

## THE ENGLISH REVIEW

most of Longfellow is pop-gun loaded with pop-corn. Bryant is, on the whole, even more spectacled than Longfellow; and Whittier is little better than Moody and Sankey.

If most of these people had lived in England, should we have had a quarter as much fuss made about them? But in the desert which Childe Roland crossed "a burr had been a treasure-trove."

Of Bryant the best quotations which Poe (who was trying to extol him) can find are this sort of thing:

"And what if cheerful shouts at noon  
Come, from the village sent,  
Or songs of maids beneath the moon  
With fairy laughter blent?  
And what if, in the evening light,  
Betrothèd lovers walk in sight  
Of my low monument?"

Echo answers "what?"

A sonnet beginning

"Ay, thou art for the grave,"

ends

"We will trust in God to see thee yet again."

After this we wonder if Poe was not smiling softly to himself in concluding his appreciation:

"He is married (Mrs. Bryant still living), has two daughters (one of them Mrs. Parke Godwin), and is residing for the present at Vice-Chancellor McCown's, near the junction of Warren and Church Streets."

Walter Savage Landor was an exile in Italy, and in any case I find it difficult to read him. How he came to conquer Swinburne one cannot imagine, unless one knows all about Swinburne.

Nathaniel Hawthorne and Washington Irving are difficult to rank in the first class. The sentimentality of the one and the obviousness of the other are enough to bar them from the Immortals. And Hawthorne at least was caught red-handed in a very open plagiarism. In their time and place, however, they stood for a good deal of good. They did excellent work of its kind. R.I.P.

Of others who had their measure of fame some seventy years ago, there are some surprisingly facile writers.