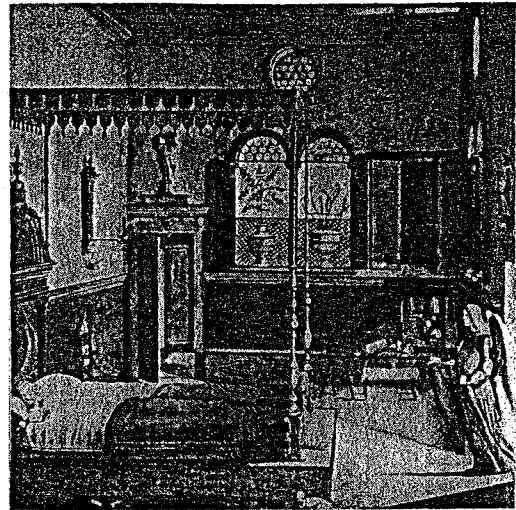


False Dawn and the Irony of Taste - Changes in Art

by Adeline Tintner

Edith Wharton has always been considered the top of good form because of her expertise in interior decoration and because of her personal elegance in contemporary fashion. But little attention has been paid, especially in detail, to the role that art played in her fiction or in changing tastes in art in which she, as social historian was interested. *False Dawn a novella* which is the first part of the quartet, *Old New York (1924)*, ironically treats the fate of an advanced artistic taste in the New York of the eighteen-forties. Its hero, Lewis Raycie, is given five thousand dollars by his father to create "a gallery of Heirlooms," and is instructed to purchase in Europe, pictures then highly esteemed in America. "Raphael, I fear, we can hardly aspire to top but a Domenichino, an Albano, a Carlo Dolci, a Guercino, a Carlo Maratta-" his father says, "one or two of Salvator Rosa's noble landscapes...you see my idea? There shall be a Raycie Gallery; and it shall be your mission to get together its nucleus." (1) In Venice, Lewis recognizes the beauty of his equally unappreciated fiancée in the Saint Ursula paintings by Carpaccio. His enthusiasm for the painters before Raphael is encouraged by Ruskin (whom he meets in front of Mont Blanc) who takes a fancy to him, advises him, and introduces him to his English friends--Hunt, Morris and Rossetti. Through them he learns to value and to buy paintings by the authentic pre-Raphael painters--Carpaccio, Piero della Francesca, Mantegna, Giotto, and Fra Angelico (rather than Angelica Kauffman, which his father would have preferred).

Edith Wharton did not invent out of thin air this tale of a man victimized by society for having been too precocious in his artistic taste. She had before her two examples among American collectors who had suffered because of their advanced artistic purchases when she elaborated and perfected her short novel. Edith Wharton's hero who formed "one of the most beautiful collections of Italian primitives in the world" reminds us of James Jackson Jarves, (1818-1888) fascinating New England traveler, art historian and born collector. His assemblage of Italian Primitives ridiculed by contemporary critics was based on the inheritance of "a little fortune most of which he spent in collecting pictures" (2) and which found a home in Yale, after Charles Eliot Norton had tried unsuccessfully to place it in New York or Boston. It was Jarves himself who had given Norton a letter of introduction to Ruskin. (3) Interestingly enough, R. W. B. Lewis writes that it was Norton who told Mrs. Wharton "about his meeting in Switzerland with John Ruskin," (4) which is repeated in the crucial meeting between Lewis Raycie and Ruskin in *False Dawn*.



Vittore Carpaccio, *Saint Ursula's Dream*. Academy, Venice. (Bernard Berenson, *The Italian Painters of the Renaissance* New York: Phaedon, 1952; plate 9.)

