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LITERARY CRITICISM.

M'HENRY AND COOPER, THE NOVELISTS.

In a late number of the Mirror we gave an extract from a review of Dana's writings, which we consider a master-piece in that department of literature; its sound philosophy cannot be surpassed, and its beauty of composition is seldom equalled. Our readers will recollect that its tone was unqualified approval of the work it treated upon. In order to a pleasant variety, we will now give them an extract from a review, which savours very strongly of unqualified condemnation. It is taken from the Knickerbocker for July—a number, which it is sufficient praise to say is better than any of its predecessors. We are not, generally, in favour of very severe criticism, because we doubt its utility, and because we think an author's feelings are always entitled to some regard. But there are cases of stupidity in a writer, which we cannot overlook without tacitly compromising our own understanding; and there are instances of half-witted, conceited foreigners' denouncing, in the capacity of critics, all that belongs to American literature, which we have no patience to think of, and no disposition to spare. The instance before us is so fruitful as to produce both of these claims to a "knock-down argument," and from the bottom of our hearts we rejoice that the case is taken in hand by a man so fully competent to manage it. After bestowing upon our American poets a well-deserved panegyric, and ingeniously comparing them to the distinguished writers of Great Britain, the reviewer thus serves up an individual who has made it his principal business to abuse all the attempts of Americans at authorship; to say nothing of certain insignificant persons in the mother country, such as Scott, Byron, etc., who have been thought to possess some claims to literary distinction.—EDS. N. Y. MIRROR.

AMERICAN POETS AND THEIR CRITICS.

"It is difficult to describe a *live critic*, without some particulars. Johnson and Gifford gave those, each for himself. In the present case we shall eschew all personality, which we condemn—and in giving a few points of an author, shall avoid touching the man.

"*Impetuous*—there is, in the city of brotherly love, on the corner of one of its rectangular thoroughfares, a small store, or shop, in which is sold Irish linen—whether ready-made or not, we cannot tell. It is the mart of a Quarterly Critic—once a practiser of the Galenian art, and, as we have learned, with a success equalling the Asclepiad of yore. In Hibernia he was "raised;" to America he came—in Philadelphia he pitched his tent; and, rejecting physic, took to trade, in which he now transacts a decent business, in a small way. We mention these biographical items in the outset, as arguments that his profession is neither literary nor akin to it; and that he is, consequently, quite unable to serve both Mercury and Apollo at once.

"Speculation, however, is the spirit of the age; and our censor determined not to be entirely occupied in the linen line. Accordingly he "came the evil eye" over an unfortunate publisher, who consented to issue a monthly magazine and Review of Literature under his supervision. Previous to this, we should remark, he put forth a poem entitled "The Pleasures of Friendship," a mediocre volume, containing, we venture to assert, more palpable plagiarisms than can be found in any book of its size in Christendom. The magazine was begun—and with it began the criticisms of the editor. Beside these operations, he had other irons in the fire—he had novels in embryo. Before alluding to these, we will show the gradations by which our critic rose to the acquisition of his present acumen as a quarterly reviewer.

"When this monthly was in its maturity, the reputation of Lord Byron was at its height. They who once blamed, had become eulogists; the best intelligences of both hemispheres were warmed by his genius, and vocal in his praise. But our profound reviewer cared for none of these things. He expressed great commiseration for the noble poet. He speaks of him in his work, as a man 'whose heavy volumes of stanzas have pestered the world—a mere titled *rhymester*—the author of a mass of bobbling, teeth-grinding poetry; the major portions of whose writings possess not the smallest particle of the soul of poetry;' and after an assortment of criticisms, quite equal to the foregoing, he lumps the merits of Byron in the following summary passage: 'That in the multiplicity of his lordship's writings we should, by dint of industrious research, discover some easy flowing passages and brilliant ideas, is not so much to his credit—for we can find the same things in the dull herosics of Sir Richard Blackmore.' Finally, Byron is advised by our Aristarchus, in 1824, to quit poetry, wherein he is so deficient, and turn his attention to prose, in which he might hope for decent success.

"Nothing seems to have yielded this critic more unqualified delight than the death of Lord Byron. It gave a clearer field for his publications—it 'left the world for Aias to battle in.' His ecstasies on hearing of that sad event, were irrepressible. He came forth with a *Te Deum* in his review, from which we make a few extracts: 'Wo, now,' saith he, 'to these writings (the admirers of Byron)—who have neither ears to discover harmony, nor skill to count numbers—who mistake rhymes for wit—the great Dagon of their idolatry is no more! Well may they raise the al-ni-loo; who he belied the crowd into the reading of bad English, who inflicted upon men of good taste the puerile of perusing bobbling numbers and false rhymes, have withdrawn from the scene of his exploits! Bellow forth, ye rugged verse-lovers, till ye split your lungs with lamentations! Stiff, unwieldy couplets, or barbarous Spenserians, made the vehicles of unnatural quaintness or affected originality of ideas, have no longer a spark of nobility to dignify them, or give them attraction to the unreflecting multitude.

"Our reviewer's opinions of Sir Walter Scott, (a gentleman of Abbotford, North Britain, who wrote some novels and poetry,) are kindred with those he entertained of Lord Byron. He speaks of him as 'an unknown Scotchman;' and of certain Waverley novels—that received by far the most praise on their appearance, and continue to be cherished with fond admiration by every reader of taste—as 'slovenly and insipid productions—abounding with affected sentimentality, blackguards and

scoundrels, common as thistles in a Scotch glen; with sheepish heroes, foot-balls to every one that might choose to kick them.' These 'blundering works,' he condemns in toto; calls them 'disgraceful literary manufactures, common-place, and stupidly constructed.' In conclusion, he gave it as his candid opinion, that 'the sooner Sir Walter Scott ceased to write, the better for himself and the public.' This, reader, was when the author of Waverley was covered with renown, and after he had produced some of his most immortal productions!

