

pictorial memorial within its walls, deeming it as he wrote, "a matter even of public concern that our country should not be without it."

What has become of this Jeffersonian relic, is a question we naturally ask. I have corresponded regarding it with Lossing, who has illustrated so many of our worthies, and with Parton, the latest biographer of Jefferson. Neither of them could give me any inkling of its fate. I next wrote to Miss Sarah N. Randolph, a great granddaughter of Jefferson, and the author of a volume on his domestic life. In her answer were these words:

"The Columbus and other portraits having been reserved at the sale of Mr. Jefferson's effects, were sent to Boston, where it was supposed, there would be a better chance of selling them to advantage. They were intrusted to Mr. Coolidge, who married my aunt. They are both now dead, and I wrote to their daughter, telling her of your desire to know about the Columbus. She writes that she knows nothing of it, and would not know that such a picture had been at Monticello, but for the fact that it is mentioned in my book." "I have often," Miss Randolph continues, "wished to trace this picture up; but suppose there is now no hope of doing so. My uncle has been dead only three years, and a single word from him would have told all."

Thus my research seemed in vain. Notwithstanding it has been my fortune to discover the lost likeness; if not America, at least its discoverer. The word *Boston* in Miss Randolph's letter put me on the track. Had I been in that city I would have gone at once to the building of the Massachusetts Historical Society, assured that all historic gems must gravitate thither. But I was a thousand miles away, and so I scrutinized their publications. In their *Collections* (3rd series, vol. vii., p. 285), I came to a notice of a portrait of Columbus, presented by Israel Thordike,¹ and in their *Proceedings* (vol. II., pp. 23, 25), I observed

¹ To the same merchant prince of Boston, Harvard owes the gift of a treasure, which the German Professor, Ebeling, had been fifty years in collecting, and which, at his death, was the finest in existence, namely nearly four thousand volumes of books relative to America, and almost ten thousand maps, charts and views.