But an even lesser known and earlier collector, Thomas Jefferson Bryan (1802-1870) was the first to bring "primitives" to this country, but he did not have the support of Ruskin nor of Charles Norton, who helped get the Jarves Collection into the Yale University Museum. The son of the wealthy partner of John Jacob Astor, Bryan went to Europe in 1823 and returned in 1853 with two hundred and twenty-nine "masterpieces" with 30 examples of early Italian "primitives." In New York Bryan exhibited the collection at 30th Street and Broadway in what he called "Bryan's Gallery of Christian Art" with a catalogue of the entire collection, and a larger "Companion" by R. G. White who freed Bryan from the responsibility of "opinion upon the authenticity of many pictures." (5)

Among those who walked up two flights at 839 Broadway and paid a small admission fee was Henry James. He recorded it in *A Small Boy and Others* sixty years later: "It cast a chill, this collection of worm-eaten diptychs and triptychs... of black Madonnas and obscure Bambinos, of such marked and approved 'primitives' as had never yet been shipped to our shores," and it so affected his relationship to "a real Primitive" that he had "to take off the grey mantle of that night" when in later years he saw such a picture. (6) He continued his adverse response in *A Portrait of a Lady* (1881) when the inhuman Osmond collects "those primitive specimens of pictorial art in frames pedantically rusty" (7) and in *What Maisie Knew* (1897). There a little girl responds negatively to "primitive" paintings when in the National Gallery she sat "staring" at pictures "with patches of gold and cataracts of purple, with stiff saints and

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THE EDITH WHARTON
SOCIETY NEWSLETTER

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The second annual meeting of the Edith Wharton Society will take place at the MLA convention in Washington, D.C. on Saturday morning, December 29, 10 a.m. - 12 noon, in Room 363 of The Shoreham Hotel. (This is the hotel across the street from the Sheraton-Washington, the main hotel of the convention.) A tentative agenda was suggested at the informal meeting held in June in New York City. Election of the openings on the Executive Board for 1985-1987 will take place....As should be evident by the MLA program, we didn't get a special session for this convention. Although over twenty proposals were submitted and Judith Saunders drew up a panel on "The Structuring Technique of the Double in Wharton's Fiction" the proposal was not accepted. Plans, suggestions and strategies for our 1985 Special Session will be discussed. Although it is important, both for the exposure of the Society and for the advancement of Wharton scholarship to have a special session, if our request is officially denied again, we will hold the session ourselves, in addition to our annual business meeting, at the 1985 Chicago convention. We have already started to make inquiry to obtain meeting space at Loyola University or Northwestern University, both in the Chicago environs. Hopefully, by 1986, we shall have won official recognition and be guaranteed two sessions at each annual convention....We also might discuss uses and themes for forthcoming newsletters. The Spring 1985 newsletter will contain short articles on allusions and backgrounds in various Wharton works. Since the last published annual annotated Wharton bibliography (*Edith Wharton and Kate Chopin: A Reference Guide* by Marilyn Springer) ends at 1975, we might begin by updating this work. It was suggested we divide up the years among a few of us and devote an issue of the newsletter to this up-date....I have gotten two or three teaching of Wharton experiences and I think we might think of having an issues on such a topic. I have also been in contact with the new director, Thomas Hayes, of the Restoration of Edith Wharton's Lenox Massachusetts summer home, The Mount, and would like to begin discussing if, when and how we might have an all-Wharton week-end conference there....If you cannot be at the meeting or are not coming to Washington but have ideas or wish to participate, please write to me anytime or to those people who will be in charge of our various projects.

Tour of Wharton's Old New York Held

A very successful walking tour of Edith Wharton's Old New York was jointly sponsored by the Edith Wharton Society and The Edith Wharton Restoration on October 21. Drawn up and supervised by Scott Marshall, a student of Columbia University's Historical Preservation Program, the tour was divided into small groups led by Annette Zilversmit, Thomas Hayes, Helen Pillsbury and Mr. Marshall (The organizing committee was headed by Deborah Krulewitch, trustee of The Mount). The tours identified the various architecture of the places, reconstructed those in Wharton's life no longer there, and generally recreated the times and scenes of Wharton and her fictional characters to whom the meaning and background of the world of New York nineteenth century seemed so important.

