OLD NEW-YORK.

A VENERABLE KNICKERBOCKER'S JOURNAL.

THE DIARY OF PHILIP HONE. 1828-1851. Edited, with an Introduction, by Bayard Tuckerman. In two volumes. 8vo., pp. ix., 400; 426. Dodd, Mead & Co.

Philip Hone was a representative New-Yorker, of a period which, though not long past so far as years count, is so separated from the present time by the swiftness of modern progress as to appear veritably antique. Born in 1780, by his fortieth year he had made a fortune as an auctioneer, and he then did what must seem quite eccentric to a more restless and acquisitive generation—he retired from business in the prime of life, and resolved to enjoy his leisure thenceforth. He had bought a house on Broadway just below Park Place, looking out upon the City Hall Park, at that time surrounded by wooden palings. The situation was well uptown and fashionable, but the upward movement had gone so far in 1837 that Mr. Hone had to sell his house for business purposes, and then he built another for himself at Broadway and Great Jones-st., which was at the date mentioned as high as any one thought it prudent to go. In these two mansions Philip Hone dispensed a generous hospitality, gathered about him distinguished people of all kinds, and lived a busy, bustling, useful and contented life. He was, as his early withdrawal from a lucrative business proves, a man who had no greed of gain. Money for money's sake did not tempt him. He only valued fortune as a means of promoting sociability and refinement. He cultivated a taste for literature, art and the drama. He owned a box at the Park Theatre, and invited to his table the various histrionic celebrities who came from Europe or who grew into fame on their native soil.

In politics he was first a Federalist and then a Whig—to which party he gave its name. Not the least interesting entries in his diary are those which are concerned with political events, for Philip Hone was a zealous and even fiery partisan, and is frequently to be found relieving his overwrought feelings by vigorous abuse of "Old Hickory," whom he most heartily hated, or Van Buren, whom he personally liked while detesting his politics, or Tyler, whom he regarded as a mischievous fool. He had a great admiration for General Harrison, for whose election he worked assiduously and successfully. He was a firm friend and a warm admirer of Daniel Webster, who frequently visited him. Chancellor Kent was one of his oldest and most intimate friends. He was familiar with all the distinguished people of his generation, was always prominent in civic affairs, was esteemed and deferred to by the merchants, and sometimes reviled as an "aristocrat" by the lower element of Tammany Hall's following. The two volumes now given to the public form, Mr. Tuckerman states, less than one-fourth of the original diary, which fills twenty-eight quarto manuscript volumes. It was Mr. Hone's practice to enter in his journal considerations upon and extracts from the books he was reading, and this matter has been omitted, together with much else of purely ephemeral interest. What has been retained constitutes a highly interesting running comment on the diarist's times, a brief chronicle of the growth of New-York, and incidentally a political record and a social register. We read here of deaths, marriages, births, parties, balls, dinners, excursions, picnics, country jaunts, together with occasional real estate items showing the steady appreciation of landed property on Manhattan Island. The momentous occurrences are carefully noted. There is a summarized account of the cholera epidemic, of the financial disasters of 1837, of the great fire of 1845, of the many riots and outbreaks which in those days were encouraged by the weakness of the police, the supineness of the authorities, the licentiousness of a portion of the press, and the recklessness of demagogues. The frequency of riots indeed must strike the reader of this diary with surprise, and however inclined he may have been to pessimism he will be compelled to realize that the advance of New-York in order and peacefulness has been not less during the last half century than in extent of improvements, business and population.

Philip Hone saw the city develop from a small town of 20,000 to a metropolis of 500,000 inhabitants. He saw the houses climb uptown as far as Twentieth-st. He saw the Croton water brought into the city. He saw the development of the railroad system, and of steam in ocean transportation. He saw the passage across the Atlantic reduced to ten days. He witnessed the application of electricity to telegraphing. In his day gas was introduced as a domestic illuminant, and there was a good deal of doubt entertained as to whether it could be applied generally for that purpose. The panic of 1837, which Mr. Hone and most of his business friends attributed to Andrew Jackson's war upon the United States Bank, and especially to the removal of the deposits, and which created a wrath which Van Buren was to feel long subsequently, crippled the retired diarist seriously. He lost, according to his own statements, two-thirds of his fortune, and he was consequently obliged to return to active business, becoming president of an insurance company, which was bankrupted by the great fire of 1845. Hone, then being appointed receiver, wound up its affairs, and in 1849 was commissioned Naval Officer for the District of New-York, an office held by him until his death in 1851, in his seventy-third year.

Though crippled financially there is no evidence in these volumes that Hone ceased to be able to entertain his friends and to enjoy the luxuries and comforts to which he had been accustomed. He was all through life eminently a "clubable man," as Dr. Johnson has it, and the Home Club, founded by him, and the Union Club, of which he was one of the projectors, testify to his strong sociability. He was a man of sufficiently clear and nimble wit, and perhaps rather unduly addicted to punning, several not particularly brilliant examples of his plays upon words having been affectionately enshrined in his journal. A veteran diner-out, he could make a neat after-dinner speech as well as hold his own on the platform at political meetings. In those days a man had to be somewhat resolute who went to public meetings, or even to the theatre, for the times were decidedly rough, and New-York had not yet learned how to keep her "tough" element in order. The theatres suffered especially from these rowdy outbreaks, which, however, were for the most part excused on the ground that they grew out of an excess of patriotism. The "modus operandi" appears to have been generally as follows: When an English actor was on his way here, the theatrical manager or the leading man of some rival house would set afloat a rumor that the stranger had spoken slightingly of the great American people. This was quite enough for the mob, who asked nothing better than an excuse for wrecking a theatre, pelting an actor with rotten eggs, vegetables and stones, and giving free play to their most brutal tendencies. Such riots were disgracefully frequent. The Forrest-Macready riots were not, as many suppose, exceptional. A mob attack had grown to be almost the customary method of expressing popular dislike or resentment, and the feeble fashion in which the city authorities made believe to furnish protection to the victims on these occasions as a matter of course emboldened the mob.

