course, in his own fine judgment—judgment abundantly evidenced in his scholarly translation of Pascal's "Pensées," and in his Biographical Sketches. Many critics, indeed, have regretted that so much of Mr. Paul's time has been taken up by his duties as literary adviser, as to prevent him from having a free hand for authorship. The firm took on an invaluable development at the time of the death of the late Mr. Nicholas J. Obbahn, when it acquired a sphere wider probably than that of any other English house. 

For Mr. Trübner had formed a considerable connection with American publishing-houses, was allied with several important Continental firms, and, by the foundation of Trübner's American Art Record, had put himself into the closest touch with Oriental literary interests. He also exported large amounts of paper to Lippincott's and other leading publishing-houses in America, and was agent to the Indian and Colonial governments. It was under his tuition that Mr. William Heinemann first learnt the secrets of success. The present firm of Kegan Paul & Co., which is not under the management of Mr. Spencer C. Blackett, himself a man of many years' experience in the trade, continues its export and import business, its American and its Continental departments, and by a strict system of personal supervision has made a very important branch of its second-hand book-trade. It acts, indeed, as general agent in every department of the business. The firm, thus, should be confided to hold its own with the painters of any country. His "Constance" in this exhibition is a rare portrait, rich in color yet very quiet, frank yet reserved, strong yet exquisitely delicate. The handling is masterly, free and direct, impressionistic, if you will, with dashes of sudden color, but never meaninglessly and always carrying weight. The same thing is true of the "Posters," which, however, less beauty of color than the other. But in both the painter has treated his subject in a manner appropriate to itself. A lovely night scene is like Whistler, and a beautiful "Pastoral" shows Guthrie in another vein. His pastels emphasize still more his versatility, for he uses them so well and so much that are irresistible. E. A. Hornel is as different from Guthrie as any man could well be, and no other artist has painted in quite his riotous way. Like Monticelli, he makes a god of color, and all other qualities pay tribute to that one. But because of this deference, the god is complacent and enables him to produce a work that is more beautiful than any other. But not the first, will contain contributions by Mr. Edmund Gosse, John Oliver Hobbes, Mr. Herbert P. Horne and Mr. Ernest Rhys. There will be nothing decadent, nothing reactionary. The editors will print no verse which has not some relation to poetry: no fiction that has not some sense of the finest in human nature; no realism that is not something that is irresistible. As the writers say in their prospectus, they "could scarcely say more." If The Savoy is half as good as it promises to be, it will knock the reputation out of The Yellow Book in one number.

There is a sturdy storm brewing, by the bye, in the daffodil atmosphere of that debated quarterly. A somewhat ill-mannered article on "The Savoy" appeared in another anonymous quarterly, and detracted the answer of critics, and The Saturday Review attributed the paper to Mr. Henry Harland, the editor. In response, the publisher inserted in The Saturday an advertisement full of gibes and pleasantry, making merry with the paper whose space his manifesto was filling. This sort of thing is becoming fashionable, and it is very vulgar. I hear that The Yellow Book is likely to be thoroughly well "smacked" for its lack of breeding.

Everyone discusses "Jude the Obscure"; no two readers agree in their view of it. It is the book of the week in every quarter; and the Soviets and twirpers make for reputation, it is likely to be the book of the season. Certainly, you hear of nothing else by fireside or by railway.

LONDON, 14 Nov. 1895.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

Chicago Letter

THE EXHIBITION which was opened last week at the Art Institute is much the most interesting that has been held here since the Fair. It contains 116 paintings by the Glasgow men, 36 by Danish artists, and a few by Dagnan-Bouveret, Degas, Thanlow and Whistler. The latter sends three little pastels, delicate and exquisite in its rendering of a spray of flowers, and two of the wings of the butterfly as it flits by. The Degas is a shadowy thing, a gray figure against light; but in its very indistinctness lies a greater charm than can be found in the large half-nude woman which Dagnan-Bouveret calls "La Peinture." The Thanlow has the honest, rugged strength of winter, the beauty of vigor rather than of delicacy; it is an admirable piece of work. But it is not these, nor the paintings by Couture, Boudin and Raffaelli, nor the works of the Danes, which make the exhibition notable.

The Glasgow painters are new; often as we have heard of them, this is the first time a collection of their work has travelled to this country. The Glasgow Art Colony is of a piece with those in Scotland, and brought them to St. Louis, where they were first exhibited at the annual exhibition. From there they were sent to the Art Institute, which will keep them until Christmas. They are no more remarkable for their touch with Oriental literature than for their touch with English literature. No man seems even to have studied with another, and it is difficult to trace the origin of their divergent methods. The influence of Whistler is more marked than that of any other, yet they have learned much in France and much in Japan. But they imitate no one, and their art is the product of their own consciousness. Each man is a distinct personality, working out his own problems in his own way, choosing the material that interests him most, and treating it without regard to traditions or conventions. And this almost under the shadow of the Royal Academy.

