delphia. Though much of his correspondence for this time is missing, the letters which remain are those of a busy man—brief and to the point.

But business did not completely occupy him and in these years is seen the developing friendship with evangelist George Whitefield (who tried unsuccessfully to convert him), and the beginning of his lifelong correspondence with New York scientist and politician Cadwallader Colden, which nourished his developing interest in science. There was also time to defend Presbyterian minister John Hemphill who was accused of heresy. Hemphill was a poor writer and in Franklin's words, I "lent him my pen." And there is the appearance of one of the more famous of his numerous inventions, the Pennsylvania fireplace or Franklin stove.

All was not success for Franklin in this nine year period. In 1741 he began the publication of the General Magazine which lasted only six months. But this failure was only a slight setback and by 1744 he was well on his way to making himself independently wealthy.

Through all of the pages of this volume, Franklin, the down-to-earth, humorous, wise, intellectually inquisitive individual, stands out. He believed in being constantly occupied, that hard work pays off. But Franklin was no machine, as is seen in his tribute to his wife, "My Plain Country Joan," in his lending "the Stranger from Boston" a sixpence, or in his desire to help mankind as set forth in "A Proposal for Promoting Useful Knowledge."

As in the first volume of this work, the editing is of a high order. Both the general public and the scholarly community can rest assured that the publication of the papers of one of the greatest Americans is in good hands.

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Emory G. Evans


To open the Antiques Treasury, a handsomely produced quarto volume, is not only to scan the chronicle of some recently founded American museums but also to make a varied excursion into a number of the more pleasant visual aspects of our national past. Here the story of America's earlier decorative arts is told. This
lavishly be-photographed compendium of historical resurrections is of the by-now-familiar "picture book" type, which offers to the cultivated, but hurried, reader, scholarship without tears and history without boredom, all presented in a series of changing views like tableaux in a magician's crystal globe. As we turn the glossy pages, we are beguiled, perhaps bemused by such a wealth of objects demanding our attention, but we are also instructed in the lineage of these old houses, these enchanted rooms.

Our museums—or more properly, in most cases, our museum sites—are seven (could the number have a mystical significance?) and seven times are we "conjured" pleasantly to consult the past. To begin, we are informed in an introductory essay that all this material had been published in special issues of the magazine *Antiques* during the last nine years. Most of the sites are tolerably familiar to all historically-minded Americans. They are in the order of their appearance in the book, the Henry Francis du Pont Winterthur Museum at Winterthur, Delaware; Colonial Williamsburg in Virginia; Old Sturbridge Village at Sturbridge, Massachusetts; the Henry Ford Museum and Greenfield Village at Dearborn, Michigan; the New York State Historical Association at Cooperstown, New York; Old Deerfield at Deerfield, Massachusetts; and the Shelburne Museum at Shelburne, Vermont. There are informative general essays on each museum and special articles devoted to their chief holdings. At the end of the volume there is a chronological table of arts and crafts which provides a ready reference chart to supplement the illustrated material. All in all, everything is quite beautifully done up, and if the presentation is a trifle slick, it is quite sound (no one need fear shoddy scholarship since the essays are done by qualified persons). This is a book for the parlor table, but it will be no shame to the library shelf.

The book is also evidence, if any were needed, that the collecting and appreciation of American art are now activities of the largest cultural import. It was not always so. In one of the *Treasury* essays—that on the Shelburne Museum—Mrs. Electra Webb, who early began to collect our national folk art, relates a pertinent anecdote. Her mother, Mrs. H. O. Havemeyer, whose notable collection of European art is now in the Metropolitan Museum, asked her once how she, who had been "brought up with Rembrandts and Manets" could "live with such worthless American carvings." Granted that a collector of Rembrandts might take
a dim view of folk sculpture of any kind, the opinion was once commonly received that a pre-occupation with American arts and crafts was at best provincial and at worst frivolous. The number and scope of the collections displayed here show how different everything is now. Our cultural heritage has at last come into its own.

Since 1900, the collection and study of American antiques has certainly become “big time.” The founding of the magazine _Antiques_ in 1922 was itself a sufficient guarantee of a cultivated public devoted to connoisseurship in American art history, as was the opening of the American Wing of the Metropolitan Museum in 1924. Wealthy private collectors began to turn their interest, and their purses, from Europe: Henry Ford began to collect in this field in 1914 and Henry Francis du Pont in 1918, with the results shown so splendidly in this book.

Collections of American art have proliferated, have grown, until the old fashioned museum galleries can no longer contain them and they have spilled out over the landscape, gathering here and there into little museum colonies. Most of the museums treated here (probably influenced by their earlier counterparts in northern Europe) are of the “outdoor” type. Old Sturbridge Village, Greenfield Village and Shelburne are groups of buildings brought from various localities. Deerfield is a “preserved” 18th century hamlet, while Williamsburg is nothing less than the complete restoration of a large and important Colonial town. Winterthur with its many “period” rooms is almost as grand in conception, but it has stayed, more or less, under one roof; there is no guarantee, however, that it will not “take off” and build it “yet more stately mansions.” Possibly, we of the West will waken some day to find that the museums have inherited the earth and have quite closed in on us. Worse destinies could befall us.

This is, perhaps, to dream, but it must be admitted that the _Treasury’s_ seven museums are most conducive to visions of the past, if not of the future. Here is the _mise en scène_ of history, and we may people the stage settings according to our learning or our imagination. In our own uneasy days, when presages of the Apocalypse abound, these little “preservations” and reconstructions of the past, may offer us some solace and, possibly, a measure of hope that civilization itself can be preserved.

_Pittsburgh_  
James D. Van Trump