

Beauty is truth, truth beauty,—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

What would he say to Tennyson's

Beauty, Good, and Knowledge are three sisters
That doat upon each other, friends to man,
Living together under the same roof,
And never can be sundered without tears?

And what would he say to Shelley's

My purpose has hitherto been simply to familiarize the highly refined imaginations of the more select classes of poetical readers with beautiful idealisms of moral excellence.

"*Nom de Dieu!*" he would say, in the language of one of M. Zola's characters, "*nous avons changé tout cela.*" We have indeed.

But the tide is turning. In France there are some who call themselves *Décadents* and who regard *décadence* as progression. It is said that in Paris there is a rebellion against Naturalism; that new "schools" are springing up; that in place of the old Romanticists and Realists that are now Psychologists, Symbolists, Occultists, Neo-naturalists, Évolutive-instrumentists; and that these say very nasty things about each other. What M. Renan said about them all is worth repeating, he said: "These Symbolists, Naturalists, Psychologists, *et hoc genus omne*, are like so many nasty little children sitting sucking their thumbs." Paris is hardly "a nest of singing birds."

It is not a good sign, these schools and schoolmen. There were not schools when England was a nest of singing birds. The history of the majority of schools is a history either of increasing mediocrity or of increasing extravagance, usually with constantly accelerated velocity. The founder's memory perhaps lives, rarely the disciple's. In fact a founder of a school belongs to no school—which is neither a paradox, nor a truism, nor an Irish bull.

It is significant that we do not hear the names of any of the world's truly great in these discussions; Shakespeare is not claimed by the Naturalists, nor Dante by the Symbolists, nor Carlyle by the Occultists, nor Goethe by the Évolutive-instrumentists. Others abide their question; these are free. Only the contemporary small-fry are subpoenaed as witnesses in the suit.

But we have heard enough and to spare of arguments *pro* and *con*, of counsel for the defence and counsel for the prosecution, of cross-examinations, of depositions, and of summings up. What the literary world wants is a judge who will nonsuit the case and clear the court. In the quiet that followed perhaps somebody who really had something to say worth hearing would have a chance to say it, and to say it as well as he could, heedless of schools and schoolmen.

ARNOLD HAULTAIN.

ROAMINGS IN CLASSIC MASSACHUSETTS. IV.

AT WELLESLEY AND ANDOVER.

COULD Mary Lyon, the earnest self-denying pioneer of "Higher Education" for American women, have beheld in a vision the noble buildings and beautiful grounds of Wellesley College, with its splendid equipment for study in all possible directions, she would have felt her life-long labours rewarded, and her heart refreshed, as by a vision of the Promised Land! And any enthusiastic reader of Tennyson's "Princess," set down before its imposing Elizabethan *façade*, and seeing its beavies of "sweet girl undergraduates" pouring through its corridors or disporting themselves on tennis ground or lake, with not the faintest suggestion of a masculine interloper anywhere, might easily accept it as a realization of Tennyson's not too serious "castle in the air." To be sure, the lack of antiquity and of ivy suggests America rather than England; yet the ivy is not wholly absent—at least the "Japanese ivy," so common here, makes a very fair substitute. And England itself could scarcely furnish more magnificent elms than those which supply "overarching vaults of shade" in every direction.

Wellesley College stands within its three hundred acres of grounds, about twenty minutes' walk or ten minutes' drive from the commodious railway station of the pretty little town of Wellesley. As we approach by the long drive through the shady and well-kept grounds, we *did* see one masculine official, the gardener, but, with one or two of such perhaps necessary exceptions, the College is commanded, officered and manned, or rather *womaned*, by the gentler sex. As we dismount from the carriage at the main entrance, we find ourselves in a long and broad corridor, with handsomely furnished reception rooms on either side, and a square court in the centre filled with palms and other ornamental plants. Beyond this the corridor is prolonged to the opposite or southern entrance, its walls lined with paintings and statuary,—among them a fine life-size statue of Harriet Martineau. As we approach the wide, open doorway we see before us, not a stone-throw down the sloping bank, a lovely sparkling lake, set between boldly rising shores, clothed in living green, its placid waters glancing brilliantly in the morning sun. A number of pretty pleasure skiffs lay moored on the pebbly beach, and at the side of the doorway stood a sheaf of oars marked with the years of the various classes to which they belonged. A group of merry girls were just starting, oars in hand, for a morning row, for the day of our visit was Monday, which, at Wellesley, takes the place of the more orthodox Saturday as the weekly holiday, and recreation of all kinds was the order of the day. The tennis

¹ *Nineteenth Century*, clxxvii.

court a little way from the building had its groups of animated players, looking as if they thoroughly enjoyed it, and here and there a fair bicyclist was setting out for a "spin." A few of the students, however, were taking their exercise in a somewhat soberer fashion, engaged in brushing and dusting the spacious corridors, for all the light work of this kind in the institution is done by the students themselves, all of whom keep their own rooms in order, and take turns in caring for the rest of the building, this domestic training being part of the course of tuition, and one to which no masculine mind is likely to object.