Philip Hone never fails to denounce these outrages, and in election times, when a Whig defeat encouraged the Tammany men, he himself was sometimes singled out for insult and abuse by the gangs of drunken ruffians that celebrated the victory at night. He had to put up with such affronts, which he tries to console himself under by noting that the most violent disturbers of the peace were foreigners. In truth, Mr. Hone held pessimist views concerning the future of foreign immigration. He believed that by inviting the oppressed of all lands to these hospitable shores the people of the United States were preparing serious trouble for themselves, and when, on one occasion, he saw a political procession one of whose banners bore the inscription, "Americans shan't rule us," he may be pardoned for having concluded that the day of wrath was not far away. Those who to-day are fond of exclaiming against foreign rule in New-York may be interested in this reminder that the cause of complaint is at least a tolerably old one, and that they themselves do not belong to the first generation that has chafed against the circumstance. Of course Philip Hone was accused of being "an aristocrat" for his opinions on this head, and when he yielded to the suggestions of his friends and allowed himself to be put in nomination for the State Senate, he was beaten worse than his ticket; which ought to have convinced him that the inscription on the banner was not a joke.

It is curious to see how stiffly those venerable New-Yorkers adhered to the most antique methods in finance and business; how deeply and bitterly they resented Jackson's policy on the bank issue; how they scoffed and sneered at the Sub-Treasury scheme, and predicted its failure; how they clung to the miserable rotten system of State banks, in spite of the overwhelming evidence of its untrustworthiness; how little, in short, they learned from affliction, and how eager most of them were to go on and repeat all the errors and follies which had precipitated the collapse of 1837. Philip Hone no doubt represents very faithfully the prevailing views of his time and circle; in fact he was to some extent rather in advance of his generation. The literary taste which was strong in him was scarcely at all developed in the majority of his club friends and business contemporaries, and it is evident that his visits to Europe and his extensive travel in his own country had broadened his mind. A somewhat striking evidence of this is his refusal to join the general chorus of indignation elicited by Dickens's "American Notes." Hone stoutly records his opinion that the author had only set down plainly what he saw, and that his worst fault consisted in too hasty generalizations upon insufficient data. Some experiences which parallel those of Dickens are indeed chronicled in this diary in connection with Hone's tour into the West, an expedition the hardships of which brought on an illness from which he never recovered, and which doubtless shortened his life.

Frequent mention is made of the doings of Congress in these volumes. Hone was often at Washington, and as often an interested spectator at the Capitol. The manners of Congressmen and Senators were then much in need of sweetness and light, and the "chivalry" of the South certainly did not present the plainest evidences of high civilization. Both North and South, indeed, were given to an amount of rowdyism in debate which would be impossible now, and it is difficult to distinguish between the behavior of such Northern men as Benton and such Southerners as Wise and Foote. Duelling was then in vogue, and Hone gives a full account of the fatal encounter between Graves and Cilley, in which perhaps the most significant circumstance is the defence made by Graves before the House, when he threw the responsibility for the tragedy upon that public opinion which ostracised the man who refused to obey the rules of the "code of honor." With the Abolitionists the author of the diary had no sympathy at all; in fact he was a thorough Philistine on the subject of slavery, never going beyond what he evidently thought the impregnable position that slaves were property under the law, and that the law must be obeyed. No doubt he reflected the general opinion in this too, and consequently he was vexed and disgusted by the persistent Congressional fight kept up by John Quincy Adams, who, he thought, should have been expelled from the House. Yet he admired and appreciated Adams, and on the death of the latter paid him the honor of a handsome eulogy.

Mr. Tuckerman apparently did not think it necessary to annotate these records of old New-York, though there are many places which would have been the clearer for explanatory or illustrative notes. As a rule, however, the diary needs little interpretation, and it may be welcomed as an agreeable, gossipy contribution to civic annals, and as a pleasant record of a citizen of some distinction, parts, and usefulness in his generation.

GREAT SENATORS

"THERE WERE GIANTS IN THOSE DAYS."

GREAT SENATORS OF THE UNITED STATES Forty Years Ago (1848 and 1849), With Personal Recollections and Delineations of Calhoun, Benton, Clay, Webster, General Houston, Jefferson Davis, etc. By Oliver Dyer. Robert Bonner's Sons.

Mr. Oliver Dyer, the veteran journalist, whose recollections of the great Senators of forty years ago are presented in this volume, had peculiarly good opportunities for studying and knowing the events and the men he writes of so interestingly. He was in 1848 the official reporter of the United States Senate, the entire Congressional reporting being then done under contract by "The National Intelligencer" of Washington, which was a powerful political organ in those days. Mr. Dyer was one of the first reporters to introduce Pitman's system of phonography, and Dennis C. Murphy, the most rapid and accurate shorthand reporter living, was his pupil. The book opens with what Mr. Dyer considers the first full explanation given of the defeat of Henry Clay in the Baltimore Convention. He says: "The movement which led to Clay's defeat was manipulated by four men, namely: William H. Seward and Thurlow Weed, of New-York; Thomas Butler King, of Georgia, and Truman Smith, of Connecticut. There were many others in the game, but those four men did most of the subterranean work, Thurlow Weed being both engineer and conductor of the underground political railroad." We cannot follow Mr. Dyer's story of the conspiracy by which "Harry of the West" was beaten at the very moment when his over-sanguine friends were sure of his triumph, but we may say that it is a striking example of political craft and subtlety. So strong was Clay's hold upon the affections of his followers that the nomination of Taylor soon proved to be rather a beginning of trouble than a presage of victory, for the Clay Whigs swore by everything sacred that they had been betrayed and that they would fight the ticket; and they did not leave it long in doubt that they meant what they said. How Seward and Weed succeeded in placating enough of the malcontents to secure the vote of New-York State for Taylor, and thus make his election sure, must be gathered from Mr. Dyer's pages, while we pass on to the consideration of his pen pictures of the great Senators.

