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To Contributors, Correspondents, &c.: From the Author of the 'Note to Blackstone's Commentaries': Extract of a Letter from the Reviewer of Messrs. Adams' and Everett's Orations

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To Contributors, Correspondents, &c.

We thank our correspondent C. W. L. for pointing out the resemblance between the little epigram entitled "The Mistake Corrected," in our last, and the "Surprise," in Little's poems, which he quotes. The resemblance is certainly strong, and it is quite probable that the former if not borrowed was at least suggested by the latter. We cannot agree however, that it is a "plagiarism," in the proper sense of that term; for we know too well the personal and literary character of the gentleman who presented us with the lines referred to, to suspect him for a moment of so paltry a proceeding. We rather conclude therefore, that its resemblance to Moore's bagatelle, is either the result of casual coincidence,—or more probably, perhaps, of an accidental mistake of the product of memory for that of fancy; a kind of mistake which those who have read much are very liable to make. We assure our correspondent B. R. B. that we have carefully compared the lines published in our last with his manuscript, and find them to correspond verbatim. He wrongs us much if he thinks we would do him wilful injustice; and if one word has been substituted for another in the lines referred to, so as to change their sense, he must ascribe it to himself. We hope with this explanation he will excuse us from inserting his letter at full length.

There is a great deal of feeling in many of the communications sent to the publisher by T. H. C., M. D.; but to our poor taste, there is not much poetry. We question whether the Doctor will not find the lancet and pill box of more profit in that warm region to which he has emigrated, than the offerings of his prolific muse. The poetical manufacture depends more upon the quality than the quantity of its fabrics, for success. We have received the following communication since the publication of our last number, from "Fra Diavolo;" (Horace refers!) which, as it is brief, we spread before our readers. His sneers at our "literary morality" and "critical acumen," we receive with great composure. Perhaps indeed, our vanity might be wounded if we had a tithe only of what seems to belong to the writer himself; but as our pretensions are very humble, we care not a farthing whether they are displeased or not. His request not to publish his poetry, (except on his own terms) shall be complied with; and should we coerce his impure effusions to the flames, as he also desires, the world will have little or no cause to regret it. So long as we can secure the rich contributions received from other quarters, we shall console ourselves with the loss of "Fra's" favors, and even endeavor to survive his unprovoked resentment. To "give the devil his
from the author of the "Note to Blackstone's Commentaries."

You judge rightly that I have no call to answer my censor. I have no pride of authorship in the affair. I wished to assist the public mind, and he has nobly me, for which he has my thanks. I have no controversy with him. His arguments against opinions I have not advanced, and, in his last paragraph, comes in and end of his whole. Being browed to my destruction, I declare him to be a poet of the "louder voice," and he wisely prefers the former. He predicates this depending; and, as he has asserted, he is a poet whom I should not be such a man to controvert. He has, I believe, shown a want of understanding in such a case. He finds it existing in fact. Doubtless might exist in various ways. Erroneous is the precise object of wrong. With us, it is the means to an end. With savage, it is the end itself. Had he sought, as I have, for individuals of once powerful tribes, escaped from massacre, and saved from utter frequently found some poet or historian of sufficient qualifications to record them with dignity and effect. Granting, but let us say, if it be more, does it come in that sort of declamation keeping with the good sense, accurate taste, and elevated can­

Extract of a Letter from the Rev. J. C. Adams and Everett's Orations.

You say, "The most sublime essay and the most heroic of our orators have generally found some poet or historian of sufficient qualifications to record them with dignity and effect."

The Song of the Seasons (though never so little deserving,) has received praise from a higher quarter than Sheffieldtown. My house is not very far from that village—near enough to know the character of its people; and in truth, gentlemen of talent and distinction are there with whom I have for ever held an honor to be acquainted. But it is plain that the critique could not have been written by any one of them. If I had no other reason for thinking so, I would say, "because it is not in keeping with the good sense, accurate taste, and elevated can­

You say "even the most exalted truths which have ever descended from the Muses—this fact and Acquiescence in revolution—have lost none of their grandeur in the simple narrations of

plain and unlettered men." Most true. The simplicity of the narrative is its excellence. But what should we say to a Gospel after the manner of Mr. Adams, or even of Mr. Everett?

Mr. White—This legitimate aim of criticism is, as you yourself have more than once remarked, to point out the proper path towards excellence. A true critic effects this by gently and courteously exposing error, and lauding beauties where beauties are to be found. So far as I can judge, neither gentlemen nor courtesies can be added to characteristics the critique of your "Shadowtown." The want of these qualities would certainly have induced me to pass over the letter in question, had it not represented between Matthew Carey and the rebellious Cobbett, the first apology for his own rudeness, by quoting the old proverb, "Let him who hath eyes to see, and ears to hear, let him use both.

This is but a philologist, and in my brief answer, I will endeavor as much as possible to observe that courtesy which your corres­

In the "Song of the Seasons" quaintness was aimed at, and aimed at only because I thought the subject called for it. One part of my defense was to determine the minute relations existing between the human heart and earth itself. Minstrelsy was necessary, and to be without quaintness, would render my piece dull and tasteless altogether. With regard to obscurity and the use of terms, I would ask your critic, if when he had "stud­

died the song," obliquity did not disapper, and if the terms are not in keeping with the quaintness aimed at. Indeed, I would ask him, if the terms used are not just such as should have been used in any case. Beaus are "amethystine." We will find an admirable application of the word in Kean's "Evil of St. Agnes," and Mrs. Hemsone sings very prettily of the drowsy "Bugle-Bee." By the way, let me in this last phrase, adopt the change recommended. The stanza quoted is the second of the "Song."

A white rose wandered where sweet herbs and tender grass were growing; His enemy was laid in prides, his chaste heart was beating

The "humble-bee" had called the host from its solitude—

And he had come at "humble" call—sweet sound of the wood! A vast improvement! I faith. The term "graze wing," as a common as the rhymes were done. "Sounding Meet," are frequent in Wyst, and most frequent in Shakespeare. An ame­
thystine beam thrown on a red body produces a glittering gold, and thus the red breast of a "poor robin" was metamorphosed into one of gold. Such much for the criticism. As for the critic, he has most uncritically proved himself, by these sfelable censures, to be one of the ecooe syphilis tribe. As such I wonder that you, who have so often expressed your contempt for the whole race, should have opened your columns to his com­
munication. Is not his letter a specimen of the "carpings of illiberal and petulant criticism?" Is not the writer one of the "little great men in the world, who have the vanity to conceive that their taste and judgment, (of how many is the standard for all mankind, and who can estimate these and the effects of our streets and annoy the by-ways?"

I have used your own, words, and ask if they are not applicable.

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