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Sarnassus in Philadelphia.

A

SATIRE,

BY

PETER PINDAR, JR.

Richard D. ...

“Cantabit vacuus coram latrone viator.”

JUVENAL.

“Scribimus indocti, doctique, poemata passim.”

HORACE.

“Having cried up their wine, they sell us vinegar.”

SP. PROVERB.

“Pauvres gens, je les plains; car on a, pour les fous
Plus de pitié que de courroux.”

BOILEAU.

PHILADELPHIA.

1854.

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1812
PARNASSUS IN PHILADELPHIA.



Hail, holy City ! temple of the muse
Where young and old their bilious rhymes diffuse ;
Where, hapless, still the trembling bard reveres
And fawns upon the critic, as he sneers ;
Not mine the breast to flinch before the dart !
I scorn the hireling censor, whose base heart
Stoops low to envy what it ne'er can own,
And, wanting joy itself, makes others groan.

For thus it goes throughout this worldly world,
 Each feels, in turn, the shafts by Envy hurled;
 And though but small, the trifling drop which blends
 With happiness the life-cups of our friends,
 Reluctantly we yield the joys so small,—
 Who dare deny it? coveting them all.

Rise ye! O, shades of mighty heroes dead!
 Hear ye not murmurs round thy common bed?
 Hark how each whimpster,¹ o'er thy hallowed bones,
 Sums up thy judgment in his shrillest tones!
 Sings o'er thy list of good and evil deeds,
 As some sage dervise gallops o'er his beads.
 Why art thou voiceless? do the noisy cries
 Of Praise and Censure ye alike despise?
 Waking no tomb-shout to o'erwhelm the yell
 Which might do credit to the imps of Hell?
 Why art thou voiceless? Lo, the squeaking roar
 Still pipes in every school, on every shore!
 And embryo critics, with well-feigned disgust,
 To Pluto oft consign thy hallowed dust!
 Then why should I, with those who round me strive
 To emulate what ye were when alive,

Not wield *my* goose-quill? eager for the war,
 And show these *Solons* what they really are?
 Must authors still, like babes, resistless yield,
 When third-rate editors block up the field?
 Poor tools of slander, who, devoid of sense,
 Make up the balance by their impudence!
 Throw off the guise! 'tis time, in turn, to deal
 These critic-frogs a lesson for their weal.²

Time *was*, when learned and dignified reviews
 Dealt out *impartial* justice to the Muse;
 When *intellectual* censors ruled the sway,
 And scared the herd of scribbling fools away;
 Sent weaker rhymsters galloping along,
 Rejoicing in their speed, though not their song.
Then mind and talent held the critics mace,
Now puffed-up dribblers occupy their place;
Then giant Intellect reviewed the lay,
Now dwarfish Ignorance usurps the sway.
 Where men like Jeffrey led poetic taste,
 Where Giffords cheered the literary waste,
 Behold the mighty herd who cram the press
 With endless cant,—Lord help us with the mess!

Of critics, lo ! great *Birney* leads the van,
 A babe in intellect—in years a man ;
 A famous traveller—has scribbled letters
 From Albion's hapless shore about his betters ;
 And now—shed down the welcome tears of pity !
 Edits a paper in the Quaker city.
 Alas, poor *Birney* ! this dull world of ours
 Was never made for thy exalted powers !
 Then scorn the chaplet, which thy conscious brain
 Too well informs thee thou canst never gain,
 And with the beam of Ate in thine eye,
 Those who excel thee Ate-like decry.

Shame ! Shame ! where art thou, with thy drooping head ?
 O ! whither potent guardian hast thou fled ?
 Rise from the past, and crimson o'er the face
 Of one too old in it to feel disgrace.
 Where art thou, Virgin Modesty, whom time
 Hath witnessed perish 'mid increasing crime ?
 Awake once more, the croaking spirit crush
 Of one—too utterly debased to blush.
 Behold ! with how much insolence he views
 The works of authors, and derides their muse ;

Rules o'er the literati, in his way,
 And, envious, barks at something new each day!
 Reform! Reform! mark how the valiant cry
 Illumes each *Register* that greets the eye!
 Determined still to gild his obscure name,
 And ride the public's hobby into fame.
 "Consolidation too," quoths he, "I'll aid!
 'Gad if she trot but well I'll mount the jade!
 What though her wind be short? I'll watch the hour,
 And ride like *Eli* on her back to power.
 But where the wretch with character to loan,
 That I may probe *his* faults, and hide *my own*?
 Ha! ha! there's *Flanigen*! (not my belief,
 Thief owes due honor to his fellow thief,)
 What if I start the great reforming ball,
 And mount a peg or two upon his fall?"
 Poor cur! dost think, because thy paltry sheet
 Is daily screamed throughout each public street,
 That aught like thee or it, match neighbours, e'er
 Can teach the public, or its influence share?
 Go grovel, niggard spirit, 'midst the slime
 Of all such pimps, who deem *themselves* sublime;

Their friends betray, their abler foes defile,
 Then turn to gaze upon their infamy and smile
 Go mourn, unknown, the misspent years thou'st past,
 And let their crimes and follies be thy last.
 Hast thou no blush of shame, thick-pated fool,⁵
 Of supercilious libel still the willing tool?
 Out on thee, Birney—Abolition's son—
 Jack of most all trades, master not of one!
 Yet hold—thou literary Sylla—I
 Mistake—thou'rt great at slander or a lie.
 Thy soul, like Satan's,⁶ all to envy given,
 Would make a Hell of every author's Heaven.
 Hast thou, O, Mammon! no detested foe
 Thou fain wouldst slaughter with a secret blow?
 No rival candidate in classic verse,
 Richer in talent, though but poor in purse?
 To Birney go—one silver dime per line—
 Serawl what thou wilt, he'll swear it is divine;
 Or pay but better, and, in grandest style,
 He'll drown poor Poverty like worms in bile.

McMakin⁷ next, high on the censor's chair,
 With frowning eyebrows and majestic air,

Deals out his weekly dose of sugared puffs,
 Or meets the payless bard with cold rebuffs;
 Good, bad and worse, in *one* thing still the same—
 By money only can they purchase *Fame*.
 Great *Birney* first, *Medusa* of the set;
McMakin stern, with huge moustache of jet;
 Mild *Peterson*,⁸ to prose or poem true,
 Renouncing both to belch a fierce review;
Graham and *Godey*,⁹ joining in the throng
 That pounce in horror on the sons of song;
 Proud Prince *Fitzgerald*,¹⁰ 'mid the gorgon tribe,
 Soothing with smiles, or frightening with his gibe:
 These work the gas which trembling authors fear,
 Before whose glare their rushlights disappear;
 To whom each donkey-poet quailing cries—
 “Why don't you take a donkey of your size?”

