THE PIONEER.

A

Literary and Critical Magazine.

J. R. LOWELL AND R. CARTER,

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

JANUARY, 1843.

VOL. I.—NO. I.

Reform, therefore, without bravery or scandal of former times and persons; but yet set it down to thyself as well to create good precedents as to follow them. LORD BACON.

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PROSPECTUS

OF

THE PIONEER,

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LITERARY AND CRITICAL MAGAZINE.

EDITED BY

J. R. LOWELL AND R. CARTER.

On the first of January, 1843, the subscribers commenced the publication of a Monthly Magazine with the above title.

The contents of each number will be entirely original, and will consist of articles chiefly from American Authors of the highest reputation.

The object of the subscribers, in establishing the Pioneer, is to furnish the intelligent and reflecting portion of the Reading Public with a rational substitute for the enormous quantity of thrice-diluted trash, in the shape of namby-pamby love tales and sketches, which is monthly poured out to them by many of our popular Magazines, — and to offer, instead thereof, a healthy and manly Periodical Literature, whose perusal will not necessarily involve a loss of time and a deterioration of every moral and intellectual faculty.

The Critical Department of the Pioneer will be conducted with great care and impartiality, and, while satire and personality will be sedulously avoided, opinions of merit or demerit will be candidly and fearlessly expressed.

The Pioneer will be issued punctually on the day of publication, in the principal cities of the Union. Each number will contain forty-eight pages, royal octavo, double columns, handsomely printed on fine paper, and will be illustrated with Engravings of the highest character, both on wood and steel.

TERMS : — Three dollars a year, payable, in all cases, in advance. The usual discount made to Agents. Communications for the Editors, letters, orders, &c., must be addressed, *post paid*, to the Publishers, 71 Washington St., (opposite the Post Office,) Boston.

LELAND & WHITING.

Boston, 1843.

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INTRODUCTION.

Dr. John North, a man of some mark in his day, wrote on the first leaf of his notebook these significant words; — "I beshrew his heart that gathers my opinion from anything wrote here!" As we seated ourselves to the hard task of writing an introduction for our new literary journal, this sentence arose to our minds. It seemed to us to point clearly at the arch-want of our periodical literature. We find opinions enough and to spare, but scarce any of the healthy, natural growth of our soil. If native, they are seldom more than scions of a public opinion, too often planted and watered by the prejudices or ignorant judgments of individuals, to be better than a upas-tree shedding a poisonous blight on any literature that may chance to grow up under it. Or if foreign, they are, to borrow a musical term, "*recollections*" of Blackwood or the quarterlies, of Wilson, Macauley, or Carlyle — not direct imitations, but endeavors, as it were, to write with their cast-off pens fresh-nibbed for Cisatlantic service. The whole regiment comes one by one to our feast of letters in the same yellow domino. Criticism, instead of being governed as it should be by the eternal and unchanging laws of beauty which are a part of the soul's divine nature, seems rather to be a striving to reduce Art to one dead level of conventional mediocrity — which only does not offend taste, because it lacks even the life and strength to produce any decided impression whatever.

We are the farthest from wishing to see what many so ardently pray for — namely, a *National* literature; for the same mighty lyre of the human heart answers the touch of the master in all ages and in every clime, and any literature, as far as it is national, is diseased, inasmuch as it appeals to some climatic peculiarity, rather than to the universal nature. Moreover everything that tends to encourage the sentiment of *caste*, to widen the boundary between races, and so to put farther off the hope of one great brotherhood, should be steadily resisted by all good men. But we do long for a *natural* literature. One green leaf, though of the veriest weed, is worth all the crape and wire flowers of the daintiest Paris milliners. For it is the glory of Nature that in her least part she gives us all, and in that simple love-token of her's we may behold the type of all her sublime mysteries, as in the least fragment of the true artist we discern the working of the same forces which culminate gloriously in a Hamlet or a Faust. We would no longer see the spirit of our people held up as a mirror to the Old World; — but rather lying like one of our own inland oceans, reflecting not only the

mountain and the rock, the forest and the redman, but also the steamboat and the railcar, the cornfield and the factory. Let us learn that romance is not married to the past, that it is not the birthright of ferocious ignorance and chivalric barbarity, — but that it ever was and is an inward quality, the darling child of the sweetest refinements and most gracious amenities of peaceful gentleness, and that it can never die till only water runs in these red rivers of the heart, that cunning adept which can make vague cathedrals with blazing oriels and streaming spires out of our square meeting-boxes

" Whose rafters sprout upon the shady side."

We do not mean to say that our writers should not profit by the results of those who have gone before them, nor gather from all countries those excellencies which are the effects of detached portions of that universal tendency to the Beautiful, which must be centred in the Great Artist. But let us not go forth to them ; rather let us draw them by sympathy of nature to our own heart, which is the only living principle of every true work. The artist must use the tools of others, and understand their use, else were their lives fruitless to him, and his, in turn, vain to all who came after : but the skill must be of his own toilsome winning, and he must not, like Goethe's magician's apprentice, let the tools become his masters. But it seems the law of our literature to receive its impulses from without rather than from within. We ask oftener than the wise king of Ashantee, " What is thought of us in England ? " We write with the fear of the newspapers before our eyes, every one of which has its critic, the Choragus of his little circle, self-elected expounder of the laws of Nature — which he at first blush understands more thoroughly than they whom Nature herself has chosen, and who have studied them life-long — and who unites at pleasure the executive with the judiciary to crush some offender mad enough to think for himself. Men seem endowed with an insane alacrity to believe that wisdom elects the dullest heads for her confidants, and crowd to burn incense to the hooting owl, while the thoughtful silence of the goddess makes them to mistake her for her bird.

We boast much of our freedom, but they who boast thereof the loudest have mostly a secret sense of fetters.

" License they mean when they cry liberty ; "

and there is among us too much freedom to speak and think ill — a freedom matched with which the lowest of all other slaveries were as the blue tent of Heaven to a dungeon — and too little freedom to think, and speak, and act the highest and holiest promptings of the eternal soul. We cheat to-morrow, to satisfy the petty dunning of to-day ; we bribe ourselves with a bubble reputation, whose empty lightness alone lends it a momentary elevation, and show men our meanest part, as if we could make ourselves base enough to believe that we should offend their vanity, by showing our noblest and highest. Are prejudices to be overcome by grovelling to them ? Is Truth any longer worthy of the name, when she stoops to take falsehood by the hand, and caresses her, and would fain wheedle her to forego her proper nature ? Can we make men noble, the aim and end of every literature worthy of the name, by showing them our own want of nobleness ? In the name of all holy and beautiful things at once, no ! We want a manly, straightforward, *true* literature, a criticism which shall give more grace to beauty, and more depth to truth, by lovingly embracing them wherever they may lie hidden, and a creed whose truth and nobleness shall be ensured, by its being a freedom from all creeds.

The young heart of every generation looks forth upon the world with restless and bitter longing. To it the earth still glitters with the dews of a yet unforfeited Eden, and in the midst stands the untasted tree of knowledge of good and evil. We hear men speak of the restless spirit of the age, as if our day were peculiar in this regard. But it has always been the same. The Young is radical, the Old conservative ; they who have not, struggle to get, and they who have gotten, clench their fingers to keep. The Young, exulting in its tight and springy muscles, stretches out its arms to clasp the world as its plaything ; and the Old bids it be a good boy and mind its papa, and it shall have sugar-plums. But still the new spirit yearns and struggles, and expects great things ; still the Old shakes its head, ominous of universal anarchy ; still the world rolls calmly on, and the youth grown old shakes its wise head at the next era. Is there any more danger to be looked for in the radicalism of youth than in the conservatism of age ? Both gases must be mixt ere the cooling rain will fall on our seed-field. The true reason for the fear which we often see expressed of a freedom which shall be debased into destructiveness and license, is

to be found in a false judgment of the natural progress of things. Cheerfully will men reverence all that is *true*, whether in the new or the old. It is only when you would force them to revere falsehoods that they will reluctantly throw off all reverence, without which the spirit of man must languish, and at last utterly die. Truth, in her natural and infinitely various exponents of beauty and love, is all that the soul reverences long ; and, as Truth is universal and absolute, there can never be any balance in the progress of the soul till one law is acknowledged in all her departments. Radicalism has only gone too far when it has *hated* conservatism, and has despised all reverence because conservatism is based upon it, forgetting that it is only so inasmuch as it is a needful part of nature. To have claimed that reverence should not play at blind-man's-buff had been enough.

In this country, where freedom of thought does not shiver at the cold shadow of Spielberg (unless we name this prison of "public opinion" so), there is no danger to be apprehended from an excess of it. It is only where there is no freedom, that anarchy is to be dreaded. The mere sense of freedom is of too pure and holy a nature to consist with injustice and wrong. We would fain have our journal, in some sort at least, a journal of progress, — one that shall keep pace with the spirit of the age, and sometimes go near its deeper heart. Yet, while we shall aim at that gravity which is becoming of a manly literature, we shall hope also to satisfy that lighter and sprightlier element of the soul, without whose due culture the character is liable to degenerate into a morose bigotry and selfish precisianism.

To be one exponent of a young spirit which shall aim at power through gentleness, the only mean for its secure attainment, and in which freedom shall be attempered to love by a reverence for all beauty wherever it may exist, is our humble hope. And to this end we ask the help of all who feel any sympathy in such an undertaking. We are too well aware of the thousand difficulties which lie in the way of such an attempt, and of the universal failure to make what is written come near the standard of what is thought and hoped, to think that we shall not at first disappoint the expectations of our friends. But we shall do our best, and they must bear with us, knowing that what is written from month to month, can hardly have that care and study which is needful to the highest excellence, and believing that

> "We shall be willing, if not apt to learn;
> Age and experience will adorn our mind
> With larger knowledge: and, if we have done
> A wilful fault, think us not past all hope,
> For once."

HUDSON RIVER.

BY T. W. PARSONS.

Rivers that roll most musical in song,
  Are often lovely to the mind alone;
The wanderer muses, as he moves along
  Their barren banks, on glories not their own.

When, to give substance to his boyish dreams,
  He flies abroad far countries to survey,
Oft must he whisper, greeting foreign streams,
  "Their names alone are beautiful, not they."

And oft, remembering rivulets more fair,
  Whose praise no poet yet has dared to sound,
He marvels much that deserts dull and bare,
  Soaked by scant brooks, should be so wide renowned.

If chance he mark the shrunken Danube pour
A tide more meagre than his native Charles;
Or views the Rhone when summer's heat is o'er,
Subdued and stagnant in the fen of Arles;

Or when he sees the slimy Tiber fling
His sullen tribute at the feet of Rome,
Oft to his partial thought must memory bring
More noble waves that sleep unhymned at home;

Then will he mourn that not in nature dwell
The charms which fired him in harmonious verse,
For numbers veil mean objects with a spell
Whose mist the reasoning senses must disperse.

But bid him climb the Catskill to behold
Thy flood, O Hudson! marching to the deep,
And tell what strain of any bard of old
Might paint thy grace and imitate thy sweep.

In distant lands, ambitious walls and towers
Declare what robbers once the realm possessed,
But here heaven's handiwork surpasses ours,
And man has hardly more than built his nest.

No storied castle overawes thy heights,
Nor antique arches curb thy current's play,
Nor crumbling architrave the mind invites
To dream of deities long passed away.

No gothic buttress, nor decaying shaft
Of marble yellowed by a thousand years,
Rears a proud landmark to the cloudlike craft
That grows in sight then melts and disappears.

But cliffs, unaltered from their primal form
Since the subsiding of the deluge, rise
And lift their savins to the upper storm,
To screen the skiff that underneath it plies.

Farms, rich not more in harvests, than in men
Of Saxon mould, and strong for every toil,
Gem the green mead or scatter through the glen
Bœotian plenty in a Spartan soil.

Then, where the reign of cultivation ends,
Again the beauteous wilderness begins;
From steep to steep one solemn wild extends,
Till some new hamlet's growth the boscage thins.

And there deep groves forever have remained
Touched by no axe — by no proud owner nursed:
As now they bloom, they bloomed when Pharaoh reigned,
Lineal descendants of creation's first.

Thou Scottish Tweed, whose course is holier now,
Since thy last minstrel laid him down to die,
Where through the casement of his chamber thou
Didst mix thy moan with his departing sigh;

A single one of Hudson's lesser hills
Might furnish forests for the whole of thine,
Hide in thick shade all Humber's feeding rills
And blacken all the children of the Tyne.

Whatever waters rush from Albion's heart,
To float the citadels that crowd her sea,
In nothing save the meaner pomp of Art,
Sublimer Hudson! can be named with thee.

Could bloated Thames with all his riches buy
To deck the strand which London loads with gold,
Sunshine so fresh — such purity of sky
As bless thy sultry season and thy cold?

No deeds we know, are chronicled of thee
In sacred scrolls; no tales of doubtful claim
Have hung a history on every tree,
And given each rock its fable and a fame.

But neither here hath any conqueror trod
Nor grim invaders from barbarian climes;
No horrors feigned of giant or of god
Pollute thy stillness with recorded crimes.

Here never yet have happy fields laid waste,
And butchered flocks and heaps of burning fruit,
The cottage ruined — and the shrine defaced,
Tracked the foul passage of the feudal brute.

"Alas, Antiquity!" the stranger sighs —
"Scenes wanting thee soon pall upon the view;
The soul's indifference dulls the sated eyes,
Where all is fair indeed — but all is new."

False thought! is age to musty books confined?
To Grecian fragments and Egyptian bones?
Hath Time no monuments to raise the mind,
More than old fortresses and sculptured stones?

Call not this new which is the only land
That wears unchanged the same primeval face
Which, when just budding from its Maker's hand,
Gladdened the first great grandsire of our race.

Nor did Euphrates with an earlier birth
Glide past green Eden towards the unknown south,
Than Hudson flashed upon the infant earth,
And kissed the ocean with its nameless mouth.

Twin-born with Jordan, Ganges and the Nile!
Thebes and the pyramids to thee are young;
Oh! had thy fountain burst from Britain's isle,
Till now perchance it had not flowed unsung.

VOLTAIRE.

Heaven shield me from ambition such as his —
To weigh a pun against Eternal bliss
And scoff at God for an antithesis.

AARON BURR.

BY JOHN NEAL.

To speak of the Dead as they deserve, is to bring the whole world about your ears. It is the greatest of hardships — for neither the living nor the dead will bear the truth. Pigmies become giants, harnessed in "golden panoply complete," and carrying spears like weaver's beams, in the exaggerating atmosphere of that Other-World. Vices change to Virtues, and Folly to warm-hearted Weakness, under the transforming power of the grave. The Departed, who were nobodies while they lived, loom like ships at sea after death; until the great over-peopled Past is thronged with dwarfed and stunted apparitions, toiling and stretching and crowding and jostling one another for a niche where they may rest themselves — mere standing room for a few days at most, is all they ask — who, but for their biographers and their booksellers, and the hope *they* have to be remembered yet a little while after death, or at least paid for their labor, would have been forgotten forever before the turf had flowered once upon their graves.

To overpraise the dead is reckoned a virtue by men who always underrate the living. We flatter the dead that we may be flattered after death. We are lavish in this world, that we may reap a golden harvest in the next. Truth is mighty, nevertheless; and there may be found here and there one, a "faithful few" at most, not unwilling to hear the truth even of the departed; a sermon preached, even among the tombs.

Aaron Burr was one of the most remarkable men of his day. Alive or dead, there is no speaking of him without a shudder. Beyond the every-day acceptation of the word, he was a *great* man; for wiser and better men were afraid of him, and he made himself felt, and heard himself acknowledged whithersoever he bent his way. If he but lifted his finger in earnest, or breathed aloud, in the day of his strength, all the political and social and moral elements of society about him were disturbed. He carried a truncheon, like a thunderbolt, whose authority, from first to last, during a period of thirty years, it was death to question. While yet a youth, his elder brethren did obeisance to him, and as he waxed older, they prostrated themselves in his path, and he trampled upon them, and spurned them.

And yet — notwithstanding all this, and notwithstanding the profound impression he appears to have made upon all who associated with him, or made war upon him, during the busiest part of a long and eventful life; in the camp and in the cabinet, in the senate chamber, in the forum and at the fire-side; whether he appeared among them as a soldier, as a politician, as a man of the world, or as a lawyer — by turns the betrayer and the betrayed — and whether doubted or trusted, denounced or worshipped — now glorying in his own ruthless treachery, and now standing at bay against the treachery of others — what has he left behind him to tell that he ever lived? Nothing — absolutely nothing! A name like a shadow — vast, unwieldy and portentous — but after all, a shadow, and nothing but a shadow!

With no monument, no record, no history! leaving neither brother nor sister, neither wife nor child! no drop of his blood running in the veins of a single human creature, unless by stealth — what is there to make people remember him? Like the unhappy Lear, he lived to "*confess* that he was old;" to acknowledge with a trembling voice and a quenched eye, that "age was *unnecessary;*" that he was "fourscore and upwards, and *mightily abused;*" and to look about him, as he drew near to the antichamber of Death, for some one to take charge of the kingly wreck, and "vouchsafe him food and raiment." And this was the end of Aaron Burr!

He died in his eighty-first year. His whole life was a drama — and though he was blasted in the fourth act, as with fire from heaven, and lay upon the cold earth naked and houseless and hopeless, yet, in obedience to the great laws of the drama, the awful catastrophe was reserved for the fifth act. From first to last, having no faith in Man, no hope for himself beyond that which lurks in the bosom of a cool and crafty gambler, who depends upon overreaching all who may happen to think better of him than he deserves, he played, whatever might be the stake, as if playing for his own soul with the Enemy of man; without sympathy, remorse or compunction; heedless of all consequences either to himself or to those whom he pretended most to love on earth. His eye never quailed — his hand never shook — "his feet were swift to shed blood."

What shall be said of such a man? Is he to pass away untouched by earthly retribution? an example rather than a warning to others? Are the ambitious and the unprincipled to believe that they have nothing to fear from the judgments of men? Is there to be no profit in dealing justly with these disturbers of the peace, after death? Or shall his name be suffered to perish forever, lest in troubling the dead we may trouble the quick? Or shall it be remembered as a nightmare that weighed upon our

fathers, awake or asleep; and haunted them alike in the battle-field and the senate-chamber?

Is it enough to say of such men — *they are no more!* Will society breathe freer? will the great pulses of human life carry on their "healthful music," as if nothing strange had happened, when such men depart from among us? What if, by summoning them to reappear upon earth, to stand up in their grave-clothes, before the Future they defied and scoffed at; before the children of those whom they have so mightily wronged, we may oblige them to declare the truth, to uncover their festering hearts before all the world, to lay bare the secrets that were buried with them? What should restrain us — and who would venture to rebuke us?

Do the Living owe so much to the Dead, and the Dead nothing to them? Are we never to know of a truth, and to judge for ourselves, who the great men of this world are? Must we take everything upon hearsay, all we so earnestly desire to know, upon trust? In that dread charnel-house, the buried human heart, once alive and sweltering with unholy fire, the living who are alike selfish, unsparing and resolute, and who, while they stop at nothing to effect their purposes, are not altogether beyond the reach of hope, may find somewhat to alarm their consciences, to teach them worldly wisdom, if nothing better, and to make them doubt and parley with the Destroyer, if nothing more, when they find themselves beset on every side by the sensual and the loathsome; when their very spirits fail them before the harlotry of the imagination; and the bale-fires that kindle of themselves at the approach of unhallowed appetite, or "the last infirmity of noble minds," are like lions in their path.

For the encouragement of those who are toiling for mastery over themselves, before they venture to push for dominion over others; and who are neither afraid nor ashamed because of the "world's dread laugh," to say, when they are sorely buffetted, "Get behind me Satan!" And as a warning to all who, whatever else they may have done, have not yet surrendered body and soul to the blandishments of Ambition, nor been swallowed up quick among the whirlpools of the hour, it may be worth while to look into the history of Aaron Burr's life.

What an epitaph to begin with! He cumbered the earth for eighty years; troubling the spirits of men with a visible awe; warring with usages and with principles as with nations; overthrowing all that opposed him, till his foot rested upon the very threshold of empire — tumbled headlong to the earth, at the very moment of his final triumph — and dying at last, friendless, and homeless, and childless, without sympathy or fellowship — and literally forgotten, years before the earth had closed over him!

"Leaving an OUTLAW's name to other times,
Linked with *one* virtue and a thousand crimes."

And what was that one virtue? We shall see. It was the virtue of endurance. Up to the very day of his death, you find him, like Hannibal, and like Napoleon, *self-sustained*, amid the wreck and ruin of all his cherished hopes; in desolation and bereavement and weariness of life, beyond the power of language to describe — thunder-blasted and alone — yet self-sustained!

The overthrow of all his mighty schemes; the utter ebbing of that faithless and fathomless ocean, which had borne him onward so long and so triumphantly; the sudden and total eclipse of all the splendors that had so long beset his path — of all the blazing trophies he had heaped together at so much cost of labor, and sacrifice of principle — the noon-day shipwreck of every earthly hope — all these things he withstood, as if they were the idle drifting phantoms of sleep, instead of being what they were — overwhelming, dread and vast realities.

He bore them all, if not submissively, and with humble resignation, at least in silence and with dignity — manfully and uncomplainingly; and all this, without the consolations of a religious faith; without the consciousness of a well-spent life; without friendship, without sympathy, and without hope. Like imperial Cæsar, he gathered his robe about him, and covered his face, fell, — and in the very midst of those who but the other day were his obedient slaves The moment he had overstepped the fiery circle that held them in awe, the spirits he had conjured up, turned upon him and tore him in their wrath. And still, unlike Hannibal and Cato, and the mighty of other days, and unlike him, "from whose reluctant hand the thunderbolt was wrung," the Unconquerable of our day, he forebore to lift his hand against *Himself* — the Lord's anointed — but stood still, and waited the coming of Death, as a monarch would the approach of an ambassador laden with kingly gifts.

If Aaron Burr was not a great man, what was he? If with his *one* virtue, standing up alone in its gigantic proportions, unhelped and unsustained, yet steadfast as the living rock, he could endure life, with all its disappointments and trials and emptiness, when he knew he had nothing to hope on this side the grave, and not much on the other: when he felt that he had lived in vain, and that he was already forgotten; and this, year after year, when he longed for death and was not afraid to die — what kind of a man must he have been, if that one single virtue had gathered to itself other virtues, alike serene and lofty, and their fellowship had continued on earth for eighty years? Would not this whole country have been the happier — whole ages, better and wiser — that Aaron Burr had lived?

Would his enemies have been able to write upon his grave then, aught to compare in awful significance with what his best friends are obliged to write now — Aaron Burr is no more. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum.*

Let us look into his life. Up to the last, and even upon his death-bed, if we may believe his biographer, "he was far more tenacious of his military, than of his professional, political or *moral* character." And well he might be!

In obedience to his death-bed injunction, therefore, let us try to understand *first* his military character.

He joins the revolutionary armies without experience or preparation, while he is yet in his twentieth year, feeble and effeminate, small of stature, and so youthful in appearance, that when he comes to be distinguished, as Colonel Burr, he is mistaken for Colonel Burr's son, and goes by that name for a long while in the army. Having heard of Arnold's design upon Quebec, the Gibraltar of the New World, he volunteers as a private, shoulders his musket, straps on his knapsack, and marches afoot from Cambridge to Newburyport; baffling the best concerted schemes of his guardian to thwart the enterprise. And the next time we hear of him, he is on his way to the Canadas, charged by Arnold himself with a confidential despatch for Montgomery; stealing through our great northern wilderness, in the depth of winter, afoot and almost alone; and after enduring hardships more trying than those which regenerated the effeminate Cæsar, narrowly escaping death by freezing and by drowning, by starvation and by the halter, he reaches Montgomery, is appointed his aid-de-camp, volunteers to lead a forlorn hope, is with him in the midnight attack upon the citadel, in a heavy snow-storm, and is almost the only survivor among the steadfast few that led the assault — Montgomery and McPherson and Cheesman being swept down at his side, by the accidental discharge of that single cannon which saved Quebec — and the whole party being obliged to retreat, with all their foremost men either dead or dying — shattered to pieces, or bleeding to death upon the snow.

Soon after this, we find him in Washington's family by special invitation; and while he is yet under age, appointed aid-de-camp to Major-General Putnam, and bringing off a whole brigade in safety from a position of exceeding peril, contrary to the opinion of General Knox himself, who regarded the project as altogether hopeless. That his character as a *soldier*, not as a *man*, stood high with the Commander-in-chief, may be safely inferred from the fact that he was appointed a Lieutenant-Colonel by Washington himself, in his twenty-second year; that he was immediately employed in the important and arduous duty of establishing and maintaining a line of communication along the seaboard, and that soon after this, all the senior officers were withdrawn, so as to give him entire control of the militia posted for the defence of Valley Forge; and this, when Burr was known to be opposed to the Commander-in-chief, and to belong to a party, with Lee, and Gates, and Cadwallader for ring-leaders, who were plotting to drive Washington from the army, by moving an inquiry in Congress into the causes of the failure of the preceding campaign, and passing a vote of censure, which it was believed would provoke the high-spirited Virginian to withdraw; a plan which smacks marvellously of the temper, and craft, and courtesy, which always characterized the intrigues of Aaron Burr. *Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re*, was the motto he wore blazoned, not only upon his banner and shield, but upon his forehead. Inexorable as death and smooth as oil, is but a fair translation of the legend.

Throughout his military career, you find him full of resource and courage, energetic, prompt and wary; watchful to a proverb; never taken by surprise, never losing his self-possession, never sparing himself, nor ever faltering in his self-reliance for a single moment; now marching a body of three hundred men against a marauding party of the enemy three thousand strong — surprising their sentinels, destroying their picket-guard, breaking up their camp, and returning in safety, after being two days and nights without sleep, and marching thirty miles in less than ten hours; now parading a corps of mutineers by moonlight, and going out single-handed against them, and cutting down the ringleader at the very instant of a preconcerted attack; now planning enterprise after enterprise, alike remarkable for boldness and generalship — enterprises which others were left to undertake and fail in, lest he should become conceited perhaps; and now establishing such a character with the Commander-in-chief, that he '*cannot be spared*,' even at the urgent solicitation of General Gates himself; now halting his brigade under a heavy fire at the battle of Monmouth, and offering up himself and his men, a willing sacrifice to a soldier's first duty — obedience; now broken down in health, demanding a furlough, and refusing it when offered, because it came with a letter from the Commander-in-chief, continuing his pay; and now leaping from a sick bed at the blast of a trumpet, and taking command of the students at College-green, throwing himself headlong upon a body of British, and staying their march; and always, from first to last, during the whole of his military career, manifesting a firmness, a readiness, a coolness and a quickness, which on a wider theatre, and in the schools of Europe, would have made him one of the first captains of the age — perhaps of any age.

And yet we are called upon to believe that this extraordinary man, this great soldier, in the maturity of his strength, and with all his abundant resources gathered about him for the very purpose, undertook the conquest of Mexico with less than one hundred and thirty men, all told! Not a tenth part of the strength of Cortes, employed three hundred years ago upon the very same enterprise, when Mexico was peopled with naked barbarians. Instead of five hundred and eight men in armor, sixteen horses, one hundred and nine priests and supernumeraries, with artillery and ships in proportion, the armament of Fernando Cortes, Aaron Burr is

ready to overthrow the same vast empire, after it has become rich and powerful, with one hundred and thirty backwoodsmen — a few flat-bottomed boats — the resources of Blannerhasset — and the verbal promises of General Wilkinson! Was the man mad? or was this only a *fetch*, preparatory to driving the President and both houses of Congress into the Potomac, as he had threatened?

So much for the military character of Aaron Burr, that on which he so prided himself upon his death-bed. Let us now look at him in his *professional* character, as a lawyer.

He was admitted at the age of twenty-six, after a severe examination by the oldest and ablest of the New York bar, who had opposed his admission with all their strength. At the age of thirty-three, he was appointed Attorney-general of the state, and soon after a judge of the supreme court of New York, which office he declined.

That he was bold, acute, keen, wary and unprincipled, as great lawyers are exceedingly apt to be, their lives being a game of chess, and victory their whole object; and as the more abominable and hopeless their cases, the more creditable to them it is to prevail, not only in the opinion of their brother lawyers, the bar and the bench, but in the opinion of those who pay the piper — the people — no professional man would ever think of denying. Certain of his great cases were gained in the very teeth of established law, and against the opinion of the whole New York bar. In one at least, he prevailed against the written opinions of such men as Alexander Hamilton, and those who trod with him in the foremost rank of the profession, although settlements and purchases had been made, and buildings erected on the faith of those opinions. The steamboat case, the Eden cases, and his own trial for high treason would be enough, were there nothing else, to show that Aaron Burr was a great lawyer — one of the greatest, all things considered, which this country, so fruitful in great lawyers, has yet produced. Still he was not a learned lawyer, nor by any means remarkable for comprehensiveness. Principles he extracted with great ease and acuteness; but with what lawyers call the philosophy of the law — with its vastness and its wholeness — he was not familiar. He was neither a Hale nor a Mansfield, nor a Parsons, neither a Pinkney nor a Martin, neither a Kent nor a Story — but he was a something between a Coke and a Saunders: full of resource and stratagem, ingenious, crafty and unrelenting; learned, for the occasion, and more anxious to triumph by overreaching or outtricking his adversary, than to succeed upon the merits. In a word, he was a capital special pleader, and could have cleared up the mystery between a traverse *upon* a traverse and a traverse *after* a traverse, to your heart's content, after you had got puzzled over the "books." He was a man to whom Shephard's Touchstone, or Fearnes's Contingent Remainders and Executory Devises, upon a pinch, would outrank a whole library of such books as Beccaria, Montesquieu, Sir William Jones on Bailments, or Jeremy Bentham on Punishments and Rewards, or on Morals and Legislation, the latter of which works he acknowledged to Albert Gallatin, in 1793, was "*too dry for him.*"

With regard to his eloquence, that chief element of high professional character, it is enough to say, that he was brief, clear, impressive, and wholly destitute of imagination; that notwithstanding all this, he could not be followed by a note-taker — and that, on bidding farewell to the United States Senate, over which he had presided with astonishing dignity and impartiality, he left the whole body in tears.

And now — as to the man's political character. It was undoubtedly as much owing to the intrigues and address of Aaron Burr — to his getting possession of Hamilton's letter and publishing it in the North before it had done its office at the South; and to his management with regard to the leading measures and leading men of the day; as to any, and perhaps all other circumstances and combinations, that the old Federal party was overthrown. He was in the legislature at an early period of his political career; was run for governor — and then for the first office in the gift of the American people; and after no less than thirty-six ballotings, was, if not actually swindled *out* of the presidential chair, so cunningly overreached by Jefferson, in his management of the informal Georgia votes, that Jefferson was swindled *in*.

Had Burr triumphed, and Jefferson failed, how different would have been the history of this Republic for the last thirty years! and how different the life, and death, and history of these two men!

Burr would have been the great man — the practical man — the statesman: Jefferson the philosopher, the visionary and the book-worm; remarkable, not so much for salt mountains, horned frogs, red plush breeches, or black Sally, as for having written the Declaration of Independence and the Notes on Virginia; and for having counselled the unconstitutional purchase of Louisiana. Nothing could be more profitable — nothing more unjust, answered Aristides, and the Athenian people said *no*. Nothing could be more unjust — nothing more profitable, said Thomas Jefferson, and Louisiana was purchased by the American Senate, and the American people said *yes*.

And now for the *moral* character of Aaron Burr. Washington knew him well, thought highly of him as a soldier, but had *no confidence in his integrity*. Hence he refused to send him to France instead of Governeur Morris, when the latter was recalled at the urgent solicitation of the democratic power, although its organs, Madison and Munroe, waited upon him twice with the whole strength of their party, to persuade or drive him into the measure. No, said Washington — I have no confidence in the

man's integrity; but I will nominate you, sir, (to Mr. Madison.)

Jefferson had no confidence in Burr — which, to be sure, is only saying that Burr and Jefferson were too much alike, ever to think well of each other. They were children of the same father — chips of the same block; and how *could* either trust the other?

Alexander Hamilton had no confidence in Burr; for with all his delicacy and caution and his anxiety to avoid a duel, which was alike repugnant to his nature and to his religious faith, he could not bring himself to deny that he had spoken of Burr as he *deserved;* and on the day before the meeting, with the solemnity to be looked for on such an occasion, he records the following for whomsoever it might concern after the morrow.

"He (Col. Burr,) doubtless has heard of animadversions of mine *which bore very hard upon him.* I trust at the same time that the world will do me the justice to believe, that *I have not censured him on light grounds*, nor from unworthy inducements. *I certainly have had strong reasons for what I have said*, though it is *possible* that in some particulars, I have been influenced by misconstruction or misinformation. It is also my ardent wish *that I may have been more mistaken than I think I have been.*"

Such was the testimony of Alexander Hamilton — at the near approach of death — concerning the *moral* character of Aaron Burr.

The importance of that testimony in the view of Burr himself, may be inferred from the fact, that all he asked of Hamilton was a general denial of a general charge — in other words, a *certificate of character:* and failing to obtain that from the scrupulous and tried soldier, the accomplished gentleman, and the conscientious christian, he put him to death.

That Hamilton was a doomed man, years before he fell by the hand of Burr, appears to be certain; that Burr sought the quarrel, and meant to kill Hamilton at all hazards, is proved by the correspondence itself — for he refused to specify anything capable of denial, and insisted upon Hamilton's denying the *inference* made by another (Dr. Cooper) from the political conversation of Hamilton! And, as if this were not enough, we have Burr's self-complacency abroad, and up to the last hour of his life on that particular, and his declarations to Bentham, that he intended to kill Hamilton — for which that great and good man looked upon him to his dying day with horror and detestation, calling him a cold-blooded and atrocious ruffian.

Judge Kent pronounced Burr — and so did many others best able to judge of him in the day of his strength, a *dangerous* man. But why *dangerous*, if he was not unprincipled? And Jeremy Bentham refused to put faith in him — regarding him as a professed "*man-catcher*," — notwithstanding all that Burr had been doing for a twelvemonth, to secure the great man's confidence, by subscribing so far to his opinions, even respecting marriage, as to pretend that he had a daughter at Bentham's service, without the formality of marriage — though he had only one in the world, and she a true-hearted woman, pure and faithful — a wife and a mother.

But of this, the most damning stain that rests upon the moral character of Aaron Burr, what proof is to be had?

First, there are the declarations of Bentham, made while he and Burr were both alive, and actually published to the world, in as plain language as the subject would bear, thirteen years ago. In the memoirs alluded to, the charge stands thus. "I might refer also to the proposition made by Mr. B. — a father — touching the daughter he sent for, and who was not long afterwards, I believe, lost at sea — but I forbear."

Next we have the evidence furnished by the biographer and friend of Aaron Burr, proving that for some reason or other, the daughter in question *was* sent for by her father while he was under Bentham's roof; that arrangements were made to receive her *there;* and the rooms actually assigned for her by Bentham himself; and that for some reason or other, these arrangements were broken up, just when all the preparations had been completed.

Be it remembered also, that from first to last, there is no evidence in the life of Aaron Burr to show that his daughter was ever known by Bentham to be either a married woman or a mother; while, on the contrary, it appears that he was encouraged by Burr, who lends him her picture, and sends Bentham's bust to her along with a box of other "combustibles," to call her a "*dear little creature*," "*my* dear Theodosia," &c., &c., and to enter into correspondence with her.

Long after the publication of the memoirs referred to, and three or four years after a review of the life of Aaron Burr, in the New Yorker, where all the evidence touching this point is detailed, the following strange corroboration turned up. In a copy of the memoirs, and on the margin of a leaf on which appears the original charge, the following entry in pencil, was made by the Rev. Mr. Pierpont, at the request of the author, who had just heard him state the fact in conversation. "This reminds me that colonel William Alston, the father of Joseph, who married Miss Burr, once told me at his own table, that soon after the marriage of his son to Miss B., her father, colonel Burr, had told him, (Col. Alston) that rather than have had his daughter marry otherwise than to *his* mind, he would have made her the *mistress* of some gentleman of rank or fortune, who would have placed her in the station in society for which *he had educated her.*" But, adds Mr. Pierpont, in another note at the bottom of the page, "I believe, however, that not even parental authority or influence, could ever have brought the beautiful and accomplished Theo-

dosia Burr thus to prostitute herself to her father's ambitious purposes."

Well then — thus far we have the evidence that Burr had no principle to restrain him; that he sent for his daughter to come and live in Bentham's house, after the birth of her child, and that he had avowed a purpose corresponding somewhat in its infamous nature, with that charged upon him by the biographer of Bentham, on Bentham's authority; although it is *certain* that the daughter knew nothing of the father's plans, and by no means probable that the father himself ever meant anything more than to cheat Bentham into a belief that in *him* he had at least one thoroughgoing disciple, among his ten thousand flatterers.

The next piece of evidence is out of Burr's own mouth — fortified by the testimony of his biographer. Burr changes his *plan*, on finding his daughter in earnest about coming, and the project is abandoned. Let it be borne in mind, that Burr declares from the first, that he would educate a daughter precisely as he would a son, or to use his own words, that "*female education* should in *no respect* differ from that of young men." But how would he educate young men? Look at his private journal, where he brags of his reputation for *gallantry*, and keeps a record of all his pitiful intrigues — for the amusement of a beloved daughter on his return. How he would have educated a son may be inferred in fact from his whole life, abroad and at home, by precept and example. From Miss Moncrief to the Duchess of Gordon, and through all the intermediate stages of the vulgar and the dissolute, he was always the same Aaron Burr, more anxious to be thought successful with women of *character*, good or bad, than for anything else under heaven.

But it is high time to hear the testimony of his biographer and *friend*. "On this point" — his *bonnes fortunes* — "he was excessively vain, and regardless of all ties which ought to control an honorable mind. *She that listened was lost.*" This reminds one of Rousseau, always a favorite with Burr. She who reads my book, says the Frenchman, is *une fille perdue*. "For more than half a century," continues the biographer of Aaron Burr, "the women seemed to absorb his whole thoughts. His intrigues were without number; his conduct *most licentious*. *The sacred bonds of friendship were unhesitatingly violated*, when they operated as barriers to the indulgence of his passions." Nor is this all. "For a long period of time, he seemed to be gathering and *carefully preserving* every line written to him *by any female*, whether with or without reputation; and when afterwards they were cast into one common receptacle, *the profligate and corrupt by the side of the thoughtless and betrayed victim* — all were esteemed alike valuable."

Need one waste another word upon the man's *moral* character, after this? What were these letters kept for? And would not the man who was capable of playing with so many priceless reputations at such tremendous hazard to the peace of families, be capable of any other wickedness or baseness, even that of falsehood or forgery, for the gratification of his abominable vanity? What should stay him? For "in matters of *gallantry* he was excessively vain, and often made himself the laughing-stock of his best friends." But how — *how?* By showing the letters of the poor trusting fools that believed in his manliness? or by boasting of their favors? What should prevent a man of this character from lying, or from forging letters from anybody — like Don Mathias de Silva in Gil Blas — even from the admirable woman, afterwards the wife of one of our presidents, whom he declared to have been his mistress before marriage; when he was talking with a stranger too, over sea, about other and very different matters; and that stranger, the man whom he pretended most to revere among all the great men he had ever seen, or heard, or read of — Jeremy Bentham!

To be guilty of such things in the flush of youth is bad enough; but to keep the damning records always open for the inspection of the world — to leave names and families to the mercy of accident — to commit them both to the calculating forbearance, of a biographer and a bookseller — and this, upon a man's death-bed — to keep a profit-and-loss account with abandoned women — to huddle them together with the trusting and the betrayed; to tell of their frailties in the presence of strangers; to boast of them at the dinner-table; to hoard up the evidence for old age, and to gloat over it, up to the last hour of a long and profligate and hopeless life — is it not ten thousand times worse? Garnered thus for the grave, and full of rottenness, what are they but loathsome and filthy abominations, of themselves enough to render *probable* anything told to the prejudice of such a man's *moral* character? But enough — Aaron Burr is *no more*.

THE FOLLOWER.

To one who drifteth with opinion's tide
Things on the firm shore seem to shift and glide,
While he, his fantasy's unwitting thrall,
Seems the sole thing that moveth not at all.

THE COLD SPRING IN NORTH SALEM.

BY JONES VERY.

Thou small, yet ever-bubbling spring,
Hid by low hillocks round,
And oaks whose stretching branches fling
Their shadows on the ground;

I stoop upon thy stony brim
To taste thy waters sweet,
For I am weary and worn of limb,
And joy thy sight to meet.

I would not from thy free bowl scare
The birds from the boughs above,
But learn with them this fount to share
As the gift of a Father's love.

Thou hast joy in this thy wilderness,
In thy still yet constant flow,
Such as one from pure and perfect bliss
Alone with thee can know.

Oh, seldom may the sea, that near
Sends up its frequent tide,
Mix with thy cooling waters clear
And in thy breast abide!

And if perchance a lengthened wave
Should o'er thy margin swell,
Quick may thy bubbling freshness save,
And the salt brine repel.

CATALOGUE OF THE SIXTEENTH EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS AT THE BOSTON ATHENÆUM—MDCCCXLII.

BY I. B. WRIGHT.

The Athenæum Gallery of Paintings has as usual been open during the last season, affording an opportunity to all who are interested in the Fine Arts to gratify their taste or at least their curiosity. We have for a long time wished that this exhibition was free to the public, and its necessary expenditures borne by subscription, or by some fund raised for that purpose. The object of such an institution is evidently to awaken and extend an interest in Art, and not to exhibit pictures as a means of trade and for the sake of compensation. We very well know the liberal feeling which animates the directors of the Athenæum and governs their exertions. The public certainly owes them its thanks for their beneficent labors, and we have a cheerful satisfaction, in acknowledging, that Art is much indebted to this institution for a kindly nurture, while it was struggling against prejudice and ignorance. Yet it seems to us that the only true ticket of admission should be a love of Art, and we would gladly see no barriers interposed to prevent our common people from cultivating and refining their minds by a contemplation of Art. It is from the middle and lower classes that the greatest artists have sprung. But beside this, in order to modify the spirit of a people, Art must be made as common and open as sunshine.

The exhibition contains as usual all grades of pictures, from those which have been conceived and executed in the spirit of poetic truth

down to the feeblest abortions of Art. Every such exhibition impresses us with the fact, that nature, which is uniform in itself, becomes multiform in Art, and is endowed by the mind of every individual with a different hue and sentiment. No two persons can see alike, because no two persons are alike. Thus we find some pictures which evince that the artist had eyes and exercised them faithfully, and others, the painter of which must either have been blind or wilful or most strangely heedless. Very few of us in this world actually see anything. We see generalities, we get a vague vision of what passes before us, but into the heart and reality of the thing our eyes do not pierce. The eye cannot see of itself, but through the mind, and our hearts, feelings and modes of thought are the colored glasses through which all nature represents itself to us.

Most of our pictures are bad, however, not because the painters were heedless, but because they were wilful and fearful. That is, they either slavishly adhere to prescribed rules, and, lacking the boldness of self-reliance, become mere imitators — or else beginning with a crude and imperfect notion of the ideal, soon learn to distort nature into what they in their wisdom consider improvements, and aim to produce not what is real but what is false and untrue. Until we again shall sit down before nature as children, willing to learn, as humble and ignorant scholars, and without attempting to wrench her teachings into those creeds which are the result of a futile and absurd attempt to procrustianize her to our preconceived notions, we shall see no great works of Art. It requires more boldness and daring to follow strictly her leading, and more genius to comprehend her as she plainly is — than to acquaint oneself with all the history, means, and outward appliances of Art. It is a very hard thing to paint well, even with the most sincere determination to adhere to nature — but without such a determination it is impossible. We are now in the della-cruscan period of Art.

The subject is an endless one — and we would that we had time and space to handle it, but there is other work to be done, and we must sheath the broad sword and substitute the rapier. Our purpose is not to discuss the ethics of Art, but to criticise some of its productions. In so doing, our consideration will be first directed to the older pictures, and then to those of the present day.

Our object in visiting the room was to see the "Boys and Melons" (No. 40) by Murillo. Nor were we disappointed. The color and texture of the flesh is leathery and hard; but the absence of trickery, the sincere reality of the picture, and its plain matter of fact had a great charm. Nor is there wanting poetic feeling and happy insight, for they are but the blossom while the fact is but the stem. Throughout there was unity in the design, skill in producing the result, and a quiet keeping which harmonized the whole. And when we glanced aside from the homely truth of this picture to the cold lifeless Madonna which stands beside it, and is of the so-called ideal school, we could not but wish that Murillo had always confined himself to the real, and allowed the ideal to take care of itself. The luxurious epicureanism of the reclining boy, who suspends over his open mouth a bunch of purple grapes, and leers with askant eyes at his companion, is finely contrasted with the serious yet vibrating attention of the other boy, who having just crammed his mouth with a slice of a luscious yellow melon, which lies in his lap, glances in greedy sympathy at the grapes, while almost surfeiting in the delicious flavor of his own share of the feast. The poetic refraining of the one who dallies with a certain pleasure and postpones its enjoyments, and the eager sensuous delights expressed in the humorous desire of the other, are admirably conceived. This is what even our picture-dealers would affect to call "a delicious bit."

No. 65 is a St. John by Leonardo da Vinci, and beside it a head of Raphael by his Master Perugino. When we glanced down the page and read these names there was a quicker beating of the heart, a thousand remembrances flocked around us and we quitted Murillo without a regret. Were we not repaid? They were sure to be by Leonardo and Perugino because it was so stated in the catalogue, and who ever knew a catalogue to lie. It was printed and it must be true. But the picture of the St. John was so remarkable that it was a long time before we gained a thorough comprehension of it. At first we laughed, but recollecting that all great works must be studied ere they can be understood, and must be understood to be admired, we looked again and soon its reality dawned upon us. Here was the true ideal — nature had never stood in this man's way. It had been our lot to hear that Leonardo da Vinci was a great painter — now it was realized to us if never before. Allston has passed for a tolerable painter among us, yet compare for a moment that fleshly motley which is "nature's only wear," that luminous color and broken surface of skin in the Jew's Head (No. 41) with this St. John. What a contrast. One was nothing but a real head — we may see a hundred such in any Jewish population — but the other was a pure ideal, and gave no foolish hint of nature. Yes thought we, this is a great work. Then falling into a reverie we seemed to see the forms of the old masters, walking again their earthly paths, and revisiting the scenes over which they have spread such a glory. We seemed to see them as with startled air they beheld the innumerous pictures which bear their names. Poor fellows! after their passage through the waters of Lethe, it was foolish to expect them to remember all their works. How should they, when we ourselves can scarcely count them? No cell or corner of the world they find without some genuine specimen from their pencils, and

their tour through America is but a series of extatic surprises. Italy may boast of some few hasty sketches, but in the American galleries these noble spirits gaze in rapture upon their greatest works. We thought we saw the mild-eyed and long-bearded Leonardo pause before this very St. John. "It was my favorite," said he, "how many an hour have I lingered over that head, touching and retouching and never finishing, while in the palmiest days of manhood." Who laughed?

All that we can say of No. 28 is that we did not know that Guido Reni painted such kind of pictures and are sorry for it. If "'t is true 't is pity." It must have been quite disagreeable to Neptune, and especially to Neptune's horse, to be obliged to compress his limbs into so small a canvass, and not very agreeable to the artist to be reduced solely to vermilion and the reds. However, considering the difficulties, it is surprising how much Guido did.

Benjamin West's reputation we always thought was not warranted by his works, and we never chanced to see a picture more utterly deficient in grace, sentiment, drawing and color than his "Venus detaining Adonis from the chase," (No. 34.) Yes there is one worse, we beg pardon, his "Death on the Pale Horse." All his figures are lay figures, with stereotyped faces — all his action forced and unnatural, and all his ideas common-place. We used to wonder at the unnatural taste of Adonis in preferring the chase to the embraces of Venus, but Benjamin West has solved the riddle. If this be Venus, we do not wonder at Adonis — and if this be Adonis, Venus was a greater fool than we took her to be.

No. 39. "Jacob's Dream," by Baroccio, we should take to be a cavalier asleep, in a very uncomfortable position and dressed in very bad taste. The temerity of the persons in the back-ground in trusting to such a ladder is also remarkable, and saving that the Hebrews were a rash people (witness Jephtha) we should almost doubt whether they really ever were so foolish.

The Archangel Michael must have visited France when Mr. J. B. Chatelain improved upon Guido in No. 14.

No. 35. "La Voluptueuse," by Greuze ought to be burned — it is badly painted and exceedingly disgusting. We are sorry for Mr. Greuze's sake that he ever painted such a picture.

A few of the old pictures are good, and a good painting does not weary by acquaintance. The two pictures of Judith and Holofernes — the "Christ mocked" of Maranari — the Winter Scene by Vermeulen, and one or two others are agreeable and well painted. The Luxembourg Gallery, copied from Rubens by Girod, is exceedingly uninteresting, though it may be very wonderful. The original pictures, which are full of free dashing execution, and touched off with the careless magnificence of the princely Rubens, are chiefly valuable as coming from his pencil, but the copies must necessarily be a toilsomely elaborate imitation, and of course are wholly destitute of the interest attaching to the originals.

We now come to the modern pictures. We find no fault with any one for painting bad pictures. There are many persons who have not the power to paint well, who must paint somehow. We ourselves have painted some very bad pictures, but we never exhibited them. So long as such things are hushed up among one's friends, they are an innocent monomania, with which no one has a right to meddle, inasmuch as they injure no one. But when a picture is exhibited to the public, and makes a claim upon the public attention, betakes itself to a richly ornamented frame, and seems to dare us to find a single fault with it, we think it is fair game. When a man exhibits a picture, he invites all to criticise it, and if it be in good part, has no right to find fault with any one for so doing. There are many persons of most unexceptionable character, and of hearty good fellowship, who nevertheless will paint shockingly; and though for the sake of such a person one would be tender, yet for the sake of justice the truth should be spoken. Indiscriminate praise is always an injury, for he who praises what is bad degrades the standard of excellence, and disallows the claims of merit. For all injurious remarks we shall be sorry, inasmuch as every man who tries his best is deserving of praise, even though the result be absolutely bad. But we will never consent that art shall be a Limbo, in which any ignorant and awkward person may disport himself, and win praise from his ungainly motions.

No. 98. "The Custom House Scene," by S. B. Foster, has much merit. The story is well told, the arrangement and disposition of the figures good, and the expressions humorous and characteristic. The picture is painted carefully, and though it savors somewhat of the French school, it is devoid of that disagreeable peculiarity so well known as French nature.

We think Mr. T. T. Spear should better have employed himself in painting from some real head, than in indulging himself in so poor a recollection of the "Beatrice" of Allston. His memory must be very miserable, and his portraits are by far the best of his pictures.

