

ART IN AMERICA

Richard Adams Locke, Wilmer, Kettell, Brainard, Hirst, Drake, and the prince of them all, Rufus Dawes, author of "Geraldine" with its immortal climax :

"He laid her gently down, of sense bereft,
And sank his picture on her bosom's snow,
And close beside these lines in blood he left :
Farewell for ever, Geraldine, I go
Another woman's victim—dare I tell?
'Tis Alice—curse us, Geraldine!—farewell!"

Of all these there is not one whose name is to-day familiar to any American of whom I have inquired, though W. W. Lord made a big bid for fame—of a sort—by his impudence in publishing

"And the aged beldames napping,
Dreamed of gently rapping, rapping,
With a hammer gently tapping,
Tapping on an infant's skull."

Ward is best known by his

"Bees buzzed, and wrens that thronged the rushes
Poured round incessant twittering gushes."

and the inimitable

"Oh, curl in smiles that mouth again,
And wipe that weeper dry!"

I momentarily forget—the world will remember—who wrote :

"His sinuous path, by blazes, wound
Amongst trunks grouped in myriads round."

But it matters nothing. The conclusion of the whole matter is that English is rare—one gets constantly "done" for "did," "took" for "taken," and the like—music rarer still, imagery and thought alike almost never stirring from the commonplace unless to fall into the abyss of the absurd.

I have not exhausted the list of claimants to literary fame; but Mark Twain's "James Ragsdale McClintock," whoever he was, is not really very much worse than the rest.

I have a prize specimen of my own, but (for all I know) he is still living, while this article is principally concerned with the dead, and, besides, I have endeavoured elsewhere to divert the discerning public very greatly with him in an article entirely devoted to so rare a bird.

We can then fold our wings sadly over our faces when