is dead, appears to have been the original of Frederick E. Weatherley and Mr. Clifton Bingham.

There seems also to have been a Robert M. Bird, who would have imitated Sir Walter Scott well enough if his mind had not so constantly wandered.

And there was undoubtedly one Cornelius Mathews, who burst his poetic gun the very first time he fired it.

W. G. Simms was at one time exceedingly popular as a writer of short stories; they resemble those of Poe, but lack alike his genius and his style. Still, they were good enough to alarm the older writer, and perhaps it is a pity that they are now only to be found in the national collections.

Ambrose Bierce has at least one magnificent short story to his credit.

James Russell Lowell is better known in England than any of the last dozen I have mentioned; but his work is altogether without merit. It is the worst Journalese, and the man was hardly better than a political hack. His success is worth no more than that of a new kind of pole-cat might be.

The only touch of true satire that I recall is the excellent

> "I dew believe in Freedom's cause,
> As fur away as Paris is."

Henry James, good or bad, is too important and too *sub judice* to discuss in this brief appreciation of the literary stars that spangle Old Glory.

Another writer well-known in England is Fennimore Cooper. He, again, succeeded chiefly by the novelty of his themes; his method is stilted, and after all he is only boyhood's friend. That I still like him only proves—what everybody knows—that I have never grown up.

But I do like him, and, if pressed, will maintain against the world that his pictures of the manners of an extinct race may be one day the most trustworthy data that posterity can command. (But what has that to do with Art?)

There are some dozens of others, Sprague, Dana, Hulleck, Willis, Hoyt, Hunt, Authon, Bush, Cheever, Mowatt, Francis, English, Stephens, Cranch, Dyckink, Aldrich, Kirkland, Fuller, Epes Sargent, W. W. Lord, Sedgwick, Clark, Walsh, Child, Hewitt Hoffman, Ward,