The tour began in Washington Square with its few remaining early red brick brownstones still standing, one of which Wharton and mother lived in briefly. The white stoop and neo-Greek porticoed house was also probably the residence in *The Custom of the Country* of the Dagonets, one of the few families to claim English aristocratic beginnings, the grandparents of Ralph Marvell, and caretakers of the "small, cautious, middle-class...exclusive and dowdy" values Wharton ambivalently upholds in her novel. The standards of that world hover again in the background of *The Age of Innocence* and *The Old Maid*. Walking up Fifth Avenue, already in Wharton's childhood the main thoroughfare of society, where she as child glimpsed a forbidden hetaera and Newland Archer sees Julius Beaufort ascend into a strange doorway, the tours stopped at the artists' residence, The Salamagundi Club, the only totally intact brownstone (the more typical brownish New Jersey rock exterior coating) of this time. They entered to see its Dutch black and white tile foyer flooring, its ornate mahogany staircase and its narrow double drawing rooms often pictured in Wharton's roomscapes. The brownstone of Wharton's sister-in-law and her American literary agent, Mary Calwalader Jones, on East 11 Street was viewed. With its simple Corinthian columned doorway, it was probably also the setting for Henry James' *The Jolly Corner*.

The original site of the private society library (now located further uptown) where Wharton borrowed books and the Wallack's theatre where she saw plays and where Archer Newland identifies with the parting lovers of *The Shaughraun* were located and viewed in photograph. (The original structures are no longer there.) But still present in its original state is one of the churches of Wharton's world, Grace Church at Broadway and East 10 Street, where she was baptized on April 20, 1822 and where her mother failed to sign the baptismal records. Still awesome in its Gothic-Revival stone and wood arches, it is perhaps most memorable as the setting for the elaborate wedding ritual of Archer Newland and May Welland. Around its corner, Wharton set a few years later, the unappreciated art gallery of Italian primitives Lewis Raycie defiantly brings back from Europe in *The False Dawn*.

Moving up town, the groups mused on another important square in her novels, Union Square, which once housed the famous jewelry firm of Tiffany. Here Ann Eliza of *Bunner*

Irony of Taste

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angular angels, with ugly Madonnas and uglier babies." (8)

It may have been James who told Wharton about Bryan's Gallery, for in *False Dawn*, her young hero spends his father's money on a purchase of "primitives" that reflect the tastes of Ruskin and the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. He exhibits them in a "Gallery of Christian Art," where he too charges admission. Wharton selects paintings from the nonprimitives in Bryan's catalogue to indicate the accepted tastes of the 1840's, for old Raycie orders from his son paintings by Domenichino, Dolci, Guercino, Maratta, Salvator Rosa, etc., all painters in the Bryan collection. Lewis broke with tradition by buying Carpaccio, Piero della Francesca, and Fra Angelico, none of which were represented in Bryan's Collection, which in 1867 he gave to the New York Historical Society. Only Mantegnas and Giottos which Lewis buys appear in Bryan's collection. The fate of Lewis Raycie's Pieros and Carpaccios was to contribute to the ruin of his immediate family and to the unmerited fortune of his descendants who sold the masterpieces only to buy "pearls and Rolls Royces." (9) Wharton based her story of changing tastes on Bryan's abortive attempt to educate the uncultivated New Yorker and even today his "primitives" are not on view for the general public. Of the fourteen painters Lewis' father wanted him to purchase, nine are listed in the index to Bryan's gallery. But the taste for Giotto which in *False Dawn* is new to Lewis' father is already accepted by Bryan, as is the taste for Mantegna. (It was perhaps only the Byzantine school paintings in this collection which Henry James had been unable to take as a ten-year-old. However, Richard Grant White, who wrote the handbook for the collection called the Byzantine Panels "stiff, soulless, ill-colored works" which "became the mere mechanical filling up of set formulas." Included in the collection are a "Guido of Sienna" and a Cimabue, both of whom tried to free themselves from what they had learned. The Giotto, about whom little was known at this time, was then known as a pupil of Cimabue, whom he "soon surpassed in the blending of his tints, and the symmetry and correctness of his design." (10)

