

But this rule is often violated in the poem before us. The following lines are offered as specimens:

'This soldier of freedom did more than e'er Caesar could do.'

Here are five complete feet, or fifteen syllables, which renders its movement as awkward as that of our celebrated racer, Eclipse, would be, were he encumbered with an additional leg and foot. Take the following:

'And plains supernal the songs of the jubilee swell!  
Here's another five-footed monster; and several more might be adduced. In each of the following lines there is an implied ilipsis which injures the pronunciation of the words in italics; and without it the harmony of the verse is destroyed:

'Let tyrants, whose tales to reverence and fame.'

'Hence, with bosoms overflowing with reverence and love.'

'On thy venerable form with extatic delight.'

'No ambitious or venal adventurer was he.'

And many others.

In the following lines there is a deficiency in number; for the syllables *power*, *flower*, &c. are of precisely the same quantity as the words *hour* and *flour*, which are certainly monosyllables, if there be any in the language:

'By duty's all *powerful* impetus driven.'

'Her forests of bloom into *bowers* of glee.'

But notwithstanding all these minor defects, we assure the reader that the stock of American literature has received a valuable acquisition in the Lay of Gratitude; and we shall anxiously look to the same source for a further justification of the assurance.

FROM THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

We publish the following well-written letter from Mr. Bryan, with this single remark:—"Two wrongs do not make *our* right."

ALEXANDRIA, D. C. OCT. 6, 1836.

MR. MORRIS—I have seen and am exceedingly gratified with your complimentary notice of my Lay of Gratitude. Praise is generally so sparingly awarded to the writers of American poetry, that it cannot be otherwise than refreshing to the thirsty spirit coming from almost any quarter; but, when it flows through a channel so pure and respectable as that of the New York Mirror, it is extremely sweet and invigorating. I am not at all disposed to doubt that, taking my little volume altogether, you have honored it with full as large a portion of that rare and agreeable commodity as it merits. I am not, therefore, going to enter upon a formal vindication of this bantering of my muse, from the blemishes which you ascribe to it in that article. For viewing it, as I presume I do, with all the fond partiality of a parent's eye, some of these are, nevertheless, palpable to myself. But, as it is the nature of erring man, to extenuate his obliquities, by showing that they are sanctioned by the examples of splendid and distinguished individuals, I wish to prove that if I have been guilty of violating the canons of good taste, or established principles, that I have been walking in the footsteps of the most brilliant poets of the past and present age, and that, in those very lines which have been regarded as peculiarly expressive and beautiful, they have been guilty of the sins imputed to my humble verse. The charge in which I propose to implicate my superiors is that of mingling *spondees* with Anapaestic verse, if that charge has been established upon me. The following are the lines quoted, to inform me of this allegation:

Columbia! be-hold here the champion, whose *voice*, &c.  
The extatic endearment of *wedlock's sweet bonds*, &c.  
And *death's giant arm* through the dark thundering cloud, &c.

He *seeks this high honor o'er ocean's dark flood*, &c.  
So his, *through our armies* breathed transport and joy, &c.

How *nature* for the honors that *bloomed round* thy youth, &c.

They exhibit no trophies of countries *laid waste*, &c.  
The bosom of love and *warm couches* of down, &c.  
And for her the last drop of his *life blood* to spill, &c.  
As again ye *behold these illustrious plains*, &c.  
And *army meets arms*, in awful array, &c.

The subjoined extracts, although thousands of others equally in point might be adduced, will be amply sufficient for my present purpose.

Our Cumberland's *sweet bread* its place shall obtain;  
Our Garrick's a *salad*, for in him we see—

Here waiter, *were wine*, let me sit while I'm able—

Here lies the *good Dean* united to earth—

Who *mixed reason* with pleasure and wisdom with mirth—

Though fraught with *all learning* yet straining his throat

To *persuade Tommy Townsend* to lend him a vote.

Roll on thou *fair orb*, and with gladness pursue—  
But *man's faded glory* what change shall renew—

Perfumed with *fresh fragrance* and glittering with dew—

But when shall *spring visit* the mouldering urn—

O when shall *dew dawn* on the night of the grave!

See *truth love* and *mercy* in triumph descending—

On the *cold cheek* of *death smiles* and roses are blending.

But what were his arguments *few people* know—

For the *court did not think* they were equally wise—

So his lordship decreed with a *grave solemn* face.

Thy foreign dominions *like wild graftings* shoot—

They *welched down* thy trunk, they will *tear up* thy root—

The world was *great Caesar's*, &c.