These portraits are among the most graphic and luminous of their kind. They show the men both as they looked and as they felt and acted. They are studied and discriminated with careful nicety; and above all they are informed by so genial a spirit that while the defects of the great statesman concerned are not hidden—since that would spoil the portraiture—their better qualities are so thrown into relief as to offer the most charitable and attractive view of them. Besides the great Senators there are many subordinate sketches of well-known men, and by no means least interesting is that of Thurlow Weed, whose ways of working are described with a subdued humor which is very amusing. Seward, too, is drawn clearly and sharply with a few bold lines; and so is Van Buren, who is held by Mr. Dyer to have been a man of much larger calibre than his contemporaries were willing to admit. One anecdote of "New-York's favorite son" is too good to pass by. It was at the Buffalo Free Soil Convention, which nominated Van Buren for President. A Committee on Nominations was in session, and Van Buren's chief fugleman, Benjamin F. Butler, was addressing the delegates on behalf of his friend.

He gave an animated and picturesque description of a visit he had recently made him, at his house in Kinderhook. As he was describing the almost boyish activity with which Van Buren went over his farm, and the pride he took in his fields of grain and cabbage and turnips, a tall, gaunt delegate from Ohio, named Brinkerhoff, slowly and spirally elevating himself like a jackscrew, shrieked out, in shrill piercing tones: "Damn his cabbage and turnips! What does he say about the abolition of slavery in the Deestrick of Columby?" This was a thunderclap. Silence reigned, but not long. The committee spontaneously burst into a roar of mingled laughter and cheers.

To appreciate what Mr. Dyer terms "the terrific impact" of this question, it must be remembered that eleven years before, Van Buren, in his inaugural address, had said: "I must go into the Presidential chair the inflexible and uncompromising opponent of every attempt on the part of Congress to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia against the wishes of the slave-holding States." Delegate Brinkerhoff had therefore thrown a veritable bombshell into the committee. Butler met it in the only possible way by declaring that to his knowledge Van Buren would sign a bill abolishing slavery in the District, if Congress should pass such a measure. After all, it was a tolerably safe promise, and it secured Van Buren the nomination—which elected Taylor.

At Washington Mr. Dyer met Sam Houston, the hero of San Jacinto, whom he thus describes:

He was then only fifty-five years old, and seemed to be in perfect health and admirable physical condition. He was a magnificent barbarian, somewhat tempered with civilization. He was large of frame, of stately carriage and dignified demeanor, and had a lionlike countenance capable of expressing the fiercest passions. His dress was peculiar, but was becoming to his style. The conspicuous features of it were a military cap and a short military cloak of fine blue broadcloth, with a blood-red lining. Afterward I occasionally met him when he wore a vast and picturesque sombrero and a Mexican blanket—a sort of ornamented bedquilt, with a slit in the middle, through which the wearer's head is thrust, leaving the blanket to hang in graceful folds around the body.

Houston rarely took part in the debates, and spoke briefly when he did. His principal employment in the Senate was whittling pine sticks. I used to wonder where he got his pine lumber, but never fathomed the mystery. He would sit and whittle away, and at the same time keep up a muttering of discontent at the long-winded speakers, whom he would sometimes curse for their intolerable verbosity. Those who knew him well said that he was tenderhearted, and had a chivalric regard for women; that he would make any personal sacrifice to promote the welfare of a lady friend—a reputation which was in direct line with his alleged conduct toward his wife. It was a matter of common jocose remark that if "Old San Jacinto" (that was Houston's nickname) "should ever become President, he would have a Cabinet of women."

Mr. Dyer went to Washington an Abolitionist, and the Abolitionists "felt toward John C. Calhoun the same as Southern men, who hated Abolitionists with equal virulence, felt toward William Lloyd Garrison." He continues:

I was naturally eager to get a sight of the great South Carolina nullifier and disunionist; and when he was pointed out to me, in the Senate Chamber, I gave him a searching scrutiny. His appearance satisfied me completely. He seemed to be a perfect image and embodiment of the devil. Had I come across his likeness in a copy of Milton's Paradise Lost, I should at once have accepted it as a picture of Satan, and as a masterpiece of some great artist who had a peculiar genius for Satanic portraiture. He was tall and gaunt. His complexion was dark and Indian-like, and there seemed to be an inner complexion of a dark soul shining through the skin of the face. His eyes were large, black, piercing, scintillant. His hair was iron gray, and rising nearly straight from his scalp, fell over on all sides, and hung down in thick masses like a lion's mane. His features were strongly marked, and their expression was firm, stern, aggressive, threatening.

When he heard Calhoun speak, however, his first impressions of him were modified. He says: "I was much impressed by the clearness of Calhoun's views, by the bell-like sweetness and resonance of his voice, the elegance of his diction, and the exquisite courtesy of his demeanor. Such a combination of attractive qualities was a revelation to me, and I spontaneously wished that Calhoun was an Abolitionist, so we could have him talking on our side."

As the debate went on the reporter's feelings changed.

At the beginning of the contest my feelings were against Calhoun and I wanted him to be worsted; but at the close, although I was opposed to the principle which he advocated, my personal feelings were in his favor, and his physiognomy seemed to have undergone a change. Instead of looking like a devil, he impressed me as a high-toned, elegant gentleman, with a brilliant intellect, a sweet disposition, a sound heart, and a conscientious devotion to what he believed to be right. I was vexed and astonished at my self that such a change should have occurred in my feelings toward the great Nullifier. It seemed to me that I was becoming a traitor to my status as an abolitionist; but as time went on the change also went on in spite of all that I could do.

