Anglo-American Memories

XXXII.

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SIR WILFRID LAURIER AND THE ALASKA BOUNDARY.

II.

London, August 28.

Leaving Ottawa the day after the last of these conversations with the Canadian Prime Minister, I went to Washington. There I saw both the President and Mr. Hay. I said, of course, I had no authority to bind Sir Wilfrid Laurier to anything, but I had a strong impression, and this impression I laid before them. As a matter of convenience I had drawn up a memorandum, of which I had sent Sir Wilfrid Laurier a copy. When Mr. Hay asked me whether I had any notes of my conversations with the Canadian Prime Minister I handed him this memorandum; rather a long document. He wished it read to him, and it was. Then we talked it over. Mr. Hay said:

"I suppose you will see the President. I shall see him also, but I think it will be better you should make your statement to him separately."

My belief is that both of them would have been disposed to consider the Canadian Prime Minister's attitude a reasonable one, and if an official proposal in that sense had been made, and if it had rested with the President to say yes or no, he would have accepted it. But acceptance involved a treaty, and what was the use of agreeing to a treaty which had to run the gantlet of the United States Senate—"the graveyard of treaties"? The Senate at that time was in one of its most irreconcilable moods. In truth, the President had found himself more than once in collision with the Senate, and the moment was not propitious. Certain Senators, moreover, had fixed opinions as to the proper disposition of this Alaska dispute, and from these opinions it was known they would not depart. At another time, when I hope to have something to say about Mr. Roosevelt, I may add a little, though not much, to this brief account. It can never be treated except with great reserve.

I had told Sir Wilfrid when I said goodby that I feared the Senate would prove an invincible obstacle to an agreement. I saw the President several times, and the whole matter was gone into. After my last conversation with him, which did not end till past 1 o'clock in the morning, I wrote Sir Wilfrid that I saw no chance at present of carrying the matter further. He answered very kindly but regretfully, and so all this ended; without result for the time being. I add only that the sagacity of the Canadian, the statesmanlike sagacity, impressed the President and Mr. Hay alike. If it had been possible to lay the whole story before the Senate, it might have impressed that body also.

But Jefferson's phrase about government by newspapers applies, or part of it applies, to the Senate, or shall I say to part of the Senate? Whatever is known to the Senate soon becomes known to the newspapers. A single illustration will suffice. The Senate transacts executive business in secret session. The galleries are cleared; the press gallery as well as the others. But within an hour of the close of an executive session a full abstract of its proceedings is in the hands of the press agents. Besides, I had no authority to repeat what Sir Wilfrid had said to anybody but the President and Mr. Hay. Sir Wilfrid is a man so free from official pedantry or even conventionalities that I think it likely he would have agreed to an informal communication to the Senate, but he was not asked. There was no occasion to ask him. The objections were too evident. Mr. Hay said: "Anything I favor the Senate will oppose."

Of the President some of the leading Senators were not less suspicious. There was to be no agreement until the Senate could dictate terms. The subsequent agreement for an Alaska Boundary Commission was a Senate agreement. It did not provide for arbitration. If it had, the Senate would have rejected it. It was not supposed that a tribunal composed of three members from each side would reach a decision. All men now know that if it did it was because the Lord Chief Justice of England conceived it to be his duty to vote in accordance with the facts and the law. He had not laid aside his judicial character when he became a Commissioner.

As it was Lord Alverstone's vote which turned the scale in favor of the United States, the Canadians attacked him with bitterness. He made one reply, and one only, and even this had no direct reference to Canada. Speaking at a dinner in London he said: "If when any kind of arbitration is set up they don't want a decision based on the law and the evidence, they must not put a British judge on the commission." Writing as an American I think it due to Lord Alverstone to say that nothing ever did more to convince Americans of British fairness than his act. It was his act also that put to rest a controversy which, in the opinion of Canadian statesmen and American statesmen alike, contained elements of the gravest danger to peace. If he had done nothing else he would take his place in history as a great Lord Chief Justice.

The Briton is so constituted that it is probable he admires Lord Alverstone, formerly Richard and then Sir Richard Webster, almost as much for his renown in sport as for his professional eminence, of which to be Tubman and then Postman in the Court of Exchequer was one part. He was, and is, an athlete, and used to win running races, and perhaps still could, being now only sixty-seven years of age. You used always to hear him spoken of as "Dick Webster." At Cambridge University he had such eminence in the study of mathematics as entitled him to be thirty-fifth Wrangler; and in the more humane letters so much proficiency as made his third class classic. In the Schools, that is, he was less energetic than on the track.