Ye sacred nine! and has it come to this?
 Why art thou fallen from thy realms of bliss?
 Till every youth his crazy ditty weaves,
 What crazier critics rend like withered leaves.
 Why not relieve us with one mighty sweep,
 And, smiting shepherd *Birney*, crush the sheep.¹¹

Are these the asses 'neath whose hireling breath,
 Young modest genius finds its doom of death?
 While flunkey publishers gaze on the while,
 Review their throes of agony and smile!
 Can modest merit ever hope to please,
 O tempora! O mores! 'mid such men as these?
 When every author's eye-mote wakes a groan,
 Nor judges view the beam that fills their own.
 Jove! how the thunders of their wrath will rise
 When first these truths of satire meet their eyes!
 And hydra-like each goose's quills unite,—
 Pricked on by guilty conscience to the fight.
 But should dame Folly suffer in the match,
 One moment stagger, or a death-blow catch,—
 "Though crushed and fallen, I'll give not Heaven for
 lost,"¹²
 But fight for Reason, cost whate'er it cost!

Some brutes there are, to false ambition slaves,
 Would disembowel even mouldering graves;
 And, like a sensualist in his thirst for lust,
 Blacken the memory of the confined dust;

Pervert whate'er of good was once its own,
 And forge out faults till Hell itself might groan.
 Avaunt thou piteous thing ! whose envious breast
 Denies the crumbling clay its lonely rest ;¹³
 The earth hath none, whate'er their natures be,
 So vilely base for me to name with thee.
 Thou—shade of greatness ! thou can'st never see
 In them, what all thou think'st must view in thee !
 So wise, like all fools in their own clear sight,
 The world must e'en be wrong—if thou art right !

Now in this age when Folly doffs her hood,
 And boldly triumphs over what is good,—
 When Fashion dazzles Reason with her light,
 When might is right, though right is seldom might,—
 When Humbug rules the order of the day,
 And spirit rappers rap Man's brains away ;
 Now in this age, cannot some abler pen
 Be found, to preach true wisdom unto men ?
 Tear ope the breast of Folly, and deride
 The baser evils she is made to hide ?
 Till then the task, though fruitless, still be mine,
 To damn thy foibles who deride my line.

Be mine the hand its feeble aid to lend,
 And paint the faults which abler ones must mend.
 Since each conceited ass can boldly stand
 A literary tyrant in the land,
 'Tis hard to say the whom most pity shares,—
 Who wields the lash, or him who tamely bears.

Time was when love and hope were breathed anew,
 Beneath the poet's ardor as it grew ;
 When nations listened with their pulses fired,
 When mind was potent, fancy seemed inspired ;
 When Nature, thrilled, sent forth her noblest paen,
 And in the heart awoke a kindred strain ;
 When Scott and Byron with a thousand more,
 Chaunted their hallowed strains from Albia's shore !
Time was! but now, alas degenerate man !
 A list of squalling pseudoes lead the van ;
 Send forth, in treble pitch, their piping stuff,
 Till even Woodward¹⁴ might cry "hold—enough!"
 Till wond'ring critics can't repress a sneer,
 And printers' devils quake with very fear.
 Once I was fool enough to spin like these,
 My idle rhymes, in hopes like them to please ;

A youthful freak, though older heads have oft,
By time grown mellowed, proved themselves as soft.
In Youth, ambition seems akin to Fame,
I published too—old fools have done the same!
The heart with ardor warmed, in youth's bright morn,
Looks o'er the world like children o'er a lawn;
Builds up its airy temples,—works of bliss—
Aims for the mark it little dreams to miss!
Alas, how quickly, winged on dawning years,
Comes ill-faced sorrow, darkened o'er with tears;
Where Joy—a seraph smiled upon our track,—
Care and misfortune stand to warn us back;
Where friends should cheer us as we striving pass,
Stern Envy rises with her walls of brass;
And older hearts, by callous Time grown cold,
The cheering light of sympathy withhold!
The Lord knows well that if the verse were sad,
Our Philadelphia critics⁴⁵ are as bad.
Of each new pilgrim to Parnassus, they
Measure the merit by the victim's pay.
Yield ample toll, though not a golden age,
Much may be bought where gold is all the rage.

So much per line, and, though it limp along,
 Through them the world will wonder at thy song.
 But luckless, far beyond the hapless God
 Who sank in terror at Caeneus' nod,
 The witless bard whose silly pen presumes
 To scorn these self-made sealers of their dooms !
 Like some fell serpent, soon their envious hiss
 Kills hopes with fear, wakes agony for bliss.
 In vain for such a self-deluding mind,
 To nothing but its own great failings blind,
 Young authors strive, with pen and brain of fire,
 To carve their fancies for unpaid desire ;
 His thoughts seem demons as they varied flow,
 And, jealous of them, it becomes his foe.
 Unless well paid to trumpet-tongue his worth,
 They crush the embryo songster at his birth.
 Then pay, ye striplings, and behold the smile
 With which they'll greet your sudden change the while ;
 Jump into ecstasies, poor fools, in turn,
 And kneel to whom they were the first to spurn.

O men of wrath, choose some more noble deeds,
 Than brimstone censures no one ever reads ;

Rapes, murders, robberies,—let's have more news,
 Nor kill subscribers with thy dull reviews.
 Sere are the bays which wealth, not genius buys,
 True talent scorns the pitiful disguise ;
 For me, O critics! being not your debtor,
 Cry down my rhymes, but see your own are better.

The world is but a stage, how few who deem
 Themselves the shallow actors that they seem !
 Each plants his foot where once a hero trod,
 And blows his trumpet like a demi-god ;
 Strides boldly on, shames modesty, and hence
 Makes up, like *Birney*, what he lacks in sense.

Oh, Moore and Bayley ! could thy muses soar
 To heights of fancy never dreamed before,
 Yet not inspire that wonder to dismay,
 The weaker bard would imitate thy lay ?
 Could not remain untrod the sacred ground
 Made hallowed by thy strain's exalted sound ?
 Alas, pale echo, blushing, answers " No !
 Thou must resign thy wreaths to *Richard Coe* .'"¹⁶

McMakin,¹⁷ too, ambitious in his time,
 But now, thank Heaven! oblivious as his rhyme,—
 McMakin, too, as older pens can tell,
 Once sang as loud as thee, though not so well.
 Ode, epic, elegy, in turns the muse
 Beholds with dread their jingling lines abuse ;
 Page after page, huge quarto book on book,
 She turns to breathe in horror from the look.
 And O, when time, by living, grows less old,
 When ocean-waves their heaving breasts unfold ;
 When stars have passed away, and moon and sun
 Spread growing darkness round them as they run :—
 Then will dull earth recall and praise these men,—
 Doomed to a quick forgetfulness till then.

Poor *Coe*, a bed of pain has been for thee
 The main inspirer of thy minstrelsy ;
 Doomed by ill health to languish for a time,
 Thy active mind worked off its steam in rhyme.
 Softly the Muse, when Dry-Goods Merchants sing,
 Whips up their song, and spurs them with her sting ;
 Though well she knows theirs is a lying trade,
 (And those engaged in it should all be flayed,)

She plucks the flowers of good which lonely lie
 Amid their weedy waste of poesy.
 Poetic dry-goods merchants hold ! enough !
 Shame not our critics with thy pointless stuff,
 Attend thy business, drink lager beer and swear,¹⁸
 Nor build syllabic temples in the air.
 Hug each new chum on whom you chance to swell,
 And clean out lots the man can never sell.
 Make money thus, perchance a ray of fame
 May yet beam out to gild thy lucky name ;
 For oft the world to wealth yields homage, where
 The greatest talent, purseless, might despair.
 But when upon the pinnacle, if thou
 Can'st ever soar above thy standing now,
 To laboring brothers for the welcome goal,
 Extend thy hand, and cheer the struggling soul.