"It is well known that Sir Walter Scott was a fervent admirer and friend of Washington Irving. His letter, warmly commending the efforts of our celebrated countryman, published last year in a daily journal of high authority, expressed the ardour of the baronet's esteem and respect for the author of Knickerbocker. He has also applauded him, publicly, in Peveril of the Peak. We regret to say, that our critic has as contemptuous an idea of Sir Walter's opinions, as of his works. We can best show how widely he differs from the author of Waverley, respecting Irving, by quoting his opinions of that writer, as contained in the Philadelphia Monthly Review. In that periodical he speaks of Geoffrey Crayon as a scribbler of 'skip-along, trim-the-hop, popping prose; whose Sketch Book abounds with heavy disagreeable matter, betraying throughout little merit but imitation.' Those portions which the world has decided to be the best and most graphic, are pronounced 'absolutely silly, fit only for the pages of two-penny primers, to amuse children.' The utmost credit conceded to Geoffrey, is, that his productions may possibly beguile a dull hour, or please a blue-stocking; but farther than this the critic can recognize no merit in them. With true Hibernian simplicity, he asks respecting these eminent works: 'What lesson do they teach? What information do they convey? What impression do they make?—and adds—'We cannot see their value.' He confesses that they are popular and successful; but he imputes the cause to the bribery and corruption of the Edinburgh and London reviewers, by the booksellers, to help Irving along!

"A very general, though it would seem erroneous impression, has prevailed, and is still cherished, both in Europe and America, with regard to the style of Irving. Ripe scholars and real critics, everywhere, have given their suffrages in favour of this style, as possessing quiet sweetness and ease; pure as the Latin in 'Augustus' golden age,' or the English, in the Elizabethan. But these men have been all in the wrong. Our Longinus can see, in this far-famed style, neither comeliness nor grace. He protests that 'it reminds him of a boy moving awkwardly on stilts, who is straining every nerve to prevent a downfall!'

"The popular poets of the Union did not escape the visitations of our reviewer. He finished Halleck, in few words, by pronouncing him an inveterate doggerelist—a man capable of throwing the most common and contemptible ideas into metre.' Percival suffers in the same pillory. So great is the favour of the critic in relation to this gentleman, that he delivers himself in verse. We hope the reader will excuse the profanity. It is a way the reviewer has of his own, and we give his lines verbatim:

"As for our poets, d— them, one and all,
Except the negrin-haunted Percival;
For his are lays that suit the Theban taste,
By sense unburthened, nor by music graced."

"In farther discussing Percival's merits, this literary Daniel takes occasion to remark, that the charms, both of prose and poetry, is simplicity; and he illustrates this charm as follows:—'Mr. Percival would seem to think that harmony of cadence and musical numbers were mere incumbrances upon the wild freedom with which the nine deities should be permitted to drag us through all the entanglements and confusions of an ill-assorted, unconnected, and heterogeneous mass of cogitations, conglomerated into one indefinable collection, by the wondrous instrumentality of that mighty father of discordance and grotesque originality, known by the name of haphazard.' Here is the prose style of this lover of simplicity!

"It gives us pleasure to turn from cast-off bards, to a poet who has won the suffrages of our critic. In a review of the 'Mountain Muse,' (a crude, youthful production, now forgotten, and of which its amiable author, Mr. Bryan, of Alexandria, is heartily ashamed,) he says, 'This poem, though long, manifests an immense genius, equal to that of Byron, or Percival. In the tuneful movement of his strains, Mr. Bryan is much their superior.'

"It may well be supposed that all these consistent specimens of acumen did their author no credit. He was derided by the best writers throughout the country. The ridicule he excited, awakened his angry muse; he buried his rowels in his Pegasus, and 'rode in mud.' We doubt whether the most frenzied effusions of Nat. Lee are wilder than the doggerels composed by our author, in reply to his critics. But as some of his own brain-born progeny were just then extant, policy whispered him that he should conciliate these high authorities in his favour. His novel of the Wilderness had appeared. He had transported copies of it to the North American Review, and was looking with painful anxiety to see them duly lauded. His eulogies upon that work, therefore, were cordial in the extreme. His review teemed with its praise. We can only find room for the following sentences:—

"The North American is one of the fairest reviews of the day. It has always advanced something of its own, to prove that it could be boldly original when it pleased. On the whole, we have found a spirit of candour, and a vein of good sense, generally to pervade the work, which induces us to esteem it one of the most useful publications of the age."

"Whether the North American Review appeared sooner than its eulogist expected, we know not; but it reached Philadelphia before his monthly went to press. It contained a notice of the Wilderness; but alas! it was such a one as the author was not prepared to see. The reviewer, after a few judicious remarks as to what ought to constitute an American novel, thus analyzes the Wilderness:—

"By casting an eye over these pages, it will be seen at a glance, that the art of writing an American novel, is neither more nor less than the art of describing, under American names, such scenes as are in no respect American, peopling them with adventurers from all quarters of the globe, except America, with a native or two here and there, noting as no American ever acts, and talking a language which on the other side of the water may pass for American simply because it is not English. Thus the chief dramatic personae of the Wilderness are a Scotch Irishman, (by which we mean an Irishman who talks Scotch), an American Irishman, (by which we mean an Irishman born in America), with an Irish Irishman, (by which we mean Paddy himself,) for his servant; a sort of mad Indian, who turns out to be a Franchified Scotchman; together with General Washington, and a few other sacre nondescripts. The plot is carried on by means of the wars of the last century, between the French and English settlers of our western wilderness, and the loves of General Washington, who plays the double part of Romeo among the ladies, and Alexander the Great among the Indians, with signal success."

"After describing some of those *lusus nature* characters with which the Wilderness abounds, and giving a slight insight into its undefinable plot, the reviewer proceeds:

"But it is time to introduce another hero, who acts a most conspicuous part in the progress of the tale. Upon the return of Mr. Adderly (one of the heroes) to Philadelphia, for the purpose of giving an account of himself to the Ohio company, the governor of Virginia despatches Mr. George Washington, who is spoken of as 'a very respectable-looking young man, on an embassy to the French government at Fort de Beau, to demand an explanation of the recent outrages committed by his people on the Indians, at their instigation, against the British settlers. Not long after, as the heroine and Miss Nancy Frazer were sitting under a tree together, as romantically as possible, Miss Nancy listening, and Miss Maria reading 'with a tenderness and pathos of manner which showed that her whole soul was enrapt with the delightful strains in which the poet of the seasons has told his sweetest tale:'

"Maria had just pronounced the following exquisite lines:

"He saw her charming, but he saw not half
The charms her downcast modesty concealed,"

when Nancy happening to direct her attention to one side, perceived a white man (the reader should bear it in mind that Washington was a white man!) leaning against a tree, scarce three yards distant. She immediately started to her feet in surprise, crying out:

"Oh! Maria! here is a white stranger!"

