

from the colleges, which compose the University, but are apt to quarrel with their corporate self."

A writer to *The Pall Mall Gazette* (London) goes even further and tries to strip from the University Council any credit that it may have been taking to itself for its proposed reforms. This writer, signing himself "Amicus Curiae," observes:

"The University has two open and honest courses before it—either to tell the poor man frankly that Oxford is no place for him, and that its culture, its discipline, its mellowness, and its endowments are for his betters or to take him in and pour out upon him what she pours on so many of his more fortunate contemporaries. If the heart, body, and purse of the University are not respectively large enough for this, it may be regrettable, but there it is. It is better to state the fact in plain terms than to juggle with specious 'concessions to the spirit of the age' which concede nothing, and merely cloak very commonplace selfishness in words and measures of sententious hypocrisy.

"If Oxford can not offer the poor man a collegiate life, she offers him little or nothing that he can not obtain—and that, perhaps, with fewer drawbacks and in a more congenial atmosphere—elsewhere."

Even if a plan is arranged to give some sort of college affiliation to the beneficiaries of this charity plan, remarks *The Pall Mall Gazette* editorially, they will still find themselves a class apart from the Oxford life, and be in a very uncomfortable position. "If the colleges do not open their doors with real heartiness, those doors may be forced by a very ugly rush before the century is near its end."

ART'S DECLINE AND FALL

THE PRESENT century, still so young, has to fight hard for its literary life against the immediately preceding one. A few weeks ago we quoted an editorial writer for the New York *Evening Post* who lamented the inferiority of our leading literary lights to those of the Victorian era. He was led to this comparison by the choice of members made for the new Academy of English Letters. Now an English writer in the London *Morning Post* declares that in the whole field of art we have "few—if any—whose works will outlive their generation." To support his sad contention he prepares two lists; one containing names of artists whose works were executed during the last fifty years and the other containing artists who are working to-day. The first presents some names of persons still living, but whose work is practically finished. It will be seen that the writer does not restrict his vision to England, but that, being his immediate foreground, of course bulks the largest. Here are his lists:

LAST FIFTY YEARS.

Music.—Balfe, Benedict, Costa, Gounod, Offenbach, Sullivan, Verdi, Wagner.

Painting.—Bonheur, Doré, Du Maurier, Keene, Landseer, Leech, Leighton, Maclise, Phil May, Meissonier, Millais, Millet, Riviere, Rossetti, Tenniel, Turner, Whistler.

Sculpture.—Boehm, Stevens, Thornycroft, Westmacott, Wyatt.

Stage.—The Bancrofts, Barrett, Bernhardt, G. V. Brooke, Buckstone, Fechter, Irving, Kean, Fanny Kemble, Macready, Charles Mathews, Phelps, Salvini, Sothorn, Mrs. Stirling, Webster.

Literature (Poetry).—Barham, Elizabeth B. Browning, R. Browning, Hood, Longfellow, Swinburne, Tennyson.

Literature (Prose).—Ainsworth, Besant, Buchanan, H. J. Byron, Carlyle, Collins, Dickens, Disraeli, Dumas, George Eliot, Gilbert, Hugo, Washington Irving, Kingsley, Lever, Lytton, Meredith, Reade, Robertson, Ruskin, George Sand, Thackeray, Verne, Wilde, Zola.

Vocalists.—Foli, Jenny Lind, Mario, Christine Nilsson, Patey, Patti, Reeves, Santley.

PRESENT DAY.

Music.—Elgar, German, Tchaikovsky.

Painting.—Abbey, Collier, Fildes, Herkomer, Solomon, Poynter, Sargent.

Sculpture.—Brock Frampton, Goscombe John.

Stage.—Robertson, Tree, Violet Vanbrugh.

Literature (Poetry).—Watson.

Literature (Prose).—Haggard, T. Hardy, Doyle.

Vocalists.—Caruso, Melba, Tetrizzini.

A comparison of the two lists, he thinks, makes out a strong case for his contention. He adds, after noting "the paucity of women whom one would naturally expect to excel in the gentler arts":

"I am quite prepared to be challenged with the fact that if art has declined science has advanced by leaps and bounds. At the same time art must not be allowed to die. It is the beautiful in life. I may be accused of being sentimental instead of practical. My reply is that sentiment is the poetry of our existence and without it life would be dull and prosaic."

As this writer, who signs himself Henry Benson, wished, a number of people take up the cudgels with and against him. One of them, A. J. Hale, feels sure that "all thinking men and women" will agree with Mr. Benson "as to the lamentable paucity of really great exponents of the artistic spirit among us to-day." Individual opinion, this second writer thinks, could considerably enlarge the "Present-Day" list "without, however, making it approach much nearer in quality to the splendid string of names illustrative of the 'Last Fifty Years.'" Because—

"Many influences are at work to account for the decline of interest taken in art for its own sake. One is the prevailing craze for the extraordinary and the abnormal, so diligently fostered by a portion of the press. Another is the jarring materialism which reduces everything to its sordid money value, causing hundreds to rush to see a work of art not for its merit as such, but simply because it is supposed to be worth so many thousand pounds."

