

will be sure to make them necessary. The low marshy meadows that extend from the Hunt burying ground to the East River offer just the chance for a park (which might well carry the name of the young poet) embracing this hillock and a stretch of the river shore. The idea of uniting in one and the same spot the bodies of two friends who were so close in life and gave a touch of romance and literature to the busy little City of New York in the early part of the last century is in itself excellent, but it would be more reasonable to bring HALLECK to lie beside DRAKE in the Borough of the Bronx.

Though FITZ GREENE HALLECK was born in Connecticut, his life was passed in New York and his fame was won here. He is as distinctly a New York poet as DRAKE, and his statue, a poor thing, but our own, stands in Central Park. DRAKE associated him in the series of bright skits in verse which appeared in The Evening Post over the names of Croaker and Croaker, Jr., and it was the emotion over the premature death of DRAKE by consumption that wrung from HALLECK those lines which carried him far above his ordinary level, lines which have enriched English literature:

Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days;
None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise.

The admiration of one poet for another is a striking thing in the history of literature, but in the case of HALLECK his warm affection for DRAKE's personal charm was doubled by his estimate of his genius. That quality of exquisite fancy which is shown in "The Culprit Fay" is rare in any country and in any age. DRAKE's unique place in English literature is only beginning to be understood; but HALLECK knew. That he should have been cut off before he had a chance to impress the world with his genius added bitterness to the blow. It would cover New York with ridicule and contempt if her citizens should part with the monument of DRAKE without a protest.

Nowhere more than here should efforts be made to keep before the public the memory of men who sought the higher things in life; nowhere should literature, art, music, receive the enlightened support of citizens as a counterweight to the grinding monotony of commercial things, the worship of wealth, the allurements of comfort. It is fine to see that there are some here who are moved to protest by the suggestion that would deprive them of the monument to a rare spirit of poesy who is theirs. Short-sighted and contemptible indeed would be the people who met such a proposal with indifference! But the compliment offered the memory of the poet will be felt and the man who offered it will deserve thanks for calling attention to the opportunity given to our Department of Parks. As to the removal of DRAKE's body and monument—that is out of the question. It was his wish to be buried among the people he loved. There is no reason to suppose that the wish will ever be disregarded, unless, with a brutality that happily belongs to a past age, the city authorities should prepare to sweep the lonely little burial ground off the face of the earth.

DRAKE'S TOMB IN THE BRONX.

The proposal of Mr. EUGENE D. FISK to remove the remains and simple monument of JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE from the little burial ground of the Hunt family near Hunt's Point to the last resting place of FITZ GREENE HALLECK in Connecticut is a generous and kindly thought. The descendants of the New York poet and the people of Westchester County will not fail to recognize the spirit of the offer and thank Mr. FISK for his kindness. The relatives have not been heard from, but their answer can be only one way. The people of that part of Greater New York where DRAKE's body lies have at once expressed themselves in the press in adverse terms.

It would be surprising indeed if such a move, however helpful and kindly meant, should not be declined with thanks. New York has allowed too many historic spots to be obliterated. In the portions not yet built over there are opportunities offered to prevent such desecrations, and the case in point is luckily one which coincides with the tendency to provide breathing spaces in the shape of large or small parks where the march of the city