No. 75. A portrait by J. Eames, is one of the finest pieces of color that we have seen for a long time. It is freely and boldly handled, and full of nature. The picture bears reference to no school, and was not done by trick, but is a successful attempt to transfer to canvass the broken and stippled effects of light, shade, and color, which are visible in every human face. The tints are clear and pure, and the blues, reds, and yellows are felicitously dispersed, and nowhere obtrusive, and the gradations good. If we find any fault, it is that the shadows are too glowing; but we were so charmed by the many graces and beauties of the picture, that we will not pick flaws. We hope to see some

more sincere readings out of nature from Mr. Eames.

No. 5. "The Angel Appearing to the Shepherds" is the largest canvass in the room.

There were three pictures by Henry Peters Gray, (Nos. 8, 11, 25,) which possess much merit. The best of the whole, in point both of color and drawing, is the "Portrait in the Character of Rosalia." The color was harmoniously and agreeably arranged, and though deficient in force and vigor, was sweet and delicate in tone. The figures in all the pictures are too small and contracted for the heads, but full of quiet and subdued sentiment. A little more strength and decision of touch would be a great improvement.

The principal charm in paintings of dead game and still life, resides in the truth of color, and in delicacy and finish in pencilling. Mr. Burnham mistook his talent, when he tried his pencil on this subject, (No. 9.) We commend to him to paint some more pictures in the style of his "Boys Playing Props," exhibited at the Athenæum some seasons since. The drawing of that group was excellent, and the humor in a true vein.

The "Kentucky Beach Forest," by Miss S. Clarke, is a clear and pleasant sketch, and has the predominant characteristics of many of Allston's landscapes.

No. 80. "The Sisters" is the best picture we have seen from the brush of Mr. Healey. There is, in all that we have seen of this artist's productions, a simpering affectation and a got-up expression, which is peculiarly disagreeable. They are what might be called society pictures; portraits, with that fashionable smile which makes every true person ashamed. If Mr. Healey would seek to paint faces as they are, and not as he thinks they ought to be, he would paint better. It may jump with French taste to paint simpering pictures, but the Americans are a very serious people, and this millinery of expression does not suit their faces.

We do not wish to say anything harsh about the pictures by J. Greenough; but we think his friends should not have allowed him to exhibit them, and most particularly the "Ribbon Picture," No. 120. His "Sketch from Nature," (No. 115,) is by far the best of his pictures.

"The Landscape," No. 79, by Mr. Allston, had much of his great merit. Among the many daubs, it shone like a bright particular star, though it was by no means one of his most agreeable pictures. The pine tree in it lives, and one can almost hear the wind whispering through its leaves. Some one has pressed the very life out of this picture in cleaning it, and reduced the surface of it to a porcelain polish, which very much impairs its beauty.

No. 77, "The Great Carbuncle of the White Mountains," is probably a misprint for Blue Mountains; for no one would ever dream of calling them white if this representation be correct.

No. 69, a portrait, by Alexander, is the best picture of his we ever saw; but the half-length of a girl with a doll, (No. 66,) is the most shabby piece of careless daubing that ever met our eyes. Indeed, with the exception of a Cupid, by Mr. Hubard, which we once saw in this gallery, it is about the worst picture conceivable. Mr. Alexander should be ashamed of it, because he can paint much better, and any man should be ashamed to fall so grossly below himself.

We have understood that it was the plan of the Directors to make exchanges of the pictures in the gallery for works of the old masters, with Mr. J. W. Brett. If we could get good pictures thereby, the plan would be admirable; but if those sent this season by Mr. Brett, are a fair sample of his future intentions, we, for one, exclaim against the project. We are the most credulous people in the world with regard to art, and are imposed upon yearly by the names which picture-dealers (who are first-cousins to horse-jockeys,) set against the vilest daubings. Do we not all know that no picture-dealer could, by any possible chance, have a bad picture in his possession? Did we not see, within two months past, the most wretched abortions ever palmed upon the public sold as Leonardo da Vincis, Raffaelles, Correggios, and Salvator Rosas? In fact, every red group is a Rubens, every dark landscape a Salvator Rosa, every Madonna a Guido, and every scene which it is impossible to see, from dirt and blackness, a Rembrandt. The Athenæum has owned good pictures — where are they?

There are one or two pictures, of which we forbear to speak, for various reasons. We have understood that one of our old favorites, "The Lake of the Clouds," we think it was called, by Doughty, and which we have missed for some time, was exchanged for the curious picture of the "Angel Appearing to the Shepherds." We were very sorry to hear it. First, because Doughty's landscape was a beautiful picture, in his best style; second, because we ought to be proud of him, as an American painter; and, lastly, because the exchange picture is the worst specimen of Cole that we know. We do not like to see foreign artists receiving so great a portion of the public patronage, while art is begging at home. Americans can paint, and do paint, the best pictures of the present day; but while this is acknowledged most liberally abroad, our artists cannot support themselves in their native land, for want of that encouragement which is showered upon every foreigner who visits us. Love of art has almost become a sentence of expatriation. All our artists flee the country, so soon as they can accumulate sufficient means, and, until they have taken the Italian tour, are looked down upon as mere beginners, whose knowledge and taste has not been chastened by the study of the old masters.

Much as we reverence those great names, which loom in beauty above their age, and cast a light over their century, yet we verily believe, that if every picture in Italy were de-

stroyed, it would be like the lifting of a weight from art, which now presses it to the ground. What has been done is a great fact, what is to be done is only a great theory ; and even the boundless hope and lofty enthusiasm, which bears the young artist to Italy, the loved vision of his dreams, quails aghast before those great monuments of labor and genius. For centuries, with a steady perseverance, directed by a lofty spirit, has art built up her massive walls, and now the youthful aspirant, in that happy garden of the world, may sigh, like Rasselas, for freedom, but may never overlook those barriers which shut from him the clear and limitless horizon of hope. The deadly hand of the past gripes at the throat of genius, and a brooding nightmare palsies its efforts. Our artists go forth with promise of great excellence, full of keen perception, of ready talent, of sincere originality ; they spend a few years, and then return, without energy, without spirit, a band of feeble imitators. Do we wonder at this ? How should it be otherwise ? — When they behold the consummate works of those old masters, they do not see the labor and the struggle, the spontaneous energy, and the invincible trust in their own perceptions, which lie behind their works ; they only see the facts, and their own efforts are so dwarfed by the comparison, that in despair they yield, and fall into that vacuum of imitation wherein no great spirit can exist. Are there no faces and forms, are there no lives and deaths, burials and marriages, within our own land, and next our own doors ? Shines not the sun upon America, gilding and coloring its landscape with as various hues as when the masters breathed the atmosphere of this earth ? Is nature used up ? — is character gone ? — is virtue extinct ? — is vice rooted out ? Where were the old masters that taught the old masters ? Where was their Italy, but in their eyes and soul ? Who told them how to paint, and held their hands, and guided their pencils ? Let our artists come home, and when they have exhausted nature here, then let them seek her in a foreign clime. Let them dare to look that truth calmly in the face, which stands ever before them, and let them believe that the only true lessons to be learned from the lives of the great masters are, "Trust thyself," and "Forget that any ever lived before."

ACCEPTABLE WORSHIP.

BY W. H. BURLEIGH.

I.

Not worthiest is his worship who afar
Retired from crowds, in meditation deep
Passes his days beyond the maddened sweep
Of stormy passions, and the angry jar
Of clashing interests, that nought may mar
His inward peace, though all his hours are given
To prayer and penitence and dreams of heaven —
Nor his whose set responses loudest are
In the full temple, where the many kneel
To utter forms the spirit does not feel —
For not in words, though breathed from tongues of flame,
Is the full heart of love revealed the best ;
Nor in unuttered thoughts, that fill the breast
With quiet, and the bounding pulses tame.

II.

Action — untiring, earnest, bold and free,
Its impulse Love — its object, Truth and Right —
By holy zeal sustained — by heavenly light
Directed ever, though thick darkness be
Over the earth, and men no longer see
The soul's great birthright — Action, such as this,
Is holiest worship, and a purer bliss
Attends the offering, than the devotee
Of forms can know. Words, offspring of the brain,

High-sounding yet not heart-born, are in vain —
The heart turns loathing from them that hath known
The baptism of the spirit — turns, to find
Its joy in DOING — deeming thus his mind
Hath CHRIST, our Head and great Exemplar, shown.

III.

Would'st thou, then, offer, with a willing mind,
A sacrifice acceptable to Him
Before whose throne adoring seraphim
Bend with veiled faces — labor for thy kind,
Uphold the feeble and direct the blind,
Reclaim the wandering, the lost restore,
And bid the erring go and sin no more.
Live for Humanity, and thou shalt find
Peace which the selfish heart can never know,
Joys that from *holy action* only flow.
Be bold for Truth, though all the world despise,
Be strong in Right, though all the world oppose,
Be free in Love, though all men are thy foes,
And God will smile upon thy sacrifice.

THE ARMENIAN'S DAUGHTER.

A STORY OF THE GREAT PESTILENCE OF BAGDAD.

PART FIRST.

I.

NEVER, since the days of Motasem, the last of the Caliphs, had Bagdad been in so flourishing a condition, as in the year of Christ, one thousand eight hundred and thirty-one.

For nearly two centuries the viceroys of the Turkish sultans had ruled the city with a rod of iron, and under their capricious and impolitic sway, its commerce, its manufactures, and its population, had dwindled to a shadow of their former greatness; and finally, with the increasing decay of the Ottoman power, the predatory Arabs who roam the vast Mesopotamian plain — the powerful tribes of the Aneiza, the Jerbah, and the Ageil — began habitually, year after year, to invest the city, desolating its environs, and in more than one instance, forcing their way within the walls and carrying fire and sword to the very gates of the citadel.

Some twelve or fifteen years, however, before the date I have mentioned, an adventurer named Daoud, who had been the slave of a former pasha, and was distinguished for his wealth, his intelligence, and his apparent religious humility, was appointed to the then vacant pashalic. Under his administration the aspect of affairs was speedily changed; an army of one hundred and fifty thousand men was raised, splendidly equipped, and disciplined and officered by European adventurers. With this immense force devoted to his will, the pasha easily subjected the refractory Arabs, and even by policy and bribery, so conciliated several of the tribes, that from formidable adversaries they became most efficient allies, and enabled him by their support, to throw off his allegiance to Constantinople, and defy equally the mandates and the arms of the sultan, who, embarrassed by the turbulence of his Janissaries, and by his difficulties with Russia, Greece and Egypt, was utterly unable to repress his powerful and contumacious vassal.

Having freed his dominions from their most terrible and inveterate scourge, and completely consolidated his power, the enlightened and energetic Daoud directed his attention to the internal condition of his capital. He enacted judicious laws, which were rigidly and impartially enforced, so that Bagdad soon became as noted for order and justice, as it had been for turbulence and tyranny: he protected and encouraged commerce, and again the streets and squares of the city swarmed, as in the days of the Caliphs, with a motley multitude of merchants and artisans drawn from the varied races that inhabit Asia. The haughty Turk, the meek Armenian, the subtle Greek, the proud Arab, the independent Bedouin, the savage Turcoman, the martial Kurd, the polite Per-

sian, the cringing Jew, the chivalrous Circassian, and the beautiful Georgian, mingled freely and peacefully with the stranger natives of more distant lands — with the open-hearted Afghan, the fanatic Seik, the melancholy Hindoo, the lively Burmese, the dignified Parsee, the ferocious Malay, the black-visaged Nubian, and the crafty trader from the celestial empire. Nor were there wanting specimens of the less-diversified nations of Christendom; for besides the pasha's military officers, who were chiefly French and Italians, there was then resident in Bagdad, an English mission and an Anglo-Indian Embassy. The vast and famous bazaar, with its ten thousand shops, was likewise filled with the products of every clime and country — with the camphor and copper of Japan, the teas and silks of China, the laces and calicoes of Hindostan, the shawls and carpets of Persia, the gums and coffee of Arabia, the slaves of Zanzibar and Mozambique, and the more multifarious and less picturesque commodities of Europe and America.

The pasha too, with all his vigor and ambition, was sumptuous in his tastes and luxurious in his habits; he kept a numerous and brilliant court, and maintained much of that gorgeous magnificence for which the Orientals were formerly famous, but which the imperial reformers of Cairo and Constantinople, had banished from those capitals in endeavoring to introduce among their subjects the external simplicity, along with the civilization of Christendom.

The prosperity which the wise measures of Daoud brought to his people, and the splendor which his power and grandeur conferred upon their city, rendered them tolerably pleased with his government, even though he occasionally conveyed unlawfully to his coffers a portion of their hard-earned gold, or to his well-appointed harem the most attractive of their daughters.

II.

Prominent among the high officers of the pasha's army, was an English renegade, who bore the oriental name and title of Osman Aga. He had left his country for Hindostan at an early age, and had passed several years in the service of the East India Company; but impelled by an aspiring and uncontrollable spirit, and disgusted by the slowness of his advancement, and the tedium of his employment, he at length deserted, and crossing the Indus, entered the army of Runjeet Sing, adopting with as little scruple, the peculiar religion of the Seiks, as he did their blue costume and their martial habits. His courage and ability soon rendered him a great favorite with the astute Runjeet, who appointed him to the command of a division of his army, at the head of which in the terrible battle with the Afghans at Noushehra, he was cut down and carried a prisoner to Cabul. On his recovery from his wounds, he did not long hesitate to exchange the Grinth of the Seik, for the Koran of the Mussulman, commended as was the latter by the rank of colonel in the army of Dost Mohammed. He was soon however detected in a daring intrigue, having for its object the restoration of Shah Shoojah to the Afghan throne. He saved his head by a rapid flight to Persia, and remained a long time in voluptuous indolence at Ispahan, occupied apparently, solely in the study of the language and literature of the country. The reputation of his talents and exploits at length reached the ears of Daoud Pasha, who was ever anxious to secure the most accomplished instruments for his ambitious and regenerating purposes. Osman was invited to Bagdad, and was speedily made an aga, or commander of high rank. He sustained his military reputation by several brilliant victories over the Kurds and Persians, and at the period when my story commences was inferior in station to none of the pasha's officers, and apparently possessed the full confidence of his master. His fidelity was however in reality greatly and justly suspected by the wily pasha, who had found reason to believe that his ambitious and unprincipled lieutenant was engaged in treacherous negotiations, not only with the Sultan, but with some of the powerful Bedouin tribes in the vicinity of Bagdad, who, despite their defeats, were unbroken in their strength, and under an able leader, assisted by the Porte, might not improbably unseat the pasha from his usurped throne.

III.

It was the morning of a beautiful April day in the year before mentioned, and the fierce sun of the tropics, already several hours above the horizon, was pouring down his scorching rays into the narrow and winding streets of Bagdad, which, notwithstanding their furnace temperature, were thronged with a dense crowd of human beings, of all nations, sexes, ages, colors, classes and conditions, from whose hundred thousand throats resounded that prodigious and perpetual din, for which it is noted above all other cities, and which alone would suffice to establish its lineal descent from that wherein the tower of Babel reared its aspiring and accursed head.

It was not however the ordinary tumult of a populace pursuing, in confined space, the confused and conflicting business of a great city: on the contrary, all seemed intent upon a common object, which was no other than to gain, by the most direct and speediest route, the eastern gate of the city which opened upon a vast and perfectly level plain, whose desolation was usually unrelieved by beast, bird, or plant of any kind.

To the eyes of the multitude, however, as they emerged from the narrow and strongly guarded gateway, a very animated scene was presented, for on the previous evening a large caravan of pilgrims to the shrine of Kerbelah, had arrived from Persia, and encamped at some distance from the walls. They were preparing to enter the

city in great state, and the people of Bagdad were now pouring forth to welcome them and witness the display. The plain, far as the eye could reach, was covered with men, tents and animals: groups of the pilgrims were busy in all directions, packing their goods and equipage, loading their camels, or arraying themselves in their best habiliments, with the view of presenting an imposing appearance to the curious and somewhat supercilious citizens. Vast numbers of the latter had already arrived at the encampment, and were either riding about on the white asses, for which Bagdad is famous, or, mingled with the pilgrims, were chatting, jesting, and endeavoring to purchase the merchandise just arrived from Persia; driving their bargains with that skill and acuteness, for which no less than for its asses, their city is renowned throughout Asia.

Before high noon the caravan was completely prepared for its entry: the tents were all struck, the camels all laden, and the pilgrims, arranged with due order in their ranks, were impatiently waiting the signal to begin their march.

The pasha of Bagdad had informed the chiefs of the caravan, that he would himself issue forth from the city to meet and escort them into its precincts: it was for his appearance that they were now delaying, and their patience was well nigh exhausted, when the sudden discharge of cannon from the walls, the shouts of the multitude, and the clangor of martial music, announced the approach of Daoud and his guards. He advanced surrounded by a thousand of the superb Circassian cavalry who constituted the flower of his army. They were all remarkably handsome and martial looking men, splendidly mounted, and covered from head to foot with brilliant chain armor of Damascus steel. They came on at a slow and stately pace, though now and then some of them would dart for a period from the ranks, wheeling and curveting their magnificent steeds, and hurling high in air their jereeds or javelins.

The pasha was received with shouts, with the firing of muskets and of camel artillery, and with the grave and respectful salutations of the leaders of the caravan, who, grateful for the unusual honor shown them, were profound and profuse in their obeisances. After due exchange of courtesies, Daoud detached five hundred of his guard to the rear of the caravan, and the mingled cavalcade proceeded on its procession to the city gate.

Soon after they commenced their march, one of the gorgeously attired officers who surrounded the pasha, rode up to the latter, evidently with the intention of preferring some request. He was a tall and powerful man, apparently about thirty years of age, very handsome, with large black eyes, and a complexion whose dark hue seemed rather the result of exposure to the sun and wind, than of natural swarthiness of skin. He wore a snow-white turban of the finest muslin, a richly embroidered silk robe of bright purple, blue Turkish trowsers, and his costume was completed by boots of the most vivid yellow dye; at his girdle were pistols, a dagger, and a sabre with a richly jewelled hilt.

His request, which was merely of permission to quit the procession, was readily granted, and Osman Aga, for it was the English renegade, rode rapidly towards the city followed by a single attendant, a Nubian of immense size, black as jet, but with regular and expressive features.

They reined up their steeds as they reached the gate, and Osman, stationing himself and follower just within the entrance, looked through it for a moment at the approaching caravan, then turned and addressed the Nubian, who, from long service, was quite familiar with his master, whose confidence he possessed to a degree that rendered him rather a friend than a menial;

"The time for action is at hand, Rustom, though my plans are not quite matured, a blow must be struck without delay. I have for sometime fancied that the pasha suspected me, but last night I learned from Hassan Bey that the whole conspiracy is known, and that my destruction is resolved on, as soon as my faithful Kurds can be got out of the way. They received orders but three hours ago to escort this very caravan when it departs for Kerbelah to-morrow, and Kaliel Aga will command them on their march, the pasha having requested me to remain, under pretence of preparing for the campaign against Ali. But as soon as my friends leave the city, I shall doubtless be seized and executed."

"Daoud is ever prompt Without the Kurds we should be almost at his mercy. How many of your Arab friends are within the city?"

"But seven hundred of the Jerbah; and two thousand are encamped without the walls. Sheick Abdalla's last letter promised fifteen thousand of the Aneiza, but it will be five days before they can possibly reach Bagdad."

"The danger is indeed imminent. I see but one way to avoid it."

"And that is?"

"To place yourself at the head of the troops devoted to you — force your way to the desert and assemble the Arab tribes. Once in the field, with the assistance that the Sultan will gladly give, you can defy the whole force of Daoud, and perhaps even drive him from his pashalic."

"Such was my first impulse when warned by Hassan Bey. By this morning's dawn, I would have left Bagdad, had I not last night received tidings which have led me to defer my departure. Thou rememberest Bogos, the Armenian of Julfa with whom I had dealings during my visit to Ispahan last winter, on the secret mission to the Persian Shah?"

"Do I recollect my father? Or have I lost all memory of the mother who bore me? Never can I forget the lying, cheating, christian scoundrel! I carry about with me a token to remember him by! This ring which he swore would

have graced the finger of a Sultan, I paid him twenty tomans for, and it is not worth as many paras." The negro grinned with rage as he held up his hand, and Osman, glancing at the gaudy ornament, whose lustre had so misled his follower, replied with a smile,

"He still possesses a jewel which the haughtiest sultan of the earth might be proud to wear. His daughter Miriam is fairer and purer than the snows of her own Ararat, and has a soul worthy of its stately dwelling place. I saw her often during my brief sojourn at the Persian court last winter, and had I not been obliged to follow the Shah on his removal to Teheran, she would ere this have been my bride. Last night a hadji, who came with yonder caravan, brought me a letter from her, by which I learn that the dog of a father, has even now brought her to Bagdad with the pilgrims, with the intention of selling her, as he would a dromedary, to the pasha, whose passion has been excited by the report of her beauty, and whose gold has prevailed on Bogos despite his christian creed, to sacrifice his daughter to his avarice."

"The thrice-accursed villain! Shall I send a bullet through him as he enters the gate?"

"Nay, that were somewhat too summary a proceeding. My purpose in tarrying here, is to ascertain beyond doubt that he accompanies the caravan: this can only be done by observing the pilgrims as they pass. If the Armenian enters, keep your eye upon him, follow to his caravanserai, ascertain if Miriam be with him, and as quickly as possible acquire all information which will assist me to rescue her, as I will do this very night, either by force or stratagem."

"Allah Kerim! My Aga, are you losing your senses?" cried the Nubian vehemently, "would you peril your life for a smooth-faced girl? Know you not there is little time to spare, if you do not wish to lie with your head between your legs in the great square of the city?"

"Peace! Rustom; I am neither mad nor even imprudent. Do you but obey my orders and all will be well. To-day while my Kurds are in Bagdad, the pasha will not dare attempt aught against me; and to night I will gratify both love and revenge, by rescuing my mistress, and robbing Daoud of his most cherished treasure."

During this conversation, the caravan had been gradually approaching the walls, and now the guard of the pasha, who led the van, began to enter the gate. The calm, grave face of Daoud relaxed into a smile, as he perceived Osman Aga among the spectators, and his passing salute was as courteously, and apparently as kindly given and returned, as though the most undiminished friendship and confidence existed between the two. As the pilgrims moved on, Osman and his servant examined them eagerly and attentively, till nearly the whole caravan had been viewed by them and not a semblance of the Armenian had been seen.

"I have been deceived," said Osman, sadly; "Miriam is still at Ispahan. Well! I need no longer delay my escape from this city, and perhaps" —

"By Allah!" interrupted the Nubian; "Here he comes! Look at the wretch, with his meek face and stuffed-out belly! I have half a mind to fling my jereed at him. And glory to the prophet! the maiden is with him too! else why that litter?"

It was indeed Bogos who rode by as Rustom spoke with downcast eyes, and a countenance bearing much of that mild and placid expression which peculiarly characterizes his pacific and patient race. He was closely followed by a litter, borne between two camels, and evidently containing one or more females.

"Haste, good Rustom," cried Osman, as the Armenian passed; "follow, follow, and on no account lose sight of him. Gain speedily all the intelligence you can, and come with it to my palace, where I will await you."

The Nubian made no reply, but followed the caravan while his master turned into a side street, and rode rapidly toward a distant part of the city.

IV.

The brief twilight of that eastern clime had vanished, and night was folding its raven wings upon the city, like an eagle settling on her nest. The stars were struggling through the gloom, endeavoring one by one to obtain a glimpse of their shrouded brother. The breeze unpinioned by the setting sun, swept with a gentle motion the broad bosom of the arrowy Tigris, whose banks lined with palaces and palm trees, with minarets and mosques, presented no unworthy image of the grandeur of Bagdad when under the mighty and magnificent caliphs, she was the fitting capital of the noblest empire that the earth has ever seen.

In a vast and ancient palace, whose walls rose abruptly from the water's edge, and in an apartment of great size and sumptuousness, the sides and ceiling of which were encrusted with the most fanciful arabesques in stucco, and inlaid with mirrors and mother-of-pearl, and the floor covered with the richest carpets of Persia, save in the centre, where, from a basin of black marble, rose a sparkling and refreshing fountain, was seated, upon a divan of richly embroidered crimson velvet, Osman Aga, the English adventurer. He was restless and abstracted, and was evidently waiting the arrival of some one long and anxiously expected. He at length rose, and approaching a large and beautiful book-case, which occupied one end of the room, opened its doors of curiously wrought rosewood, and disclosed a considerable collection of splendidly bound European volumes, interspersed with the more picturesque manuscripts of the best oriental authors. He glanced along the shelves, upon which were ranged the chief works of those brilliant but pernicious authors, the French and English infidels of the

last century, to the perusal of whose writings Osman Aga might, perhaps, have traced the formation of those unsettled principles, and that loose morality, whose influence had made him what he was — a hypocritical apostate, and a reckless and crime-stained adventurer. Drawing out one of the volumes, he turned a few of its pages by the light of the lamps which hung from the ceiling, but, suddenly, as if struck by some bitter thought, flung vehemently aside the book, and began to pace the room, with rapid and irregular steps.

" I know not wherefore, but my spirit sinks, and the brain, on which alone through life I have relied, seems now about to fail me. This night, this very night, my destiny must be decided ; to-morrow's sun will see me a captive, and perhaps a corpse, or armed to struggle with sultans and their viceroys, for the mastery of Asia : love, empire, life itself, are upon the issue, yet I cannot plot, cannot contrive, and, indeed, can scarcely think.

" And then, this girl — this Armenian girl. 'Tis to me the most profound of mysteries, that in hers my being is so closely wrapt. I, who scorned as a weakness the very thought of woman, and deemed fame and power alone worth man's pursuit, am now perilling everything for the sake of this young maiden. 'Tis past belief. Yet, Miriam, sweet Miriam, I am strongly tempted to relinquish all for thee ; to cast aside my wealth, my power, my blood-bought honors, and my towering hopes, and leaving this barbaric land, bear thee to some green and quiet spot, and spend beside thee, in contented security, the remainder of my days.

" It may not be. I cannot, even for thy sake, relinquish the achievements of so many years, the results of so much toil, so much thought, so much enterprise, and so much crime. A life of tumult, of excitement, of adventure, has unfitted me for the ordinary tenor of human existence. Nor can I look into thy majestic eyes, or gaze upon thy queenly countenance, nor feel that thou, too, wouldst rejoice to share my fate — with me to aspire, to struggle, to conquer, and to rule.

" My soul revives ! And once more upon the desert, beyond these cramping walls, and at the head of an army, I will become again subtle to plan, and audacious to execute. Now for this night's work. My faithful Kurds, and my no less faithful Arabs, will meet me near the northern gate, and once beyond the walls, and at their head, all will be well. Miriam, if Rustom does not fail me, will be rescued before midnight, and by the rising of to-morrow's sun, I will be on my road to Aleppo, at the head of seven thousand men.

" My palace and its contents, I suppose, must be left to the mercy of his highness. Well ! by my sword I gained them, and by my sword I can replace them."

He paused for a moment in the centre of the room, and, by clapping his hands summoned, in the oriental manner, a slave, who almost instantly, with folded arms and head bent down, stood waiting his commands.

" Has Rustom returned ? "

" He has, my lord ; but a moment since."

" Let him attend me, at once."

The slave disappeared, and, immediately afterward, the Nubian entered, bearing in his appearance traces of recent and severe exertion.

" What detained you, Rustom ? you should have been here three hours ago."

" That son of an Armenian cow, the thrice-detested Bogos, has led me over half Bagdad, in search of him. In passing through the Bazaar, which was crowded to suffocation, I was stopped by the crowd, and before I could force a passage, the villain had disappeared ; and it is only within two hours, after inquiring at nearly all the caravanserais in the city, that I succeeded in finding him. But, praise be to Allah ! the maiden is with him, and they are both at the Khan of Hillah, on this side of the river.

" That is truly fortunate ! Thanks, thanks, good Rustom ; you have brought me cheering news ! Take half an hour for rest and refreshment, and, as you go out, bid Haroun bring me the garb of an eunuch, and the coloring liquid, that I may disguise myself."

Haroun, the slave, soon entered with the required articles, and Osman Aga, by the application of a dye, in a few minutes completely changed his complexion into that of the blackest Ethiopian. This done, he laid aside his costly outer garments, and donned habiliments more suited to the character he wished to assume. Before, however, he put on the long loose robe which concealed his whole person, he carefully arranged in his belt a sabre, a dagger, and a pair of double-barrelled pistols. He also secured, in the same place, a large and heavy purse, which he took from a table in the room.

" Now," he muttered, as he examined his appearance in one of the mirrors that were inlaid in the wall of the room, " Daoud himself might mistake me for the Aga of his eunuchs. Courage and adroitness are all that I require to-night, and they are qualities that never yet have failed me, nor do I think they will now, when my very existence depends upon their exercise."

He paused a few minutes, to write upon and carefully seal a piece of paper, which he affixed to his girdle, and then left the saloon, and passed quickly to the outer court of the palace, where half-a-dozen slaves were reclining, who started to their feet when they heard his steps. A few brief stern orders were issued to these attendants, and the court was rapidly filled with horses and a well armed band of about fifty men, who immediately mounted, and remained prepared to sally forth. Rustom soon made his appearance also, completely armed, and Osman, who had waited for

him, bounded on a splendid black Arabian, which a slave was holding, and at the head of the troop issued into the street.

"This handful of men will never do, my Aga," said Rustom; "If you mean to storm the caravanserai, knock Bogos on the head and carry off his daughter."

"I mean to do no such thing," was the reply; "a quiet stratagem will effect all I wish, much more safely and effectually."

V.

The Khan, or caravanserai of Hillah, was situated in one of the most retired quarters of Bagdad. On the night in question, it was crowded with merchants and pilgrims, who were chiefly gathered under one of the arches of the great square, listening to a Persian story-teller, while he related monstrous adventures with dives, peris, genii, and enchanters.

Suddenly a violent knocking was heard at the outer gate. The keeper of the Khan, a fat pompous personage, much averse to locomotion, was among the most earnest auditors of the Persian, and for some time paid no attention to the summons, till it increased to an extent that threatened to dislodge the gate from its hinges.

"Who knocks at this unseemly hour, and thus disturbs a quiet Khan?" said the janitor, in a surly tone; "you may as well depart, for there is no room for you here."

"By the beard of the Prophet, if thou dost not open quickly, I will make room, by dragging out the headless carcases of some of ye. Must an aga of the eunuchs, with an order from the pasha in his hand, wait at thy gate till thou hast finished thy pipe? Thy tardy feet shall soon be quickened by the bastinado."

The keeper no sooner heard the title of his visiter mentioned, than he made all imaginable haste to unbar the gate, and speedily admitted a huge negro, who imperiously commanded the trembling being before him, to lead the way to the quarters of Bogos, the Armenian.

This latter personage was quietly smoking his pipe, in the gallery which fronted his apartments, and, at the approach of the stranger, courteously rose and awaited his address. The eunuch saluted him gravely and condescendingly, and as they entered together the apartment of the Armenian, said in a tone of the greatest suavity—

"Worthy Bogos, I have been sent by our lord the pasha, with a litter and an escort, for the purpose of conveying your lovely daughter to the harem of his highness. The passage of the river has already greatly delayed my arrival here, and consequently I can remain with you but a short period. Will you do me the favor to inform the maiden of my presence, and the necessity of immediate departure?"

The Armenian gazed for a moment upon the face of the eunuch, and then without replying, cast his eyes upon the floor, evidently in deep perplexity; at length he spoke, and in a tone so firm and decided, that its contrast with the meekness of his manner was indeed almost startling.

"Where is your authority from the pasha, for the reception of my daughter? I cannot deliver the child to a stranger, without a written order from his highness."

"It would not be wise to do so, most prudent Bogos," responded the eunuch, taking from his girdle a paper, which he tendered to the other; "but you see I am provided with an order, signed with the pasha's own seal."

The Armenian scrutinized keenly and carefully the document presented him, and was apparently satisfied by the perusal, though he made no movement to produce his daughter.

"Why this hesitation?" demanded the eunuch.

A grave smile overspread the face of the Armenian as he replied, "There was somewhat understood between the pasha and myself, touching a certain sum of money,"—

"I comprehend, most upright Bogos," interrupted the eunuch, giving him a heavy purse; "examine that, and tell me if its contents are what you expected."

The countenance of the Armenian brightened as he told the gold, which he did with the despatch and precision of one much accustomed to the task, and carefully fastening the purse at his girdle, he rose and eagerly opening a door which communicated with a neighboring room, called to some one within, "Miriam, Miriam, come forth, my child."

A minute elapsed, and there entered the room a female, tall in stature, and of a figure already noble and commanding, though with a youthfulness of feature which, at a glance, showed that she was scarcely yet matured into the full bloom of womanhood. The superb though irregular beauty of her face, was partially shaded by masses of the blackest hair, which fell in careless but graceful curls upon a small and snowy neck. Her eyes, which were eminently large and dark, even for an oriental, seemed dimmed in their brilliancy by recent weeping, traces of which were visible on her colorless, yet haughty cheek.

She started as her glance fell upon the eunuch, and would have thrown over her face the veil which she carried upon her arm, had not her father said,

"It is only an officer of the pasha's harem, Miriam." The Armenian paused for a moment, and then proceeded with the air of one about to make an unpleasant communication, the influence of which upon the hearer is somewhat to be dreaded.

"He has come to conduct you to the harem of his highness, and requires your immediate departure; there is no reason for delay, as all that you require from here can be sent to the palace to-morrow."

His words produced a powerful effect upon

his daughter. She gazed at him for a moment, as if she did not fully comprehend the purport of what he had said ; then suddenly rousing from her stupor, rushed forward and seized him by the arm, exclaiming with passion and vehemence,

" Did I hear aright ? Are you still bent upon sacrificing your child for a handful of gold ? Did you not promise, did you not swear, before we left Julfa, that you had renounced all thoughts of this unhallowed, this most monstrous thing ? Speak, father," she continued, with her wild earnest eyes, and her face flushed with excitement, fixed upon Bogos, who fairly quailed beneath her stern glance, and muttered,

" Peace — silence — it is fixed — you must go."

" But I will not go ! I will not yield myself, — a Christian woman, — to be the harlot slave of a Mussulman ; sooner will I die !"

" It cannot now be avoided, my daughter. The pasha expects you, and here in Bagdad we are both in his power. He has sent for, and indeed has paid for you."

" Paid for me ! Mother of God ! Am I a beast, to be bought and sold ? Never ! thou unnatural parent and apostate Christian ! Were the pasha thrice as powerful, I would not debase myself to him. I will appeal to the patriarch of our Armenian people, who is in the city. I will appeal to the Franks, and to all Christians in Bagdad, who surely will not suffer this foul wrong to one of their creed."

As she poured out her invectives, Bogos began to recover from his embarrassment, and at length, irritated by her taunts, seized her harshly, and in an angry voice exclaimed, " No more of this ! Thou must go, and that forthwith."

A change came over the face of the unhappy Miriam, that transformed her in a moment from a raging fury, to a helpless supplicating woman. She flung herself suddenly at her father's feet, and in a voice choked with sobs and tears implored his mercy.

" Father, father, spare me but this sin — this shame — and in aught else I will be thy most willing slave, thy most dutiful daughter ! Let us fly this hateful city — let us go to our own land, and I will toil for thee, father, and thy gold will be none the less, even if thou returnest to this Turk the price of thy daughter's perdition !"

Bogos, unmoved by this appeal, endeavored to raise her from the floor, on which she had sunk, and turning to the eunuch said,

" Aga, assist me, and we will bear her to the litter."

The person he addressed had witnessed with great agitation the brief interview between father and daughter, but had said nothing during its continuance. As Bogos spoke, the blast of a trumpet from a neighboring street rose clear and loud upon the air, and was accompanied by a slight and scarcely perceptible tumult at the gate of the caravanserai. The eunuch started at the sound, and as if impelled into sudden activity, bounded forward like a tiger, and answered the expectant Armenian by a blow from a dagger which he drew from beneath his robe. It was given by a vigorous and practised hand, and reached the heart of Bogos, who with a faint cry relinquished his grasp of his daughter, and fell headlong to the floor. The eunuch caught up the astonished maiden, and hastily exclaimed,

" Fear not, it is I, thy lover, Osman. I came thus disguised to rescue thee, for I had learned that this very night the pasha designed to have thee conveyed to his harem. I have slain thy father because delay were fatal, for that trumpet was sounded by my followers at the gate, and warns me that the pasha or his messenger are close at hand."

Even before the conclusion of this rapid speech, he had carried Miriam, who, confused with joy, grief, and terror, was unable to speak, half way along the narrow and deserted corridor of the caravanserai. When he reached the gate he found it open, and exhibiting to view the black face of Rustom, who stooping from his horse, was peering in with great anxiety.

" By Allah ! " he exclaimed, as his master rushed out, " I thought you would never return ! Here is Daoud himself coming for the girl, with his whole guard at his heels. If we tarry five minutes more, our heads will not be worth as many date-stones."

There was, indeed, no time for deliberation ; but with true military promptness, the Armenian's daughter was placed in the ready litter, and in three minutes the cavalcade was moving rapidly away from the caravanserai.

VI.

The foremost of the pasha's party reached the gate in time to catch a glimpse of those who preceded them, as they disappeared in the obscure and winding street.

The inquiry made by Daoud for the Armenian, soon revealed his horrible fate to the astonished beholders. His body was searched, and the forged order which Osman had given him being found, afforded the pasha a clue to the murderer, and an explanation of the disappearance of Miriam. The hand-writing he recognised, and the motives that prompted the deed were easily conjectured.

Enraged to the utmost by the discovery, he instantly despatched officers to every gate of the city, with orders to prevent all egress, and with his guard commenced a rapid pursuit in the direction taken by Osman Aga.

VII.

" How far now to the gate of Mosul, Rustom ? "

" 'T is scarce a mile, Aga."

"Ten minutes then will bring us there. Press on."

"We are pursued, Aga," said an Arab, riding up from the rear. His senses, sharpened by a life on the desert, were as acute as those of an animal.

"How? art sure?"

"I hear the tramp of many horses — their number is very great, and they approach us fast."

"Forward! forward! then. Rustom, your horse is swift and fresh — ride on at full speed, and in the great square by the Mosul gate, you will find Suleiman Bey, waiting for us with a large body of troops — tell him to advance immediately and meet us, for we shall have to stand at bay, ere we can reach the gate."

Rustom obeyed, and his spirited charger soon carried him beyond the sight of the band, which their leader was in vain endeavoring to urge to a greater speed.

Their pursuers at length gained so fast, that Osman Aga became aware that he would in a few minutes be overtaken. He therefore, as he reached a small open place, on one side of which rose, serene and solemn in the bright moonlight, a vast and stately mosque, halted his men, and arrayed them in front of the street by which the Pasha would approach. The litter containing Miriam he placed in charge of two men at the further extremity of the square. He then calmly awaited the approach of his pursuers.

Very soon the shining chain armor of the Pasha's Circassians was visible in the street, and gallantly they came galloping on, until they were nearly upon the entrance of the square. They halted abruptly, on perceiving the band of Osman Aga. The latter had their carbines unslung and prepared, and gave the Circassians a volley which sent twenty or thirty to the ground, and produced considerable disorder in their ranks. It was but momentary, however, for they instantly rallied, and uttering the terrible janissary shout, charged sword in hand, into the square. They were gallantly met by Osman and his band, and for a few minutes a most furious conflict was maintained. The citizens, roused by the clamor, thronged the windows and terraces of their houses, some bearing aloft torches, while others perceiving that the Pasha's guard were among the combatants, and supposing that their opponents were hostile Arabs, who had entered the city to plunder, began to fire upon the latter.

Though Osman Aga made the most heroic and desperate exertions to maintain his ground — though he repeatedly charged at the head of his men, the guard of the Pasha, in the hope of meeting the latter hand to hand, he was at length with the scanty remnant of his gallant party, driven across the square to the place where he had stationed the litter containing Miriam. Before this he paused, determined there to make a final stand in the hope that Suleiman Bey would arrive in time to succor him.

Just as Daoud was preparing to lead forward his guard to a last grand assault, Osman with inexpressible pleasure heard in the street behind him the rapid trampling of a numerous body of horsemen whom he felt certain were the troop of Suleiman Bey coming to his rescue.

On, on, like a whirlwind came they, Kurds and Arabs, uttering fierce, wild yells, and cries of "Allah akbar," "God is great," and with Rustom on his black steed bounding at their head. Their furious onset bore back the Circassians, despite the efforts of their officers, until they reached the opposite side of the square: there they maintained their ground, and a conflict hand to hand ensued, in the midst of which a party hard pressed by Osman himself, who had assumed the command of his rescuers, burst the barred and iron-covered doors of a dwelling-house, into which they rushed, and were hotly pursued by Osman and a number of Arabs, who drove them from room to room till they reached the terraced roof. They could fly no farther, and were instantly cut down, together with some of the inmates of the house who had been holding torches to illuminate the scene below. One of these, which was still blazing in the stiffened grasp of its slain bearer, caught the eye of Osman Aga as he turned to descend from the roof, and instantly suggested a procedure which was as promptly executed. He seized the torch, and calling to his men to follow him, rushed down stairs, pausing as he passed, to apply the torch to the divans, the hangings, and the wood-work of the dwelling, from which almost as soon as he left it, the flames burst forth with great violence, and as no attempt was made to check them, communicated speedily to the neighboring houses.

The uproar was now increased tenfold. The battle still raged furiously, but the heat and smoke of the burning houses speedily became almost insupportable, and the alarmed and enraged populace flying from the conflagration, so crowded the square and the neighboring streets, that the combatants themselves found it difficult to pursue their work of blood.

The affair, however, was destined to a speedy termination. The Pasha had, ere he left the caravansarai, despatched a messenger to the commander of a considerable body of troops stationed at the bridge which unites the two divisions of the city, with orders to advance with all speed to his assistance. These now approached in another direction from that in which Daoud reached the square, and the first intimation that Osman Aga had of their arrival, was from the simultaneous charge made by them and the guards of the Pasha. It was irresistible — and the genius and courage of the renegade were in vain exerted to redeem the fight. His force, now far outnumbered, was surrounded and divided, and finally he was himself unhorsed, and his followers cut down or captured, with the exception of a small band

which, headed by Rustom, cut their way through the enemy, and hotly pursued, galloped off in the direction of the Mosul gate, which they knew would be found unguarded.

Osman forced his way to the litter which was not far distant, and found it overthrown, and the fair inmate struggling in the grasp of two ferocious Turks. To pistol one and cut down the other with his sabre, was the work of a moment, and the next, Osman, with Miriam in his arms, was rushing rapidly down a narrow street, pursued by three horsemen, who overtook him just as he gained the entrance of a small alley, into which he turned. It being too narrow to admit their horses, his pursuers dismounted, and two of them followed him with drawn scimetars. Impeded by the weight of Miriam, he was soon overtaken. He suddenly stopped and turned upon the Circassians, one of whom, as he called upon Osman to surrender, received the contents of his remaining pistol. The other, dismayed by the fall of his comrade, and unprovided with fire-arms, did not deem it prudent to encounter alone, one of the most redoubted swordsmen of Asia, and hastily regained the street where he had left his horse.

Osman pursued his way unmolested for a short distance, until he arrived at one of the entrances of the great bazaar, where he found a masterless steed, whose rider had doubtless fallen in the recent battle, quietly drinking from the basin of a huge fountain. He easily caught the animal, which he mounted, and placing Miriam before him, rode at a rapid rate until he reached a quarter of the city near the eastern wall.

He dismounted at the door of a vast but dingy and dilapidated mansion, and knocked violently for some time, without receiving any answer. At length a person bearing a light, approached, and inquired in Turkish,

"Who is there?"

Osman Aga's reply was in English. "A friend — a countryman — open quickly, for the love of God — I am in danger, and require shelter."

The door was immediately opened, and Osman and Miriam entered and were received with cordiality, mingled with wonder and curiosity, by an extremely mild and intelligent looking man of middle age, dressed in European costume. He was the head of the English mission which had been for some time established in Bagdad. Osman soon explained the situation of himself and his fair companion, and solicited an asylum for them both until they could effect their escape from the city. This was readily granted, and the result of the conference was, that before morning, Osman Aga was united in marriage by the rites of the Protestant church, to Miriam, the daughter of Bogos, the Armenian.

SONNET.

BY J. R. LOWELL.

Our love is not a fading earthly flower;
Its winged seed dropt down from paradise,
And nursed by day and night, by sun and shower,
Doth momently to fresher beauty rise:
To us the leafless autumn is not bare,
Nor winter's rattling boughs lack lusty green,
Our summer hearts make summer's fulness where
No leaf or bud or blossom may be seen:
For nature's life in love's deep life doth lie,
Love — whose forgetfulness is beauty's death,
Whose mystic key these cells of thou and I
Into the infinite freedom openeth,
And makes the body's dark and narrow grate
The wide-flung leaves of heaven's palace-gate.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC—BEETHOVEN'S SYMPHONIES.

BY J. S. DWIGHT.

The concerts of the Academy decidedly take the lead in our musical entertainments this winter. This speaks better of the progress of art among us, than any fact which has yet been announced. At length we have seen the great Odeon crowded from floor to ceiling with all the best and most appreciating life of Boston, of Cambridge too, and the other suburbs, not to hear some famous virtuoso, who would feign persuade you that there is more in his fingers than in Handel's or in Mozart's soul; but really lending respectful, and, if looks deceive not, rapt attention to the sublime orchestral works of Beethoven. Who, even of enthusiasts for art, would have looked for this so soon? We had thought that Henry Russell "*et id genus omne*" had long ago stolen the hearts of our august public; but it seems they beat again in the right place, and, sick of dazzling novelties, now find delight in the genuine, the enduring, the all-satisfying, yet never to be understood and exhausted works of real genius. Once the very few had almost to apologize for daring to admire Beethoven, for showing pedantic preference for names gone by, like Handel and the mighty line of tone-prophets which he led. Three years since, the noble orchestra of our Academy played to bare walls. Last year they found "fit audience, tho' few," — an audience constant to the last, till all in a manner knew each other, and in spite of the vulgar separating cares of the day, felt the bonds of a certain high and pure friendship knit between them by the spell of those sublime harmonies, associated so with the sight of each other's faces, — faces which the music caused to glow with the best expression which they ever wore. This created a permanent demand. And now, it being known where taste and character betake themselves, the great army of followers and fashionables can no longer keep away — (indeed, any one sees, in looking round upon such an audience, that, given one half of it, you may be sure to have the other), and the multitudes of hearers pouring in, wave after wave, encroach upon the stage, and barely leave the players room to draw a fiddle-bow. So much for having faith enough in the power of genius to enforce a response from every soul; so much for bringing forward the *best* always, without stooping to please a vulgar taste, trusting that the crowd will come round to it at last. For this the Academy deserve the thanks of all who reverence art. Let them persevere in this course, and the noble works of musical genius will find a warm and faithful home in Boston, while our people will enjoy the most exalted of social pleasures, in listening together to that sublimest and most intimate language of the soul, the sound of which wakes chords within each one of us which are deeper than all difference, and make us feel a divine relationship. Rarely is there an assembly, where all are so lifted above themselves, and made to forget their selfish partialities, where one electric thrill so runs from heart to heart, where the hardened and the prematurely old are so surprised into the joy and open-heartedness of childhood, where the word "disinterested" becomes so much a felt reality, and where the one spirit which is in us all, despite our differences of opinion, taste and character, so wells up from the bottom of every mind, like fixed air, and gives us a never-to-be-forgotten glimpse of the fact that we are nearer to each other than we knew, whether argument and doctrine have yet reached so far or not, — as an assembly on whom Beethoven and the orchestra have begun to work. Music answers the soul's deepest craving for expression more nearly than any other language, not excepting poetry or prayer; while at the same time it is the most exquisite thing yet found for entertainment or excitement; thus reconciling what a blind morality esteems the two opposite tendencies in man, and speaking to the whole of him. And when we consider that music is the peculiar art of this last century, that more of the highest kind of genius has been employed of late in music than in any art or literature, that the more it is understood, the more is it felt to be, — the fact becomes one of great significance for the future development of humanity.

This thought must be unfolded when we have room. We must speak now of the music. At the time we write, the Academy has given two concerts. The *second* and the *fifth* symphony of Beethoven formed the great feature in each. Of these in due time. We stop now to try to do justice to the rest of the entertainment, which was all good. The bill of fare contained no piece which could not be esteemed classic, and worth studying as well as hearing. To say the least, there was nothing offensive, no ridiculous bathos, from beginning to end. Even the few songs which might be supposed to "sing small" — too trivial even for diversion — between noble symphonies and overtures, were sterling compositions, and delivered in a pure, chaste style, which showed that the two gentlemen who sang them, (and whom, by way of encouragement to native talent, it was

certainly well for the Academy to bring out), have been cultivating something more than a voice, and seeking something more than vulgar applause. Then there was each time a solo on the violin, by Mr. Keiser, gracefully accompanied by our old friend, Mr. Webb. The modest manner, and straight-forward, conscientious delivery of those two earnest and artist-like men, were music to the eye as well as ear, after so much virtuoso flash and flourish as we have had. Here were men playing to bring out the sense of the composition before them, and not to exhibit themselves. Two overtures, the same both evenings, formed the substance of the first part of the concert. One was the overture to "*Die Felsenmühle*," by Reissiger, an overture in the truest sense of the word, — thoroughly dramatic, while the music abounds in beautiful and original movements. The other, rapturously encored both times, was the delicious overture to "*Zanetta*," by Auber, which could not fail to effect diversion in the most thought-haunted mind, and "pluck from the memory the most rooted sorrow." It was not deep; but we never heard anything more exquisite in its way. Full of the most airy, dainty, strange, yet simple melodies, which chase each other like the dimpled sun-flecks on the water — leaving one no time to get weary, and mocking every effort to think; tickling our very soul to laughter, and calling round us all the gayest and most bright-colored scenes of life, the Hesperides-gardens of the fancy, with roses and humming-birds, and sparkling *jets d'eaux*, and forms most volatile flitting in the moonlight, weaving fairy dances, and enacting curious histories. It is music to make one smile in his sleep. Now it is a stealing in of faint warbling melodies of flutes and clarinets, waking up by the way and toying with their neighbors, the bassoons and oboes; and now an impassioned burst of fullest tenderness, followed by mysterious stillness, woke again ere long by those strange warblings; and now the melting, luscious harp-tones of the dance; and now a perfect foaming up of the very wine and essence of the violins; and now mellow horn passages, whose notes bring marvellous, startling reminiscences of what certainly never had historical being in us, like the Platonic ideas. The composer must have overheard some fairy orgies. It is as if you lay with eyes half open in the middle of midsummer's night, when by the light of the moon steal in little elfin shapes, who straightway form themselves in some moon-spot on your floor, and are soon in the full tide of all their quaintest revelries for your diversion. Could not the Academy give us, some time, Mendelsohn's overture to the "Midsummer Night's Dream," that we may know how far music has carried it in this vein?