"This 'white stranger' was Washington. The ladies shortly after escorted him to their house. Here they placed feed before the father of his country, in the shape of cakes and metheglin. The author makes Washington eat merely to gratify the ladies, one of whom asks him, with great tenderness of manner, why he does not 'use' more of her virtuels? After this, Washington becomes very intimate with Miss Frazer; delivers long speeches to her whenever a chance offers; fights Indians and makes love 'off and on,' and finally ascertains that Miss Frazer is engaged. The North American Reviewer gracefully sums up these and ten thousand other improbable adventures, such as Washington's dancing jigs at parties; dressing in the character of an Indian chief, with leggins, porcupine quills, etc. and keeping nocturnal appointments, while, to use the words of the author, 'the earth was wrapt in a tolerably thick mantle of darkness.' The review is perfectly fair; none of the incidents are distorted, and the ridicule is natural. Its humour and justice were universally acknowledged.

"This article altered the opinions of the author of the Wilderness, respecting the North American Review, at once. Stung by the ridicule which the paper on his work excited, and panting for satisfaction, he came out—in the self-same number containing the plaudits that we have quoted—with the abjoined appendix. It is the most notable specimen of word-eating on record:

"Degeneracy of the North American Review!"

"In the leading article of our present number, we complimented this Review for the honesty it had hitherto displayed in its animadversions on authors. When we committed that compliment to paper, we were far from expecting that we should so soon have to change our opinion. The sheet containing it, however, was hardly printed off, when the Review for the present quarter fell into our hands, and afforded decisive and melancholy proof that it no longer continues the honest and able journal of criticism we have so long esteemed it!"

"Pursuing this topic in the same number, this author asks, with a feeling of injured self-complacency: 'To what principle in human nature are we to ascribe this ill-natured feeling of the critics? It is to envy; it is to a dread of being surpassed in literary reputation!'

"This 'degenerate' article of the North American Review finished our critic as an author. The feebleness of his invention, the emptiness of his pretensions, and his utter ignorance of every attribute calculated to make a real American novel, were fully established. His self-esteem, however, was insatiable; and so novel after novel oozed from his cerebellum, and fell dead-born from the press! Finally he began to fancy that romance was not his forte, and renewed his suit with the nine!"

"On this point of evidence in his literary history, we feel completely posed. We are surrounded with gems of various waters; we are in a Wilderness of flowers—and how shall we cull them? We feel like Franklin's little philosopher, with the superfluous apples. Our author has written on all subjects, on Ireland, and the far West; on the Sun and also the Moon; on land and sea—*arvorum et sidera cæli*. Our only method is to plunge at once into this vast collection of themes, and select the best. As the present month is particularly patriotic in its associations, we commence with the following quadrains. They 'came out of the author's mind, on account of seeing some ladies fetching a walk,' one fourth of July. We have only room for fragments. The reader is desired to note the numerous possessives in the first verse, and the blending of past and present in the other stanza. Well was it written on the glorious fourth. It celebrates the union of the tenases:

"Columbia's fair, a lovely train,
All ardent in your country's cause;
With glowing hearts ye join the strain,
That sings the birth of freedom's laws."

"Dependent on a stranger's will,
Your sires long owned a tyrant lord,
Their wrongs on wrongs increasing still,
While tyrants no relief afford."

"There are two qualities strikingly manifest in this critic's metre—namely his rhyming words, and a peculiar system of joining a whole line together with matrimonial hyphens. In an effusion on early scenes, he gives us the subjoined lines. It is not for us to instruct so able a poet in the art of verse; but we make bold to suggest, that if the *o* were taken out of 'joy,' in the annexed stanza, its rhythmus would be considerably eased:

"For then, if ills or fears invade,
The lightsome spirit bids them fly;
And then th' impressions strong are made,
Of ne'er-to-be-forgotten joy."

"The quality exhibited in this last line, to wit, that of compound compression, by means of the conjunctive hyphen, is beyond all praise. We know nothing to exceed it, save the remarks of the Morning Post, in Horace Smith's Rejected Addresses, where the people are informed that 'they may expect soon to be supplied with vegetables, in the in-general-strewn-with-cabbage-stalks-but-on-Saturday-night-lighted-up-with-lamps market of Covent-garden.'

"It is perhaps in the elegiac stanza that our critic's poetry runs the

smoothest. Witness the following, from a long and strong strain, near the grave of a rural poet in Ireland. The rhyme is ineffably grand. The only improvement that could be proposed, would be to spell the last word in the first line, deserts, instead of the present mode. We think it might give the metre a benefit, but we make the suggestion with profound diffidence:

Turn to you hut, the falling roof deserts—
There genius long her darling will deplore;
His country owned him as—a man of parts—
She owned him such—but—ah! she did no more!

"No man is fonder than our author of a strain. It is a constant operation with him. Thus:

—'To the Indian shines the gem in vain,
The richest product of his native fields,
The tiger crushes, with regardless strain,
The loveliest flower the sylvan desert yields.'

"Now we are not intimate with wild animals, having but a slight, mercenary acquaintance with them: but we believe the tiger must be a weaker beast than naturalists are aware of, if he is obliged to strain much in crushing a flower.

"Here comes a strain in another verse; or rather a verse in another strain:

'Now to the lonely wood or desert vale,
With lengthened stride, he hurries o'er the plain;
And mutters to the wind his wayward tale,
Or chants abrupt, a discontented strain.'

"This, be it remembered, is the gait of a musing, melancholy bard. Now, the walk of a thoughtful man is solemn and slow. He gives his pensive fancies to the air beneath a beech at noon-tide, or he saunters in listless idleness along. Who but our author would represent him, 'locomoting' on a long dog-trot over the bogs of his neighbourhood, or going ahead like the famous steamboat of Davy Crockett, that jumped all the sawyers in the Mississippi?

"An amatory effusion, addressed by this writer to a virgin of his acquaintance, commences thus:

'Maid, of the lovely-rolling eye!'

"In truth, he appears always to have preferred Venus to Minerva, and a defective education was the result, which is everywhere exhibited in his writings. He tells us that he used to throw his books to the dogs,

—'And, mingling in the sprightly train,
In many a gambol, scoured the plain.'

"Indeed he is candid enough to say, expressly,

—'I boldly shunned the school,
And scorning all distracting rule,
The dreaded master's voice behind,
I thought I heard in every wind.'

"A person conversant with the writings of Gray, might fancy a kind of plagiarism here, from the following lines in the Ode to Eton College, where, speaking of school-boys, he sings:

—'Still as they run, they look behind—
They hear a voice in every wind,' etc.

