

Irving again appealed to the author of *Waverley*. Scott, who happened to be in London, repeated Johnson's performance with the "Vicar of Wakefield." The copyright was sold for £200. The work was an immediate success. From that time everything that Irving wrote was eagerly accepted by his English publishers, and not always to their pecuniary advantage. But for sixteen years after the publication of the "sketch book," he was only known to his own countrymen through pirated copies of his English editions. That Irving should have felt this keenly, was only natural. But the pendulum was on the return, assisted partly by Irving's increasing popularity, and partly by the weekly sarcasms of Judge Haliburton, who was giving the "Yankee Clockmaker" to the world, through the medium of a newspaper.

The desire of Washington Irving to live and write in the United States was only natural. Unlike Benjamin West, he never forgot his republican principles. But it is a suggestive fact that the first book of Washington Irving's copyrighted in America, was directed to the national vanity of the Yankees, and not to their taste. "Astoria" is almost destitute of literary merit, but it describes the tip of the eagle's wing dipping in the Pacific Ocean, and the consequent overshadowing of the whole continent by the mighty bird.

Astoria was followed by the "Adventures of Captain Bonneville, U. S. A.," and "Wolfert's Roost," the latter of which only possesses any merit, and it was the last original work of Irving's pen. In 1848, the appearance of Forster's magnificent life of Goldsmith, gave our author an opportunity to reproduce an old memoir of the poet, which he had written more than twenty years before, for a Paris edition of Goldsmith's works. It is merely a rehash of Forster's "Life"—Forster, in the preface to his second edition, uses a harsher term—and added nothing to Irving's reputation. But it must have been a financial success, as it altered the whole tenor of his work. He now became a prose edition of Gray, and henceforward contented himself with polishing the ideas of other writers. His lives of "Mahomet" and "Washington" are merely bulkier works condensed into clear and graceful English. But even as an epitomist he compares unfavorably with Goldsmith, who only resorted to such hack-work when pressed by necessity, and yet left monuments of the art which have never been equalled. On the whole, then, we consider Irving's reputation as an author rests upon his earlier writings, his "History of New York," and his short sketches and legends, which receive freshness and piquancy from their local colorings. He appears to have been peculiarly sensitive to surrounding influences. His "Alhambra" could only have been written within the walls of the grand old Moorish palace. His "Sketch Book" and "Bracebridge Hall" reveal his breezy ramblings through Great Britain, as plainly as his "Goldsmith" and "Washington" recall the musty atmosphere of the library.

H. B. GAHAN.

THEY ARE SEVEN.



MET a pretty college girl.

She was twenty-two, she said;

He hair was banged with wave and curl,
And coiled about her head.

"Sweethearts and lovers, gentle maid!

How many may they be?"

"How many? Seven in all," she said,
And, wondering, looked at me.

"And where are they?" I pray you tell.

She answered, "Seven are they,
And two in London South do dwell,
And one in town doth stay.

"The two down in the city here

I'm not quite sure about,
But Alf. and Harry, living near,
They often drive me out."

"You say that living here are two

Of whom you're not quite sure,
And yet you're seven. That can't be true;
Explain a little more."

Then answered she in gentle tone,

"They're seven. Now, don't you see,
Those two have somewhat backward grown,
And not so mashed on me."

"If they don't call on you, my dear,

Or take you out to drive,
Don't count the two are living here,
But say you've only five."

"I see them oft; their homes are near,"

The gentle maid replied,
"And not a hundred yards from here
They've studied side by side.

"The first that went, Will was his name;

He from my side did stray,
Because a missionary came
And stole my heart away.

"Then, when to college, through the snow,

We tramped at eight each morn,
My Willie did with Susan go,
And I was left forlorn."

"How many have you then," I asked.

Those have the mitten given.
She wouldn't see it, simple maid,
But answered, "They are seven."

"But they are gone—those two are gone;

They gave you the good-by."
Still, useless was my talking quite,
She wouldn't see it in that light,
And seven was her reply.