

The Hall of Fame.—No Room for Poe.

Here's a puzzle for those who think that fame, say the fame of genius poetic, or electric, or mechanic, or what not, is easily understood. Twice in five years have the judges (?) so-called "the One Hundred Electors" rejected Edgar Allan Poe's plea for admittance! *Poor fellow, it is quite possible that he personally never dreamed of such a plea, but upon his admirers who demand it, the refusal falls rather clumsily, especially after a casual survey of the list of privileged ones. Fancy denying Poe admittance to the Hall in which Whittier figures gauntly. On inquiry Chancellor McCracken says Poe's moral nature had to be considered. Where would Scotland put blithe Bobby Burns, and Ireland poor "Goldy," had the judges over there been so contankerous. In all probability the McCracken in question would consign watery (?) John Keats to the ash barrel and Shelly to the gutters—had they been Americans. To what part of the braying menagerie have McCracken and his council consigned themselves by this sentence?—What have these judges set up for themselves as a standard of literary criticism? Sad and vagabondish as Poe's life became, all true records show him an amiable man, a good husband, a true friend; his luckless career can hardly be deemed all the result of any serious defect in his moral nature. Who has ever thought of lugging in the morals of Homer—when making out the list of the world's poets? Does not a poet's title to fame lie in his poems? Whatever be the usefulness of Mr., as well as Mrs. Grundy, in regulating society—they should not be consulted by the builders of a Hall of Fame; admission here does not mean exactly the same as canonization. The fact that McCracken has proved himself incapable of rising above the Grundy level demonstrates his total lack of ability, to sit in the perilous seat of judgment. He said that Poe's poems lack of sincerity. This sounds like New England cant about truth. Poe does not "slop over" into weak personal and local sentimentality—he did not, like some others down East, desecrate the noble gift of song to air peculiar political prejudices and animosities; his quarrell with the Raven does not mean anything in particular as to the Black Man. He, like the other real singers expresses a quality*