The Bryan Collection, then, had actual Italian primitives, truly devotional paintings. Among its two hundred and fifty paintings at least two, Giotto and Mantegna, were new tastes for 1853. What Edith Wharton has done in her novel is to put into it what would become the advanced taste of the 1880's, not the 1840's, the period her book is devoted to. Out of the fourteen painters Halston Raycie wanted his son to collect, nine of them are included in Bryan's Collection, which means the source of Wharton's gallery was not advanced at all. But Edith Wharton uses the historical accuracy of there having been a Gallery of Christian Art to make vivid in her fictive account the destruction of a whole family, because of a taste in art that was too early for the rest of New York, and to show that the "dawn" was "false." It was not until the nineteen-twenties that people began to collect Carpaccio and Piero, the two painters concentrated on as having been praised by Ruskin and his friends. She does refer to two pictures that sound like actual pictures, the Piero *Girl* in the National Gallery in London and the Carpaccio *St. George* in California, but although they sound like real museum pieces, there are no such paintings in those two places.

Mrs. Wharton's taste in art was the subject of a recent study in *Apollo* by Denys Sutton, although he unaccountably omits any mention of *False Dawn* in his catalogue. Her references in

her travel books are to Bellini, Carpaccio, Botticelli, Botticini, Foppa, Piero de Cosimo, Signorelli and Romanino. She applauds the Carracci, an example of the accepted painters of old man Raycie. (11) She appreciated Tiepolo, Longhi and Guardi, but said nothing that others had not said about them. In 1904 she saw the great show of French primitives that led her to appreciate them on her motor trip through France in 1908. That enthusiasm is also put into Lewis Raycie's grand tour which included the Near East.

Edith Wharton was not a collector, although Walter Berry gave her a Cezanne, (*L'Allee du Jas de Bouffon*) and two Odelon Redon flower pieces were found for her. In her novels, the painters chosen by Lewis Raycie for his gallery appear occasionally about the time of *False Dawn*'s publication. In *Glimpses of the Moon* (1922) the young wife is affected by a Mantegna in the Louvre, whereas her husband likes Correggio. This written just before *False Dawn* shows the same taste-change as in that later novel.

Edith Wharton was a recorder of changes of taste and she herself, like most students of the fine arts, admired the first-rate examples of all schools of painting and architecture. So considering her familiarity with all the schools of Italian art, which went into her *Italian Backgrounds* and *Italian Villas and their Gardens*, we cannot be surprised as readers that the names of the artists whom Lewis is reacting against and which his father wants him to purchase appear more frequently and more prominently than the few who represent the taste that is new to the 1840's. Carracci, Correggio, Albano, Domenichino, Carlo Dolci, Guercino, Carlo Maratta, Salvador Rosa, Lo Spagnoletto, Sassoferrato, Raphael, Giulio Romano, Guido Rossi, pop out of the pages of *False Dawn* with more than one mention each. The name of Carpaccio, newly discovered by Lewis is found but neither his name nor the young saint he paints are named at first. Undoubtedly it was because Wharton wanted to surprise the reader, leading up to the naming of the artist through old Mr. Raycie's mispronunciation. The irony of this concealment of a name and a series of paintings so well known

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CORRESPONDENCE

To The Editor:

I was glad to read in the Spring 1984 Newsletter that Katherine Joslin-Jeske had made use of the Percy Lubbock-Gaillard Lapsley correspondence that I rescued from the files-to-be-disposed-of in a lawyer's office and gave to Yale, but I was distressed to see that she uses the letters to downgrade Lubbock. A number of Wharton fans are irate at Lubbock because they feel he has besmirched their idol. But this, I submit, is nonsense. Edith Wharton has quite enough stature both as a person and as a writer to be able to afford a candid recognition that she could, on occasion, be selfish, petty and stubbornly determined to have her own way. I have in my life talked to a good many people who knew her intimately, and her faults were a common theme in their discourse.

