday people who may not have understood art with a capital “A” but who knew the man and loved him.

But Ambition — contrary to the poet’s exhortation — did “mock his useful toil, his homely joys” — and his destiny became obscure. This 125th anniversary memorial exhibit of Stuart paintings — arranged by friends and admirers who never knew him personally — might very well be subtitled a rebuke directed against those who have chronicled the events and the people of the times in which Stuart lived. History passed him by most rudely — as did the town which apparently he liked so well because of the friends he made.

This exhibit of about 100 Stuart paintings, marking the 125th anniversary of his birth, is not an artist’s show. Neither is it essentially an art lover’s show — but rather a belated, yet heartfelt tribute
to a warm human personality whose artistic contributions cannot be evaluated by any set standard. If one must appraise the Stuart paintings, go then to the owners who still treasure them. These are not masterpieces nor immortal paintings — but who shall say they are not great, in that they are part of the lives and experiences of people?

Paradoxically, even though Alexander Charles Stuart was known to many and he left behind such an abundance of memories that have been passed on through two and even three generations, it is difficult to record his biography with any degree of accuracy.

Until a more detailed story of his life is written, we must depend upon fragmentary data, legend, and family lore, and a great number of “Now, I have heard . . . ” stories.

He was born in Scotland on June 2, 1831. He received his early schooling in Glasgow and later attended Rugby School, England. After eight years there, he became an apprentice machinist, which he later admitted he did not relish!

Contrary to his father’s wishes, young Stuart studied medicine. The family owned a distillery and the elder Stuart seemed anxious to have his only son take over the business.

The disappointed and perhaps irate father predicted that life would end badly for the youth.

Some say that Alexander Charles studied at the University of Edinburgh and that he received several degrees — one in medicine and another in draftsmanship, but these are legendary stories by this time.

In any event, the lure of the sea enticed him into the British Navy. The restless, turbulent sea seems to have been part of his life. The ocean’s grey and the melancholy wastes always surged through his soul — as reflected years later in his paintings.

His service in the Royal Navy took him to far away places — Australia and all parts of Europe. He served on during the Crimean War and in India.

From all accounts, he came to the United States in 1861 and joined the Union Navy. One family story is that he was a member of the Monitor’s crew during the classic battle with the Merrimac. It is also said he lost his hair because of duty at the boilers of the Ironclad. Another unconfirmed story is that he was one of the ship’s engineers. This might all explain why he painted so many scenes depicting the
famous battle of the Monitor and the Merrimac — material for popular art in its day, as was the last stand of General Custer.

The Civil War over — and the Delaware Valley booming as “the Clyde of America”, Stuart remained in Chester, Pa., where he had first been sent as a member of the U. S. Navy. He had the chance to go to China, but instead he took roots in Chester and married a widow, Evalina Collins Bowker, already a mother of three children.

By this marriage, Stuart had eight children, six of whom lived to maturity.

What he did in Chester, how he lived, where he worked — these are still obscure but he appeared in Wilmington in the early 1880’s, employed by the bustling, up-and-coming Harlan and Hollingsworth Company on the Christina River. This was the Company that was getting quite a reputation for building important vessels.

They say he was an artist for the concern — commissioned to paint the ships that bore the hall mark of Harlan and Hollingsworth, but this seems most unlikely. It is more possible that he was a marine draftsman for the company and also was employed to paint pictorial records of the vessels. In 1886 he helped to illustrate the proud, ambitious volume — a semi-centennial history of the company, of which The Wilmington Institute Free Library has a copy.

A group photograph in this book, here reproduced on page 12 shows him as a handsome impressive man, with a Continental moustache, holding a pair of calipers — much more distinguished than most of his colleagues. Yet, he was never mentioned in the book, though the illustrations bear his signature; simply: Stuart.

The Wilmington city directories were more kind to him than the newspapers of the day and certainly the history of the company that employed him. He was listed in several directories, from 1881 to 1883 as a marine artist, and as having a studio in the Institute Building (Room 2), northwest corner of Eighth and Market Streets; (home in Chester).