"But we will be merciful. The similitude is merely one of the thousand and nine strange coincidences with common English authors, in which all the verses of this very original writer abound. In this particular instance he was excusable for imagining that he heard a voice in the wind, and for saying so in his rhymes, since his stolen relaxation was very suspicious. He went, he says, to meet a young woman,

—'With charms divine, that first could move,
And fire my youthful soul to love,
And show the hawthorn in the mead,
To whose well-known, concealing shade,
In evenings cool we oft would stray.'

"He remarks, also, that being thus cozily situated, under the hawthorn aforesaid, they concluded 'to bring the vale to witness their tale,' and that 'she was kind, and he was blest.' Particulars are omitted. It is possible that this is the same maid whom he immortalizes in another production, and to whom comfort is administered, just as the twin are leaving Ireland for Philadelphia, in the following affectionate and hopeful lines:

'We need not grieve now, our friends to leave now,
For Erin's fields we again shall see,
But first a lady in Pennsylvania,
My dear, remember thou art to be!'

"Here, capricious in luxury, we must pause, and turn to another department in which our critic has excelled—namely, in the drama.

"His first tragedy was called 'The Usurper,' and although it was a most deplorable failure, yet the author strenuously contended that it was no fault of his. Everything that benevolence could suggest was done to make it live, and to reanimate it after death—but in vain. Prometheus himself could not have revived it, with all the authentic fire of Jove. To herald its advent, every possible exertion was made in the newspapers, under the immediate direction of the author. How many were the free admissions—how numberless the antecedent puffs which he caused to be manufactured, or else produced himself! all setting forth, in sugared phraseology, that 'our gifted fellow-townsmen, Dr. McH.—y, would appear as a dramatist on such a night!' It was even publicly hinted, by a friendly journalist, at our author's special solicitation, that 'it was understood that the seats were nearly all taken, and that all who desired to witness a first representation, must make immediate application at the box-office!' But alas! the tragedy was inflicted but twice upon an exceedingly sparse audience, and then expired. The cause of its premature demise was explained at length to the public at the time, by the author, and proved to be, that the actors were jealous of the writer's reputation! 'Sir,' said he to an unfortunate gentleman whom he held by the button in Chestnut-street—'the decline of this production was principally owing to one of the supernumeraries. He was despatched to secure a distinguished prisoner, one of the heroes of the play. When he returned without him, he should have replied thus to the question, 'Where's your prisoner?'

'My lord, we caught him, and we held him long—
But as d—d fate decreed, he 'scaped our grasp,
And fled.'

Now, sir, this is poetry; it stirs the blood, and makes an audience feel very uneasy. And how do you think that elegant passage was spoken? Why, it was done in this wise:

Quest.—'Well, have you catch'd the prisoner?
Ans.—'Yes, sir—we catch'd him, but we could not
Hold him,—and he's off.'

That very passage, my friend, together with the pre-disposed stupidity of the audience, ruined my tragedy, and it is lost to the stage.

"But these reverses did not damp the vanity of our author. Though the public condemned and laughed, yet his familiar friends looked upon all the works that he had made, and pronounced them good. Thus, The Usurper, though dead and buried, was duly glorified in the American Quarterly Review. A laboured analysis of its incomprehensible plot was given, and 'its sweetness, tenderness, and simplicity,' set forth by extracts!

"Animated by these partial plaudits, our dramatist turned his attention to comedy. Feeling indignant at the unbending Mordcais of the critical world, he determined to crucify them all, emblematically. So he wrote a piece, called 'Love and Poetry.' This lived two nights. One passage only is preserved in the memory of the hearers. The hero, a

poet, was made to commit a highway robbery; and his poor old father, lamenting the infatuated criminality of his boy, exclaims, in a burst of parental anguish—

'Alas! my brain is wild—my heart is sad—
And, as 'tis troublesome to tarry here,
Where every thing reminds me of my son,
I think, upon reflection, I will go,
And live in the western country!'

"On the second representation, at the theatre in Walnut-street, the old circus, there were about a dozen persons in the boxes—perhaps twenty in the pit—and one enterprising cyprian in the third tier. The piece was listened to with great solemnity. It was written for amusement, but the author had the fun all to himself. So irresistibly comic was it, that there was scarcely a smile during the whole performance. The friends of the writer, unwilling to be 'in at the death' of his comedy, had staid away. They knew it would be dismal to look upon the bantling of a fellow-townsmen, in artifice mortis, and they spared themselves the trial. The curtain descended, and sundry peanut-eating pittings, (who lay along on several benches, each occupying two or three,) made an unwhimsical call for the author. He arose from his solitude in the second box, second tier, where he had ensconced himself, and said—

"Ladies and gentlemen—I thank you for this triumphant mark of esteem and honour. It is not on account of pecuniary considerations that I thank you, for I perceive by a glance at the house, that the avails will not be extensive; but, ladies and gentlemen, I am thankful for the glory; (and here he smote his breast with sonorous emphasis,) 'the undying glory which I feel at this moment. Ladies and gentlemen, I thank you all.'

"This was the last of our critic's dramatic productions. He has since attended to the linen trade, and occupied the stool of poetical criticism in the American Quarterly Review. All the long, dull articles in that periodical from first to last on the subject of American poetry, have been from his pen. The drift of them generally is, to show that there is not and cannot be such a thing as American verse, and that in this particular the only way to succeed, is to abandon the idea of any independent literature of our own, and trust for that commodity to transatlantic producers.

"We cannot enumerate the various critiques in which this same sweet bard has destroyed all the chief minstrels of the land; but the ideas of the American Quarterly, with respect to the merits of BRYANT, are too peculiar to be lost. It is true, that they differ in the matter from the recorded opinions of every eminent review in Europe—but then taste is taste, and there is no accounting for it. The productions of Bryant are esteemed, by this Philadelphia quarterly, as utterly devoid of any qualities to excite the reader's curiosity or interest his heart. 'Page after page,' it says, 'may be perused, if the reader has sufficient patience, with dull placidity, or rather perfect unconcern, so that the book shall be laid aside without a single passage having been impressed upon the mind as worthy of recollection.'