But success at the bar does not depend on the Differential Calculus or on Latin and Greek. Within ten years after being called he was Q. C., and having found a seat in Parliament became Attorney General in Lord Salisbury's government in 1885-'86. Within seventeen years he had reached the highest unjudicial place in his profession. He held the same office three times; then was made Master of the Rolls; the judge who in point of dignity came next after the Lord Chancellor and the Lord Chief Justice; and finally, in 1900, Lord Chief Justice of England. During his service at the bar he had been a great patent lawyer; with an income which rumor put at £30,000, or $150,000; for this country perhaps the maximum outside of the Parliamentary Bar. Such is a bare outline of the career, in all respects distinguished, honorable, stainless, of the man on whom Canada poured out criticisms which did not stop short of vituperation. They need no answer. If they did, it is not my place to answer them. Not one human being in England believed Lord Alverstone capable of the dishonesty which the Canadian papers imputed to him.

I am afraid I must add that Sir Wilfrid Laurier was one of Lord Alverstone's critics. The feeling throughout Canada was so strong that he had perhaps no choice, or no choice but between that and either resignation or defeat. No pilot could weather that storm. The feeling of Canada was emotional. What he said, he said as Prime Minister. Yet whether as Prime Minister or as Sir Wilfrid Laurier he must have rejoiced in the settlement; even though it were at the expense of Canadian claims. I do not think Canada had any valid claims, or had a case which before any impartial tribunal could have been maintained. But whether she had or not, it was for her interests to see them once for all swept away and peace and good feeling established between her and her neighbor.

Our Canadian friends must have been aware at the time that they stood alone. In their attacks on Lord Alverstone they had no backing in England. No English newspaper ever suggested that Lord Alverstone had voted otherwise than according to his conscience. England knew him to be incorruptible and unassailable, and laughed at the suggestion that he did not understand the Canadian claims. It was because he understood them that he decided against them.

The English, it is true, have thought themselves unlucky in arbitrations, and have fallen into the habit of expecting an adverse decision from an arbitration tribunal. The Geneva tribunal instilled into them that reluctant expectation. But as this was not an arbitration but simply a Commission for determining the true boundary line of Alaska, they accepted in a sporting spirit the judgment of their own Lord Chief Justice. How could they do otherwise? On the constitution of the tribunal, and on the claims of Senator Lodge and Senator Turner to be impartial, they had remarks to make. On the other hand, were the Canadian members impartial?

There can be no harm now in saying that Sir Wilfrid looked upon the Alaskan situation with gloomy forebodings. So did everybody on both sides of the border—everybody who understood the situation and would give himself the trouble to think, and had a sense of responsibility. In the disputed belt of territory—Alaskan territory which the United States claimed and Canada claimed—gold might at any moment be discovered. There would come a rush from both sides. We all know what the gold miners are—a rough lot, not always recognizing any law but the law of the strongest and the most covetous. They make laws for themselves, and even those they do not keep. Many of them are desperate, many ruined, many outlaws; man, have no other hope than in finding gold somewhere and getting it anyhow. They are all armed. Revolvers are the arbitrators whose decisions they respect. In the presence of new found gold, what are boundaries or titles or international relations? Inevitably they would cross the border into the debatable land. Canadians and Americans alike. What would the flag mean to bankrupt gamblers who saw once more the hope of riches? There would be disputes. There would be collisions. At any moment a shot might be fired, and then what? The risk was awful.

This I have no doubt was the risk Sir Wilfrid had in mind. It meant nothing less than the possibility of war between Great Britain and the United States. Gold once discovered, the possibility became a probability. Could a Canadian statesman, could an American statesman, think of that hazard and not be willing to do much, or even to concede much, in order to avert it? Yet of all the men of both nationalities with whom, then and after, I had talked about Alaska, Sir Wilfrid alone had a clear view of the danger, and he alone was willing to do what was absolutely necessary to make war impossible. For that reason he stands forth a great patriot, a great Canadian, a great Englishman. World wide as is his fame he deserves a greater. It is not yet possible to do him full justice. It may never be. But his views and proposals and large wisdom, as they were set forth in these conversations, put him, in my opinion, in the very front rank of statesmen of his time. The impression they made on the President and Mr. Hay was profound. They, too, were statesmen, but their hands were tied.

It is further to be borne in mind that the Northwestern border was in a ferment. That great belt of powerful states conterminous with Canada had long nursed its grievances. The Alaska question did not stand alone. It never has. There were questions of duties, of tariffs, of lumber rights, of the rights of lake and canal navigation, of fisheries, Atlantic and Pacific, and many others—thirteen specific subjects in all. They had once been all but settled. The High Commissioners in the last conference at Washington had come to terms on all but Alaska when, in an unlucky moment, Lord Herschell, believing he could force the hand of the Americans, put forth an ultimatum out of a blue sky. It must be all or none. There must be no settlement which does not include Alaska. Lord Herschell had been thought of a contentious mind all through. Americans bore with that, but to an ultimatum, an agreement at the mouth of a gun, we would not submit. So the whole went off. What was the result? There came a time when Sir Wilfrid himself had to announce that there would be no more pilgrimages to Washington. Nor have there been.

G. W. S.

MISS GALLATIN WEDDED AT TUXEDO.