Now speed my Pegasus ! thy rider burns
 To lash and praise his fellow-bards in turns ;
 And *Hirst*,¹⁹ a wandering pilgrim of the Law,
 Stands forth a fettered victim at thy door.
 Soft flow the words, like harmony they fall,
 Dressed as a statue for a fancy ball.

Showy and musical, the figures formed
 To please the fancy, leave the heart unwarmed.
 Alas, vexed nature ! Hirst was never made
 To rank with talent of a higher grade ;
 Devoid of sentiment, his foolish lays
 Excited pity through their lack of praise.
 With smiling wonder, though, that bard is heard,
 Who paints a woman quiet as a bird.²⁰
 Imagination's light we yield to him
 Who proves his stock of common sense so slim.
 Of late, (grown wise with age ?) his early flow
 Of school-boy poems has become more slow ;
 God grant his literary rage be past,
 And groaning monthlies clear of him at last !
 If sin thou must, select a nobler crime
 Than writing funerals for father Time ;²¹
 Try once again, and let the next one be
 The literary death-bed of thy rhymes and thee.

Hark ! hark ! whose strains so softly strike the ear ?
 The pious muse in silence stops to hear.
 'Tis Morris,²² doubtless holy as his verse,
 And he who reads will leave him none the worse.

Though greater lyrists hold a higher place,
None speak more zeal with such a modest grace ;
Whate'er of strength is wanted in the song,
The Christian offsets with his scorn of wrong.
Justly the Gods, unlike most censors too,
Yield modest worth the credit that is due ;
Nor, careless, leave it, barely noticed, pass,
Because the author lacks in worldly brass.
Then sing on Morris, for not such as thou
Need blush for shame, or to the censor bow ;
Simple thy strain, and sweet, thy little song
Wakes no resentment as it flows along ;
And though but meek the modest offering,
The God accepts thy mite, and bids thee sing.
She loves thee, unobtrusive in thy speech,
And loves the moral that thy verses teach.
Let *fashionable* christians read and know,
Heaven opens not her gates to impious show ;
Who'd *win* salvation, for *it* is not *bought*,
Must grow religious inwardly in thought.
Thus much for Morris ! though poetic fire
Thrill not the music of his graceful lyre,

So sweet and chaste the reverential strain,
The muse has heard, and bids him sing again.

O! for the pen of Gifford to chastise
The squeamish snobs that poet-like arise!
Spring up like Denmark's ghosts, and strut about,
Like walking may-poles in a fit of gout.
What! shall our age, so glorious in mind,
Live dead to reason and to folly blind?
While mis-termed men, with neatly curled moustache,
Devoid of knowledge and in want of cash,
In raptured flights, which none can comprehend,
Spout love-sick trash and tales without an end?
Shall wights like these, from *Alexander*²³ down
To *Miserèmus*,²⁴ still oppress the town?
Shall sickly *Dichl* in lyric numbers crow,
And, like young *Janvier*, daily prosier grow?
Alas! until by satire taught to spare,
Our luckless citizens must grin and bear!

Whence, whence in mercy comes that whining tone,
At times half chuckle, half a piteous groan?

What young male Sappho sweeps his ill-strung lyre,
 To sing the pain of mortified desire?
 'Tis fair-faced *Diehl*²⁵ strikes boldly out for fame,—
 Ladies beware! the devil's in his name!
 No wonder furious critics ope their eyes,
 When young Anacreons like these arise;
 Jump up like half-grown roosters, shake their wings,
 And crow off lyrics no one ever sings.
 If write thou must, the Lord of mercy knows,
 'Twere better far to aim at decent prose;
 Though dull and pointless, it could scarce be worse
 Than is the tenor of thy limping verse.
 Shame bare-faced Idleness, and turn thy powers
 To something more than "lays of lonely hours."²⁶
 Or, if to jingling stanzas still inclined,
 Let not the public see thy want of mind.
 Erato never meant that chums like thee,
 Should live the spouters of her poesy;
 In faith she bids thee doff thy poet's gown,
 And spare the literary credit of the town.

Whose strain is that which, Morris-like, ascends?
 Which deep simplicity with nonsense blends;

'Tis *Jones*, whose poetry is like his name,
 Stale, common-place, no sentiment and tame.
 Though ancient towns could boast a grander band
 Of deathless songsters than we have on hand,
 Great Philadelphia surely runs them hard,
 If aught like piety makes up the bard.
 Where art thou David? Watts awake! awake!
 Resume the harp—thy laurels are at stake.
 Poetic preachers, eager for the prize,
 Send forth their holy anthems to the skies.
 If this be poetry, 'tis time to yield,
 And bid our modest critics clear the field!
 Give up the Nine, great *Jones*, and preach thy lay
 In prose—a much more serviceable way.
 For, though the tenor of thy song be true,
 Thy creaking quartrains are beneath it too.
 Go out amid mankind, hold forth and sing,
 But take the music from some sweeter string.
 The world is bad—go mind thyself and it,
 Let virtue guide thee, not poetic wit;
 Let hobbling stanzas with thy sins depart,
 And bore us not with “echoes of the heart;”²⁷

Or, if poetic dreams still o'er thee roll,
 Let them awaken echoes in the soul.
 Shame not religious fervor in our eyes,
 By cloaking in such disgusting guise ;
 Shout out for Zion, but in mercy choose
 The sweeter music of a loftier muse.
 " All, all is vanity,"²⁸ the preacher says ;
 Surely, great *Jones*, he must have read thy lays !
 In faith I think that if the preacher had,
 The same remark would not appear so bad.

Lo ! quibbling Janvier weaves his fulsome tales,²⁹
 And dwells on hazel eyes and southern gales ;
 Re-clothes dull sentiments heard o'er and o'er,
 Making each duller than it was before.
 Thrice modest youth ! with how much force he dwells
 Upon the moral of the tale he tells ;
 With what simplicity and God knows what,
 He seeks to rival fame and Walter Scott !
 Ah, Walter ! Walter ! had'st thou known thy strain
 Could'st so disorder Young Ambition's brain,
 Nations upon thy breath had'st never hung,—
 In very pity thou wouldst not have sung.

