

to me the happy ideal. It is simple and right; he neither obtrudes his materials nor discredits them. The direct accosting of nature in landscape is seen again in the careful, admirable forest interiors of Fitch and Hetzel, and in T. A. Richards. The last has a landscape of the unrelieved green of nature, — the hue it takes, if you have ever seen it, through the camera. Done by a tyro it would have set your teeth on edge, — the plain fields of grass and the cold gray sky without a spot of blue in it, — but it is saved here, although I would not buy it, by a certain nice feeling in its accuracy of rendition. Contrast with it and with the clear coldness of David Johnson the landscapes of Magrath, Earnest Parton, and Bolton Jones of Baltimore. Such a one as the No. 361 of the last affects you somehow as if the air were full of lilies and chiming bells on a summer morning.

If my letter were not a search for tendencies rather than an attempted account of things in their order of merit, I should not have to pass here again, with so bare a mention, Nicoll's closing in of navigation on the Hudson, in which there is a forlorn melancholy, Quartley's charming marine, and Hartley's statue of Whirlwind, — who comes bearing down upon you with knitted brows, the lithe body

twisted upon the hips, the drapery blown back in sharp curves, with immense spirit, — and much beside with none at all.

As a conclusion of the review of the two displays one cannot fail to recognize, without allowing much originality yet to the new contributions, the arrival of a period of much more thorough preparation and knowledge than has ever hitherto prevailed. It must result in no long time in the abolition of a double standard of criticism, which has had to have its tender side for a weak and struggling art, and in a production of pictures on our own side of the water able to compete with the foreign importations on equal terms. As to subjects, what ought to be demanded of the artist is to obtain the greatest possible power of execution, and to keep his sensibility open to all impressions of beauty, blow from what quarter they will. He is our delegate to expound the universe in this particular branch. If he can find beautiful impressions here, so much the better, and it is a patriotic thing to do. If what he can learn at Munich — not forgetting Paris — enables him to render them freely and joyously instead of lamely and with misgivings, then by all means

“Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry.”

Raymond Westbrook.

SPRING-SONG.

BLUSH and blow, blush and blow,
Wind and brier-rose, if you will.
You are sweet enough, I know, —
You are sweet enough, but oh,
Hidden lonely, hidden low,
There is something sweeter still.

Come and go, come and go,
Suns of morning, moons of night,
You are fair enough, I know, —
You are fair enough, but oh,
Hidden darkly, hidden low,
Lies the light that gave you light.

Mrs. Sallie M. B. Piatt.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

THEY were five, and in a row-boat, floating down a Florida creek in this last month of March: four were women, one was a man; all were passably well-looking, all under forty, all more or less literary, and all good-natured. Three were, or had been, "Contributors," and two wanted to be, which does just as well. They were Miss Mary, Cream, Jane, and the Widow; and then there was the Judge.

Cream. In Kismet, you know, they talk about chameleons as though they belonged to Egypt as exclusively as the Sphinx; those on that sweet-gum make the tenth green and the twenty-sixth brown one I've seen this morning. By the way, did any of you notice how exactly the plot of Kismet was like that of Thomas Hardy's Pair of Blue Eyes?

The Judge. Plot is nothing.

Jane. That, Mary, is a mocking-bird; you can tell them by the pert twitch of their tails. And that is a blue bittern, or poor Job. And — Oh, do paddle us across, Judge! There's a particularly big, horrible moccasin at the foot of that cypress, on the long moss. See him?

The Widow. Ugh! yes. Don't go any nearer.

The Judge, contemplatively. About six feet long.

Cream. Do row away. We are not Elsie Venners.

The Judge, rowing down stream. Ladies, I should like to try an experiment. You are all more or less literary —

The Widow. "Generally less." (The Crushed Tragedian.)

The Judge. All intelligent —

The Others. Hear! Hear!

The Judge. You are not likely to confuse the Warners, mingle the Dodges, or mistake Charles Reade for Christian. Now, I want you to tell me, each one of you, on your honor, and without hesitation or attempt at deception, your favorite novel, — beginning with Jane.

Jane. The Mill on the Floss.

Cream. Les Trois Mousquetaires.

The Widow. Pickwick.

Miss Mary. The Heir of Redclyffe.

The Judge. As I have put you on your honor, I suppose I must believe you. But how in the world you can all leave out Fielding and Thackeray —

Cream. Because we are we, and not you.

Miss Mary. Judge, please stand up and pick that tree-orchid.

The Widow. We have more flowers now than we can carry, — loads.

Miss Mary. I did n't want the pinxter flowers and Easter lilies; Cream would bring them. I only wanted those that do not grow at the North, — yellow jessamine, wild orange, the air-plants, the little pinguiculas, the chaptalias or Southern daisies, Cherokee roses, and —

The Judge. Now, ladies, having partially recovered from the Heir of Redclyffe, I ask you to mention, with equal frankness, your favorite poem.

Jane. Wordsworth's Ode to Immortality.

The Widow. Bret Harte's Geological Society on the Stanislaus.

Cream. Evangeline.

Miss Mary. Lucille.

The Judge, despairingly. And Shelley? And Swinburne?

Cream, with excitement. An alligator! Hush, now. Paddle up softly, Judge. His head is turned the other way, and he can't see around the corner of those great calash-tops of horn that protect his eyes. No pun intended, but he is a knobby fellow.

The Widow. Bang him on the back with the oar, Judge; let's see him dive.

Cream. Not yet; I want to look at him. Why won't they ever come out of the water and walk on the bank in profile, like sensible beasts? It's the only good way to see them. They roar and snort here in the summer, they say, so that you can hear them ever so far, — miles.