There is no A. C. Stuart in the city directories from 1883 through 1888 but his name appeared again in 1889-90 and 1891-92 as “Alexander C. Stuart, 3 East Eighth Street”. And in the 1889-90 directory his home was given as Philadelphia; and in the later edition, “home, Chester”.
The East Eighth Street studio was on the third floor of the building now listed as 11 East Eighth Street — a large room with a skylight, later occupied by Frank E. Schoonover and Stanley M. Arthurs also as a studio.

It is further known that Stuart had a room over the picture frame shop of Hiram Yerger, 11 East Third Street. The Yergers were friendly to Stuart, perhaps gave him art materials in return for which he gave them some of his paintings — some for sale, some as expressions of gratitude and friendship.

In the middle of the 1890's, Stuart seems to have departed the Wilmington scene. It is difficult to learn just where he went and what he did. One important clue, however, has been the dis-
covery of prescription blanks bearing his name as a doctor and gynecologist of Eustis, Fla. in the 1890's. And so perhaps, tired of painting or working for someone else, he justified the title by which he had been known in Wilmington—"Doc Stuart".

In the latter part of the 1890's, he was in Camden, N. J., living with a daughter, Mrs. Amy Moon. She died on Jan. 7, 1956, at her home in Cape May, N. J.

Stuart died August 3, 1898 — the Chester record shows — and he was buried in the Chester (Pa.) Rural Cemetery. Another bit of Stuart-lore is that he probably died of cancer. The stories go that he suffered a throat ailment that caused him considerable pain and distress and is said to have remarked once to a young friend, "I'm not going to fool with this. One of these days you're going to find me dead."

So much for the little that is known of Stuart. The more important question is: What kind of man was he? If the bulk of his pictures can be considered clues to his personality, Stuart must have been a melancholy person, a restless soul, restless as the turbulent seas he liked to paint.

However, there also are paintings of the calm — but a sort of calm that comes after the storm. His beachscapes are most often post-storm scenes.
Now and then, he would paint a pastoral scene—one of the races along the Brandywine, or horses and uniformed cavalymen.

A Stuart portrait is rare, and as a gift to one friend he did paint the interior of a church in Rome. In a different kind of mood, he would paint snow fields with horsedrawn sleighs, the paint applied thickly, perhaps with a palette knife.

He seems to have painted on anything that would take paint—large canvases, cardboard, and sometimes wood.

The most coveted of the Stuart paintings are his excellent and most detailed pictures of the ships that represented the finest products of Harlan and Hollingsworth. And even in these, he varied—from
the straight, almost photographic record, to the inspired canvas showing combination steam-sailships under­way, the full-blown sails in all their majesty, running before the wind.

He has been described as a quick artist; “dashed off a painting” is the term often used by people who either remember him from their childhood or by those adults who knew him and passed on the stories of Stuart to their children.

It is from some of our contemporaries, upon whom Stuart made definite and lasting impressions, that we can get an idea of what the man was like.

To Mrs. Emma Roehm (nee Link) of Cooper’s Farm, near Wilmington, comes the recollection that he was swift with the brush. As a girl, she used to watch him work in his studio over the Hiram Yerger shop on East Third Street. She marvelled at the way he could keep up a running conversation while he painted. She was then under the impression that he had been a sea captain, because of his inexhaustible fund of sea stories. She watched him paint any number of shipwreck scenes—talking as his brush seemed to fly across the canvas. “This is how it was,” he explained.

Then there is Charles T. Primrose of 600 Delaware Avenue, who used to run errands for Stuart when the artist worked in the East Eighth Street studio. At that time, Mr. Primrose was 12 or 13 years old—and this was a wonder world for him, the studio of a real live artist. “As soon as I got out of school, I used to run to his studio,” Mr. Primrose recalls. “I’d be out of breath when I got there and Mr. Stuart would say, “Sit down, Charles, and rest yourself.”