Later, he came to know Calhoun with some intimacy, and he gives here a statement made to him by the great Nullifier of his States Rights doctrine, which is full of interest. Mention of this doctrine leads Mr. Dyer into pointing out that, as a matter of fact, Massachusetts and not South Carolina was the State that introduced the secession heresy; Josiah Quincy having, in 1811, opposed the admission of Louisiana (then called the Orleans Territory) on precisely the same grounds as were afterward taken by Calhoun. On that occasion Mr. Quincy said: "If this bill passes, it is my deliberate opinion that it is virtually a dissolution of the Union; that it will free the States from their moral obligation, and as it will be the right of all, so it will be the duty of some, definitely to prepare for a separation, amicably if they can, violently if they must." Certainly Calhoun could not have gone further than that, and Mr. Dyer is warranted by the facts in submitting "that what is sauce for the South Carolina goose is also sauce for the Massachusetts gander."

Through an indirect question to Mr. Calhoun Mr. Dyer elicited an impressive incident:

I asked Mr. Calhoun what kind of a man General Jackson was. The effect of the question upon him made a profound impression upon me. Had I not been so young and inexperienced, I would not—I could not—have asked him such a question. It did not occur to me that he and Jackson had been inexpressibly bitter and relentless foes for many years. As soon as the question was put, Calhoun sank into profound quiescence, seemed to be unconscious of my presence, and was apparently absorbed in introspective memories. Then his relations to Jackson flashed vividly into my mind. I was appalled at my blunder, and awaited the result with trepidation. Calhoun's revery continued but a short time. Soon he looked at me benignantly and said: "General Jackson was a great man." The surprisingly beautiful expression of Calhoun's luminous eyes and the sweet, gentle tone of his voice, as he thus answered my question, are now present with me, as I write, although that answer was given more than forty years ago.

Of the same statesman Mr. Dyer writes: "He was by all odds the most fascinating man in private intercourse that I ever met. His conversational powers were marvellous. His voice was clear, sweet and mellow, with a musical, metallic ring in it which gave it strength without diminishing its sweetness. His pronunciation and enunciation were perfect. His manner was simple and unpretending." And again he says: "Calhoun's kindness of heart was inexhaustible. He impressed me as being deeply but unobtrusively religious, and was so morally clear and spiritually pure that it was a pleasure to have one's soul get close to his soul—a feeling that I never had for any other man." He adds: "I admired Benton; I admired Clay still more; I admired Webster, on the intellectual side, most of all, but I loved Calhoun; and as I came to know him well, and saw his exquisitely beautiful nature mirrored in his face, his countenance no longer seemed Satanic, but angelic, and his benignant greeting in the morning was like a benediction that lasted the whole day."

Mr. Dyer brings Tom Benton, the robust, grim, practical old fighter before us most vividly.

He was born with characteristics resembling those of the bear, the bull and the eagle. He was ferocious, brave, keen-sighted, and high-soaring. In mind, dignity and patriotism he was a Roman Senator of the highest type; and in physique, temper and ferocity he was a Roman gladiator, who somehow had become imbedded in the nineteenth century. He had large bones, which were covered with thick and hard muscles. He was above five feet and ten inches in height, had broad shoulders, a deep chest, large hips and strong limbs. His head, which was of great size, was largest at the base. All the animal propensities, especially those which give cunning and courage, were powerfully developed. His courage was so predominant and combative that he seldom cared to resort to cunning to compass his ends; but when he did undertake to play the Indian, no savage that ever infested the wilderness could cope with him.

Benton was a fighter by temperament and experience. Once in the Senate a Senator had referred to what he called "a quarrel" of Benton's. "Mr. President, sir," said the great Missourian sternly, "the Senator is mistaken, sir. I never quarrel, sir; but I sometimes fight, sir; and whenever I fight, sir, a funeral follows, sir!"

It was the custom "to bathe and scrub down his body to his hips every morning, and from his hips to his feet every afternoon. The implement he used was the roughest kind of a horsehair brush; and with this his body servant would curry him down with all his might." When asked the reason of this practice he replied: "The Roman gladiators did it, sir." Under this treatment, says Mr. Dyer, "his skin had become a sheath of leather, devoid of sensibility, and shutting him out from sympathy with the sensibilities of others. Metaphorically, as well as physically, he was probably the thickest skinned man of his time." For examples of his debating power, of his almost incredible egotism, of his manner with constituents, and of his peculiarities and idiosyncracies generally, we must refer the reader to Mr. Dyer's sprightly pages.

The full description of Clay is extremely interesting, but we must leave it, and content ourselves with quoting a few sentences from Mr. Dyer's account of Daniel Webster—one of the most impressive of his reminiscences.

The reader is doubtless familiar with the fact that in Webster's day he was called "the Godlike Daniel." The appellation fitted him. He was godlike in appearance and in power. He was not so tall as Clay, but he was much larger and more massive in every way. He had broad shoulders, a deep chest and a large frame. I have seen taller men than Webster; I have seen men larger, but I never saw any one who looked so large and grand as he did when he was aroused in debate. Webster's head was phenomenal in size and beauty of outline and grandeur of appearance. It used to be said of him that he had brain enough to make several good heads. His brow was so protuberant that his eyes, though unusually large, seemed sunken, and were likened unto "great burning lamps set deep in the mouths of caves." But large as his perceptive organs were, his reflectives bulged out over them. His causality was massively developed; and his organ of comparison, which was larger even than his causality, protruded as though Nature, in building Webster's head, having distributed her superabundant material as well as she could, found at last that she had such a lot of brain matter left on hand that, in despair, she dabbed it on in front and let it take its chance of sticking; and it stuck. The head, the face, the whole presence of Webster was kingly, majestic, godlike. And when one heard him speak, he found that Webster's voice was just exactly the kind of voice that such a looking man ought to have. It was deep, resonant, mellow, sweet, with a thunder roll in it which, when let out to its full power, was awe-inspiring. In ordinary speech its magnificent bass notes rolled forth like the rich tones of a deep-voiced organ; but when he chose to do so, he could elevate his voice in ringing, clarion tenor notes of thrilling power. He also had a faculty of magnifying a word into such prodigious volume and force that it would drop from his lips as a great boulder might drop through the ceiling, and jar the Senate chamber like a clap of thunder.