I have never seen why the Percy Lubbock memoir was unfair, and I have recently reread it, along with all of his other books. His eye was piercing but true, and I believe that he cared deeply for Edith Wharton, despite the cruelty with which she treated him. R. W. B. Lewis agrees with me that her unkindness, premised wholly on Lubbock's marriage to a woman she disliked, was a fortunately rare example of one of the less loveable aspects of her personality.

Iris Origo, daughter of Lady Sybil Lubbock by her first husband, Bayard Cutting, recently wrote to me: "Yes, I agree that Edith Wharton was not nice to mother, but you *must* remember that mother married, in rapid succession, three men whom Edith regarded as peculiarly her property!"

To say that Lubbock "fawned" on Edith Wharton is to demean him. He was stalwartly independent all of his long life. It is perfectly true that he did not publish all the "fluff" that the friends sought to contribute to his memoir, and his book is the better for it. I am convinced that Edith Wharton emerges from a fair reading of his text in all her glory, if with most of her pimples. It is, after all, a work of art, not a "blurb".

I agree that it would have been a better book had Lubbock told in full the story of Edith Wharton's unreasonable possessiveness about losing a member of her "court" to the despised Lady Sybil, but that was not his way. He was too private a person. But I don't think it even occurred to him that this disqualified him to write about her. When someone, who must have felt about him as does Katherine Joslin-Jeske, asked him why he had written a book about a woman he disliked, he exclaimed in shocked surprise: "But I adored her!". I believe he did.

*Louis Auchincloss
New York City*

Dr. Joslin - Jeske replies:

I am grateful to Louis Auchincloss for saving the Lubbock-Lapsley correspondence. Part of our conflict arises from the editing of my original paper. (For reasons of space the editor deleted supporting material.) At other times we interpret information differently.

I agree with Mr. Auchincloss and Iris Origo that Wharton must have envied Sybil Lubbock's successes with men and that her decision to "cut" the Lubbocks after their marriage seems both petty and cruel.

I also agree that Lubbock adored Wharton. He wrote to her on January 7, 1913: "Dear and great and dear lady: O wish I could tell you, and I know I can't tell you, just what it was to me to have those days with you... All I can say is that it was refreshment and restoration and encouragement of a sort I know how to be grateful for... I can only say, all crudely, that I love you and wish I could see you oftener..." The tone of this letter was typical of the letters of that period. He appeared to have been more devoted to her than she to him. I read and interpret such written material somewhat subjectively (as we all do); and, unlike Mr. Auchincloss, I haven't a memory of the man. While "fawned" may be too harsh a depiction, I wonder as well about "stalwartly independent." In his letters and in his self-portrait in the memoir, Percy Lubbock casts himself as a worshipful admirer of Edith Wharton.

Such a conflict between Lubbock's great affection and Wharton's clear rejection shaped his very artful portrait of her. On November 14, 1937, Lubbock voiced his own doubt about his suitability as her biographer in a letter to Gaillard Lapsley: "I had had no idea of such a thing—feeling that the blank of the last ten years put it quite out of the question..." Certainly Lubbock can survive his own blemishes. He suppressed the fact of the breach in their friendship, deleted sympathetic comments about her made by her friends, and dismissed her letters as unsubstantial.

His and Lapsley's decision not to edit her letters continues to effect Wharton scholarship. "I shouldn't... rely on letters to make a book that would be a just portrait of her," concluded Lubbock, preferring instead his own design. We need an edition of Wharton's letters so that she might speak for herself.