And Charles did as he was told, fascinated by the emergence of a ship, either under sail or founder­ing on the rocks in a storm—while the artist chattered away at a great rate about ships and seas and sailing men.

Stuart loved children and they loved him, and perhaps like little Charles Primrose, they, too, almost split their sides laughing at his funny stories or shivered as he regaled them with stories of shipwrecks and man’s fight against the sea.

And then there was the story told by Stuart’s daughter, Mrs. Moon, several months before she died: “Father was working in Harlan and Hollingsworth on what would have been his masterpiece—a composite of all the great ships built by the company.
One day, an executive of the company walked through the place where father was painting, examined the work and criticized some trivial detail. This got father really riled. Without so much as another word, he got a knife and ripped the painting to shreds and in very stormy language with his heavy Scottish brogue "put the curse of the lowlands on ye!"

There are many other and varied stories about Stuart, some of which become more fanciful with the years and in the retelling. But they all have one very common theme: he was lovable and charming — and people liked and admired him. The swanky and genteel arty set in Wilmington snubbed him, for though he was prolific and well-known in the town, his name does not appear in the newspaper accounts of the art shows or the art groups of the 1880's.

Some people to this day consider his paintings ordinary, commonplace and undistinguished; but many more will testify that they are pictures to live with, and become part of the stories they tell. Some will say that a good cleaning and a new simple frame, in place of the usual gaudy wide gold-leafed frame, will and can do wonders to some of the Stuarts. The owner of a ship-wreck picture will swear that after years of "living with the painting" she can almost see the horses on the beach galloping with the lifeboats on a four-wheeled launching rig toward the roaring waves. Long-time owners of
PHOTOGRAPH OF A GROUP OF HARLAN & HOLLINGSWORTH CRAFTSMEN

Stuart is seated, second from right
sleighing pictures will tell you that these scenes stir a warm healthy nostalgia beyond description.

Setting aside any rigid measure of criticism or revaluation, and looking at the artist as a human being, we can only conclude that this enigma of a man passed this way for a few brief years and went on—though not without having touched the lives of people who have said, “That painting? I don’t know whether it is art or not, but I love it!”

The only bit of autobiography of Alexander Charles Stuart—if one can call it “autobiography” is contained in two letters written by Stuart to his son, Andrew, in 1896.

Though they are self-explanatory, it is interesting to note that the longer letter is slanted in the third person. Both letters are reprinted just as Stuart wrote them.

The first letter is dated Jan. 23, 1896, from Camden, N. J.:

My own Dear Son Andrew,

Yours came but could not answer before. Now What in Hells Flames do you want to know all about your respected Grandfather(?) there must be Sugar in the pot or else you would never have been troubled about him, so you just tell me all about it, and then I will give the genealogy complete. But you may bet you come from excellent stock from my side of the house. Write at once & tell me what it is for

Your Father

A. C. Stuart.

The next day, Stuart penned the following letter—dateline Camden, N.J., Jan. 24, 1896, and it is also presented here without editing but with some parenthetical aides, in order to help the reader:

Dear Andrew.

I recd yours this morning and now I will tell you the abstract of the whole. There were two Bros. one married(;) the other (remained) single. In their youth, their father had to leave Scotland on account of being on the wrong side of the fence in politics (mind you their father was) for the new group. France was the place they went (to). When things got O'K they came back(.) one got married then, the other did not(;) one whent to Paisley(;) the other to Campbeltown, both started the distillery business in each place. Alex
Chas. had taken a Campbell girl and you know they are A at Lloyds as the sailor's say.