Here we must stop, though the extracts we have given really afford but a meagre example of the wealth, freshness and interest of Mr. Dyer's recollections of the great Senators. He is full of anecdote as well as observation. He is a little discursive, but his wanderings always disclose some new object or incident of interest, and he gives a number of striking pictures embodying historic occasions, the deliverance of epochal speeches, debates of high dramatic attractiveness, encounters between rival statesmen, and various little known, forgotten, or wholly inedited episodes. This book will be read with the keenest pleasure by all who are old enough to have been brought up in the traditions of half a century ago, while it can be commended to young men as a treasure house of information concerning perhaps the most striking and able group of statesmen the Union has known.

LITERARY NOTES.

Miss Fanny Murfree, the sister of the author of "The Prophet of Great Smoky Mountain," has suddenly appeared as a writer—and so clever a writer that that name of talent "The Atlantic" has accepted a story from her pen. It will run as a serial through the magazine next year under the title of "Felicia."

In the course of an appreciative tribute to Mr. William Winter's last book of verse, "The Athenaeum," of London, says: "In every line he writes we recognize the hand that drew the fascinating pictures of 'Shakespeare's England,' while his lyrics have the true 'bird-note' characteristic of Elizabethan poetry, which is apt to sound but faintly, or to be altogether lost, amid the harshness and complexity of the boasted civilization of to-day."

Dr. Daniel G. Brinton is preparing to bring out Volume VIII of his series of "Aboriginal American Literature." This will contain the sacred songs of the ancient Mexicans. Dr. Brinton says in regard to it: "The very ancient religious chants, on which I have bestowed the title of the 'American Rig Veda,' are preserved in two Nahuatl MSS., one at Madrid, the other at Florence, both of which I have personally collated. The Gloss, found in the former only, is a sixteenth century commentary on the obscurities of the text. The songs, or chants, are valuable not merely as curious antiquities, but as throwing light on the religious thought and mythology of the native Mexicans, and as illustrating archaic forms and sacred locutions of their tongue. They are without doubt the most ancient authentic examples of American literature and language in existence."

A complete edition of Sir Edwin Arnold's poetical works is coming from the press of Roberts Brothers. The author during his stay in this country wrote a preface for this edition.

There is an affecting glimpse of the late Emperor Frederick in Freytag's reminiscences just published in Berlin. The novelist and the Imperial Prince were friends, and these reminiscences, therefore, carry authority. "In the evening after the battle of Worth," says Freytag, "the Crown Prince was quiet, as his physical power was exhausted. He said to me with deep emotion, 'I hate this butchery. . . . It was just my fate to be led from one war to another, from one battlefield to another, and wade in human blood before I could ascend the throne of my ancestors. That is a hard lot.'"

On August 11, 1870, the Crown Prince spoke with Freytag about the title of King. Freytag thought the Prussians wanted no name for their King. Thereupon the Crown Prince broke out vehemently, while his eye gleamed: "No, he must be Emperor." One chapter is entitled "After the War," and gives an account of the literary occupations which Frederick pursued. His great devotion to his wife is emphasized by the author in the following passage: "His love for his wife was the highest and holiest thing in his life, which filled him entirely." "In religious matters," the author goes on to say, "Frederick was a warm Protestant of singular tolerance, and narrow-minded clergymen were one of his strongest aversions." In the management of public affairs he disliked police rule and tutelage, and wished communities to have extensive self-government, and all honest agencies to have the freest action.

A translation of Ibsen's latest play, "The Lady of the Sea," is coming out in "The Harvard Monthly." It is said to suggest answers to the problems proposed in "The Doll's Home."

A "History of Unitarianism" is in course of preparation by the Rev. A. A. Livermore, the president of the Meadville, Penn., Theological School.

Baron Haussmann, the builder of modern Paris, is about to publish his reminiscences.

Mr. Blaine has written for a forthcoming number of "The Youth's Companion" a paper "for young politicians." Mr. Gladstone has contributed to the same periodical an article on the characteristics of Motley.

M. Octave Uzanne announces, in the October issue of "Le Livre," that with the close of its tenth year, in December, the periodical will undergo a change of publishers, form and programme. The Maison Quantin will cease to publish it, M. Uzanne himself becoming sole proprietor. The form is to be altered to one nearly resembling that of the "Revue des Deux Mondes"; and is to be, in substance, "something like what 'The Gentleman's Magazine' is to our neighbors across the Channel." It is to address itself more than heretofore to questions of bibliophilic fancy and fantasy, to odd literary matters, to artistic dilettantism. The programme as indicated is obviously very elastic and indefinite, but not less obviously the intended change will narrow the scope and importance of "Le Livre," and confine it to a small circle. That this result is anticipated may be gathered from the fact that the edition of the new magazine is to be strictly limited to 1,000. The utmost liberty is claimed by the management, even frequent changes in the cover being hinted at, and perhaps aslo other changes in the form. M. Uzanne at the same time announces that an index volume to the magazine for the ten years of its present form and arrangement is being prepared, and will be published early next year if the subscriptions for it are numerous enough.

The Paris bookseller, J. Maisonneuve, offers for sale a unique copy of Christopher Columbus's letter announcing the discovery of the New World (15th February (14th March), 1493). It is said to differ from the two quarto editions already known. It is in folio, and is thought to have been published in 1497 by the Roman Curia, under the Pontificate of Alexander the Sixth. The catalogue observes that "this historic and bibliographic treasure, absolutely unrivalled in the whole world, is the most precious document with which any American museum or library could be adorned." Any museum or library can secure it for the sum of 65,000 francs.