*Katherine Joslin-Jeske
Northwestern University*

Walking Tour

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Sisters has confirmed the nefarious background of the man she urged her sister to marry. Here too a crucial scene in the *Age of Innocence* takes place as May Archer drives her husband from their home on East 39 to catch the trolley-bus to go to his business further downtown. In the brief conversation about his change of plans to go to Washington, D.C., Archer realizes that May knows about his intentions with Ellen Olenska.

Nearby at Irving Place and East 14 Street, the site of the no-longer Academy of Music was pointed out. Here Wharton heard opera in her more culturally limited world and she uses one of her favorite operas and themes, *Faust*, to open *The Age of Innocence*. Soon the walk approached Gramercy Square Park, the last of the relatively intact enclaves of brownstones enclosing a green park square, and the most evocative of Wharton's Old New York. Here Wharton's father first brought his bride for a brief residence and here Della Ralston in *The Old Maid* too begins her respectable, established, but eventually destructive married life.

Still flourishing on Park Avenue South and 21 Street is the neighborhood church, the Episcopal Calvary Church, built by James Renwick, architect also of St. Patrick's. Here Wharton had a adolescent "crush" on the minister, the Reverend Washburn, who was a scholar, linguist and moving orator and for whom she learned Anglo-Saxon hoping to impress him. His daughter, Emelyn, a rare well-read and intellectual girl was Wharton's close friend and probably the only one during Wharton's life to read her teen-age novella, *Fast and Loose*.

The tour finally came to West 23 Street where Wharton was born and spent most of her childhood. The present neighborhood is thoroughly commercial now and although the original structure of the narrow brownstone the Jones lived in is there, it is covered with a sheetrock storefront. (Someday perhaps we can place a plaque to indicate that Edith Wharton was born here.) Two blocks further north, three hours later, the tour ended as the participants viewed the place where Wharton lived with her mother after her father's death and until her marriage at 23. Across the street all entered the church she was actually married in on April 29, 1885. Then the Episcopal Trinity Chapel is now St. Sava's Cathedral, a Serbian-Croatian parish but most of the interior has remained the same. As the tour sat in the pews, Scott Marshall reconstructed the comparatively sparse wedding Wharton was accorded with only four ushers, a small prayer book instead of a bouquet of flowers and her name missing from the wedding invitations. Unlike May Welland no elaborate festivities followed. A few select guests crossed over to her mother's home for a wedding breakfast. The participants of the tour though repaired to the Parish House of the church to share sherry and impressions.

Most of the proceeds from the tour went to further the restoration of Wharton's summer home, The Mount, in Lenox, Massachusetts. A repeat tour is scheduled for the spring.

Recent Books of Interest

Carol Wershoven. *The Female Intruder in the Novels of Edith Wharton*. Rutherford, NJ: Farleigh Dickinson University Press, 1982. 174 pp. \$24.50. Wershoven posits that most of Wharton's heroines are outsiders who intrude into society. Although they fail in their personal quests, they force either characters or readers to re-examine values. A fuller review by Judith Saunders of this well-documented book will appear in the next issue. The book may be ordered from Associated University Presses, 440 Forsgate Drive, Cranberry, NJ 08512.

Florence Adele Sloane with commentary by Louis Auchincloss. *Maverick in Mauve*. Garden City NY: Doubleday Co., 1983. 227 pp. \$15. Auchincloss has published his wife's grandmother's diary. It covers four years, 1892-1896, when this rich New York society debutante is between 18 and 22 years. It poignantly follows her constant social life, her crushes on elusive but sexually exciting men and the encouragement of her parents to accept an upstanding respectable beau. Sloan is a moving writer and feels confident about herself and well-cherished by her parents. Yet in the middle of her rich and gay social life, she poignantly asks if this is all there is to life and her final seemingly well-thought out choice of a husband proves insufficient. Far more secure and less self-destructive than Lily Bart, Sloane intimates, although she too never understands, the missing ingredients to a truly rich connection of self and life. Auchincloss' many comments emphasize the reward and limitations for both men and women in this society. A wonderful gloss on Wharton's worlds, especially *The House of Mirth*, this book is probably out-of-print by now, but definitely well-worth searching for.