Becomes the Bride of Charles M. Gay, Formerly of Boston.

(By Telegraph to The Tribune.)

Tuxedo Park, N. Y., Sept. 18.—The wedding of Miss Louise Gallatin, daughter of Mrs. Albert H. Gallatin, great-granddaughter of Albert Gallatin, Minister to France under Louis XVIII, to Charles Merrick Gay, formerly of Boston, was celebrated to-day at 12:30 o'clock in St. Mary's Church here. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. William Fitzsimon, the rector. A special train conveyed the guests, members of the family and a few intimate friends from New York, Philadelphia and Boston.

The best man was Robert H. Gay, of Boston, a cousin of the bridegroom, and the ushers were Guy Lowell and Chester H. Aldrich, of Boston, and Joseph Howland Hunt, Francis K. Stevens, Donn Barber and William Beekman, of New York. The bride was given away by her brother, Albert Eugene Gallatin. She had no attendants. A wedding breakfast was served by Sherry on the veranda of Mrs. Gallatin's villa. The bride and bridegroom departed in Albert E. Gallatin's automobile at 4 o'clock for an extended tour through the South. Mr. and Mrs. Gay will live at Wyckoff, N. J.

Among those at the wedding and breakfast were Mrs. Albert H. Gallatin, Miss Cornelia I. Gallatin, Mrs. Gay, Albert Gallatin, Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Gallatin, Mr. and Mrs. Markell Ewing, Mr. and Mrs. James Hunter Ewing, Mr. and Mrs. Howland Pell, Miss Gladys Pell, Gallatin Pell, Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Oakley Rhinelander, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Rhinelander, Mr. and Mrs. Warner Hoppin, jr., Mr. and Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, Miss Janet Fish, Stuyvesant Fish, jr., Mr. and Mrs. Albert Z. Gray, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert C. Pell, Miss Helen Coster, Miss Crosby, Mrs. Kountze, the Misses Harriet and Janetta Alexander, Mrs. Alfred Seton, Orme Wilson, jr., F. L. V. Hoppin, Mr. and Mrs. John Kane Mills, Edmund Fairfax, Robert L. Livingston and Clarence Pell.

TRANSATLANTIC TRAVELLERS.

Among the passengers who arrived yesterday from abroad were:

THE CAMPANIA, FROM LIVERPOOL.

Lord and Lady Balfour of Burleigh.	Commander Frederick A. Powlett.
Mrs. William T. Bull.	Mrs. William W. Kennedy.
Sir J. Dickson-Poynder.	E. R. Bacon.
Professor Marshall D. Earle.	Alexander Reid.
Sir Daniel Morris.	G. R. Hughes.
Sir Felix Schuster.	G. A. M. H. Gordon.
Hamilton Revelle.	Miss Marjorie Anderson.

THE ST. LOUIS, FROM SOUTHAMPTON.

Clarence A. English.	Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Thompson.
Dr. W. S. Bigot.	Mr. and Mrs. Frederic L. Thompson.
Mr. and Mrs. E. V. Douglas.	John O. Wilson.
Mrs. John Cadwalader.	Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Pritchard.
Mrs. B. Forbes-Robertson.	Mrs. Caroline E. White.
Mrs. Curtis C. Gardner.	
Mrs. Alexander Williams.	

ART EXHIBITIONS

Old Dutch Masters at the Metropolitan Museum.

Every student of seventeenth century Dutch painting knows how indispensable to his purpose are certain historic galleries in Europe. To apprehend the full scope of Rembrandt, one must visit not only Amsterdam and The Hague, but more than a score of collections elsewhere on the Continent. It is a commonplace of art criticism that Hals, to be seen at full length, must be seen at Haarlem. Nevertheless, if anything could be substituted for the experience thus to be secured, it would be such an acquaintance with the subject as may now be made at the Metropolitan Museum. The collection of about a hundred and fifty old Dutch pictures which has been brought together there by the Hudson-Fulton Celebration Commission is one of extraordinary significance. It is formed, to a great extent, of masterpieces. Fate has been kind to our connoisseurs where this school has been concerned. Works of the Italian Renaissance come infrequently into the market, old Spanish and German paintings of the highest rank are also rarely available for purchase, and while illustrations of eighteenth century French and English art are numerous enough in the auction room, or in the hands of the dealers, they are not by any means invariably authentic. But with the Dutch we have been lucky, a fact long familiar to specialists, and now publicly demonstrated with impressive fulness.

