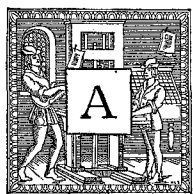




BARON MÜNCHHAUSEN'S ILLUSTRATORS

BY WILLIAM ALLEN



ALTHOUGH few books in the world are better known than the *Travels and Adventures of the Baron Münchhausen*, few have had less attention given them by illustrators.

It would almost seem that there must have been hundreds of editions of this classic, and yet, as the writer came to find, when he began collecting *Münchhausenana* there are few editions the collector would care to own.

It must be understood that the authorship of these tales is now, by very general consent, given to Rudolph Eric Raspe, who betrayed his trust as curator in the Museum of Cassel, and after stealing a valuable collection of coins fled from Germany to England, where, for a time, he managed to maintain enough of

the air of respectability to remain an honorary fellow of the Royal Society. His name having been stricken from the Society's roll, he encountered one vicissitude after another until at last he reached the gutter, not, however, until he had given the world this narrative of its modern Philopseudes. It need not concern one here to discuss its intention—whether it was conceived as a satire on the memoirs of Baron de Tott or as an instrument to defame the veracious memory of Hieronymus Karl Friederich von Bodenswerk, an actual Baron of Hanover, often Raspe's dinner host, who to the day of his death was known throughout Europe as a raconteur.

Howbeit by the time the real Baron died the pseudo one was just beginning his career. Six editions of the book had appeared up to 1793. Strange to



FORTUNES OF WAR

say, the narrative of the adventurous Münchhausen was first printed in the English language.

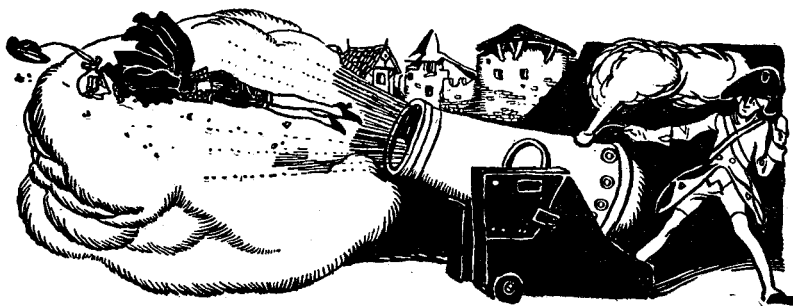
The earliest edition of which the writer has found trace is that of the London imprint of 1786, *Baron Münchhausen's Narrative of His Marvellous Travels and Campaigns in Russia*, a little forty-eight page volume, being the second edition of the work. After three succeeding editions a translation was made into German by Raspe's friend, the poet Bürger, in 1787, with disastrous results to that poor

verse-maker and Karl von Reinhard, his editor.

Kearsley, the London bookseller, brought out an edition in 1799 of the book with illustrations by Thomas Rowlandson. This is a 12mo book of excessive rarity, and perhaps not more than one copy is to be found in America. A later London bookseller, T. Tegg, brought out an edition of Rowlandson's plates, coloured, in 1809 and in 1811. There were nine of Rowlandson's plates in these editions, the best of which is en-



THE BARON AND THE BALLOONS



THE EPISODE OF THE CANNON

titled "The Baron crosses the Thames without the assistance of a bridge, ship, boat or even balloon, or even his own will; being blown out of one of the Tower guns in which he had fallen asleep, and the cannon is unexpectedly fired to celebrate an anniversary." In 1811 Rowlandson did a separate plate of "Münchhausen at Walcheren."

Then came the edition containing illustrations of a mediocre character by A. Crowquill (Forrester), though this volume, which was published by Trübner, is eagerly sought by collectors in the editions of 1858 and 1859.

