

Barrundia.*

Haul down the "Flag of Freedom"
And trail it in the dust,
Since it has lost the power to keep
Its highest, holiest trust ;
Since from its clustered stars, the gleam
Is but the phantom light
That lures the fugitive to death
Across the swamp at night.
Shame on the Yankee cruisers
That in San José bay,
Lay like abandoned derelicts
A pistol shot away,
While on the Acapulco's deck
Was wrought the deed of death,
And brave Barrundia yielded up
Beneath their flag—his breath !
A stranger sought the ægis
Of the Republic's fame ;
The guardians of her honour
Smirched her fair face with shame.
Oh ! for a British middy
And a dozen British tars
To have kept undimmed the glory
Of Columbia's crown of stars !
Waiting no captain's orders,
Heedless of legal flaw,
Writing with sword and cutlass
All that they knew of law—
Law to protect the helpless,
To strike assassins down,
Even to suffer death—to win
A deathless deed's renown.

BARRY DANE.

*General Barrundia, ex-Minister of War of Guatemala, while a passenger on board the American steamship Acapulco, from Mexico to San Salvador, was shot on that ship while lying in the port of San José by agents of the existing Guatemalan Government. No effort to defend him was made by the American gunboats lying within sight, although they had been appealed to by the captain of the Acapulco. The commanders of the gunboats declined to interfere without orders from the "Port Captain."

English Landscape Art.

When Cecil Lawson died landscape art seemed, for the moment, to be almost lost to this country. We had then, as we have now, Vicat Cole, Leader, and Keeley Halswelle, and to them we had to cling *faute de mieux*. But where are they now? Vicat Cole travels steadily down the hill to his appointed goal: Leader this year, it is true, almost inspires a hope in the breasts of art lovers that his downward progress has been arrested; and Keeley Halswelle's "Venice—Early Moonrise" (Grosvenor 186) is a welcome surprise. In this pleasing picture the sky is admirably painted; the artist has had the courage to break fresh ground. But neither to these painters nor to such as Millais or Watts—whose laurels, for the most part, have been won on other fields, and who, returning in their old age to landscape, the highest and most exacting of all forms of artistic expression, paint in a manner which clearly shows that for them such giants as Rousseau, Daubigny, Mauve and Corot have never existed—do we look for vital landscape art; in that, to waive, for the moment, all other considerations, their methods place them wholly out of court. Mr. Frederick Goodall's "The Thames from Windsor Castle" bears a strong family likeness to certain boyish performances that I have been permitted to see of one of the most able of this band of young English landscape painters to which I have referred. I allow, of course, that so far as mere painting goes Mr. Goodall's achievement is on a different platform, but Mr. Goodall has reached no higher artistic ground in the prime of his life than this born artist stood on in his earlier days of striving and groping. Mr. Watts and Sir Everett Millais would appear to have found in the unsatisfactory technique of Mr. Vicat Cole and Mr. Leader something worthy of emulation. I am aware that in this I am only half stating and imperfectly stating the case. Old methods die hard. Mr. Sydney Cooper and Mr. H. W. B. Davis continue to paint landscapes with cattle in a way which very properly pleases the stock-rearer, whose art perceptions have received their chief stimulus at the market or fair, based upon the productions of the itinerant dauber, skillful in bringing out points which have no existence save in the imagination of vain or self-interested owners. But neither Mr. Sydney Cooper, nor Mr. Davis, nor Mr. Peter Graham can be held to represent the vital landscape art of this country. It is, as I have already said, in the keeping of younger men, who, although they have not been directly influenced by the Barbizon painters and the other great romanticists affiliated to that school—the men I have in mind, and whom I shall presently mention particularly, are as individual as Michel, Troyon, Corot, Rousseau, Hervier and Daubigny—still, in an historical sense, they must be held to be their associates, while, in an artistic sense, they are their lineal descendants. Could any painter crave a nobler ancestry? I must be distinctly understood. I claim for the young English romanticists full equality—they are the peers (in some instances peers of higher rank) of their French and Dutch forerunners. They are not imitators, they are carrying on and developing the landscape painter's art which, in the hands of those great men, had not only