The exhibition which opens at the museum tomorrow contains thirty-four Rembrandts, twenty examples of Hals, five Ver Meers, seven Hobbemas, four landscapes by Salomon Ruisdael, eleven by Jacob of that name, and representative groups of paintings by Cuyp, Steen, Pieter de Hoogh, Terborch and so on. No such resplendent show has hitherto been made in this country, and in all probability it will be many a year before anything like it is organized again. It was rendered possible, of course, only by the generous spirit of a number of private owners. From the museum's own rich store a number of invaluable works have been drawn, but this undertaking has rested heavily on the co-operation of Mr. J. P. Morgan, Mr. J. G. Johnson, Mr. H. C. Frick, Mrs. C. P. Huntington, Mrs. H. O. Havemeyer, Mr. M. C. D. Borden and divers others. It is also stated, by the way, that two or three paintings recently purchased abroad by Mr. B. Altman will presently be added to the collection, and that he will likewise lend his beautiful Ver Meer, the "Girl Sleeping," which was formerly in the possession of Rodolphe Kann.

The immediate appeal of an exhibition of this sort is made to the spectator's curiosity and his sensuous instinct. It is, by itself, a little exciting to see so many famous works gathered together in one place, and after the first moment of surprise there follows a kind of glut of the eye, a reckless gormandizing of massive draftsmanship and sumptuous though sombre tone. Later impressions take account of more complex elements of charm and provoke reflection on the remarkable educational value of the collection, framed as it is with special reference to that Dutch period in the history of New York which is just now uppermost in our minds. These pictures throw, to begin with, a flood of light on Dutch types, Dutch manners and dress, boldly relieved against a background of Dutch landscape and architecture. In the portraits of Rembrandt and Hals you are brought face to face with the seventeenth century burgher and his wife; Ver Meer and De Hoogh will show you how they lived at home, and while the Ruisdaels expose the character of the countryside and waterways in Holland the broadly humorous compositions of Jan Steen will people the scene for you with Hobbinol and his doxy. The light that suffuses this land of our ancestors is gray and cool. For all the moisture in that northern atmosphere things are seen clearly in it and painted with meticulous accuracy. Steady going realists we dub the painters of the place and the period. For one explanation of the course they followed look at their flat landscape, their comfortable farmsteads and their comparatively sunless sky. Look also at the society reflected in their paintings, at the heavy frames and honest but quite unemotional physiognomies of the men and women, and at the wholesome, earthy lives they lead indoors and out. What more natural than that the artists dwelling in such an age of sturdy materialism should develop the gifts which go to the making of a realistic picture? Dependence upon the visible fact, simplicity, truth, were in the very air they breathed.

It is through its fidelity to nature that Dutch art renders its greatest service to the historian, through those vivid qualities in the light of which we can reconstruct a bygone civilization; but while the importance of the pictures in this exhibition as so many social documents is duly to be emphasized, it is soon subordinated to purely æsthetic questions. These masters are to be prized because they produced monuments to the life of their time. They are to be honored far more because they were men of rare accomplishment. This is where the Rembrandts, for example, detach the observer from all thought of the Dutch and set him to thinking only of one great man's consummate powers. Allusion has been made to the cool gray light of Holland. It formed the art of the school, in some of its aspects, but it could not beat down the originality of the master of them all. He was too much of a colorist for that, and, by the same token, too imaginative, too much a man of brains. It is worth while, as an illustration of the manner in which art is influenced in the making by more than the manual dexterity of which we are always hearing so much, to compare the essential stuff of Rembrandt's work with that to be found in the work of Hals. The latter is supreme, so far as he goes. The portraits by him in this collection are sheer miracles of technique. Consider the free, direct and almost uncannily masterful brush work in the portraits of Herr Bodolphe and his wife, lent by Mr. Morgan, and especially look at the modelling of the woman's face. Here you have virtuosity kept superbly in hand. Again, in Mr. Libbey's "Boy Playing a Flute," you have it fairly swaggering; the artist seems to exploit his marvellous resources with a shout of jubilant authority. Loosely though he may handle his motive, as in the portrait just mentioned, or firmly and crisply, as in Mr. Borden's charmingly blonde "Caspar Sibelius," or Mrs. Huntington's "Portrait of a Man," he is always the man of an incomparably elastic and sure brush. He goes to the heart of his sitter, too, painting his prosperous bourgeois or his dashing young blood with all the straightforward human sympathy in the world. But while his feet are so stoutly planted on the earth that he paints you truth itself, while he is such a magician of the brush that he deeply satisfies your sense of style, it is to Rembrandt that you turn to see truth, and style, raised to the nth power.