Mark how his genius, still to prose the friend,
 Strings prosy couplets none can comprehend ;
 At least I could not, but ye gods 'tis true,
 I lacked the courage to peruse them through.
 In vain the muse, to youthful folly blind,
 Seans o'er the metre for one glimpse of mind ;
 Page after page in sickly sameness flows,
 Ten times as prosy as the prosiest prose.
 And though perchance his simple line displays,
 Spread here and there, a thought which may amaze,
 We soon perceive 'tis pilfered by a cheat,
 Like rouge, to hide the weakness of his sheet.
Now dark, revengeful is his hollow tone,
 And dire enough to make a devil groan ;
 When telling o'er, with most bombastic grace,
 Where some dead Lord once built his dwelling-place.
 Deep passion, too, for amorous maids he deals,
 And what he lacks himself, from others steals.
 Scott, Moore and Byron, with his own rhymes lie,
 All nicely dished in one poetic pie.
 Sweet youth, though like thy tale thou'lt be forgot,
 Thy wondrous brass deserves a better lot ;

Rhyme on, scorn grammar,³⁰ metre, common sense,
 And when spun out—from abler pens condense,
 But print no more, or God grant if you must,
 Thy book be proof against neglect and dust.
 With this, I leave thee, Janvier, full as stale
 And soft and simple as thy bilious tale.

Bethune, (D. D!) amid his epigrams,
 Exalts his strain and versifies the Psalms;³¹
 While ever and anon, like bashful flowers,
 Sad lays of love display his happy powers.
 O, pious minstrel, gentlest judgment take,—
 We bear the music for the singer's sake ;
 But stick to Truth, nor let ambition be
 Seducer to a deeper lyric sea.
 Like Woolsey's bladders,³² spite of state and pride,
 'Twill fail and leave thee sinking in the tide.

Lippard next comes, the censors frown to meet,
 And soft enough his song, if not so sweet.
 This mild disciple of romantic school,
 Is just the style of poet termed a fool.

Methinks I see thee with thy nuptial flock,
 Perched up, like scare-crows, on thy marriage rock.³³
 O, Momus guard us! dost thou think, like Bell,³⁴
 The unpurged mixtures of thy brain to sell?
 While deathless authors, dead, to glory live,
 And living ones Fame's yearly measure give.
 Break up thy quill, nor blushless, boldly strive
 To feed on prose, on poetry to thrive;—
 For fifty cents a book to foist thy pen,
 When Longfellow complete, is sold at ten.
 Go save thy money, put thy brains to school,
 Nor squander both to prove thyself a fool.
 What though sharp publishers to print be found,
 Praise doubtful wit, and rhymes of varied sound;
 Lead thee the crown of Eros to expect,
 And pass lame lines, like *Woodward's*, for correct?
 Know that the world will seldom judge as they,
 Unless, like them, you make it judge for pay.

Sweet *Dewey* too, amid the rhyming throng,
 Pours o'er an invoice, or exhumes a song;
 By turns impelled his book account to scrape,
 Or measure out a lay or yard of tape.³⁵

Sons of Ambition, deem not Clio's bays
 Are won by all who scribble school-boy lays ;
 False friends may flatter, till Hope's mirage bright,
 Unfolds the chaplet to thy heated sight ;
 But soon, like woman's love, (a thing quite rare,)
 Thou'lt prove it sweet, yet fading as the air.
 No ! not for thy o'ergrown, unhealthy minds,
 The wealth of Fame true Genius only finds :
 Speed each his Pegasus, but for the deed,
 Hope not thy wearied fellow-men will read.

As pee-wee mushrooms from their fertile beds,
 'Neath Summer's sprinklings raise their countless heads,
 Spring up undreamed of to the wond'ring sight,
 Formed and perfected in a single night :—
 So would-be dramatists arrest the eye,
 Rise like the mushroom, like the mushroom die.
 At night they greet us with a virgin play,
 Which, still-born, perishes with coming day.

O, thou ! grand master of the tragic art,
 Stealing the senses through the melting heart,

Unrivalled Shakespeare ! once a world amazed,
 Beheld thy mighty genius as it blazed ;
 While Nature breathed out, through thy mystic pen,
 Her grandest teachings to the minds of men !
 Dost thou not smile in pity, if not rage,
 As each new author imitates thy page ?
 Great Heaven forefend ! for, though he steal the *wind*,
 Each leaves the freshness and the scent behind ;
 And though *their* forms be talkative as *thine*,
 They lack the *soul* which makes the form divine.

Another tragedy ! each rising day
 Brings something new in name, if not in play ;
 While blood and thunder pit-boys wink and nod,
 Swearing that " Hamlet's beaten now, by G-d !"
 First Conrad³⁶ woke our City's sleeping mass,
 Holding it spellbound with his tragic gas ;
 Till half-fledged killers tossed their caps with glee,
 Shouting " Three cheers for Cade and Liberty !"
 Loud rang the press, to interest still the same—
 Pay but the *bonus*—bonum is your fame !

Each petty tyrant o'er the vilest vice
 Will blow Fame's trumpet—if he get his price.³⁷
 But woe the bard who, luckless, dares to brace
 His buckler on, and meet foe face to face ;
 Long o'er his verse, with fiercest passion blind,
 The critic pours his filth upon the wind ;
 Like senseless Birney³⁸ strives to make a hit,
 And proves his arrogance, though not his wit.
 Next warlike Bird,³⁹ with manuscript in hand,
 Offers himself for worship through the land ;
 A fusty document with horror crammed,
 Doomed but for Forrest's talents to be damned.
 Bird, Conrad, Boker, formed the trio first,
 Now made immortal by great Lucas Hirst!⁴⁰

O, kind Melpomene ! behold the crew,
 Of spouting worshippers who kneel to you ;
 Who, for thy sake, scorn common sense and facts,
 And scroll off plays like missionary tracts.
 If authors now are low to suit the stage,
 The stage is low to suit the fallen age.
 In vain the preacher styles it "House of Crime,"
 If so, indeed, 'tis so to please the time.

No wonder modern Christians raise their eyes,
 The place condemn, the actor's life despise :
 'Tis time, in truth, when kingly robes are made,
 The cloaks for evil of the blackest shade ;
 When sensual appetites, in princely dress,
 Are pictured victors in their wickedness ;
 'Tis time to frown the growing evil down,
 And spare the doubtful morals of the town.
 Shame even genius, when it condescends
 To garnish vices, to complete base ends.
 True talent need not cherish filth, to gain
 The pinnacle of glory 'twould attain !
 Reform the people,⁴¹ purge the public mind—
 Shall man the more he lives, grow less refined ?
 Shall dogs and monkeys claim the public's praise,
 Which turns the back on intellectual plays ?
 Beholds how views the lovely and the bright,
 Each puppet hearer, and declares it trite !
 While charms to boist'rous laughter all that's mean,
 Pronounced more witty, meaning more obscene.
 There was a time (O, would it were once more !)
 When Thalia's shrine a host of tributes bore ;

When noble souls breathed forth their lofty dreams,
 And charmed the world with beauty's written beams.
 Shall this our age, progressive as it is,
 Ahead in all else, fall behind in this ?
 Shall monarch intellect, with chaplets graced,
 Exert its might to prove itself debased ?
 And christian advocates cry down the stage,
 Instead of praying for the fallen age ?
 Redeem mankind, crush vice's gorgon elf—
 The polished stage will then redeem itself.