Not all are found in so hopeless a frame of mind as Mr. Benson and Mr. Hale, however. A Mr. Smith comes up with a strong lance for the moderns:

"What is one to say to the conclusions of a gentleman, however worthy and admirable his motives, who includes in his list of the Immortals of the past, upon which he bases his 'unsailable contention' such names (to take but a few among the painters and sculptors) as Doré, Landseer, Maclise, Boehm, Thornycroft (of the Westminster Bridge Boadicea fame), and among moderns Collier, Poynter, Fildes, German, Doyle, Haggard, and Tree?"

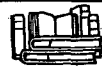
"Has Mr. Benson never heard of Orchardson, Israels, Clausen, Lhermitte, Alma-Tadema, Zuloaga Bastida, Cottet, Furze, Charles Sims, Shannon, Wilson, Steer, Brangwyn, Swan, Derwent Wood, Mackennal, Colton, among modern painters and sculptors? Are the names of Richard Strauss and Debussy among composers, and those of Kipling, Maeterlinck, Hewett, Loti, Mrs. Humphry Ward, Tolstoy among writers, and Ellen Terry among actresses unknown to him? We must either conclude so, or else that Mr. Benson does not consider them worthy to be ranked with the names he has given us; and either conclusion is very depressing and only emphasizes once again the impossibility of opening the eyes of Mr. Benson and his like (their name is legion) to the significance and beauty of modern work, whether of painting, literature, music, or the drama."

If this will not persuade the pessimistic Mr. Benson that he lives too much in the past, the present writer has a further argument to use against him:

"Putting this point, however, entirely on one side, the comparison he seeks to make is not a fair one, as any selection of a period of fifty years can not obviously be contrasted with that of a period of ten years only, and in order to get a fair comparison Mr. Benson must wait until 1950 and then take two equal periods of fifty years each, but this is a long time to wait, and meanwhile there are doubtless dozens of eager correspondents anxious to avail themselves of your open columns and express their views upon a subject so kindly provided for them by Mr. Benson during the dull season."



A GUIDE TO THE NEW BOOKS



Adams, Charles Follen. *Yawcob Strauss and Other Poems.* Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 311. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. \$1 net.

Addison, Julia DeWolf. *The Boston Museum of Fine Arts.* Pp. 437. Profusely illustrated. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

This is an exceptionally good guide and text-book, with illustrations and much valuable information. The author pays tribute to the arrangement of the different exhibits, and to the taste and ability of those who have brought the Boston Museum to its present standard of excellence.

There are chapters devoted to the different schools of painting; to textiles and pottery, tapestries, glass, prints, and porcelains. A long notice is given of the Egyptian and Classical departments, and the "matchless Oriental exhibition, in which Boston stands preeminently among the greatest collections of the world."

Naturally, where so much information is massed, the book is not a book for continuous reading, but is invaluable for systematic study, or ready reference. The processes of making glass, porcelain, pottery, tapestry, etc., are most interestingly described.

The gem of the Boston collection is a gold ear-ring, "the infinitesimal marvel," one of the finest pieces of Greek jewelry in the world.

Ames, Fisher. *By Reef and Trail—Bob Leach's Adventures in Florida.* Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 312. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Andrews, Charles M., Gambrill, J. Montgomery, and Tall, Lida Lee. *Bibliography of History for Schools and Libraries. With Descriptive and Critical Annotations.* 12mo, pp. 224. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 60 cents net.

Andrews, George Arthur. *What is Essential.* 12mo, pp. 153. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. \$1 net.

Argyle, Duke of [Edited by]. *Intimate Society Letters of the Eighteenth Century.* 2 vols. 8vo, pp. 696. London: Stanley Paul Co.

As a comment on great events, the personal correspondence of individuals in public life has always had preeminent value. The eighteenth century witnessed a turning-point in England and, indeed, in Europe. It was sharply defined from the Victorian era. It was the age of American Independence, of the French Revolution, of the rise of Napoleon, of England's great European triumphs, of a new development of political liberty, of a press newly enfranchised, and of science and art in England newly developing. In this era the union of Scotland and England came about, of which the Duke of Argyle wrote to Lord Godolphin, saying of those leading men whom he had consulted on the subject: "I find them perfectly of the opinion I have always entertained, that the Government would never recover its strength, but be ever feeble so long as it was not of a piece." How different was this from Ireland's attitude in 1801.