He, Rembrandt, is the great psychologue, the plunger into depths of which Hals knew nothing, the interpreter of emotions which seem to have at once stirred his soul and prodigiously heightened his technical powers. How wide was his range! There is a bit of still life here, Mr. Johnson's "Slaughtered Ox," to show how he could amuse himself just with the values to be played with in a curious mass of tone. There is nothing to disclose the religious intensity which he could put into the "Supper at Emmaus," in the Louvre, or the "Manoah's Prayer," at Dresden, and nothing illustrative of the dramatic passion which electrifies the great "Samson and Delilah," but there are gleams of his poetic fervor in Mr. Johnson's exquisite "Finding of Moses," and his pathos comes out poignantly in Mr. Borden's noble "Lucretia." For another strain in Rembrandt's opulent nature, observe, too, the graceful "Sibyl," owned by Mr. Davis. It is a souvenir, one divines, of a light and happy moment. The figure is alluring. Over its fragile elegance the brush, often so heavily loaded, passes with suave swiftness. Very delicate and vivacious does this seem beside the typical Rembrandt of his later period, with its thick impasto. It stands for a quite separate mood. But it is not in diversity of theme and mood alone that he imposes the weight of his genius upon us. It is, rather, by his power and penetration within a comparatively restricted field that he manifests his singularity. Of the numerous paintings by him shown on this occasion nearly all are portraits, and the important thing to note is the positive grandeur which they, by themselves, bring into the exhibition.

He knows the spirit of youth, as witness the glowing "Saskia," belonging to Mr. Widener, or the "Young Painter," lent by Mr. Morgan. He knows the force and pride of manhood, as witness Mr. Vanderbilt's "Noble Slav," a kind of monument to arrogant masculinity. Then, glancing as we pass at such definitive studies of elderly complacence as Mrs. Havemeyer's celebrated "Gilder," we watch him at perhaps the gravest of all his tasks, the interpretation of old age. If there are two Rembrandts here which more than any others might be chosen as revealing the full height of his genius, they are the "Portrait of Himself," the majestic canvas of 1658 lent by Mr. Frick, and Mrs. Huntington's solemn "Savant," the portrait including an antique bust. It is not realism in any narrow sense that you apprehend in such paintings as these. It is realism surcharged with feeling, technique in which the power of the soul is active. One thinks of Michael Angelo in the presence of the two portraits, of his largeness of form, his way of lifting the human body on to a plane of high imaginative significance. Only the Italian master was wont to throw a godlike sublimity over his models. Rembrandt keeps close to the tragedy of this world. Painting his own portrait or that of his brooding savant, he works broadly, grandly, with something of Michael Angelo's elemental energy, but all the time his bosom is packed with intense emotion, all the time he is touched with "the sense of tears in human things." It is tempting, in any survey of a collection like this one, to pursue ideas of execution, to note, for example, the passage of Rembrandt through the close workmanship of his earlier period to the magnificent breadth of his prime and the sunset splendors of his closing years. But before such portraits as these, saturated in creative power, to talk of details of brushwork is to spell anti-climax.

The lover of painting for its own sake suffers no such embarrassment in approaching Ver Meer. Though he painted once a picture of "Diana and Her Nymphs," a decidedly pedestrian conception of a mythological theme, now in the museum at The Hague, and though there is unquestionable dignity in the "Jesus in the House of Martha," by him, which is owned in Scotland, he never made any pretence of appealing to his public on lofty grounds. For him it was enough to paint some placid lady of Delft, occupied in household duties, or seated at her dressing table, or idly talking with her cavalier. He was content with this simple ambition—since in the achievement of it he could practise a sort of wizardry, poetizing paint, extorting from his pure surfaces a beauty which Rembrandt himself, with all his tremendous powers, could not have attained. Perhaps the master would have disdained Ver Meer's ideal as something not altogether worthy of his genius, a thing naturally to be left to a quieter, more refined and, perhaps, smaller temperament. Ver Meer could afford to concentrate himself upon his modest inspiration. It was, at any rate, authentic, and, what is more, it led him to perfection. There are five examples of him at the museum, and, as has been noted, Mr. Altman is to lend another. This is good fortune, indeed, considering that there are only thirty-odd Ver Meers in the world. It is interesting to observe, too, that of the specimens now shown the finest is that "Girl with Water Jug" which is a permanent possession of the museum, forming part of the late Mr. Marquand's fine collection. Even Mr. Morgan's "Lady Writing" and Mrs. Huntington's "Lady with Lute," both radiantly beautiful paintings, seem a little less gemlike than this flawless study of blues and whites. Mr. Frick's "Music Lesson" and Mr. Johnson's "Lady with Guitar" are distinctly below its astounding level. But, after all, special satisfaction in the Ver Meer that we can see all the time need scarcely diminish our pleasure in the pictures by him which for a brief period emerge from private galleries. They are all deeply interesting in their serene mastery, their loveliness of tone, their indefinable distinction.