"Now, when opinions like these are advanced, in utter opposition to the whole world of letters—in defiance of taste and sense—the question naturally arises, Who judges thus foolishly? This, as far as the American Quarterly Review is concerned, we have endeavoured to show in the foregoing pages, and in so doing, have set down nought in malice. The choice morsels of biography that we have presented, are inseparable from the works of our author; they are, moreover, notorious. The moral of all is, that our literature has been long enough degraded by alien intruders, who have neither learning nor genius, and by those enemies of the most dignified interests of the country, who have aided and abetted their shallow pretensions. Were it likely that a discontinuance of the evil is at hand, we might be content to let such literary empirics make themselves as ridiculous as they please. But when, because anonymous, their bad taste infects even a limited number of readers, their influence becomes offensive. The divine Plato, in his immortal dialogue of Protagoras, tells us, that in the arts, it is only the opinions of those who are themselves gifted and skillful, that ought to be respected. And what kind of skill, by our present unbiased showing, has been evinced by this critic? He is a walking synonym for a failure, in every thing. We are told on good authority, though the work has not yet reached us, that in the last number of the American Quarterly, our Aristarchus is at his work again. He confesses the general popularity of several American poets, but lays the blame on the press and the public. He thinks that both should be slow to commend, and be careful not to be gulled. Such advice comes with miserable grace from the author. His insatiate hunger for praise, and his continual applications for it, of the editorial fraternity of Philadelphia, are proverbial. And, as to deceiving the public, we place him at our bar, and ask him to establish his own innocence. Did he not once determine to take the general applause by storm, and on the publication of one of his unhappy novels, repeatedly stop the press, and cause second, third, and fourth editions to be inserted in the title-page of the same impression? Was not the third edition for sale at the book-stores before the first was bound? Was not the same system adopted with several of his other works, the plagiarized 'Pleasures of Friendship,' especially? Any Philadelphia bookseller can answer these queries much more readily than our critic would like to admit them. It is only by such modes of grasping at ephemeral praise, through trickery, coupled with advance eulogies and surmises in newspapers:

'o! augurio, a la bugia,
E chromanti, ed ogni fallace arte,
Sorte, indovini, e falsa profezia,—

that this critic has ever been honoured, even with ridicule. All his articles have proceeded from the ignoblest private motives, either of hope or of retaliation. Thus, the argument spoken of as contained in his last Review—namely, that we have yet no great, long poem, no big book of American metre, and that there is now a want of it—is only to herald a manuscript volume of his, in some nineteen books, which he has just been obliged to send to London, because the publishers on this side of the water cannot see its merits. It has been shown about very generally, and we learn, is similar to Emmons' Fredonid, only of greater length. It is 'clept 'The Antediluvians,' and we venture to say if any hapless London bookseller is seduced into its publication, that the first copy which reaches America will be lauded in a certain quarter, under the author's direct supervision, as a work, unparalleled, unequalled, equal to Klopstock or Milton in sublimity—superior to Pope in harmony, and a touch beyond any thing ever produced in the United States, for 'sweetness, tenderness, and simplicity!' We wait patiently for its coming.

We believe our readers will coincide in our opinion, that there is very little left of this second McGrawler—this contemporary editor of a contemporary Asineum. But we have now to ask their attention to another subject.

The writer in the Knickerbocker intimates that no one but a foreigner could or would transform himself into a baboon for the sake of ridiculing and abusing Americans; but he was unmindful of the inordinate ambition of the author of "A Letter to his Countrymen, by J. Fenimore Cooper;" he did not bethink himself that this man is equally determined and prepared to distance all competitors, whether the race be fame or shame; he will have no rival in any thing. We are much gratified to see that this last philippic has not been uttered with impunity, but has received the nearly unanimous denunciation of the American press. No previous bantling of this novelist has raised such a hue and cry; nor has any one been handled with such appalling severity. We have been highly entertained in reading these various strictures, and were quite overcome with the sly humour of our old correspondent in the

Claret-Coloured Coat. He appeared, in the American of June twenty-first, with a close parody on Mr. Cooper's letter, and we will now lay the same before our readers, confident that they will welcome so agreeable an acquaintance. The satire of this piece is in Cassio's best style, and it must be a bitter pill to Mr. Cooper. In fact, no two chastisements were ever better deserved than this and the one from the Knickerbocker; the "American Walter Scott," and the "American Peter McGrawler;" both wantonly provoked their respective attacks, and we shall be much disappointed if they survive them. A word seems to be necessary, here, to vindicate our self-consistency. Mr. Cooper's letter, and the notice of it in the Mirror of July fifth, were both published during our absence from the city; and we are under the necessity of disclaiming that notice, and also a reference to Mr. Cooper, in the same paper, under the head of "Literary Notices," as they were written or sanctioned by a friend, who temporarily took charge of our editorial department, and contain direct contradictions of our frequently-published opinions of Mr. Cooper and his writings. The following is Cassio's parody—or rather, so close is the imitation, Cassio's fac simile of Mr. Cooper.

—EDS. N. Y. MIRROR.

The Man in the Claret-Coloured Coat to his countrymen.

MY DEAR FRIENDS—You are all labouring under a serious mistake; indeed, you are most shamefully in error: it only remains for me to set you right. In doing so, I shall be compelled to speak of myself in terms which a man of ordinary modesty would shrink from; but I plead the necessity of the case, and throw myself on your generosity.

If there is one thing in this world on which I pride myself more than on another, it is my efficiency with the quill. I don't speak of mere penmanship, though I flatter myself that I am not wanting even there: but, for building up a secure claim to immortality, and especially for defending that claim when it is assailed by "foreign hirelings"—there, I blushingly acknowledge, that I am about the thing. It is a favourite remark that Daniel Webster works best when he's cornered: the original illustration of shining when pressed by one's foes, might be found rather nearer home—but perhaps this is egotistical.

I would not, however, have my countrymen suppose that, of my own choice, I come before them with "my individual affairs": no indeed! My story, in this particular, is a humiliating proof of the malignity of the human heart. I have been forcibly "dragged" into this thing: compelled to leave my dignified and classic retirement by those "slavish dupes to foreign opinion," the New-York American, the New-York Courier and Enquirer, the Commercial Advertiser, the New-York Traveller, the New-York Mirror, and the United States Bank. I do not wish to anticipate, but these shall soon find that they have caught a Tartar.

I dislike explanations. They generally prove too much, or too little. And they take up time and space without annihilating them. Besides, they force a writer who prepares a letter "basilly"—i. e. in the course of six months—"for one of the daily prints," to "exceed his expectations," and rise to a pamphlet. All the world knows what pamphlets are, and who takes shelter in them. To me it seems that a pamphlet on one's own affairs is a practical illustration of that facetious definition of patriotism, which I once saw in the Mirror, to wit:

"Patriotism, the last refuge of a scoundrel."