In the present volumes we have, however, much lighter matter than these political revolutions furnish.

Here we meet the three daughters of Colonel Gunning, "the Gunning Girls," of whom Walpole writes that, when at Dublin, their beauty created a furore, and the mob troubled them so much by following them about and staring at them that a military guard was ordered to see that they walked his majesty's highway in peace. One married the Duke of Hamilton, and several sprightly letters of hers appear in this

epistles. In an account of a "rational day in the country," at Chatsworth, in the time of Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, we are told "the ladies rise from one o'clock to two, and breakfast in their own rooms for the convenience of having their hair combed while they drink their tea. Cold meat is brought for the dogs at the same time." A characteristic letter of Dr. Johnson presents him as the complaining valetudinarian which

he many times showed himself, but adding: "While I am away I beg that you will sit for me at the Club [the Garrick, of course], and will pay Betsy Barber five shillings a week."

Naturally, the letters deal largely with the Argyle family, but they well reflect the time when "people did much of their ablutions outside of the house in summer, and troubled themselves little about any in winter"—that is, of course, in North Britain.

A wealth of portraits, beautiful even in reproduction, many facsimiles

of handwriting, including one of a letter from Lord Bute and another of a letter from Washington, are interesting. But while the book is very readable it can be of the highest interest only to those who bear the name of Campbell, or are deeply versed, if not in Burke's Peerage, at any rate in the period of English history, literary and political, covered by these letters.

Ayres, Leonard P. *Open-Air Schools.* Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 171. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.20 net.

Bazin, René. *The Barrier (La Barrière).* Translated by Mary D. Frost. Pp. 218. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1 net.

Religious unrest is the keynote of this novel, and its atmosphere is rather depressing. A young Englishman, Reginald Breynolds, finds himself a prey to religious doubt and, when he refuses to drink to the "English Church," is banished and disinherited by an irate father and a broken-hearted mother. Reginald's adviser in this attitude is a deeply devout Catholic French girl—Marie Limerel—who rejects her cousin-lover because he has ceased to be a loyal Catholic, and he, in turn, leaves home, blaming his parents for his disaffection.

Reginald finally obtains peace in the Roman Catholic faith and avows his undying devotion for Marie, but she sends him back to his regiment in India until "time and separation shall prove them destined for each other."

All this happiness gives a chance for much religious discussion, mostly from the Catholic standpoint, and an opportunity for thoughtful criticism of human motives and mistakes, for example:

"Society is like Chinese lacquer, made up of successive coats of varnish, concealing very poor wood."

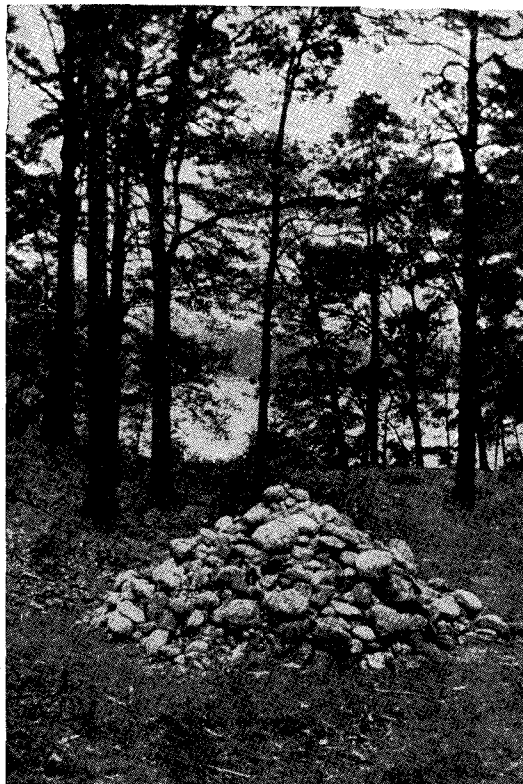
Bjorklund, Gustaf. *Death and Resurrection. From the Point of View of the Cell-Theory.* Translated from the Swedish by J. E. Fries. Frontispiece. 16mo, pp. 205. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Co.



From Burroughs's "In the Catskills."

JOHN BURROUGHS'S BIRTHPLACE, ROXBURY, N. Y.

collection. Four exquisite portraits are given of this Elizabeth, Duchess of Hamilton, one of them by Reynolds. She was a good wife and mother, a favorite of the King's, and when she wrote to Lady Gower said: "Give my love to the King." We are reminded, in one of these letters, that it was a time when "the united fleet of France and Spain made its appearance about six leagues off Plymouth," on occasions. But fashionable life plays a large part in the subjects of these



From Clifton Johnson's Edition of "Walden."

SITE OF THOREAU'S HOUSE AT WALDEN AS NOW MARKED BY A CAIRN.