The *second* symphony has in it more of joy and triumph than we have been wont to expect from Beethoven, whose every utterance was either deepest yearning, or heaven-storming energy. Yet it is none the less characteristic. It is the joy and triumph of no common mind. It is no light-hearted cheerfulness. The grandeur and depth and unutterable wealth of inward experience, and uncontainable aspiration, of one of the intensest spiritual existences who ever took the form of flesh and blood amongst us, are all in it, to deepen and enrich the colors of the gorgeous scenery, and swell the current of the jubilee. He rejoices with all the strength of his heroism, and all the tenderness of his prayer. It is one of his earlier works, written before he was thirty. And, though it is hazardous at all times to attempt to interpret music, (which seems to be the intimate language of another element, of whose experiences all words, and thoughts, and scenes and things intelligible are only types and shadows,) we cannot help feeling, while we hear it, as if this symphony were the effort of a soul, all full of genius, and overwhelmed with the glories which crowd round it, so that it almost sinks under the weight of too much joy, to give expression to its sense of the depth and the richness of life, to proclaim the thrilling communion which it feels with all heaven and earth and boundless realms invisible. A quick electric spark seems to have shot through all things, and the oneness of the worlds within and without to have flashed upon him, exalting man to Deity, at the very moment that he sinks in utter weakness. This exalting consciousness of genius, its profound admiring sense of life, is perhaps known to few; and by nothing short of heroism can the poor feeble will of man bear fitting testimony to it, and give it utterance ere it effervesce. What shall I say, what shall I do, while the full roaring tide uplifts me, before it turns and ebbs away and leaves me sick and spent on the low muddy bed of common-place? is ever the stern question put to genius. To the poet or the artist, these unprepared-for jubilees of the mind, these sudden accesses of too much bliss, these periodical rises of the under currents of life, bring on a conflict with the weaker individual will within him as intense as do the fearful outward obstacles in life, or the clouds of doubt and sin within us. A necessity seems laid upon him to utter, with weak individual speech, what is universal, unutterable, divine. Hence a jubilee symphony from Beethoven shall, like all his music, tell as much of earnest and gigantic struggle, as of light and joy.

To come at once, then, to the music. It is in the key of D major, the most splendid and triumphant key, which has been so much dedicated to martial strains. The principal theme of the allegro, the fierce unbridled joy impulse, does not get out immediately; but is preceded by a marvellously grand and crowded passage in the 3–4 *adagio* movement, in which all the countless streams of life seem to be rolling in their waves together, and all the solemn clouds to be moving in above, their edges silvered by the light of every star, while thunders roll and lightnings fly from one to the other (so I would interpret those swift violin flights from massive

chord to chord, — one chord, as it were *lightening* into another,) and all the elements, and all the life and beauty and majesty of nature are gathered into the intensity of the moment. One by one, in solemn chord-processions, had each mysterious and august presence kept arriving; and a simultaneous shout, a rush of many voices (transition to the key of B flat) had announced the splendid circle full, before the rushing, heaving, hither and thither swaying, tumultuous movement began, which soon settles down, however, and all the vast array of conscious life, met face to face, is still with mutual expectation. The principalities and powers of all the solar worlds sit still and solemn round, as if upon the eve to celebrate glories which the tongue of man would be palsied in pronouncing. A short consultation in an under tone is heard between the violins and violoncellos (the melody in hurried triplets;) they seem to come to an understanding; rich, hope-inspiring chords, crowned by the light-trilling flute, like the sunbeam of expression lighting up a countenance about to speak, announce that the word is soon to go forth; and with an impetuous bound leaps from the goal the impatient thema, (allegro con brio,) like live lightning: joy is no longer clogged by its own fulness; it scours the illimitable plains with resistless speed, scarce remembering to pause and whisper the burthen of its mission, the short glad *counter-theme*, or second subject (in A) to here and there a listener by the way. How it is carried through, what separate thoughts the successive phrases of the movement might suggest, we will not stop to consider. The very difficulty of executing a piece of such breadth and energy and rapidity helps out its true expression. Just as your wrists and fingers, if you try to play it on the piano, begin to give out, the music itself falters and pants exhausted, then gathers itself up by short, broken efforts, to rush forward in a fuller stream. This is exceedingly characteristic of Beethoven. What a determined, headlong energy is in his movements! how his theme goes on, gathering up more and more force and fulness in its movement, piling chord upon chord, climbing, climbing, like accumulated waves, which break and all fall back; then gather themselves again for the onset, and climbing by half-tones through all the chords, burst through, and lo the sea is smooth, and we sail along in the sweetest buoyant measure, triumphing with the theme.

After this first fury of joy has spent itself, the serene and thoughtful *Larghetto* commences, in the childlike, happy key of A major. The theme is given first by the delicious quartette of stringed instruments, which seems the full heart's pious, cheerful hymn of gratitude, in a gentle, equable narrative style, as if recounting all its hidden bliss. Three or four, at least, new subjects enter in the course of the movement, all of exquisite beauty, like the blending of the winds and starlight with our serenest, richest thoughts. Some of the modulations by which new subjects are ushered in, or old ones in new keys, are solemn and imposing, as the shiftings of the clouds around the setting sun. The deepest tenderness and seriousness reigns throughout; and faith was never blessed with fuller, purer utterance.

Can music laugh and jest? Is there wit and humor, or aught answering to them in its mystic sphere? At least, let none, unless the choicest, most refined, and most imaginative, provoke to mirth a mind composed to such serene, sweet musings by the *Larghetto*. Yet the wild *Scherzo* must, by the compensating power of nature, have its place. And here it is indeed *Scherzissimo!* It seems as if the motliest, queerest group of bachanalians were assembled, all beside themselves with gladness, and disputatious with excess of joy. Every instrument must have its say in turn, and all so rapidly, they mingle and chime in in spite of themselves, and are whirled away in one hurricane of concord. Or does it seem rather as if *ignes fatui* were dancing and blazing through the air in all directions, now diverging, now rushing together into one great splendor, and showing through what oddest freaks of diversity the deep unity can maintain its law. And then, in the same breath, the rustic trio, of oboes and bassoons (in B flat); — what! Pan himself and all his satyrs come to join the revels! Then a long, loud burst — in unison, on F sharp, with all its chords reverberated in swift succession, and dying into a murmur, as if they had reached the acme of mad-cap enthusiasm; and stunning peals of merriment, and rough tumultuous embraces, and tossing up of caps could go no further. Another peal, and a return into the scherzo, and the grotesque revellers frolic off the stage as they came on.

The *Finale* (presto) is only a more serious freak of madness — joy so possessed and frantic, that it must vent itself or die. It reminds us of those states of mind, in our highest communion with nature, when song and prayer, and inward still delight, and rapturous looks and words are not enough, but it becomes an animal impulse, and away we plunge through swamps and thicket, hill and vale, and run till we can run no more, and kind fatigue and sleep deliver us. It is very despair of utterance, and ends with the acknowledgment, as it were, that faith can feel, but neither word nor action quite express the depth and riches of our life.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LONGING.

BY W. W. STORY.

With weary heart, and dreary eye,
He gazed into the lonely night,
Hour after hour dragged slowly by,
The shadows changed from left to right.

The solemn earth, the stars' sharp gleam,
The yearning wind's low ebb and swell,
All things were but a mystic dream,
A riddle that he could not spell.

What is the worth of human art,
If the weak tongue can never speak
That which lies heavy on the heart,
Even though the heavy heart should break.

THE TELL-TALE HEART.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

Art is long and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave. *Longfellow.*

True! — nervous — very, very dreadfully nervous I had been, and am; but why *will* you say that I am mad? The disease had sharpened my senses — not destroyed — not dulled them. Above all was the sense of hearing acute. I heard all things in the heaven and in the earth. I heard many things in hell. How, then, am I mad? Harken! and observe how healthily — how calmly I can tell you the whole story.

It is impossible to say how first the idea entered my brain; but, once conceived, it haunted me day and night. Object there was none. Passion there was none. I loved the old man. He had never wronged me. He had never given me insult. For his gold I had no desire. I think it was his eye! — yes, it was this! He had the eye of a vulture — a pale blue eye, with a film over it. Whenever it fell upon me, my blood ran cold; and so, by degrees — very gradually — I made up my mind to take the life of the old man, and thus rid myself of the eye forever.

Now this is the point. You fancy me mad. Madmen know nothing. But you should have seen *me*. You should have seen how wisely I proceeded — with what caution — with what foresight — with what dissimulation I went to work! I was never kinder to the old man than during the whole week before I killed him. And every night, about midnight, I turned the latch of his door and opened it — oh so gently! And then, when I had made an opening sufficient for my head, I first put in a dark lantern, all closed, closed, so that no light shone out, and then I thrust in my head. Oh, you would have laughed to see how cunningly I thrust it in! I moved it slowly — very, very slowly, so that I might not disturb the old man's sleep. It took me an hour to place my whole head within the opening so far that I could see the old man as he lay upon his bed. Ha! — would a madman have been so wise as this? And then, when my head was well in the room, I undid the lantern cautiously — oh, so cautiously (for the hinges creaked) — I undid it just so much that a single thin ray fell upon the vulture eye. And this I did for seven long nights — every night just at midnight — but I found the eye always closed; and so it

was impossible to do the work; for it was not the old man who vexed me, but his Evil Eye. And every morning, when the day broke, I went boldly into his chamber, and spoke courageously to him, calling him by name in a hearty tone, and inquiring how he had passed the night. So you see he would have been a very profound old man, indeed, to suspect that every night, just at twelve, I looked in upon him while he slept.

Upon the eighth night I was more than usually cautious in opening the door. A watch's minute-hand moves more quickly than did mine. Never, before that night, had I *felt* the extent of my own powers — of my sagacity. I could scarcely contain my feelings of triumph. To think that there I was, opening the door, little by little, and the old man not even to dream of my secret deeds or thoughts. I fairly chuckled at the idea. And perhaps the old man heard me; for he moved in the bed suddenly, as if startled. Now you may think that I drew back — but no. His room was as black as pitch with the thick darkness, (for the shutters were close fastened, through fear of robbers,) and so I knew that he could not see the opening of the door, and I kept on pushing it steadily, steadily.

I had got my head in, und was about to open the lantern, when my thumb slipped upon the tin fastening, and the old man sprang up in the bed, crying out — "Who 's there?"

I kept quite still and said nothing. For another hour I did not move a muscle, and in the meantime I did not hear the old man lie down. He was still sitting up in the bed, listening; — just as I have done, night after night, hearkening to the death-watches in the wall.

Presently I heard a slight groan, and I knew that it was the groan of mortal terror. It was not a groan of pain, or of grief — oh, no! — it was the low, stifled sound that arises from the bottom of the soul when overcharged with *awe*. I knew the sound well. Many a night, just at midnight, when all the world slept, it has welled up from my own bosom, deepening, with its dreadful echo, the terrors that distracted me. I say I knew it well. I knew what the old man felt, and pitied him, although I chuckled at heart. I knew that he had been lying awake ever since the first slight noise, when he had turned in the bed. His fears had been, ever since, growing upon him. He had been trying to fancy them causeless, but could not. He had been saying to himself — "It is nothing but the wind in the chimney — it is only a mouse crossing the floor," or "it is merely a cricket which has made a single chirp." Yes, he had been trying to comfort himself with these suppositions; but he had found all in vain. *All in vain:* because death, in approaching the old man, had stalked with his black shadow before him, and the shadow had now reached and enveloped the victim. And it was the mournful influence of the unperceived shadow that caused him to feel — although he neither saw nor heard me — to *feel* the presence of my head within the room.

When I had waited a long time, very patiently, without hearing the old man lie down, I resolved to open a little — a very, very little crevice in the lantern. So I opened it — you cannot imagine how stealthily, stealthily — until, at length, a single dim ray, like the thread of the spider, shot from out the crevice and fell full upon the vulture eye.

It was open — wide, wide open — and I grew furious as I gazed upon it. I saw it with perfect distinctness — all a dull blue, with a hideous veil over it that chilled the very marrow in my bones; but I could see nothing else of the old man's face or person; for I had directed the ray, as if by instinct, precisely upon the damned spot.

And now — have I not told you that what you mistake for madness is but over acuteness of the senses? — now, I say, there came to my ears *a low, dull, quick sound — much such a sound as a watch makes when enveloped in cotton.* I knew *that* sound well, too. It was the beating of the old man's heart. It increased my fury, as the beating of a drum stimulates the soldier into courage.

But even yet I refrained and kept still. I scarcely breathed. I held the lantern motionless. I tried how steadily I could maintain the ray upon the eye. Meantime the hellish tattoo of the heart increased. It grew quicker, and louder and louder every instant. The old man's terror *must* have been extreme! It grew louder, I say, louder every moment: — do you mark me well? I have told you that I am nervous: — so I am. And now, at the dead hour of night, and amid the dreadful silence of that old house, so strange a noise as this excited me to uncontrollable wrath. Yet, for some minutes longer, I refrained and kept still. But the beating grew louder, *louder!* I thought the heart must burst! And now a new anxiety seized me — the sound would be heard by a neighbor! The old man's hour had come! With a loud yell, I threw open the lantern and leaped into the room. He shrieked once — once only. In an instant I dragged him to the floor, and pulled the heavy bed over him. I then sat upon the bed and smiled gaily, to find the deed so far done. But, for many minutes, the heart beat on, with a muffled sound. This, however, did not vex me; it would not be heard through the walls. At length it ceased. The old man was dead. I removed the bed and examined the corpse. Yes, he was stone, stone dead. I placed my hand upon the heart and held it there many minutes. There was no pulsation. The old man was stone dead. His eye would trouble *me* no more.

If, still, you think me mad, you will think so no longer when I describe the wise precautions I took for the concealment of the body. The night waned, and I worked hastily, but in silence. First of all I dismembered the corpse. I cut off the head and the arms and the legs.

I then took up three planks from the flooring of the chamber, and deposited all between the scantlings. I then replaced the boards so cleverly, so cunningly, that no human eye — not even *his* — could have detected anything wrong. There was nothing to wash out — no stain of any kind — no blood-spot whatever. I had been too wary for that. A tub had caught all — ha! ha!

When I had made an end of these labors, it was four o'clock — still dark as midnight. As the bell sounded the hour, there came a knocking at the street door. I went down to open it with a light heart, — for what had I *now* to fear? There entered three men, who introduced themselves, with perfect suavity, as officers of the police. A shriek had been heard by a neighbor during the night; suspicion of foul play had been aroused; information had been lodged at the police-office, and they (the officers) had been deputed to search the premises.

I smiled, — for *what* had I to fear? I bade the gentlemen welcome. The shriek, I said, was my own in a dream. The old man, I mentioned, was absent in the country. I took my visiters all over the house. I bade them search — search *well*. I led them, at length, to *his* chamber. I showed them his treasures, secure, undisturbed. In the enthusiasm of my confidence, I brought chairs into the room, and desired them *here* to rest from their fatigues; while I myself, in the wild audacity of my perfect triumph, placed my own seat upon the very spot beneath which reposed the corpse of the victim.

The officers were satisfied. My *manner* had convinced them. I was singularly at ease. They sat, and, while I answered cheerily, they chatted of familiar things. But, ere long, I felt myself getting pale and wished them gone. My head ached, and I fancied a ringing in my ears: but still they sat and still chatted. The ringing became more distinct: I talked more freely, to get rid of the feeling; but it continued and gained definitiveness — until, at length, I found that the noise was *not* within my ears.

No doubt I now grew *very* pale; — but I talked more fluently, and with a heightened voice. Yet the sound increased — and what could I do? It was *a low, dull, quick sound — much such a sound as a watch makes when enveloped in cotton*. I gasped for breath — and yet the officers heard it not. I talked more quickly — more vehemently; — but the noise steadily increased. I arose, and argued about trifles, in a high key and with violent gesticulations; — but the noise steadily increased. Why *would* they not be gone? I paced the floor to and fro, with heavy strides, as if excited to fury by the observations of the men; — but the noise steadily increased. Oh God! what *could* I do? I foamed — I raved — I swore! I swung the chair upon which I had sat, and grated it upon the boards; — but the noise arose over all and continually increased. It grew louder — louder — *louder!* And still the men chatted pleasantly, and smiled. Was it possible they heard not? Almighty God! — no, no! They heard! — they suspected! — they *knew!* — they were making a mockery of my horror! — this I thought, and this I think. But anything better than this agony! Anything was more tolerable than this derision! I could bear those hypocritical smiles no longer! I felt that I must scream or die! — and now — again! — hark! louder! louder! louder! *louder*! —

"Villains!" I shrieked, "dissemble no more! I admit the deed! — tear up the planks! — here, here! — it is the beating of his hideous heart!"

THE POET AND APOLLO.

"O, master of the golden lyre,
Dread twanger of the golden bow,
I call upon thee, mighty sire,
Old, outcast, blind, and full of woe.

"I have poured out my soul like rain
Upon the dry and withered earth;
And what has been my luckless gain?
A wrinkled heart and honor's dearth.

"All earthly things have I explored,
Sounded the deeps of love and hate,
And often hath my spirit soared
High o'er the dark abyss of fate.

" Now therefore grant me what I seek,
Some gift that none with me may share,
A larger vision than these weak
Unaided eyes could ever dare."

So prayed a poet once of old,
A poet wise, without a peer,
By long-pent agony made bold
To seek his father's pitying ear.

Apollo heard, and sadly smiled,
Then, murmuring scarce above his breath,
" Bear thou," he sighed, " unto my child
My last and greatest gift, oh Death."

H. P.

THE PLAYS OF THOMAS MIDDLETON.

BY J. R. LOWELL.

" A great poem is a fountain forever overflowing with the waters of wisdom and delight, and after one person and one age have exhausted all of its divine effluence which their peculiar relations enable them to share; another and yet another succeeds, and new relations are ever developed, the source of an unforeseen and unconceived delight."

Shelley's Defence of Poetry.

Poets are the forerunners and prophets of changes in the moral world. Driven, by their fine nature, to search into and reverently contemplate the universal laws of soul, they find some fragment of the broken tables of God's law, and interpret it, half conscious of its mighty import. While philosophers are wrangling, and politicians playing at snap-dragon with the destinies of millions, the poet, in the silent deeps of his soul, listens to those mysterious pulses which, from one central heart send life and beauty through the finest veins of the universe, and utters truths to be sneered at, perchance, by contemporaries, but which become religion to posterity. Not unwisely ordered is that eternal destiny which renders the seer despised of men, since thereby he is but the more surely taught to lay his head meekly upon the mother-breast of Nature, and hearken to the musical soft beating of her bounteous heart.

That Poesy, save as she can soar nearer to the blissful throne of the Supreme Beauty, is of no more use than all other beautiful things are, we are fain to grant. That she does not add to the outward wealth of the body, and that she is only so much more excellent than any bodily gift, as spirit is more excellent than matter, we must also yield. But, inasmuch as all beautiful things are direct messages and revelations of himself, given us by our Father, and as Poesy is the searcher out and interpreter of all these, tracing by her inborn sympathy the invisible nerves which bind them harmoniously together, she is to be revered and cherished. The poet has a fresher memory of Eden, and of the path leading back thereto, than other men; so that we might almost deem him to have been conceived, at least, if not born and nursed, beneath the ambrosial shadow of those dimly remembered bowers, and to have had his infant ears filled with the divine converse of angels, who then talked face to face with his sires, as with beloved younger brethren, and of whose golden words only the music remained to him, vibrating forever in his soul, and making him yearn to have all sounds of earth harmonize therewith. In the poet's lofty heart, Truth hangs her aery, and there Love flowers, scattering thence her winged seeds over all the earth with every wind of heaven. In all ages the poet's fiery words have goaded men to remember and regain their ancient freedom, and, when they had regained it, have tempered it with a love of beauty, so as that it should accord with the freedom of Nature, and be as unmovably eternal as that. The dreams of poets are morning-dreams, coming to them in the early dawn and day-breaking of great truths, and are surely fulfilled at last. They repeat them, as children do, and all Christ-

endom, if it be not too busy with quarrelling about the meaning of creeds, which have no meaning at all, listens with a shrug of the shoulders and a smile of pitying incredulity; for reformers are always madmen in their own age, and infallible saints in the next.

We love to go back to the writings of our old poets, for we find in them the tender germs of many a thought, which now stands like a huge oak in the inward world, an ornament and a shelter. We cannot help reading with awful interest what has been written or rudely scrawled upon the walls of this our earthly prison-house, by former dwellers therein. From that which centuries have established, too, we may draw true principles of judgment for the poetry of our own day. A right knowledge and apprehension of the past teaches humbleness and self-sustainment to the present. Showing us what has been, it also reveals what can be done. Progress is Janus-faced, looking to the by-gone as well as to the coming; and Radicalism should not so much busy itself with lopping off the dead or seemingly dead limbs, as with clearing away that poisonous rottenness around the roots, from which the tree has drawn the principle of death into its sap. A love of the beautiful and harmonious, which must be the guide and forerunner to every onward movement of humanity, is created and cherished more surely by pointing out what beauty dwells in anything, even the most deformed, (for there is something in that, also, else it could not even *be*,) than by searching out and railing at all the foulnesses in nature. Not till we have patiently studied beauty can we safely venture to look at defects, for not till then can we do it in that spirit of earnest love, which gives more than it takes away. Exultingly as we hail all signs of progress, we venerate the past also. The tendrils of the heart, like those of ivy, cling but the more closely to what they have clung to long, and even when that which they entwine crumbles beneath them, they still run greenly over the ruin, and beautify those defects which they cannot hide. The past, as well as the present, moulds the future, and the features of some remote progenitor will revive again freshly in the latest offspring of the womb of time. Our earth hangs well nigh silent now, amid the chorus of her sister orbs, and not till past and present move harmoniously together, will music once more vibrate on this long silent chord in the symphony of the universe.

Of Thomas Middleton little is known. Indeed it seems to be the destiny of poets that men should not be familiar with their personal history — a destiny which to the thoughtful has a true and beautiful meaning. For it seems meant to chide men for their too ready preference of names and persons to *things*, by showing them the perishableness of the one, and the immortality of the other, and to give to those divine teachings of theirs which remain to us, something of a mysterious and oracular majesty, as if they were not truly the words of men, but only more distinct utterances of those far-heard voices which, in the too fleeting moments of a higher and clearer being, come to us from the infinite deep with a feeling of something heard in childhood, but long ago drowned in the din of life. It is a lesson also, for those who would be teachers of men that theirs must be rather the humbly obedient voice than the unconquerable will, and that he speaks best who has listened longest. And yet there is something beautiful, too, in the universal longing which men feel to see the bodily face of that soul whose words have strengthened or refreshed them. It is, perhaps, the result of an unconscious remembrance of a perished faith in the power of spirit over matter, whereby the beautiful soul builds for itself out of clay a dwelling worthy and typical of its majesty. Let Orpheus, then, be a shadow, Homer a name, and our divine Shakspeare a mystery; — we might despise the ambrosia if we saw too plainly the earthen dish in which it was offered to us. Their spirits are a part of the air we breathe. Nothing that was truly theirs has perished, or ever can perish. If a sparrow fall not to the ground without His knowledge, shall a word of truth be of less esteem in His eyes than a sparrow? No, buffeted and borne about as it may be, by the shifting winds of prejudice, that deathless seed always takes root in the warm bosom of the earth at last; — buried for centuries haply in the dark and dreary catacombs of superstition, the life is yet new and strong within it, and in God's good time it springs up and blossoms, in an age to which it was more needful than to that in which it was entombed.

It is of Middleton's tragedies chiefly that we shall speak, both because they are very fine ones, and because from them we can more safely draw an estimate of his character. A good tragedy is, perhaps, the hardest thing to write. Nothing is easier than to draw tears from the reader; nothing surely is more rare than the power of drawing them rightly, or of touching that deepest string of our being which God, that he might give us the most meaning lesson of universal brotherhood, has ordained should never quiver at the touch of our private sorrows, how soul-piercing soever. There are a thousand who can write pathetically, for one who has in any measure of fullness the tragic faculty. Many may touch the heart, but none save a master can bring up for us the snowy pearls which sleep in the deep abysses and caverns of the soul. That our tears are so ready has a beautiful significance, — for they are the birthright of angelic natures, while it is the curse of utterly fallen spirits that none of this sweet dew should ever shed its coolness upon their parched and burning cheeks. Viewed rightly, every fact of our being enfolds a clear recognition of the divinity of our nature. In childhood we see this more readily, though unwittingly; every flower which we pluck at

random in the pure morning of life, and cast from us with a prodigality of beauty which we grow charier of in more thoughtful years, circles in its fragrant heart the dew-drop which, small as it is, mirrors the universe. In childhood, too, and in women, (who never wander far thence,) the source of this never turbid fountain of our tears is nearer the surface. The drifting sands of a life, which our own selfishness makes a desert, slowly choke it as we grow older, till at last that which was once a gentle outlet of the crowded heart, becomes in itself a more bitter agony. Beautiful, therefore, and blessed is the power of calling forth these pledges of a tenderest purity which lingers life-long, fluttering anear its scattered nest, and will not be scared away. How more beautiful and blessed is it so to summon them as that they shall give back to us, though only for a moment, those holy impulses and gracious instincts of which they were once both the proof and the fulfilment. And this last belongs wholly to tragedy, — wherein we weep rather for the universal than the particular — for the blight which we sometimes in madness think to fall *always* on the purest aspiration and the tenderest faith, — for that blindness and weakness which we find also in our own hearts, ready at any moment to mislead us into unconscious sin, or to give way, (for in our greatest strength we are readiest to lean upon reeds,) and to plunge us headlong and dizzy into the same dreary void with those imaginary woes which so move us. But the wounds which Nature gives us are always to free us from some morbid humor ; and tragedy in proving to us the weakness of humanity, shows us at the same time its glorious strength, and that if lower, we are but a little lower than the angels, — a majestic height, where we may poise serenely, if we clog not our silver plumes with clay. In tragedy, moreover, Destiny always hangs like a thundercloud, vague and huge, upon the horizon, with an awful grandeur, and we hear afar its ominous mutterings, and see its lightning reflected on the blue craggy mass which it reveals to us, hanging dimly over our own heads. Shapes float around us, and voices are heard from another life, and we are awed into an unwilling consciousness of the workings of an unseen and inscrutable power. But in writings strictly pathetic, our sympathies are moved either for the individual suffering, or against the power (always a definite one,) which inflicts it *unjustly*. Pathos deals with unnatural causes ; tragedy with those mysterious exceptions to the laws of nature which are no less natural than those laws themselves with which they make such seeming discord. Pathos is wholly the more outward of the two ; it may be founded on the elegancies or conventionalities of life, on the vices and wrongs of a wholly artificial system of society. But tragedy can only take root in the deepest and most earnest realities of a nature common to us all, the same in Œdipus and Othello. The master of pathos must be minute and circumstantial, he must tell us all he knows, and depend on a cumulative effect ; while for the higher tragic, there are many things too real and common-place ; — the naked skeleton, which leaves the imagination free to work, is more effective and appalling, — the undefinable shadow, whose presence we feel, but toward which we dare not turn our heads. Pathos clings close to the body, and death is one of its favorite and most moving themes. The interest of tragedy is one with life, and touches us through our sense of immortality. Tragedy has to do with the deepest and holiest part of our nature, and breathes over strings which echo dimly far away in the infinite and eternal. It lifts us above the pent-up horizon of the body, and unfolds to us wider and more spiritual relations, so that we wonder not when Prometheus calls upon the sea for sympathy, or when Lear finds a humanity in the elements, and in that gray heaven which, like himself, was full of years. Disease poverty, death which tears away from us the body of those whom we had loved, — that body round which our spirits had twined themselves, hiding it with their luxuriant leaves and tendrils, till we believed that it could not but partake somewhat of that deathless essence, — these and many more woes is our frail humanity incident to ; but there are anguishes of our immortal nature deeper than life and death ; — Laocoön struggles with the entwining folds of destiny, — doubts that hurry to and fro in bewildered hopelessness, — loss of faith in good, and seemingly forced belief in an overruling evil, when Truth shows but as a painted mask over the stony face of Falsehood, when a damp mist of despair swathes the beautiful in its icy shroud, and Love, which we had deemed unchangeable, hides its eyes from us, — and these belong to Tragedy, which always shows us that the finite can never be an independent existence, but is ever overruled by the infinite, to which it is knit by unseen but never to be sundered bands. To write a good tragedy, therefore, demands, if not the greatest of poets, certainly some of the highest elements of one.

The plot of "The Changeling," the most powerful of Middleton's tragedies, is briefly this. De Flores, a deformed and ugly villain, loves Beatrice, the heroine of the play, who has an unconquerable loathing of him. She has been betrothed by Vermandero her father, to Alonzo de Piracquo, a noble gentleman, but whom she cannot love, having already given all her heart to Alsemero. De Flores first tempts her to the murder of Piracquo, and then offers himself as the instrument of that hideous guilt. The murder is successfully accomplished without the knowledge of Alsemero, and Beatrice, no obstacle now remaining, is married to him. On the day of her wedding she deems it high time to get De Flores out of the way, but he refuses any other reward than the satiation of

his hellish passion for Beatrice, to the gratification of which he compels her by a threat of disclosing all to her husband. Alsemero at length is led to suspect his wife, the whole ghastly story is laid bare, and De Flores, after slaying his unwilling paramour, prevents the revenging steel of Tomaso, Piracquo's brother, by stabbing himself to the heart. The tragedy takes its name from the chief character in an under-plot, which, as is usually the case in the old drama, has nothing whatever to do with the action of the piece.

In the opening of the play, Beatrice thus strongly expresses her aversion to De Flores.

——— 't is my infirmity;
Nor can I other reason render you
Than his or hers of some particular thing
They must abandon as a deadly poison,
Which to a thousand other tastes were wholesome;
Such to mine eyes is that same fellow there,
The same that report speaks of the basilisk.

It was a fine thought in our author thus to give a dim foreshadowing of that bloody eclipse of her better nature which Beatrice was to suffer from De Flores. It is always an unacknowledged sense of our own weaknesses that gives birth to those vague feelings and presentiments which warn us of an approaching calamity, and when the blow has fallen, we soothe our wounded self-respect by calling it Fate. We cheat our sterner reason into a belief that some higher power has interfered to bring about that blight in us whose steady growth always circles outward from some hidden meanness in our own souls. Our woes are our own offspring, and we feed our hungry brood, as was once fabled of the pelican, with our best heart's-blood; — alas, they never become fledged, like hers, and fly away from us, but raven till the troubled fountain runs dry! The shafts of destiny never rend through buckler and breast-plate, but reach our hearts with an awful and deadly certainty, through any chink in our armor which has been left unbraced by our own sin or recklessness. Beatrice would make us believe that she has a natural antipathy to De Flores. But antipathies are only so many proofs of something wanting in ourselves, whereby we are hindered of that perfect sympathy with all things, for which we were created, and without which that life, which should be as harmonious as the soft concent of love, becomes harsh and jarring. The thought of De Flores is to Beatrice what the air-drawn dagger was to Macbeth; she foresees in her own heart the crime yet uncommitted, and trembles at the weapon even while she stretches her quivering hand to grasp it. A terrible fascination seems to draw us on to the doing of ill deeds, the foreconsciousness whereof, graciously implanted in our natures by God as a safeguard, we misconstrue into the promptings of our evil demon. We brood over the gloomy thought in an agony of fierce enjoyment. Infidels to our own holy impulses, we blaspheme the eternal benignity which broods forever on its chosen nest in the soul of man, giving life to all beauty and all strength. We go apart from the society of men that we may hold converse with our self-invoked and self-created tempter. Always at our backs it dogs us, looming every hour higher and higher, till the damp gloom of its shadow hems us wholly in. We feel it behind us like the fearful presence of a huge hand stretched forth to gripe us and force us to its withering will. One by one the dark, vague fingers close around us, and at last we render ourselves to its fancied bidding in a gush of wild despair which vibrates in us with a horrible delight.* We sign our deeds of sale to the fiend with a feather self-torn from our own wings. It is the curse of Adam in us that we can no longer interpret the tongue of angels, and too often mistake the tender forethought of our good spirit concerning us, for the foul promptings of an evil demon which we would fain believe is permitted to have dominion over us. In another place Beatrice says of De Flores,

I never see this fellow but I think
Of some harm towards me; danger's in my mind still;
I scarce leave trembling for an hour after.

Here we have a still clearer omen of what is to follow.

Our poet drops a few "lilies in the mouth of his Tartarus," but there is ever a dark sprig of nightshade among them. In the scene we next quote, the bloody dawning of the thought of Piracquo's murder in the soul of Beatrice, blots out luridly the tender morning-star of love which still trembles there, making us feel yet more thrillingly the swiftly nearing horrors which it betokens. The scene is between Beatrice and Alsemero.

Beat. I have within mine eyes all my desires:
Requests, that holy prayers ascend heaven for,
And bring them down to furnish our defects,
Come not more sweet to our necessities
Than thou unto my wishes.

Als. We are so like
In our expressions, lady, that unless I borrow
The same words, I shall never find their equals.

Beat. How happy were this meeting, this embrace,
If it were free from envy! this poor kiss,
It has an enemy, a hateful one,
That wishes poison to it: how well were I now,
If there were none such name known as Piracquo,
Nor no such tie as the command of parents!
I should be too much blessed.

Als. One good service
Would strike off both your fears, and I 'll go near it too,
Since you are so distressed; remove the cause,
The command ceases; so there 's two fears blown out
With one and the same blast.

* We need only refer to the masterly illustration of this thought in Mr. Dana's "Paul Felton," a tale of wonderful depth and power. The spiritual meaning of the witches in Macbeth is doubtless this tampering of a soul with its warnings against, which it mistakes for ominous suggestions to, evil.

Beat. Pray let me find you sir:
What might that service be, so strangely happy?

Als. The honorablest piece about man, valor:
I 'll send a challenge to Piracquo instantly.

With what exquisite naturalness is this drawn! The heart of Beatrice, afraid of itself, would fain cheat itself into the belief that Alsemero gave it that dark hint which its own guilty wishes had already forestalled. To return —

Beat. How? call you that extinguishing of fear,
When 't is the only way to keep it flaming?
Are not you ventured in the action,
That 's all my joys and comforts? pray, no more, sir:

Though she seemingly rejects the offer, yet she goes on weighing the risk in her own mind.

Say you prevailed, you 're danger's and not mine then;
The law would claim you from me, or obscurity
Be made the grave to bury you alive.
I'm glad these thoughts come forth; oh keep not one
Of this condition, sir! here was a course
Found to bring sorrow on her way to death;
The tears would ne'er have dried till dust had choked them.
Blood-guiltiness becomes a fouler visage; —

Thus she works herself up to a pitch of horror at the fancied guilt of Alsemero, and with half-conscious cunning renders her own plot, (which she now for the first time acknowledges to herself,) less full of loathsomeness. She continues, (*aside.*)

And now I think on one: I was to blame,
I 've marred so good a market with my scorn;
It had been done, questionless: the ugliest creature
Creation framed for some use; yet to see
I could not mark so much where it should be!

How full of doubt and trembling hesitation is the broken structure of the verse, too, and how true to nature the lie in the last line and a half, which she will persist in telling herself!

Als. Lady —

But she does not hear him; she is too fearfully intent with watching a murder even now adoing in her own heart.

Beat. (*aside.*) Why, men of art make much of poison,
Keep one to expel another; where was my art?

The scene which follows, between Beatrice and De Flores, is a very powerful one. Not powerful in the same degree with Lear and Othello, but yet in the same kind, for as much power is needful to the making of a violet as of an oak. It is too long for us to copy the whole of it. She strives to persuade herself that De Flores is not so hideous to her after all, like a child talking aloud in the dark to relieve its terrors.

When we are used
To a hard face it is not so unpleasing;
It mends still in opinion, hourly mends,
I see it by experience. . . . .
Hardness becomes the visage of a man well;
It argues service, resolution, manhood,
If cause were of employment.

De Flores is led on gradually to the desired end, and when he has sworn to devote himself to whatever service she may lay upon him, she exclaims, not daring to hear the name of "her murdered man," on her lips, till emboldened by slow degrees,

Then take *him* to thy fury!

De F. I thirst for him!

Beat. Alonzo de Piracquo!

De Flores murders Piracquo, and brings one of his fingers with a ring upon it, as a token of the deed, to Beatrice. She is startled at sight of him.

Beat. De Flores!

De F. Lady?

She will not trust her tongue with anything more than an allusion to what she so eagerly longed for.

Beat. Thy looks promise cheerfully.

De F. All things are answerable, time, circumstance,
Your wishes, and my service.

Beat. Is IT done then?

De F. Piracquo is no more.

Beat. My joys start at mine eyes; *our sweet'st delights*
Are evermore born weeping.

De F. I 've a token for you.

Beat. For me?

De F. But it was sent somewhat unwillingly:
I could not get the ring without the finger.

Beat. *Bless me, what hast thou done!*

Exclaims the horror-stricken Beatrice, the woman reviving again in her. She had hardened herself to the abstract idea of murder, but revolts at this dreadful material token of it.

De F. Why is that more
Than killing the whole man? I cut his heart-strings.

How finely is the contemptuous coolness of De Flores, the villain by calculation, set off by the shrinking dread of Beatrice, whose guilt is the child of a ravished intercourse between her passions and her affections. The sight of the ring carries her and us back to the sweet days of her innocency, and the picture is complete.

'T is the first token my father made me send him.

She sighs, remembering the calm purity from which she has fallen, and yet, at the same time, with the true cunning of a guiltiness which only half repents, strives to palliate the sin of whose terrible consciousness she must evermore be the cringing bondslave, by thinking of her father's tyranny. The horror which a murderer feels of the *physical fact* of murder, and the dread which creeps over him from the cold corpse of his victim, exemplified by Beatrice in the above quotation, seem, at first thought, strange phenomena in nature. But are they not in truth unwitting recognitions of the immortality of the

soul, as if the wrong done were wholly to the body and had no terrors for the spiritual part of our being? This feeling may be well called *bodily remorse*, being clearly of a grosser and more outward nature than that strong agony which shakes us inwardly when we have done a murder upon the soul of our brother, and have been marked on our foreheads as spiritual Cains, by ingratitude, hypocrisy, mistrust, want of faith, or any other lie against God.*

The remainder of this scene between De Flores and Beatrice is all of it striking, but we have not room to quote it all. De Flores tells her the loathsome price at which she has bought Piracquo's death and she exclaims,

Why, 't is impossible thou canst be so wicked,
Or shelter such a cunning cruelty,
To make his death the murderer of my honor!
Thy language is so bold and vicious,
I cannot see which way I can forgive it
With any modesty.

No guilt can ever sear out of a woman's soul the essential tenderness and purity of its nature. Desecrated as its dwelling may be by infamy and shame, with meek and silent forgiveness it comes home again to its ruined cell, and gently effaces, as far as it can, the ruthless traces of the destroyer. Alas! where the celestial whiteness of woman's nature is most bedimmed, she stands most in need of the uplifting sympathy of her sisters, who only give her scorn or a distant pity which makes her but the more an outcast. How more ennobling and worthy of us, it is to seek out and cherish the soiled remnant of an angelic nature in the lepers of sin against whom the hard world has shut its iron doors, than to worship it (which we are not over-ready to do) where it shines unclouded in the noble and the wise.

This modesty of Beatrice is one of the most touchingly natural traits in her character. De Flores spurned it as he would a worthless flower,

Pish! you forget yourself;
A woman dipped in blood, and talk of modesty!

Beat. O, misery of sin! would I 'd been bound
Perpetually unto my living hate
In that Piracquo, than to hear these words!
Think but upon the distance that creation
Set 'twixt thy blood and mine, and keep thee there.

She shrinks behind her pride, but the next speech of De Flores drives her forth from her flimsy shelter. The speech is a very vigorous one and full of moral truth.

De F. Look but into your conscience, read me there,
'T is a true book; *you 'll find me there your equal:*
Pish! fly not to your birth, but settle you
In *what the act has made you, you 're no more now;*
You must forget your parentage to me;
You are the deed's creature: by that name
You lost your first condition, *and I challenge you,*
As peace and innocency have turned you out,
And made you one with me.

Beat. With thee, foul villain!

De F. Yes, my fair murderess, do you urge me?

Yes, there are no bounds of caste, no grades of rank, in sin. If we may be born again in virtue, so also may we be in sin, and we bear some trace of the hideous features of our second mother to our graves.

A very striking and forcible line is put into the mouth of De Flores when he first meets Tomaso, Piracquo's brother, after the murder.

I'd fain get off, this man's not for my company,
I smell his brother's blood when I come near him.

Tom. Come hither, kind and true one; I remember,
My brother loved thee well.

De F. O, purely, dear sir!
Methinks I'm now again a killing him,
He brings it so fresh to me. (*aside.*)

In another scene between Beatrice and De Flores, she is made to say something which is full of touching pathos. She suspects her maid of having betrayed her to her husband. De Flores asks,

Who would trust a waiting-woman?

Beat. *I must trust somebody.*

How truly is here expressed the wilderness of bleak loneliness into which guilt drives those it possesses, forcing them, when that sweet spring of peacefulness, which bubbles up so freshly in the open confidingness of joy, is cut off, to seek a sympathy in their degradation, and in the bewildering darkness of doubt and suspicion, to *trust* some one, even though it be only with the story of their shame. In its lowest and most fallen estate, the spirit of man cannot shake off its inborn feeling of brotherhood, which whispers it to seek for that sympathy which in happier days it was perhaps too slow to grant. It is sorrow which teaches us most nearly how full of sustainment and help we may be to our fellows, and how much we in our turn stand in need of them; and that when once selfishness has rusted apart that chain which binds us so closely to man, it has also broken the supporting tie which links us with uplifting trustfulness to the all-enfolding sympathy of God.

In the last act Beatrice confesses her crime to her husband, and he cries bitterly

O, thou art all deformed!

Beat. Forget not, sir,
It for your sake was done: shall greater dangers
Make the less welcome?

Als. *O, thou should'st have gone*
A thousand leagues about to have avoided
This dangerous bridge of blood! here we are lost!

There is a sternly truthful naturalness in these words of Alsemero. To a soul highly wrought up, language resolves itself into its original elements, and the relations and resemblances of

* This *bodily* feeling is painted with a terrible truth and distinctness of coloring in Hood's "Dream of Eugene Aram," and with no less strength by the powerful imagination of Mr. Poe, in his story of the "Tell-tale heart," on page 29 of the present number.

things present themselves to it rather than the things themselves, so that the language of passion, in which conventionality is overwhelmed by the bursting forth of the original savage nature, is always metaphorical.*

The tragic depth of the climax of this drama can only be thoroughly felt in a perusal of the whole. We can only quote a few sentences. There is much pathos in what the broken-hearted Beatrice says to her father, as she is dying.

O, come not near me, sir, I shall defile you!
I am that of your blood was taken from you
For your better health; look no more upon it,
But cast it to the ground regardlessly,
Let the common sewer take it from distinction,
Beneath the stars, upon yon meteor
Ever hung my fate, 'mongst things corruptible;
(*Pointing to De Flores.*)
I ne'er could pluck it from him; my loathing
Was prophet to the rest, but ne'er believed:
Mine honor fell with him, and now my life.

The concluding words of the play which Alsemero addresses to his bereaved father-in-law, are fragrant with beautiful and sincere humanity.

Sir, you have yet a son's duty living,
Please you, accept it; let that your sorrow,
As it goes from your eye, go from your heart;
Man and his sorrow at the grave must part.
All we can do to comfort one another,
To stay a brother's sorrow for a brother,
To dry a child from the kind father's eyes,
Is to no purpose, it rather multiplies:
Your only smiles have power to cause re-live
The dead again, or in their rooms to give
Brother a new brother, father a child;
If these appear, all griefs are reconciled.

The dramatic power of Middleton is rather of the suggestive kind, than of that elaborately minute and finished order, which can trust wholly to its own completeness for effect. Only Shakspeare can so "on horror's head horrors accumulate," as to make the o'ercharged heart stand aghast and turn back with trembling haste from the drear abyss in which it was groping bewildered. Middleton has shown his deep knowledge of art and nature, by that strict appreciation of his own weakness, which is the hardest wisdom to gain, and which can only be the fruit of an earnest, willing, and humble study in his own heart, of those primitive laws of spirit which lie at the bottom of all hearts. It is much easier to feel our own strength than our want of it; indeed a feeling of the one blinds us to the other. Middleton is wise in choosing rather to give mysterious hints which the mind may follow out, than to strive to lead the imagination, which is most powerful in conjuring up images of horror, beyond where he could guide it with bold and unwavering certainty. With electric sympathy we feel the bewilderment of our guide's mind through the hand with which he leads us, and refuse to go farther, when, if left to ourselves, our very doubt would have enticed us onward.

To show our author's more graceful and delicate powers, we copy the following from another tragedy:

How near am I now to a happiness
The earth exceeds not! not another like it;
The treasures of the deep are not so precious
As the concealed comforts of a man
Locked up in woman's love. I scent the air
Of blessings when I come but near the house:
What a delicious breath marriage sends forth!
The violet-bed's not sweeter. Honest wedlock
Is like a banqueting house built in a garden
On which the spring's chaste flowers take delight
To cast their modest odors; when base lust
With all her powders, paintings, and best pride,
Is but a fair house built by a ditch side.
. . . . Now for a welcome
Able to draw men's envies upon man;
A kiss now that shall hang upon my lip
As sweet as morning dew upon a rose,
And full as long.

Another, from the same play:

O, hast thou left me, then, Bianca, utterly?
Bianca, now I miss thee! O, return,
And save the faith of woman! I ne'er felt
The loss of thee till now; 'tis an affliction
Of greater weight than youth was made to bear;
As if a punishment of after-life
Were fallen upon man here, so new it is
To flesh and blood, so strange, so insupportable!
. . . . Can'st thou forget
The dear pains my love took? how it has watched
Whole nights together, in all weathers, for thee,
Yet stood in heart more merry than the tempest
That sung about mine ears?

We shall copy a few scattered passages, and conclude.

THE SINS OF GREAT MEN.

Every sin thou commit'st shows like a flame
Upon a mountain; 'tis seen far about,
And, with a big wind made of popular breath,
The sparkles fly through cities; here one takes,
Another catches there, and in short time,
Waste all to cinders.

Our author's aptness in comparison is striking. He says of the shameful deed of a great man,

Great men are never sound men after it,
It leaves some ache or other in their names still,
Which their posterity feels at every weather.

CHARITY.

You should love those you are not tied to love;
That 's the right trial of a woman's charity.

HONOR.

The fame that a man wins himself is best;
That he may call his own. Honors put to him
Make him no more a man than his clothes do,
And are as soon ta'en off.

WANT OF NOBLENESS.

O, what vile prisons
Make we our bodies to our immortal souls!

* Coleridge's eloquent reasoning in opposition to this theory, never seemed to us at all satisfactory, and the very instances he adduces, are, to our mind, against him. See his 'Apologetic Preface,' which, however unconvincing, is certainly a magnificent specimen of acute and thorough analysis.

SENSE OF GUILT.

Still my adulterous guilt hovers aloft,
And with her black wings beats down all my prayers
Ere they be half-way up.

PRUDENCE.

Wisely to fear is to be free from fear.

PATIENCE.

Patience, my lord: why, 'tis the soul of peace;
Of all the virtues 'tis nearest kin to heaven;
It makes men look like Gods. The best of men
That e'er wore earth about him was a sufferer
A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit,
The first true Gentleman that ever breathed.
The stock of patience then cannot be poor,
All it desires it has; what monarch more?
. . . . . .
'Tis the perpetual prisoner's liberty,
His walks and orchards: 'tis the bond-slave's freedom,
And makes him seem proud of each iron chain
As though he wore it more for state than pain:
It is the beggar's music, and thus sings,
Although our bodies beg, our souls are kings:
O, my dread liege it is the sap of bliss,
Rears us aloft, *makes men and angels kiss.*

A HAPPY MAN.

He that in his coffin is richer than before,
He that counts youth his sword, and age his staff,
He whose right hand carves his own epitaph.

Here is the sweetest description of the passage of time, expressed by an outward reference, that we recollect ever to have seen.

The moon hath *through her bow scarce drawn to the head,*
Like to twelve silver arrows, all the months,
Since, —

TWILIGHT.

I come, dear love,
To take my last farewell; fitting this hour,
Which nor bright day will claim, nor pitchy night,
An hour fit to part conjoined souls.

THE WORLD.

Stoop thou to the world, 't will on thy bosom tread;
It stoops to thee, if thou advance thy head.

The following is a revelation of the spiritual world, full of truth and beauty. Men whose material part predominates in them, are afraid of spirits; but a *body* walking the earth after its heavenly tenant has left it, is a more awful sight to spiritual minds.

My son was dead; whoe'er outlives his virtues
Is a dead man; for when you hear of spirits
That walk in real bodies, to the amaze
And cold astonishment of such as meet them,
——— those are men of vices
Who nothing have but what is visible,
And so, by consequence, they have no souls.

THE BODY.

There 's but this wall betwixt you and destruction,
When you are at strongest, and but poor thin clay.

OVER-CUNNING.

Grow not too cunning for your soul, good brother.

There is a simplicity and manly directness in our old writers of tragedy, which comes to us with the more freshness in a time so conventional as our own. In their day, if the barrier between castes was more marked than it is now, that between hearts was less so. They were seers, indeed, using reverently that rare gift of inward sight which God had blessed them with, and not daring to blaspheme the divinity of Beauty, by writing of what they had not seen and truly felt in their own hearts and lives. It is one of the refinements of a more modern school which teaches artists to *open their mouths and shut their eyes*, as children are playfully told to, and wait for some mysterious power *to make them wise*. They wrote from warm, beating hearts, not from a pitiful, dry pericardium of fashion, or taste "formed after the purest models." They became worthy to lead, by having too much faith in nature to follow any but her. We find in them lessons for to-day, as fresh as when they were spoken, showing us that poetry is true for ever; that the spiritual presences which haunted their lonely hours with images of beauty, and precious inward promptings to truth and love, still walk the earth, seeking communion with all who are free enough and pure enough to behold them.

In our day, the accursed hunger after gold, and the no less accursed repletion of it, which brings with it a stagnation of life, and ends in an ossification of the whole heart, have rendered us less fit for the reception and proper cherishing of the wondrous gifts of song. But that the day of poetry has gone by is no more true than that the day of the soul has gone by, for they were born, and must live and die together. The soul mounts higher and higher, and its horizon widens from age to age. Poesy also grows wiser as she grows older. Poetry can never be all written. There is more in the heart of man than any the wisest poet has ever seen there, — more in the soul than any has ever guessed. Our age may have no great poets, for there are some who have but just now gone forth into the silence, some who yet linger on the doubtful brink, and there are successions in poesy as in nature; pines spring up where oaks are cut down, — the lyrical follows the epic. But of whatever kind or degree, there will ever yet be *some* poets. They are needed as historians of wonderful facts which, but for them, would be unrecorded, — facts high above the grasp of the diligent recorders of outward events; and materials of history will never be wanting to them, since there is nothing so beautiful but has in it the promise of a higher beauty, nothing so true but enfolds the elements of a wider and more universal truth.

THE ROSE.

1.

In his tower sate the poet
Gazing on the roaring sea,
"Take this rose," he sighed, "and throw it
Where there 's none that loveth me.

2.

"On the rock the billow bursteth
And sinks back into the seas,
But in vain my spirit thirsteth
So to burst and be at ease.

3.