The work of James Guthrie deserves first place in any mention of these Scotchmen, and he would be bold enough to hold his own with the painters of any country. His "Constance" in this exhibition is a rare portrait, rich in color yet very quiet, frank yet reserved, strong yet exquisitely delicate. The handling is masterly, free and direct, impressionistic, if you will, with dashes of sudden color, but never meaninglessly and always carrying weight. The same thing is true of the "Posters," which, however, less beauty of color than the other. But in both the painter has treated his subject in a manner appropriate to itself. A lovely night scene is like Whistler, and a beautiful "Pastoral" shows Guthrie in another vein. His pastels emphasize still more his versatility, for he uses them so well and so much that are irresistible. E. A. Hornel is as different from Guthrie as any man could well be, and no other artist has painted in quite his riotous way. Like Monticelli, he makes a god of color, and all other qualities pay tribute to that one. But because of this deference, the god is complacent and enables him to produce a work that is more beautiful than any other. But not the first, will contain contributions by Mr. Edmund Gosse, John Oliver Hobbes, Mr. Herbert P. Horne and Mr. Ernest Rhys. There will be nothing decadent, nothing reactionary. The editors will print no verse which has not some relation to poetry; no fiction that has not some sense of the finest in human nature; no realism that is not something that is irresistible. As the writers say in their prospectus, they "could scarcely say more." If The Savoy is half as good as it promises to be, it will knock the reputation out of The Yellow Book in one number.

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LONDON, 14 Nov. 1895.

ARTHUR WAUGH.
An author's reading is to be given this afternoon at Hooley's Theatre for the benefit of the family of the late Eugene Field. The audience promises to be large, as the house was nearly sold out several days ago. Mr. Hamlin Garland and Mr. Herbert Stone have charge of the arrangements, and the former will introduce two of Mr. Field's finest poems in the latter's absence. A reading from their own works, and it will be the first appearance of several of them, even in this city where they live. Mr. Henry B. Fuller has never read in public before, I believe, and his cooperation is therefore particularly valuable. In addition to these, the names upon the program are Mrs. Catherine Marlin, Mrs. Lindon W. Bates, Miss Lilian Bell, Mrs. Madeline Yale Wynne, Miss Harriet Monroe, Mr. Hobart Chatfield-Taylor and Mr. Opie Read.

CHICAGO, 26 Nov. 1895. LUCY MONROE.

The Fine Arts

"Shooting Pictures"

"Shooting Pictures," by A. B. Frost, is a series of large color plates of sporting scenes very well drawn and executed, and suitable for framing. The pictures are issued in paper portfolios, with descriptive text by Mr. Charles B. Lanier. Part I. contains pictures of rail shooting in the marshes, and of bay snipe shooting in the salt meadows. Part II. shows a sportsman and setter after ruffed grouse among the hemlocks and beeches in the autumn woods, and a lucky hunter drawing a bead on a flying woodcock among summer greenery. Mr. Lanier's articles are further illustrated by clever pen-and-ink sketches by the artist, whose work is so well and favorably known that we need not be more specific in praising it. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

Art Notes

The late Maurice Frederick Hendrick de Haas, who died on Nov. 23, was well known as a painter of marine subjects. His studio was made up of his plant, mostly along our northeast coast, and he was particularly happy in rendering effects of storm and sunset on rocky shores. His earlier works, of quite another character, were mostly views of English and Dutch coast scenery. Among his most important pictures are "The Beach at Westminster," "Sunset at Cape Ann," and "Farragut's Fleet Passing the Forts Below New Orleans." Mr. de Haas was born at Rotterdam, Holland, in 1832, and came to this country in 1859. He was elected an associate of the National Academy of Design in 1865, and a member in 1867. He was also one of the original members of the American Society of Painters in Water-Colors.

—Mr. John W. Mackay has presented to the city of Nancy a large sum of money for the erection of a statue of Jeanne d'Arc.

—The body of Mr. Calvert Vaux, the eminent landscape architect, was removed from the church at Baden-baden to Basel on Nov. 21. He was born in London, Dec. 20, 1824, and came to this country in 1848, associating himself with Mr. Andrew J. Downing, with whom he laid out the grounds of the Capitol and the Smithsonian Institution at Washington. Afterward Mr. Vaux joined Mr. Frederick Law Olmsted, then furnishing the plans for Central Park. Prospect Park in Brooklyn, the public parks of Chicago and Buffalo, and the State Reservation at Niagara Falls. Mr. Vaux was afterwards appointed landscape architect in the Park Department of this city, and furnished, also in cooperation with Mr. Olmsted, the plans for Riverside and Morrisania Parks and for the small parks authorized recently by the Legislature. Mr. Vaux designed a number of country residences, and published a work on "Villas and Cottages." He was a member of the Greater New York Commission, the Metropolitan Museum of Art and the Century Club.