"Where are ye, Pulty ? fate hangs on thy'⁴² shoes
 As on the mountains hang the mountain dews ;
 Thyself and all thy brother actors wake,
 Call on thy talents for huge *Boker's* sake.
 Historic plays he writes in five long acts,
 But plays the devil with historic facts.
 Betrothal first, then great Calaynos came,
 Town curiosity was all a flame !
 And well-paid critics, with their shrillest scream,
 Declared the happy author wrote by steam.
 Alas, poor Boker ! though full many a friend,
 Like Leland,⁴³ vow thy genius hath no end,

And fawning sycophants, with ceaseless praise,
 Bespatter public prints about thy plays :
 'Tis still the same tale varnished o'er and o'er,
 And ground where tragic fools have failed before.
 Long-winded speeches in our nervous age,
 Soon blow themselves to death upon the stage ;
 And doubly quick they find " their end all here,"
 When nought is found to please or heart or ear ;
 When, like thy scenes, thy softest stops are blent
 With " but a mass of nauseous sentiment."⁴⁴
 Lo ! how thy brethren, (willing to be led
 And dub thee tragic-poet, heart and head,)
 Impatient grow, at last, to hear thy trash,
 Served up like Conrad's, mere Shaksperian hash ;
 Mark how they greet each actor with a shout,
 And yet refuse to call the author out.⁴⁵

Hark how Calaynos, philosophic wight,
 Wails o'er a wife that's stolen in the night ;
 Spits out his righteous anger like a boy,
 And raves when half mankind would jump for joy :
 While Lord Don Luis, victor-like, first steals,
 Then celebrates the action at his meals !

But soon is up Calaynos' Moorish blood,⁴⁶
 He burns for vengeance like a babe for food ;
 And sallies forth the trait'rous Don to meet,—
 The while his wife pants starving in the street.
 Next comes fair *Leonore*, for whose sweet sake
 The author placed his doubtful fame at stake ;
 And would have lost it, spite of soft reviews,
 If dull prolixity had aught to lose.
 Gods what huge names ! our Saxon jaws in vain
 The Spanish titles hanker to extrain,
 Like his "Dumb Genius,"⁴⁷ labor as they will,
 The crooked titles scorn their efforts still.

Go, Byron-headed Boker, mend thy verse,
 But stick to blank,—though poor, thy rhyme is worse ;
 The first we fain must swallow as it come,
 The latter, garlie mixtures, chokes us dumb.
 Let good Sir Franklin⁴⁸ sleep in peace, nor slime
 His memory over with thy bungling rhyme.
 Perhaps thy laboring muse may yet bring forth
 A deathless babe to bless the by its worth ;
 But think no more thy unworked trash to pour
 Upon a public—even thou can'st bore.

Amid our poet-shepherds be the Pan,
But ere a God, first prove thyself a man.

Artistic *Read*, behold in state next pass,
All finely mounted on his tragic ass ;
Asks of the sun and moon the angels' track,⁴⁹
That he may follow them as Jill did Jack.
And thou wouldst grasp at fame, great Read, it seems,
At least we judge so, from thy "*Realm of Dreams.*"
Nor yet in vain ! if beauty, grace and heart,
Combined with all the elegance of art,
Can win man laurel or a chaplet twine,
Not small the wreath of local fame that's thine.
In thee, proud *Philadelphia* one bard gains,
Who, unlike most its authors, hast some brains ;
And critics bid thee, with a chuckling voice,
Like Peter's eunuch march on and rejoice.

Yet, yet from out the scanty bay-wreath formed,
For the dull soul by passion never warmed,
Two quenchless stars illumine the muses' way—
The self drawn "*Spirit Love*,"⁵⁰ and "*Edith May.*"

High in our State's illumeless sky of fame,
 Lo! woman-stars true woman's might proclaim!
 While Youth and Age, in many a sounding lay,
 Like Coe, enraptured sing of "Edith May."
 Great Queen of Song! from *Baker* down to *Jones*,
 None, none dare rival thy inspiring tones;
 And though a woman thine to teach in this,—
 To show our poets what *true* poetry is.

Far as the North its frowning cliff displays,
 Where knowledge wanders or where science strays;
 Down to the South, above whose sportive seas
 Sweeps, like a dreamy spell, the dreamy breeze;
 In the sad East, where mouldering heroes rest,
 And where the glad sun tints the mighty West;
 Where'er the eye can turn, or list the ear,
 The Gods with genius join, save only here.
 Hark! from New England's peaceful shores arise,
 Ten thousand lyres, whose music sweeps the skies;
 While, like the echo from Apollo's strain,
 The South wafts back a kindred song again!
 But thou! O, Philadelphia! Poesy,
 Though living yet, is almost dead to thee;

As all may tell who've read—and don't forget,
The trashy perpetrations of Gardette.⁵¹

With green bag dangling from his spacious span,
Behold a rhymers in the "pretty man;"⁵²
Renouncing quite, for poet's classic store,
That mighty instrument of vice—the law:
Forgets the echoed praises of a queen,
To scribble stanzas for a magazine!
Alas! in mercy, Richard, learn to spare
Those of thy friends thy shame must feel and share;
Thy weak abortions henceforth cease to spit,
Nor prove like Launce thou hast more hair than wit.⁵³
Brave not, like Birney, well-deserved contempt,
But let thy first one be thy last attempt.

Like willing slaves, Euterpe, must we all,
Still doomed to hear or bard or critic bawl,
To croaking rhymsters lend our aching ears,
Or sneak, like whipped curs, from each fool's low sneers?
Shall crime, no longer masked, like Comus' tribe⁵⁴
Laugh merit down, kill virtue with her gibe?

And, decked in Folly's garb, stalk uncondemned,
 Her train enlarge, her damning rule extend?
 Young rouè striplings just escaped from school,
 (Freed from the terrors of good Mistress *Rule*,)
 The sons of evil and the slaves to vice,
 Boast whom they worship, and the homage-price.
 And sweet young maids (from ladies renegade)
 Flouncing in satins or a new brocade,
 For spotted character no care express,
 But shriek in horror if one stain their dress;
 Regarding less the luckless name they own,
 Or fearing more to spoil their last new gown.
 Mark with what swell sleek *Nancy* stalks the street,
 His hands new kidded and with turned-out feet;
 Eternal langour in his witless face,
 And deadened look e'en Somnus might disgrace:—
 Great *White*, of fashion's Christendom the moon,
 Whom younger monkeys learn to ape so soon!
 And yet, sweet *Count*, though like a hundred more,
 By educated women voted bore,
 E'en *thou* hast more sense, though devoid of wit,
 Than half the *critics* who lay claim to it;

And were but Bedlam opened freely now,
 There's more would visit it, O! *White*, than thou!

O, money! priest of fashion! can repose
 Be ever found amid thy gilded woes?
 While clutching man, in insane secrecy,
 Spurns heaven for hell! a God of love for thee!
 In times like ours, when Science proudly stands,
 And woos fond Art perfected to her hands;
 When soaring intellect exerts a sway,
 Where life enkindled burns, or man can stray;
 Shall this our age, like that of ancient Rome,
 Speak but the darkness of the one to come?
 And Error, woes leviathan, appear,
 Nor fear the sword of Truth, or heed her tear!
 Youths, strange to Wisdom, and by Pleasure led,
 Crime's warmest advocates, her evils spread;
 While feeble Men look calmly on, and blind,
 In height of station lose the fallen mind.⁵⁵

To purge these evils, and wronged right redress,
 Where is that boasted arm of right—the Press?