G.S. Rahi. *Edith Wharton: A Study of Her Ethos and Art*. Amritsar, India: Guru Nanak Dev Univ. Press, 1983. 193 pp. Rs. 80. This notation appeared in *American Literature*, October 1984. If any member would like to get this book and review it (500-1000 words), it would be appreciated.

Haunted Women, edited by Alfred Bendixen. New York: Frederick Ungar Publishing Co., 1984. This collection contains thirteen ghost tales by the American woman writers Harriet Beecher Stowe, Mary Wilkins Freeman, Kate Chopin, Sarah Orne Jewett, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Charlotte Perkins Gilman, Madeline Yale Wynec, Grace King, and Gertrude Atherton. The stories show that women writers in American used the supernatural to explore troubling questions of love and marriage. The source of terror in these tales is often rooted in conflicts about the conventional roles women felt expected of them. Wharton is represented by "The Fullness of Life" and Pomegranate Seed."

Irony of Taste

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to the educated reader of the 1920's is that to the eye of the informed reader of the 1980's some of the painters considered *retardaire* at that time, such as Giulio Romano, now have been brought back from their downfall from grace during the years from 1920 to 1960 and now seem more interesting than Piero della Francesca and Carpaccio who were the most appreciated from 1900 through 1950. We are now reacting to the latter's universal popularity and are in turn rediscovering the values of the painters turned out of favor by Piero della Francesca and Carpaccio.

Thus, by an irony which fits well into the mood of *False Dawn* Edith Wharton's own *avant-garde* taste suffers from the inevitable reaction to the prevailing taste that each generation experiences. To most of the sophisticated museum haunters of 1984 the name of Angelica Kauffman stirs up more interest than that of Fra Angelico.

The irony of the final destiny of the pictures in *False Dawn* may have had its source in Balzac's *Le Cousin Pons* where the treasures of an inspired collector end up in the possession of his vulgar relations. We know how Mrs. Wharton admired Balzac, especially in her later years. In *The Writing of Fiction*, published the same year as *False Dawn*, she praises Balzac as "the first...to draw his dramatic action as much from the relation of his characters to their houses, streets, towns,...as from their fortuitous contacts with each other." (12) The particular point Wharton makes in her *novella* is that the New Yorkers at the turn of the century who inherit the collection of pictures prefer to turn masterpieces back into cash, for the precocious collector has failed in his mission to education the taste of his society. This book allows Edith Wharton to sound the note of "frustration and waste that marks many of her books" as Denys Sutton asserts, especially since it here involves the resistance of Americans even of her own generation to alterations in taste.

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4. R.W.B. Lewis, *Edith Wharton* (New York: harper & Row, 1975), P.138.
5. Richard Grant White, *Companion to the Bryan Gallery of Christian Art*, with an introductory essay and an index (New York: Baker Godwin & Co., 1853), p. 4. This was published in addition to the catalogue of the collection (*Catalogue of the Bryan Gallery of Christian Art*) from the earliest masters to the present time (New York: Snowden, 1953), P. 1-11. In the *Metropolitan Museum Bulletin*, Summer 1982, devoted to "Fourteenth Century Italian Altarpieces" the director of the Museum, Pilippe de Montebello wrote a prefatory note (p.2) mentioning Edith Wharton's *False Dawn* in connection with the Bryan Gallery of Christian Art.

6. Henry James, *Autobiography* (New York: Criterion, 1956), pp. 152-153. Wharton may have reread the *Autobiography* at the time that she was helping Lubbock prepare the letters of Henry James for publication in 1920.

7. Henry James, *The Portrait of a Lady* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin) 1963; p. 193.

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12. Edith Wharton, *The Writing of Fiction* (New York: Scribner's, 1925) p. 5.