"Take, oh sea, the tender blossom
That hath lain against my breast,
On thy black and angry bosom
It will find a surer rest.

4.

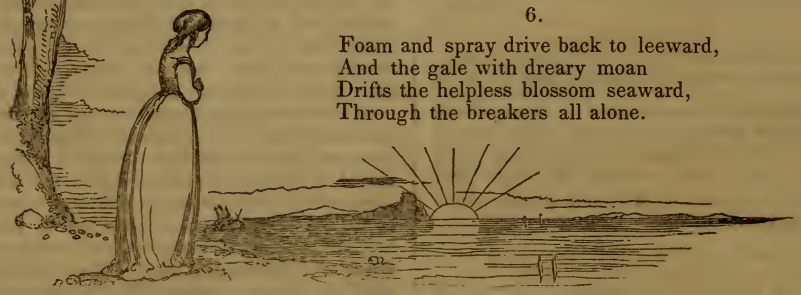
Life is vain and love is hollow,
Ugly death stands there behind,
Hate and scorn and hunger follow
Him that toileth for his kind."

5.

Forth into the night he hurled it
And with bitter smile did mark
How the surly tempest whirled it
Swift into the hungry dark.

6.

Foam and spray drive back to leeward,
And the gale with dreary moan
Drifts the helpless blossom seaward,
Through the breakers all alone.



1.

Stands a maiden on the morrow,
Musing by the wave-beat strand,
Half in hope and half in sorrow
Tracing words upon the sand.

2.

"Shall I ever then behold him
Who hath been my life so long, —
Ever to this sick heart fold him, —
Be the spirit of his song?

3

"Touch not, sea, the blessed letters
I have traced upon thy shore,
Spare his name whose spirit fetters
Mine with love forevermore!"

4

Swells the tide and overflows it,
But, with omen pure and sweet,
Brings a little rose and throws it
Humbly at the maiden's feet.

5

Full of bliss she takes the token,
And, upon her snowy breast,
Soothes the ruffled petals broken
With the ocean's fierce unrest.

6

"Love is thine, oh heart, and surely
Peace shall also be thine own,
For the heart that trusteth purely
Never long can pine alone."

1.

In his tower sits the poet,
Blisses new and strange to him
Fill his heart and overflow it
With a wonder sweet and dim.

2.

Up the beach the ocean slideth
With a whisper of delight,
And the moon in silence glideth
Through the peaceful blue of night.

3.

Rippling o'er the poet's shoulder
Flows a maiden's golden hair,
Maiden-lips with love grown bolder,
Kiss his moonlit forehead bare.

4.

"Life is joy, and love is power,
Death all fetters doth unbind,
Strength and wisdom only flower
When we toil for all our kind.

5.

"Hope is truth, — the future giveth
More than present takes away,
And the soul forever liveth
Nearer God from day to day."

6.

Not a word the maiden uttered,
Fullest hearts are slow to speak,
But a withered roseleaf fluttered
Down upon the poet's cheek.

LITERARY NOTICES.

HAWTHORNE'S HISTORICAL TALES FOR YOUTH. Two volumes. Boston: Tappan and Dennett, 1842. 2d edition.

When a man of acknowledged genius gives himself to the task of writing books for children, we know not whether to feel more surprise or grateful delight. That one whose pen always commands the loving admiration of his countrymen, should quietly turn aside from the alluring road which was leading him right onward to the height of ambition, to do a work of humble charity, whose silent consciousness must be its only reward, is a rare thing, and as purely beautiful as it is rare. But we are used to look for beautiful things from the author of "Twice Told Tales."

It has too long been a vulgar error, more deadly than any which the wise Sir Thomas Browne rooted out, that no elderly male or female (of good character) could be too stupid to write a book for children. While the quantity of a child's imagination was as yet hypothetical, it was ingeniously supposed that it had none at all, and, while romance was sternly outlawed from the nursery, pedantic commonplace and mathematical morality, inculcated till dulness and virtue grew in the childish mind to be convertible terms, reigned paramount there. Even that mysterious representation of a supposed female with a helmet (whether Minerva or Joan of Arc was problematical) who directed the gaze of a very curly headed neophyte to where in the proud temple of fame, upon a neighboring eminence, sat the "good boy," studiously perusing Worcester's First Lessons, while below, the "naughty boy" lay idly under a tree (probably a birch, prophetic as Dodonian oak to the initiated) — even this was banished by the blighting progress of improvement. Nay, that enticing portraiture of the tree of knowledge, loaden with ruddy apples (which sad experience afterwards detected as crabs) and wickedly suggestive of orchards and green fields, which erewhile fronted the title-page of spelling-books, with the cabalistic word "frontispiece" engraven thereunder, was torn out. As if learning, with which the fancy and imagination (most active in those unmatter-of-fact days) were forbidden to meddle, could be anything better than irksome and disgusting. Thank heaven, that the tales of Joseph and his brethren, of Ruth, and of the Prodigal Son were still open in the Holy Book — perpetual springs where the thirsty young soul might drink in this Sahara of sandy platitudes! Better give a child Jack Sheppard to read, than let its imagination, the pure spring of all religious feeling and aspiration, and all the fair benignities of its nature, pine for lack of food. Better leave a child to mere nature than make it a cyclopædia of barren commonplaces. Better (to quote *once* more Lord Brougham's hackneyed phrase) let the schoolmaster be forever abroad, or anywhere else, than have him haunt his young martyrs on the playground, turning their game of ball into a lesson in gravity, and their "hop-scotch" ground into a geometrical diagram.

Formerly, the mind was reached through the body, and many a hapless urchin had good cause to wish himself at all points physically the cherub which the partiality of maternal fondness had often metaphorically designated him. This was far better than reaching the body through the soul, and making it precise and patternlike, when it should have revelled in that healthy boisterousness which it was the aim and end of elaborate Goodyism and Mrs. Barbauldism to repress. We copy here "the description of a good boy," being the twenty-third lesson in the "Youth's Instructor," a manual printed at Boston in 1762. The enticing garb of verse in which our great-grandfathers arrayed their instruction, will amuse our readers.

"The boy that is good
Does mind book well,
And if he can't read,
Will strive for to spell.

"His school he does love,
And when he is there,
For plays and for toys
No time can he spare.

"His mind is full bent
On what he is taught,
He sits in his school
As one full of thought.

"Though not as a mope
Who quakes out of fear
The whip or the rod
May fall to his share.

"But like a good lad
Who aims to be wise,
He thinks on his book
And not on his toys.

"His mien will be grave,
Yet if you would know,
He plays with an air,
When a dunce dare not so.

"His aim is to learn,
His task is his play,
And when he has learned,
He smiles and looks gay."

Compare this with the following instructive parable. "Lesson XXXIV. The FABLE of a stubborn boy. In VERSE."

"A boy that once to school was sent
On plays and toys was so much bent,
That all the art of man, they say"—

(Mark the happily implied doubt in this "they say," as if the author could not bring himself to believe that the existence of such a boy was anything more than traditional.)

"Could not once make him say great A.
His friends that saw him in these fits,
Cried out, for shame, leave off thy tricks;
Be not so dull, make it thy play
To learn thy book: come, say great A.
The dunce then gaped, but did no more,
Great A was then a great eyesore.

The next boys jog him; sure, say they,
'T is not so hard to say great A.
No, no, but here 's the case, says he,
If I cry A I must cry B,
And so go on to C and D,
And that won't do, but still there 's Jod
Lurks in the way with X Y Zod,
And so no end I find there 'll be
If I but once learn A B C."

(Here the astounding intelligence bursts upon us that the boy's blockishness was but that of another Brutus, and that he knew the alphabet as well as the best of them. His motives are matter of serious conjecture, which we leave to the historical societies.)

"But as things stand, I will not do it,
Tho' sure I am one day to rue it.
At this cross rate the dunce went on
Till one at length a means thought on."

(We are left in doubt as to who thought of the happy expedient, but imagine, from the inventive faculty he displays, it could have been no other than our poet. What the plant was, is also left in sublime vagueness, which finds a parallel in Milton's famous "dreaded *name* of Demogorgon.")

"A plant, says he, grows near the wood,"

(What Homeric minuteness! not *in* the wood, but *near* it.)

"That will not fail to do him good,
And cure his fits while in the bud.
This plant, adds he, will cure his sight,
And with a touch make him grow bright,
At eyes and nose 't will purge the skull
And drain off all that makes him dull."

But a better day has dawned. We have the charming "Rollo" series, and now Mr. Hawthorne is making our New England history as delightful to the children as he has already to the parents. We hope he will not let his labors for the youthful deprive us of his instructions for the more mature, for we all need him, old as well as young. Like a true genius, he has made his own heart the centre from which all his artistic power has emanated, and found his materials around his very door. He has woven the softening halo of romance around the iron visages of the puritans, and intertwined the gentle flowers of love and poesy with the self-inflicted crown of thorns which encircled their gloomy and sallow brows. He has painted the old New England character in true, but soft and harmonious, colors, and illustrated the gentle and more graceful elements of it by the retired simplicity of his life. May the tears which his own tender and exquisite pathos draw from us, be all that we shall ever be called on to shed for him!

La Fontaine's Fables. Boston: Tappan and Dennett.

We are glad that Mr. Wright has published this cheap edition of his faithful and terse translation, for it can now be put within the reach of all, and give instructive delight to many a poor little child whose means of intellectual enjoyment are limited to the scanty superfluity which is left from the hard earnings of its parents, after the wants of life are supplied.

The wood cuts are exceedingly well reduced by Hartwell from the wonderful originals of Grandville, the Hogarth of the brute creation, and painter of low life among animals; and though the finer touches of character in the faces are necessarily lost, those in the attitudes are faithfully preserved.

Nature, a Parable: a Poem in Seven Books. By the Rev. John Brande Morris, M. A., Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. 16mo. pp. 367. J. G. F. and J. Rivington, London, 1842.

The famous "Tracts for the times" have wrought a convulsion in England, and in the church establishment there, some quiverings of which have not been unfelt in this country. The aim of Puseyism, so far as we understand it, is to create a life under those outward forms * of the service, which, merely as forms, are but ribs of death, — to bring back the old *poetic romance* of belief which took a sorrowful leave of the church when the painter and sculptor were locked out of it, and to unite once more religion and beauty, whom God had joined, but whom man had striven to put asunder. The Puritans went too far in their iconoclasm. In breaking the form and image, they too often shattered the substance and spirit also, and we cannot but think that there was as much image-worship, and perhaps more pride, in their own adoration of close-cropt plainness as in that bowing of the knee to paintings and statues which they so fiercely warred upon with tongue and sword. Those divine shadowings forth of the Maid-mother, and those venerable effigies of holy saints and martyrs, who, in their dim Gothic oratories, with clasped hands and lifted eyes, continued unchanged their silent, marble supplication for generation after generation of the fleshly worshippers below, — these were not meant by the Roman Church (however ignorance and superstition may have perverted their first pure intent) as objects of worship. They were not put there as means whereby the spirit might reach the pure, eternal source of all spirit, but rather as material types by which the bodily senses might also be led upward and be no longer a clog and hindrance to their heavenward inmate. They were but the illuminations of the missal, the outward emblems and mottos of a spiritual, inward meaning. We cannot venerate an establishment like that of the English Church, but we sympathize with those of its members who (if we rightly understand their object, from a very superficial glance) are striving to bring back the old simple faith in its outward observances; for we are well assured that *belief* in anything is better food for the soul than the dry husks of an uninterested acquiescence, or a concealed, *blasè* unbelief. To attain their end, they have argued and persuaded in prose, they have gone back to the early fathers, (as if to revivify the dead body of their ritual by touching it with the bones of the buried prophets,) and they have enlisted the golden mouth of poesy in their cause.

The object of the volume before us, is to point out in nature the reality of those physical types made use of in Scripture, and in the forms of church worship, to interpret spiritual mysteries. It is a Church-of-England exposition of the Swedenborgian doctrine of correspondences. Dr. Johnson kicked his foot against a stone in answer to the deniers of the existence of mat-

* "Forms are like barrels, only of value when they are full."— *Guesses at Truth.*

ter, and a foolish old philosopher (a word which means one who makes a puzzle of simple things) endured martyrdom for this immaterial theory, by suffering himself to be run over by a chariot which he contended was but a type or spiritual appearance. But to *prove* the existence of matter does not *account* for its existence. Indeed the utmost of proof is only as to its *hardness* and capability of impressing matter, for it is no less an existence, whether it be called a sign or a reality. Poets from the first, have been unconsciously accounting for it by metaphorically showing that every fact which we discern in spirit has its index or "marginal finger" in matter. To them everything in matter is a metaphor for something in spirit, and the great universe itself an allegory expanded into numberless cantos.

The attempt of Mr. Morris, then, is to render this semi-conscious belief into a philosophical system. Philosophy should always be the groundwork of poetry, but whether poetry can be made a fit vehicle for it, may well be doubted. The pyramidal form has long been known as the true one for grouping in art, and as the most enduring in architecture, but in order to this, our first postulate is that it do not stand upon its apex. So is it of poetry and philosophy; poetry is the plant, philosophy is the soil which feeds its roots, and we do not take the safest method of insuring the growth of the one by heaping it wholly over with the other.* The book before us contains many beautiful and even poetical passages, but it might be more fitly called a dictionary of correspondences in verse, than a poem. The feeling manifested in it has sometimes reminded us of Very's sonnets, but it is not of so wide and generous a scope, and is rather pietistic than pious.

We copy one or two of the passages which most pleased us in the first part of the book, — for we must confess that we have not yet read it through, it being almost too cataloguish (if we may use so harsh a term) for continous reading.

"Nature is not untongued with accents meek,
What time, escaping from the unseasoned mirth
Of this world's drunkards, he in sadness roams
Along some lonelier path; about are strewed
Gentle forget-me-nots to call to mind
The countless spirits who may interpose
In his behalf and claim return of love:
The wild rose breathes its fragrancy abroad
As if 't was made to cheer him, and the bell
That bends its head beneath the hawthorn rows
Hath semblance of a brotherhood with him
Who under sorrows kneels in hidden prayer.
In everything is nature, like a home
Fraught with the offices of sister's ready love."

In the following, the death of a botanical friend is alluded to.

—— "lilies grew
Within the room of one I dearly loved,
And dearly love with freshness unimpared
By winter's outward air. For friends are friends,
And friendship is a habit of the soul
Which death with flimsy veil may intercept
So only as to make it energise
By faith not otherwise than distance doth,
Or other temporary foe to love.
. . . . . .
And so the change which death to saints supplies
May be with kindred circumstance of life
Attended. They are haply looking back
Upon the childhood of existence here
As we may look upon our infancy
And feel whereto its lessons bent their way.
Haply to him the vegetable world
Is opened into a transcendent scheme,
And he is marvelling how men can walk
Unawed among prophetic presences,
Or harshly breaking symbols delicate."—

The metre of the poem seems to be founded on the blank verse of Milton, and his parenthetic style (or *trick*, as it might be called,) has been caught by our author to such a degree as renders him often obscure and tiresome. The spirit of the book is good, though there is too decided a leaning toward asceticism, both spiritual and bodily. There is less bigotry than was to have been expected, indeed there is scarce any, except what must necessarily result from a firm belief in the principles of that church of which the author is a member. If not a highly poetical book, it is at least a very interesting one on a highly poetical subject.

* Sir James Mackintosh, in his History of Ethical Philosophy, says that men too often forget the distinction between *philosophical poetry* and *versified philosophy*.

The Salem Belle: A Tale of 1692. Boston: Tappan & Dennett. 16mo. pages 238.

This little novel is, we are informed, the production of a young merchant of this city, whose first attempt in the art of book-making it appears to be. It is disfigured by several strange anachronisms, not the least remarkable of which, are the introduction of lightning conductors some twenty or thirty years prior to the birth of Franklin, and of a Virginian negro slave, who, nearly a century before the Declaration of American Independence, "professed to be a thorough democrat, and insisted that all men were born free and equal." These, however, do not probably mar the interest of the book to the general reader.

The story is one of love, and is pleasingly told. The main interest turns upon the famous witchcraft delusion of 1692, and the danger incurred by the heroine, who becomes involved in the persecution levelled at every one suspected of dealing in the black art, and is rescued by her lover, and carried off to Virginia, on the day previous to that appointed for her death on the scaffold.

The Career of Puffer Hopkins. By Cornelius Mathews. Author of the Motley Book, &c. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 319 pages.

The author of this book is a resident, and we believe a native, of the city of New York. He is a member of the legal profession, and is still quite young, though his name has been for some years on the list of our prominent authors. His first publication was the Motley Book, which was issued in numbers in 1838, and of which three editions have since been disposed of. In the succeeding year appeared Behemoth, a Legend of the Mound Builders, a story, or rather a prose poem, the scenes and characters of which were drawn from the ancient and extinct inhabitants of the Mississippi Valley. In 1841-2, Mr. Mathews in conjunction with Mr. Evert A.

Duyckinck commenced the publication of Arcturus, a Journal of Books and Opinions, which was continued for two years with eminent ability, if not with great success. In its pages, Wakondah, a poem by Mr. Mathews, first appeared, which has since been issued in a separate and very beautiful form.

During the past year, Mr. Mathews has been chiefly engaged in ardently and ably advocating the passage of an international copyright law. His services in this great cause will long be remembered with gratitude by all who have at heart the welfare of American literature.

Puffer Hopkins was commenced in Arcturus, and was unfinished when that periodical closed its existence. It is now offered to the public, completed, and in two different forms. The Brother Jonathan has issued the largest and more popular edition of the work in one of its extras, and Appleton and Co. have published another edition of the same in the usual book form, with several embellishments by an English artist.

Of the merits of the work we have not room to speak otherwise than very generally. The story is interesting and pathetic, but somewhat involved and obscure, and interrupted by scenes and incidents which in no way assist in arriving at the conclusion. The characters are in general vigorously and acutely delineated, though if some of them are correct representations of the personages who parade the streets and frequent the garrets and oyster-houses of the commercial metropolis, we feel inclined to think that our good city of Boston is blessed or cursed, as the case may be, with a very provincial monotony in respect to population.

The style of Mr. Mathews reminds us constantly of that of Dickens, by its frequent, unexpected and quaint turns of humor, and by the genial love for, and sympathy with nature and humanity that glows throughout his pages. He has evidently, however, a more scholastic mind than the author of Oliver Twist, and inclines rather more to the sarcastic and the melancholy.

The evidence of intellectual power and of just and noble feeling, which the book in common with all that Mr. Mathews has yet written, affords, leads us to look with high expectation to his future literary career. He is destined, we trust, to achieve a brilliant reputation, and what is far better, to perform worthy and enduring service to his country and her literature.

American Notes, for General Circulation. By Charles Dickens.

This book has been too widely read to need any elaborate criticism on our part. There are one or two points in it, however, on which we wish to say a word. The book has been loudly complained of as *superficial*, and as vilifying our country and its institutions. We do not think that it can fairly be called superficial, (in a derogatory sense,) because it was not intended to be deep. Mr. Dickens's philosophy has always been rather of the eyes and heart, than of that higher and more comprehensive kind, with which the inner eye and the soul have to do. Such a traveller as De Tocqueville is properly expected to give a philosophical analysis of our government and its operations, and philosophical conjecture as to its ultimate tendencies and results. But we could not rightly expect from Mr. Dickens anything more than the necessarily cursory observations of one who has shown himself to be the keenest and shrewdest observer of his time.

To judge from the tone of a large share of the criticisms on this lively *jeu d'esprit*, (for such it may be rightly called,) it would seem that our people imagined that, because they had admired Mr. Dickens's other works, he had no right to do anything but admire everything of theirs in turn. The Americans are the only nation who appear to think that they can say what they please of others, and that others have no right to say what they please of them. Mr. Dickens's remarks on *slavery* seem to have raised the greatest storm of indignation, and yet the greatest part of his chapter on this system, which (call it crime or misfortune,) is surely the darkest blot on our national character, consisted only of quotations from our own newspapers. If the eyes and mouths of our own countrymen are to be for ever sealed on a question which more nearly concerns their interest and honor than any other, they should thank God for what little light they are *permitted* to gain from an intelligent foreigner, whose vivid exposure of the abuses of his own system of government give him the better right to strike at those of our own. A man of genius, like Dickens, is a citizen of the world, and belongs as much to America as to England. If our narrowness and cowardice in this matter are not outgrown, we might as well publish expurgated editions of Shakspeare, and all others who satirize and revolt at tyranny, (as all great minds must,) —nay, of the Declaration of Independence itself.

The greatest and deepest fault we have to find with the book is the too frequent eulogy of brandy and water, and ill-concealed satire of the temperance reform — a reform which has been and is doing incalculable good throughout the land; which is spreading peace and innocence where only degradation skulked before, and which is ensuring stability to our freedom, by teaching men to set free and respect *themselves*, without which they can have no true reverence for anything.

The Rights of Conscience and of Property; or the true issue of the Convent question. By George Ticknor Curtis. 8vo. pp. 39. Boston: C. C. Little and J. Brown. 1842.

Mr. Curtis is already favorably known to the legal portion of the community, by his valuable contributions on the subject of Maritime Law. He certainly deserves the gratitude of every thinking mind for this timely, able, and eloquent plea in favor of justice, freedom, and religious toleration. It argues a dignity and boldness of character of a high order, thus to advance as the champion of a right against which the popular voice has been so long clamorous. We hope that its circulation will be as extensive, and its appreciation as grateful as it so truly deserves; for all that is required, in order to secure liberty and regard of both public and private right, is that the mind of the many should be disabused of its too easily acquired and fostered prejudices.

Sparks's Life of Washington. Abridged by the author. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 330 and 344. Boston: Tappan and Dennett. 1842.

Of the merits of the original of this work we need say nothing. It has already become established as the only biography of Washington. Of the abridgment it is enough to state that it is done by Mr. Sparks himself, to prove that it is accurate and comprehensive. This, as well as the other publications of the same house, which we have seen, is well and handsomely printed, and in every way creditable to their taste and enterprise.

"American Criminal Trials," by P. W. Chandler, editor of the Law Reporter, has been received in England with extraordinary favor: perhaps no American book, since Irving ceased to publish, has been noticed more extensively or in terms of higher commendation. The London Spectator gave it two extended notices, the last of which styles the work "an able and interesting volume," and says "the autumnal leisure having enabled us to peruse it with attention, we propose to notice it more fully, as well for the merit of its execution, as for the curious picture of old colonial manners it presents, and the suggestions it offers to the students of history and human nature. The plan and execution of the *American Criminal Trials* are rather peculiar. They are not a mere servile copy or dry abridgment of existing reports, where the only merit of the compiler consists in calling public attention to certain proceedings and facilitating their perusal by collecting the scattered records into a series; nor are they merely a skilful and elaborate description of singular trials, suppressing what is formal or subordinate and bringing out the more striking points. Although skilful in his treatment and often graphic in his effects, Mr. Chandler has generally chosen such American criminal trials as throw a light upon American colonial history, or exhibit the phases of public opinion — it may be of public madness. Hence there is frequently an interest over and above that of the facts of the trials themselves, from the public events with which they were connected, or the singular and criminal public delusion which they record."

The *London Examiner* says "it is extremely well done: the author's style is clear and simple; his habit of patient investigation sits easily upon him; and none of the graphic or more striking points seem to have escaped his notice. We trust he will be encouraged to proceed with his scheme, which deserves welcome from both countries."

The *Monthly Review* also notices the work very favorably, and the *Law Magazine* devotes to it a leading article of nearly thirty pages.

Tappan and Dennett, of this city, have in press and will publish in the course of this month, a "History of the Hawaiin or Sandwich Islands," by James J. Jarvis, member of the American Oriental Society, and formerly editor of the Sandwich Islands Gazette. It will give an account of the ancient manners and customs, poetry, &c., of the people of the islands; of their early traditions — of the discovery by the Spanish in the sixteenth century, and of the re-discovery by captain Cook, with many particulars not before published, respecting his unfortunate death by the hands of the natives. It will also include a life of Talyehameha the Great, — the civil and political history of the group, and the introduction and progress of Christianity and civilization unto the present year.

It will be issued in one volume, large octavo, in beautiful style, with steel plates of scenery, portrait, and a map, and with numerous wood illustrations of the finest description.

E. P. Peabody, 13 West street, Boston, will soon publish the first American edition of the celebrated "Confessions" of St. Augustine. The translation adopted in this edition was made in England in the seventeenth century, but whether it is that of the Roman Catholic Sir Tobias Mathews, in 1624, or the Protestant Rev. W. Watts, D. D., in 1650, we are unable to say. We believe, however, that it has been slightly revised, and in some parts the recent version of Rev. E. B. Pusey, D. D., Oxford, 1841, has been substituted for the older translation.

Little and Brown, of this city, will in a few days publish a work in two volumes, 12mo., entitled "Life in Mexico during a residence of two years in that country. By Mme. C—— De La B——." There is a preface to it by William H. Prescott, the distinguished historian of Ferdinand and Isabella, who says —

"The present work is the result of observations made during a two years' residence in Mexico, by a lady, whose position there, made her intimately acquainted with its society, and opened to her the best sources of information in regard to whatever could interest an enlightened foreigner. It consists of letters written to the members of her own family, and *really*, not intended originally, — however incredible the assertion, — for publication. Feeling a regret that such rich stores of instruction and amusement, from which I have so much profited, myself, should be reserved for the eyes of a few friends, only, I strongly recommended that they should be given to the world. This is now done, with a few such alterations and omissions as were necessary in a private correspondence; and although the work would derive more credit from the author's own name, than from anything which I can say, yet as she declines prefixing it, I feel much pleasure in making this statement by way of introduction to the public."

We present our readers, in the present number, with two splendid steel engravings by one of the most eminent of American engravers, Joseph Andrews, who is engaged to supply us with a succession of others of equal value.

The plate entitled "Circe Going to the Sea-Side to meet Ulysses," is from one of Flaxman's famous illustrations of Homer. The passage referred to, is in the beginning of the twelfth book of the Odyssey.

"Two Hundred Years Ago" is a representation of a street in London in the seventeenth century.

The Illustrations of the Rose were designed by our accomplished friend, Hammatt Billings, and engraved by J. G. Chandler.

FOREIGN LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

On the fourth of February, 1842, the manuscripts and copyright of the works of M. De Chateaubriand were sold at Paris by auction to M. Delandine de St. Esprit for the sum of thirty thousand dollars. It is difficult to conjecture the motives of the above named gentleman for making this purchase, as he is neither bookseller nor publisher. He is descended from one of the most ancient families of France, and during the latter years of Napoleon's reign, was distinguished for his attachment to the Bourbons, and rendered their cause important services while Napoleon was marching to Paris on his return from Elba. He is author of a work which has been translated into English under the title of "A Narrative of Operations of the Royalist Armies in the Interior of France, in 1815."

There was lately published in London "A New History of England, from the earliest period to the close of the year 1832, in seven vols.," written by Rev. Henry Walter, F. R. S., "in which men and events are considered on Christian principles."

We have long been of opinion that all history should be investigated and written according to such principles. The annals of the world hitherto have been but a record of the least instructive kind of events, or rather of those, a knowledge and admiration of which are decidedly pernicious. To those who believe in the superintendence of a deity, history, as heretofore written, has been a labyrinth which in itself contained no clue.

In July last, an extensive and varied assortment of armor and arms was sold at auction in London, among which were several curious specimens of mail and chain armor. One suit was said to have belonged to the famous Turkish Sultan Bajazet: it was chiefly composed of rings and was a fine example of the construction of *mailles*, or flattened rings. The metal of it was so soft as to yield to a slight pressure of the finger. It is said to be a most curious and valuable suit; the breast-plate is formed of large *laminæ*, extending across the person, engraved with what seems to be Persian or Arabic characters, and damasqued in gold and silver. The head-pieces of this and other suits in the collection were fitted with the nasal which was in use in England in the time of the conquest. The suit which belonged to Bajazet was bought for the tower collection at a price between six and seven hundred dollars.

A society was recently formed in Ireland, entitled the Irish Archæological Society, whose object is to collect and print for the use of its members, rare or hitherto unpublished works and documents, illustrative of the history, literature and antiquities of Ireland. Each member pays an admission fee of three pounds sterling and a subscription of one pound per annum. They have already published among other works —

"The Circuit of Ireland, by Muircheartach Mac Neill, Prince of Aileach: a poem written, A. D. 942, by Cormacan Eigeas, Chief Poet of the North of Ireland. Edited, with a translation and notes by John O'Donovan."

"A Brief Description of Ireland in 1589, by Robert Payne."

"The Annals of Ireland, by James Grace of Kilkenny."

"The Book of Obits and Martyrology of the Cathedral of the Holy Trinity, commonly called Christ Church, Dublin."

"The Battle of Moira, from an ancient manuscript in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin."

"A Treatise of Ireland, by J. Dimmok, from a manuscript in the British Museum."

"The Annals of Multifernan, from a manuscript in the Library of Trinity College."

"A Statute passed at a Parliament held at Kilkenny, A. D. 1367."

"An Account of the Tribes and Customs of the District of Hy-Many, commonly called O'Kelly's country, in the counties of Galway and Roscommon."

"The Battle of Carn Chonaill, between Guaire, king of Aidhue, and Dermot, king of Ireland, A. D. 648. From a very ancient manuscript."

An English journal of high authority states that it has been recently ascertained that the Berbers, or aboriginal tribes in the vicinity of Tangiers in the empire of Morocco, speak a dialect of the Celtic language.

Dr. Macpherson, who served with the expedition to China, in 1840 and 1841, has just sent home a most interesting work, detailing the events of which he was there an eye witness. It is proceeding rapidly through the press, and will be published with the least possible delay. It is entitled, "Two years in China."

Some recent calculations by a respectable English writer, Mr. Charles Bray, author of "the Philosophy of Necessity, &c.," exhibit, in a startling light, the evils and dangers of the present social condition of Great Britain.

The population of England, Scotland and Wales, amounts to eighteen millions, among whom are about twelve millions of laborers and operatives.

The income of Great Britain is about fifteen hundred millions of dollars. Of this, the national revenue absorbs nearly two hundred and fifty millions. Of the remainder, four hundred and fifty millions, or rather less than one third of the whole, is allotted to the laborer. This allows only one hundred and fifty dollars a year, or about three dollars a week, for each family of the average number of four persons!

The general result of Mr. Bray's statistical investigations on this subject is, that there are in Great Britain (exclusive of Ireland,) 41,000 families, numbering 284,000 persons whose incomes will maintain them without labor; and 3,440,000 families with 16,800,000 persons, living on the product of their daily labor. Of paupers, criminals, and vagrants, there are nearly two millions, or one ninth part of the population!

The most fearful aspect of this state of things is, that it is rapidly and irresistibly augmenting.

Robert Cadell, bookseller, Edinburgh, is now publishing four distinct editions of the Waverley Novels, one of which is in forty-eight volumes, and two editions of Scott's Poetry: likewise two editions of his Prose Writings — three of his Tales of a Grandfather, and two of his Life by Lockhart.

The *thirteenth* edition of Thomas Brown's Philosophy of the Human Mind, has lately been issued by William Tait, Edinburgh.

Among the new periodicals announced is "The Library Circular," a valuable directory to readers and book clubs — a guide to new books, to be continued monthly. It is said to be ably conducted.

Fisher's Colonial Magazine, for November, published by Fisher, Son, and Co., Newgate street, London, contains several very interesting articles, and much new and valuable information respecting the British Colonial Possessions.

On the First of January, 1843, will be published the

first number of a New Tale of English Life and Manners, by Charles Dickens, to be completed in twenty numbers.

The subject of Bulwer's forthcoming novel, "The Last of the Barons," is from English history, and the work delineates the characters and illustrates the manners of the English court, during one of its most important eras.

The following are some of the most important works recently published in Great Britain:

Narrative of Various Journeys in Belochistan, Afghanistan, and the Punjab; including a residence in those countries from 1826 to 1838. By Charles Masson. Bentley. 3 vols. 8vo., with numerous plates, &c.

This is described as "a book of surpassing ability and of extraordinary interest. In historical notices, sketches of the chiefs, and personal adventure with the various tribes — in general portraiture of scenes and manners, and striking antiquarian research — there is spirit, life, and movement in almost every page. Mr. Masson acted for years as a government agent beyond the Indus. His knowledge of Afghanistan was well known to European literati, and is now proved to the world, by the publication of this important work."

Socrates, a Tragedy: By Francis Barham, which appeared originally in the pages of Heraud's Monthly Magazine, has been published in a separate form.

"Contributions of S. T. Coleridge to the Revival of Catholic Truths," an article constituting the July number of the Christian Miscellany, published at Leeds, England, is said to be a very interesting collection of passages from the works of the great poet and philosopher. "Nothing can be more striking than these passages, viewed as the discovery of an original mind, purified by affliction from many errors and trials, arriving late in life at a serious consideration of religious questions, and laboring in the truth, after many perplexities and wanderings. From a writer, of so sad a life and experience, a perfectly harmonious and unobjectionable system of theology and religious ethics was not to be expected; but there is not a single passage in the little collection before us which may not be read, and, with a little deduction, acquiesced in with profit. It is quite a compendium, though of course a partial one, of Coleridge's religious views."

A Visit to Italy, in 1841. By Mrs. Trollope. 2 vols. 8vo. Illustrated. Bentley.

"The Conciliator of Manasseh Ben Israel," a reconcilement of the apparent contradictions of Holy Scripture. Translated by E. H. Lindo.

The Monthly Magazine, in a notice of this work, says. "Mr. Lindo has done himself much credit, and rendered much service to literature, by this able translation. Manesseh, of whom the present volume contains an etching, by Rembrandt, was a Portuguese Jew, born at Lisbon in the year 1605, and was the most learned and voluminous author among the Israelites of his age. He was a particular friend of Hugo Grotius, and was greatly admired by Cromwell, who, after perusing his Plea for the Jews, granted them some considerable political privileges in this country. He was likewise dear to Moses Mendelssohn, who translated some of his works into German. When of late the Jews of Damascus were accused of offering human sacrifices, the *Times* newspaper printed four columns of Manesseh, in which he shows the falseness of such charges, which have often been brought against the Hebrews, by the jealousy of the Christians. One of the best of Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, (the 'Prioress,' if we remember rightly,) is founded on this tradition." There is an old Scotch ballad, of striking merit, founded upon the same prejudice, in the first volume of Percy's Reliques, p. 38. It is called the "Jew's Daughter." The tale in Chaucer is a favorite with Wordsworth, who has modernized it with exquisite fidelity to the simple pathos and picturesque primitiveness of the original.

An illustrated work, entitled "Sketches of Palestine," by Mr. Roberts, published by John Murray, Albemarle street, London, is thus spoken of by Dr. Robinson, author of the celebrated Biblical Researches in Palestine. "I cannot refrain from expressing to you the very high sense I entertain of the value of the work. I have seen, perhaps, most, if not all, the works which have been published professing to be views in the Holy Land, and have seen them only to be disappointed. It is, therefore, with the greatest pleasure that I can testify to the accuracy of Mr. Roberts's 'Sketches,' so far as laid before the public, as exhibiting the very counterpart of the scenes and objects themselves, in perfect truthfulness of outline, coloring, and expression. While beholding his views of Jerusalem, and the objects in and around it, I seem to be transported really to the very spot, and drink in again the vivid impressions which I once received from the reality. I shall take great pleasure in making known the very high merit of this work to my countrymen."

Sir Michael Paulett, a New Novel. By Miss Ellen Pickering, author of Nan Darrell, the Fright, &c.

Athelwold: a Tragedy. By William Smith.

The *London Examiner* says of this work, "This tragedy is genuine. It has the broad and true mark; like the Saxon nature of the men through whom it speaks to us, it is cast in a mingled mould of strength and sweetness. The characteristic of that Saxon age was a war of mind and will against affections resolute as both, and it is this which gives power and beauty to the tragedy of Athelwold."

The Modern History and Condition of Egypt; its Climate, Diseases, and Capabilities; comprising the proceedings of Mohammed Ali Pasha, from 1829 to 1842, with illustrations of Scripture History, the Fulfilment of Prophecy, and the Progress of Civilization in the East. 2 vols, with numerous illustrations. Smith, Elder, and Co., 65, Cornhill, London.

Hints and Directions for Authors, in Writing, Printing, and Publishing their Works; detailing every requisite information on the subject. Price 1*s.* 6*d.* sterling. Mr. Bull, 19, Holles street.

The Poems of Robert Nicoll, late editor of the *Leeds Times*, with a Memoir of the Author. Wm. Tait, Edinburgh.

We quote the following from a notice in the *London Examiner*, "'I have written *my heart* in my poems,' he wrote to a friend. This is the truth; and the poems will live because of it. It is a genuine man's heart — keen, austere, strong, and impassioned, yet full of love. In such a life as this of Robert Nicoll, we discover the best part of the influence of Burns."

Ebenezer Elliott, the Corn Law Rhymer, says of Nicoll, "unstained and pure, at the age of twenty-three, died Scotland's second Burns."

The Literary Ladies of England. By Mrs. Elwood. 2 vols. 8vo. Colburn, 13, Great Marlborough street, London.

Narrative of the Expedition to China, from the Commencement of the War to the present period, with the Sketches of the Manners and Customs of the Chinese. By J. E. Bingham, First Lieutenant of H. M. S. Modeste. Colburn.

THE PIONEER.

A

Literary and Critical Magazine.

J. R. LOWELL AND R. CARTER,

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

FEBRUARY, 1843.

VOL. I.—NO. II.

Reform, therefore, without bravery or scandal of former times and persons; but yet set it down to thyself as well to create good precedents as to follow them. LORD BACON.

BOSTON:

LELAND AND WHITING,

67 WASHINGTON STREET, OPPOSITE THE POST OFFICE.

Three sheet periodical. PRINTED BY FREEMAN AND BOLLES. $3 per. ann. in adv.

The Publishers of the Pioneer respectfully call attention to the following notices of the first number of their magazine, which, with numerous others, appeared in the most respectable journals of the country. The verdict of the press has been unanimous in favor of The Pioneer.

From the Boston Daily Advertiser.

The literary articles are very well written and highly interesting, and we are much pleased with the character and tone of the Magazine. The Illustrated Ballad, "The Rose," a poem accompanied by emblematical marginal drawings, is a beautiful novelty in the line of magazine embellishments.

From the Boston Bay State Democrat.

There is something refreshing and invigorating in the work, and we have to thank the editors for a delightful evening's entertainment in perusing its contents. The Introduction, by one of the editors, probably Mr. Lowell, is bold and manly; and if the strong, clear, and somewhat original ideas, there expressed, are lived up to in the future conduct of the work, we predict for it a wide and honorable popularity in the literary world. Among the best articles, we notice a graphic sketch of Aaron Burr, done in Neal's best style; but there is contained in this article some uncalled for and disgraceful allusions to the patriot Jefferson, that any American, at this day, ought to be ashamed to pen. Neal can command public attention by his talents, without dabbling in such filthy puddles as the partisan slang against that great and good man.

For the *Poetry* of the number not much can be said. It is about as good as the usual run of Magazine poetry, and serves as an agreeable relief to the eye, after a close application to the solid columns of the prose matter. From this, however, we must except "The Rose," which is a very pretty affair, and the novel style of pictorial illustrations that accompany the piece, will, we think, commend itself to general approval. The critique on the last Athenæum Exhibition of Paintings is racy and spirited. It is by I. B. Wright. His fondness for the art is evidently deep, and chastened by a correct taste, and his playful satire is admirable. The Armenian's Daughter, is a highly interesting and well told tale; author not stated. J. S. Dwight's paper on Beethoven's Symphonies, as performed by the Boston Academy of Music, is well written, and calculated to excite an increased interest in the performances of that Society. We like Mr. Dwight's style much; with a soul full of his subject, he seems to sit down and discourse of it to the reader, in a rich and flowing strain of unaffected eloquence.

The Tell-Tale Heart, by Edgar A. Poe, is an article of thrilling interest. It is the tale of an unconscious madman. We must try to copy it for our readers soon. The critique on the Plays of Middleton, by the senior editor, is a paper of great power, well calculated to set one a thinking for himself, and this is the greatest merit of critical notices. But this is more; it is a profound investigation into the spirit of poetry, and an able defence of its influence over the mind. If Mr. Lowell, or any other man, could come up to the ideas advanced in the article, in his poetical productions, he would be *the* poet of the day, and the age. The beauties of Middleton, as illustrated by the editor, are highly attractive.

The literary notices by the editors, are just and discriminating, and betray sound judgment and refined taste. The embellishments of the work, besides the wood illustrations of The Rose, are two splendid steel engravings by J. Andrews.

Want of room prevents a more extended notice of the Pioneer; but we cannot close without recommending it to the reading public as something solid and substantial; and if its future numbers shall equal the first, we hope the *Pioneer* will always make its way to our table, through any forests of trash that may surround it.

From the Boston Daily Mail.

The new literary and critical Magazine called the Pioneer, recently issued in this city by J. R. Lowell and Robert Carter, is in many respects one of the most valuable and desirable of all the light American monthlies. Its contents are of a high, manly, vigorous and instructive character, while they have no lack of interest. The first number of the Pioneer affords a fair promise of future excellence. It is elegantly printed, and embellished with very costly and appropriate engravings, and the entire getting up displays taste and talent which should meet with large encouragement from the educated portion of the community.

From the Boston Transcript.

The Pioneer. — This is the name of a new monthly periodical ushered into life by J. R. Lowell and R. Carter, its editors and proprietors. The *object* of the work will be to afford a "rational substitute for the enormous quantity of thrice-diluted trash in the shape of love tales, sketches, &c., which are poured out monthly by popular magazines." *The endeavor* of the conductors will be to preserve a healthy and manly periodical literature. This is admirable in intention and intellectually charitable in purpose, and we hope the age itself will evince a popular *leaning*, if we may so speak, towards this kind of publication. The *namby-pamby* is too much relished at present by the young members of the family circle; the love-tale is read with a spirit that evinces a sickly sensibility; and "*sketches*" have become so common-place, that they no longer "hold the mirror up to nature," nor impart freshness to the mind or fancy.

We have been pleased with the design of the Pioneer; and, on glancing at its contents (for we have not had time to examine them thoroughly) they seem to promise well. The article on "Paintings at the Athenæum" is timely in its sentiments, and wholesome in its tendency; and the critique on the "Plays of Thomas Middleton" is beautiful in thought and masterly in its analysis. These are the only two papers we have wholly read.

The typographical execution is neat, and the engravings excellent. We are glad to perceive a sensible omission in the usual fashion plate of popular periodicals — a fact, which in itself seems like a first step towards the "rational substitute" which we have briefly mentioned as the design of the Pioneer. Published by Leland & Whiting; $3 per annum.

From the N. Y. Union.

The Pioneer, the new magazine at Boston edited by Lowell, the poet, and R. Carter, is out, and may be had, we believe, of Bradbury

DANTE AND BEATRICE MEETING.

J. Andrews.

As thus she spoke in accents soft and slow.

I spoke, the Bard in silence sped before.

THE PIONEER.

FEBRUARY, 1843.

THE HALL OF FANTASY.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

It has happened to me, on various occasions, to find myself in a certain edifice, which would appear to have some of the characteristics of a public Exchange. Its interior is a spacious hall, with a pavement of white marble. Overhead is a lofty dome, supported by long rows of pillars, of fantastic architecture, the idea of which was probably taken from the Moorish ruins of the Alhambra, or perhaps from some enchanted edifice in the Arabian Tales. The windows of this hall have a breadth and grandeur of design, and an elaborateness of workmanship, that have nowhere been equalled, except in the Gothic cathedrals of the old world. Like their prototypes, too, they admit the light of heaven only through stained and pictured glass, thus filling the hall with many-colored radiance, and painting its marble floor with beautiful or grotesque designs; so that its inmates breathe, as it were, a visionary atmosphere, and tread upon the fantasies of poetic minds. These peculiarities, combining a wilder mixture of styles than even an American architect usually recognises as allowable — Grecian, Gothic, Oriental, and nondescript — cause the whole edifice to give the impression of a dream, which might be dissipated and shattered to fragments, by merely stamping the foot upon the pavement. Yet, with such modifications and repairs as successive ages demand, the Hall of Fantasy is likely to endure longer than the most substantial structure that ever cumbered the earth.

It is not at all times that one can gain admittance into this edifice; although most persons enter it at some period or other of their lives. At my last visit, I wandered thither unawares, while my mind was busy with an idle tale, and was startled by the throng of people who seemed suddenly to rise up around me.

"Bless me! Where am I?" cried I, with but a dim recognition of the place.

"You are in a spot," said a friend, who chanced to be near at hand, "which occupies, in the world of fancy, the same position which the Bourse, the Rialto, and the Exchange, do in the commercial world. All who have affairs in that mystic region, which lies above, below, or beyond the Actual, may here meet, and talk over the business of their dreams."

"It is a noble hall," observed I.

"Yes," he replied. "Yet we see but a small portion of the edifice. In its upper stories are said to be apartments, where the inhabitants of earth may hold converse with those of the moon. And beneath our feet are gloomy cells, which communicate with the infernal regions, and where monsters and chimeras are kept in confinement, and fed with all unwholesomeness."

In niches and on pedestals, around about the hall, stood the statues or busts of men, who, in every age, have been rulers and demi-gods in the realms of imagination, and its kindred regions. The grand old countenance of Homer; the shrunken and decrepit form, but vivid face of Æsop; the dark presence of Dante; the

wild Ariosto; Rabelais's smile of deep-wrought mirth; the profound, pathetic humor of Cervantes; the all-glorious Shakspeare; Spenser, meet guest for an allegoric structure; the severe divinity of Milton; and Bunyan, moulded of homeliest clay, but instinct with celestial fire — were those that chiefly attracted my eye. Fielding, Richardson, and Scott, occupied conspicuous pedestals. In an obscure and shadowy niche was reposited the bust of our countryman, the author of Arthur Mervyn.

"Besides these indestructible memorials of real genius," remarked my companion, "each century has erected statues of its own ephemeral favorites, in wood."

"I observe a few crumbling relics of such," said I. "But ever and anon, I suppose, Oblivion comes with her huge broom, and sweeps them all from the marble floor. But such will never be the fate of this fine statue of Goethe."

"Nor of that next to it — Emanuel Swedenborg," said he. "Were ever two men of transcendent imagination more unlike?"

In the centre of the hall springs an ornamental fountain, the water of which continually throws itself into new shapes, and snatches the most diversified hues from the stained atmosphere around. It is impossible to conceive what a strange vivacity is imparted to the scene by the magic dance of this fountain, with its endless transformations, in which the imaginative beholder may discern what form he will. The water is supposed by some to flow from the same source as the Castalian spring, and is extolled by others as uniting the virtues of the Fountain of Youth with those of many other enchanted wells, long celebrated in tale and song. Having never tasted it, I can bear no testimony to its quality.

"Did you ever drink this water?" I inquired of my friend.

"A few sips, now and then," answered he. "But there are men here who make it their constant beverage — or, at least, have the credit of doing so. In some instances, it is known to have intoxicating qualities."

"Pray let us look at these water-drinkers," said I.

So we passed among the fantastic pillars, till we came to a spot where a number of persons were clustered together, in the light of one of the great stained windows, which seemed to glorify the whole group, as well as the marble that they trod on. Most of them were men of broad foreheads, meditative countenances, and thoughtful, inward eyes; yet it required but a trifle to summon up mirth, peeping out from the very midst of grave and lofty musings. Some strode about, or leaned against the pillars of the hall, alone and in silence; their faces wore a rapt expression, as if sweet music were in the air around them, or as if their inmost souls were about to float away in song. One or two, perhaps, stole a glance at the bystanders, to watch if their poetic absorption were observed. Others stood talking in groups, with a liveliness of expression, a ready smile, and a light, intellectual laughter, which showed how rapidly the shafts of wit were glancing to-and-fro among them. In the most vivacious of these, I recognised Holmes.

A few held higher converse, which caused their calm and melancholy souls to beam moonlight from their eyes. As I lingered near them — for I felt an inward attraction towards these men, as if the sympathy of feeling, if not of genius, had united me to their order — my friend mentioned several of their names. The world has likewise heard those names; with some it has been familiar for years; and others are daily making their way deeper into the universal heart. Bryant had come hither from his editor's room, his face no longer wrinkled by political strife, but with such a look as if his soul were full of the Thanatopsis, or of those beautiful stanzas on the Future Life. Percival, whom to see is like catching a glimpse of some shy bird of the woods, had shrunk into the deepest shadow that he could find. Dana was also there; though, for a long time back, the public has been none the richer for his visits to the Hall of Fantasy; but, in his younger days, he descended to its gloomiest caverns, and brought thence a treasure of dark, distempered stories. Halleck, methought, had strayed into this purple atmosphere rather by way of amusement, than because the strong impulse of his nature compelled him hither; and Willis, though he had an indefeasible right of entrance, looked so much like a man of the world, that he seemed hardly to belong here. Sprague had stept across from the Globe Bank, with his pen behind his ear. Pierpont had come hither in the hope, I suppose, of allaying the angry glow of controversy: a fire unmeet for such an altar as a poet's kindly heart.

In the midst of these famous people, I beheld the figure of a friend, whom I fully believed to be thousands of leagues away. His glance was thrown upward to the lofty dome, as who should say, Excelsior.

"It is Longfellow!" I exclaimed. "When did he return from Germany?"

"His least essential part — that is to say, his physical man — is probably there at this moment, under a water-spout," replied my companion. "But wherever his body may be, his soul will find its way into the Hall of Fantasy. See; there is Washington Irving too, whom all the world supposes to be enacting the grave character of Ambassador to Spain."

And, indeed, there stood the renowned Geoffry Crayon, in the radiance of a window, which looked like the pictured symbol of his own delightful fancy. Mr. Cooper had chosen to show himself in a more sombre light, and was apparently meditating a speech in some libel case, rather than a scene of such tales as have made him a foremost man in this enchanted hall. But, woe is me! I tread upon slippery ground, among these poets and men of imagination, whom perhaps it is equally hazardous to

notice, or to leave undistinguished in the throng. Would that I could emblazon all their names in star-dust! Let it suffice to mention indiscriminately such as my eye chanced to fall upon. There was Washington Allston, who possesses the freedom of the hall by the threefold claim of painter, novelist, and poet; and John Neal, whose rampant muse belches wild-fire, with huge volumes of smoke; and Lowell, the poet of the generation that now enters upon the stage. The young author of Dolon was here, involved in a deep mist of metaphysical fantasies. Epes Sargent and Mr. Tuckerman had come hither to engage contributors for their respective magazines. Hillard was an honorary member of the poetic band, as editor of Spenser, though he might well have preferred a claim on his own account. Mr. Poe had gained ready admittance for the sake of his imagination, but was threatened with ejectment, as belonging to the obnoxious class of critics.

There were a number of ladies among the tuneful and imaginative crowd. I know not whether their tickets of admission were signed with the authentic autograph of Apollo; but, at all events, they had an undoubted right of entrance by courtesy. Miss Sedgwick was an honored guest, although the atmosphere of the Hall of Fantasy is not precisely the light in which she appears to most advantage. Finally, I saw Mr. Rufus Griswold, with pencil and memorandum-book, busily noting down the names of all the poets and poetesses there, and likewise of some, whom nobody but himself had suspected of ever visiting the hall.