The equipment for mental as well as physical development is very complete, as the appearance of the multitude of classrooms abundantly testified. The library is a delightfully comfortable apartment, well supplied with all the books of reference that the students are likely to require. The laboratory is also thoroughly equipped and convenient, and a fine, well fitted up gymnasium completes the educational apparatus, so far as the main building is concerned. A large part of the building is devoted to residence accommodation. A comfortable study and bed-room are allotted to each two students, while a few larger studies, with two bed rooms opening off each, are allotted to groups of four. The girls decorate their studies according to their own taste, with pictures, photographs, drapes, etc., etc., and they have quite a cosy and inviting appearance. A large dining-room below accommodates the three hundred students resident in the building, but there are a number of attractive smaller homes built after the fashion of the summer "cottages" near Alexandria Bay and elsewhere, in each of which a small number of the students reside, the seniors being allowed a year of this quiet "cottage residence" at their option. In one of these, of charming outlook and tasteful external and internal decoration, are the luxuriously appointed rooms of the acting principal, at this time Miss Lord, during the absence from illness of the regular principal, Miss Shafer. This largest of the cottages is named Norembega Cottage, and accommodates about twenty students. The dining-room is a charming apartment, with ample open fire-place, bright flowers and pleasant outlook on park scenery. The rooms of the students are most home-like and inviting, their adornment varying with the tastes of the owner, and a kindly matron presides over the domestic arrangements, and makes the place really *homelike*. Besides "Norembega," there are "Freeman," "Eliot," "Simpson," "Wood" and "Waban" cottages, all on the same general plan, though all varied in exterior and internal details. "Stone Hall" accommodates more than a hundred students, the total number amounting to some six or seven hundred girls, who pay for board and tuition the modest sum of \$300 per annum; so that the exceptional advantages of this admirable institution are by no means exclusively confined to the wealthy classes. Many girls who look forward to earning their own livelihood are here fitted for teaching others, and in the gifted and thoroughly-trained female professors, all themselves graduates of colleges in America or Europe, they have excellent models always before them.

In addition to the fine main building, there is, a little way off among the overarching elms, a beautiful little art gallery and school, built of stone in Grecian architecture, much resembling some of the smaller art buildings at Munich. It was planned, built and furnished under the supervision of a German lady, then teacher of art at Wellesley, who has since married an Austrian nobleman and returned to her *Vaterland*. Under her auspices the \$25,000 bequeathed or given for this special purpose seem to have been most judiciously expended, to judge by the well-arranged gallery, filled with really good paintings and casts, the convenient lecture rooms and the pretty and commodious art library. In short, nothing that can minister to the physical, intellectual and æsthetic development of the students seems to be omitted at Wellesley. Nor is the higher progress—moral and spiritual—unprovided for. There is a beautiful chapel, where all assemble for at least one service on Sunday, and where the students often hold religious meetings of their own; and the tone of the teaching and training is distinctly and profoundly religious, while characterized by a breadth and catholicity which precludes the narrowness and conventionality too often the bane of feminine religious training.

This splendid institution is the gift of private munificence, and has its own pathetic story. In the art gallery stands the delicately-sculptured bust of an infant boy, whose early death left his parents childless. His father was a Mr. Durant, to whose estate belonged the three hundred acres now the site of the College. After his child's death Mr. Durant decided to consecrate his land and wealth to the cause of female education, and had, himself, the satisfaction of laying the foundations of Wellesley and seeing it well under way before his death. He not only erected the beautiful and commodious buildings, but left it an ample endowment fund, which has enabled it to carry on its efficient work for American girls in so thorough and complete a fashion. No more beautiful monument could have been erected to a lost child than this College, to which the father gave the name of the town of Wellesley instead of his own. His widow still resides in the handsome family mansion within sight of the College, and near the beautiful little Lake Waban, which, as its half-mile of ornamental water is included within the grounds of the College and one other estate, is private enough to give the students unlimited privileges for aquatic exercise.