Although Raspe's book with Bürger's introduction failed to attract attention in Germany as a work of literary merit for many years (the first review of it, indeed, condemning it by saying, "This is a col-

lection of lies long ago told by Baron Münchhausen, but probably invented, in part, by the anonymous author of this book") the *Travels and Adventures of the Baron Münchhausen* caught the fancy of the German Ellisen, who made his edition of 1849 famous. Nine years before A. Schrödter had drawn and engraved on copper one of the most exquisite prints that have ever done honour to the Baron's extraordinary memory, a plate that is both the desideratum and the despair of the collector, though the Print Room of the Lenox Library in New York is fortunate enough to possess an unstained copy. Following Schrödter came the page of Münchhausen illustrations by O. Sickert for the "Münchener Bilderbogen" in the early Fifties. They were all Germany had to whet the imagination of the



ONE OF THE BARON'S AERIAL FLIGHTS



"He drank uncommonly, with an eagerness not to be satisfied."—Page 50.

ONE OF THE BARON'S ADVENTURES WHILE SERVING WITH THE RUSSIAN ARMY



THE BARON AT THE ROCK OF GIBRALTAR

youthful Teuton reader for some time to come, when an edition with designs by A. von Wittner was brought out at Düsseldorf in 1856.

Of all the German versions, that illustrated by G. Franz and F. Bergen, which has gone through eighteen editions at Stuttgart, is unquestionably the most praiseworthy. Indeed, Fritz Bergen's pen has portrayed the doughty Baron in a way that only Gustave Doré has surpassed. G. Franz's share in the work has hardly been so successful.

That Doré's illustrations to Baron Münchhausen are almost unknown to the

tures Du Baron de Münchhausen Traduction nouvelle par Théophile Gautier Fils illustrées par Gustave Doré vignette of Münchhausen mounted on a dragon Paris Furne Jouvet et Cie. Editeurs 45, rue Saint André-des-Arts 1862. In his life of Doré, Blanchard Jerrold does not include a bibliographical notice of this book, which seems a strange omission. The following from Théophile Gautier's preface is worth quoting:

Here the pencil of Gustave Doré again adds to his prestige; no one more than this artist, who seems to have that *œil visionnaire*, about which Victor Hugo speaks in his essay on



THE BARON SAILS FOR AMERICA ON AN ENGLISH MAN-OF-WAR

present generation is a pity. There is no doubt that they surpass anything else that has been done, quite putting to rout the unimportant work by George Cruikshank which William Tegg brought out in London seven years after the first edition of Doré's illustrations appeared in 1862 under the imprint of Jouvet et Cie, Paris, and with an introduction by Doré's enthusiastic friend, Théophile Gautier. This paper folio is a rarity worth searching the book-shops for, therefore its title will be of interest to the booklover. *Aven-*

Albrecht Dürer, makes more realistic the mysteries and depths of chimeras, of dreams, of nightmares, of fleeting forms swimming in light or drowning in shadows, of droll, silhouetted caricatures, and of all that is fantastic in the realm of masters and in the region of fantasy. He has clothed the adventures of Baron Münchhausen with designs that seem to be plates covering a voyage of circumnavigation with this hero in their characteristic fidelity to the text and their exotic *bizarrierie*. One may declare that this painter-to-the-expedition has made sketches from life

of every phase of the facetious German baron's exploits, and from them the text cannot but acquire a merit additional to its Germanic buffoonery.

Théophile Gautier could not forget his nationalism, for elsewhere in his preface he expresses a hope that those tales will receive favour in France "despite their strong Germanic savour." Nowhere in

falling far short, in the writer's opinion, of what a preface to the *Adventures* should be. In passing it may be well to note that although in the English and American editions of the *Adventures* the Baron's name is spelled Münchausen, with one h, the German and the French editions spell it with two—Münchhausen. Probably it was so written to avoid com-



THE BARON AND THE BOMB

Doré's work as an illustrator has better than in his Münchhausen been expressed that quality of his work which brings out the characteristic touch of humour. Indeed, probably no other illustrator will ever approach Doré's delineation of Raspe's hero. It is a pity that the English editions of Doré's version should not have had as able an introduction as that by Théophile Gautier, the one by T. Teignmouth Shore to Messrs. Cassell's edition

plications with the immediate family of the actual Baron Münchausen.