Why slumbers still in peace its ponderous jaws,
 While hoary villains daily break the laws;—
 Unheeding, take the squibs of paper scribes,
 The just man's scorn—and all his gold besides?
 For thee, O Plutus, will life's poor slave toil,
 His honor sully, and his conscious soil;
 For thee and thine, his dearest rights renounce,
 But, gaining thee, the filthy means denounce.
 Uneducated man will curse, despise,
 The social walls that bar his social rise;
 But let him once, by money's might t' attain
 A vulgar grandeur of position gain,—
 Behold how vast the efforts of the dunce,
 To keep down those who were his equals once!⁵⁶
 From flouting equipage, with scornful eye,
 Views fellow workmen pass him, plodding by!
 His equals once—by sin superiors made,—
 The lust of pride—sin! though in gold arrayed!

Ye great D. D's., where hast thy glory gone?
 Why let poor Israel perish, and alone?
 Wake! from thy dreams of poesy awake!
 Surrender, ill swept lyres, for virtue's sake.

My task is most complete ; one moment turn we
 Back to that Prince of Jezebels—poor Birney ;
 Fit subject for keen satire's scornful gibe,
 Deadened alike to all things but a bribe.
 Though, like great *Jeffrey*, thou would'st aim to be
 The supercilious judge of poesy,
 And foully lib'lest with thy dirty pen,
 What those can't ne'er be like—good, honest men ;—
 Know that with *Jeffrey* 'twas a scholar writ,
 What thou hast not—he tempered mind with wit.
 Renounce thy boastful strictures and reviews,
 And give us what we pay thee for—the News.

A truce ! a truce ! ye bards, divine and not,
 Scribbling at morn, at night to be forgot !
 Thy jingling worship of the Nine give o'er,
 And learning wisdom, henceforth cease to bore.
 No more the printer, *Jones*, with echoes curse—
 A sounding title will not save thy verse.
 Let poetasters spout their worn-out slang,
 And *Woodward's* couplets crawl with horrid twang ;
 Let silly *Dickl* his sillier stanzas boast,
 And Law and Physic rule the rhyming roast ;

Let dramatists from *Boker* down to *Hirst*,
 To wit be strangers, and for fame a thirst ;
 Serawl tragedies which all who hear must damn,
 Or write for comedy⁵⁷ a melo-drame :
 But *thou*, poetic preachers, rend thy lines,
 And pray along with other good divines ;
 The world of fashions royal crimes expose,
 And show her heart more sullied than her clothes.

Thy praises few, thy curses by the score,
 Rest thee, my quill, thy thankless mission o'er.
 But should his conscience feel thy satire's weight,
 In might unequal to man's fallen state ;
 Should folly yield her now triumphant sway,
 And wisdom guide the world to honor's way ;
 Should beardless Hebes stay their annual lyre,⁵⁸
 And cease to cloy the press with rhyming mire ;
 Should genius scorn the pleasures that defile—
 The fool's applauding nod, for virtue's smile :
 Thy aim fulfilled—vice, folly, crushed, give o'er—
 Thank the just Gods, and, happy, sing no more.

NOTES.

NOTE 1. Page 4.

“Hark how each whimster, o’er thy hallowed bones,” &c.

Qui se sent galeux, se gratte.

NOTE 2. Page 5.

“These critic-frogs a lesson for their weal,” &c.

For further particulars, see Æsop’s fable of the “Frog and the Ox.” The fraternity of editorial frogs, especially the smaller specimens, are daily becoming more absurdly pompous. In proportion as public respect diminishes, their stock of self-esteem seems to enlarge. Well, perhaps they are right; but the Lord save me from news-mongers, unless I have the funds to buy off their conceit!

NOTE 3. Page 6.

“A famous traveller has scribbled letters,” &c.

Mister Birney must either have been very sleepy or very stupid—probably both—when he epistolized from Europe. No doubt he completed the irksome task from the propitiatory reason that an

empty pocket should excuse the empty head; or perhaps, as with most letter scribblers, our author has not the smartness to perceive his own stupidity.

“Ad ogni uccello—suo nido è bello.”

NOTE 4. Page 7.

“Illumes each Register that greets the eye,” &c.

The Register is the title of a little abolition organ which daily vomits a chapter of abuse against all who are honest enough to scorn its principles. The *laudum arreta cupido* with which it croaks over the imaginary evils of others, is certainly in accordance with the exalted mind of the embryo editor.

NOTE 5. Page 8.

“Hast thou no blush of shame, thick pated fool.”—*Shakspeare*.

Notwithstanding his extreme wisdom, Mr. Birney has forgotten to add a little modesty to the many honorable components of his character. We beg that he will see to this immediately, and something may be realized by taking to the exhibition of the “Fat Woman,” that of the “Perfect Man.”

NOTE 6. Page 8.

“Thy soul, like Satan’s, all to envy given.”

“Aside the Devil turned,
For envy, and with jealous leer eyed them askance.”—*Milton*.

NOTE 7. Page 8.

“McMakin next, high on the censor’s chair.”

“Risum teneatis amici.”

NOTE 8. Page 9.

“Mild *Peterson*, to prose or poem true,” &c.

The press, with which this gentleman is connected, is at present engaged in the “puff, puff, puff,” of what purports to be the second edition of a work whose final sentence is decidedly the best, merely because it *is* the *last*. I take it we need look for no greater proof of the degeneracy of literary taste, than that a work of such a superficial and sketchy character, should survive a republication.

NOTE 9. Page 9.

“*Graham* and *Godcy* joining in the throng,” &c.

These gentlemen, respectively the heads of the Magazines which bear their names, are the great Philadelphia founts whence flow the waters of salvation or damnation, for the disordered faculties of those who suffer with the poetic itch:

“Who in despite
Of nature and their stars will write.”

NOTE 10. Page 9.

“While Prince *Fitzgerald*, 'mid the gorgon tribe,” &c.

The Bully “Fitz” is the editor of the “Item,” and if we judge from all that has been written *of* him—must be a very handsome fellow; but if from all written *by* him, is certainly a very stupid one.

NOTE 11. Page 9.

“And smiting Shepherd Birney crush the sheep,” &c.

Mathew, 26, xxxi.

NOTE 12. Page 10.

“ Though crushed and fallen, I'll give not Heaven for lost.”

Vide Milton's *Paradise Lost*.—*Book II*.

NOTE 13. Page 11.

“ Denies the crumbling clay its lonely rest.”

Mr. Thackeray has proved himself to be a decided man of courage. In the first place, he has gratified his laudable desire for literary achievements, by attacking where there are none to defend. In the next, having gathered, by his slander of the dead, a goodly round of American dollars, he casts our weakness, in being so easily gulled, back into our teeth, by going home and attempting to turn Washington and the country into ridicule. Well done, good and faithful servant; when next you poke your nose into American air, a genius though you be, may you have it twigged off!

