

few poetical works that are attempted to be palmed off upon us as American, are English, German, French, anything and everything, in fact, but American—that they are *not*. Indeed we conceive that this sweeping denunciation would apply, in a great measure, to every branch of what is styled American literature.

This would seem an almost hopeless state of things; but we cannot but hope that there is a better not far distant. We trust the literary reader will consider the matter seriously, and doubt not that he will find much in the subject to engross his deepest interest. It is of the greatest importance that every nation and people, on this Continent, should have a national literature, and—we say it in all seriousness—more particularly a national poetry. There is a vein of poetic feeling which permeates the mental constitution of every people, and which, if skillfully worked, may be made all powerful for good. That vein, in the people of Anglo-Saxon America, has never yet been touched: the lyre of the *first* American poet remains as yet unstrung. Whoever that distinguished title is in store for, his first step must be, to brush from the page of American literature, the scintillations which have alighted thereon, from foreign luminaries, to sparkle a moment and expire, and the airy gossamer lines of those native aspirants who have attempted to precede him in the race of fame, then, and not till then, as a true, native American Son of Song, he may hope to brighten that page with “words that burn,” and which will there leave their impress forever.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

In consequence of the Half Hour's notice of John McPherson, which appeared in the March number of *THE PROVINCIAL*, some further recollections of the Poet and his literary remains have been furnished by a Correspondent under the caption of

MORE OF JOHN MCPHERSON.

JOHN McPherson had high opinions of his literary vocation, and high expectations of literary success,—or at least, and at most perhaps, of fame, when the poor author's ear should be beyond such reward.

He did not take up verse-making like most amateurs, as an elegant recreation, or the employment of an idle hour; but as a serious business, to be energetically and enthusiastically attended to, in consequence of its own nature, and the possible achievements in the department. He, therefore, with well selected thoughts, copious supply of appropriate language, good natural taste, and fine ear, set carefully to work to form a literary gem, and when produced he loved it, simply and unabashed, as a mental offspring worthy of a parent's pride. Poor fellow, he had much pleasure respecting such off-