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we contemplate the past (in this article I avoid dealing with the present) of American literature.

It must, however, be remembered that it dates back very few years indeed. There are no American contemporaries of even Shelley. Why should there have been? They were too busy as pioneers. The only bright spot is the humour; and of course humour is the most perishable of all commodities. American humour, especially, depends almost entirely on local realism; and the railway changes that.

When we turn to Art, it is an even blanker prospect. After Whistler and Sargent, the former not even really an American, and both exiles from America by adoption, there is literally nobody at all till we strike the geological stratum of Penrhyn Stanlaws (whose name is Adamson, and whose birthplace Dundee!) and Charles Dana Gibson, of whose parentage one neither knows nor wishes to know anything.

One may reproach me with forgetting Alexander Harrison, who once painted two quite passable pictures, by accident, at the age of 32 to 33, "The Wave" and "In Arcady." The former of these is actually the first purely marine picture ever painted, and one may consequently class the artist with the immortals for historical importance. But of course he has always lived and worked in France, and he has never added a third passable picture to the former two.

Turn to music: I do not know of anything, except McDowell's work, which even pretends to be ambitious, or to have any real connection with anything beyond musical comedy and dollars.

The only American sculptor that I know of is a Lithuanian living in Paris.

No American actress has made any mark on serious acting, but that question is beside the point. Nearly all actors are Jews, in America as elsewhere. Only one really great singer has hailed from Columbia, and one incomparable dancer. I speak of Jenny Lind and Isadora Duncan.

Even the national hymn, "My country, 'tis of thee," is little better than a parody of "God Save the King"; and I have heard the Imperial Japanese Band at a State festival perform "After the Ball" under the impression