Two boys & one girl came, one boy died when 18 years old, the girl Gertrude being the oldest & A.C. next. They staid in Campbeltown & went to Glasgow so as to have schooling. A.C. was sent to Rugby as soon as he could wear pants which was about the age of 13 years, just fancy that. Now I will follow A.C.'s wonderful adventures. He staid at Rugby 8 years and as at that time the Scotch boys had to serve their time to some trade he was sent to a relation of his Mothers to learn inginery as it was then called or as it is called here (Machinist) he did not relish the business & with the help of his relation he went to night school which in Glasgow at that time was the same as Day school to prentices in any profession they desired. A.C. took medicine which his papa very muchly despised being a true Heilandman.

Well things being smoothed up by his mama & sister his papa kinda growled & said it would end badly for Alex (which it did sure) he served his time 7 years but he was better at MD. than the other one. Duncan the second son died. Now A.C. was awfull smart & although his papa wanted him to stay & mind the corn juice distillery, instead of that he went off to France & Germany his papa supplying the money (for he had plenty) and still thinking he would settle down when he came back. A.C. with a friend from the U.S. States staid in Paris & Hidelberg and traveled two years. When he came back to Glasgow he got Pyrenemia or blood poison and he had to go to sea to save his dear life, he went to Australia two voyages. When on the second voyage Cholera raged in Glasgow & his mother & sister died of it. his poor old father was left alone his brother having died just a few years after starting business that was the last of that branch except A.C. The branch at Paisley dead & the one at Campbeltown, A.C.'s father, which happened when A.C. was away on another voyage.

For I cannot tell you all A.C.'s life in a note for he was at the Crimea during the war also at the Indian Mutiny and 4 years in India which fetches the time down to 1861, when A.C. came to this country to fight against the South and which after the war was ordered to
Chester to do duty then left the navy in 1866. had chance to go to China but instead of that got married to a widow with three children (Andrew Malcolm, named after his grand uncle think you know who) & then had 3 more & quit (there now) short and sweet. now it is useless to hunt up any thing, remember I did that at the time and as the old gentleman failed in age & money for he was old when he married) and it is so long since it took
place and as I have no relations living, it is useless to do anything more than I did in 1860 when in Glasgow.

Out of all relations on my mothers side most of them were dead and others had gone to foreign lands. If any money should come to me it will be very welcome there is no telling about that. Sometimes it comes when not expected. I always had a notion I would get a pile but it comes not. If I wanted to write about anything I would not do it as all are dead that knew the parties concerned. I have not told you all the varied of life, my being in the English Army etc. but it takes time to do all this. When you want more I will tell you thru writing. Things are bad and I do not know when they will be better.

Tata your pa
Stuart

The Stuart Memorial Exhibition Committee is greatly indebted to the many friends who have loaned their paintings and have offered bits of information (though quite often hearsay information) about Alexander C. Stuart. The committee is particularly grateful to members of the Stuart family — the late Mrs. Moon, who did not live to see this exhibit of her father; her son, Richard Moon, of Cape May; and very much indebted to Mrs. Miriam Stuart Smith of Claymont, who is the daughter of the late Allan Stuart (a son of the painter) who died in 1953.

As far as the committee can learn, none of the children of Alexander C. Stuart is living. He had two other sons, Andrew and James, who are dead; and still another son, Wilson, who has not been heard from for years. The three other children of the painter, who died many years ago, were girls. As for what A. C. Stuart left behind in the way of paintings — they are far more numerous than was earlier expected. In fact, it has been necessary to limit this show to 100 of the most representative of his work and his life. Their worth is an intangible and relative quality. To appraise fairly one must judge with the heart as well as the eye.
Alexander Charles Stuart, Perhaps

by A.J. Peluso, Jr.

In an 1896 letter to his son from Camden, New Jersey, Alexander Charles Stuart wrote the following, more or less, to his son:

- He was born in Scotland in 1831.
- At 13 he entered Rugby where he stayed for eight years.
- He later took a job to learn "ingenry" (sic).
- He went to night school and studied medicine for seven years.
- His brother died so his father, who owned a distillery, asked that he "stay & mind the corn juice industry." But instead, he went off to "Paris & Hidelberg" (sic) and traveled for two years.

