

## ART IN AMERICA

Amelia Welby has these excellent lines. I cannot quote better from any English writer :

"And softly through the forest bars  
Light lovely shapes, on glossy plumes,  
Float even in, like winged stars,  
Amid the purpling glooms."

and keeps it up, more or less, for nearly fifty lines.

But this is a very solitary swallow.

May I be pardoned a note of flippancy in dealing with the rank and file? Their names are forgotten even by their umquihle flatterers. I revive them because one or two of them were most richly endowed by Mr. Robert Ross' favourite 10th Muse—the "Muse of Bad Poetry."

Seba Smith, for instance, became immortal on this :

"But bravely to the river's brink  
I led my warrior train,  
And face to face each glance they sent  
We sent it back again.  
Their werowance looked stern at me,  
And I looked stern at him."

Of the Channings, one need only remark that the uncle was a pedant, and the nephew an ignoramus.

Kentucky, however, produced a very fine few lines from the pen of a Mr. William Wallace.

He saw :

"A swathe of purple, gold and amethyst  
And luminous, behind the billowing mist  
Something that looked to my young eyes like God."

Of course, one might object to mixing purple and amethyst; but the last two lines are first-class. Only—only—only—there it seems to stop. He never wrote anything else.

Anna Lewis talks about "Rapine and Vice" disporting "on Glory's gilded tomb" and "the dark inscrutable decrees of Fate," and we pass rapidly to the Reverend Joel T. Headley, who wrote the most comic account of the Crucifixion that has ever been penned. It is impossible to transcribe it, unless in a professedly religious journal, without risking the ire of Mr. Joseph McCabe and the other supporters of the Laws against Blasphemy.

George P. Morris, of whom I know little but that he