THE "MEN OF 1830."

PAINTINGS TO BE SEEN AT THE "EXHIBITION OF MASTERPIECES"—NOTES ON THE ARTISTS.

The exhibition of sculpture and paintings by Barye at the American Art Galleries, which was noticed in Monday's Tribune, is to be accompanied by a collection of paintings. This will be termed "the hundred masterpieces" like the exhibition held in Paris a few years since. The collection will reflect the opinion of our amateurs that the masterpieces of modern art are due to France alone. Moreover, it will represent one small group of French painters, a group consisting only of Delacroix, Millet, Corot, Rousseau, Dupre, Daubigny, Diaz, Decamps and Troyon. In England, Germany or Austria an exhibition so ambitious in its purpose would include the works of Constable, Gainsborough, Turner, or Millais, Leighton, Alma Tadema, or Kaulbach, Piloty, or Lenbach, or Makart, as the case might be. But for a dozen years Americans have been devotees of French art, worshipping often blindly, yet with a basis of sound reason; since we must look to the French masters for the best understanding of painting as painting, the most intimate knowledge of technique. Yet none of the French academic masters like Gerome, Cabanel, Lefebvre, will be represented in this exhibition. The men whom this exhibition honors, were men outside of the academic pale, recognized only finally and reluctantly. They were classed as rebels and they are known as the "men of 1830," a rebellious year. Let us understand the meaning of the term.

It was this year which brought the uprising in behalf of popular rights that deposed Charles X and placed Louis Philippe upon the throne of France. It was therefore a year full of significance for those artists who were literally fighting for popular rights in art. They had suffered from the tyranny of the Institute, which represented the classical idea in its extreme, and it was natural that the revolutionists in art should bear the title of a revolutionary year. Nevertheless, if we look more closely we shall find that this term has, in reality, fully as much sentimental as actual significance. For the year 1830 witnessed neither the beginning of romanticism and naturalism nor the triumph of the artists who stood for the new principles. It was Gericault, an artist unrepresented in this exhibition, who was the leader, the initiator of romanticism. It was his portrait of a chasseur charging, in the Salon of 1812, which was the first public expression of the "life, energy and passion" for which the romanticists contended. It was his famous "Raft of the Medusa," exhibited in 1819, which was the first formal declaration of the principles of the new school. Nevertheless Gericault's early death and comparatively limited production left the leadership of romanticism in the hands of Delacroix. But it was in 1824, not 1830, that the actual revolt began with the exhibition of Delacroix's "Massacre of Scio," followed three years later by the "Sardanapalus," which has been seen in New-York. It was in 1831 that the romanticists and naturalists appeared in force at the Salon, Delacroix with his "Liberto," Scheffer, a romanticist in his earlier years, with his scenes from Faust, and Rousseau, Diaz and Barye. Or we may turn to the naturalistic movement in landscape and find that its origin and active manifestations preceded 1830. Georges Michel, born in 1763, thirteen years before Constable, may be called the leader in the abandonment of the Claude and Poussin traditions and the rediscovery of naturalistic landscape by the aid of the old Dutch painters. Paul Huet was another leader, a seeker after the real poetry of landscape, but these artists are not commonly included in the group of 1830. Perhaps these artists might as well be called the "men of 1824," since in that year romanticism asserted itself at the Salon, and the French artists saw the often-cited exhibition of Constable, Lawrence, Bonington and other English painters. It is frequently claimed that this exhibition caused the naturalistic movement. It was a stimulus, no doubt, and probably the best expression of art ideas only vaguely felt, but these ideas had already found some expression in the art of France as in the literature of France, Germany and England. It may be asked whether the group commonly called the "men of 1830" includes all who are deserving of remembrance, and the answer must be that Gericault, Michel, Huet, and even Marilhat and Roqueplan deserve a share of this honorable remembrance. Finally, the idea that the year 1830 brought actual freedom to the artists of Paris must be dismissed as erroneous. Louis Philippe kept the conservative Institute in power and the "men of 1830" were driven from Salon after Salon instead of occupying places of honor, until in 1840, Rousseau, Dupre and others withdrew from the vain attempt and sent nothing until the "free Salon" was inaugurated in 1848.

The paintings by the "men of 1830" which will be seen at the American Art Galleries, may not be "masterpieces" in all cases, but the collection will undoubtedly furnish the best single opportunity which New-York has had for an intelligent study of a remarkable group of painters. At the head of this group are Delacroix, a lineal descendant of the great colorists, a man of distinguished intellectual force and profound feeling; Millet, a master of truth in linear design, often a beautiful colorist, and always a man of deep sensibility and thorough sincerity, and Corot, a true poet in his better works, an unceasing student of subtle aerial effects and a precursor of the modern research into the refinements of light and air. Those who have read Delacroix's letters will need no other assurance of his implicit devotion to his art, and those who have studied Delacroix abroad, or have even looked through the pages of Robaut, have gained some understanding of the wide range of his powers. He was a man of thought, of ideas and of feeling, as well as a craftsman, a distinction worth remembering at a time when craftsmanship prevails. Bad drawing is one of the traditional charges against Delacroix, and it may be said again that his chief and often his only aim was expression in color. When he chose he was an admirable draughtsman in a large, free manner, but it was never pretended that his drawing possessed academic accuracy. There is always Bouguereau for those who prefer the academy. The coming exhibition will offer two superb examples of Delacroix's treatment of sacred subjects. One is the "Jesus on the Sea of Galilee," a boat filled with agitated figures and flying draperies, a scene of confusion and terror contrasted with the one calm presence, and set against a background of deep green waves. The "Crucifixion," with its vivid color accents and background of gloom, is the dramatic expression of a tragedy. In both cases the coloring expresses the feeling of the scene, but it is the coloring of an artist who felt the force of the scene which he endeavered to express. In the "Convulsionists of Tangiers," the picture of frantic dervishes, leaping, contorting themselves, tearing their flesh in their mad course through the street, the coloring is not graduated up to a centre, but the telling notes of red, blue and yellow are arranged irregularly here and there, as if to express the intense, irregular action of the scene. There will be other examples, the brilliant little "Giaour and Pacha," which is an early example, the "Rebecca," which has been described in The Tribune, a lion and tiger and some water colors. These pictures should help to bring about a better understanding of an artist who revived the traditions of Veronese and Rubens in this century.