"Thank heaven," observed I to my companion, as we passed to another part of the hall, "we have done with this techy, wayward, shy, proud, unreasonable set of laurel-gatherers. I love them in their works, but have little desire to meet them elsewhere."

"You have adopted an old prejudice, I see," replied my friend, who was familiar with most of these worthies, being himself a student of poetry, and not without the poetic flame. "But so far as my experience goes, men of genius are fairly gifted with the social qualities; and in this age, there appears to be a fellow-feeling among them, which has not hitherto been developed. As men, they ask nothing better than to be on equal terms with their fellow-men; and as authors, they have thrown aside their proverbial jealousy, and acknowledge a generous brotherhood."

"The world does not think so," answered I. "An author is received in general society pretty much as we honest citizens are in the Hall of Fantasy. We gaze at him as if he had no business among us, and question whether he is fit for any of our pursuits."

"Then it is a very foolish question," said he. "Now, here are a class of men, whom we may daily meet on 'Change. Yet what poet in the hall is more a fool of fancy than the sagest of them?"

He pointed to a number of persons, who, manifest as the fact was, would have deemed it an insult to be told that they stood in the Hall of Fantasy. Their visages were traced into wrinkles and furrows, each of which seemed the record of some actual experience in life. Their eyes had the shrewd, calculating glance, which detects so quickly and so surely all that it concerns a man of business to know, about the characters and purposes of his fellow-men. Judging them as they stood, they might be honored and trusted members of the Chamber of Commerce, who had found the genuine secret of wealth, and whose sagacity gave them the command of fortune. There was a character of detail and matter-of-fact in their talk, which concealed the extravagance of its purport, insomuch that the wildest schemes had the aspect of every-day realities. Thus the listener was not startled at the idea of cities to be built, as if by magic, in the heart of pathless forests; and of streets to be laid out, where now the sea was tossing; and of mighty rivers to be staid in their courses, in order to turn the machinery of a cotton-mill. It was only by an effort — and scarcely then — that the mind convinced itself that such speculations were as much matter of fantasy as the old dream of Eldorado, or as Mammon's Cave, or any other vision of gold, ever conjured up by the imagination of needy poet or romantic adventurer.

"Upon my word," said I, "it is dangerous to listen to such dreamers as these! Their madness is contagious."

"Yes," said my friend, "because they mistake the Hall of Fantasy for actual brick and mortar, and its purple atmosphere for unsophisticated sunshine. But the poet knows his whereabout, and therefore is less likely to make a fool of himself in real life."

"Here again," observed I, as we advanced a little further, "we see another order of dreamers — peculiarly characteristic, too, of the genius of our country."

These were the inventors of fantastic machines. Models of their contrivances were placed against some of the pillars of the hall, and afforded good emblems of the result generally to be anticipated from an attempt to reduce day-dreams to practice. The analogy may hold in morals, as well as physics. For instance, here was the model of a railroad through the air, and a tunnel under the sea. Here was a machine — stolen, I believe — for the distillation of heat from moonshine; and another for the condensation of morning-mist into square blocks of granite, wherewith it was proposed to rebuild the entire Hall of Fantasy. One man exhibited a sort of lens, whereby he had succeeded in making sunshine out of a lady's smile; and it was his purpose wholly to irradiate the earth, by means of this wonderful invention.

"It is nothing new," said I, "for most of our sunshine comes from woman's smile already."

"True," answered the inventor; "but my

machine will secure a constant supply for domestic use — whereas, hitherto, it has been very precarious."

Another person had a scheme for fixing the reflections of objects in a pool of water, and thus taking the most life-like portraits imaginable; and the same gentleman demonstrated the practicability of giving a permanent dye to ladies' dresses, in the gorgeous clouds of sunset. There were at least fifty kinds of perpetual motion, one of which was applicable to the wits of newspaper editors and writers of every description. Professor Espy was here, with a tremendous storm in a gum-elastic bag. I could enumerate many more of these Utopian inventions; but, after all, a more imaginative collection is to be found in the Patent Office at Washington.

Turning from the inventors, we took a more general survey of the inmates of the hall. Many persons were present, whose right of entrance appeared to consist in some crotchet of the brain, which, so long as it might operate, produced a change in their relation to the actual world. It is singular how very few there are, who do not occasionally gain admittance on such a score, either in abstracted musings, or momentary thoughts, or bright anticipations, or vivid remembrances; for even the actual becomes ideal, whether in hope or memory, and beguiles the dreamer into the Hall of Fantasy. Some unfortunates make their whole abode and business here, and contract habits which unfit them for all the real employments of life. Others — but these are few — possess the faculty, in their occasional visits, of discovering a purer truth than the world can impart, among the lights and shadows of these pictured windows.

And with all its dangerous influences, we have reason to thank God, that there is such a place of refuge from the gloom and chillness of actual life. Hither may come the prisoner, escaping from his dark and narrow cell, and cankerous chain, to breathe free air in this enchanted atmosphere. The sick man leaves his weary pillow, and finds strength to wander hither, though his wasted limbs might not support him even to the threshold of his chamber. The exile passes through the Hall of Fantasy, to revisit his native soil. The burthen of years rolls down from the old man's shoulders, the moment that the door uncloses. Mourners leave their heavy sorrows at the entrance, and here rejoin the lost ones, whose faces would else be seen no more, until thought shall have become the only fact. It may be said, in truth, that there is but half a life — the meaner and earthlier half — for those who never find their way into the hall. Nor must I fail to mention, that, in the observatory of the edifice, is kept that wonderful perspective glass, through which the shepherds of the Delectable Mountains showed Christian the far-off gleam of the Celestial City. The eye of Faith still loves to gaze through it.

"I observe some men here," said I to my friend, "who might set up a strong claim to be reckoned among the most real personages of the day."

"Certainly," he replied. "If a man be in advance of his age, he must be content to make his abode in this hall, until the lingering generations of his fellow-men come up with him. He can find no other shelter in the universe. But the fantasies of one day are the deepest realities of a future one."

"It is difficult to distinguish them apart, amid the gorgeous and bewildering light of this hall," rejoined I. "The white sunshine of actual life is necessary in order to test them. I am rather apt to doubt both men and their reasonings, till I meet them in that truthful medium."

"Perhaps your faith in the ideal is deeper than you are aware," said my friend. "You are at least a Democrat; and methinks no scanty share of such faith is essential to the adoption of that creed."

Among the characters who had elicited these remarks, were most of the noted reformers of the day, whether in physics, politics, morals, or religion. There is no surer method of arriving at the Hall of Fantasy, than to throw oneself into the current of a theory; for, whatever landmarks of fact may be set up along the stream, there is a law of nature that impels it thither. And let it be so; for here the wise head and capacious heart may do their work; and what is good and true becomes gradually hardened into fact, while error melts away and vanishes among the shadows of the hall. Therefore may none, who believe and rejoice in the progress of mankind, be angry with me because I recognised their apostles and leaders, amid the fantastic radiance of those pictured windows. I love and honor such men, as well as they. There was a dear friend of mine among them, who has striven with all his might to wash away the blood-stain from the statute-book; and whether he finally succeed or fail, no philanthropist need blush to stand on the same footing with O'Sullivan.

In the midst of these lights of the age, it gladdened me to greet my old friends of Brook Farm, with whom, though a recreant now, I had borne the heat of many a summer's day, while we labored together towards the perfect life. They seem so far advanced, however, in the realization of their idea, that their sunburnt faces and toil-hardened frames may soon be denied admittance into the Hall of Fantasy. Mr. Emerson was likewise there, leaning against one of the pillars, and surrounded by an admiring crowd of writers and readers of the Dial, and all manner of Transcendentalists and disciples of the Newness, most of whom betrayed the power of his intellect by its modifying influence upon their own. He had come into the hall, in search, I suppose, either of a fact or a real man; both of which he was as likely to find there as elsewhere. No more

earnest seeker after truth than he, and few more successful finders of it; although, sometimes, the truth assumes a mystic unreality and shadowyness in his grasp. In the same part of the hall, Jones Very stood alone, within a circle which no other of mortal race could enter, nor himself escape from.

Here, also was Mr. Alcott, with two or three friends, whom his spirit had assimilated to itself and drawn to his New England home, though an ocean rolled between. There was no man in the enchanted hall, whose mere presence, the language of whose look and manner, wrought such an impression as that of this great mystic innovator. So calm and gentle was he, so holy in aspect, so quiet in the utterance of what his soul brooded upon, that one might readily conceive his Orphic Sayings to well upward from a fountain in his breast, which communicated with the infinite abyss of Thought.

"Here is a prophet," cried my friend, with enthusiasm — "a dreamer, a bodiless idea amid our actual existence. Another age may recognise him as a man; or perhaps his misty apparition will vanish into the sunshine. It matters little; for his influence will have impregnated the atmosphere, and be imbibed by generations that know not the original apostle of the ideas, which they shall shape into earthly business. Such a spirit cannot pass through human life, yet leave mankind entirely as he found them!"

"At all events, he may count you as a disciple," said I, smiling; "and doubtless there is the spirit of a system in him, but not the body of it. I love to contrast him with that acute and powerful Intellect, who stands not far off."

"Ah, you mean Mr. Brownson!" replied my companion. "Pray Heaven he do not stamp his foot or raise his voice; for if he should, the whole fabric of the Hall of Fantasy will dissolve like a smoke-wreath! I wonder how he came here?"

It would be endless to describe the herd of real or self-styled reformers, that peopled this place of refuge. They were the representatives of an unquiet period, when mankind is seeking to cast off the whole tissue of ancient custom, like a tattered garment. Many of them had got possession of some crystal fragment of truth, the brightness of which so dazzled them, that they could see nothing else in the wide universe. Here were men, whose faith had embodied itself in the form of a potatoe; and others whose long beards had a deep spiritual significance. Here was the abolitionist, brandishing his one idea like an iron flail. In a word, there were a thousand shapes of good and evil, faith and infidelity, wisdom and nonsense, a most incongruous throng, among whom I must not forget to mention Mrs. Abigail Folsom, though by no means as a type of the whole.

Yet, withal, the heart of the stanchest conservative, unless he abjured his brotherhood with man, could hardly have helped throbbing in sympathy with the spirit that pervaded these innumerable theorists. It was good for the man of unquickened heart to listen even to their folly. Far down, beyond the fathom of the intellect, the soul acknowledged that all these varying and conflicting developments of humanity were united in one sentiment. Be the individual theory as wild as fancy could make it, still the wiser spirit would recognise the struggle of the race after a better and purer life, than had yet been realized on earth. My faith revived, even while I rejected all their schemes. It could not be, that the world should continue forever what it has been; a soil where Happiness is so rare a flower, and Virtue so often a blighted fruit; a battle-field where the good principle, with its shield flung above its head, can hardly save itself amid the rush of adverse influences. In the enthusiasm of such thoughts, I gazed through one of the pictured windows; and, behold! the whole external world was tinged with the dimly glorious aspect that is peculiar to the Hall of Fantasy; insomuch that it seemed practicable, at that very instant, to realize some plan for the perfection of mankind. But, alas! if reformers would understand the sphere in which their lot is cast, they must cease to look through pictured windows. Yet they not only use this medium, but mistake it for the whitest sunshine.

"Come," said I to my friend, starting from a deep reverie, — "let us hasten hence, or I shall be tempted to make a theory — after which, there is little hope of any man."

"Come hither, then," answered he. "Here is one theory, that swallows up and annihilates all others."

He led me to a distant part of the hall, where a crowd of deeply attentive auditors were assembled round an elderly man, of plain, honest, trustworthy aspect. With an earnestness that betokened the sincerest faith in his own doctrine, he announced that the destruction of the world was close at hand.

"It is Father Miller himself!" exclaimed I.

"No less a man," said my friend; "and observe how picturesque a contrast between his dogma, and those of the reformers whom we have just glanced at. They look for the earthly perfection of mankind, and are forming schemes, which imply that the immortal spirit will be connected with a physical nature, for innumerable ages of futurity. On the other hand, here comes good Father Miller, and, with one puff of his relentless theory, scatters all their dreams like so many withered leaves upon the blast."

"It is, perhaps, the only method of getting mankind out of the various perplexities, into which they have fallen," I replied. "Yet I could wish that the world might be permitted to endure, until some great moral shall have been evolved. A riddle is propounded. Where is the solution? The sphinx did not slay herself, until her riddle had been guessed. Will it not be so with the world? Now, if it should be burnt to-morrow morning, I am at a loss to

know what purpose will have been accomplished, or how the universe will be wiser or better for our existence and destruction."

"We cannot tell what mighty truths may have been embodied in act, through the existence of the globe and its inhabitants," rejoined my companion. "Perhaps it may be revealed to us, after the fall of the curtain over our catastrophe; or not impossibly, the whole drama, in which we are involuntary actors, may have been performed for the instruction of another set of spectators. I cannot perceive that our own comprehension of it is at all essential to the matter. At any rate, while our view is so ridiculously narrow and superficial, it would be absurd to argue the continuance of the world from the fact, that it seems to have existed hitherto in vain."

"The poor old Earth," murmured I. "She has faults enough, in all conscience; but I cannot bear to have her perish."

"It is no great matter," said my friend. "The happiest of us has been weary of her, many a time and oft."

"I doubt it," answered I, pertinaciously; "the root of human nature strikes down deep into this earthly soil; and it is but reluctantly that we submit to be transplanted, even for a higher cultivation in Heaven. I query whether the destruction of the earth would gratify any one individual; except, perhaps, some embarrassed man of business, whose notes fall due a day after the day of doom."

Then, methought, I heard the expostulating cry of a multitude against the consummation, prophesied by Father Miller. The lover wrestled with Providence for his fore-shadowed bliss. Parents entreated that the earth's span of endurance might be prolonged by some seventy years, so that their new-born infant should not be defrauded of his life-time. A youthful poet murmured, because there would be no posterity to recognise the inspiration of his song. The reformers, one and all, demanded a few thousand years, to test their theories, after which the universe might go to wreck. A mechanician, who was busied with an improvement of the steam-engine, asked merely time to perfect his model. A miser insisted that the world's destruction would be a personal wrong to himself, unless he should first be permitted to add a specified sum to his enormous heap of gold. A little boy made dolorous inquiry whether the last day would come before Christmas, and thus deprive him of his anticipated dainties. In short, nobody seemed satisfied that this mortal scene of things should have its close just now. Yet, it must be confessed, the motives of the crowd for desiring its continuance were mostly so absurd, that, unless Infinite Wisdom had been aware of much better reasons, the solid Earth must have melted away at once.

For my own part, not to speak of a few private and personal ends, I really desired our old Mother's prolonged existence, for her own dear sake.

"The poor old Earth!" I repeated. "What I should chiefly regret in her destruction would be that very earthliness, which no other sphere or state of existence can renew or compensate. The fragrance of flowers, and of new-mown hay; the genial warmth of sunshine, and the beauty of a sunset among clouds; the comfort and cheerful glow of the fireside; the deliciousness of fruits, and of all good cheer; the magnificence of mountains, and seas, and cataracts, and the softer charm of rural scenery; even the fast-falling snow, and the gray atmosphere through which it descends — all these, and innumerable other enjoyable things of earth, must perish with her. Then the country frolics; the homely humor; the broad, open-mouthed roar of laughter, in which body and soul conjoin so heartily! I fear that no other world can show us anything just like this. As for purely moral enjoyments, the good will find them in every state of being. But where the material and the moral exist together, what is to happen then? And then our mute four-footed friends, and the winged songsters of our woods! Might it not be lawful to regret them, even in the hallowed groves of Paradise?"

"You speak like the very spirit of earth, imbued with a scent of freshly-turned soil!" exclaimed my friend.

"It is not that I so much object to giving up these enjoyments, on my own account," continued I; "but I hate to think that they will have been eternally annihilated from the list of joys."

"Nor need they be," he replied. "I see no real force in what you say. Standing in this Hall of Fantasy, we perceive what even the earth-clogged intellect of man can do, in creating circumstances, which, though we call them shadowy and visionary, are scarcely more so than those that surround us in actual life. Doubt not, then, that man's disembodied spirit may recreate Time and the World for itself, with all their peculiar enjoyments, should there still be human yearnings amid life eternal and infinite. But I doubt whether we shall be inclined to play such a poor scene over again."

"Oh, you are ungrateful to our Mother Earth!" rejoined I. "Come what may, I never will forget her! Neither will it satisfy me to have her exist merely in idea. I want her great, round, solid self to endure interminably, and still to be peopled with the kindly race of man, whom I uphold to be much better than he thinks himself. Nevertheless, I confide the whole matter to Providence, and shall endeavor so to live, that the world may come to an end at any moment, without leaving me at a loss to find foothold somewhere else."

"It is an excellent resolve," said my companion, looking at his watch. "But come; it is the dinner hour. Will you partake of my vegetable diet?"

A thing so matter-of-fact as an invitation to dinner, even when the fare was to be nothing more substantial than vegetables and fruit, com-

pelled us forthwith to remove from the Hall of Fantasy. As we passed out of the portal, we met the spirits of several persons, whom Dr. Collyer had sent thither in the magnetic sleep. I looked back among the sculptured pillars, and at the transformations of the gleaming fountain, and almost desired that the whole of life might be spent in that visionary scene, where the actual world, with its hard angles, should never rub against me, and only be viewed through the medium of pictured windows. But, for those who waste all their days in the Hall of Fantasy, good Father Miller's prophesy is already accomplished, and the solid earth has come to an untimely end. Let us be content, therefore, with merely an occasional visit, for the sake of spiritualizing the grossness of this actual life, and prefiguring to ourselves a state, in which the Idea shall be all in all.

JINGUA.

BY G. S. BURLEIGH.

I.

Though to Submission's nobler virtue blind,
Well hast thou play'd a high, heroic part,
From the stern impulse of a lion heart,
Whose mighty throbbings could not be confined
By the weak fetters Tyranny can bind.
'T was nobly done! that deed, which tore apart
The chains which dragg'd thee to th' infernal mart, —
For there was struck a blow for human kind.
Let mail'd oppressors, deemed secure of harm,
Learn how undreamed of may the thunders burst, —
What nerve is slumbering in the Negro's arm —
And how unseen, Revenge her fires hath nursed;
And let them tremble, when they hear thy name
On dark lips whispered round, for lo, the coming flame!

II.

Yet, for thyself, Brave Man, it had been well
If thou hadst known that pure and better way,
Where trod the martyrs, bound to endless day,
From rack, and fagot, and the dungeon's cell, —
Whom meek Forgiveness, with her quiet spell,
Made bold to suffer; for not only they
Who bravely *do* for man, what do they may,
But they who DIE, show faith acceptable:
And it is better thou shouldst feel the rod
Of wrong, than wield it; drink the cup of hate
Than pour it to thy brother man; for God
Is the Avenger, and he shall not wait;
But in the darkness of thy pagan mind,
We, for thy deed of wrath, some fit excuse shall find.

III.

If it need be, when tyrants feel the blow
Of chastening vengeance, which rebukes the reign
Of sceptred wrong, strict justice to maintain
Inviolate, — that man, man's deadliest foe,
Should be the scourge of a just God; — yet wo
To the avenger of the innocent slain,
By guilty slaughter; he shall plead in vain
The unchanging fiat, which compelled to do:
Nor shall he charge on Heaven his deeds of ill;
His own dark will hath fashioned out his fate,
And on the impetuous billows of that will,
God rides in fire, to smite the guilty state:
To one like point converge man's crooked ways,
And Love and Wrath at once, work out Jehovah's praise.

PLEASANT HEIGHT, 1842.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC—BEETHOVEN'S SYMPHONIES.

BY J. S. DWIGHT.

(CONCLUDED FROM LAST NUMBER.)

Before we proceed to the other symphony, we would say something of the practice of interpreting music into words. For certainly it is quackery to pretend to have found the key or story to a symphony, so that it must suggest just that, or nothing, to one prepared to hear with the understanding. We have been told that Haydn always had some little romance or idyl in his mind when he composed a symphony; and we have frequently had music interpreted to us, almost note by note, by some ingenious and imaginative listener. But the truth is, no interpretation can suggest so much, that the music shall not suggest more; and such limitations of its meaning may sadly interfere with a simple, free and deep reception of its power and beauty. How can we hear the right key, if we have been warned to look for another? And then again, music in its very nature is the language of something which words cannot tell; yes of something which thought cannot comprehend in its narrow, rigid moulds. It begins where speech leaves off. When we have fairly entered its element, it alone is all-sufficing; it explains itself, but it transcends speech and all this defining whim of the understanding. The charm and perfection of music is, that it sets you free, that it delivers you from thought, from care, from all too individual aim or consciousness, and bids your being melt and blend with its all-permeating sentiment. You listen and are transported. It has not addressed your thoughts; it has not spread a picture before your eye; but it has changed your state; it has warmed out into living, glowing reality the dim mysterious inner world in thee, and made it the thrilling element in which all the conscious phenomena of thy more outward momentary being float. In a great piece of music you see, you imagine almost everything; it wakes a thousand different trains of thought with equal reason, it suggests a thousand scenes. In no two hearers' minds does it light up just the same phantasmagoria. One imagines this, another that; and each is right, if he do not impose his interpretation upon the rest.

Music is more or less suggestive to different hearers. The thoughts it awakens in each certainly help them to speak to each other of what they have heard, to compare notes, and recall passages, and telegraph mutually the joy they had in it by these poor signs. But then these thoughts, however decidedly suggested, were not the music; these the great ocean tossed up to each of us upon its surface, and these we could rescue and identify; but what do these tell of its great boundless roar and swell, of its unfathomable depths?

And yet it is natural, it is almost inevitable, hearing music, to associate with it some more or less distinct train of ideas; and especially, if it have the unity and logical consecutiveness of a symphony, which is the evolving of a whole harmonious multifarious world out of one simple theme, one is tempted to trace a connected story, or allegory all through it. It is easy, if the principal thema awakes any definite emotion or idea, to use this as a key to all the mysteries which follow, and to recognise some new phase of its history in each successive musical treatment. All this is well. Only this must be borne in mind: that our story is, after all, not precisely an *interpretation*, but only an allegorical *illustration* of the music. We can only say, "it *seems* to sing of this or that; it is *as if* I saw such scenes and splendors passing before me." Earnestly and significantly the mystic tones appeal to us; but never can we render back in any intelligible statement the whole which they have suggested; never can we feel that we have understood it all; always the sense thereof deepens the more the music takes possession of us; and for every mood we bring to it it answers something. To every hearer it imparts a separate, private revelation. Truly its sense is infinite. It kindles up our imagination to invent those little fictions, poems, or pictures, by which we illustrate it to ourselves, and coin its vagueness into some stamp of definiteness; — so does the purling of a brook whisper fairy tales to a poet dreaming by its margin; — but then is this the whole account of the stream of waters, or the stream of harmonies? have they not both something more to say? and is this anything more than one of the countless stories which they have in store. The most that can be done is, to weave a story or an interpretation which shall be entirely in the spirit of the music, and harmonize with it, so that the one shall predispose the mind for the other. With the inventor, therefore, if his story be a good one, be in the spirit of the music, it shows that the music has indeed deeply wrought upon him, even to the prompting of a creative activity in his own mind. With other hearers, to whom he offers his fiction as a key, it will, if not very good, prove an obstacle and

a hindrance, interfering with that perfect freedom with which the soul hears music; but if it be a true allegory, inspired really by the music, the music having had more part in it than his own idiosyncrasy or idle, accidental thoughts, then the exercise of tracing through a fancied resemblance will bring them nearer to the music, and cause them to hear it more closely, while it will not preclude any suggestions which it may make individually to each of their minds This is the true work of interpretation; the only true way in which music may be translated into thought. It must be a work of genuine poetic creation. What moved the composer to make a symphony, moves the interpreter to make a poem; out of one and the same spirit, they create in their several ways; and there will be a spiritual correspondence between the two products, so that the impression of the one will not disturb, but only illustrate that of the other. It is the office of the imagination to give form and figure to invisible, *felt* realities. It moulds its recognition of a divine essence into an image, as of Jove or Apollo. It embodies the *vague* (which speaks directly only to faith or sentiment within us) in a form appreciable to thought and sense; and this embodyment is no interpretation, but only a type and suggestion of the unutterable essence. Just the same relation must these interpretations hold to music. They are but parables, which hint of something more, namely the music. And music — *it* too is a parable, and hints of what cannot be uttered.

After this we trust we shall not be understood to profess too much in the brief and sketchy interpretation which we have given, or are about to give, of a symphony of Beethoven. Indeed, thus far, as regards the second symphony, we have only hinted at the general spirit and tone of the whole, with a few random, unconnected touches of description here and there. Of the symphony in C minor we have more to offer; but still with the understanding that it is only our own, it may be a very fanciful, or very superficial interpretation, but yet one which it will admit of. Since it took form in our mind, we have heard various other interpretations suggested by one and the other, outwardly so unlike, as to make it seem an arbitrary piece of business. But upon nearer examination it was found that all these little dramas had a common key-note, and were but so many different fables, setting forth one truth. To one it seemed to preach resolution, moral heroism; and the answering themas in the first movement were two voices, one as of one desponding on the eve of some vast undertaking, the other exhorting and encouraging; and the acme of the whole was in the triumphant march of the finale. Another calls it the "Skeptic in the honest and successful search for truth." *

* See Hach's Musical Magazine, where this idea is traced out in a most ingenious and satisfactory manner through all the modulations of the music.

Another, "Genius struggling with Nature for expression." And another, thinking all these too little and too definite, seems to hear, in its yearning, pleading, wild, upheaving ocean of harmonies, "innumerable spirits demand the crisis of their existence." Who does not see that here is at the bottom, after all, one theme: *the great life-struggle*, to each one modified by his own experience; to one presenting itself in superficial special incidents, to another generalized into a war of principles, a great life-tragedy. We all heard and felt it in those depths of our being where we are one; but as soon as we began to speak, the confusion of tongues arose. And now to these various testimonies we will add our own, and describe the symphony as it impressed ourselves. The truest account of it would be the impressions which it made upon the greatest possible number of independent hearers, carefully collated.

Beethoven had just reached the period of ripe manhood when he wrote it; that is to say, he was about thirty-seven; when all his tendencies were confirmed, when he had outgrown extraneous influences, and put all himself into his works. Imagine a man haunted, and drawn away from life's actual sympathies, by severe and tyrannizing ideals, filled with a high sense of art, with convictions of truth and beauty which no one else could understand, and which led him to say, when he met a sympathizing spirit in the young Bettine: "When I lift my eyes I must sigh, for that which I behold is against my creed; and I must despise the world, because it knows not that music is a higher revelation than science or philosophy." . . . "I have no friend — I must live all to myself; yet I know that God is nearer to me, than to others in my art." Imagine, too, a heart formed for the tenderest love, but for a love so great and earnest, that there were found none worthy of it (he had been disappointed in his affections.) Add to this, that already he was two thirds deaf, and shut out from the world, and, in his childlike want of worldly tact, subjected to the management of his "evil principle," his two crafty and selfish brothers, who taught him the habit of suspicion; — and we see that the pressure of circumstances lay heavily here upon a soul of the greatest promise; and that, if ever the great life-struggle, the contradiction between the Ideal and the Actual, occupied the soul of an artist, and drove him to his art for a solution, it did with him. Such is the symphony in question.

The subject is announced with startling distinctness at the outset, in three short emphatic repetitions of one note falling upon the third below, which is held out some time; and then the same phrase echoed, only one degree lower. This grotesque and almost absurd passage, coming in so abruptly, like a mere freak or idle dallying with sounds, fills the mind with a strange uncertainty, as it does the ear; for as yet the note is wanting, which determines the key of the piece. Still more is this vague ap-

prehension increased, when on the ground-tone of C minor this little phrase, once boldly struck, as if by chance, multiplies itself in rapid, soft reiterations, which chase each other round from voice to voice throughout the whole band, first climbing the heights of the trebles, then again down darting through the unfathomable abyss of bass. It is as if a fearful secret, some truth of mightiest moment, startled the stillness where we were securely walking, and the heavens and the earth and hell were sending back the sound thereof from all quarters, "deep calling unto deep," and yet no word of explanation. What is it? What can all this mean? What a world of earnest, strange, portentous voices we set ringing round our heads, when we chanced to stumble upon that seemingly unmeaning phrase of the three notes! Strange and unendurable suspense, dreading we know not what! Comes there no sign of hope? Yes — when the burst of mingling echoes has once spent itself, there is a moment's pause, and then the distant mellow horns take up the three notes in a higher strain, and fall into another key, the warm and confident E flat major — and on this basis the *countertheme* is introduced, a strain of sweetest love and promise, an unlocking of the springs of good affection in the soul, as if to drown all doubt. How vain! for still the ground trembles; and even now those three dread notes are never silenced; they only sink down into the bass, and there, all too audible, though deep and muffled, shake away at the foundations, and contradict the upper melodies. These are the themes.

Beethoven, explaining the *time* of those first three notes one day to a friend, said: "*So knocks Fate at the door.*" It is the dread necessity of the Actual, the limitation which meets us on all sides. It is long before the aspiring genius of man will recognise it to be a *necessity*. In vain do generous hopes and proud resolves intoxicate for a time, and banish the spectre from their charmed circle. In vain does man's genius come to his aid with glorious promises and sense of power. In vain the rising of the indomitable will, the calling on a latent immortal energy within. In vain the hours of poesy and love; the discovery so often, in the highest action of the mind, of an infinite relationship. All this is ours, and real. But so too is that vague, shadowy foe; that thing which men call Fate. It lurks in the commonest experiences of life; the child finds it in his play; strike your foot against any stone by the wayside, and the whole world rings to it. Many times we meet it, many times are baffled, ere we feel that it is one and the same power hemming us in on all sides. Vex yourself to madness with the strange problem, wrestle with the enemy till you are thrown down insensible; with returning consciousness, quietly and slily he steals upon you from behind again, (for so we may interpret those passages of the music, where, after all the forces of the orchestra have spent themselves in a long, furious burst, there is a pause as of exhaustion, and the theme sets in again in a low tone from a single instrument.) On every side the problem challenges us. In our thinkings and in our strivings it cuts short the conclusion. In the sweetest and securest love-passages, in the bud of the rose, still it lurks, as in that sweet horn melody in the *countertheme*. And such is life — this perpetual, alarming pressure of a vague power from without; this struggle with we know not what; sweetened and relieved, however, by many a melody of love and hope: stern, mysterious demands sounding deep within us, like a last trump, while mingled strains of love and hope and pity flow forth to blend the sharp quick calls into a more human melody, winding gracefully around them, like beautiful innocence, flinging herself around the neck of the stern avenger to intercede for the condemned. It is in vain to describe how all this is worked up in the second division of the allegro. The whole movement seems to represent the genius of man in conflict with necessity — man pleading and wrestling with the iron limitations which rise up against him, chafing with his half-fledged immortal wings against the bars of the Actual. Many details of beauty might be singled out; but who cares to see a single figure cut out from its relative position in a great painting, say the "Last Judgment" of Michael Angelo? Once the struggling forces seem exhausted, and the whole orchestra rocks and pants and groans, while the conflict renews itself by fits; and when the theme swells up again into a long, loud crash upon the dominant, it dies away in an earnest, prayer-like cadenza from the *oböe* alone, in which you seem to hear the Good Genius entreating: "Now, kind heaven, grant that this may be the last!" and you hope to hear it pass out into the clear and tranquil perfect key of C major. In vain! still the minor third! the conflict is reversed. Necessity prevails, and man must own it and be reconciled. There is peace even in *that*. To this consummation the musical conflict perseveres; after a sweet streaming forth of all the blended wind-instruments, the last sounding out of the mysterious three notes is with the consent of the whole orchestra.

And now has the difficulty been looked in the face. Soon must the solution come. Man's struggle with destiny, could he understand it, is nothing but his want of harmony with himself. He has a great lesson to learn: he must *renounce*. The Fate he dreads is only the moral law, — the law he does not love — in terrible disguise. He must renounce and obey; be content to be faithful to himself, and not ask for the reward, which is in Heaven's keeping. This victory once gained over himself, and Fate and his will now are one voice. So sings the *andante*, stately and grave, yet full of tenderness, like the chorus in an old Greek tragedy, chanting the moral of the piece, in the intervals of the action, and celebrating the dignity and

beauty of the law. It seems to be a lyric exposition, both of the appalling difficulties and of the absolute beauty of the principle of self-sacrifice, the terrors and the splendors of the cross. How wisely do the manly and yet tender tones of the violoncello discourse! With what sober certainty the theme is taken up and varied by the earnest, reedy sounds of the bassoon! How it is insisted and insisted upon with a heavenly authority, as if it were an angel speaking, and bidding us moreover listen to the starry spheres, and to all the winds and woods and waters, and satisfy ourselves that the whole heavens and earth are full of confirmation, that deep calleth unto deep, and the stars sing together of *this* truth also. In that strange passage, where there is a monotonous rustling for some bars, alternately in the violins and the basses, and which seems to have no meaning, save to effect as much novelty as possible, and carry our thoughts far away from all that has gone before, yet how strangely steals in, in a remote mysterious key, the same theme! as much as to say. "If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy voice reach me." There are passages of deepest grief and despondency heard ever and anon in the pauses of the discourse; the bitter price is weighed; and the prayer involuntarily escapes: "let the cup pass from me." But the sufferings are but for the present time; the safety and beauty of the principle shines out high over all; the truth is glorified; the soul is full of confidence. All this is, as it could only be, in the religious key of A flat major.

And since allusion has been made to the old Greek drama, in which Fate always plays principal part, I may trace some fancied analogy between what is thus far described of the symphony, and an idea once suggested to me concerning the "Eumenides" of Æschylus. In the first scene of that drama we have Orestes pursued by the Furies into the temple of Apollo. The Furies sleep while he prostrates himself before the statue of the god. What is this but man forgetting his daily persecutors, the tormenting cares of the Actual, while he gives himself up to his genius? (Apollo, god of genius!) Genius in its glowing hour rises above all earthly troubles; but not effectually, not permanently. It is a struggle — and we have the music of it in the allegro movement. Apollo sends him to consult Minerva. Genius cannot save a man; he has need of wisdom. And would not the *andante*, if it could be translated and congealed into permanent marble, rise before us pure and calm and lofty, in terrible beauty, Minerva! goddess of Wisdom and of heroic Will.

What can be said of the wonderful music of the *Scherzo*, which comes next, — such impetuous, reckless strength, and yet such weakest tenderness, — such restlessness, and yet such sure and steady preparation and progress towards the acme of the whole, the glorious *Triumphal March!* It would seem as if the wisdom, which has been sung, were now to be embodied in some glorious deed; as if the artist were gathering up his strength to crowd all the lesson of his life, resolutely, into one soul-satisfying, complete revelation of art; with a Titan's strength to cast off the weight of the ideal which oppressed him, by action *as* ideal, and prove that, with all that Hamlet had, his also was the strength which Hamlet had not. Playfully and capriciously he dallies awhile in the Scherzo as if with sense of abundant riches, with the light-hearted consciousness of having solved the riddle, yet earnest as before, starting and stopping suddenly, resolving and musing by turns, in a fever of preparation, yet sure of what is coming. He only waits the breeze; it is already rising; the sails flutter about in all directions, until the main current of the air shall fill them and decide the course. It is all a sort of loose sketching as in preparation for the glorious utterance in art which he has in mind, but which has not quite yet taken form. How the *basses* labor and tug in broken efforts; though baffled oft, they carry the point at last, for there is abundant strength, and the thing is fated, only wait the fulness of time! Hark! has not the happy moment arrived? The spell of inspiration is upon him — a mysterious murmur comes from the depths of the orchestra — then a light tilting movement of the upper melodies, as if ready to break away, — a swinging to and fro of the good ship, with her sails all set and filled, while only one rope holds her to the land: it snaps! and away she shoots triumphantly. It is the march, the magnificent *Finale*, which bursts forth in the key of C major, in the full noonday blaze of light, and carries with it such a swarming, crowding wealth of melodies and harmonies, and moves with such a mighty onsweep, that all things open before it, and are swept on with it in its wake. Again and again, with grander energy and richer harmony the theme is repeated; thoughts innumerable keep crowding out, as if the uncontainable impulse never could exhaust itself; as if the composer never could get out the mighty thought which fired his soul. Again and again is the closing chord reiterated, as if he stamped upon the ground from very impatience, as if he could not consent to stop and leave so much unsaid.

And is this all? O no! the impression which Beethoven always leaves upon us is that there is *more, more!* A boundless striving to pronounce the unutterable, to embrace the infinite, is the sentiment of all his music; and the hearer, spell-bound, must follow the heaven-storming Titan, as far as his strength holds out.

And here I may add words which Bettine reports Beethoven to have said to her. If he did not say it in words, he certainly did repeatedly in his music:

"The mind," said he, "would embrace all thoughts, both high and low, and embody them

into one stream of sensations, all sprung from simple melody, and without the aid of its charms doomed to die in oblivion. This is the unity, which lives in my symphonies — numberless streamlets meandering on in endless variety of shape, but all diverging into one common bed. Thus it is I feel that there is an indefinite something, an eternal, an infinite to be attained; and although I look upon my works with a foretaste of success, yet I cannot help wishing, like a child, to begin my task anew, at the very moment when my thundering appeal to my hearers seems to have forced my musical creed upon them, and thus to have exhausted the insatiable cravings of my soul after the '*beau ideal*.'"

And again he said (what seems to contain the whole moral of the symphony we have been reviewing): "Would you know the true principle on which the arts may be won? It is to bow to their immutable terms; to lay all passion and vexation of spirit prostrate at their feet, and to approach the divine presence with a mind so calm and so void of littleness, as to be ready to receive the dictates of Fantasy and the revelations of Truth."

LENORE.

BY EDGAR ALLAN POE.

Ah, broken is the golden bowl!
The spirit flown forever!
Let the bell toll! — A saintly soul
Glides down the Stygian river!
And let the burial rite be read —
The funeral song be sung —
A dirge for the most lovely dead
That ever died so young!
And, Guy De Vere,
Hast *thou* no tear?
Weep now or nevermore!
See, on yon drear
And rigid bier,
Low lies thy love Lenore!

"Yon heir, whose cheeks of pallid hue
With tears are streaming wet,
Sees only, through
Their crocodile dew,
A vacant coronet —
False friends! ye loved her for her wealth
And hated her for her pride,
And, when she fell in feeble health,
Ye blessed her — that she died.
How *shall* the ritual, then, be read?
The requiem *how* be sung
For her most wrong'd of all the dead
That ever died so young?"

Peccavimus!
But rave not thus!
And let the solemn song
Go up to God so mournfully that *she* may feel no wrong!
The sweet Lenore
Hath "gone before"
With young hope at her side,
And thou art wild
For the dear child
That should have been thy bride —
For her, the fair
And debonair,
That now so lowly lies —
The life still there
Upon her hair,
The death upon her eyes.

" Avaunt! — to-night
My heart is light —
No dirge will I upraise,
But waft the angel on her flight
With a Pæan of old days!
Let *no* bell toll!
Lest her sweet soul,
Amid its hallow'd mirth,
Should catch the note
As it doth float
Up from the damned earth —
To friends above, from fiends below, th' indignant ghost is riven —
From grief and moan
To a gold throne
Beside the King of Heaven!"

NEWSPAPERS.

BY JOHN NEAL.

The mightiest engine of our day is a Newspaper. What are armies and treasuries, navies and forts, and magazines and foundries, or senate-chambers and *laws*, in comparison with newspapers — where newspapers are free? Of what avail are public meetings or combinations, or conspiracies, or revolutions indeed, where newspapers are not free?

They are not so much the organs, or the expounders, or reservoirs, as they are the generators of public opinion.

We are a newspaper-people. With us, newspapers are the fourth power of the state — or rather the *first* power, swallowing up all other powers. They are the president-makers — the lawgivers — the judiciary — the supreme executive — with a pardoning power beyond all that was ever claimed for any earthly sovereign.

What the newspapers of a land like ours agree to uphold — becomes thereby established. What they combine to denounce — whether in morals or in manners, in literature or in science, in law, physic, or divinity, cannot live. To be troubled with a bad epitaph *after* your death, is bad enough; but to be haunted by a bad epitaph while you are yet alive and breathing — to have it burnt into your forehead — branded upon your very door-posts — and literally hawked about the streets, and cried by the newspaper-boys — that, we take it, is a little too bad. Yet newspapers do this continually; and one might as well be buried alive, as offend them, unless like Mr. Cooper, he chooses to make a fool of himself, by punishing them as they deserve.

Show us a man — or an action — or a law, good, bad, or indifferent, which the newspapers, banding together, may not make hateful or praiseworthy, according to their own good pleasure, in the estimation of the great multitude, who read nothing but newspapers; and we will undertake to show you a race of "anthropophagi, or men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders," just back of the hill yonder.

People so love to see themselves in print!
"A book 's a book although there 's nothing in 't."

Hence every body rushes into print through the newspapers; and what is still more alarming, although everybody knows this, nobody's faith in newspapers would ever appear to be shaken — except in matters of fact. A man whose opinions upon any subject — even upon the times, or the weather, or upon matters and things in general, would neither be listened to — nor tolerated — much less repeated, if uttered by the mouth, has only to whip into the nearest newspaper-office, and write down, what he durst not say aloud for his life, lest he should make himself ridiculous forever — under a fictitious name, or editorially, to find himself quoted on 'Change, or perhaps in the halls of legislation, before the sun goes down — to the unspeakable amusement, not only of the man himself, but of all who knew him best. These things are of daily occurrence. We could mention a score of prodigies, who have become terrible — in spite of themselves — by writing anonymously for the newspapers.

Again — forty-nine fiftieths of all the papers in our country, belong to a party; even those which pretend to be neutral, are always changing with the subscription-list; and speaking more or less plainly — now on this side, now

on that, and now on both, according to the "*Books.*" And all papers belonging to a party are either advocates or partisans; else the party would not acknowledge them, nor even trust them within their houses. As advocates or partisans, they are of course one-sided — so that no man expects the truth of them. And when by chance, a newspaper, supposed to belong to a party, ventures to speak above its breath of anything questionable in the doings thereof; or the simple truth of any man, or of any measure, not of its party — it is always believed to be turning, and from that hour, is looked upon with distrust, and narrowly watched.

And what is the consequence? A man who loves a newspaper for itself — who understands its capabilities — who knows, that, by the help of newspapers alone, if they are honestly and ably carried on, he may educate a family, gets afraid of them, and is obliged either to give them up altogether, or to confine himself to business-papers, which he must have, and cannot do without — mere catalogues, shipping lists, advertisements, and price-currents — or to double and triple the dose, and take newspapers on both sides and on all sides — at a prodigious waste of time and patience, and money — before he can make up his mind whether the chief magistrate of the union, with all the heads of departments are so many demi-gods or idiots — knaves, blockheads or madmen — worthy of a treadmill, or a lunatic asylum, or of temples and altars: whether they are statesmen or blundering schemers — philosophers or visionaries — orators and reasoners, or clamorous fools, who have been qualified for lawgivers by the whims of a people — ten thousand times their superiors in wisdom, understanding and experience. For, to the People, mark you — to the very *People* who have chosen these wretched dolts — and garrulous, wheezing, superannuated zanies — both sides appeal for confirmation of what they say; affecting the profoundest veneration for the wisdom and honesty of those, the very best of whom, when called apart and consecrated to the service of their country in her halls of legislation, they set down for addle-headed nincompoops.

Luckily for mankind, however, these combinations among the newspapers rarely happen, to any great extent, except for political purposes — and *then!* — lo, the changes that have taken place in the opinions and policy of our general government, upon all the great questions of the age within the last five and twenty years; — upon commerce — manufactures — taxation — banking — negro-slavery — state-rights — and executive power — what are they, after all, but a record of newspaper-adjudications for the same period?

On other occasions, where they combine to cry up a new actor, or to cry down a new author; to bring about a war; to drive a man into a duel by questioning his courage, and then, by making mouths at him to get him indicted; to disturb John Quincy Adams, or Mr. Cooper, the novelist, in their glorious self-complacency; to establish a reputation for Brandreth, or Swaim, or Mrs. Restall, or Dr. Williams, the oculist, or a new razor strop — our only safety, as a people, thinking or unthinking, lies in the fact, that they never pull together for a long time, and that there are upon the average, about as many papers of established reputation upon the one side as upon the other, of every possible question.

But — the Quarterly Review, Captain Trollope, and our amiable friend Boz to the contrary, notwithstanding — these newspaper comforts are by no means peculiar to our country — although, newspapers here, as everywhere else on earth, are essentially characteristic of the People, and are no more capable of being interchanged than are their laws and customs. Our worst papers are no worse than scores to be found in England — our best, quite equal to the ablest in Great Britain; though, in two or three particulars, inferior, while in others they are greatly superior, to those of France and Germany. The great body of them, constituting as they do the *People's Library*, are so essentially American, that they belong to our institutions, just as much as our system of equal rights, or representation. They are part and parcel of *Ourselves*, and with all their faults, have a strong and healthy influence upon the public mind. Not that our newspapers are what they ought to be — or what they will be, after a few years have gone by; but then, they are suited to our present wants, they correspond with the present condition of our people, and are in fact so many maps and charts of the public mind — of its ever-shifting currents of opinion — of its ever-changing purposes and character — of our hopes and our wishes. Would you have advertisements of new goods continued for a twelvemonth? a list of shipping-intelligence, or of deaths and marriages, or of auction sales stereotyped? Then why ask of a newspaper in this country, that it should retain its shape, title, editor, politics or opinions, for a single twelvemonth? Where all the elements of society are in everlasting commotion — would you make a landmark of a newspaper? Where the people are the Sovereigns, and the newspapers their unquestioned Ministers, would you have them follow the fashions, or arrangements common among a people over sea — our elder brethren, if you please — where newspapers, though powerful for some purposes, are powerless for all others — where the more vigorous and sprightly are forever shaking in their shoes, if her majesty's attorney-general but looks hard at them — while the average humdrums of the day never turn to the right nor left, for a dozen years upon the stretch?

Here, no prosecution could be maintained for a slander upon the government, or the heads of the government: here, it never enters our heads to believe that a newspaper could sow sedition or bring the powers that be into contempt — or that it is ever worth the while of a great man

to appeal to the courts for redress against any, even the most wicked and slanderous falsehood, circulated to his prejudice. A few months, and all these lies are forgotten and laughed at for capital jokes; and even while most active, appearing as they always do in political papers, they are sure to be disbelieved, whether true or false, probable or improbable, by at least one half of the whole reading population of the country — and to be credited by the other half, conditionally, as it were, until the election is over, or the party slandered has been chafed or bullied into "defining his position."

Over sea, on the contrary — in that land, which we are supposed by the newspaper story-tellers, and police-reporters of the day, who may happen to find themselves here with their passages paid, to have always in our eye; and whose fashions in everything — even in newspapers — these gentry hold it to be little better than high treason for us not to follow blindfold; although — a newspaper may now and then venture to charge its anointed sovereign with murdering his daughter and poisoning his wife, as in the case of George the Fourth, the princess Charlotte, and Caroline of Brunswick; and although at another time, it may go so far as to charge one of the blood royal, the Duke of Cambridge, for instance, with ever so many horrible crimes, murder, among the rest; and half the noble houses of the land with bastardy; and although hundreds of the most respectable newspapers of the empire, may give the loathsome details of such a case as that of Queen Caroline — at full length — day after day, and week after week; with all the minute particulars of Colonel Berkley's cohabitation with Miss Foote, before he married her off to a nobleman of high rank — or of Edmund Kean's beastly licentiousness and more beastly love-letters — of Harriet Wilson's amours, and of other cases never heard of, nor alluded to in an American newspaper — for since the foundation of this republic, we have not had so many as a dozen trials for *crim. con.* among people of any consideration or standing in society, and no case whatever corresponding with those which happen daily in and about London, and are repeated in all the London newspapers — Although these things may happen, have happened, and do happen daily, as things of course in England, and sometimes without being followed by prosecution; — still the law has its terrors there, and, on the whole, may be regarded as a wholesome and proper restraint upon the newspapers. Set them above the law there — as they are here: enable them to cast off all fear — as they do sometimes, finding prosecutions profitable, and penalties only a cheaper way of advertising — and in no one particular are they a single whit more generous or truthful, or dignified, or courteous, than the basest of ours. Unprincipled blackguards at the best, their cowardice and treachery, their filthiness and their falsehood are all of a piece.

Time was, when, like the French, we had but few newspapers; and they were written for by the ablest men of the country, without pay. At the outbreak of the revolutionary war, and after the treaty of eighty-three, up to the consummation of their great work, our whole literature was a newspaper literature, and the strongest minds, and best hearts alive, were engaged in wholesome newspaper controversies that shook the world. The Adamses, the Otises, the Franklins, the Hamiltons, the Jeffersons, the Madisons, the Jays — were always at work upon the public mind, through the newspapers.

And then, after this — up to about the year 1812, when there were not in the whole of these United States, peradventure, so many as half a dozen editors employed — proprietors being their own editors, and almost always printers, depending upon gratuitous, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, upon anonymous contributions, and extracts from one another to make up their sheets — papers went on multiplying over the land, as a mere experiment in business — a new branch in the book-trade or job-printing — till every village in the country had its one, two, or three, and sometimes its half a score of newspapers; most of which were never heard of at the end of a twelvemonth, when the subscription fell due, and *patrons* were asked for something more than their names.

About this time, editors began to be thought of, at a regular salary. Proprietors were common enough, who were called editors, and occasionally wrote a paragraph or a *stickfull* — or perhaps an essay — there was Duane, for example, and Alexander Hanson, and Colman, and Major Russell — but there were no editors, properly speaking, till about the time of Paul Allen's appearance in Bronson's United States Gazette.

Since then, although newspapers have multiplied like the frogs of Egypt — in worth as well as in quantity — they have been gradually and steadily growing better. Hardly one of the whole two thousand now flourishing — after a fashion peculiar to newspapers — within our boundaries, would permit such poetry, or such prose indeed, to appear in their columns (always excepting political papers and quack advertisements) as made up the larger part of our best magazines and book-literature, forty years ago.

Two thousand newspapers! Let us see what they cost our people, and how good a penny-worth they get for their money.

Suppose each paper to have upon the average, one thousand subscribers — an estimate below the truth, if we consider the present price of the most popular; hardly a fourth part of what they were a dozen years ago; let us take for their average cost to the reader, three dollars a year, including postage, a moderate computation, certainly, when we take into view the dailies and high-priced weeklies — then have

we, for the yearly cost of each newspaper, which somebody must pay for, the wronged printer, the wronged type-founder, or the wronged paper-maker, no less a sum than three thousand dollars. This, multiplied by two thousand, the total number of newspapers published in our country, (Vattemar collected specimens of more than that number,) gives a grand total of six millions of dollars for the yearly cost of this fourth estate to the American people! Add the time wasted with newspapers — and the tax would be trebled. And then, what becomes of these newspapers? — Of the *five hundred millions of copies*, *at least*, circulating over the whole length and breadth of the land, at the rate of more than a million and a half per day, forty-nine fiftieths perish with the going down of the sun. Not one in a thousand, or perhaps in ten thousand, is to be found alive at the end of a week — and before a month is over, the only copy on earth, must be looked for on the proprietor's file, or in the hands of a collector.