Perhaps the truth appears in a New York census entry from 1860: Alexander Stuart, 28 years old (which doesn't jibe with all the years he said he spent abroad), an artist, married to Dora (a Texan), could have been expected to have been able to correctly spell 'engineering', 'pyemia', and 'Heidelberg'. And one might very reasonably refer to a Scottish "barley juice" industry. Not unexpectedly, there is no trace of Stuart or his relatives in Scotland, nor a record of his presence at Rugby or any other school. His career in the British Navy or British Army, as well as his far-flung travels and tours of duty, are unverified.

Perhaps the artist was discharged at Philadelphia and would spend the rest of his life on the banks of the Delaware River, a good place for a sailor and an artist. Major shipbuilding locale referred to then as "The Clyde of America." For a time he lived at Chester, Pennsylvania, where he became the focus of local gossip. His background was mysterious, and he kept it so by refusing to talk about it.

He was befriended by a local stoneworker, James Fryer, who had a shop near the dock and who allowed Stuart to use part of the second floor of the building as a studio. At one time Fryer owned Stuart's portraits of Cape May, an excursion steamer that ran from Wilmington to Philadelphia, and the cruiser U.S.S. Dolphin, which had been built at Chester. The whereabouts of these paintings are unknown.

Early on there is recorded evidence of his dependence on alcohol. He seems to have drunk until unconscious, to be awakened by a curious passerby or an inquisitive child.

In John McDonough's *Idylls of the Old South Ward*, he is described as follows.

"Down along the river the stranger used to stray, an old bag in his hand, in which his painting materials were carried, and under his arm the hooked structure of an extremely crude easel.

"Either to stimulate his latent genius or to enjoy the lethal moments said to accompany the same, the artist...carried with him another bottled commodity from which frequent libations were dedicated to the gods, while the inebriate leaned on his easel in those forms and things embodying the moods of the majestic river upon which were..."
to be found the craft of the day in all the varying shades of sun, moon and night, dawn and gloaming, and all of the infinite variety of wind, calm and storm.

"Occasionally one of the fishermen, who used to guide the visitor around the water on both sides of the river, would pause to glance at the work of the painter not infrequently to take a pull at the lethal bottle, always from a small metal cup which was always scrupulously if impolitely cleaned before the host would attest to the quality of the liquor himself."

Then one day, McDonough concluded, "... the artist visitor disappeared. Whence or why, nobody knew, but he had gone forever."

Facts about Stuart's comings and goings and about his home and business addresses are incomplete, contradictory, and confusing. Chester, Wilmington, Philadelphia, and Camden, all were near the Delaware River.

It's probable that he stopped (if only for a drink) at Sayre, Pennsylvania, a resort frequented by artists. A 32" x 57" oil of the Lehigh Valley Railroad station there, signed "Stuart, 1888," was offered and sold immediately after it was advertised in the July 1989 issue of M.A.D. by Richard Axtell's Rookery in Deposit, New York. What's noteworthy about the painting is that Stuart inscribed the door with the name "Sandy Patten, Bartender."

There was also a time when he unaccountably went south. There were those who remembered him as "Doc," and among his effects when he died were prescription blanks in the name Alexander Charles Stuart, Eustis, Florida, gynecologist. As unbelievable as that seems, there is on page one of the Eustis Lake Region newspaper of October 23, 1884, an advertisement reading "Dr. A.C. Stuart, Gynecologist, Eustis House, Room No. 33." No records bear on the spurious title or the length of his stay, nor on what frightful harm he may have done.

Wherever he bedded down, he did produce his finest work during the periods in which he was associated with the shipbuilding firms on the Delaware. The first was with the Chester firm of Reany, Son & Archbold where he was "in charge of the work," and later for Harlan & Hollingsworth at Wilmington. He functioned as both a draftsman and marine artist. The Every Evening, a Wilmington newspaper, of May 13, 1880, noted that he had exhibited a 30" x 50" oil of the "Mammoth railroad transfer boat Canton" built by Harlan & Hollingsworth (its current whereabouts is unknown). The newspaper described him as the "well known boat painter."