But time presses, and we have reluctantly to leave these

consecrated groves—too hurriedly seen; for, after a morning at Wellesley, we have in prospect an afternoon at Andover, under the hospitable auspices of Professor Tucker, one of the somewhat celebrated Andover professors and editors of the *Andover Review*. Returning to Boston by one line of railway and leaving it by another, we soon find ourselves at shady, old-fashioned Andover, and are quickly driven past the several educational institutions, the Phillips Academy for boys, the Abbot Academy for girls, and the plain, old-fashioned, brick four-storey building, the collection of which forms the external lodgment of one of the educational landmarks of America—Andover Theological Seminary, which has sent forth so many able and devoted labourers into the home and foreign fields, and round which in recent years have raged the waves of stormy theological struggle. The Phillips Academy is the lineal descendant of the original Andover Grammar School, taught in the early years of the eighteenth century by Dudley Bradstreet, grandson of Anne Bradstreet, one of the most gifted and remarkable women of early colonial days. Her brother-in-law, a minister, had been its first teacher. The Abbot Academy for girls was opened in 1829, and, during its sixty years of existence, has educated more than three thousand girls, to whose moral and spiritual training has been given no less attention than to their intellectual progress. With so many excellent facilities for female education during the last half century, it is small wonder that America to-day owns so large a class of vigorous and efficient female workers in every department.

The Theological Seminary buildings stand on a broad expanse of green *campus*, shaded, of course, by the ubiquitous Massachusetts elms, opposite to which, and separated only by a broad, smooth road, stand, amid their shady lawns, the pleasant abodes of several of the professors. Next to that of our host, Professor Tucker, stands the old-fashioned white-house, with pillared portico, which was the residence of Professor Phelps, and the early home of his gifted daughter, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, now Mrs. Ward. The immediate surroundings would be easily recognizable to all readers of "Gates Ajar."

After luncheon and a quiet hour in Professor Tucker's spacious library—filled with the best modern theological and other literature,—we had the enjoyment of a delightful drive through Andover, and its environs, the "environs" indeed being the greater part of the place; for its business centre is comprised in one small block, while—after the manner of New England towns—its homesteads, surrounded by ample grounds, cover a large extent of what would elsewhere be called *suburbs*. Close to the College farmhouse, whence are supplied most of the vegetable products consumed by the students, stands an old-fashioned brown wooden-house—for many years the home of Harriet Beecher Stowe. Here, in all probability, was thought out and written her world-famous book, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which it is safe to call the most popular of all "novels with a purpose."

Out of the shady lanes—rather than streets—of Andover, stretch quiet woodland roads, leading through bits of forest as primitive as Canadian "backwoods." From one of these forest tracks, lush with luxuriant growth of ferns, we came out on a bit of elevated ground, which commands an extensive and charming view of the valley through which the Merrimac wanders, and in which, at distances of a few miles, stand several of the most famous manufacturing towns of New England. Lawrence is distinctly visible; and out of sight, a few miles over the hills, stands Lowell, the scene of "the fall of the Pemberton Mill"—Miss Phelps' most vivid bit of word-painting. North-eastward stretch the blue waves of low hills that close about Whittier's Haverhill and Amesbury, and among them—but for the haze that blurs the distance—we could distinguish Monadnoc and other hills, touched by the light of New England genius. With this lovely landscape—bathed in the warm light of a June afternoon still fresh in our mind's eye—we bid a reluctant farewell to Andover, with its charming present-day experiences and old-time associations.

FIDELIS.

WHATEVER crazy sorrow saith, no life that breathes with human breath has ever truly longed for death.—*Tennyson*.

WHEN the electric telegraph was first introduced into Chili, a stratagem was resorted to, says a contemporary, in order to guard the posts and wires against damage on the part of the Araucanian Indians, and maintain the connection between the strongholds on the frontier. There were at the time between forty and fifty captive Indians in the Chilean camp. General Pinto called them together, and pointing to the telegraph wires said, "Do you see those wires?"—"Yes, General."—"Very good. I want you to remember not to go near or touch them; for, if you do, your hands will be held, and you will be unable to get away." The Indians smiled incredulously. Then the General made them each in succession take hold of the wire at both ends of an electric battery in full operation; after which he exclaimed, "I command you to let go the wire!"—"I can't; my hands are benumbed!" cried each Indian. The battery was then stopped. Not long afterwards the General restored them to liberty, giving them strict injunctions to keep the secret and not betray it to their countrymen. This had the desired effect, for, as might be expected, the experiment was related "in the strictest confidence" to every man of the tribe, and the telegraph has ever since remained unmolested.