The last word is wholly inapplicable, to be sure, but the last refuge is what I look at.

Gentle reader! you are tired—I see it. Well, then, to the matter at hand.

You know where the Arsenal is? Very probably. But do you know what it is? You will, when I've told you. I ought to say that, in telling you, I shall be obliged to make unpleasant references to myself; at least I cannot avoid this without "exceeding my expectations."

The Arsenal is situated somewhere near the Adriatic Sea, and is bounded on the left by what is called Centre-street. The time of its erection, etc., is not very material; it is sufficient that it was erected, and has been, in my time, very much misunderstood by its admirers and misrepresented by its friends. It contains much that is at once detrimental and dangerous to the liberties of the world; and is especially protected by the "salons and boulevards of rosyty." It is a great despot (this word is spelt, indifferently, with and without an e; being sometimes despot, sometimes dépot) and contains or controls all the powder and arms in the universe. It is needless to say more to prove the danger of this Arsenal to republican principles, excepting that it is surrounded by a stone wall, five hundred feet high.

This thing ate heavily on my conscience, and in order to set the world right, "I visited nations," and "paid heavy taxes to the government of Louis Philippe." I ought to say here, by way of parenthesis, that while visiting nations I received special attention from all the nobility without exception, and was much bored by English authors who ran me down with soliciting introductions. Having thus prepared myself against the possibility of a failure, I wrote that well-known and much admired piece which appeared with my name in the Mirror of May seventeenth. (I like to be particular.) To make the thing attractive, I "availed myself of my fame as a writer of fiction," and threw over it the charm of romance. "I borrowed an under plot" from my friend Abellino, an Italian count residing at the Bowling-green, and introduced through that medium a military despot (dépot), well loaded. To make the work still more attractive, I worked in a carpenter, because nobody can work round corners like your carpenter. I called him Cornelius, "for obvious reasons." I added to this, in order to a perfect illusion, an interesting boy by the name of George, whose principal business was to lock the door and carry the key on his shoulder.

"Such was the Claret-Coloured Coat in intention, at least." I knew that it would be "no flattering picture for the upstart aristocrats of the silk-stocking regime;" and also, that I should be abused by such of my political opponents as were too weak to appreciate the unique merits and originality of the work. "The great mass of readers" proved thus weak; but there was one man "accustomed to separate PRINCIPLES from FACTS, who at once detected the intention" and the value "of the book." He pronounced his discovery through the New-York American, (in reply to Cassio,) and, in two minutes, Europe was in a blaze.

But the success of this production in a merely literary point of view was almost flattering, and altogether terrific. The galleries, the print-shops, and all private houses were filled with pictures taken from its various parts; and one artist in particular, (the only living man, by the way, who really appreciates my writings; and one who, as I just said, is able "to separate principles from facts,") devoted twelve months of constant application to illustrate its beauties. Seven operas in French; five, in Italian; three, in English; and seventeen in gum-arabic, "appeared simultaneously;" besides more tragedies and farces than you could shake a stick at—all founded on the Claret-Coloured Coat. "In order to come to this discussion with clean hands, I wrote to assure the reader that not one of this flattering number was bribed by me, nor at my request." To say that they were (any or all) written contrary to my desire, would, of course, be "conceding a sacred private right."

After going through this detail, (in the course of which I have eleven times done violence to my feelings of diffidence as a man, and nine times as an author,) the reader will see the manifest impossibility of there being any two ways about the merit of the piece: and he will also see that any fault-finding must originate in the blackest malice, or the meanest rea-

* All passages marked with inverted commas are taken, verbatim, or in effect, from one or the other of two letters already published.

gence, or the most arrogant impudence, or the least extended mind—to be found in the dictionary.

My task grows painful as I proceed: "but no man can question my right to defend myself." What could never have happened in the natural course of things was accomplished through the insidious influence of foreign gold! The crowned heads of Europe no sooner caught a scent of the Claret-Coloured Coat, than they trembled on their thrones. Their next step was to lavish their millions, to neutralize its poison. A confidential friend of mine, determined to oppose their nefarious designs, succeeded, at length, in surprising and making prisoner "M. Sautinier;" and in his pocket was found the damning list of *Judases*. I make no apology for publishing these to the world. The American received seventy-five cents; the Courier sixty-two and a half cents; the Commercial one dollar and fifty cents; the Traveller and the Mirror four shillings each; and master Cassio received "the Paris edition of the work," together with a Claret-Coloured Coat, made by "an American tailor at Paris." Cassio, by the way, is an important fellow: this "precludes him from the right to expect any reply," and I shall take no notice of him.

The first proceeding on the part of these would-be-gentlemen was an "exceedingly clumsy" review of my work, published in the New-York American, and signed Cassio. Now, the assumption of this signature comprises an anachronism and "a palpable absurdity," and of course refutes the whole pretended critique. The anachronism is obvious, for it takes up one of Shakespeare's heroes, who has been dead more than two hundred years, and makes him review a work which he could never, by any possibility, have seen nor heard of! The absurdity is equally plain. While using the signature of an individual name, he still speaks, throughout the entire article, "in the first person plural!" "As the French have it," he says "we," (*ma*, French:) by the way, the use of this word proves the critique to be "a translation from a hack-writer in Paris—as I understand."

The editor of the Commercial Advertiser, who is also the editor of the Revue Encyclopedique, published in New-York and Paris simultaneously a tirade about me and my writings that is really awful. He wrote at once, "to, at, and for" me ("I have italicised the cloven feet,") but as "it breathed nothing but personal malice throughout," it had no effect whatever on the public mind. The same is true of the critique of Cassio. He, with unparalleled absurdity, acknowledges, at the outset, that he had forgotten the plot, the hero, and the heroine; and was, moreover, unable to put his finger on the particular page that had interested him. To make my case plain, I must here "acknowledge," for him, that he had also forgotten not merely the general plan (which is, in fact, "the plot"); but all the major and minor incidents, all the subordinate characters, all the dialogues, commentaries, and essays, which, together, do not occupy more than seven-eighths of the work—and, having done this, I ask you, gentle reader, to look at the case, and think of Cassio's reviewing that work! What can be more absurd? Observe well the circumstances. You have but to add my story to his, and the declaration is then as complete as words can make it, that he has absolutely forgotten every thing that the book contains: and yet he affects to review it! "The reason is obvious;" Meternich paid the shot. The truth is, when you put my story with his, or even when you take mine by itself and leave his out of the question, "Cassio does not stand before the public in the most favourable point of view." The same public will readily see the physical impossibility of my taking notice of Cassio.