And yet, with all this worthlessness and waste, who that knows their true value, would venture to say that newspapers cost this country more than they are worth? People read newspapers who read nothing else. People read newspapers *when* and *where* they read nothing else. To the great body of our men, women and children, a newspaper is a drama of the universe. To call it the World, or the Times, or the Globe, or the Sun, is by no means to overstate its value in their eyes. To them it is the only World they are acquainted with; a Sun, without which they and their families, would grope in darkness forever. Of the Times, either in the old world or the new, what know they, but by the help of the newspapers? They have no books beyond the Bible, an almanac, or a stray Thomas-à-Kempis, or Josephus, or a tattered copy of Noah Webster's Third Part — and how would they be able to guess at the doings of the rest of the world — at the rise and fall of empire — the condition of Europe — or the progress of knowledge — ay, or of what their own rulers were doing for them, but for the newspapers? There are ten millions of people in these United States, who never heard of the invasion of Russia, nor the overthrow of Napoleon — nor of Napoleon himself — except through the newspapers; and who, at this hour, but for the newspapers, would not know that such a man ever existed, to say nothing of the ten thousand sceptred shadows, that have appeared and disappeared upon the thrones of the world within the last half century.

Do our newspapers cost us too much, then, even at this price?

But perhaps it may be said — the reason why your people have no books, is because they have so many newspapers; and newspapers wont keep.

Worthy of profound consideration. *But* for our newspapers, it may be, that our people would have libraries of their own — family libraries — bequeathable from sire to son. The merchant of New York, or Philadelphia, or New Orleans, where they are still more extravagant, who takes half a dozen daily papers — and multitudes are they who take a dozen or twenty — pays at least sixty dollars a year, and with postages, about seventy-five. Let him continue this for twenty years, and he will have expended *fifteen hundred dollars*, which, with the accumulated interest, will amount at the end of that time, to about *two thousand dollars* — sufficient to purchase a library large enough and good enough for any household purposes. And what has he to show for this? Nothing.

Yet more; newspaper reading, to the busy man, whose time is money, and to whom good books and maps, and large libraries are accessible, is the idlest of all reading. It is in fact such an undeniable waste of time, that men of business in our large cities — like editors — never think of *reading* a newspaper; or if they do, are never to be caught in the fact. You might as well hope to catch a physician taking his own medicines, or a vintner drinking his own wines, or a lawyer pleading his own cause.

After all, therefore, what is to be done? That newspapers in this country are not what they ought to be, is true. That they are altogether too numerous and too worthless — taking them together, in the lump, notwithstanding a hundred exceptions — that in most cases they are alike ruinous to the proprietors and the paper-maker, wearisome to the reader and exhausting to the hearer — is also true. That a much wiser application of money and time might be made, by men of business and of leisure, in the neighborhood of books and libraries, than they now make under pretence of informing themselves and their families, is also true. But what of that — what of all this? If the question to be decided is, whether we shall have our two thousand newspapers, with all their faults, at the expense of twenty millions a year, if you please, instead of six; or no newspapers — or even a system of newspapers like that of any other people upon earth, even of that people who are held up to us so modestly by one of themselves, for a pattern, beyond which and above which, it were vain to think of going, then say we, give us our American newspapers! — for the same reason that we would cry, give us our equal distribution of wealth, of learning, or of intelligence, of political power, of rights and duties — of air and water — with no overgrown capitalists in either.

But is there no help for the evils that are acknowledged to exist in our newspaper-system? Must the whole be torn up by the roots — or must we leave it untouched — unprofaned — till it overspreads the whole land with its rank and frightful luxuriance? For ourselves, we hope much in this matter. Our newspapers are wonderfully improved within the last dozen

years. Still greater changes are in progress. Magazines are still to do the work of newspapers, in a department which, on account of their convenience and cheapness, they have hitherto monopolized; and newspapers are to extend themselves into new departments of science and the arts, and to become *profitable* and respectable; fewer in number, but ten thousand times worthier to be held in remembrance, and to be found in the workshops and about the fire-sides of the people — where they have heretofore held undisturbed possession.

But of these things more hereafter.

SONG.

BY HENRY PETERS.

I.

O, moonlight deep and tender,
A year and more agone,
Your mist of golden splendor
On my betrothal shone!

II.

O, elmleaves dark and dewy,
The very same ye seem;
The cool wind trembles through ye,
And blissfully ye gleam!

III.

O, river dim with distance,
Flow thus forever by;
A part of my existence
Within your heart doth lie!

IV.

O, stars, ye saw our meeting,
Two beings and one soul,
Two hearts so madly beating
To mingle and be whole!

V.

O, happy night, deliver
Her kisses back to me,
Or keep them all, and give her
A happy dream of me!

DREAM-LOVE.

BY I. B. WRIGHT.

"For several virtues
Have I liked several women, never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she had
And put it to the foil." *Tempest.*

"Seems? madam, nay it is: I know not seems —
For I have that within which passes show." *Hamlet.*

THESE are desultory leaves from my journal — and are of necessity the hasty transcripts of passages of feeling and emotion out of my actual life. I am a poor painter — what a world is embodied in those two short words. How much of disappointed aspiration, of fruitless hope — how much of broken plans and unsupplied needs — how much of misery and how much

of happiness. This world hath been the hull of many joys and priceless delights, but it hath also had its severe privations and its weary tasks.

The poor moth which hath just burned its filmy wings in the flame of my candle, and fallen a sacrifice to its love for the beautiful hath often seemed a true type of my own life. Thus have I fluttered around this one great luminous idea — Art — in its light, is joy — but in its flame, death.

To say that nature hath shapen me for an artist, is to say — that the sensibility of my organization renders me susceptible to many a jar, which those of colder temperament and of harsher senses call morbidness and dreaming. But for all this, I could not live without this sensibility, for out of it grow refined and lofty feelings and senses of beauty, deprived of which, this world would be a blank. Nature hath so counterbalanced pain with pleasure, and rewards with trials, that I have now learned to believe that every seeming evil is but the rough bark of an actual good. To my surprise, this conviction has given a perfume to many a nauseous weed.

I am a dreamer — well, scoff not at me — our dreams are the best and truest portion of our life — and you too, who pride yourself on being a plain matter of fact man, are the greatest dreamer of the two. Our hopes are dreams, our plans are dreams — our thoughts are dreams — love is a dream — life is a dream — and sin a blindness without dreams. You think you are better than I — well — I know that if you have no dreams, I would not take your world for the wealth of Ormus and Ind. Of this inward life of dreams, I shall now give you a heliotype.

Our acts and outward expressions are but weak symbols of that inner life, which underlies them and sends the vital sap through every motion and thought and deed. How little of our life we tell; how little can we fashion. The conflicts of emotion and passion with judgment and resolution — the sudden flashes of hope that the imagination congeals into facts — the tampering with desires — the dallying with doubtful purposes and impulses — the air-castles and day-dreams in which our wishes shape themselves — these are our real life and these are never told. One word has often opened to us a world; one act has set the whole moral and intellectual mechanism in motion; one thought has condensed into a moment the experience of years. Mahomet's dream did not globe into a minute, more of life, than every one has known in the same space of time. But these things we never tell. Our hours of anguish and tribulation under the shadow of night, none know who see us smiling in the day. One owes it to society and to his neighbor not to bring his sorrows into the glare of life. "Go and see Carlin the harlequin," said a physician to a patient who had consulted him to obtain a remedy for morbid sorrow and hypochondria. "Alas, I am that unhappy man," said he.

The turning points of our existence occur often suddenly, and exhibit themselves to no eye. Even we ourselves do not foresee that this or that simple act may be to us a life-long influence. There come to us sudden revelations, and then long barren intervals. Our life contains a thousand imagined lives, which are as true as those we actually live. One train of ideas and feelings may exist and modify our being for months and years, and our life may be double — the actual which is seen of men — the ideal which works in our own soul. So Goethe called his autobiography, "truth and fiction out of my life," knowing well that both were actual and could not be separated in a true account of his inward experience.

I have taken from my journal, these almost continuous pages. They reveal a life, which had no external act or expression, but which grew day after day, silently, and then decayed.

May 25th. — To night is a mild spring night. Towards evening I took my usual stroll. The trees are budding and bursting into tender leaves; the grass is fresh and delicate, and those vaguely passing days of spring have come again. Somehow it seems to me as if the heart of man recognised the arrival and passage of the seasons; and inwardly became obedient to that law of nature, by which nature tenders its foliage and greenness to spring, its luxuriance to summer, its fruitage and accomplishment to autumn, and then withdrawing into itself in the winter, stands calm and still, and hath no outward glory. As the spring blossoms are wooed out of the harsh bark by the soft spring air — so from the soul swarm forth in these spring days a thousand vague hopes and promises and desires, which cluster around us. In summer comes the stillness of repose and the exhausted luxuriance of feeling; in autumn the perfecting of our plans, and the maturing of our hopes to a definite purpose; and in winter the thoughtful elaboration and the patient investigation of the intellect and imagination.

The orange sunset streamed athwart the river, which lay calm and deepened into glory with its light. The clouds stretched in purplish bars across the horizon, and over them and between the pale chalcedony of the upper sky, lay a yellowish green sea of tender light — all was misty and beautiful, and incited reverie. I strolled along twirling my cane and now and then striking a stone from my path. I grew sadder as the twilight faded and the thought grew up within me, that of all the many who smiled and bowed around me, no one kind true heart beat for me. I knew not one that loved me. Nothing did I see but that cold and glittering smile which society teaches us. Between the trees in the park the multitude was swarming, like ants that the warm sun brings forth. Looking down the long vista I beheld their parti-colored dresses mingling together in motley groups, passing and repassing, and weaving living chains between the intervening

trees. Here a ring of children gathered around one of the stationary seats leaning upon their hoops, there a pair of sauntering lovers from whose hearts the spring wooed forth new hopes, and there the even pace of stern-browed men, who had crept out of their working cells into the warm evening. Now a shout of laughter or a loud whoop came from the not less wild hearts of boys, and now the slow rolling wheel of a barouche came rattling by. Faces of all sorts were to be seen — old and young — sad and gay — the lawyer and the maid-servant — the beggar and the fashionable lady — merit in rags — folly in fine clothes — giggling girls and nonsensical flatterers beside them — so the world goes.

All day long I have been painting on my group of children, and when I walked out it was with the purpose of studying the young faces which I was sure to see. One must always have an aim, even in his amusements, and this habit of art I do not doff when I leave my room. I sat myself down on one of the stationary seats to watch the motions and expressions of a group of children who were playing beside me. Every one of them made me ashamed of my day's work — every one of them possessed that unity and harmony for which I had been toiling in vain. I could only see how measurelessly above art is nature. I could only think of the many slow steps with which art strives to build up that certainty and truth of expression, which nature makes to vibrate over the face incessantly. Who could paint the broken varying transparent bloom upon that child's cheek, that comes and goes like the breathing of a colored wind? There I sat an hour studying and pining at the inability of my pencil fitly to embody that which my eye could see in every face. A kind nature blessed me, however, yet a sigh remained at last in the bottom of my heart, like the dregs at the bottom of the wine glass, when I thought of the distance, which intervened between the thought and the thing — the conception and its accomplishment.

I was thus sitting — half dreamily and pondering these things, when I heard L——'s kind voice behind me. He touched me on the shoulder, and said —

"What are you thinking of? how sad you look; come, get up and go home with me to tea."

He put his arm within mine, and we strolled along together. What a bright, happy fellow he is! We talked about all sorts of things and I soon was in a perfectly ridiculous mood. How can I help lingering o'er every little act and word that then occurred! What a white and sunny fleck was I to see upon this motley life! And yet so unconcious of what was to happen, and in so foolish a mood was I, that I cannot cease wondering at the whole affair.

When we entered his parlor, I saw that there were two persons present. Mrs. L. recognised me and spoke instantly. The other person stood with her back towards me, half leaning over the marble pier-table and holding up in her hand a small green glass which contained some violets and lilies of the valley. As soon as Mrs. L. spoke, she turned round upon me a pair of large dark eyes. I cannot account for my sensations, but I declare to God, I felt the whole world swim before me. I struggled in vain to speak, stammered, blushed, then stepped back over a cricket which nearly threw me down. I then sat down, but I was perfectly distracted — said no, when I should have said yes, and I believe made a complete fool of myself. I could not take my eyes off from that soft mild face, that was before me. My eyes wandered over her lithe, graceful person. I watched the evening air stir and dally with those ringlets of brownish golden hair, which were disparted from her clear temples, and those still, deep eyes seemed to hold me with a magic spell. Her complexion was clear and slightly touched with color, and madonna like in its calm, pensive cast. A bluish ribbon was banded across her head, and in it was wreathed one of the lily's pagoda of white bells. She said nothing, but looked out of the window and watched the passers-by, for a time, and then left the room. My whole mind and soul went with her. We sat talking an hour — we drank our tea, and still she came not. At last, the door opened and some one entered — it was she — I felt my heart palpitate — she spoke — and a thrill went over me, like a wind's breath over the surface of a still lake. What a charm there is in a musical voice — I felt that it was all over with me again. Yes, I am again drifting out upon that unknown sea. What should she be to me or I to her? To-morrow, and this dream, like a thousand others, will be nothing to me.

We sat without a light in the dusk of this mild May evening. I could not see her face, and she but seldom spoke. But when she did speak, the whole room grew full of music and the darkness melted away. She was like the girl in the fairy tale from whose lips pearls and diamonds dropped with every word. Yet it was not what she said — I do not remember a word of her conversation — but there was some magic with which she charmed me. There without sight we sat and she wove about me a silver net, and bore me hither and thither as the wind bears a cloud. She moved her lips, and the senseless dumb air that wandered about the room, seemed alive, and like an invisible bird to sing its pleasant songs to me. This was too much. I jumped up, said a hasty good-by, and groped out of the room. The cool breeze was delicious — I beat my forehead and ran at full speed down the street. I have just come home and written all this down. How flat it is!

May 26th. — All this morning I have been painting, and never have ceased from the beguiling of that last night's voice. Fool that I am! How busy has my fancy been. Yet, could I help it, if a thousand day-dreams flocked around me, and bedecked and glittered luminously round my way, like the phosphoric sparkles that I so often have watched flashing from the keel of a

boat at night — if I framed long conversations, during which, I forgot almost to paint — if I dreamed of gurgling brooks traversing the thick gloom of a noon-shaded wood, while we lay upon the sward and read together, or dallied with the summer noons — if I remembered our everlasting sea, and thought when we stood there together, how we would feel and speak, as we saw the rolling surf plunge all along the shelving sand. If I imagined this and a thousand other scenes, was it my fault? Moving to this inward sense, my hand could not but be successful, and I never painted better, only I have made the female figure look like her, and I see that last night has modified all my picture.

Where can she have been that I never saw her before? All this evening I walked about hoping to meet her. I now shall read myself to sleep with Leigh Hunt's story of Rimini.

May 27th. — What a delicious story is the story of Rimini! I read it until my eyelids drooped, and I fell asleep — but my dream was as matter-of-fact, as if all poetry had been wiped away from the earth. I had hoped that I should dream of her, but owing to an overstraining of my mind upon one thought, the reaction induced an utter forgetfulness. Hazlitt says, that he don't believe he ever loved, because he never dreamed of the person that he thought he loved by day. Dreams seem to be a mirage of the whole spiritual landscape — our experience lifted out of the actual world on to a more airy platform, and are but the foreshortened shadows of our hopes. Our life of dreams seems to hang like the clouds between heaven and earth, and is as easily dispelled. Gleams of a higher world interpenetrate and interfuse the facts of this. It seems at times as if a thousand mad shuttles were weaving tangled flowers and grotesque arabesques, into a tissue of Gobelin tapestry. Our dreams at least reveal our nature — for stupid persons will be stupid even asleep, and genius then runs its wildest vagaries. What absurd consequences we draw from the most simple premises — what absurd premises we assume to draw the wisest inferences. How singularly the old and the new, the true and the false, the ridiculous and the sorrowful are blended together. How many paths stretch away into void and vague nothingness, how many sudden turnings there are that change all things in a moment! To this phantasmagoria of our dream-life, all works of fancy appeal — all the grotesque and supernatural, are therein first suggested; and our Arabian nights — our Hoffman's Phantasie-Stücke — our Calibans and Ariels — would mean nothing to us if we did not dream. People who do not dream, therefore, do not relish these freaks of the imagination and find fairy stories very dull and uninteresting. Gothic architecture, with its endless vagaries of form, its constantly deviating outline, its grinning masks and croquets, its arabesques and painted windows, might perhaps be called the organized dream in the long sleep of the middle ages.

I must make to myself a life of dreams, and live it with her for my companion as in the story which Bulwer tells in the Pilgrims of the Rhine.

May 31st. — I have for five days sought in vain to meet her. Perhaps she is ill. Perhaps we shall never meet again. Perhaps, our two souls have been once drawn together by some chance, only to be torn apart forever. I have walked up and down the park, but could not see her. In this wild labyrinth of society with its thousands intricacies, there seems to be but one clue, and that is love. She is seated like fair Rosamond in her bower, and I am wandering bewildered in the surrounding woods.

June 3d. — To-night should be marked with chalk. I went to make a call upon one of my friends, when upon entering the room this happy vision again met my sight. It was as if the moon rose suddenly over the dark sea. She was sewing. The light from the centre lamp fell upon her negligently graceful figure, as she bent forward intently engaged upon her work. I sat opposite and gazed at those soft downcast lids, which now and then she uplifted, letting a soft gush of light stream over me. She bowed coldly, and I was forced to talk to my friend, who, quite unfortunately, wished my opinion upon some drawing he had just made, and asked me concerning some pictures which I had seen. I heartily wished they both had been in China. At first I could not constrain my attention to the subject — but talked at random and confusedly, but as soon as I perceived that I had attracted her attention, an inspiration seemed to flow over me, and I poured forth a stream of excited if not judicious remarks. Still she sat cold as a marble statue; sometimes a faint smile dawned upon her lips, whenever I was especially enthusiastic, but vanished in a moment. Ah! could I but have excited her to say anything. No, she cares nothing for me, and I might as well crush this feeling in its inception. There sat I with a fire raging in my heart, and she was calm and unmoved as if she had been alone. Soon some one called for her. She put on her bonnet, smiled, and was gone. My enthusiasm dropped to the freezing point in a moment. I could not make a connected sentence, but sat pondering all sorts of nonsense. True she had scarcely spoken — but there is an insensible mesmerism in the presence of one we love. They lend a sense of happiness to the rudest scene. After she was gone the place was a blank. It was as if the moon had gone down, and all around there was the restless sighing of the wind, and the heavy surging of the sea. I have just come home.

I am now sitting alone in my room. It is past midnight. Leaning upon my hand and looking down from my window, over beyond the city I behold the line of the far receding hills and

the dark melancholy blue of the creeping river, that winds like a snake among the gloomy outskirts. Beneath me are the countless roofs of the city — the narrow walled-up streets over which a dreary and monotonous stillness hangs. At intervals, this silence is broken by the footsteps of some belated wanderer, whose heels clatter on the pavement and resound up the deserted courts. Then again all is still. Here and there dotted among this mass of brick gleams a silent lamp, and scattered around on the suburbs glow a few sullen furnaces. The toil and bustle of day are over. Hard hands are moveless as the infant's. The thousands of strong men, who ply their busy trades, who sweat and toil, who struggle and face poverty, lie powerlessly asleep. Vice and virtue, sin, shame and innocence, power and weakness are shaded by the dreamy wings of night, and the happy and miserable, only divided by their narrow brick walls, inhale alike the fragrance of slumber. Only the few wake — those whom pain and poverty have wrung — those whom the poisonous sting of remorse has pierced — those who plot evil deeds, that the eye of day may not look upon. Even where wretchedness and shame and brutal passion cower and huddle in their cellars, comes down the blessing of sleep. The stars watch calmly over this great living population. The strong dark silhouette of the church tower lifts itself athwart the western sky, and the bell strikes one.

I am alone — alone! Ah! could I but feel that she was thinking of me, could I but know that she was looking at that star that now is waning in the thick damp atmosphere that clogs the horizon — that one thought were happiness. What is this loneliness — what is this separation? If we but loved, there were no distance, though a thousand miles intervened. Doubt and distrust are separation. Here underneath this roof of heaven she sleeps. I invoke upon her happy dreams. Ah if this wish could but wander to her, and brood over her, and bless her. Surely the kind wishes and thoughts of others for us do not pass away forever, but linger to gladden us insensibly. Perhaps they are the scent in the atmosphere, which makes us at times rejoice without apparent cause. These winged messengers sent forth from one living soul cannot be wholly lost. She sleeps. Ah! under what a wide serene chamber, with those soft feathery cloud draperies, those tender gleamings of lambent light, which fleet and pass like the glancing of an angel's wings across the western sky, and those gently breathing winds that fan our cheeks. O, night how peaceful thou art, how solemn, how full of lofty dreams and vague forms, and serious thoughts, and uncontrollable yearnings!

I strive as in a sea of feelings. I could weep, so craving is my soul and so unsatisfied. Come, blessed sleep!

June 6th. — How entirely have I domesticated an idea, which after all may be but imaginary. Again have I been building air-castles, and while I painted grew happy with my idle fancies. I must now go to walk.

I have seen her. Oh what shall I say? How shall I speak? Did I not feel an electric thrill fly over me, and run through every branching vein in this human tree, when I saw her far-off figure? Did not a sudden illumination stream into my soul, like the morning falling athwart the long aisles of a cathedral? O, sweet flower in my bosom! I cannot, cannot write. There are no words. I cannot be calm, for my whole being is stirred to its very centre.

Shall we ever sit together and read these words of passion? What a vista does this one question open!

June 10th. — Yes, I am like that vessel, which the invisible wind bears away from its harbored port into the open sea. But where am I sailing, what port shall I reach? Why trouble myself to ask? None of us can tell where the next year or even the next day will find him — and if a thought makes us happy, why scrutinize and speculate upon its consequences. Let us rather grasp hold of the present moment and extract from it its essence, and let the future take care of itself. The doing of one's duty is, after all, the doing what lies next to us, and our pleasure also lies close beside us, or nowhere. Blessed be these thoughts and feelings that make us happy, though the world sneer at them and call them idle fancies.

Frank and Harry called in this morning at my studio, if I may thus dignify my painting-room. Frank said one figure looked like her. They began to discuss her. "She's such a fool," said Frank, "and so cold." "No matter for that," answered Harry, "you 'll allow that she is handsome." "So, so, yes," was the reply. "Did you ever hear her sing?" turning to me. "I must say she sings well." "Sings well," cried Frank, "she sings like an angel." "Perhaps so, but I don't know how they sing, I never was introduced to any of them. Come, go with us to L's to-night, she 'll be there, and we 'll make her sing for you. Will you go?" "Yes."

Some of these words had swords in them, but some were pleasant. I will go.

Midnight. It was half past eight when I entered L's parlor. There were eight or ten persons there. I cast a hurried glance around, and saw that she was engaged in conversation with Frank. I was pounced upon by that very disagreeable Miss B — who would insist on discussing my picture of Genevieve with me. I wished I had been in the bottomless pit, before I had ever painted it. "Now Mr. W.," said she, "what do you think of Retzsch, does he not draw sweetly? Have you ever looked over these outlines of Flaxman's? I suppose of course you have. They are beautiful, are they not? Not so beautiful as Retzsch's. Do'nt you think so? What a sweet creature Retzsch is. There, that's sweet, pretty. Such a perfect figure as that is of Romeo's. But

what a dreadful creature that nurse is." "Yes ma'am, all bores are." "Why how funny you are!" "Am I?" And with this foolish stuff she annoyed me for a full hour.

Then, however, I heard a rustling and movement, and looking up, found that she was going to the piano. Frank winked at me. "Ach Gott" how beautiful she was! The astral lamp stood before her, shedding its softened light upon her smooth fair temples through a ground-glass shade. She took off her gloves, preluded a moment, and then began to play the low pulsing symphony of Beethoven's Adelaide. Then her voice issued forth, like the swelling of a breeze in a musical atmosphere. Soft, mellow, rich and deep it gushed forth and drew the tears out of my brain. I heard the melancholy loneliness of the opening strains, the longing and impatience as the passion gathered force, the swaying and beating of the soul sliding gently into a delicious reverie whenever the images of blessed hours and scenes swarmed forth. Then the quick time-change, and the strain taken up in a more wayward, hopeful and impetuous spirit, throbbing with excitement and struggling with its recollections and memories. And then the exhaustion of passion breathing itself away in long sighings after the beloved name — Adelaide. I had forgotten the room, and the company, and all, and was enveloped in a dizzy dream of swarming feelings, when she finished. I could not speak again. Miss B. had no such ideas and emotions. She immediately began again. "How pretty! is that Bellini, he is so sweet. Do you like German music? It is pretty to be sure, but some of it is very doleful." At last I got rid of her, and went over to the other part of the room, where I knew that I should find some sympathy, and began to talk of Beethoven. I dared not address her. I began to fear lest she should not understand me and should make some foolish remark; I tried to dispossess myself of the feeling, but could not. Frank was laughing with her too, and I could not gather up the courage. Fool that I was! Here I lost the best opportunity in the world for gaining an acquaintance with her.

That song! how it took me up and wafted me into Elysium, — and while I listened to the rising and falling, and the recurring swell of her melodious voice, dim senses of delight swarmed over my soul. Ever and anon the tones of the voice stopped, as a fluttering bird settles for a moment on the surging ocean; and then the accompaniment came in with its struggling modulations and clear delicious changes; and then uplifting itself again from the swelling sea of harmonies, soared the melody aloof, now eagerly beating the opposing blast with its heavy wings, and now sailing along smoothly and evenly in the casual lulling of the winds of passion. Could I help it if the tears gathered in my eyes, and thick unutterable feelings crowded around my heart? Oh no. It was as if a constant breeze shook the dew-drops from the invisible tree that stood in the garden of my soul.

What was I fit for after this? Music always makes me mad. This shapeless world which it invokes, which yet is full of serene and luminous images, of Elysian scenes, of gorgeous and fantastic creations, of measureless expanses, of ever shifting panoramas, of the terrible and grotesque, of the calm and gentle, which afflicts me with the lonely void of secret grief, which inflames me with the wildest fires of unutterable passion. All this, and this is scarce a part of what it opens to me, makes me mad. Yes, those walls that hem us in, are then broken down, and the loosened soul wanders in its dreams to places of which it can bear no report. Those faces clothed in smiles, those serene images of love and peace, those illimitable and unexplored realms of beauty, which come and go, like the figures on the tapestried curtain that the night wind moves — alas! I cannot speak it.

Then I sat down to talk of Beethoven, that vast irregular gothic genius of our own age, he who has built great cities out of the invisible air, who hath laid snares for the senses and woven our sympathies and passions into inextricable tangles, and who has created a world out of nothing. His is no imitation of outward nature, but a constant revelation of the inward life. I seem to behold Handel like a lofty and transparent iceberg, on which the sun weaves a thousand prismatic hues, and which moves onward in calm beauty and irresistible force, but Beethoven is restless, vast, and inquiet like a waterspout in the centre of the ocean, which draws the clouds down to the bosom of its waters, and whirls the wild sea into the clouds. The spirit which lies at the heart of all he writes, is the craving for that which is not, and the struggle to unite the impossible with the actual. His melodies are groping and fitful, full of tears and longing, and not steady, uniform and conclusive like those of Handel. Now I feel so wild that I can say nothing about him. Now I can write no more. While talking thus I forgot her, until glancing up, I saw her take leave and then I came away and am now sitting here alone.

June 11th. — Painting again as usual, and the whole day passed without incident. I made a sketch of her to-day as she looked while singing last night. Those heavy eyelids fringed with their dark lashes, which shaded those downcast eyes, that mild forehead, those thick ringlets of chestnut gold, and that swan neck have haunted my memory ever since.

Upon getting up to find some verses, I happened to cross several old fragments of drawings and verses and scraps of various kinds, which attracted me, and after turning them over for a few minutes, my attention became so entirely engaged, that I forgot my project of copying the verses. Thus I sat a full half hour, immersed in an old life of passion, of which there are only left fragments floating here and there, like the scattered and broken spars of a

foundered vessel. So strange it is to renew one's memories and imbue oneself in the faded garment of a worn out feeling. Yet this always gives me a most disagreeable, and almost nauseated sensation; and after reading over these fragments, I felt just ready to burn up all that I ever wrote or painted, and to give myself wholly to a practical and matter-of-fact pursuit, in which no scope should be afforded to fancy or feeling. Now too I am sick to death of this whole matter, and a walk perhaps may invigorate me.

June 13th. — Ah the pleasures and pains of a painter's life! And yet, what should I do without my art. Good God, if I should ever lose my eyesight; if this pictured world should ever fade away from my vision, and become a blank, if these friendly and endless forms, and these intertwining vagaries of color and shadow — if all visible motion and all distance, if sunset and the mysteries of smiles and expressions should all be taken from me, what would life be but a prolonged curse. I cannot think how life could be endured, imprisoned as it were in this sullen dark chamber which never

"Ray of the sun lets in, or of the moon."

With a deadly black wall built up before me which no force could beat down, with all my fancies and images and thoughts set in darkness, as the stars in the back ground of a fathomless night — and this for a painter! It were as if the moon, when it lay in the dark cone of our night, should find no sun to smile upon it. We too, in our dark cone of life must find in our Art the reflection and embodyment of that mysterious and ideal light, which lies beyond our gaze. Oh! how adventurous, how beset with danger is the artist's life. Crack but this crystal mirror of the eye, and his life is shivered into dust. We weave our own rope by which we suspend ourselves over an awful abyss, even as the eiderdown hunters; the rope strands split, crackle asunder, and we are gone. Yes, we speed over a thin crust of ice, beneath which whirls an awful gulf of despair and destruction. To pause, is to risk all; we have the staff of hope, and the swifter we go, the safer we are.

June 16th. — I passed and repassed her to-night in my walk. She was with a stranger, and I could not join her. I looked around as I passed her the last time, and saw her throw away a rosebud. I waited, and returned and took it from the ground. It was wilted and bruised, but I brought it home and placed it in water and it has revived, and opened its leaves freshly, and a new life and vigor have grown up in it.

I afterwards passed by a poor beggar girl who entreated me for a cent. She was ragged, and the loose hair scrambled over her forehead, which was scarce protected by a soiled and broken straw-bonnet. As I passed, I saw her standing half-turned, with her hand upraised to her mouth, and with a gaze of the most melancholy eagerness watching a little plump rosy child, who, holding on by its mother's finger, was leaping along and laughing in the fulness of its joy. Never was the story of misery better told. Many tears had made those large eyes dreary, and poverty, and the harsh requisitions of necessity had starved up the soft emotions of the mouth. The look was the revelation of a life of denial, poverty and pain. It was too mildly vague for reproach, too mournfully gentle for envy; but it seemed to say, "some, then, there are who know happiness. Alas! how rare a guest it is in my bosom."

I looked at her with the deepest emotion and pity. I knew that the warm gushing love in the poor girl's heart had been frozen even at its source; that its gentleness and tenderness had found no sympathy, and had become encrusted with a hard and callous manner, and that necessity had scourged her with her virtues. I thought of the vast difference which society had interposed between these two children. One a loose stray leaf, which the wintry gust of poverty had riven from the tree, and the other a fair blossom of a thousand hopes, opening in the sunshine of kindness and affluence. Ah thou poor flower of nature, was there no kind hand to lift thee from the cold ground, and to cherish thee until thine inward bloom and fragrance might reveal itself?

The bruised flower which she threw away is in my window, but no one hath taken nature's bruised flower unto their heart.

(To be continued.)

CAMPANILE DI PISA.

BY T. W. PARSONS.

Snow was glist'ning on the mountains, but the air was that of June,
Leaves were falling, but the runnels playing still their summer tune,
And the dial's punctual shadow hovered nigh the brink of noon.
On the benches in the market, rows of languid idlers lay,
When to Pisa's nodding belfry with a friend I took my way.

From the top we looked around us, and as far as eye might strain,
Saw no sign of life or motion, in the town, or on the plain ;
Save the river, through the willows, hardly moving to the main.
Nor did any noise awaken Pisa from her drowsy hour,
Save the doves that fluttered 'neath us, in and out of an old tow'r.

Sheltered from the breath of winter by the Apennine's cold height,
Warm and golden looked the meadows — nothing barren vex'd the sight.
Sure ! it seemed the work of fairies — done in secret and at night.
Ev'ry field was neatly cultured — scarce a pebble marred the ground —
All was trim — well-pruned the vineyards — but we could not catch a sound.

Not a shout from gladsome children, nor the clatter of a wheel,
Nor the spinner of the suburb winding his discordant reel,
Nor the stroke upon the pavement of a hoof or of a heel.
Ev'n the slumb'rers, in the churchyard of the Campo Santo, seemed
Not more silent than the living world that underneath us dreamed.

Dozing at the city's portal — heedless guard the sentry kept,
More than oriental dulness o'er the farms beyond had crept,
Near the walls, the ducal herdsman by the dusty road-side slept ;
While his camels, resting round him, half alarmed the sullen ox,
Seeing those Arabian monsters pasturing with Etruria's flocks.*

Then it was, like one who wandered, lately, singing by the Rhine,
Strains perchance, to maiden's hearing sweeter than this verse of mine,
That we bade Imagination lift us on her wing divine.
And the days of Pisa's greatness rose from the sepulchral past,
When a thousand conq'ring galleys bore her standard at the mast.

Mem'ry for a moment crowned her sov'reign mistress of the seas,
When she braved, upon the billows, Venice and the Genoese,
Daring to deride the Pontiff, though he shook his angry keys.
When her admirals triumphant, riding o'er the Soldan's waves,
Brought from Calv'ry's holy summit fitting soil for knightly graves.

When the Saracen surrendered, one by one, his pirate isles,
And Ionia's marble trophies deck'd Lungarno's Gothic piles,
Where the nightly music floated in the light of ladies' smiles ;
Soldiers feasting in the courtyard, nobles in the halls above,
Valor leads the dance with Beauty, finding his reward in love.

Down in yonder square at sunrise, lo ! the Tuscan troops arrayed,
Ev'ry man in Milan armor, brandishing a Syrian blade ;
Sigismondi is their captain — Florence ! art thou not dismayed ?
There's Lanfranchi ! there the bravest of the Gherardesca stem,
Hugolino — with the bishop — hush ! we will not speak of them.

Yonder stands the tow'r of Famine, where that memorable chief
Saw his little children fainting, heard them gasping for relief,
Watched their dying eyes, till *hunger proved at last more strong than grief.*
Out upon thee, Pisa ! byword and reproach of ev'ry land !
Just it were should Arno drown thee, choking up thy gates with sand.

Now, as on Achilles' buckler, next a peaceful scene succeeds ;
Pious crowds in the cathedral duly tell their solemn beads ;
Students walk the learned cloister — Ariosto wakes the reeds —
Science blooms ; now Galileo teaches to the wondering youth,
From this very Campanile, new-discovered realms of truth.

Hark ! what murmurs from the million in the busy market rise !
All the lanes are loud with voices — all the windows lined with eyes ;
Black with men the marble bridges — heaped the shores with merchandise ;
Jews and Greeks and Spanish merchants in the square their councils hold,
And the Christian altars glitter gorgeous with Byzantine gold.

* In the environs of Pisa, a colony of camels is still maintained upon the estate of the Grand Duke.

Look! anon the masqueraders don their holiday attire;
Ev'ry palace is illumined — all the town seems built of fire —
Rainbow-colored lanterns dangle from the top of ev'ry spire,
Pisa's patron saint hath hallowed to himself the joyful day
Never on the throng'd Rialto — showed the Carnival more gay.

Suddenly, the bell behind us broke the vision with its chime;
"Signors," quoth our grey attendant — "'t is not far from vesper time;"
Vulgar life resumed its empire — back we sunk from the sublime.
Here and there, a friar passed us, as we paced the weedy streets,
And a Cardinal's rumbling carriage roused the sleepers from the seats.

SONG WRITING.

BY JAMES R. LOWELL.

"From this to that, from that to this he flies,
Feels music's pulse in all her arteries.
* * * * * * *
With flash of high-born fancies, here and there
Dancing in lofty measures, and anon
Creeps on the soft touch of a tender tone,
Whose trembling murmurs melting in wild airs,
Run to and fro complaining their sweet cares;
Because those precious mysteries that dwell
In music's ravished soul he dare not tell,
But whisper to the world.

CRASHAWE, (*from Strada.*)

THE songs of a nation are like wild flowers pressed, as it were, by chance, between the blood-stained pages of history. As if man's heart had paused for a moment in its dusty march, and looked back, with a flutter of the pulse and a tearful smile, upon the simple peacefulness of happier and purer days, gathering some wayside blossom to remind it of childhood and home, amid the crash of battle or the din of the market. Listening to these strains of pastoral music, we are lured away from the records of patriotic frauds, of a cannibal policy which devours whole nations with the refined appetite of a converted and polished Polyphemus who has learned to eat with a silver fork, and never to put his knife in his mouth, — we forget the wars and the false standards of honor which have cheated men into wearing the fratricidal brand of Cain, as if it were but the glorious trace of a dignifying wreath, and hear the rustle of the leaves and the innocent bleat of lambs, and the low murmur of lovers beneath the moon of Arcady, or the long twilight of the north. The earth grows green again, and flowers spring up in the scorching footprints of Alaric, but where love hath but only smiled, some gentle trace of it remains freshly forever. The infinite sends its messages to us by untutored spirits, and the lips of little children, and the unboastful beauty of simple nature; not with the sound of trumpet, and the tramp of mail-clad hosts. Simplicity and commonness are the proofs of Beauty's divinity. Earnestly and beautifully touching is this eternity of simple feeling from age to age, — this trustfulness with which the heart flings forth to the wind its sybilline leaves to be gathered and cherished as oracles forever. The unwieldy current of life whirls and writhes and struggles muddily onward, and there in midcurrent the snow-white lilies blow in unstained safety, generation after generation. The cloud-capt monuments of mighty kings and captains crumble into dust and mingle with the nameless ashes of those who reared them; but we know perhaps the name and even the color of the hair and eyes of some humble shepherd's mistress who brushed through the dew to meet her lover's kiss, when the rising sun glittered on the golden images that crowned the palace-roof of Semiramis. Fleets and navies are overwhelmed and forgotten, but some tiny, love-freighted argosy launched (like those of the Hindoo maidens) upon the stream of time in days now behind the horizon, floats down to us with its frail lamp yet burning. Theories for which great philosophers wore their hearts out, histories over which the eyes of wise men ached for weary years, creeds for which hundreds underwent an exulting martyrdom, poems which had once quickened the beating of the world's great heart, and the certainty of whose deathlessness had made death sweet to the poet, all these have mouldered to

nothing, but some word of love, some outvent of a sorrow which haply filled only one pair of eyes with tears, these seem to have become a part of earth's very lifeblood. They live because those who wrote never thought whether they would live or not. Because they were the children of human nature, human nature has tenderly fostered them, while children only begot to perpetuate the foolish vanity of their father's name, must trust for their support to such inheritance of livelihood as their father left them. There are no pensions, and no retired lists in the pure democracy of nature and truth.

A good song is as if the poet had pressed his heart against the paper, and that could have conveyed its hot, tumultuous throbbings to the reader. The low, musical rustle of the wind among the leaves is songlike, but the slow unfolding of the leaves and blossoms, and under them the conception and ripening of the golden fruit through long summer days of sunshine and of rain, are like the grander, but not more beautiful or eternal, offspring of poesy. The song-writer must take his place somewhere between the poet and the musician, and must form a distinct class by himself. The faculty of writing songs is certainly a peculiar one, and as perfect in its kind as that of writing epics. They can only be written by true poets; like the mistletoe they are slender and delicate, but they only grow in oaks. Burns is as wholly a poet, but not as great a poet as Milton. Songs relate to us the experience and hoarded learning of the feelings, greater poems detail that of the mind. One is the result of that wisdom which the heart keeps by remaining young, the other of that which it gains by growing old. Songs are like inspired nursery-rhymes which make the soul childlike again. The best songs have always some tinge of a mysterious sadness in them. They seem written in the night-watches of the heart, and reflect the spiritual moonlight, or the shifting flashes of the northern-light, or the trembling lustre of the stars, rather than the broad and cheerful benediction of the sunny day. Often they are the merest breaths, vague snatches of half-heard music which fell dreamily on the ear of the poet while he was listening for grander melodies, and which he hummed over afterwards to himself, not knowing how or where he learned them.

A true song touches no feeling or prejudice of education, but only the simple, original elements of our common nature. And perhaps the mission of the song-writer may herein be deemed loftier and diviner than any other, since he sheds delight over more hearts, and opens more rude natures to the advances of civilization, refinement and a softened humanity, by revealing to them a beauty in their own simple thoughts and feelings which wins them unconsciously to a dignified reverence for their own noble capabilities as men. He who aspires to the highest triumphs of the muse, must look at first for appreciation and sympathy only from the few, and must wait till the progress of education shall have enlarged the number and quickened the sensibility and apprehension of his readers. But the song-writer finds his ready welcome in those homespun, untutored artistic perceptions which are the birthright of every human soul, and which are the sure pledges of the coming greatness and ennoblement of the race. He makes men's hearts ready to receive the teachings of his nobler brother. He is not positively, but only relatively a greater blessing to his kind, since, in God's good season, by the sure advance of freedom, all men shall be able to enjoy what is now the privilege of the few, and Shakspeare and Milton shall be as dear to the heart of the cottager and the craftsman as Burns or Beranger. Full of grandeur, then, and yet fuller of awful responsibility is the calling of the song-writer. It is no wild fancy to deem that he may shape the destiny of coming ages. Like an electric spark his musical thought flits glittering from heart to heart, and from lip to lip through the land. Luther's noble hymns made more and truer protestants than ever did his sermons or his tracts. The song hummed by some toiling mother to beguile the long monotony of the spinning-wheel, may have turned the current of her child's thoughts as he played about her knee, and given the world a hero or apostle. We know not when or in what soil God may plant the seeds of our spiritual enlightenment and regeneration, but we may be sure that it will be in some piece of clay common to all mankind. Some heart whose simple feelings call the whole world kin. Not from mighty poet or deep-seeking philosopher will come the word which all men long to hear, but in the lowly Nazareth of some unlearned soul, in the rough manger of rudest, humblest sympathies, shall the true Messiah be born and cradled. In the inspired heart, not in the philosophic intellect, all true reforms originate, and it is over this that the song-writer has unbridled sway. He concentrates the inarticulate murmur and longing of a trampled people into the lightning-flash of a fiery verse, and, ere the guilty heart of the oppressor has ceased to flutter, follows the deafening thunderclap of revolution. He gives vent to his love of a flower or a maiden, and adds so much to the store of everyday romance in the heart of the world, refining men's crude perceptions of beauty and dignifying their sweet natural affections. Once it was the fashion to write pastorals, but he teaches us that it is not nature to make all men talk like rustics, but rather to show that one heart beats under homespun and broadcloth, and that it alone is truly classical, and gives eternity to verse.

Songs are scarcely amenable to the common laws of criticism. If anything were needed to prove the utter foolishness of the assertion, that that only is good poetry which can be reduced to good prose, we might summon as witnesses the most perfect songs in our language. The

best part of a song lies often not at all in the words, but in the metre perhaps, or the structure of the verse, in the wonderful melody which arose of itself from the feeling of the writer, and which unawares throws the heart into the same frame of thought. Ben Jonson was used to write his poems first in prose and then translate or distil them into verse, and had we not known the fact, we might have almost guessed it from reading some of his lyrics, the mechanical structure of whose verse is as different from the spontaneous growth of a true song (which must be written one way or not at all) as a paper flower is from a violet. In a good song, the words seem to have given birth to the melody, and the melody to the words. The strain of music seems to have wandered into the poet's heart, and to have been the thread round which his thoughts have crystallized. There is always something of personal interest in songs. They are the true diary of the poet's spiritual life, the table-talk of his heart. There is nothing egoistical in them, for the inward history of a poet is never a commonplace one, and egoism can only be a trait of little minds, its disagreeable quality lying wholly in this, that it constantly thrusts in our faces the egoist's individuality, which is really the least noticeable thing about him. We love to hear wonderful men talk of themselves, because they are better worth hearing about than anything else, and because what we learn of them is not so much a history of self as a history of nature, and a statement of facts therein which are so many fingerposts to set us right in our search after true spiritual knowledge. Songs are translations from the language of the spiritual into that of the natural world.

As love is the highest and holiest of all feelings, so those songs are best in which love is the essence. All poetry must rest on love for a foundation, or it will only last so long as the bad passions it appeals to, and which it is the end of true poesy to root out. If there be not in it a love of man, there must at least be a love of nature which lies next below it, and which, as is the nature of all beauty, will lead its convert upward to that nobler and wider sympathy. True poetry is but the perfect reflex of true knowledge, and true knowledge is spiritual knowledge which comes only of love, and which, when it has solved the mystery of one, even the smallest effluence of the eternal beauty which surrounds us like an atmosphere, becomes a clue leading to the heart of the seeming labyrinth. All our sympathies lie in such close neighborhood, that when music is drawn from one string, all the rest vibrate in sweet accord. As in the womb the brain of the child changes with a steady rise, through a likeness to that of one animal and another till it is perfected in that of man, the highest animal, so in this life, which is but as a womb wherein we are shaping to be born in the next, we are led upward from love to love till we arrive at the love of God which is the highest love. Many things unseal the springs of tenderness in us ere the full glory of our nature gushes forth to the one benign spirit which interprets for us all mystery, and is the key to unlock all the most secret shrines of beauty. Woman was given us to love chiefly to this end, that the sereneness and strength which the soul wins from that full sympathy with one, might teach it the more divine excellence of a sympathy with all, and that it was man's heart only which God shaped in his own image, which it can only rightly emblem in an all-surrounding love. Therefore we put first those songs which tell of love, since we see in them not an outpouring of selfish and solitary passion, but an indication of that beautiful instinct which prompts the heart of every man to turn toward its fellows with a smile, and to recognise its master even in the disguise of clay; and we confess that the sight of the rudest and simplest love-verses in the corner of a village newspaper, oftener bring tears of delight into our eyes than awaken a sense of the ludicrous. In fancy we see the rustic lovers wandering hand in hand, a sweet fashion not yet extinct in our quiet New England villages, and crowding all the past and future with the blithe sunshine of the present. The modest loveliness of Dorcas has revealed to the delighted heart of Reuben, countless other beauties, of which, but for her, he had been careless. Pure and delicate sympathies have overgrown protectingly the most exposed part of his nature, as the moss covers the north side of the tree. The perception and reverence of her beauty has become a new and more sensitive conscience to him, which, like the wonderful ring in the fairy tale, warns him against every danger that may assail his innocent self-respect. For the first time he begins to see something more in the sunset than an omen of tomorrow's weather. The flowers, too, have grown tenderly dear to him of a sudden, and, as he plucks a sprig of blue succory from the roadside to deck her hair with, he is as truly a poet as Burns when he embalmed the "mountain daisy" in deathless rhyme. Dorcas thrills at sight of quivering Hesperus as keenly as ever Sappho did, and, as it brings back to her, she knows not how, the memory of all happy times in one, she clasps closer the brown, toil-hardened hand which she holds in hers, and which the heart that warms it makes as soft as down to her. She is sure that the next Sabbath evening will be as cloudless and happy as this. She feels no jealousy of Reuben's love of the flowers, for she knows that only the pure in heart can see God in them, and that they will but teach him to love better the wild-flower-like beauties in herself, and give him impulses of kindliness and brotherhood to all. Love is the truest radicalism, lifting all to the same clear-aired level of humble, thankful humanity. Dorcas begins to think that her childish dream has come true, and that she is really an enchanted princess, and her milkpans are forthwith changed to a service of gold plate with the family arms

engraved on the bottom of each, the device being a great heart, and the legend, *God gives, man only takes away*. Her taste in dress has grown wonderfully more refined since her betrothal, though she never heard of the Paris fashions, and never had more than one silk gown in her life, that one being her mother's wedding dress, made over again. Reuben has grown so tender-hearted, that he thought there might be some good even in "Transcendentalism," a terrible dragon of straw, against which he had seen a lecturer at the village Lyceum valorously enact the St. George, — nay, he goes so far as to think that the slavewomen (black though they be, and therefore not deserving so much happiness), cannot be quite so well off as his sister in the factory, and would sympathize with them if the constitution did not enjoin all good citizens not to do so. But we are wandering — farewell, Reuben and Dorcas! remember that you can only fulfil your vow of being true to each other by being true to all, and be sure that death can but unclasp your bodily hands that your spiritual ones may be joined the more closely.

The songs of our great poets are unspeakably precious. In them find vent those irrepressible utterances of homely fireside humanity, inconsistent with the loftier aim and self-forgetting enthusiasm of a great poem, which preserve the finer and purer sensibilities from wilting and withering under the black frost of ambition. The faint records of flitting impulses, we light upon them sometimes imbedded round the bases of the basaltic columns of the epic or the drama, like heedless insects or tender ferns which had fallen in while those gigantic crystals were slowly, shaping themselves in the molten entrails of the soul all a-glow with the hidden fires of inspiration, or like the tracks of birds from far-off climes, which had lighted upon the ductile mass ere it had hardened into eternal rock. They make the lives of the masters of the lyre encouragements and helps to us, by teaching us humbly to appreciate and sympathize with, as men, those whom we should else almost have worshipped as beings of a higher order. In Shakspeare's dramas, we watch with awe the struggles and triumphs, and defeats, which seem almost triumphs, of his unmatched soul; — in his songs we can yet feel the beating of a simple, warm heart, the mate of which can be found under the first homespun frock you meet on the high road. He, who instead of carefully plucking the fruit from the tree of knowledge as others are fain to, shook down whole showers of leaves and twigs and fruit at once; who tossed down systems of morality and philosophy by the handful; who wooed nature as a superior, and who carpeted the very earth beneath the delicate feet of his fancy with such flowers of poesy as bloom but once in a hundred years, — this vast and divine genius in his songs and his unequalled sonnets, (which are but epic songs, songs written, as it were, for an organ or rather ocean accompaniment), shows all the humbleness, and wavering, and self-distrust, with which the weakness of the flesh tempers souls of the boldest aspiration and most unshaken self-help, as if to remind them gently of that brotherhood to assert and dignify whose claims they were sent forth as apostles.

We mean to copy a few of the best songs, chiefly selecting from those of English poets. To some of our readers many of our extracts will be new, and those who are familiar with them will thank us, perhaps, for threading so many pearls upon one string. We shall begin our specimens by copying the first verse of an old English song, the composition of which Warton assigns to the beginning of the thirteenth century. There seems to us to be a very beautiful and pure *animal* feeling of nature in it, and altogether a freshness and breeziness which is delightful, after sifting over the curiosæ *in*felicitates of most of the later poets. We shall alter the spelling enough to make it intelligible at a glance, and change the tense of one of the words to give it the metrical harmony of the original.