The Nautical Gazette of December 4, 1884, ran a reproduction of his portrait of the steamer Cottam built by Harlan & Hollingsworth (its whereabouts is also unknown). Reproductions of his drawings and paintings would illustrate the Semi-Centennial Memoir of the Harlan & Hollingsworth Company, published in 1886.

An errand boy at H & H remembered Stuart as a great joker, yet the darker side of his personaility brought his association with the firm to an abrupt end. One day, he ripped with a knife a canvas on which he was working, the result of an unwelcome critique by a company executive. In Stuart's words, he "put the curse of the lowlands" on him. They were the last he spoke as an employee.

He moved on to the Delaware River Iron Shipbuilding and Engine works, commonly referred to as "Roach's Shipyard," a transformation of the Reany, Son & Archbold firm. They specialized in ships for the Mallory Lines and the Pacific Mail Steamship Company. A souvenir of Roach's Shipyard, a booklet detailing the history of the yard, was published in 1895 and contained a number of reproductions of Stuart's portraits. I'm going to find that one at the next ephemera show.

Stuart's work encompassed the full range of marine work, including sea battles (all of Civil War engagements). While they are the most often seen, they haven't reached any predictable price level. Nonetheless, he's probably worthy of a timely and modest investment.

There was a 30" x 50" "Encounter Between Ships of the Line" for $2860 at Doyle's (New York City) in December 1987. Coincidentally, the Smith Gallery (New York City) had a similar "Ships of the Line" for which it got $13,000. There are also seascapes, sand dunes, shipwrecks, and the like, most of them dreary potboilers. A pair of 6½" x 10¼" "Coastal Scenes at Sunset" brought a deserved $440 at Wechslers (Washington, D.C.) in 1983.

Ah, but Stuart's ship portraits! They are distinguished, albeit rare. The contrast between them and his other works is startling. A yacht fetched a bargain $340 at William Bunch's Spruce Farm sale in December 1988.

The Museum of the History of Mobile (Alabama) was the most happy purchaser (for a much more substantial and confidential amount) of a most exceptional portrait of the side-wheeler Mary Morgan, which demonstrates his delicate attention to detail as well as the almost somber quality of his settings. Style was consonant with personality; forbidding skies are a hallmark.

Stuart's letter to his son concluded, "Things are bad and I do not know when they will be better." The first symptoms of throat cancer must have by then appeared. He died on August 5, 1898, and was buried at the Chester Rural Cemetery, having lived a vagabond existence, troubled perhaps by secrets.
Republic, oil on canvas, 20⅜" x 35". Hotel Du Pont, Wilmington, Delaware.
The next time you're in the neighborhood, have a drink in Stuart's memory and enjoy this fine portrait. Legend has it that romance flourished on her moonlight cruises. You might be similarly charmed.

Mary Morgan, oil on canvas, 24" x 42". Museum of the City of Mobile (Alabama). She ran from Mobile to Pensacola, the Navy Yard, Milton, and Bagdad, Florida. An 1881 testimonial to the steamer reads in part: "To your beautiful boat too much praise cannot be given. She is, indeed, A Thing of Beauty, and we bear willing and honest testimony to her splendid qualities as a sea boat."

Aransas, oil on canvas, 20" x 36". Privately owned. The painting is signed "Stuart, '80," which is typical, as are the barrels and sea gulls. Occasionally he signed with a monogram: an anchor wrapped with the letter "S." It must have occurred to Stuart, as it occurs to us, that the sign is not unlike a caduceus, an appropriate sign for an artist/evnecolousist.

This photograph appeared in the 1886 Semi-Centennial Memoir of the Harlan & Hollingsworth Company. Stuart, holding brushes, is seated second from the right, next to the bearded shipwright.