"The editor of the American has justly obtained a respectable reputation for taste in literature;" I sincerely regret that he should have forfeited that reputation, by "avowing that Cassio is a favourite correspondent; he had much better have left himself in the quandary that I prepared for him." However, I know one thing—"he will regret what he said, when he gets cool." But as for Cassio, I shall show, in two words, that he is a sad fellow; and I will do this by "proving bad faith" on him. "He says, that he (have the mark!) does not admire the Claret-Coloured Coat. Now, I have already shown its eminent success with the playwrights and painters, which proves that every body else did admire it. The inference is irresistible; Cassio himself admired it; and yet he avows that he did not!" After this proof of bad faith, my taking notice of Cassio in this letter is out of the question.

I regret the necessity of thus annihilating poor Cassio, but what mouse can survive a touch of the LION'S PAW! To be sure, I consider all those who abuse me as fools: but this Cassio! why, if there are no errors of the press in his critique, (a thing not to be imagined in that deliberate vehicle, a daily print!) he has made, at the very least, "five errors of grammar and idiom!" a pretty fellow, this, to review me! But I cannot consider Cassio as worthy of my notice.

Next comes the Courier and Enquirer, in a tirade where personal feeling is so manifest that it is really impossible to give my refutation with becoming gravity. "It abounds, besides, in errors and misconstructions;" and, plainly enough, was written by Cassio, although it appears as editorial. In fact "there is internal evidence" that it came from Cassio. He affects to say that I am "most touched by a keen and severe criticism in the American," (which, be it observed, was written by himself!) "For reasons that are obvious," this is absurd. By the way, I hope that Cassio will not flatter himself with the belief that he either merits or receives my notice in this letter.

The next paper that "meddled with my private affairs," is the New-York Traveller. This piece is remarkably spiteful, and is "obviously written in bad faith." Cassio wrote this too; "I detected its origin before twenty lines were read." He says whiningly, we admire this writer as much as any man; but our admiration cannot blind us to his faults, nor render us insensible to his absurdities. "This is a downright gallicism, or it is downright nonsense." Finally, indeed! let him produce them. I wish he would read Julius Caesar, and remember that remarkable line—a friendly eye would never see such faults.

Next comes the New-York Mirror. This paper has "the command of a little ink and a few types," and therefore is entitled to meddle! It pretends to give a table showing how much I receive per line from my publishers: but the statements are made "in bad faith." It requires no discernment, however, to detect Cassio here: the subject itself is cash, and, as Cassio is a mercantile man, his very element is making figures: pardon the puns! I learned the trick among the Venetian nobility.

It only remains to say that a letter written in March, 1833, was recently discovered in the pocket of an individual, which proves that the United States Bank received a bonus of fifteen millions, and an appointment to St. James', for sustaining the newspapers in their unholy warfare against "my private interest."

Having thus triumphantly refuted all the arguments of all my enemies, I shall perhaps be pardoned for saying, at last, one word on "my own affairs." It has become a common thing in France, England, Turkey, China, Russia, Egypt, and the city of Washington, to style me the American Walter Scott; and the people seem to think that I ought to be flattered! by the degrading appellation! But I take this occasion to inform them that the title "gives me just as much gratification as any NICKNAME can give a gentleman." This is what I call republican independence.

The chief object of this letter remains to be accomplished. North America "is called a union;" and the reason seems, generally, to be misunderstood, because my countrymen will not free themselves "from the shackles of foreign opinion." But I am happy to inform them that "it is called a union because it consists of several states joined together." This union is bounded on the north by the pole, and on the other side by the ocean. It has a President at its head, and a people at its feet. The money is kept in the Bank, and the Bank is a monster: in fact, it needs little acquaintance with salt water to enable any one to see that a bank is very dangerous to the ship Constitution. The President, however, saw this before any one else did, and ordered the deposits (of which all banks are composed) to be removed: this being done, the bank gave way, and made room for the ship, which would otherwise have been wrecked. Nothing can be more simple. "The reason is obvious." As for the Senate, they don't understand their business: they will scarcely con-

firm an appointment! I understand that Mr. W*****y will resign. Good-by, dear friends, I shall see you (or rather you will see me) no more.

C. COLOURED-COAT.

"NOTES."

"I never saw Martin Van Buren." "I scorn the imputation of an office-seeker." I am told, it is certain that Mr. W*****y will resign.

I did intend to animadvert on the American press generally; but the press is hopelessly "vulgar"—"as I understand."

Since strict correctness in composition, etc. has become a *sine qua non*, a test-question of one's value, I will add a few errata, for the benefit of the author of "A Letter," etc.

Page	3,	line	10,	for	or,	read	nor.
	5,		8,		direct,		directly.
	6,		1,		has been,		is.
	6,		10,		reviews,		reviewers.
	7,		20,		except,		unless.
	7,		20,	erase	which,		
	7,		22,	for	resting,	read	rest.
	8,		5,		every,		any.
	9,		14,		lost,		cost.
	9,		31,		occupied,		occupies.
	9,		33,		hardest,		most hardly.
	13,		8,		had undertaken,		undertook.
	13,		16,		were,		was.
	14,		21,		were,		is.
	15,		6,		one nail driven,		driving one nail.
	23,		26,		named,		mentioned.
	34,		21,		most,		more.
	40,		30,		to have sent,		to send.
	57,		27,		was,		were.
	58,		19,	erase	other, etc. etc. etc.		

GEMS OF POESY.

NAPOLEON.

THE following stanzas are a translation of part of a noble ode, written for the fifth of May, the anniversary of Napoleon's death, by Manzoni, the celebrated Italian poet and novelist.

The stormy joy, the trembling hope,
That wait on mightiest enterprise;
The panting heart of one whose scope
Was empire, and who gained the prize,
And grasped a crown, of which it seemed
Scarce less than madness to have dreamed—

All these were his; glory that shone
The brighter for its perils past,
The rout, the victory, the throne,
The gloom of banishment at last—
Twice in the very dust abased,
And twice on fortune's altar raised.

His name was heard; and mute with fear
Two warring centuries stood by,
Submissive, from his mouth to hear
The sentence of their destiny;
While he bade silence be, and sate
Between them, arbiter of fate.

He passed, and on this barren rock
Inactive closed his proud career,
A mark for envy's rudest shock,
For pity's warmest, purest tear,
For hatred's unextinguished fire,
And love that lives when all expire.

