

by mixing up the question of different versions with that of the claims of David's Psalms. Apparently with a design of exciting the prejudice of the reader or hearer, the language that is used is adapted to leave the impression, that a correct or bearable version of the Book of Psalms we cannot have, and that the one in common use is such, as cannot but produce an utter disgust with the substance because of the form. Dr. Neill says that "the miserable doggerel of Rouse is sung, or attempted to be sung, to the no small annoyance of all correct taste for the harmony of numbers, or the charms of music." The judgment of "T." is that "Roos's version of the Psalms was never one of the best, and is now out of date. There are some good passages in our metrical version of the Psalms of David, but the greater part of them borders on the doggerel, and many passages are doggerel in the extreme."

Dr. Neill evidently felt that he was addressing a very facile audience, and did not expect to have either his ideas or terms exactly canvassed; while "T." proceeds like one who is determined, by a bold statement, to deter any one from calling it in question. Both agree, and agree with many others besides, in applying to Rouse's or Roos's version, wholly or partially, that every way harsh word *doggerel*. It may not be clearly understood by all their readers, but is likely to make the deeper impression by being hard sounding, though conveying no definite idea. In treating of a polemical subject, I once used the word *duplicity*. One of my hearers, giving to a friend an account of the discourse, mentioned the term, and confessed he did not understand it, but he felt assured that the severest *cut* of all lay in that same word *duplicity*.

Still, Rouse has so many friends, among the pious, the learned, and even among poets and musicians, that we run no risk of being hooted out of good company, for professing a strong partiality for his doggerel: and the man had better conceal his real name, who ventures to say, "Roos's version never was one of the best." Poetry, real, heart-stirring poetry, has so little to do either with Rhythm or Rhyme, that, since whatever poetry there is in David, there is in Rouse, Neill and "T." would be classed by Dr. Blair (no mean judge of composition, prosaic or poetical), with those "frivolous writers, always disposed to squabble concerning the minutiae of criticism, which deserve not any particular discussion." When we are furnished with a better version than that of Rouse (which is barely among the things possible), we are prepared to accept it. In the mean time, we shall show what others have thought of Roos: others who are entitled to express an opinion upon such a subject; men who "had taste for good poetry and good music," and in whose presence, "T." and company would not display an excess of modesty by their silence.