reached a height it had never attained before, but had become nothing short of a new art; for the work of the romanticists is so far removed in poetry, knowledge and power from any other landscape art known to the world—we get an anticipatory foretaste of it in Cuypp, Ruysdael and Berghem, it is true—that it may be held to be a new art. It bears the same relationship to the landscape art of the pretty school as do the rude drawings on the caves of the Bushmen to the frescoes of Signorelli. While all landscape art in the near future, if it is to have any value, however transitory, however partial, will be tintured with the work of the romanticists, there will be few great painters. A great painter is a great creator; one who conceives original and untried combinations of beautiful objects and effects. Still it will be as impossible in the future for a landscape painter who does not wish to be contemptible to ignore what I may almost call the discoveries of the romanticists, as it is now for the ordinary medical practitioner to ignore the discoveries of Pasteur and Koch. Nevertheless, to accept teachings does not make a great teacher, any more than to be in the vogue makes one a leader of fashion. If, then, I only trust myself to speak with certainty of a limited number of landscape painters, for whose art this high place can be fairly claimed, it is because one must see a good deal of any given painter's work, and work the doing of which has spread itself over a considerable period of time, before one can feel absolutely sure of the staying power or the originative genius of the painter in question. Many are called, but few are chosen. A great artist is, as I have said—a great creator, he himself is a great creation; another entity added to the world of being. This is so although he is eclectic, gathering up and selecting from that which has gone before; the best of it. But he is not a reflex; he gives back with a difference. He neither repeats others nor does he repeat himself.—James Stanley Little, in the "Artist."

Herrick.

I.
Thou wast a birth of Morn;—yet not the star
Lamp of his throne—so silent, and so far;
A mellow light, leaned low,
Where all the hills could know;
Or hap, the home-flame on the hearth
With wit's warm sparkles still caressing earth,
Thy most familiar muse, without disguise,
Cometh with safe allurements to our eyes;
Thou breakest like a sun thro' all thy sphere,
And sound'st a joyful clarion on the ear,
Singing,—Rejoice! rejoice!
With a most May-glad voice.

II.

England's Elysian Field, mead o' the mind,
With daisies plenteous sown;
Where a hid tangle of young brooklets wind
And all the winds of Arcady have blown!—
In thee young virgins rove and dream—
Perilla, Sappho, Dianeme—
And infants in the dawning sport alone.
There by the margents may we walk,
And with olden poets talk;
And pluck us flowers of fadeless phantasy,
Dabbling our hands with the dew-dripping lea,—
The sunrise of our youth not left behind;—
O, rich domain!
Shall we not come again and breathe in thee?
Spirit of fresh delight!
Yield us thy jocund might.
Shalt thou not come, and o'er our hearts again
Fall like glad sunshine and the gently-dropping rain?

III.

Faint elmy tenderness,—ethereal green,—
Soft phantom-beauty, seen
On frilled and fluted tips in lofty-lighted eve!
Gazing, our youth gleams on us ray'd through tears;
So, when thy page appears,
The dancing lights start up the leaves between;
The subtle joy strikes home, and still most tenderly we grieve.

Thus does the open Primrose shine,
The Rose new-blossom from thy line,
The Lily in a crystal live,
As thou th' unfading shrine may give;
While all life's glancing waves express
A sympathetic cheerfulness.
And while we hear thee mourn the Daffodils
Each thoughtful pulse a sweet compassion fills.
So, later, one upon the fields of Ayr
Carroll'd his joy and musical despair,—
Challeng'd the birds on ev'ry thorny tree.
For dreaming memory turns amain
To his immortal bliss and pain,
Thy brother-bard and generous mate,
Who wept the Daisy's kindred fate;
Musing, while yet th' unbounded flower was fair,
The drooping, the decay, the fading, that must be.

IV.

