

freighted with life and all which makes life dear ; flying, shrieking, thundering over the plain, with a speed that almost equals that of the whirlwind, and with a terrible energy which threatens to crush whatever dares to oppose its progress, and which seems to set all nature at defiance ? These are but a few of the innumerable items which compose the grand result of modern civilization. Yet the distinguishing trait of the age, particularly in Anglo-Saxon America, and that from which all the triumphs of civilization proceed, is the exaltation, as a moral and intellectual being, of man himself.

“ But,” it may be asked, “ is the poet of America to restrict his effusions to the celebration of the triumphs of modern civilization ?” Certainly not. But we aver, that to succeed, he must remember that his productions are intended for the edification and refinement of a people whose great, and almost exclusive, boast and glory consists in the triumph of civilization. His effusions must not be slavish imitations of those which were written for the approbation of people living in a totally different sphere. His works must, in subject and style, be wholly original—or, at least, quite different from anything we have hitherto had—redolent of the fresh fragrance of a new world, otherwise it can never be expected that they will meet with a response from the tastes and feelings of a people among whom it may be emphatically said, *everything is new*. Such has been the *modus operandi* in the early formation of every national school of poetry ; and if ever the British Provinces of this Continent—if ever America, in its widest extent, should aspire to have a national poetry—may more, a national *literature*—the *literati* of the land must keep steadily in view the new and peculiar position of their country. It was not by a servile imitation of the classic models—the only models which they could have had to follow—that Chaucer, Spenser, and the other fathers of English song strung together their melodious and highly poetical verses ; theirs were the productions unmistakably of an English clime, and appealed irresistably to the feelings and imaginations of a young nation living under a new order of things. Even in Italy, to which we are more particularly indebted for the revival and dissemination of ancient learning, those very distinguished poets who, we may suppose, were inspired by the perusal of the long buried classic page, marked out a new path for themselves. Petrarch, and Alfieri, and Dante, and Tasso, although their productions, in some respects, prove the familiarity of those Authors with the lofty classic verse, are, in the prominent features of their works, neither Grecian, nor Roman poets ; they are decidedly Italian. We may adduce one other instance much more appropriate, as an example to those who aspire to the rank of American poets—that of Germany. The noble and profuse literature of that land, which may be said to have existed only for the last half century, and of which the poetic department is so great and so admirable, is neither Greek, Roman, nor Saracen ; neither Italian, French, nor English ; it is peculiarly German, and *modern* German. But turn to America—alas ! the