It is not only his superiority in respect to style but his finer qualities as a colorist and a painter of light that give Ver Meer an almost cruel advantage over those fellow countrymen of his who labored in the same field. There are some notable specimens of their craft in this exhibition. Senator Clark, Mr. Borden and Mr. Frick have each lent a good piece by Terborch; Mrs. Havemeyer sends her brilliant picture of "The Visit," by De Hoogh, and, besides several other examples of that artist, there are two thoroughly representative Metsus. These paintings are intrinsically admirable, and they serve, of course, a useful purpose in rounding out a chapter of Dutch art in a scheme like that arranged at the museum. At the same time one cannot help speculating, half amusedly, as to how much more effective they would be if there were no Ver Meers about. Beside his cool white light the luminosity of De Hoogh seems artificial and sadly overwrought. He makes Terborch look dull and hard, and Metsu trivial. Above all, his wonderful surfaces, so smooth and yet so soft, so jewel-like and yet so clearly *painted*, in the artist's closest sense of the term, put theirs to shame. For a little lesson in the difference between the masterly manipulation of pigment and the humdrum management of the same problem, compare the treatment of the blue skirt in the Marquand Ver Meer with that of the red dress worn by the last figure on the right in Mr. Borden's De Hoogh, "The Music Party." It is an instance of the crushing triumph of genius over talent. One comes back, too, in noting this contrast, to the ever-absorbing question of the relation of spirit to substance. Hals, painting humanity with gusto, still cannot mould it to quite the moving forms that lie within the reach of the more creative Rembrandt. De Hoogh and his compeers use the same models that answered for Ver Meer. They trust, as he did, to the life about them, but they lack his last subtle *flair*, his inalienable sense of beauty. So it is with Jan Steen, that boisterously sympathetic limner of rustic manners, the ways of the barnyard and the tavern. It is impossible not to kindle to the spirit, the truth and the skill in the pictures by him at the museum. It would be absurd to undervalue their artless comedy, and in one example, the "Grace Before Meat," lent by Mr. Johnson, we are touchingly reminded that he, too, had his not ignoble moments. Nevertheless, you cannot find delight, a lasting sensation of beauty, in the Dutch Hogarth as you can find it in Ver Meer.

There are other suggestive contrasts provoked by this exhibition, in the sphere of landscape painting, but comment upon the imposing group of pictures by the Ruisdaels, Hobbema, Cuyp, Berchem, Van Goyen, Koninck and the rest must be reserved for another occasion. There is, too, a further collection to which it will be necessary to return, one organized in honor of Fulton's memory and made up both of paintings and objects of industrial art. This section embraces some capital examples of Copley, West, Stuart, Trumbull, Morse, Sully and other salient figures. It may be added that both the Dutch and the American exhibits are admirably displayed, the hanging of the pictures reflecting high credit on the staff of the museum. The double show, which is profusely illustrated elsewhere in this issue of The Tribune, will remain open until the middle or end of November.

R. C.

GRIPPON SINGS "TOSCA."

Goes on Suddenly for Season's First Performance of Opera.

CAST OF "TOSCA."

Floria Tosca	Mme. Grippon
Cavaradossi	M. Federico Caràsa
Baron Scarpia	M. William Beck
Angelotti	M. De Grazia
The Sacristan	M. Nicolay
Spoletto	M. Venturini
Sciarrone	M. Fossetta
A Shepherd	Mme. Severina

Lovers of Puccini's music were out in force last night at the Manhattan Opera House at the first performance this season of "Tosca," and if they did not witness an entirely satisfactory performance the reasons were at least obvious. Mme. Sylva, who had been announced for the title part, became incapacitated because of the strain of singing in the double bill of "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci" on Friday night, and Mme. Grippon took her place. Mme. Grippon had already sung in the afternoon the leading part in "The Jewess," and she entered upon her task as Floria Tosca with a voice tired to the verge of exhaustion without a single rehearsal, and in a costume borrowed from the opera of the afternoon.

William Beck, as Baron Scarpia, placed another success to his credit. His impersonation was clear cut and virile, denoting admirably the innate animalism of the character, yet without once losing the sense of the aristocrat. His singing was as a rule effective, though at times he seemed to have trouble with the pitch. Mr. Carasa sang Cavaradossi adequately, if not excitingly.

Mr. Sturani conducted the orchestra with rather better results than on the preceding evening. The stage settings were effective.

MUSEUM BENEFITS BY WILL.

Le Roy Diller Gives Painting by Constant Meyer to the Metropolitan.

The will of Le Roy Diller, who died on September 10, was filed yesterday at the Surrogate's office for probate. The testator leaves to the Metropolitan Museum of Art a painting by Constant Mayer, entitled "The Story Book." Mr. Diller leaves also $50 for a tablet to be affixed to the picture, which shall bear the inscription: "Presented (or bequeathed) to the museum by Le Roy Diller, in memory of his mother, Catherine M. Diller."

To the Pennsylvania Historical Society the testator leaves the portrait of his father, together with the latter's sword and other personal effects. Practically all of the estate is divided among the testator's aunt, Mrs. P. F. Wilt, and sixteen cousins.

OBITUARY

JOHN WALLACE.

John Wallace, senior member of the New York Stock Exchange firm of John Wallace & Co., of No. 66 Broadway, died yesterday morning at his home, No. 52 West 36th street, after a short illness. Mr. Wallace was born at Germantown, Penn., sixty-five years ago. He was a member of the class of '65 of Union College, and was admitted to the Stock Exchange on April 16, 1870. On January 1, 1893, he founded the firm which bore his name, and which consisted, besides himself, of George E. Thomson, B. H. Timpson and William G. McKinley. Mr. Wallace was a director of the Philadelphia Packing and Provision Company, but did not devote much time to outside business affairs. On the exchange, of which he was one of the most popular members, he was known as a specialist in Lackawanna.