—Mr. Montague Marks will publish early in December, from the offices of The Art Amateur, "The Book of the China Painter," by Mrs. L. Vance-Phillips and other teachers. It will include a chapter on glass painting, and contain 150 illustrations in black-and-white and six colored plates. The volume will be the first of a series of Art Amateur Handbooks. During the coming year Mr. Marks proposes to go more extensively into the business of publishing books on art and cognate subjects.

Among the portraits at the Portrait Show at the Academy of Design there are a number of great interest to students and lovers of literature, among them a portrait of Shelley at fourteen, by Hoppner, John Keats and his two brothers, by Severn, Richard Grant White, by John Alden Weir, two of N. P. Willis, by Francis Alexander and Charles Loring Elliott respectively, and, finally, one of Sheridan, by Gainsborough.

—Mr. R. J. Oliphant of Oswego has an exhibition, till Nov. 27, a collection of American, English and French posters. His catalogue may interest collectors.

—The equestrian statue of Gen. George Gordon Meade, made by Mr. Bush-Brown, the sculptor, for the Pennsylvania Monument Commission, has been put in place on Gettysburg battlefield. With the pedestal, the monument is twenty-five feet high. The likeness is said to be excellent.

The Drama

"The Home Secretary"

This new play by Mr. R. C. Carton, with which Mr. Daniel Frohman has opened his regular season at the Lyceum Theatre, would have been plausible and creditable, if the scene had been laid in Paris instead of in London. An occasional anarchist, doubtless, may be seen or heard, even possibly felt, in the British metropolis, but the police do not lie awake o' nights on his account, nor is he thought of in connection with any impending social revolution. The hero of Mr. Carton's play, or, at all events, the most striking figure in it, is a youth who has been converted into an anarchist by his unjust conviction and imprisonment for forgery. Having served his time and regained his freedom, he resolves to reform the social system altogether, and selects dynamite as the simplest and most effective agent. When the curtain rises he is at the head of a vast conspiracy, which has but two, for a finger, as it were, to tumble the whole existing social fabric in one almighty crash. Just how he has obtained his influence, his wealth and his education, in the brief period that has elapsed since his incarceration, the author does not explain, leaving those matters, like many others, to the imagination. Being sought by the police, who, of course, have a full description of him, he frequently changes the house of the Home Secretary himself, and carries on a sentimental but strictly pietistic flirtation with that dignitary's wife. He so impresses the lady with the value of his theories and the nobility of his own character, that she soon regards her husband with indifference, and, a little later, actually contemplates proposing to leave him because he declines to be false to his trust by confiding government secrets to others.

During a reception in the Secretary's house, the anarchist learns that one of his associates has betrayed him. In order to gain possession of the letter conveying that information, he breaks into the Secretary's private room at midnight, and is in the act of opening a despatch-box when he is surprised by the Secretary's wife. In order to retrieve himself of the suspicion of being merely a common thief, he is compelled to reveal his true identity, accompanying the confession with a declaration of love. The lady, promptly disenchanched, bids him depart, but before he can escape the Secretary enters, and naturally desires to know what his guest and his wife are doing together alone at that time of night. This scene would be strong, if the incidents leading up to it were not so palpably unreal. At all events, the mutual enquiries and explanations afford chances for some effective acting. In the end, the Secretary, whose innocence saves the anarchist his liberty and immediately thereafter writes his resignation, holding himself unworthy to retain public office after betraying public trust. The curtain then falls upon the regular happy ending.

It is not worth while to point out the many obvious absurdities in such a tale as this. The artificiality of it all is painfully apparent from first to last, but Mr. Carton has provided a good dialogue in places, and several clever character sketches. Mr. Kelcey is only moderately good as the Secretary, his style lacking the force and breadth essential to the proper interpretation of the later scenes. Miss Irving, too, whose monotonous delivery is a grave fault, has not the subtle humor essential to make the wife of the Secretary very interesting. Mr. Hachett, however, furnishes a bold and striking, if rough and unequal, sketch of the anarchist and some really admirable character studies are contributed by Messrs. Lemoine, Walcott and Gottschalk. All the minor parts are in good hands, and the piece is mounted and dressed in an exceedingly handsome manner.

Educational Notes

In the course of an address, delivered in Washington on Nov. 20, Dr. H. M. MacCracken, Chancellor of the University of the City of New York, urged that an earnest effort be made to institute inquiries into the standing of state universities and colleges, and to class them according to what is found to be their