*Bears, wolves*, and *sea-monsters*, they rushed from their den—

The *shark hears* their *shrieks*, and ascending to day;

For *wide and more wide* o'er the sun-beaming zone—

*Beneath his broad footsteps* the *Ganges* is dry—

*Love led* the *wild hordes* in his *flower-woven* bands.

Now *more* by *sweet Te'ra Calwallan* shall rave,

And *mix* his *wild notes* with the *wild-dashing* wave,

Thy *sons, Diana Embury*, may march in their pride,

And chase the *peevish Saxon* from *Prestava's* side;

And oh, *Diana Embury*, thy daughter's so fair,

Who *have* the *white bosom* and *wave the dark hair*,

And *thou whose faint recollections* my weakness can

Remember my *loved harp*! my *last treasure*, *farewell!*

Now, *far, far behind* him, the *green waters* glide—

'Tis the *lightning's red flame* painting *hell* on the sky—

Wild *winds* and *mad waves* drive the *wreck* a-wreck;

*Unseen hands* of *spirits* are *raging* his keel.

Thy trunk at the *first touch* of *Liberty's war*—

Fill, fill up their *wide sunny* waters, ye *sails*—

From *each shore* *naught of Europe* and *poison* their shore—

Then blame *not the hood*, if in *pleasure's soft* dream;

Wert *thou all* that I wish thee, *good, glorious*, and *free*,

*First flower* of the earth and *first gem* of the sea,

Whose *hearts* like the *young* of the *desert-bird's nest*,

*Drink love* in *each life-drop* that flows from thy breast.

In *the morning* march, when my *bosom* was a-ting,

I heard my *own mountain goats* *bleating* *ah!*—

And knew *the swain's* *strain* that the *corn-reapers* sung,

From my home, and my *weeping friends* never to part—

Our *bugles sang* *truce* for the *night-cloud* had I *wer'd*,

And thousands had sunk on the ground *overpowered*.

[CAMPBELL.]

These are a few among the innumerable examples which might be cited from the best writers of Anapaestic verse, to show that they do not confine themselves to the regular alternation of the long and short syllables, — — — technically forming this species of measure. And these are sufficient to prove, that, if I have erred in this particular, I have had very respectable associates in my aberrations. Yet I do not offer this fact as an argument in justification of the practice in question. If it be wrong, names and numbers cannot sanctify it. I had been taught to believe, that in those cases of variation in the quantity belonging to any particular species of verse, much depended on the manner of reading it; on the *circa voce* regulation of the accent and pauses; and that the diversity of sentiment pertaining to different passages, required a corresponding change in the march of the measure, and that this might take place in the Anapaestic as well as in the Iambic, without an entire departure from its general characteristics; the sense of some passages being adapted to a measure rapid and sprightly, while that of others demanded a measure more tardy and majestic; thus avoiding a wearisome monotony, as well as a discordance between the sound and sentiment; and what Hughes in his 'Notes for an Essay on the Harmony of Verse,' calls 'a kind of jig movement,' such as would be produced by a frequent repetition of lines like this—

When I sigh to my Phyllis, and gaze on her eyes.

But I listen to criticism on this subject with great deference, and hope to profit by it. I might attempt to justify, by quotations from standard poets, the use of the words *power*, *bowers*, *reverence*, *venerable*, &c. as they stand in the Greeting; but if I have availed myself of the authority of precedent to use them, I do it under a conviction that they detract somewhat from the fullness and melody of the verse into which they are thus introduced, and I would, therefore, rather bow to the correctness of your criticism on this point than aim at its refutation. You have clearly convicted me of having, upon more than one occasion, exhibited myself blundering upon the slippery sides of Parnassus, mounted on a 'five-footed monster.' This, I confess, is an awkward situation to appear in, and I promise, that when I hereafter journey on the *sacred mount*, I will, instead of keeping my eyes, black-head like, always gazing upwards, and straining their vision in efforts to explore star-crowded heights, take special care to see that I am safely seated upon Pegasus, the poet's legitimate *quadruped*, lest I may again, as in the present case, find myself, by an unlucky blunder, thrown into the gloom that surrounds its base, at the very moment that I imagine myself near its glittering summit.

Tendering you thanks for your lenient, good-humored censure, as well as for your liberal eulogy, and wishing your interesting journal the ample patronage to which its merits entitle it, I am, your very respectful and obliged fellow-citizen.

DANIEL BRYAN.

That truth outlives falsehood, was a saying of the great Napoleon. We add, and many a bleeding heart has been healed by the survivor.

[Boston Spectator.]