As on the drowning seaman's head
The wave comes thundering from on high,
The wave to which, afar displayed,
The wretch had turned his straining eye,
And gazed along the gloomy main
For some far sail, but gazed in vain;
So on his soul came back the wave
Of melancholy memory.

How oft hath he essayed to grave
His image for posterity,
Till o'er th' eternal chronicle
The weary hand desponding fell.

How oft, what time the listless day
Hath died, and in the lonely flood
The Indian sun bath quenched his ray,
With folded arms the hero stood;
While dreams of days no more to be,
Throng back into his memory.

He sees his moving tents again,
The leaguered walls around him lie,
The squadrons gleaming o'er the plain,
The ocean wave of cavalry,
The rapid order promptly made,
And with the speed of thought obeyed.

Alas! beneath its punishment
Perchance the wearied soul had drooped
Despairing; but a spirit, sent
From heaven to raise the wretched, stooped
And bore him where diviner air
Breathes balm and comfort to despair.

THE DRAMA.

COMPLIMENT TO MR. FORREST.

OUR readers are, of course, apprised of the intended relinquishment of his profession, for a time, by this distinguished American tragedian, and of his approaching departure for Europe; not to "try his fortune before an European audience," which is, we believe, the established phrase on such occasions, but, as he himself declared, in his farewell address at Philadelphia, "merely as a looker-on in Venice." The term of his absence will probably extend, as we are informed, through several years, and it is not improbable, that his present leave-taking of the stage may prove perpetual. We shall regret deeply with the thousands and tens of thousands of his ad-

mirers, to lose him from the tragic drama, in which there is none to fill his place; but we rejoice, heartily, that his exertions have so prospered as to permit the gratification of his natural desire to visit Europe and its ancient and modern wonders, and the indulgence of his taste for the sublime and beautiful, both in art and nature; that he has accomplished, what has fallen to the lot of so very few in his arduous profession, the attainment of competence, while there are yet health, and youth, and vigour, and unvitiated tastes, for its enjoyment. He will carry with him, go where he may, the admiration and good wishes of the great body of his countrymen, not less surely than the warm, affectionate remembrance of his friends. A number of gentlemen of this city, including many who know and esteem him only as an actor, have united in presenting to Mr. Forrest, before his departure, an elegant, though simple, token of their regard. It is a medal, wrought in massive gold, of rich and perfect workmanship; on the obverse is a bust of the tragedian, with the inscription, "*Histrioni optimo Edwino Forrest, viro præstanti*;" the reverse presents a Grecian female figure, holding in one hand a dagger, and in the other a wreath, which she appears in the act of offering; at her feet are the bowl, mask, and other emblems of Tragedy. The legend, on this side, is a quotation from Othello, "*Great in mouths of wisest censure*." The bust and figure were designed by Ingham, and the die beautifully engraved by C. C. Durand. We understand that, after the presentation of the medal, copies will be struck from the same die in silver or other metal, the possession of which will, no doubt, be gratifying to many of Mr. Forrest's friends and intimates.

THE COMING DRAMATIC SEASON.

THE weather is altogether too hot, and we have too much employment in trying to keep cool, to think of shutting ourselves up with some indefinite number of resolute play-goers, within the walls of a theatre; and, therefore, we know but little of what is doing, (or being done,) in the dramatic world just at this present. The only prominent novelty that has come to our knowledge, is the drama of Gustavus, which has had such a run in London, and either has been, or is soon to be, produced at the Park; we really cannot tell which. The fall season is expected to be uncommonly brilliant; Sheridan Knowles and the celebrated Miss Phillips are to be here by the first of September for tragedy, Matthews and a Mr. Latham for comedy, and the famed Diavolo Antonio for deeds of manual strength and dexterity. The exploits of this diabolical personage, on the *corde volante*, are said to throw far into the shade those of all other professors, in daring as well as grace. A friend, who saw him five or six years ago at Drury-lane, tells us that nothing short of the super natural can exceed him. The Miss Phillips, whose arrival was announced a week or two since, is a vocalist, and the same who sang here with Hunt in 1829 or 30. We have not learned whether she is engaged at either of the theatres. Rumour has not given us any intimation of what is to be done at the Bowery, nor yet as to the probabilities of another opera season. We believe that, so far, the result of the experiment has not been extremely flattering.

LAFAYETTE.

THE following monody was spoken by Mr. Harrison, at the Park, and by Mr. Parsons, at the American theatre, on the evening of the twenty-sixth of June, after the funeral obsequies of General Lafayette. It was written by J. B. Phillips, a gentleman of this city, favourably known as the author of Paul Clifford and various other successful dramas.

From Francia's vine-clad land a sound of wo,
Borne o'er the ocean, is re-echoed here;
While Freedom's genius, bending sad and low,
In sorrow sighs and sheds the pearly tear.

Why mourns the genius of our native land?
Why swell those notes of sorrow on the gale?
Why droops the star-gem'd banner in her hand,
And why, with signs of grief, its brightness veil?

She weeps for him who o'er the distant wave,
Mid regal splendour and wealth's dazzling lights,
Abandon'd all and leagu'd him with the brave,
To strike for freedom, and a nation's rights!

Yes, Lafayette, whose name to ev'ry ear,
Wakens proud feelings in the patriot breast,
To France, Columbia, and to freedom dear,
Has sunk, time-honour'd, to eternal rest.

Alas! that virtue, wisdom, valour, worth,
Should perish like the young and tender flower,
Which sheds at morn its brightness o'er the earth,
But torn and senseless dies at evening's hour.

Save his, on history's eventful page,
A name more honour'd there's engrav'd but one:
Known o'er the world, revered in every age,
His friend, companion, father—Washington!

With him united in that trying hour,
When stern oppression grieved our native land;
He struggled nobly 'gainst a tyrant's power,
And struck the sceptre from a despot's hand.

He lived to see the young world of the west,
Rival her proud oppressor in the arts;
Soil of the free and home of the oppress'd,
A land of generous and grateful hearts.

The hero of two worlds has sunk to rest,
Time-honour'd, he is gather'd to the grave;
Beloved of all, by grateful freemen blest,
How treasured is the mem'ry of the brave!

Not fame alone immortal honour gives,
A holier feeling do we cherish yet;
'Tis gratitude! as Washington still lives
In freemen's hearts, there too lives LAFAYETTE!

* Verbatim: see "A Letter," etc. page 55.