Hesperia's Garden, full of dainty plots,
Fantastic set, and quaintly bordered;
What golden fruits in thee,
From many a laden tree,
Fall at our feet, as down thy walks we tread!
There, simply set, or in fraternal knots,

The flowers we love their olden perfume shed,—
Where the "fair Daffodils" we weep for grew;
Where dawn the golden hours
And drop the honeyed showers,
And Oberon's chalice holds its sop of fairy dew.

V.

Wild blossom-world, alive with minstrelsy,
Where, on smooth-shaven lawns,
Caper light maiden feet in twinkling glee;
Thou lightest up from immemorial dawns
Immortal May-days, which shall summon down
Drowsy Corinnas, to o'ertrip the lea;
While drowns low the bee
To all who roving be,—
The rose-lip'd maid, and gentles brave and brown.

VI.

Fair is thine England,—blossomed from the sea;
Great are her bards, but truer none than thee—
To all her ancient life; for Nature laid
Thy heart unto her lips, whereon she played
A flute-like carol of bucolic glee;
So, as thou comest near,
We evermore may hear
Laughter of wasteless brooks, re-echoing clear;
Joys spring like birds, while cloud-white sorrows show
Fleet shadows of a flying gayety,—
Winged shapes, whose fleeting, gray uncertainty
Can no continuance know.

VII.

Fair is thine England,—not less bloomy fair;
But thou, her sparkling soul, art thou not there!
Singing of brooks, of blossoms, birds and bowers,
Of April, May, of June, and July flowers;
Singing of May-boles, hock-carts, wassails, wakes,
Of bridegrooms, brides, and of their bridal cakes!
See, thou remainest still; we hear thy voice;
For, while we wait, thou bringest us anew
Mirth's rich profusion, Music's accent true,
And biddest not to sorrow, but rejoice!
Fair is thine England; fair thy native scene—
Thy leafy Devon still puts forth her green;
Pierces her dingles the re-echoing horn;
The wild Dean Borne sings of its old renown,
And, high aloft, o'er many a dale and down,
The lark is shouting in the ear of morn.

ARTHUR J. LOCKHART.

Balzac's Commission.

Curmer had conceived the idea of the publication to be called "Les Français peints par eux-mêmes," and came to Balzac to secure his support and contributions. Balzac accepted, on condition that the work should include a study of Balzac and his work, to be written by Théophile Gautier. Curmer accepted the condition. Balzac rushed to the Rue de Navaria, where Gautier was then living, and offered him the commission, which was accepted with joy. "The price," said Balzac, "will be 500f." Théophile had soon written the article and taken it himself to the publisher, but was too modest to ask for the payment. A week passed, a fortnight passed, and he heard nothing more of the article or of Balzac. One fine day Balzac came to see him and said, "I do not know how to thank you. Your article is a masterpiece. As I thought ready money might not come amiss to you, I have brought the amount agreed on with me." So saying he put down 250f. "But," said Gautier timidly, "I thought you said it was to be 500f. Of course, it was my mistake."
"Not at all," Balzac replied; "you are perfectly right. It was to be 500f. But just think a moment. If I had never lived you could never have said all the fine things you have said of me. That is obvious. Without my existence there would have been no article—without the article there would have been no money. Very well, I take half the money as the subject of the article. I give you half as its author. Is not this justice?"
"The justice of Solomon," answered Gautier, and, what is more, he always thought so.—Longman's Magazine.

Remembrance.

Earth cannot bind me when I think of thee,
Drawn am I upward by mysterious ties;
I then can hear sweet minstrels of the skies
Touching melodious chords that say to me—
Heaven's first dawning lies in woman's eyes.
Aylmer, P. Q. DIXIE.

Seasonable Advice.

A SOUND, healthy person takes no harm from a slight chill, and if in the late summer and in autumn we accustom ourselves to cool rooms and but a moderate amount of clothing, we are so much the better prepared for winter. The matter is, of course, especially important to merchants, lawyers, and others who spend most of the day in offices. I have seen learned counselors panic-stricken by the raising of a window, and I understand that some judges would probably fine for contempts of court anybody who would introduce a current of pure air with their jurisdiction. No wonder that litigation thrives in a bad atmosphere.—Boston Post.