In Paris last summer Corot was recognized as the head of French landscape art. Those who visit the American Galleries will see the great "St. Sebastian," which represents a certain recognition of conventional ideas in the figures, while the picture was really painted for the landscape, the vista where the departing executioners are seen, and, most of all, the beautiful arch of foliage above. This is a remarkable example, and we trust it may be accompanied by the "Orpheus." The "Evening Star," a tender twilight landscape, the beautiful "Lake Nemi," the "Dance of Loves" and "Dance of Nymphs" will offer fitting illustrations of Corot's delicate perceptions of atmospheric refinements, and his power of expression in his better works. As to Millet, his work will prove to be a rallying point in this exhibition, partly from genuine appreciation, partly from the sensationalism which has attended the "Angelus." We shall hear again the rhapsodies over the sentiment of the "Angelus," and we shall be told that it is badly painted and in poor preservation. The "Courrier de L'Art" and other French journals have stated repeatedly that it was necessary to "restore" the picture, while it was in M. Secretan's possession, and that it has suffered accordingly, but allowances will be made for the circumstances under which this was said. So far as linear design goes, the reproductions have endeared the picture to many of us. It may be as "Le Temps" has said, that Millet never saw this scene, since the ringer of the "Angelus," being a peasant laborer himself, would not leave the fields until the others left after twilight had fallen. It may be that "The Gleaners," or "The Springtime," or the Van Praet Millet is far finer in quality, but the opportunity to see the "Angelus" will be welcomed. It is certain that the "Angelus" will not wholly overshadow the beautiful "Sheepfold by Moonlight," one of the tenderest and most sympathetic of Millet's works. This will be accompanied by the "Breaking Flax," and "Potato Harvest," the "Buckwheat Harvest," the "Sheep-Shearing," "Goat Girl" and "Potato Planters," and to these sturdy representations of rural toil must be added the large "Tobias," pastels of "The Sower" and "Shepherdess" and a few water colors.

It is doubtful whether Rousseau painted any landscape more vigorous in execution and more impressive in effect than the sketch of dark broken fields, leading toward distant mountains which is known as "Winter" or "The Hoar-Frost." This superb work, complete as it is, was painted rapidly. The "Summer Afternoon" on the other hand must represent infinite painstaking. It is in Rousseau's smoother, more polished manner. Every part is as complete as the work of the early Flemings. The eye travels backward along a river seen in a strong light where every recess in the banks forms an elaborate picture in itself. Yet the "Hoar-Frost" will be left more reluctantly, and revisited oftener. There could be no better examples of two contrasting manners. As for Dupre, since we can mention only a few examples, the variety of his art will be shown in paintings of the giant oaks of Fontainebleau, seen in storm and sunlight, in tranquil paintings of rural landscapes with cottages nestling beneath the trees, and in deep green marines founded upon the Dutch traditions.

The Troyon from the Spencer sale and its companions will illustrate the artist's delicate perception of the relation of half tones, of light and shadows, and subdued tints to general effect, and his skill in realizing an even and harmonious tonality. His pictures are carefully composed and centralized. There are no distracting "bits" so far as coloring goes, but in the Spencer Troyon the brutal action of the man striking a cow across the face is a most discordant feature. It will be seen that Troyon within his limited range was a colorist of the greatest delicacy and refinement. His artistic lineage goes back to Holland, just as Diaz's inheritance is from Correggio and also Veronese. Diaz was a painter born, but never educated. His love of color was instinctive and his figure painting showed an artist revelling in vivid color without care for form or ability to render, or any sympathy with Delacroix's passion for profound expression by means of color. In landscapes, the science which Diaz sometimes shows must be assigned in part to the influence of Rousseau and Dupre. This influence may be seen in one of the best of his landscapes in this country, which has been lent by Mr. Walters. The "Assumption" will be remembered as an exceptionally well rendered study of a figure, carefully modelled and rich in color. These two pictures and "The Descent of the Gypsies" will be among the best illustrations of Diaz's charming if uncertain art. Decamps, one of the earlier Orientalists, was so admirable a master of light and shade and so careful a colorist in his better work that his halting drawing might well be overlooked. The "Suicide," which will be seen at this exhibition is a picture not to be forgotten. On an alcove bed in a dimly lighted room a silent form lies dimly revealed among the shadows. A pistol has dropped from the hand which hangs nerveless at the bedside. A subdued but warm light comes from a window on the left. It is a picture full of silent suggestions, a picture which in execution shows us why Decamps set the critics talking of the chiaroscuro of Rembrandt. Daubigny, who was only thirteen in the often-quoted year 1830, will be represented by an admirable shore view of unusual size, a masterly painting of sky and water, spacious, and conscientiously expressed. This will be accompanied by a painting of the rich colors and soft textures of an apple orchard in blossom, and by paintings of themes more frequently chosen, shadowed sketches of water with sedgy banks, and trees beyond, set against a luminous sky.

There has been much fatuous exaggeration in estimates of many pictures by these artists. All of them produced inferior works, some knowingly and purposely. Their reputations will not be helped in the long run by the cleverly organized "booms" of the dealers in whose interest their pot-boilers and studio scrapings have been retouched and finished. As to forgeries, much has been said, but there are Americans who seem satisfied with forged paintings. There has been an unreasoning craze for the works of these artists, and for this reason among others we welcome this exhibition because it will offer indubitable proof of the merit of the "men of 1830."