Mr. Wallace's wife, who died some time ago, was a daughter of Vanderbilt Allen and a niece of William H. Vanderbilt. He leaves one son, Allen Wallace, who is abroad. Mr. Wallace was a member of the Union, Union League, Racquet, Knickerbocker, Metropolitan, University, Westminster Kennel, Riding and Driving and South Side Sportsmen clubs.

LIEUTENANT JAMES M'CAW PICKRELL.

Richmond, Va., Sept. 18.—After a protracted illness from heart disease, Lieutenant James McCaw Pickrell, U. S. N. (retired), died to-day at his home, Millwood, in Powhatan County. At the time of his retirement he had attained the rank of naval commander, but was unable, on account of physical disability, to pass the examination required for that position, and was accordingly retired as lieutenant.

Lieutenant Pickrell was commended for gallantry on the occasion of the wreck of the United States ship Ashuelot, off the coast of China, when many lives were lost. He died in the same house in which he was born. Percy Pickrell, of New York, is a brother of the dead lieutenant.

JAMES ALEXANDER DOUGLAS.

James Alexander Douglas died on Tuesday, September 7, at the Hotel Cecil, London, England, where he had gone for a brief vacation, having left here a short time before in the best of health. Acute rheumatism was the cause of death.

Mr. Douglas was one of the attorneys connected with the Legislative Information Bureau and Law Reporting Company of New York. He was a great lover of music, especially Wagner's, and in 1894 attended the Bayreuth cycle of twenty performances, nine of which were "Parsifal." Mr. Douglas wrote descriptive articles to The Tribune.

His body will arrive to-day and be buried in Mahwah, N. J.

J. WOODRIDGE DEMAREST.

J. Woodridge Demarest died at his home in Queens yesterday from acute indigestion. He was thirty-one years old. He was Second Assistant District Attorney during the last six months of the administration of former District Attorney Ira Darrin. Mr. Demarest was graduated from Columbia University in the class of '99. He was the son of the Rev. J. S. N. Demarest, pastor of the Reformed Church, of Queens, and a nephew of President Demarest of Rutgers College. He leaves a wife and one child.

MAJOR WILLIAM H. WILLIAMS.

Chicago, Sept. 18.—Major William H. Williams, for many years an employe of the United States Treasury Department in Washington, died last night at his home in Oak Park, a suburb of this city. Death resulted from a stroke of paralysis suffered three years ago. During the Civil War Major Williams was a tentmate of the late President Garfield.

CAPTAIN EDWARD M. CORWIN.

Captain Edward M. Corwin died on Friday evening at his home, No. 107 East 116th street, from heart disease. He was born in 1842 at Middletown, N. Y. He was in the Naval Academy at Annapolis when the Civil War broke out. He leaves his wife, who was Miss Fannie A. Couzenn, of Dobbs Ferry, and two sons and two daughters. One of the sons is Captain George W. Corwin, an ordnance officer of the 71st Regiment.

JOHN J. S. M'CROSKERY.

Newburg, N. Y., Sept. 18.—John J. S. McCroskery, ex-Mayor of Newburg, died here this morning after a long illness, aged seventy-five years. He entered the employ of the National Bank, Newburg, in 1852, and was its president for the last twenty years. He was prominent for many years in the Fire Department, in church work and in Democratic politics. A wife and one son, Dr. John McCroskery, of The Bronx, survive him.

OBITUARY NOTES.

DR. TRUMAN S. SUMNER, who was a prominent Brooklyn physician until his retirement, five years ago, died from a nervous breakdown on Friday at his home, No. 250 Lafayette avenue.

DR. CLARENCE S. PERRY, who had practised medicine in Brooklyn since 1883, died from pleurisy on Thursday at his home, No. 463 58th street.

BENJAMIN S. SHAW, eighty-six years old, editor of "The Evening Telegram" and postmaster of Dixon, Ill., died there yesterday. Mr. Shaw was one of the organizers of the Republican party in Illinois, and had been prominent in state politics for many years.

JAMES GORE KING LEE, a lawyer, with offices at No. 20 Nassau street, died yesterday in the thirty-eighth year of his life at his home, in Babylon, Long Island. He was the son of the late Benjamin F. Lee.

MISS MARION A. M'BRIDE, journalist, worker in the field of domestic science and an organizer of many associations of women, died at her home in Arlington Heights, Mass., Friday night, after a long illness. Born in East Hampton, Mass., and educated in New York City, Miss McBride began her newspaper work in New York in 1881. In succeeding years she contributed as correspondent to newspapers in Boston, New York, New Orleans, Cleveland and St. Louis. Her later work was entirely for magazines.