Summer is acoming in,
Loudly sing cuckoo!
Groweth seed,
And bloweth mead,
And springeth the wood anew:
Sing cuckoo! cuckoo!

There is something in this song to us like the smell of a violet, which has a felicity of association to bring back the May-day delights of childhood in all their innocent simpleness, and cool the feverish brow of the present by wreathing around it the dewy flowers of the past. There is a straightforward plainness in this little verse which is one of the rarest, as it is also one of the most needful gifts of a poet, who must have a man's head and a child's heart.

Chaucer furnishes us with no specimen of a song, which we cannot but lament, since there are verses of his, in the "Cuckoo and the Nightingale," and the "Flower and the Leaf," especially, which run over with sweetness both of sentiment and melody, and have all that delightful *unintentionalness* (if we may use the word,) which is the charm and essence of a true song, in which the heart, as it were, speaks unconsciously aloud, and, like Wordsworth's stock-dove, "broods over its own sweet voice." He is like one of those plants which, though they do not blossom, sprinkle their leaves with the hues which had been prepared in the sap to furnish forth the flowers.

Although Shakspeare's songs are so familiar, yet we cannot resist copying one of them, since we can nowhere find such examples as in him, who, like nature herself, is as minutely perfect in his least, as in his greatest work. His songs are delicate sea-mosses cast up by chance from the deeps of that ocean-like heart in whose struggling abysses it seems a wonder that such fragile perfectness could have grown up in safety.

Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise.
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies;
And winking marybuds begin
To ope their golden eyes,
With everything that pretty bin;
My lady sweet, arise,
Arise, arise!

There are some beautiful songs scattered about among Beaumont and Fletcher's plays, of which we copy one from "the Maid's Tragedy." There is a humble plaintiveness in it which is touching.

Lay a garland on my hearse
Of the dismal yew;
Maidens, willow-branches bear,
Say I died true:
My love was false, but I was firm
From my hour of birth:
Upon my buried bosom lie
Lightly, gentle earth!

Ben Jonson was scarcely of fine organization enough to write songs of the first order. A vein of prosaic common-sense runs quite through him, and he seems never to have wholly forgotten his old profession of bricklaying, generally putting his thoughts together with as much squareness and regularity as so many bricks. It is only a blissful ignorance which presumes that poetic souls want common sense. In truth men are poets not in proportion to their *want* of any faculty whatsoever, but inasmuch as they are gifted with a very *un*common sense, which enables them always to see things purely in their relations to spirit and not matter. Rare Ben did not wander musingly up Parnassus, lured onward by winding paths and flowery nooks of green stillness, and half glimpses of divine shapes, the oreads of that enchanted hill, but, having resolved to climb, he struggled manfully up, little heeding what flowers he might crush with his stout, pedestrian shoes. We copy two verses from the "Masque of the Fortunate Isles,"—merely alluding to his sweet song "To Celia," as too well known to need quotation.

Look forth, thou shepherd of the seas,
And of the ports that keep'st the keys,
And to your Neptune tell,
Macaria, prince of all the isles,
Wherein there nothing grows but smiles,
Doth here put in to dwell.

The windes are sweet, and gently blow,
But Zephyrus, no breath they know,
The father of the flowers:
By him the virgin violets live,
And every plant doth odors give
As new as are the bowers.

From William Browne, a pastoral poet of great sweetness and delicacy, we glean the following stanzas. They are somewhat similar to those of Jonson, copied above, but are more purely songlike, and more poetical in expression. Milton, perhaps remembered the two lines that we have italicised, when he was writing his exquisite song in Comus, a part of which we shall presently quote. The verses are from the fifth song in the second book of "Brittania's Pastorals."

Swell, then, gently swell ye floods,
As proud of what ye bear,
And nymphs that in low coral woods
String pearls upon your hair,
Ascend, and tell if ere this day
A fairer prize was seen at sea.

Blow, but gently blow, fair wind,
From the forsaken shore,
And be as to the halcyon kind
Till we have ferried o'er,
So may'st thou still have leave to blow
And fan the way where she shall go.

From Davenant, whose "Gondibert" deserves to be better known, if it were only for the excellence of its stately preface, we copy the following. It is not a very good song, but there is a pleasant exaggeration of fancy in it, which is one of the prerogatives of knightly lovers, and we can pardon much to a man who prevented a dissolute tyrant from "lifting his spear against the muse's bower" of the blind old republican, who was even then meditating Paradise Lost.

The lark now leaves his watery nest,
And climbing, shakes his dewy wings;
He takes this window for the east,
And to implore your light he sings:
"Awake, awake, the morn will never rise
Till she can dress her beauty at your eyes.

"The merchant bows unto the seaman's star,
The ploughman from the sun his season takes,
But still the lover wonders what they are
Who look for day before his mistress wakes;
Awake, awake! break through your veils of lawn,
Then draw your curtains and begin the dawn!"

Immediately after the old dramatists, come a swarm of song-writers, of whom Herrick is perhaps the best and most unconscious. With great delicacy of sentiment, he often writes with a graceful ease of versification, and a happiness of accent unusual in his time. Very aptly did he name his poems "Hesperides," for a huge dragon of grossness and obscenity crawls loathsomely among the forest of golden apples. We extract his well-known "Night-piece to Julia," as a good specimen of his powers. Many detached fragments of his other poems would make beautiful and complete songs by themselves.

Her eyes the glow-worm lend thee,
The shooting stars attend thee,
And the elves also,
Whose little eyes glow
Like sparks of fire, befriend thee!

No will o'-the-wisp mislight thee,
Nor snake nor slow-worm bite thee;
But on, on thy way,
Not making a stay,
Since ghosts there 's none to affright thee!

Let not the dark thee cumber;
What though the moon does slumber,
The stars of the night
Will lend thee, their light
Like tapers clear without number!

Then, Julia, let me woo thee
Thus, thus to come unto me;
And, when I shall meet
Thy silvery feet,
My soul I'll pour unto thee!

William Habington would deserve a place here, if it were only for the tender purity of all his poems. They were addressed to the woman who afterwards became his wife, and are worthy of a chaste and dignified love. His poems are scarcely any of them good songs, and the one we quote is more remarkable for a delicate sympathy with outward nature, which is one of the rewards of pure love, than for melody. It is "upon Castara's departure."

Vows are vain. No suppliant breath
Stays the speed of swift-heeled death;
Life with her is gone, and I
Learn but a new way to die.
See, the flowers condole, and all
Wither in my funeral:
The bright lily, as if day
Parted from her fades away;
Violets hang their heads, lose
All their beauty; that the rose
A sad part in sorrow bears,
Witness all these dewy tears,
Which as pearl or diamond like,
Swell upon her blushing cheek.
All things mourn, but oh, behold
How the withered marigold
Closeth up now she is gone,
Judging her the setting sun.

From Carew's poems we have plucked one little flower, fragrant with spring-time and fanciful love. It is "The Primrose."

Ask me why I send you here,
This firstling of the infant year, —
Ask me why I send to you
This primrose all bepearled with dew, —
I straight will whisper in your ears,
The sweets of love are washed with tears:
Ask me why this flower doth show
So yellow, green, and sickly too; —
Ask me why the stalk is weak
And bending, yet it doth not break,
I must tell you these discover
What doubts and fears are in a lover.

Lovelace is well known for his devoted loyalty as well as for the felicity of expression, and occasional loftiness of feeling which distinguishes his verses. The first stanza of his Address to a Grasshopper, is wonderfully summer-like, and full of airy grace.

Oh thou that swingest in the waving hair
Of some well-filled oaten beard,
Drunk every night with a delicious tear
Dropt thee from heaven, ———

We copy his admired poem "To Lucasta on going to the Wars."

Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind,
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase
The first foe in the field,
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such,
As you too shall adore,
I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honor more.

Cowley's "Grasshopper," founded on, rather than translated from Anacreon, has all the spontaneous merit of an original song. We should quote it had we room. Waller, whose fame as a poet far excels his general merit, wrote two exquisite songs — "On a Rose," and "On a Girdle." This last we extract. The closing lines of the song are in the happiest vein of extravagant sentiment.

That which her slender waist confined,
Shall now my joyful temples bind:
No monarch but would give his crown,
His arms might do what this has done.

It was my heaven's extremest sphere,
The pale which held that lovely deer:
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
Did all within this circle move!

A narrow compass! and yet there
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair:
Give me but what this riband bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round!

Milton's songs are worthy of him. They are all admirable, and we can only wonder how the same spirit which revelled in the fierce invective of the "Defence against Salmasius," could have been at the same time so tenderly sensitive. The lines which we copy can scarce be paralleled in any language.

Sabrina fair,
Listen where thou art sitting
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
In twisted braids of lilies knitting
The loose train of thine amber-dropping hair;
Listen, for dear honor's sake,
Goddess of the silver lake,
Listen and save!

The true way of judging the value of any one of the arts is by measuring its aptness and power to advance the refinement, and sustain the natural dignity of mankind. Men may show rare genius in amusing or satirizing their fellow-beings, or in raising their wonder, or in giving them excuses for all manner of weakness by making them believe that, although their nature prompts them to be angels, they are truly no better than worms, — but only to him will death come as a timely guide to a higher and more glorious sphere of action and duty, who has done somewhat, however little, to reveal to the soul its beauty, and to awaken in it an aspiration towards what only our degradation forces us to call an ideal life. It is but a half knowledge which sneers at *utilitarianism*, as if that word may not have a spiritual as well as a material significance. He is indeed a traitor to his better nature who would persuade men that the use of anything is proportioned

to the benefit it confers upon their animal part. If the spirit's hunger be not satisfied, the body will not be at ease, though it slumber in Sybaris and feast with Apicius. It is the soul that makes men rich or poor, and he who has given a nation a truer conception of beauty, which is the body of truth, as love is its spirit, has done more for its happiness and to secure its freedom, than if he had doubled its defences or its revenue. He who has taught a man to look kindly on a flower or an insect, has thereby made him sensible of the beauty of tenderness toward men, and rendered charity and lovingkindness so much the more easy, and so much the more necessary to him. To make life more reverend in the eyes of the refined and educated, may be a noble ambition in the scholar, or the poet, but to reveal to the poor and ignorant, and degraded, those divine arms of the eternal beauty which encircle them lovingly by day and night, to teach them that they also are children of one Father, and the nearer haply to his heart for the very want and wretchedness which half-persuaded them they were orphan and forgotten, this, truly is the task of one who is greater than the poet or the scholar, namely, a true Man, — and this belongs to the song-writer. The poet, as he wove his simple rhymes of love, or the humble delights of the poor, dreamed not how many toilworn eyes brightened, and how many tyrant hearts softened with reviving memories of childhood and innocence. That which alone can make men truly happy and exalted in nature, is freedom; and freedom of spirit, without which mere bodily liberty is but vilest slavery, can only be achieved by cultivating men's sympathy with the beautiful. The heart that makes free only is free, and the tyrant always is truly the bondman of his slaves. The longing of every soul is for freedom, which it gains only by helping other souls to theirs. The power of the song-writer is exalted above others in this, that his words bring solace to the lowest ranks of men, loosing their spirits from thraldom by cherishing to life again their numbed and deadened sympathies, and bringing them forth to expand and purify in the unclouded, impartial sunshine of humanity. Here truly is a work worthy of angels, whose brightness is but the more clearly visible when they are ministering in the dark and benighted hovels of life, and whose wings grow to a surer and more radiant strength, while they are folded to enter these humblest tenements of clay, than when they are outspread proudly for the loftiest and most exulting flight. The divinity of man is indeed wonderful and glorious in the mighty and rare soul, but how much more so is it in the humble and common one, and how far greater a thing is it to discern and reverence it there. We hear men often enough speak of seeing God in the stars and the flowers, but they will never be truly religious till they learn to behold him in each other also, where he is most easily, yet most rarely discovered. But to have become blessed enough to find him in anything, is a sure pledge of finding him in all, and many times, perhaps, some snatch of artless melody floating over the land, as if under the random tutelage of the breeze, may have given the hint of its high calling to many a soul which else had lain torpid and imbruted. Great principles work out their fulfilment with the slightest and least regarded tools, and destiny may chance to speak to us in the smell of a buttercup or the music of the commonest air.

After beginning this article, we soon found that the limits of a single number were far too narrow to bring down our specimens to the neighborhood of the present day. Many of the modern songs are the best that have been written, and will better sustain our high estimate than those which we have been obliged to quote in order to give our remarks some slight show of completeness throughout. We have perhaps spoken rather according to our idea of what songs should be, than to a strict estimate of what they are. We shall resume the subject at some future day, and give something toward a more complete analysis of the subject than our time has allowed us in this essay.

LINES WRITTEN IN THE BOOK OF A FRIEND.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

On page of thine I cannot trace
The cold and heartless common-place —
A statue's fixed and marble grace.

For ever as these lines are penned,
Still with the thought of thee, will blend
That of some loved and common friend.

And hence my pen unfettered moves
In freedom which the heart approves —
The negligence which friendship loves.

And wilt thou prize my poor gift less
For simple air and rustic dress,
And sign of haste and carelessness? —

Oh! more than specious counterfeit
Of sentiment, or studied wit
A heart like thine should value it.

Yet half I fear my gift will be
Unto thy book, if not to thee,
Of more than doubtful courtesy.

A banished name from Fashion's sphere —
A lay unheard of Beauty's ear,
Forbid, disowned, — what do they here? —

Upon my ear not all in vain
Came the sad captive's clanking chain —
The groaning from his bed of pain.

And sadder still, I saw the woe
Which only wounded spirits know
When Pride's strong footsteps o'er them go.

Spurned not alone in walks abroad,
But in the "temples of the Lord"
Thrust out apart like things abhorr'd.

Deep as I felt, and stern and strong
In words which Prudence smothered long
My soul spoke out against the Wrong.

From youthful hopes — from each green spot
Of young Romance, and gentle thought,
Where storm and tumult enter not,

And Fancy in her airy mood
Peoples with forms the solitude —
The bright, the beautiful, the good.

From each fair altar, where belong
The offerings Love requires of Song
In homage to her bright-eyed throng,

I turned to Freedom's struggling band —
To Freedom's cause proscribed and bann'd —
To the sad Helots of our land.

What marvel then that Fame should turn
Her notes of praise to those of scorn —
Her gifts reclaimed — her garlands gone.

What matters it? — A few years more,
Life's surge so restless heretofore
Shall break upon the unknown shore!

In that far land shall disappear
The shadows which we follow here —
The mist-wreaths of our atmosphere!

Before no work of mortal hand,
Of human will or strength, expand
The pearl gates of the "better land;"

Alone in that pure Love which gave
Life to the sleeper of the grave,
Resteth the power to "seek and save."

Yet, if the spirit gazing through
The vista of the Past can view
One deed to Heaven and virtue true ;

If through the wreck of wasted powers,
Of garlands wreathed from Folly's bowers,
Of idle aims and misspent hours,

The eye can note one sacred spot
By Pride and Self profaned not —
A green place in the waste of thought,

Where deed or word hath rendered less
" The sum of human wretchedness,"
And Gratitude looks forth to bless —

The simple burst of tenderest feeling
From sad hearts worn by evil-dealing,
For blessing on the hand of healing,—

Better than Glory's pomp, will be
That green and blessed spot to me —
A landmark in Eternity ! —

Something of Time, which may invite
The purified and spiritual sight
To rest on with a calm delight.

Take, lady, then, the gift I bring,
No gay and graceful offering —
No flower-smile of the laughing spring.

Midst the green buds of Youth's fresh May,
With Fancy's leaf-enwoven bay,
My sad and sombre gift I lay.

And if it deepens in thy mind
A sense of suffering human kind —
The outcast and the spirit-blind :

Oppressed and spoiled on every side,
By Prejudice, and Scorn, and Pride ;
Life's common courtesies denied :

Sad mothers mourning o'er their trust,
Children by want and misery nursed
Tasting Life's bitter cup at first.

If to their strong appeals which come
From fireless hearths — and crowded room,
And the dark alley's noisome gloom,—

Though dark the hands upraised to thee
In mute beseeching agony,
Thou lend'st thy woman's sympathy,

Not vainly on thy gentle shrine
Where Love, and Mirth, and Friendship twine
Their varied gifts, I offer mine.

THE ARMENIAN'S DAUGHTER.

A STORY OF THE GREAT PESTILENCE OF BAGDAD.

PART SECOND.

I.

The events recorded in the previous part of my story afforded to the people of Bagdad a most fertile subject of conversation during the ensuing day. In the streets, in the baths, in the market-places, in the bazaars, and above all, in the coffee-houses, they were related, and discussed, and explained, and commented on, with the characteristic liveliness and volubility of the Bagdadians, till at length, as is customary in such cases, there were almost as many versions as there were talkers, and the affair had become so complicated as to be nearly unintelligible.

"Let me tell you how it happened," exclaimed a little man with very black and restless eyes, and a remarkably eager and peering expression of countenance, whose only garments were a dirty turban aud a long shirt fastened to his waist by a leathern girdle: he had been striving for half an hour to gain the attention of a group of better dressed persons than himself, who were sitting in the most fashionable coffee-house in the city, smoking their long chibouques and swallowing innumerable cups of the fragrant decoction of the Arabian berry.

"Let me tell you how it happened, for I know all about it. I was returning from the khan of Busrah, you see, where I had been to visit my brother who came yesterday with the caravan from Ispahan, and I had staid with him talking till it was quite late. Well! as I was saying, just when I crossed the street that passes by the mosque of Talha, I heard the tramp of horsemen coming with a noise like thunder, and got up on the steps of the mosque to see them pass by. I had waited but a minute when they came up at full gallop more than three hundred of them, all great black fellows, mounted on monstrous horses, blacker even than themselves, and headed by a giant ten feet high, with a sabre in his hand which glittered like lightning, and had blue flames curling round its point. They rushed past with no noise but the tramp of their great horses, and I was so frightened that I could not stir for a minute or two, and then just as I was getting down into the street, along comes another troop of horse whom I knew at once were the Pasha's guards, for I have seen them pass my shop many and many a time. Well! as I was saying, these were riding as furiously as the first, and in the midst of them was his highness himself"—

"What 's that you say?" interrupted a tall young man, around whose head a kerchief, with red and yellow stripes, was bound by a neat braid of camel's hair, from beneath which issued his own abundant locks carefully curled and frizzled in the highest style of Bagdad ruffian dandyism. "Do you mean to tell us that Daoud was traversing the streets at that hour of the night, skirmishing with a few paltry robbers? Bah! your black giants were nothing but Bedouins, and instead of three hundred, there were not more than thirty, and these were cut to pieces in five minutes by a squadron from the bridge. The hogs are by this time feeding upon the carcass of their leader, a contemptible sheik, whom you mistook for a magician. Stick to your goose and shears, my friend, and do not talk of fighting in the presence of soldiers."

The little tailor with the dirty turban did not deem it prudent to contradict the man of war, the awe inspired by whose fierce frown and contemptuous tone, completely outweighed the intense desire he felt of finishing the narration of the marvels he had witnessed.

The momentary silence that ensued was broken by an old and very shrivelled person in the dress of a mollah, with a long flowing beard, whose deep black hue, evidently the result of some carefully applied dye, contrasted strangely with his withered countenance.

"But what became of the woman? Who knows what became of the woman?" inquired he in a squeaking, querulous tone; "my son told me that a woman caused the whole of the mischief, and that it was nothing more nor less than an attempt by some dog of an infidel to carry off the greatest beauty of the pasha's harem. So who knows what became of the woman?"

"You are all wrong — all of you," said a very portly and dignified-looking gentleman, of middle age, who was enveloped in a rich purple robe of flowing silk, bound round his waist by a splendid cashmere shawl, and whose snow-white turban of the very finest muslin was adorned with a costly aigrette of pearls. As he spoke, he slowly withdrew from his lips a highly ornamented pipe, and proceeded with a gravity and deliberation, which, together with his evident wealth and consequence, produced a deep impression upon his auditors, who listened with the utmost attention.

"I have my information on this important subject from the very highest authority — indeed I may venture to mention to you, in confidence of course, that his highness himself sent

for me this morning, and from our consultation — mind you, this is not to be repeated — I became assured that there has long existed in this very city a conspiracy — the extent of which is frightful to contemplate — having for its object the overthrow of the pasha's government, and the surrender of the city to the Franks, who, as I have heard from Bassora, have recently sent ships up the Euphrates, which belch forth fire and smoke, move without sails or oars, and are doubtless propelled by dives or genii, whom their magical arts have compelled into their service. The head of this conspiracy it seems, was one whom you all know, or have heard of — I mean Osman Aga, late commander of his highness' army, who, as I am credibly informed, was an Englishman, though he has for a long time pretended to be a follower of the Prophet. I was always of opinion, however, that the renegade was not to be trusted, and intimated as much to his highness, who did not in this particular think proper to listen to my advice. The consequence is, you see, that last night the palace was attacked, two or three hundred of the guards killed, and a great deal of mischief done, which might have been avoided if I had been listened to, and now, the pasha finding that I was right, sends for me this morning, and after informing me that he has this dog of a Frank safe in prison, asks my opinion as to what course he had best—"

The respectable gentleman's veracious narrative was here interrupted by a sudden uproar in the street, which induced his hearers to get up and go to the door of the coffee-house to listen. The tumult proceeded from a mob surrounding a crier, who, at the top of his lungs, was bellowing forth a proclamation, the purport of which was, that his highness the pasha, would pay one thousand pieces of gold, to whoever would discover and deliver up, dead or alive, the body of the traitor, Osman Aga, and commanding all good mussulmen to make diligent search for the same. Furthermore, all egress from the city was prohibited, except by the passport of certain officers whose names and localities were duly designated to the listening multitude.

The crier, when he had finished the proclamation, took his way to another part of the city followed by the mob who seemed never to be satiated with listening to what he had to say, however often repeated. Our friends of the coffee-house on returning to their divan, found that the wise counsellor of the pasha had disappeared, and they also departed, after passing upon his character and pretensions, a few of those quiet jokes and sarcasms, to which the people of Bagdad, unlike their solemn masters the Turks, are very much addicted.

II.

The large reward offered for the apprehension of the renegade, increased the popular excitement to a perfect ferment. Anxious and universal search was made for him, and innumerable were the dubious wretches who were dragged from their filthy haunts by zealous but stupid seekers, and presented to the enraged and disappointed pasha, as the much-coveted Osman. But after the lapse of a few days the agitation suddenly subsided, to be replaced by one tenfold greater, and on a subject of incomparably more importance.

The Plague had appeared in Bagdad.

For months it had been ravaging Anatolia, Roum and Tarabosan, the provinces which extend along the southern coast of the Black Sea, and had gradually devoured its way through the countries among whose mountains rise the Tigris and the Euphrates, until it reached the populous Persian cities, among which it lurked for some time without exciting any apprehension in the inhabitants of Bagdad, or inducing their government, despite the constant intercourse with Persia, to take the slightest measure of precaution.

It was at length, however, brought to the city by the caravan of pilgrims, whose arrival we have already chronicled, and first made its appearance in the pent-up and filthy quarter of the Jews, who doubtless derived the contagion from some of the cast-off garments in which they delighted to traffic. In one of their crowded houses a number of persons were at once taken sick, and died with alarming suddenness. With inconceivable rapidity it was communicated from house to house, until in a few days, more than half the Israelites were either sick or dead. Still, confined as the disease was to the quarter of the Jews, with whom the rest of the population held little intercourse and felt no sympathy, it did not excite any very serious alarm in the public mind. The pasha, while he neglected all sanitary precautions, made great efforts to suppress the reports which began to circulate of deaths and sickness, and persisted in refusing permission to depart from the city, to those in whom prudence or even business induced a desire to quit its walls. The populace, with the usual apathy of the believers of Islam, pursued their employments and their amusements, with as much earnestness, and as much relish as ever, though funeral processions began to multiply in the streets, and the melancholy wail of the mourning women to resound on every side.

While the gates of the city were closed against all egress, they were readily opened to those who wished to enter, and vast numbers of fugitives from the neighboring towns and villages, and from Persia and Armenia poured into Bagdad, in hopes of escaping the plague, unconscious that the destroyer had already fastened its fangs upon the vitals of the city.

Thus crowded with an overflowing population, Bagdad exhibited even more than its usual animation and gaiety: the stalls of the bazaar filled full with the commodities brought by the ever coming caravans of refugees, were surrounded by eager throngs of trafficking citizens, rejoicing in the opportunity of easily acquiring wealth, by purchasing at low rates the property of the distressed fugitives, who, to maintain them-

selves in a strange city, were forced to part with their goods at almost any sacrifice. The coffee-houses, participating in the general prosperity produced by the influx of wealth and population, resounded from morning till night, and from night till morning, with songs and jests and laughter — and in short, throughout the city there was every appearence of welfare, contentment and hilarity — while day by day and hour by hour, beneath this fair surface, the terrible and insidious enemy was laboring silently, though rapidly at his fearful work.

But this hollow state of security did not long endure. Deaths among all classes became so frequent that indifference to them was no longer possible. Alarm, as deep and as general as the previous apathy, suddenly spread among the people. Attention once turned to the subject, the whole terrible truth burst like a flash upon the popular mind. From mouth to mouth passed the tidings of a thousand deaths in one day, and from face to face spread the paleness, and from heart to heart the chillness of horror and despair. The very terror which was felt of the plague increased tenfold its power, and by some mysterious fatality, those who, when quite careless, were secure, fell victims as soon as they became apprehensive of their safety.

All occupations were abandoned — all haunts of pleasure were deserted — and a gloomy silence pervaded the terror-stricken city. The most pious of the Mohammedans, deeming it useless to attempt to avoid or avert their destiny, assembled in the mosques to offer their devotions with redoubled fervor, or met in the market-places gravely to discuss the progress of the pestilence. The Jews, the Armenians, and other christians, on the contrary, barred themselves in their dwellings, and held no communication without, except that which was necessary to procure the means of sustenance, and this they conducted in the most guarded manner.

But neither prayers nor precautions availed to stay the course of the destroyer. The rain which fell that spring in quantities never before known in those regions, caused the Tigris to overflow even beyond its highest bound, and nearly the whole of the vast Mesopotamian plain, so remarkable for its levelness, was submerged, and under a burning sun, speedily became one great stagnant fen, from which steamed up unceasingly, illimitable sources of contagion. Bagdad alone, encircled by massive walls, rose like an island amidst the sea of putrid waters, which, by their continual increase, threatened momentarily to engulf the city.

In an incredibly short time, such was the spread of the pestilence, the daily deaths had reached the enormous amount of five thousand. The population deserted the streets and the public places, and sitting supinely in their dwellings, awaited the expected touch of the Almighty's finger. No one was to be seen moving about the city but the water-carriers, who in conformity to the usual Mohammedan rites, were employed to wash the dead, and the persons who went from house to house to gather the corpses, which were placed naked upon asses, and, rich or poor, young or old, noble or slave, thrown promiscuously into the ditch which encircled the walls.

The bolder and less resigned portion of the inhabitants, had, ere this, clamorously surrounded the palace of the Pasha, and demanded the repeal of the order which forbid departure from the city. This was granted by Daoud, whose guard and soldiery the plague had dealt with as fiercely as with the citizens, and whose populous harem had been despoiled of all, save two of its beautiful inmates. But those who departed, fared scarcely better than those who remained. The tribes of the desert, whose pure blood, hardy frames and simple habits defied contagion, had, when they became aware of the weakened condition of Bagdad, assembled in force at no great distance from the walls, and now mercilessly despoiled and slaughtered the fugitives as they ventured forth.

Nor was it possible, at length, to escape even by the river. All the boats of the city had been carried off by those who fled when permission was first granted, and even they, in most cases, carried the pestilence with them, and floated helplessly down the current with the dead, the sick and the healthy, mingled together — the stupefied and fatigued survivors not possessing strength or energy enough to fling overboard the corpses, and afraid to land or quit the boats, lest they should encounter the Bedouins, who were lurking for prey on each bank of the river.

Society became at length so disorganized in the city, and the plague and the Arabs so desolated the surrounding country, that famine was added to the list of calamities which the people of Bagdad were doomed to endure. The customary traffic between man and man had long ceased, and now even the few reckless individuals whom avarice, or hardiness, or philanthropy had induced to perform the last offices — imperfect as they were — to the dead, and to supply the wants of the living — had either fallen victims themselves, or no longer ventured to brave the dangers and the horrors which seemed hourly to increase. The sick consequently were untended, save as in some striking instances, by the hand of surviving affection, and the dead left to rot where they had fallen, or at most cast forth from the door into the mud, which from the constant rain was several feet deep in the unpaved streets.

Nor was this all. The courts of justice were deserted, for the magistrates were dead, or had sought safety in flight or seclusion, and the police of the city had become almost extinct. There was none to check the evil-doer in his course, or to punish him for misdeeds already committed. The bonds of law and government being thus weakened or removed, and public opinion having lost its force in the general confusion and dismay, the fierce passions and hideous de-

sires that infest the soul of unregenerate man, and are, for the most part prevented from appearing solely by external restraints — by fear of punishment or of loss of reputation — began to develop themselves in all their monstrous enormity. Deriving courage from despair, numbers, in defiance of the strictest precepts of the Koran, abandoned themselves to intoxication, and maddened by wine or opium, prowled through the streets singly, or in bands, glutting their hatred and revenge upon their ancient adversaries, and when these were exterminated, killing in the very wantonness of their lust of blood and destruction, those, however inoffensive, who crossed their fearful path. Nay, emboldened by impunity, they at length ventured to enter the dwellings of the wealthy in search of plunder, and though unresisted, did not hesitate to complete the work of the plague by plunging their daggers, or discharging their matchlocks into the festering bodies of the sick — or with fiendish ingenuity, torture unto death the stubborn master or the faithful slave, who refused to disclose where they had secreted their treasures.

Even the sanctity of the harem — in general so sacredly regarded by the Moslems — was not spared by these demons. The women were torn away from their natural protectors, perhaps while attending their sick beds with the devotion of which the sex alone is capable, and compelled to share the infernal revels with which these loathsome ruffians diversified their accursed career.

Vainly the pasha strove to repress these disorders. The greater part of his army was upon the northern frontier of his dominions, engaged in checking the movements of a large Turkish force, commanded by Ali Reza, pasha of Aleppo, whom the Sultan had sent to depose Daoud, and who was calmly watching the progress of the pestilence, with the intention of pouncing upon the unfortunate city when its strength should be utterly exhausted. The garrison that remained in Bagdad, had dwindled away through the ravages of the plague, until there were scarcely sufficient men left to maintain the walls against the ceaseless attacks of the Bedouins, who still hovered about the city. Of his brilliant body-guard of one hundred Georgians, it is recorded that only four remained, and thus deprived of the right arm of his power, the Pasha found, though he exerted himself gallantly and earnestly, that his influence over the people had departed, for in the words of an English missionary who beheld and described these awful scenes, "Fear of him was passed, and love for him there was none."

III.

It was a calm, clear night, and those bright emblems of still brighter truths, the far-off, majestic stars were looking down with pitying glances upon the wretched city where the demons of pestilence and famine were vieing with the fiercer devils of the human heart for preëminence in the work of desolation. The air was very still, and in its soft, transparent purity, it was scarcely conceivable that contagion could be lurking. An unearthly silence brooded over the vast mass of buildings, upon whose towers and terraces the just-risen moon was pouring a flood of silver light — an unearthly silence, broken only at intervals by the brutal yells of some riotous band, or the solitary shriek of some poor victim of their cruelty.

In an apartment of the dwelling of the missionary with whom they had found refuge, were Osman Aga and his bride. It was a long, but narrow room, one side of which composed almost wholly of windows, looked upon a garden, while along the other ran a broad divan in the usual oriental fashion. The furniture exhibited a curious mingling of the strangely different styles of Europe and the East. Indian mats and Persian carpets covered the floor, but in the corners of the room were English tables and chairs, on the former of which, penknives, pens, inkstands, bound books and other articles habitually used only in Christendom, were lying together with various indescribable implements and knick-knacks peculiar to the Asiatics.

On the divan sat Miriam with hands folded on her lap, and her glorious eyes anxiously following every movement of her husband, who was slowly pacing up and down the room, apparently deeply immersed in thought. His countenance was pallid and sad, but evidently rather from care and distress, than from illness.

At length, as his eye caught her earnest and affectionate glance, he paused, and advancing to where she sat, laid his hand on her shoulder, saying,

"I fear much, dearest, that thy strength is scarcely sufficient to sustain the fatigues of this toilsome and perilous journey. Were there any prospect of the plague abating, thou should'st remain in Bagdad, even though we parted for a season."

"Nay, Osman, nay, do not for a moment think of our separation. I am stronger than thou fanciest, and from my childhood have been accustomed to travelling. The women of our nation, thou knowest, are never kept so secluded as those of the Moslems, and since my mother's death, I have always accompanied my poor father even on his longest journeys. So thou need'st not fear for me — with thee, I can endure all toils, all dangers, even were they thrice what they are like to be. But let us quit this horrible place — this city of death and desolation. Sooner would I dwell in the desert for life, than remain here another day. The sights that are constantly before my eyes — the sounds that are ever ringing in my ears, will speedily drive me mad. God has doomed to destruction Bagdad and its infidel people, and we should escape from it, as from another Sodom. When from day to day I heard dim reports of what was passing around us, I shuddered, and was sick with horror —

but now when the pestilence has made its way through our bolts and bars, and is in this very house, flight alone can save me, for the thought of thy danger makes my spirit sink — and once alarmed, contagion is sure to ensue."

"We will go, we will go, and without delay. I tarry but for Rustom, who promised me yesterday when I parted with him at the city gate, that he would be here two hours before midnight. It is close upon the time, and we will depart instantly on his arrival. Should he not come, however, we must remain yet longer, for without more protection than my single arm, I dare not risk thee in these turbulent streets."

"But, why dearest, can we not go during the day? There were surely less peril then, than at night."

"Less peril of the robbers it is true. But I learnt during my excursion yesterday, that the pasha, roused to increased activity by the enormities that menace utter destruction to his capital, now almost constantly patrols the streets with the remnant of his guard, and to meet *him* were worse than to encounter a thousand robbers. Besides, as I have told you, Rustom will probably bring with him a dozen or two of Arabs, who can pass the gate only by stratagem, which could not easily be effected in daylight."

"How long shall we be in reaching Aleppo? Or do you intend to proceed directly thither, if we succeed in quitting this city?"

"If we meet with no unexpected detentions, it will require at least fifteen or twenty days to cross the desert. But I shall have to remain a day or two ere we start, with my friends the Jerbah and the Aneiza, who have been for sometime before the walls, waiting only my presence and an expected reinforcement from the Sultan's army, to assault Bagdad. When thou art safely placed at Aleppo, I will return hither with all speed, and raise a tempest round the pasha's head, that will shake him from his already tottering throne, and effectually repay his insults and persecutions."

As he said this, Osman Aga recommenced pacing the floor with an excited step, but Miriam rose and approaching him, placed her arm around his neck and gently drew him to the divan, where she again seated herself, and drawing him down beside her said, "Must thou again mingle in these wars, and league with those fierce men in such dangerous enterprises? I had thought that when once we had left this fatal city, thou would'st take me to thy own peaceful Christian land — that happy and prosperous England, of which thou hast so loved to talk with me, there to pass in some pleasant spot the remainder of our quiet lives."

"So we will, so we will, my best beloved! But in England — happy as she is — without wealth we would be most wretched. It is no land for the poor. And now, thanks to Daoud! I am a beggar. In Christendom the sword, at least in the hands of individuals, no longer commands riches. They flow only from skill which I do not and cannot possess, and from toil at which my free soul would sicken. But let me once enter Bagdad as a conqueror, and the coffers of the pasha will supply gold enough for all future wants. Let me restore to the sultan this brightest jewel of his crown, and I can return to England loaded with wealth and honors — enabled to place thee there, dearest, in the station which thy beauty and worth entitle thee to fill. God knows I long to quit these barbarous and insecure climes. For since I have known *thee*, I tremble perpetually at dangers and tumults that formerly were my sole delight. But, alas! even in Christendom we may not find the repose we seek. Our good friend, the missionary, has informed me that intelligence was lately received at the embassy here, of another revolution in the nation which adjoins my own: and he tells me that in Paris, that great and beautiful city whose pleasures I have so often described to thee, the people and the soldiers fought three days, till the streets were running with blood. And in England too, a storm is brewing, which ere long may burst, and scatter ruin on her fertile plains and crowded cities. Her people are demanding their long-withheld rights, and blood will flow in torrents ere they can overcome their hereditary oppressors. But the very anticipation of that struggle leads me to long for a speedy return to my country, who will need the presence of all her sons, when the day of trouble comes."

Miriam was about to reply when a door at the extremity of the room was opened, and the master of the dwelling entered. His face had a haggard and melancholy expression, and his voice, as he addressed Osman, was so low that his words were scarcely audible.

"A person who calls himself Rustom, and inquires for you, is at the door with a number of others and requests admission. Though I have no doubt it is your slave, I thought it safer to inform you, before I permitted them to enter"

"You did right, good sir! In these troubled times one had best look sharply to his visiters. I will go with you to the door, and admit him myself."

The faithful Nubian, for he it was, speedily gained entrance followed by seven savage looking Bedouins, armed to the teeth, two of whom as well as Rustom himself, exhibited on their persons abundant traces of some recent and desperate affray.

"How now, Rustom? whence this blood? Were you obliged to force an entrance at the gate?"

"No, Aga, we got in quietly enough, but in making our way hither encountered a gang of plunderers, some twenty in number, who had fired a coffee-house in revenge for finding nothing in it worth carrying off, and were maltreating some women whom the flames had driven from their home. We interfered, of course,

and enabled the women to escape, though three of our poor fellows were killed, and we only got off after some hard fighting."

"You did well. Mr. Groves, will you have the kindness to see to these men's wounds, and give them some refreshment? Rustom, follow him with your comrades, and when you have recovered your fatigue, we will depart."

Rustom did as he was bidden, but before going turned and said,

"I learnt as we came along, that the flames and the tumult, which to night is even greater than usual, have roused the pasha, who is abroad with a small party of soldiers."

Osman mused for a moment, as if perplexed, and then replied,

"That bodes us no good — I had rather meet all the robbers of the city, than Daoud, if he be accompanied by any force. For the former would scarcely attack an armed company without provocation, and strong hopes of booty, whereas the pasha doubtless yet entertains the idea of getting me into his power. But it cannot be avoided. You could not remain here till another night, and without you it would be almost impossible to conduct Miriam in safety to the gates. Go, and be ready in an hour."

Osman Aga in a few minutes rejoined his wife, and said to her,

"I have decided, dearest, and we shall depart in an hour. Get you ready and take some refreshment, while I prepare my arms. Would that we dared afford you a litter, or even a horse!"

"I care not for either, beloved. I warrant you I can walk with ease to the gate. The joy of quitting these fearful walls, will give me abundant strength."

The party were soon prepared for departure, and after exchanging affectionate adieus with the kind missionary, cautiously sallied forth into the moonlit street.

IV.

Osman, Miriam and their attendants proceeded as rapidly as possible until they had left behind them the remote and comparatively quiet quarter in which the missionary resided: on approaching the heart of the city, however, which they were obliged to cross in order to reach by the nearest route, the gate at which alone they could be sure of egress, they moved with greater circumspection, for on every side tokens and signs began to multiply, of the horrors and the dangers to which Bagdad was then subjected.

Though it was the hour at which ordinarily in Oriental cities a profound stillness reigns, their ears were assailed as they moved along, by the most mournful and appalling sounds. From the dwellings in which the plague yet found victims, proceeded groans and cries of pain, — telling of the strong man's struggle with his ruthless destroyer — and woman's wailing voice raised in lamentation as the strokes of Azrael, the angel of death, fell fast and thick upon the cherished idols of her heart — while from many houses of the better sort where the work of the pestilence had been completed, and the hearths made wholly desolate, there issued yells and songs and execrations, which indicated fearfully the nature of those who had usurped possession and were like demons who had just mastered a human soul, riotously exulting in the fair conquest they had made.

Occasionally too, some ghastly wretch, impelled by the fury of delirium, would burst from a door-way and fling his burning and ulcerated arms about some one of the startled party, imploring relief and protection in the wild and piteous gibberish of insanity — and not unfrequently their hearts were saddened by the low wail of young children whose desperate mothers unable to provide for, had exposed them in the streets in the hope of exciting the compassion of some passer-by more fortunate than his fellows. Too often, however, they were left to starve, or be devoured by the dogs who, with none to chastise them, and suffering from the general famine, prowled about the streets in fierce packs, seeking whom they might devour, and battening like hyenas upon the carcases of the dead and even of the dying.

Earnestly and often did Miriam entreat Osman to stop and permit her to snatch from their horrible fate the poor children whom they met, but though even his stern heart relented at the sights he witnessed, his judgment told him that under the circumstances to have burdened themselves with the sufferers, would only have endangered their own safety, as well by the incumbrance as by the risk of contagion, without offering a possibility of ultimately preserving the objects of their compassion.

They continued therefore steadily on their way despite the horrid objects which environed them, till they were suddenly arrested in their progress by the unexpected appearance of a number of men, who issued singing and shouting from the door of a house in the street along which Osman and his company were proceeding. They were very grotesquely habited, some wearing a mixture of male and female apparel, while others together with their proper rags, bore about their persons garments which had evidently belonged to individuals of the highest rank: they were all armed, though in no very regular fashion, and from their demeanor appeared to be partially intoxicated. They paused as they beheld the party who approached, and subsiding into comparative silence appeared to be holding a consultation.

"They are robbers, and there are at least forty of them Aga," said Rustom. "If they are disposed to molest us, we will stand but a poor chance in the open street: we had better retreat or take possession of one of these houses, in which we can easily beat them off — for such gentry have little relish for hard blows, unless they are sure of plunder."

Ere the Nubian had done speaking, Osman's determination was taken. Anxious, for the sake of Miriam, to avoid a conflict, he turned with his followers into a narrow street which issued from the one they had been traversing, and which he fancied would lead him out of the way of the plunderers. But the latter, as soon as the last of the Arabs disappeared, emboldened apparently by their desire to shun them, gave a loud shout and started in pursuit.

Osman found at the first turning, to his surprise, and indeed to his dismay, that what he had taken for a street was no more than a short court, with no other outlet than that by which he had entered. At its other extremity rose the outer wall of an extensive house, the monotonous blank of which was entirely destitute of windows, and broken only by a single doorway, with a low broad arch. The dwelling was evidently deserted by its owners, for the door, torn from its hinges, was lying on the ground a short distance from the house.

"Never mind the door, Rustom," said Osman to his followers as they entered the building. "We have not time to replace it properly, and unless that were done, it would only embarrass us — we shall have to make a stand in the court — bar and bolt this inner door — and Agyl, do you drive a hole through it with your battle axe. Now another just beside it — carefully, or you will beat the door down. Well done! — Now stay here all of ye, while I bestow the lady within beyond the reach of shot. Keep your matchlocks ready and shoot them like so many jackals if they attempt to enter."

So saying, Osman, first lighting by the match of an Arab a half-burnt torch which he picked from the floor, led Miriam along the narrow gallery of the court, and through the succeeding passage into another quadrangle, in the midst of which a handsome fountain, surrounded by a few stately palms, was playing merrily in the bright moonshine.

Through one of the doors which opened into this court, he entered a large hall which had evidently been the principal apartment of the mansion. The sight which met his eyes, as he held up the torch to examine the room, made him shudder and half draw back. Upon a pallet in one corner were stretched the bodies of two women both past the prime of life; one of them by her garments appeared to be a lady of rank, though the jewels had been stript from her fingers and the ornaments torn from her ears. The black, livid spots of the plague were upon her face and arms, and everything in her posture denoted that after death her body had been arranged by some friendly hand with care upon the pallet. The corpse beside her was that of a slave, who seemed in the last struggles to have crawled to the couch of her dead mistress, in order to die by her side.

But the pestilence had not been alone in the work of destruction. The hand of the robber and the assassin had also left its atrocious traces in that chamber of death. In the centre of the apartment lay a group of three bodies: one of them was that of a young and lovely female, the front of whose white robe was clotted with blood, that had flown from a wound in her breast, apparently inflicted by a dagger or the point of a sword. Beside her lay stretched at full length the tall form of an old man, probably her father, with a venerable snow-white beard, and a scowl of defiance yet visible on his majestic though furrowed countenance. He had received several wounds before he fell, for his turban, cleft by a sabre-stroke, which reached the brain of its wearer, lay near, and one of his arms was almost hewn from his body. The group was completed by the slight form of a boy who had fallen across the body of the maiden, his sister perhaps, whom it was evident from the gore-stained dagger which his hand yet grasped, he had died gallantly defending. His delicate fair face was exposed to view, and just in the centre of the forehead a small round hole from which the blood had slightly oozed, told that a bullet from the pistol of one of the miscreants had dislodged the spirit from its earthly home. Nearer to the door was the body of a slave who had also been shot down, apparently while attempting to escape from the room. The murderers had stript the apartment of everything that was valuable, and had also despoiled the corpses of their victims, of rings and other jewels. These horrible transactions had as the state of the dead evinced, taken place but a day or two previous.

Osman reclosed the door in sickening disgust as his glance revealed these hideous objects, and said to Miriam —

"This is no place for thee, dearest, the plague has been at its fell work here, and it were death to venture into that room. Let us cross to the opposite side of the court, where we may find a vacant chamber."

The discharge of fire-arms from without announced that the robbers had begun their assault, and Osman hastily opened the nearest door, and glanced hurriedly within; the room it led to seemed empty, and bidding Miriam remain there, he placed the torch in a stand, and ran to the entrance of the house, where the uproar of the struggle was already loud and incessant.

The attention of Miriam, as she looked around the room after his departure, was attracted by a large bird-cage, which, covered with a withered branch of palm, hung near one of the windows. She approached, and removing the dead leaves, could perceive by the glare of the torch that it contained a parrot of large size and beautiful plumage, who was lying upon the bottom, evidently in the last agonies of a death of thirst and starvation. Its parched tongue was protruded from its bill, but as its yet bright eye caught sight of the lady's face, the poor bird feebly fluttered its wings, and attempted to utter the usual sound of welcome; but the effort exhausted its remaining strength, and with a low croak it turned over on its back and

expired. Miriam, touched to the heart by its misery, could not persuade herself that the parrot was dead, and sought about the room for food and water to revive it. She found none, but at length perceived the door of a closet, partially concealed by the hangings of the wall. This she opened, and looking in, found that it was of no great size, and that the walls were bare of shelves, and indeed of any article whatever. She was about to close it, when a faint sound resembling the wail of an infant struck her ear. She started back with affright, but recovering herself immediately, examined the closet more attentively, and perceived upon the floor what appeared to be a bundle of clothes loosely flung together. Removing a large shawl from the top of the heap, she discovered, nestling beneath, a young babe, which she hastily raised, and found that what she had mistaken for a parcel of clothes, was the body of a woman. Miriam, nerving herself to desperate courage despite the horror she felt, took hold of the arm which had encircled the child, but dropped it instantly, for the cold touch convinced her that life had long departed. She concluded that the body was that of the mother of the babe, who, though sick of the plague, had seized her child when the robbers attacked the house, and seeking safety for both in concealment, had died in her place of refuge.

Closing the closet door, Miriam carried the child to where the torch was flaming, and with a mixture of wonder and fear turned its face to the light. God of Heaven! What a spectacle met her gaze! The face of the babe was one entire ulcer; the plague had smitten every feature. Overcome by the loathsome sight, she dropped the child on the near divan, and reeled and sunk senseless upon the floor.

V.

When Osman Aga returned to the barricaded door at which he had left Rustom and the Arabs, he was informed that the robbers, after one desperate attempt to force an entrance by a simultaneous rush through the passage, from which they were easily driven by a few effectual shots, had stationed several of their number in an opposite house, whence they were keeping up a sharp, though hitherto harmless fire, which the Nubian did not think it worth while to reply to, but contented himself with warily holding his force in readiness to repel another attack.

"This will never do, Rustom," said Osman, after carefully examining the state of affairs, "these villains may keep us here till morning, unless we contrive some plan to escape from the house without their knowledge. 'Tis clearly impossible with our scanty force to urge our way through the court, now that they are lodged in those houses. What can be their motive for attacking us so determinedly? Surely they can hope for but little plunder."

"From some of their cries to each other, I should think they mistook us for a party conveying treasure to the citadel. But if they were not utterly besotted, the fewness of our numbers would teach them better. But I fear much that this uproar will soon bring the pasha upon us, for unless he recrossed the river to night, which is not probable, he cannot be far off."

Osman was about to reply, when from behind and above him, came the report of two matchlocks, and an Arab who was standing by his side sprang forward like a stricken deer, and fell with his face to the ground — a bullet had pierced his brain. Osman looked up in time to catch a glimpse of the heads of two men, as they disappeared over the parapet which surrounded the terrace on the roof of the house. It was fearfully apparent that, while a portion of the robbers had occupied the attention of the besieged by firing upon them in front, the remainder had been actively employed in entering the neighboring buildings, and from their roofs, penetrating to the top of that in which Osman and his followers had taken refuge! Thence through the open space in the centre, they could securely fire upon those in the gallery. Not a moment was to be lost. Bidding Rustom and Agyl maintain the door at all hazards, Osman, followed by the rest of his Arabs, bounded across the gallery, and sword in hand, sprang rapidly up the steps that led to the terrace. He found it in possession of six or seven of the bandits, who, in a stooping posture, were creeping cautiously forward to discharge a second volley on the men below, while others of the band were climbing the wall which divided the roofs of the separate houses. His onset took them by surprise, and ere they could use their guns or unsheath their sabres, four of them were cut down, and the remainder with wonderful agility had cleared the parapet wall and with their comrades fled into the lower parts of the neighboring building. To pursue them would have been useless and imprudent, and leaving his men to watch lest they should attempt to return, Osman ran across the terrace to the front of the building in order to look into the court below, where a sudden increase of firing and shouting made him apprehend that the robbers had renewed their attempt to force an entrance at the door in front, which was guarded only by Rustom and another. He could scarcely believe his eyes when he saw that the court was thronged with soldiers, who had apparently just entered, and were engaged in fierce conflict with the robbers, who were singly endeavoring to cut their way to the street. While he yet looked, a party of the military issued from the door beneath, dragging with them Rustom himself, covered with blood, and apparently resigned to his fate, for he was quite silent, and suffered himself to be borne along without a struggle.

It was evident that the pasha, or at least his troops *had* come to quell the disturbance, and that they had indiscriminately attacked both the robbers and their intended victims. Osman's

first thought was for Miriam, and calling on the Arabs to follow, he rushed down to the quadrangle below. Two or three soldiers were passing through the gallery, who, alarmed by his unexpected appearance, fled without attempting opposition. He dashed through the passage which led to the next court-yard, and bursting into the room where he had placed Miriam, called loudly upon her. No reply was made, and looking round he perceived that the apartment was empty. Where could she be? The torch still burned where he had left it, but no other trace of her was visible. His eye caught the half-open closet door, and springing to it with a gush of hope in his heart, he grasped hastily at what he saw was the form of a woman. Dragging it forth to the light, he beheld the plague-spotted face of a stranger. Retreating with horror, his glance fell upon the child which yet lay upon the divan. He was utterly confounded! surely that babe was not there when he brought Miriam to the room! How then came it there? And where could she now be?