NOTES ON CURRENT ART.

"OLD MASTERS" AT THE UNION LEAGUE—ART NEWS HERE AND ABROAD.

After brilliant exhibitions of French, American and Oriental art, the Union League Club takes up the "old masters" and Rembrandt and Teniers will be the "stars" at the November exhibition. The group of paintings by Teniers the younger entitled the "Five Senses" will be remembered by those who saw the Secretan collection in Paris last June. These pictures, illustrating the art of a genre painter commonly misrepresented in American examples, will be accompanied by Rembrandt's portrait of Dr. Tulp, the central figure of "The Anatomy Lesson."

It will be remembered that Tulp was one of Rembrandt's earliest friends in Amsterdam, and that it was Tulp who procured for Rembrandt the commission for the painting of the heads of the Surgeon's Guild, known as "The Anatomy Lesson." Tulp was professor of anatomy and surgery in this Guild from 1628 to 1653. It was natural that Rembrandt should paint a separate portrait of his friend and benefactor, but the two portraits of 1634 are regarded by Vosmaer as only probably the portraits of Tulp and his wife. The subject is shown in a bust portrait of oval shape. The hair, mustache and beard are brown, the hat and costume black, and there is a lace collar. For some time the picture was in the Seillieres collection in Paris. The paintings of Teniers received notice at the time of the Secretan exhibition. It ought not to be impossible to exhibit the famous Pieter der Hoogh bought for Mr. Havemeyer at the same sale. An Oriental collection, probably of jades, will accompany the paintings.

The list of pictures for the coming exhibition at the American Art Galleries has received various additions, due to Mr. George I. Seney, who will lend Millet's "Blind Tobias," a large but not a pre-eminent work, which has been seen at the Union League Club; Troyon's "Return from the Pasture," Diaz's "Temple of Love," Delacroix's "Lion in the Mountain," and the well-known "Convulsionists of Tangiers," Corot's "Village Belle," and "Souvenir of Normandie," Daubigny's "On the Oise," and an example of Decamps. Mr. William Slater, of Norwich, is to lend Corot's "Nymphs and Faun," now at the Boston Art Museum. Mr. John G. Johnson will contribute Dupre's "Great Oak," described as the largest example of the artist in this country; Millet's "Goat Herder," Troyon's "Forest Clearing," and "Going to the Fair." The first of the galleries will be devoted entirely to Barye. The character of the collection which will be seen there was explained in the discussion of Barye's life, methods and principal work which was published in The Tribune last Monday. The small bronzes will be grouped in cases occupying the floor and lower wall space and the oils and water-colors will be hung upon the walls of this gallery and the first small gallery. The large gallery will be devoted to "masterpieces of French painting" which will be shown presumably with the usual accompaniment of elaborate draping. The much-talked-of "Angelus" will be modestly placed in the uppermost gallery, at the further end. It is to be hoped that the Barye bronzes will not be crowded together like the collection at the Corcoran Gallery. The glass cases, it may be supposed, will contain stands with steps or ledges so that the line of bronzes on each step will have a clear background. But the fewer the bronzes in each case within reasonable limits, the better, and the capital pieces should be shown separately. If this is done, it is hard to see how all the bronzes can be arranged in the first gallery.

Messrs. Reichard & Co. have shown some of the paintings imported for the coming season, and their collection is seen to be one of unusual merit. There is no sound reason for the reluctance of most dealers to exhibit the summer's purchases, save the prudent consideration of a prejudice which obtains among certain buyers. Such buyers are possessed by the absurd idea that they must be the first to see any given picture, and that its exhibition to any one detracts from its merit. Nothing could be more selfish or more irrational than this attitude. As a matter of fact, the dealer shows his pictures to any one whom he has good reason to regard as a probable buyer, and the picture furtively produced for the secretive buyer probably has been seen by half a dozen others. It is none the worse for this, or for a public exhibition, and dealers might do more to teach their customers commonsense and a little regard for picture lovers, who are not buyers and must depend upon the public galleries. It is pleasant to note the exception to the general rule furnished by Messrs. Reichard & Co., whose good fortune in the annual picture hunt in Europe is illustrated in an admirable group of paintings by the "men of 1830."

Each of the three Corots shown by this firm has an individual character which would impress even the sceptic who sees in Corot "nothing but gray smudges." One picture, "The Mill," shows the mass of the foliage directly in the middle of the canvas, instead of upon one side and extending upward and across, or nearly evenly divided, according to Corot's favorite methods of composing subjects of this class. This might well be two pictures in one, and in truth, two pictures satisfactorily composed could readily be made of this. The great mass of the foliage occupies the middle of the canvas. To the left is an irregularly level surface stretching away in the distance. On the right a red-capped horseman pauses at a shady brook near the white and yellow of the little mill, which receives a stronger lighting. The greens are interspersed with browns and yellows, and although the sky is but faintly flushed, the picture is warm in tone compared with the Corots usually met with. The upright landscape accompanying this charming study is more conventionally composed, but the pale light yellow tones prevailing in foliage and landscape serve as a distinction. The title, "Gathering Flowers," comes from the children in the foreground, worked out with comparative elaboration, and by no means an addition of great intrinsic value. Between the tall trees there is a vista of water and landscape. The picture is painted more carefully than the third Corot, but to us it is much less interesting than "The Marsh," a large study, very dark in its general coloration, extremely vivid in the expression of atmosphere, of relief against the sky, and air between and behind the branches stretched athwart the sky. The cow so conspicuous in the foreground would be gladly exchanged for a cow by Troyon, but the picture, taking it all through out, has a truth of effect and vividness wanting in some of Corot's more polished works. Messrs. Reichard & Co. exhibit other groups of suggestive paintings by artists of this school, but these may be discussed at another time.