

The far less agreeable part of our duty now remains, namely, to notice some of the defects which this work contains. These are more in number than in magnitude; and if we judge by the superior beauties in some passages, we feel inclined to attribute the blemishes more to negligence than defect of talents in the writer.

Some lines terminate with an abruptness approaching to silliness:

"The loaded Hemlock boughs are bending low,
"Or spring elastic, and their burden throw;

is very bad and perhaps the worst in the book.

There are defects in the verse too, which, in some passages, offend the ear of a correct reader. And the rhyme is not always so correct as the state of modern poetry demands. "Unawares" forms a bad rhyme with "stars." "Heath" and "wreath" is also inadmissible; and moreover we have never understood "heath" formed an article in American scenery.

In the Ode "to the memory of General Agnew," the following passage is obscure:—

"There was *One*, who protected the sons of the soil,
"Their rights made his own, and their injuries his care;
"He *crav'd* not of power but his enemies to foil,
"Once conquer'd, he strove the defenceless to spare."

"He *crav'd* not of power" makes the sense imperfect; it should be either *He crav'd nought of power*, or the word *for* substituted for *of*.—And had the word *sought* been substituted for *crav'd* it would be still more poetical.

"—the roses and the thorns—"

"That hide and embellish its pitiful strife.—page 43.

We cannot comprehend how a thing can be hid and embellished at the same instant. The roses may hide the thorns but there is an absurdity in those wicked pricklers being embellished.

The attack by the rattle-snakes made upon Reuben is described in the following line:—

Swift to their victim *fly* the furious train.—page 24.

The power of flying may belong to the great sea serpent, but it is not a mode of locomotion, rattle-snakes are possessed of, *Glide*, would have been a better word.

The worms which covered her bower after rain must also have been of a particular species when their very remains make a *noise*.

Come not to the cheerful day-light,
Your *noisome* remains to disperse:—page 46.

But it is time to turn to the fairer side of this production—and we select the following as a specimen of the writer's talent for the lighter descriptions of poetry.