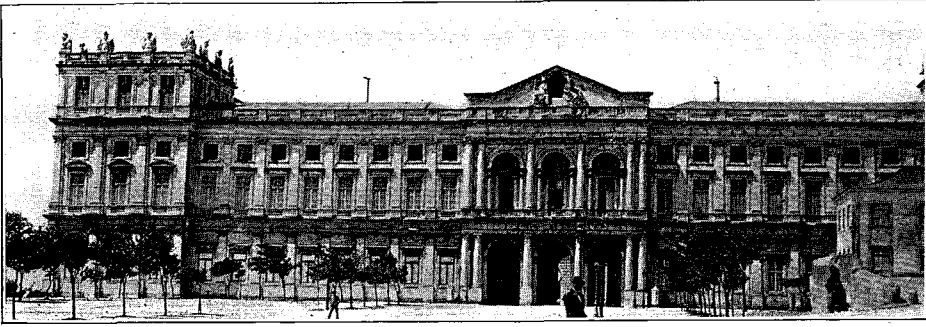
Finally one cannot pass the illustrators of the travels and adventures of the renowned prevaricator without calling attention to the king quarto, *Münchhausen: Reisen und Abenteuer* (Bürger's translation), published in Vienna and Leipzig by Gerlach, containing a large number of extremely clever and artistic drawings in black-and-white, and in colour from the

pen of the gifted artist, Franz Wacik. For its quality of combining illustration with decoration the work of Wacik is attracting much favourable comment, and the American reader will doubtless be glad of the introduction to his art which the accompanying reproduction from some of the illustrations in his book will

give. Perhaps some new illustrator of Münchhausen will spring up to delight us with some original conceptions of the Baron's ingenuity, but until one does the reader and collector must concede to Gustave Doré first place for a full sympathy with the spirit of the text, and to Franz Wacik for refinement of design.



THE BARON SAYS GOOD-NIGHT



THE ROYAL PALACE AT LISBON

MONARCHS IN EXILE

BY GEORGE C. JENKS



ING MANUEL II is not the first of the House of Braganza to taste the bitterness of exile. A few years ago, pottering about in the gloom of a second-hand book shop in one of the byways of Paris, might be seen an elderly man in a shabby cloak. He would claw a volume from a shelf with his lean fingers, run through it, grumble under his unkempt grey moustache, put it back and pull down another. Evidently he was not easily pleased. His examination of a book did not end with a casual skimming in the manner of one who merely wanted something to read. He was obviously a "collector." If the work were a rare one this threadbare man would know it, and there would be a haggling with the dealer, which might or might not end in a purchase.

The cloaked and grey visitor was Don Miguel, Duke of Braganza, whose son, Miguel, lately became the husband of Miss Anita Rhinelanders Stewart, of New York. The Duke might be King of Portugal to-day only that his father, who reigned as Dom Miguel I, gave up his claim to the throne at Lisbon in 1834—after being soundly beaten by the forces of his niece, Maria da Gloria—and promised that his descendants should abide by his renunciation. But posterity has ideas of its own, especially where a crown is concerned, and in view of recent events,

who can say that Braganza will not at some time be again the family name of the reigning house of Portugal? Indeed, only three years ago the Duke publicly declared his readiness at any time to respond to a call "to the throne of his fathers."

Meanwhile, the Duke—who does not go to England since the assassination of King Carlos and his son Luiz, two years ago—may be found in almost any of the capitals of Europe, except London, in the course of a year. A spare, upright figure with the general appearance of an English half-pay officer who is living as respectably as possible on an extremely limited income. He has his Château Seebenstein, in Lower Austria, but the place is heavily mortgaged and there is little there to attract him. So he prefers to wander about from city to city, accepting invitations to castles and country houses when they come to him, riding to hounds when some one gives him a mount, "talking shop" with such military men as he meets (the Duke was a Colonel of Hussars in the Austrian army until 1908), and always looking for a rare book or picture which may come within the scope of his purse.

It is, of course, not likely the Duke will ever be King of Portugal. If he does not it will not trouble him much, apparently. Like many another royal exile, he is happy in his own way, with only the ever insistent persuasion that he is en-