

Williams, Jackson, Powis (a scarcely known name), and two Americans—Anderson, who closely copied Bewick, and Adams. The thirteenth chapter is significantly headed "In the Winter." Here Mr. Linton reviews the art in what he considers to be its decadence, "the falling into imitation of copper-plate engraving through abandoning the 'white line' engraving of Bewick and his pupils." He writes strongly, but fairly and without harshness, of the faults that he finds in late English work, in the French Doré engravings, and in the "new departure" in America. His strictures should command attention, and will doubtless provoke criticism. The volume concludes with a brief chapter on Chiaroscuro.

Truly, for Mr. Linton, "life hath not been too long." Let us hope that, when he has issued *The Masters of Wood-Engraving*, he may be induced to give us his Reminiscences. While his enthusiasm burns as brightly as ever, his judgment has been strengthened and sweetened by the flying years.

On the Poetry of Artifice.

(From the Persian.)

"Within this verse (quoth DICK) you see
There's not a single A. or B."
"Why not (said NED) go farther yet,
And leave out *all* the alphabet?"

AUSTIN DOBSON.