NOTE 14. Page 12.

“ 'Till even Woodward might cry hold—enough !”

This courageous youth, along with his posthumous production, is more particularly noted in another place.

NOTE 15. Page 13.

“ Our Philadelphia critics are as bad.”

“ Critics of less judgment than caprice,
Curious, not knowing, not exact but nice.”—*Pope*.

Our Critics' praises, like the blessings of a priest, are plentifully showered on all those who are able and willing to pay for them. Heaven bless their generous souls!

NOTE 16. Page 15.

“Thou must resign thy wreaths to *Richard Coe*.”

Poet and Dry-Goods Merchant! Does Mr. Coe wish the public to judge of his mercantile ability, by his poetical effusions? If he do, he need expect no more discounts. But to be serious, if you *must* write poetry, Mr. Coe, in pity, don't damn it by printing.

NOTE 17. Page 16.

“McMakin, too, ambitious in his time.”

Those to whom this individual is unknown, have a double motive from which to congratulate themselves. First, that they are strangers to one of earth's most ignorant lumps of human conceit, and next, that they escape the stupid bore of listening to his songs, which, by the by, are only to be met with on his own music rack.

NOTE 18. Page 17.

“Attend thy business, drink lager beer and swear.”

All unacquainted with the details of a business life, will probably deem this a gross misrepresentation, or at the best, an extravagant exaggeration. Disavowing all allusion to Mr. Coe, whom I believe to be a good man and a christian, I distinctly assert, and every *honest* business man must acknowledge it to be true, that the corruptions which at present exist in the ordinary transactions of mercantile life, are degrading both to the individual man, and to society at large.

The whole doctrine of business seems to be with us what it was with bad men in the time of Horace:

“Recte, si possis, si non, quocunque modo, rem.”

In short, morality has, at present, but one thing to do with the merchant, and that is to keep as far out of his way as possible. He seems to think that if he pray sufficiently hard on Sunday, he is entitled to sin with impunity all the rest of the week. That such a state of things should exist in a city fast reaching the climax of refinement, and in the midst of a people who profess to wonderful religious scruples, is, to say the least, somewhat extraordinary.

NOTE 19. Page 17.

“And Hirst, a wandering pilgrim of the law.”

Henry B. Hirst, lawyer, sportsman and poet! to which may be added the rather dubious honor of an immense talker.

NOTE 20. Page 18.

“Who paints a woman quiet as ‘a bird.’”

Vide “Isabel,” one of the best of Mr. Hirst’s labored and tedious effusions.

“A lustrous maid was Isabel,
As quiet as a brooding bird.”

O for a few more Isabels!

NOTE 21. Page 18.

“Than writing funerals for father Time.”

Vide “Funeral of Time,” and other poems, by H. B. Hirst.

NOTE 22. Page 18.

“’Tis Morris, doubtless holy as his verse,” &c.

Mr. Morris has just issued a volume of poems, which are much to the credit of his heart, whatever they may be to his poetical repu-

tation. They possess a sincerely religious character, and deserve to be successful.

NOTE 23. Page 20.

“ Shall wights like these, from Alexander down,” &c.

Alexander, better known to the pages of a magazine, as a most inveterate writer of sonnets. Every number of Graham is unfortunate enough to contain one or two, generally slyly stowed away in the corners, as if ashamed to acknowledge they are only inserted to fill up.

NOTE 24. Page 20.

“ To Miserèmus still oppress the town.”

The nom de plume of a poor broken-hearted young wretch, who hopes to lessen his misery by publishing it in miserable jingle to the world. The author did well to conceal his name, and it is only surprising his publishers have not followed so wise an example.

NOTE 25. Page 21.

“ 'Tis fair-faced Diehl strikes boldly out for fame.”

Better known to the columns of the Daily Inquirer, than to the literary world in general. It has been said his productions have been rejected, like bad meat, by all our hard-hearted editors in turn ; and as his hitherto noisy muse has suddenly become defunct, I am inclined to think the saying true. Has he sense enough to forgive me for hoping so ?

NOTE 26. Page 21.

“To something more than lays of lonely hours.”

See back numbers of the “Inquirer,” for these extraordinary productions of Tommy’s muse.

NOTE 27. Page 22.

“And bore us not with echoes of the heart.”

To appreciate this “*coup d’essai*” of the reverend gentleman, the reader must see it for himself. Its virtues as a poetical medicine, are great, and I have fallen asleep over it when anodyne itself has failed.

*Tale tuum carmen nobis divina poeta,
Quale sopor fessis.—Virgil.*

NOTE 28. Page 23.

“‘All, all is vanity,’ the preacher says.”

Eccles., chap. 1, v. 2.

NOTE 29. Page 23.

“Lo! quibbling *Janvier* spins his fulsome tales.”

This is the *nom de plume* of Master Joseph Janvier Woodward, a young man of wonderful acquirements, and very wise, as the Proverb says, in his own conceit. Master Josey has just become an *M. D.*, to which I suggest be added a degree which the merits of his tale fully entitle him to *A. S. S.* Among many other magnificent

ideas, there is one which for the physiological and moral knowledge it embodies, deserves especial notice. See page 39 of "Ada," a tale:

"He said, and seized the mighty bowl,
And poured the liquor on his *soul*."

Here is the solution of the momentous question—"Where is the soul?" Mr. Woodward is decidedly original. He first places the "Warder's" soul in that individual's stomach, then makes that worthy old man proceed to preserve it, by steeping the same in brandy and water.

NOTE 30. Page 25.

"Rhyme on, scorn grammar, metre, common sense."

That this embryo genius has succeeded pretty well in scorning what he don't understand, the following extract from his "tale," makes fully evident:

"But the strong *souls* of those who bled
With Harrold in the fight, *was* dead."

Sic passim.

NOTE 31. Page 25.

"Exalts his strain and versifies the Psalms."

Vide pages 120 to 123 of his poems, where Dr. Bethune exerts his intellectual powers to compose a series of very poor epigrams; and pages 124 to 136, where the Doctor's muse takes a soaring flight and ridicules the Psalms, by turning them into very poor rhyme.

NOTE 32. Page 25.

"Like Woolsey's bladders, spite of state or pride," &c.

I have ventured,

Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders.—*Henry VIII.*

NOTE 33. Page 26.

“Perched up like scare-crows on thy marriage rock,” &c.

Mr. Lippard, like a good poet and most faithful romancer, scorned the heartless custom of marriages in a church or Alderman’s office. Nothing would do but to lead his virgin bride out to a rock on the astonished Wissahickon, where they stood billing and cooing like two turtles, until the happy ceremony was performed. Query.—What did the birds think of the novel performance?

NOTE 34. Page 26.

“O, Momus guard us, dost thou think like Bell,” &c.

Who does’nt know Billy Bell? the eccentric but witty auctioneer of Thomas & Son’s book sales?

NOTE 35. Page 26.

“Or measure out a lay or yard of tape,” &c.

