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PROGRESSION.

BY MRS. SEBA SMITH.

Hope on, hope on, O restless heart!
Though dark the hour may be—
For e'en in all thy struggles know
A glory waits for thee!
O keep thou still the dew of youth—
Still hold thou fast unto the truth.

What though thy strong desires sent forth
Unequal ends attain—
And thy intensest thought result,
That all of earth is vain—
O not in vain, if truth and right
But arm thee with heroic might:

Toil on, for like the pillared stone
O'er which the moss hath crept,
And veiled the record there inscribed
While ages round it slept—
Thus, thou mayest on thy tablet read
A truth to meet thine utmost need;

That thou, in this unequal strife,
But tenderest to a goal,
Whose object realized shall fill
The vastness of the soul—
These ardent hopes, these wishes high
Belong to that which cannot die.

MORAL AND MENTAL PORTRAITS.

FITZ GREENE HALLECK.

Halleck has enjoyed a reputation for a longer period than any of the living poets of America. When he first began to write, it was unusual to find even passable original verse: native poets were regarded with distrust; perhaps with a more ignominious feeling: we had no faith in our own literature, and we imported opinions, as we did broadcloths, from England. These times are happily changed, and a worthier and loftier tone prevails among our people. During the last twenty years, under numerous disadvantages, we have made rapid strides; and in works of fiction especially, we have won a high rank in the Republic of Letters. To us the time seems not very distant, when the rate of exchange, to speak in mercantile phrase, will be in favor of this country.

In 1813, a poem appeared in the *Columbian*—a New-York newspaper then in existence—under the signature of "*A Connecticut Farmer's Boy*;" the Editor introduced it to his readers with a remark to this effect: "We are informed that the following verses are really the production of a Con-

necticut farmer's boy, but we doubt it—they are too good to be original." This was Halleck's first appearance in print! Partaking of the martial enthusiasm which the war aroused, Halleck joined the "Iron Grays"—a company famous in its day: an ode addressed to that corps, was the second poem he published. In Fanny, he remembers his old comrades in the following satirical strain:

"And Swartwout's gallant corps, the Iron Grays,
Soldiers that met the foeman hand to hand,
Or swore, at least, to meet them, undismayed."

As Halleck has excluded these and others from his volumes, it would be improper to copy them here; yet we are assured they would do no discredit to his muse. Justice insists that a poet should be tried by his acknowledged writings, not by his "first rude numbers," which maturer judgment disavows. "Twilight" appeared in the *Evening Post* of October 1818, and this is the earliest poem we have found that he has preserved: it is imbued with a sweet pensive feeling, but it does not appear to have attracted much attention at the time. The next year Halleck suddenly became famous. His young friend, Dr. Drake—a poet of lively imagination and brilliant wit—sent in March, 1819, to the *Evening Post*, some verses "To Ennui," under the signature of Croaker. Coleman, the Editor, thus mentions them: "Lines addressed To Ennui, by Croaker, are received, and shall have a place to-morrow. They are the production of genius and taste. A personal acquaintance with the author would be gratifying to the Editor." A day or two afterwards, the same Editor says: "We have received two more poetic croakers of merit from our unknown correspondent Croaker, which shall appear all in good time. His promise to furnish us with a few more similar trifles, though he tells us we must expect an occasional touch at ourselves and party, is received with a welcome and a smile."

These poems satirized with great cleverness, public characters, and passing events: they were read by every one in the city; and curiosity searched eagerly to discover the author. They attracted so much attention, that Drake communicated his secret to Halleck, and asked his assistance to amuse the town. With characteristic modesty he pleaded inability, but was at length prevailed upon to make the attempt—in which, succeeding under the signature of Croaker, jr., the two friends wrote afterwards, in most instances, as Croaker & Co. These poems commanded general attention, and awakened a spirit of emulation; and small wits, suddenly stricken with the mania of