RELATIVES NOT MENTIONED IN WILL.

The will of Ann Elizabeth Hasbrook, who died on August 10 last at Sea Girt, N. J., which was filed for probate at the Surrogates' office yesterday, leaves personal property estimated at over $10,000 to Lambert Suydam absolutely and forever, and also her cemetery lot at Greenwood and her vault in the grounds of the First Presbyterian Church, at Fifth avenue and 12th street, and also appoints him executor. The will was executed on July 22, 1896.

No mention is made in the will of the testatrix's relatives, Margaret Elizabeth Bryant, of Newport News, Va., a grandniece; Ann Tolfer Tooke, of San Antonio, Tex., a grandniece, and Robert D. Hasbrook, of Houston, Tex., a grandnephew.

Lambert Suydam is a real estate dealer at No. 25 Pine street, and lives at No. 10 West 39th street.

THE WEATHER REPORT.

Official Record and Forecast.—Washington, Sept. 18.—The Western disturbance has pushed southward over the Rocky Mountain region and eastern slope, the centre now being in Western Kansas. Unsettled weather, with light showers, prevails in connection with this disturbance between the Mississippi River Valley and the Rocky Mountains. Rains have also occurred in the southeast states in connection with the tropical storm, while fair weather has continued from the Missouri River Valley eastward to the Atlantic Coast. The tropical storm is apparently centred in the middle Gulf, probably moving northwestward. The temperature has fallen in the northeastern states, and it has also continued to fall in the Northwest.

Showers are indicated for the Southern States, the Mississippi Valley, and from the lower Mississippi Valley westward to the middle Rocky Mountain region. Fair weather will continue from the upper Mississippi Valley eastward to the Atlantic Coast. Only slight changes in temperature are probable. Storm warnings are displayed on the middle and east Gulf Coast.

Forecast for Special Localities.—For New England, Eastern New York, New Jersey and Eastern Pennsylvania, fair to-day and Monday; not much change in temperature; moderate northeast winds.

For Western New York and Western Pennsylvania, fair to-day and Monday; moderate east winds.

The winds along the New England and middle Atlantic coast will be moderate northeast; South Atlantic coast, moderate east; East Gulf Coast, east to northeast, increasing; West Gulf coast, northeast to north, increasing; on the lower lakes, moderate northeast to east; upper lakes, moderate east.

Local Official Record.—The following official record from the Weather Bureau shows the changes in the temperature for the last twenty-four hours in comparison with the corresponding date of last year:

	1908.	1909.		1908.	1909.
3 a. m.	66	64	6 p. m.	77	69
6 a. m.	64	63	9 p. m.	69	64
9 a. m.	69	65	11 p. m.	68	63
12 m.	74	71	12 p. m.	67	—
4 p. m.	80	71			

Highest temperature yesterday, 73 degrees (at 12:30 p. m.); lowest, 63; average, 68; average for corresponding date last year, 71; average for corresponding date last thirty-three years, 66.

Local Forecast.—Fair to-day and Monday; not much change in temperature; moderate northeast winds.

PRINCE AT NIPPON CLUB.

His Awe of New York Is Turning to Admiration, Say Suite.

Prince Kuni, of Japan, the princess and their suite partook of a Japanese dinner last night at the Nippon Club. There were no Americans at table. One of the party said as they were leaving the Hotel Plaza that the prince was looking forward with great pleasure to the gathering, where everything would have a home suggestion. He had been to the Hippodrome the night before, and visited the Brooklyn navy yard yesterday, where he was shown around by Captain Murdock, the commandant of the yard, with whom he had luncheon. There had been much visiting and entertainment since his arrival, and, while he was enjoying every bit of it, it was said the prince was a little homesick.

There will be another reminder of Nippon to-day. The prince, princess and suite will go to Merriewold, Sullivan County, to be the guests until Tuesday of Dr. Takamine, a chemist, who has a beautiful place near the little town. His home is a copy of an old palace in Tokio and was built for him by Japanese workingmen. The visitors will remain with Dr. Takamine until Tuesday, when they will go to West Point, where they will be received by the commandant, Colonel Scott. They will return to this city the same night, and on Wednesday night will be the guests of the Japan Society at a dinner in the Hotel Astor.

One of the suite said that Prince Kuni was enjoying his visit in this country immensely and appreciated the attention he was receiving. He had been a little awed by this city at first, but that had worn off and he was beginning to like it. In fact, it was said, he had become fascinated by its bigness and unceasing activities.

SINGING FOR THE CHILDREN.

Ridgefield, Conn., Sept. 18.—A musical in aid of the Tribune Fresh Air Fund was given in the Club Casino last evening. Those taking part were pupils of Walter S. Young, of New York—Mrs. John C. Van Duyne, soprano; Miss Eliza A. Donnelly, contralto, and Mrs. Walter S. Young, piano.

The programme contained