Dewey, like Coe, worships both Plutus and Apollo. O for shame, ye men of mercenary trade! A piece of six-penny calico in one hand, and a six-penny rhyme in the other! As your greatest punishment—may the homage to the one God, yield you as little in the way of gold, as that of the other affords your readers in the way of sense.

NOTE 36. Page 28.

“First Conrad woke our city’s sleeping mass,” &c.

Judge Conrad may be considered as the founder of our local school of trashy dramatic excrescences. It is to be regretted that

men with a fair share of talent, should not devote themselves to that business or profession to which nature has best adapted them. Independent of such attractive heroes as the genius of a Forrest would mould out of any character, the attempts of our Hon. Ex-Judge, like that of the "Little Doctor," would have long since been unequivocally damned. Dramatic rant may produce a wondrous effect amidst the illiterate visitors of a pit or second tier, but can never bring its author lasting literary fame; as Judge Conrad, if he live a little longer, may have full reason to confess. One thing is certain, when Forrest leaves the stage, Jack Cade will bear him company.

NOTE 37. Page 29.

"Will blow Fame's trumpet, if he gets his price," &c.

"In praise so just, let every voice be joined,
And swell the general chorus of mankind."—*Pope*.

NOTE 38. Page 29.

"Like senseless Birney, strive to make a hit," &c.

"Qui n' a point de sens à trente ans, n' en aura jamais." It is a matter of pity, as far as his creditable thirst for glory is concerned, that this should apply with such propriety to poor Birney. It is evident that Mr. B. considers himself a genius, though unfortunately for his ambition, it is equally evident he is nothing of the kind. He has two important things yet to learn—that impudence and arrogance are not wit, and that to make what little knowledge he may possess, productive of good; he must (hard task?) temper it with modesty. In this, Mister Birney, you are sadly deficient. Now try, like a good and honest man, amid your reforming schemes, to reform yourself. I think it will be less trouble to mend your own faults, than forge them for others.

NOTE 39. Page 29.

“Next warlike Bird with manuscript in hand,” &c.

Author of the “Gladiator,” and numerous exciting novels. Dr. Bird, when compared to the heavy Boker and the trashy Conrad, becomes the Philadelphian Shakspeare.

NOTE 40. Page 29.

“Now made immortal by great Lucas Hirst.”

Author of “Grub, Mudge & Co.,”—a comedy.

NOTE 41. Page 30.

“Reform the people, purge the public mind,” &c.

“Sævior armis luxuria incubuit Lucan.”

NOTE 42. Page 31.

“Where are ye, Pulty? fate hangs on thy shoes,” &c.

Vide the Betrothal, where the astonished Pulty is informed of this strange fact.

NOTE 43. Page 31.

“Like Leland, vow thy genius hath no end,” &c.

See a back number of Sartain’s Magazine, in which Mr. Boker receives the full meed of this individual’s praise; with what *justice* I leave the independent reader to judge for himself. Criticism is one thing, the extravagant and absurd admiration of friends another. The article in question, proves the truth of Boileau’s remark:—“One fool always finds a greater fool to admire him.”

NOTE 44. Page 32.

“With but a mass of nauseous sentiment,” &c.

Vide *Betrothal*, in which the author, though in a round-about manner, acknowledges the truth here asserted.

NOTE 45. Page 32.

“And yet refuse to call the author out.”

Upon the occasion of the revival of the *Betrothal*, in this city, the audience, to testify to the superior acting, no less than to their weariness of the play, honored the several members of the stock company with a call before the curtain, but bestowed upon the name of the unlucky author, a terrible shower of hisses. The great dramatist's friends, considering they had done their duty in saving the piece on its first representation, and probably somewhat disgusted with this second daring of the fates, had very wisely remained away.

NOTE 46. Page 33.

“But soon is up Calaynos' Moorish blood,” &c.

“To horse! to horse! my Moorish blood is up.”—*Calaynos*.

NOTE 47. Page 33.

“Like his ‘Dumb Genius,’ labor as we will,” &c.

Vide a most labored and stupid production with the above title, unworthy even of Mr. Boker, setting aside the unfortunate mute. Had anything been able to move the poor fellow to speech, he would most certainly have protested against this ludicrous attempt to

render himself and the author immortal. What crazy attempts some make to become objects of note! But "*At pulchrum est digito monstrari et dicier hic est.*"

NOTE 48. Page 33.

"Let Good Sir Franklin sleep in peace, nor slime," &c.

Vide a most horrid perpetration, published in Sartain, entitled a "Ballad," and addressed to the lamented Franklin. It commences:

"O, wither go you, Sir John Franklin?
To the North Pole, far away.
O, I warn you back, Sir John Franklin,
For there you may not stay!"

I hardly think he could have resisted this prophetic inspiration. Throughout, it is a grand affair, almost as simple as the author himself.

NOTE 49. Page 34.

"Asks of the sun and moon the angels' track," &c.

Witness a series of lamentations and queries in rhyme, in Mr. Read's volume, entitled "The Way." Our poet raves like some romantic lunatic, because the sun, moon and stars, (as sun, moon and stars should do,) make no reply to his very ridiculous questions.

NOTE 50. Page 34.

"The self-drawn 'Spirit Love,'" &c.

See "The Spirit Lovers," and "Spirit Bridal," a most beautiful poem, by Miss L. V. Smith. What a pity, when a writer of such

ability and feeling, wedded to the muses, plays false and deserts the Gods, to wed—Man!

NOTE 51. Page 36.

“The trashy perpetrations of *Gardette*.”

A poor, romantic young man, who produces monthly rhyming abortions, and lives for Glory.

NOTE 52. Page 36.

“Behold a rhymer in the “pretty man.”

A loyal title conferred upon Richard Vaux, Esq, by the Queen of England. Long may Dickey live to enjoy it; though I suspect a few landed estates would have come nearer the ambition of the “beauty.”

NOTE 53. Page 36.

“Nor prove, like Launce, thou hast more hair than wit.”

Speed. Item.—‘She hath more hair than wit.

Launce. More hair than wit,—it may be:—I’ll prove it, &c.—

[*Two Gentlemen of Verona*.

NOTE 54. Page 36.

“Shall crime, no longer masked, like Comus’ tribe,” &c.

“Spirit.—Night by night

He and his monstrous rout are heard to howl

Like stabled wolves, or tigers at their prey,

Doing abhorred rites to Hecate.”

Milton’s Mask of Comus.

NOTE 55. Page 38.

“In heighth of station, lose the fallen mind.”

“Of Man, what see we but his station here,
From which to reason, or to which refer?”—*Pope*.

NOTE 56. Page 39.

“To keep down those who were his equals once.”

“*Licet superbus ambules pecunia,
Fortuna non mutat genus.*”—*Horace*.

NOTE 57. Page 41.

“Or write for comedy, a melo-drame.”

See the defunct comedy of “All the World’s a Mask,” in which pistols and murder abound, and at which the audience laugh—through their noses.

NOTE 58. Page 41.

“Should beardless Hebe stay their annual lyre,” &c.

“*Comus*. Were they of manly prime, or youthful bloom?
Lady. As smooth as Hebe’s, their unrazored lips.”—*Milton*.

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