Agitated by these reflections, he was walking slowly from the room, totally at a loss what course to pursue, when he was startled to a sense of his dangerous situation, by a pistol ball grazing his arm. He roused himself in time to avoid being made prisoner by the soldiers, who having returned to the house, had already captured or killed the Arabs. Perceiving that to meet them single-handed would be folly, he rapidly fled still farther into the interior of the dwelling, and ascended by another stairs to the roof. He was not pursued farther than the bottom of the steps, for the soldiers cared little to prevent the escape of a single individual, and had besides no great relish for venturing into dark and unknown passages.

Osman Aga pursued his way for some time on the tops of the houses, till he had attained a considerable distance from the scene of strife. He then descended through a deserted house into the street, which was perfectly quiet, and with a heavy heart proceeded without molestation to the nearest gate. The principal part of the guard had been drawn off to assist in restoring order in the city, and Osman found little difficulty, with the aid of a purse he had received from Rustom, in persuading the petty officer in command to suffer him to go forth.

The night, which at its commencement had been calm and clear, began to be overcast, and the gathering clouds to threaten a renewal of the rain, which for many weeks previous had fallen almost without intermission. Osman found that the very desert itself had been converted into a swamp from the superabundant moisture, and that it was with danger and difficulty he could proceed during the increasing darkness. He accordingly bent his steps toward the cemetery of the city, which was not far from the walls, and entering, proceeded to the antique octagonal edifice which covers the tomb of Zobeide, the fair and famous sultana of Haroun Alraschid. Its tall spire rising above the surrounding palms, guided him to the spot, and entering the mausoleum without difficulty, he prepared to pass the night there, with the intention of joining the encampment of his Bedouin friends at the first dawn of day.

TO M. O. S.

BY JAMES R. LOWELL.

Mary, since first I knew thee to this hour
  My love hath deepened with my wiser sense
  Of what in Woman is to reverence;
Thy clear heart, fresh as e'er was forest flower,
Still opens more to me its beauteous dower,
  — But let praise hush — Love asks no evidence
  To prove itself well placed; we know not whence
It gleans the straws that thatch its humble bower:
  We can but say we found it in the heart —
Spring of all sweetest thoughts, arch-foe of blame —
  Maker of flowers in the dusty mart —
White vestal of the poet's holy flame —
  This is enough, and we have done our part
If we but keep it pure as when it came.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE BOOK OF BRITISH BALLADS. Edited by J. C. Hall, Esq. London: Vizetelly & Co. 1842.

The bishop of Dromore deserves canonization better than a great many of those who are acknowledged and authorized, and calendared saints, for his endeavor to recall the English nation from the worship of false gods in poesy, by the publication of his "Reliques." His three volumes, put forth at a time when poetry had become well nigh degraded to a mere accomplishment and conventionalism, seem like a bunch of dewy violets amid the steaming odors of a ballroom. The manly and grand simplicity of those songs, which were called "rude" only because nature was deemed vulgar, and the muses were not admitted to good society unless they wore powder and patches, slowly recalled the English poets to their forgotten loyalty to the heart. Men began to surmise timidly that poetry was not a thing to be learned only at Oxford and Cambridge, and that mixing water with the old, was perhaps not the best way to make new poetry. A whole clan of British Homeridæ had come to light, proving that the air of Asia Minor was not a necessary postulate for the production of Homers. A belief began to spread, that truth and earnestness of feeling were the main elements of true poetry, and that the successors of Pope were not, as they claimed, Apollo's vicars on earth. This alarming heresy was not to sap the foundation of the catholic faith of poetry, without a severe struggle on the part of those who held snug offices in the temple of fame, solely under the existing order of things. Dr. Johnson extemporized parodies, at which everybody (as he intended) laughed, and elaborately composed "London, a Satire," as a specimen of orthodox poetry, at which some forgot themselves enough to laugh also, which he probably did not intend. Of his lives of the British poets, too, he made a kind of *index expurgatorius* of catholic writers. The "Triumphs of Temper," and the "Botanic Garden," were the last great efforts in the cause of the establishment.

The book before us, is truly a very beautiful one. To our eyes it would have been more so, if it had been a cheaply printed selection which might have found its way into the cottage and the workshop. Such books are more needed by the poor than by the rich, and might soften many a sorrow, and in some measure make up for many a want. Still, the book is a beautiful one, and many of the illustrations are exquisite. Those by Franklin, in particular, have all that delightful improbability in them which is so characteristic of the old ballads, and there is a perfectness of finish, and correctness of costume about them which renders them very satisfactory to the eye, though they sometimes remind us too much of Retzsch. This artist also shows an appreciation of the beauties of what he illustrates, and his marginal fancies often assist us to a truer conception of the ballads. The last group in his illustration of "the grand old ballad of Sir Patrick Spens," is brimful of graceful and romantic pathos. The illustrations of "The Two Brothers," by Frith, are also very vivid and striking, and those of "The Nut-brown Maid" are full of woodland beauty.

With the literary half of the book, we confess we are not so well satisfied as with the pictorial. In a man's own writings, we expect to glean the grain for ourselves from the stalks and husks, but when he undertakes to glean for us from the harvest of others, we may fairly enough look for pure wheat. In some cases, the editor may have been prevented by copyright from following his own taste, but this is no excuse for printing the modern ballad of Chevy Chase instead of the ancient one, which he himself acknowledges to be the best, nor will it excuse many other sins, both of omission and commission. Is the editor's wish "to give a specimen of Monk Lewis's powers," any excuse for giving a specimen of his weakness by printing his tawdry ballad of "Sir Agilthorn," which is in no way British, unless its allusion to Flodden field make it so? We have two ballads of Mr. Leyden's, also, both of them very long, and, to our mind, quite too diffuse and ornate to make a very good show beside their sturdy elder brothers, who were nursed under the open sky and cradled in a shield. Sir Walter Scott's friendship did not make good ballad-writers of all those who were happy enough to share it. We think that in a collection of British ballads, that antique and startlingly picturesque one of "The Twa Corbies," should have had a place, and we felt something like a pang when we looked in vain for the exquisite poem of "The Cruel Sister," so wildly fanciful as to rise well nigh to the sublime — with its plaintive burthen of "Binnorie," made doubly classical from its revival by the great Wordsworth. And the dear "Annie of Lochroyan," too, made thrice dear to us by the often hearing it from lips that gave an original beauty of their own to whatever they recited, — we cannot conceive why *she* was banished from the beautiful throng to which she always added a pensive and melancholy grace. There is no more gushingly pathetic and simply eloquent ballad in any language than this, and none more fit to inspire the sister art of design. Fair Annie's vessel, with its "mast o' gowd and tows o' taffatie," her meeting with "the rank robber and a' his companie," the tower in the sea where Lord Gregory lay enchanted by his cruel mother, and the last sad scene where she floats through the foam with her drowned baby in her arms, to the feet of her heart-broken lover — all seem made to have their outline filled out by the pencil.

We have been forced to criticise from memory. If we had any collection of ballads at hand, we might have swelled our catalogue. But we have said enough. It is always painful to find fault with any attempt at a worthy object, but where we are speaking of a compilation, and that of poems whose beau-

ties need no pointing out, duty compels us to throw what light we are able on its deficiencies. Moreover every one is deeply interested in the worthiness of a book like this, for a collection of poems becomes often a textbook, and to those who are not well acquainted with the original sources, exclusion amounts to a verdict of condemnation upon any poem. In the present case, we feel a greater interest from the fact that it may be reprinted here, for we do not think it by any means a good selection, and much less a thorough anthology of British ballads, as it purports to be. It has the same faults with the three beautiful volumes of "Gems" published a few years ago under the care of the same editor. From authors, the merit of whose several poems had been accurately settled, the selection was generally good; but where Mr. Hall was obliged to trust to his own judgment, (as in the case of contemporary poets,) the choice of the best passages seemed rather a piece of good luck than the result of a well educated critical discernment. It requires no mean endowment of poetic faculty to be able to make a passably good selection of poems.

Poems on Slavery. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Cambridge: John Owen.

This is a little volume which we think likely to do a great deal of good. Professor Longfellow is perhaps more widely and popularly known and admired in this country than any other writer, certainly than any other poet. While many of his poems have been translated into German by Freiligrath, and Bentley has now and then the good taste to steal them for his Miscellany. In this instance we think the popularity — *interdum vulgus rectum videt* — a proof of merit in the author. His style has just enough peculiarity to render it attractive, and, at the same time that it is strongly tinged with romanticism, the structure of the verse, the rythm of the melody, and the development of the sentiment are so gracefully simple as to be even at once with minds of the highest and lowest range of education. Such a man as this, so well known as a polished scholar of general literature, so always welcome to every fireside as a poet whose muse has never in any way spotted the virgin white of her purity, will find a ready hearing, when he comes as a pleader on either side of a vexed question, with many who to all others would be resolutely deaf. Men's prejudices so often persuade them that the voice of duty is that of a syren, by stopping their ears against which they emulate the cautious wisdom of Ulysses, that it is a fortunate chance for the right when it can speak to them by means of a familiar and favorite tongue.

We do not join in the torrent of eulogy upon the fearlessness and nobleness of spirit evinced by the author in publishing this little pamphlet, because we think that it is yielding quite too much to the exacting spirit of evil, to say that a man does any more than his simple duty to his instincts when he espouses the cause of right. It is always an argument of greater courage in a man, (so far as that goes) to deny and refuse the divine message that is sent to him, as it always is sooner or later, for in so doing he causes his guardian angel to hide her face from him in sorrow, and defies the Spirit of God in his own soul, who is thenceforth his most implacable foe and one that always vanquishes at last. The sentiment of anti-slavery, too, is spreading so fast and so far over the whole land, that its opponents are rapidly dwindling into a minority. Moreover such praise, if any there be, should be given to the early disciples and apostles of this gospel, men and women who have endured for their faith such spiritualized martyrdom as the refined nineteenth century is still tenacious of inflicting. There, for instance is William Lloyd Garrison, the half-inspired Luther of this reform, a man too remarkable to be appreciated in his generation, but whom the future will recognise as a great and wonderful spirit. There, too, is Whittier, the fiery Kœrner of this spiritual warfare, who, Scævola-like, has sacrificed on the altar of duty, that right hand which might have made him acknowledged as the most passionate lyrist of his time. There is the tenderly-loving Maria Child, the author of that dear book, "Philothea," — a woman of genius, who lives with humble content in the intellectual Coventry to which her conscientiousness has banished her — a fate the hardest for genius to bear. Nor ought the gentle spirit of Follen, a lion with a lamb's heart, to be forgotten, whose fiery fate, from which the mind turns horror-stricken, was perhaps to his mild nature less dreadful than that stake and fagot of public opinion, in dragging him to which many whom he loved were not inactive, for silence in such times is action. And Channing, a man great and original in perceiving, elucidating and defending those moral truths which others were the first to discover. When we see these, and such as these, denounced as self-interested zealots, by those who have never read a word of their controversial writings, we know not whether to be most surprised at the fearless ignorance which classes such widely different natures together, or at the contented simplicity which receives such oracles for gospel, and is pleased to accept that as knowledge which is truly but the overrunning of surplus ignorance. That some of them are "unguarded in their expressions" we allow, but a great idea has seldom time to waste in selecting what Hotspur would have called "parmaceti phrases," and the spirit of reform does not usually make a fiery spirit more mild. Luther was the greatest blackguard, as well as the greatest reformer of his time, and Milton threw dirt (not, however, without a few chance-fallen rose-leaves in it) at Salmasius, not only without stint, but with an evident satisfaction. Men who feel that they are in the right, are prone to indignation at those who oppose them, and they who do not live in glass houses, sometimes make it their profession to throw stones.

To return. Professor Longfellow rarely or never touches the deepest instincts of our nature, but he runs over the wide scale of natural *sentiment* with the hand of a master. His strength lies in what we may call the spiritual picturesque. His mind is of a reflective cast. He has little passionateness, and his thoughts run so readily into soliloquy, that we think a more strict self-judgment would have deterred him from ever attempting the dramatic form of expression. He has remarkable delicacy and grace, sometimes rising into vigor, of diction, and a delightful spirit

pervades all that he writes which is never (as is too often the case) belied by the private and personal character of the author, who in an eminent degree attracts the love as well as the admiration of his friends. We know no writer whose poems tend more decidedly to elevate and refine the feelings of his readers, and so to purify the source of their thoughts, while at the same time he cultivates their romantic sentiment, thereby increasing the nicety and extent of their sympathies.

There is no use in quoting from any volume of Professor Longfellow's. His poems have such a wonderful faculty of domesticating themselves by every fireside in the country, that they are everywhere recognised inmates. Some of those in this little volume seem to us to be deficient in force, and without enough certainty of aim. Perhaps the best in conception is the "Slave Singing at Midnight," and the best in expression "the Slave's Dream," a subject which we have seen handled before, but never so beautifully. There is nothing of a spirit of controversy in these pages, and though we might be tempted sometimes to ask for more energy, yet we are sure that those writings do most good which strive to make the beauty of the right more apparent, rather than those which inveigh against the loathsomeness of the wrong.

Letters of De Quincey, the English Opium Eater, to a Young Man whose education has been neglected. Philadelphia. John Pennington; 1843.

There is perhaps no cotemporary writer of high reputation of whose person and history less is generally known, than the author of "Confessions of an English Opium-Eater" — unless indeed, that book be considered as an authentic autobiography. The only particulars that we have been able to glean respecting him are — that he resides in the north of England — was a friend of Coleridge, whom he is accused of ungratefully villifying — is, or was for a long time extremely addicted to the species of intoxication he so powerfully describes in his "Confessions" — and has written, besides that work and these "Letters," an article on Shakspeare in the seventh edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica, of which the Quarterly Review, after a copious quotation, exclaims "Who after reading such passages as these, does not regret that the author has written so little?"

The whole of De Quincey's publications might, we believe, be comprised in three numbers of this magazine. They are characterised by vigorous and deep thought, by a peculiarly strong and nervous style, rising not unfrequently to impassioned eloquence, by apt and caustic sarcasm, and by a constant display of very varied and recondite learning. They are remarkable also for dwelling perpetually upon the author's self-hood with a sort of profound egotism, whose very earnestness prevents it from being offensive, and for very acute and original metaphysical and critical analysis. Their chief defect is a certain rudeness and incoherence of arrangement, denoting either great carelessness or a deficiency in artistic skill.

These "Letters," which appeared originally in the London Magazine for 1823, exhibit strongly both the author's usual faults and excellencies. They were ostensibly written for the guidance of a person who, too old to attend a university, was yet young enough to commence with the foundations of learning, and possessed ample capacity, means and leisure, to pursue with profit almost any course of studies. De Quincey begins the first letter with a brief and pertinent introduction, and concludes it with a long and sarcastic refutation of Coleridge's assertion, that a literary man had better study and write in his parlor, surrounded by his family however noisy, than seclude himself in his *den*. In the second letter he proposes to furnish instructions concerning the "three general instruments of study — Logic, Language and Arts of Memory." The third letter is accordingly occupied with acute and interesting but exceedingly desultory remarks on the value of various languages, in the course of which occur some remarkably powerful passages which we have not room to quote.

The conclusion at which De Quincey arrives in this letter respecting the ancient tongues is — that if knowledge be the object of pursuit, Latin should be studied, inasmuch as that language, particularly in the works written since the revival of letters, most of which are untranslated and probably will remain so — contains valuable and inexhaustible stores of science and erudition. But if power, which in a peculiar sense he asserts we derive from literature, be sought for, Greek should be acquired, though the author declines to answer the question, Of what value is this power, or what amount of it will the literature of that language afford? The *knowledge* contained in the Greek, he affirms to be of little use, while what there is can be learnt as well from translations. In the next letter he declares that whether for knowledge or *power* the English, the German and the French, are superior to all others, because they are the three languages in which the great commerce of thought and knowledge, in the civilized world, is at this day conducted: he likewise prefers the German to the French, because the former for vast compass, variety, and extent, far exceeds all others as a depository for the current accumulations of knowledge.

The rest of the "Letters" contain merely a very rambling vindication of Kant and his philosophy, and they conclude abruptly without the least mention of "Logic," or "Arts of Memory." The book, indeed, seems to be but a fragment composed of yet smaller though occasionally sparkling pieces loosely strung together.

It is got up in neat and tasteful style, but we are sorry to say abounds in typographical errors.

Lays of Ancient Rome. By T. B. Macauley.

Thomas Babington Macauley is the best magazine writer of the day. Without being a learned man, he has a vast fund of information always at command, the accumulation of a quick eye and a retentive memory. Always brilliant, but never profound, witty, but not humorous, full of sparkling antithesis, polished, keen, graceful, he has more *talent* than any prose writer living. He is a kind of prose Pope, in whom we can find no great ideas, no true philosophy, but plenty of philosophizing, who never writes above his reader's easy comprehension, and whose sentences we always acknowledge as lucky, rather than admire

as new or beautiful. He has thoughts enough, but no *thought*. His analyses of character are like a professor's demonstrations in the dissecting-room; we see all the outward mechanism by which the spirit made itself visible and felt, but, after all, only a dead body lies before us. He galvanizes his subjects till they twitch with a seeming life, but he has not the power of calling back the spirit and making it give answers from the deep. In short, he is not a genius. In politics he is a whig, one of that party which is neither conservative nor radical, but which combines in its faith some of the faults of both, and whose doctrine seems to be — "reform, as far as *we* are concerned." His sympathies seem to be fashionable, rather the result of a warm heart or philosophic thought. If there were a Greek or Polish revolution, he would forget that freedom spoke any other language but that of Leonidas and Sobieski, and, overlooking the struggling mass of degraded humanity that pined and murmured around his very door, would satisfy his classic sympathy for the advance of man, by writing Greek and Polish war-songs, to be admired by everybody to-day, and then to retire upon such precarious pittance of immortality as is furnished by the charitable corner of a country newspaper.

Such is the man who has written the most popular volume of poems *of the season*. Christopher North, a man who, by means of his position, and a sensitive poetical taste, has done good service to the cause of true poetry in England, gravely pronounces this to be a remarkable volume of poems. He supports his opinion by arguments in entire contravention of opinions expressed for twenty years, and for no other apparent reason than that of *snubbing* what he calls "our young poets," who are mostly opposed to him in politics, and who will not allow the sway of any self-constituted dictator in Parnassus, or who have outgrown, perhaps, the fashionable folly of accepting all Christopher's vulgarity and intrepid egotism as true wit. North compliments Macauley on his strength and fire. *Life*, no doubt, is the main element of poetry, but vivacity is not a token of health or strength, nor is the sharp flash of the lightning comparable to the serene and gentle influence of the sunlight. That poetry which awakens the gentle and deeper feelings of our original nature, not that which rouses those fierce and quarrelsome principles which have been implanted in us by long ages of barbarism, is the best. Whatever spurs the soul to overcome hatred with love, and violence with meekness, to struggle against and overcome inward enemies, makes a man more truly manly, than all that fosters in him that physical courage, which only makes him the better animal. The patriotism of Horatius might have been ideal two thousand years ago, but, however slowly, a nobler and higher ideal is surely rising, and men are learning that there is a moral and spiritual patriotism as far above that bodily patriotism of the Roman, as beauty is above deformity.

Christopher North liked the book because its whole spirit was chivalrous-romantic, a spirit which sees all beauty in the past, in rank, and, in short, looks anywhere for it but in the soul of man, where it abides forever. If Mr. Macauley must write ballads founded on stirring incident, he had been better employed, in our mind, in turning the tide of public opinion against the vilest crusade of modern times, the Chinese massacre, by beautifying with his polished and spirited verses, the self-devotion of Chinese women, who chose rather to die by their own hands than suffer pollution, or the act of that Tartar general who burnt himself alive at his post, a deed of barbarous heroism which neither Greece nor Rome can parallel.

We are not blind to the high merits of this volume in many respects, but we think the spirit of it a mistaken one. The chivalry which it tends to excite, is anti-spiritual, and therefore, (except as far as it is picturesque,) anti-poetic. The book displays a fine classical taste, and the possession of an excitable temperament, and a good ear for metre, rather than poetical power. The description of the mob in the ballad of Virginius, is certainly highly graphic and forcible, and there are many other passages which show a keen sense of the picturesque. The metre and language are generally terse and spirited, and the images in keeping. In fine, it is a book which exhibits the highest range and accomplishment of a man of talent.

We perceive, by a prospectus recently issued, that J. N. Bradley and Co., publishers and editors of the Boston Daily Mail and Universal Yankee Nation, intend to issue, on the first of February, a new magazine, to be made up mostly from foreign publications. All the articles in Blackwood, Bentley, Frazer, Tait, Colburn, and the Dublin University, which can interest the American reader, will be transferred to its pages and published with all possible despatch.

The succeeding numbers will be issued about the first of each month, and will contain 64 large octavo pages at the very low price of twelve and a half cents a number, or one dollar and fifty cents a year, thus making it in every sense the cheapest periodical of the age.

"The selections for this Magazine will be made strictly with a view to their value. The advantage of this over the other reprints of the Foreign Magazines will be twofold. First, it will be a great deal cheaper in price; and secondly, the large mass of rubbish in Foreign Magazines which cannot interest the American reader, will be excluded. By the use of fine type, the publishers will be able to crowd into this work more than double the quantity of reading matter that is contained in the magazines now published in this country."

In the language of the prospectus "it will contain the cream of all the British magazines *rolled* into one;" or as a friend at our elbow suggests, *churned* or *whipt* into one.

That the publishers will make their cream a cheese equal to the best Cheshire we do not doubt, knowing as we do the taste and tact of Mr. Houghton — the energy of Mr. Purdy (who with a strong dash of the snapping-turtle in his composition, has all the industry and perseverance of the beaver) and the business habits of Mr. Bradley.

FOREIGN LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The following are the most important new works recently published in Great Britain.
By Longman, Brown, Green and Longmans.

THE RURAL AND DOMESTIC LIFE OF GERMANY: with characteristic sketches of its chief Cities and scenery. Collected in a general tour, and during a residence in that country in the years 1840–42. By William Howitt, author of "Visits to Remarkable Places;" "Student Life in Germany," &c. 1 vol. 8vo., 50 illustrations.

THE HISTORY OF THE KNIGHTS TEMPLARS. Second edition, enlarged, with illustrations. 1 vol. 8vo.

SCOTCH COURTIERS AND THE COURT, or the Queen's visit to Scotland. Dedicated to the Poet Laureate. By Catharine Sinclair, author of "Modern Accomplishments," "Hill and Valley," &c. In one elegant vol. royal 8vo.

"Here we meet Miss Sinclair in a new guise; assumed for the occasion indeed, but one which befits her gracefully, and we feel pleased that we can again greet her kindly as of yore.

'Good, my lord, give her welcome,
This is the motley-minded gentlewoman.'

Our prosaic pen is utterly unable to do justice to her discursive and imaginative flight, and can at best give but an imperfect outline of the main points of the poem. The notes and illustrations we may add are not the least original part of this splendid brochure."

W. and R. Chambers, Edinburgh, have commenced the publication of a work entitled "Chambers' Cyclopedia of English Literature, consisting of a series of Specimens of British Writers in Prose and Verse, connected by an historical and critical Narrative. In it will be concentrated the most exquisite productions of English intellect, from Anglo Saxon to the present times, in the various departments headed by Chaucer, Shakspeare, Milton — by More, Bacon, Locke — by Hooker, Taylor, Barrow — by Addison, Johnson, Goldsmith — by Hume, Robertson, Gibbon, set in a biographical and critical history of the literature itself."

The work will appear in weekly numbers, consisting of a single sheet in royal octavo, double columns, and costing three half-pence. It will consist of not more than one hundred numbers, forming two massive and handsome volumes.

BIANCA CAPELLO: an historical tale. 3 vols. By Lady Lytton Bulwer, author of Chevely, &c. Edward Bull, London.

The seventh edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica, edited by Professor Napier, has just been published by Adam and Charles Black, of Edinburgh, in twenty-one volumes quarto, illustrated by 506 engravings on steel and many thousands on wood. Lord Brougham recently said of this great work "that without any exception, not even that celebrated work the French *Encyclopedie*, there had been no compilation ever offered to the public, prepared by such a combination, such a union of the most celebrated literary names of the age they adorned — a work upon which vast sums of money had been expended in its printing, engraving, and publishing departments, and large amounts, never larger, perhaps, in purchasing a copyright of the several articles which it contained. If any work deserved to be encouraged by Parliament it was this; and if any work was not only valuable and useful but absolutely necessary for the country it was this."

BELLS AND POMEGRANATES. No. 3. Dramatic Lyrics. By Robert Browning, author of Paracelsus, &c.

SELECT SPECIMENS OF THE THEATRE OF THE HINDUS, translated from the original Sanscrit. By Prof. J. H. Wilson. 2d. ed., 2 vols. £1,1.

THE HISTORY, ANTIQUITIES, TOPOGRAPHY, AND STATISTICS OF EASTERN INDIA. By Montgomery Martin. 3 vols., 8vo., numerous plates. £2,2.

THE CUSTOMS OF THE MUSSULMANS OF INDIA. By Jaffar Shurreif, (a native of the Deccan.) Translated by A. G. Horklots, M. D. 16*s*.

This work comprises a full and exact account of the various rites and ceremonies of the Mussulmans of India, from the moment of birth to the hour of death, including their feasts and festivals, (particularly the Mohurrien,) their vows and obligations for every month in the year, their different tribes and sects, saints and devotees, religious feasts, prayers and exorcism, casting out devils, &c.

The ENGLISH ECLECTIC REVIEW, for December, 1842, contains a long article on Emerson's Essays, the doctrines of which are commented on with great severity, and still greater justice. The reviewer remarks in conclusion —

"We have most unwillingly made these strictures on the essays before us. They are thickly sown with the seeds of fatalism and impiety. If the criminal can only stifle his conscience, forget the law, and escape from man, he is safe in any enormity.

"Apart from the fundamental doctrine of the author, and the uses to which he applies it, we have of late taken no book into our hands so filled with new thoughts and exquisite illustration. A thousand things that set the wheels of one's intellect going at full pace, are here found within the compass of a few pages. Nothing like, or second to it has hitherto appeared in American literature. Many parts of it seem to have been written in another world. They are wild and sweeping as the forest. With some thoughts and principles which reveal his German predilections, Emerson writes in general, like a man who had received his culture in the woods, and then came forth full of genius, power, and originality, as high priest of the mysteries of nature, to utter 'dark sayings' on this mortal state. Many of his thoughts, however, as becomes such a man, are fresh and beautiful as rosebuds bathed in the morning dew. One cannot open the book but he soon finds himself amidst the sweetest fragrance; the finest music of all natural objects — streams, waterfalls and birds — breaks on the ear, as if the author had lighted upon Eden and made it his familiar abode.

"We hope that Emerson will soon see other miracles in Christianity beside its spirituality. Considering, however, the quarter whence it comes, this is an important admission. At the same time, it was to be expected from a man capable of the pure, heroic, and noble sentiments which this volume contains.

"What we have said against this volume, refers to its doctrines; what in its favor, refers to its extraordinary merits, in spite of those doctrines. We recommend it to no half-thinkers. If they can talk with Satan, when he transforms himself into an angel of light, and yet say, 'Get thee behind me,' they may listen to Emerson exhorting them to 'lie low in

the Lord's power, and learn that truth alone makes rich and great,' though at bottom he is pantheist, optimist, skeptic, or rather downright disbeliever in *what we call* divine revelation, and thinks that 'hell itself is not without its extreme satisfactions.'"

SPECIMENS OF THE POPULAR POETRY OF PERSIA, AND THE SONGS OF THE PEOPLE INHABITING THE SHORES OF THE CASPIAN SEA. Collected and translated by Alexander Chadzko, Esq.

"These specimens have been collected by the translator, during a sojourn of eleven years in the countries of the East, where they are popular; and they were gathered in the course of oral communication with the people — generally the lower orders, who did not know how to read or write. The source, therefore, from which they were obtained, must be held to prove them genuine. The collection, indeed, being of the unwritten poetry of the inhabitants of Northern Persia and those of the coasts of the Caspian Sea, forms a curious and valuable body of literature, in dialects too, some of which are wholly unknown to European linguists, whilst the others are but partially understood.

"The literary world has certainly been laid under very considerable obligations to the translator of this work. Its value and its interesting nature cannot escape notice, even on the most superficial perusal; for although there may be many Eastern compositions, and in the language of Persia, as well as Arabia, that excel these specimens, none of them, perhaps, convey a more faithful picture of the manners, habits, and character of the people among whom they are current. One cannot dip into the volume without alighting instantly upon examples, — upon passages, as well as modes of expression, images, and allusions, which incontestably prove the genuineness of the representation.

"By far the longest and most interesting piece in the collection, is entitled "The Adventures and Improvisations of Kurroglou, the Bandit Minstrel of Northern Persia;" which is translated from the Perso-Turkish dialect. The hero of this narrative, and these poetical effusions, lived in the second half of the seventeenth century, rendering his name famous as the chief of a band of robbers, whose plunderings were principally of the caravans on the great commercial road from Persia to Turkey, and still more so by his improvisations. His poetry and the memory of his actions are preserved and cherished with the utmost enthusiasm. He is their model-warrior, their national model-bard, in the whole signification of those terms. He is in fact regarded as the beau-ideal of whatever is manly and chivalric, indicating distinctly what is the sort of moral code which regulates the lives of the wandering tribes scattered over the vast pasture tracts between the Euphrates and the Merve. His love-songs are recited at every festival, even to the present day, and his are the war-songs sung on the eve of battle, and whenever the national spirit is invoked."

We trust that our readers will appreciate the grace and beauty of the two outlines from Flaxman's illustrations of the great poet of Italy, which accompany this number. In real value they exceed a host of tawdry fashion plates.

The passage illustrated by "Dante and Virgil entering the dark wood" is at the close of Canto 2 of the Divina Commedia; — by "Dante and Beatrice meeting," — in Canto 64.

"Genevieve" was designed expressly for the Pioneer by I. B. Wright — who has also contributed to this number an eloquent article — and was engraved by J. Andrews. It illustrates Coleridge's beautiful poem, "Love." We quote the commencement, which is among the finest passages in English poetry.

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams do I
Live o'er again that happy hour,
When midway on the mount I lay,
Beside the ruined tower.

The moonshine, stealing o'er the scene
Had blended with the lights of eve;
And she was there, my hope, my joy,
My own dear Genevieve!

She leaned against the armed man,
The statue of the armed knight;
She stood and listened to my lay,
Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own,
My hope! my joy! my Genevieve!
She loves me best, whene'er I sing
The songs that make her grieve.

I played a soft and doleful air,
I sang an old and moving story —
An old rude song, that suited well
That ruin wild and hoary.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace;
For well she knew, I could not choose
But gaze upon her face.

and Soden, in Nassau street. It is full of spirit and excellent writing. The contributions of Lowell are abundant, both prose and poetry, and are marked by his enthusiasm, fine fancy and just feeling. The Rose is the title of an illustrated poem, quaintly and beautifully conceived. The plays of the Dramatist Middleton is an article with many passages of eloquent, warm-hearted appreciation, to be cherished by the lovers of the old drama. John Neal has one of his old-fashioned, vigorous articles on Aaron Burr, whose character he writes with a pen of iron. This is one of the most stirring articles that has appeared in any American magazine for a long while. From its bold positions, so strongly maintained, it cannot fail to seize upon the public attention. The literary department at the close is remarkably well executed, with independence and no lack of vigor and the best writing.

Altogether, the Pioneer makes a very striking first impression, and we have no fear for the future course. The magazine will be devoted to the cultivation of a manly and refined literature, and all the lovers of such a literature we bid heartily welcome it at once, and aid in supporting it liberally.

From the N. Y. Tribune.

We truly hope that this new monthly magazine will be well sustained by the public to which it appeals, for two reasons; first, because it eminently deserves to live, and secondly, because its liberal support will be no unworthy evidence of a higher literary taste, a purer and loftier tone in the public mind than we have at present any very substantial reason for ascribing to it. The principal editor is well and widely known as one of the most gifted and promising poets in America; and although he evinces occasionally a more lively ambition to achieve what is technically called "fine writing," than is quite to our taste, his prose is extremely elegant and vigorous, and his prevailing tone of thought noble and elevating. The introduction to his magazine is written earnestly and modestly — and gives most hopeful promise of the excellent manner in which the undertaking will be followed up. Its spirit is decidedly and vigorously anti-sensual, and for that we like it heartily; but it has a slight tendency toward, not transcendental truth, but transcendental *cant*, which does not please us. "We want," says the editor, "a manly, straightforward, *true* literature, a criticism which shall give more grace to beauty, and more depth to truth, by lovingly embracing them wherever they may lie hidden, and a *creed* whose truth and nobleness shall be ensured by its being a *freedom from all creeds*." This may be all well enough, but we cannot understand what definite meaning the writer attaches to a creed which consists in a "freedom from all creeds." If he intends precisely what he says, he seems to us to use words *without* meaning; but if he means a creed not framed upon others, carrying its worth in its *truth*, not in its having been believed before, he ought to have said so. Occasional expressions of this general character we deem blemishes; but they do not blind us to the real worth, the lofty literary spirit, the earnest, true-hearted tone of the magazine.

"The Plays of Thomas Middleton" are the subject of a fine critical paper by the Editor, which contains, in addition to the review of the immediate subject, some admirable and beautiful thoughts on Poesy and Human Life.

We have scarcely space to notice other papers in this opening number. Poe contributes a strong and skilful, but to our minds overstrained and repulsive, analysis of the feelings and promptings of an insane homicide. The painting of the terror of the victim while he sat upright in his bed feeling that death was near him, is most powerful and fearfully vivid. John Neal contributes a strong article upon Aaron Burr — giving, however, no new view of his character. A very fine and able criticism of the Paintings exhibited at the Boston Athenæum, and a scientific notice of the Academy of Music, are also presented. The tale entitled the "Armenian's Daughter" we have not had time to read. There are included several very excellent and spirited Poems, one of them very neatly illustrated, and a number of discriminating Literary Notices.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Museum.

In these days of self-bepuffed and glorified magazines, it is positively refreshing to look upon a publication that comes to us modestly, promising nothing, but wearing on its face the stamp of intrinsic merit. We hail the Pioneer as the first in the great work of reform. But how could it be otherwise, edited as it is by a man whose genius and originality is at once the praise and wonder of his countrymen. We mean James Russel Lowell.

The Pioneer is large, printed on fair paper with new type, and contains 48 pages of reading matter, and is embellished with two chaste and elegant engravings — "Circe going to meet Ulysses" and "Two hundred years ago." The last is indeed a gem.

The contributors are J. Russell Lowell, ("a man of men!") Edgar Allan Poe, John Neal, who contributes an excellent article on Aaron Burr, with others whose names are known and respected by all true lovers of sound literature. The Reviews are good and just, with the sole exception of one, on Matthews' "Puffer Hopkins," a qualified puff when it should have been an unqualified condemnation: "Puffer Hopkins" being one of the most trashy novels that ever emanated from an American press.

We bid Mr. Lowell, "God speed in the good cause," and cordially recommend the Pioneer to every sensible reader.

From the Brother Jonathan, by N. P. Willis.

J. R. Lowell, a man of original and decided genius has started a monthly magazine in Boston. The first number lies before us, and it justifies our expectation, viz.: — that a man of genius, who is merely a man of genius, is a very unfit editor for a periodical. A man of taste and common sense (we are using all these words in their common acceptation) is worth twenty men of genius for any such undertaking. In the first No. of the Pioneer are half a dozen articles which will fall still-born under the notice of the nineteen in twenty of the readers *who pay* for what they read, yet they are articles of a very refined and elevated character, and will do the magazine credit with here and there a man of very refined taste — for example, Mr. Dwight's article on Beethoven's Symphonies, and Mr. Lowell's own paper on the "Plays of Middleton." Mr. Poe's contribution is very wild and very readable, and that is the only thing in the number that most people would read and remember. We record all this disparagement with as much regret as sincerity, for we admire exceedingly the novel and spiritual character of the editor's own productions.

THE PIONEER.

FEBRUARY, 1843.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

GENEVIEVE. By I. B. Wright; engraved by J. Andrews.

DANTE AND VIRGIL ENTERING THE DARK WOOD. From Flaxman; by J. Andrews.

DANTE AND BEATRICE MEETING. From Flaxman; by J. Andrews.

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THE PIONEER is published monthly by LELAND & WHITING, 67 Washington Street, to whom all orders, subscriptions, and communications for the Editors, may be addressed, *post paid*.

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Sketched & etched by D C Johnston

Dickens's Notes. last page

Dickens and the "Artist in Boots"

"At this time my leg and foot were in the air. Nearly ready sir I enquired 'Well pretty nigh' he said 'keep steady"

Etched for the Pioneer. March 1843

ORESTES SUPPLICATING APOLLO FOR PURIFICATION.

J. Cheney

Orestes. Thou knowest, Oh Apollo!
I have done no deed of base injustice

THE PIONEER.

MARCH, 1843.

A VISION.

A FEW evenings since, while sitting in deep reflection over a pamphlet that contains a new definition of life, and seeming to catch a gleam of light upon that mysterious *death-in life* which so extensively characterizes modern genius, suddenly I found myself taken off my feet, and realized before my eyes at once all Time. And not only the real personages of history, but the fictitious beings of poetry and romance — equally palpable — were present, and all the creations of the masters of art. The pictures of which Pausanius gives an account, and which I supposed lost long ago, were before me, not only in all their original coloring, but even alive as they were not on the canvass. The lost statuary reappeared; and temples, whose decayed remnants alone have been seen since the period of recorded history, were fresh to my sense as the Gothic churches of the middle ages, and the mixed architecture of the present.

What was more remarkable still, the air seemed pervaded with music; — nay, music seemed the substance of the atmosphere. Now the Doric, now the Lydian, and even the lost Olympian measure, obeyed, as it were, my thought; and I heard Arion's and Orpheus's songs, no less plainly than the later music of modern times.

Vainly should I attempt to describe the ancient music. Its effect was not — like the modern — to plunge the soul into dreams and prophecies and vain longings. It acted on my senses, and whirled me into an intoxication of delight. I understood at once all the wild forms on the Etruscan terra cotta; the stories of the Bacchanalian fervor; the martial deeds of high antiquity; the taming of monsters; the conquest of the infernal regions; the rising of the walls of Thebes, and the following of Orpheus by the rocks and trees. The fables of antiquity seemed to me no longer fables, but inevitable facts. I did not pretend to ask about probabilities; I did not question my perceptions; I saw, and believed my senses. Not more easily does the eye integrate with the distant horizon the various objects of the landscape, and even, in proportion to the sweep of vision, give the mind a sense of deeper repose, than, with the same calming effect, appeared in the world of time "one day as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day." In this music life, Forms unfolded to me their meanings,— I mean more especially those forms which owe their existence to the plastic genius of men. I saw Architecture was solid harmony, and Painting liquid harmony; every statue a single chord, every picture a melody.

It is not possible to convey, by a succession of words, all that was expressed to me in this vision, for much of the significance of it was in the simultaneousness of it. I was in the oriental world of which we have dim tradition, no less than in the present; I wandered amid its vast sanctuaries, hewn by successive generations out of the aboriginal rocks, to express thoughts which nothing short of a race of men could elaborate and utter. Here I saw Fohi constructing the wondrous theocracy of China; the Brahmins arranging the castes of Indian society; the Chaldeans extending their secret agencies over western Asia, and forging a power of which Babel, towering to the skies and ending in confusion, was a shadow. As I mingled in spirit with these giants of an elder

time, I was sensible of impressions of the grandeur of human genius, so much beyond anything I had ever seen of man before, that I no longer wondered to behold their descendants worship them. I might have done so myself, but that, from the peculiar nature of my knowledge, I saw, at the same moment, with all this, all its consequences. The generations of the governed, and at length enslaved, *men*, whose lives, and, it would almost seem, their everlasting destinies, were forecast and bound in the iron chains of necessity to the chariot wheels of these gods of this world, made commentary only too damnatory. I looked to see if these leaders of the blind cast their own eyes forward along the line of time, and found myself following their thoughts, not out into effect, but back into cause. I entered with them into their temples, where worlds beyond worlds opened out into the depths of man's soul; still "in the lowest deep a lower deep." Here I saw Vishnu and Brahma undergoing their transformations in cycles, and millions of sages following, with still more concentrated attention continually; and as they lost themselves more and more in the ecstasy of contemplation, the elasticity of life departed from their mighty political structures, and left them frowning and terrible in an adamantine petrifaction. Time would fail me to detail what I observed in these solemn penetralia. It was all, and more than all, that is told in the mythologies of the nations of hither and farther Ind; in the sagas of the north; in the mysterious hieroglyphics of Egypt and Ethiopia. But one common observation I made everywhere in this ancient world. While everywhere were traces of an energy and reach of intelligence so marvellous, from all the monuments of it the life was ever departed or departing. Each succeeding generation was degenerate. It seemed as if these mighty men, instead of imparting life to those that came after them, always exhausted it in themselves; the more gigantic the first generations, the more puny appeared their descendants; till, at last, the contrast became ghastly of lofty customs with the miserable abortions of humanity that wore them as splendid chains. So the manners of the modern orientals are a satire too heart-withering to allow the smile they provoke. It is a company of jugglers engaged in a pantomime of the gods. As we catch the meaning of their lofty gestures, we pity all the more the slaves, who know not what they do, when thus they signalize from what they have fallen!

I turned away from the gorgeous and magnificent, but melancholy East, to beautiful Greece. It was, in comparison, exhilarating to view the heroism of its early days, and to dwell on the individual forms of gods and men that took place of the indistinguishable multitudes that I have just described.

But what was peculiarly strange to me, I observed that the men, out of whose creative genius arose the beautiful forms of Grecian art and policy, were hovering around them, phantom-like, with a painful expression of exhaustion, as if they were dying away into them; and this was equally so, whether the works were sad as Niobe, or gay as the Dancing Fawn. On the whole, it seemed that the gayest creations were from the most melancholy spirits; nor could I see, at all, the souls that had exhaled these melodious clouds of music, which "took the soul ere she was 'ware, and lapped it in Elysium." Presently I saw what, in the wealth of form and luxury of sound with which I had been flooded, I had not before observed, that there was no raw material left, upon which genius might work; and the question arose to my lips:

"Do things exist by the death of those through whom they exist?"

"Things become spirits," said a voice which I seemed to recognise, "for in them their creators, having realized their highest thought, find eternal repose."

"Do you mean," I replied, "that Orpheus hears never any music but his own? Does Phidias forever wander among his own statuary, and Polygnotus gaze on nought save his own pictures? This were not living, but an eternal death!"

"The gross sensual substratum," continued the voice, "is removed, and these works have become complete expression. The shadow of the individual which hovers near is an illusion, remembered from thy own grosser existence; presently the shadow also shall disappear, and the work be rendered permanent in beauty by the presence of the soul absorbed in it."

"But Expression — Beauty," I protested, "is not life; it is only the aspect of life. Though my work ravish the universe, it were too great a price to pay for it my life Your Elysium is fair to the spectator only. He who hath had experience of it says, (and the ring of Homer's harp accompanies the words of his dead hero:)

> "*Rather I choose laboriously to bear*
> *A weight of woes, and breathe the vital air,*
> A slave to some poor hind, that toils for bread;
> Than reign the scepter'd *monarch* of the Dead!"

"Man is the quarry for man," interposed another voice, which I recognised for that of Socrates. I turned at the words, and, lo! Clio, and Melpomene, and Thalia stood before me, each leading out her various world. Then the political fabrics of Greece and Rome were unfolded, with the shades of lawgiver, sage, and warrior hovering over. Vainly should I essay to tell all, and more than all, that Herodotus, and Thucydides, and Xenophon,— that Livy and Polybius, have said. All was before my mind at once in Clio's *tableaux vivans*. And there also was the same life, in the wild masquerade of Aristophanes, carried out into all the grotesque exaggerations and contradictions of external existence; and, again, in the solemn dance of Æschylus, and Sophocles, and Euripides, it was

borne upward into the depths of Titanian and Olympian idealism. But — mystery of my existence! — not all the enthusiasm and ardor of political and martial life, not all the ravishment of the feast of Bacchus, whether mirthful or solemn, could shut my eyes to the jackdaws of 1822, that were chattering on the pulpit rock where Demosthenes thundered,— and to the Turkish boy driving with a whip, over the plains of Marathon, a descendant of the ancient conquerors of Persia.*

"Man not only forsakes his life," said I mournfully, "when he pours himself into perishable material, builds himself into stone, moulds himself into marble, spreads himself upon canvass; he does himself no better justice when his quarry is man. The forms of society are more perishable than the works of plastic art. This realm of time is a waste of life for evermore. Where are the living fountains?"

"Would you see the life that may not die?" said the voice which had at first answered me; "then come and look at Socrates drinking the cup of hemlock, and, leaving the works, enter with him into the *mind of man*."

I obeyed; and, for the hundredth time, covered my head and wept, with Apollonius. But roused by the plectrum of Plato, who made the chords of my being his lyre, I ranged palaces of thought, where all works of art become transparent, and in each I seemed to catch a glimpse of a man of majestic beauty. At length I arrived at Atlantis, where the mighty magician, who wrought the vast proportions of the Ideal state, in despair that men came not to dwell therein, passed into his work, like the other artists into theirs, and created no more forever!

I sighed to find myself left, but my sigh was not understood; and still importunately pleaded the voice:

"Leave behind thee the gloomy precincts of being which thou callest matter, and become wholly the living soul thou art. So shalt thou sink into divine beatitude; for what makes God, God, but that he forever casts out of himself Material and Form? Do thou likewise leave these weeds, and thou shalt be divine."

"He who hath created can afford to destroy," I replied; "but *I* live only by reaction. Imprison me not in mine own memory and imagination. Rather than that I would range chaos itself, free of the material wherewith to express an ever-renewing affirmation of the life which underlies both myself and it."

"If each artist and statesman is in the prison house of himself, yet art not thou, oh! philosopher!" still persisted the voice; "thou rangest without hindrance the worlds of all other men."

And I seemed indeed to realize in myself the genius of Plato, the wisdom of Aristotle, the temperate felicities of Epicurus, the sublime virtues of the Stoics, with all the issues of these, even as I realized Oriental and African mysticism, Grecian art, and Roman policy and power. But as I did so, more and more seemed all spirit to separate itself, and, parting from matter, leave undistinguished chaos below. Then I saw the last fair shrine of Political Freedom vanish from the earth. The Queen of Nations, having destroyed all rivals to build herself up with their ruins, and desolated even the wild haunts of natural liberty to gain possession of their aboriginal life, turned her power suicidal against herself; and Brutality, taking up the cast garment of Humanity, seated herself upon the Seven Hills.

As I gazed on these melancholy facts of time, part of which I was, the voice again was heard within me:

"Dost thou still hesitate to come into the land of Thought, and dwell forever among the urns of Beauty?"

"Alas!" said I, "the land of Thought is dead, and all the denizens thereof. I no longer can hear the music that consecrated it, and all that is within it, to Apollo. The God sits on his throne, perplexed as erewhile in his temple at Argos; † while the divinely-armed Avenger pleads in vain for deliverance from the evil that lies spell-bound in his presence, but must wake to tear its noble victim. Now, even as then, and more, the Furies range the earth, and toss their snaky locks in defiance of Ideal Beauty, repeating the same imprecations they hurled back on Minerva, when she threw the casting vote of compromise for Orestes into the urn of the Areopagus. I acknowledge their claim of an older dynasty than Olympus. Even in their terrible arms I would seek for the living souls that have passed into chaos, and left only the expression of life in the land of Thought."

In vain the voice that had wooed me mingled its call with the voices that sounded from the Grove of Nightingales. I became more and more conscious that a deeper music had me in its spell, in which the warbling of those golden throats was lost. This simple and venerable strain came up from the chaotic abyss, and, as it touched my soul, the world of art and policy dissolved,— temple and tower, statue and picture, became shadowy and dreamlike, going up like an exhalation, and hanging, like a far-off cloud, over the solid earth which stood forth fresh in the primeval vegetation. Then the hills clapped their hands, and the morning stars sang together in joy. As the music swelled out more loudly, cattle appeared on a thousand hills, and man went forth to his work until the evening. But, anon, the multitudinous wild life in forest and sea, and the cattle on a thousand hills, slowly laid themselves down upon the bosom of the great mother, and disappeared. The paradise flowers, and the venerable forests, folded up their leaves, and, by almost imperceptible degrees, receded into their germs. The plains bowed before the mighty majesty of

* Facts.

† See Plate.

ocean, which rolled its great waves over them. The ocean and the sky rushed together, and there was no more light.

Strange though the assertion may seem, this return of all things from the heights of art, through the freshness of nature, to ancient night, confounding as it was to the sense, seemed to invigorate my fading life with a new faith in Being. My soul seemed to rush, with an immeasurable longing, and new-enkindled hope, from the Elysium of Art, even from the Paradise of Nature, into the abyss, crying for the Secret of Life. "Thou art my master," I exclaimed, "oh! dark Chaos, and I am thy child. The Elysium of Art is but the sport of my childhood, the gymnastics of my youthful strength. I have created it, and, vampire-like, it doth destroy me. There is no life that satisfieth me, but that which underlieth thee — into whose great bosom hath passed the Powers that pitched the tents of Beauty on the fields of Time. It is for the spirit with whose bright footsteps these are fair, that I would struggle with all the powers of darkness. I may not live by the dead, nor have I life within myself——"

Scarcely had I spoken, than, in the twinkling of an eye, Chaos was transformed; and I found myself in a Personal Presence, tender as Love, beautiful as Thought, terrible as Power, and a voice that was based, by the roar, as of artillery, and yet was sweeter in its articulation than the accents of childhood, said to me: "I am the way, the truth, and the life; whosoever cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out." For "I was in the beginning with God, and was God, and without me was not anything made that is made."

In relating this whole vision, I find myself in the embarrassment that would at first be supposed to have attended my apprehension of it; for, as I have said, I am obliged to speak in succession of that which was simultaneous. It was doubtless because I was all along dimly sensible of the deep and mysterious fact that I have last related, that I was able to look down and see at once the limitations, as well as extent, of the world of Thought, which had declared itself to me as Heaven, though it was indeed Hell; for, while it was Death, it thought itself Life, and thus forever receded from Life. At all events, I found no interval of time was necessary to make me understand these words; and I replied with transport, while I looked around upon the Past, which I understood at once, in the new "light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world": "*Thou wert in the world*, and the world was made by Thee, and the world knew thee not. But as many as receive thee, to them givest thou power to become the Sons of God!"

E. P. P.

A LAMENT.

BY W. W. STORY.

Close the windows — shut the door!
Let the cold blast beat and roar
  Angrily upon the pane.
Fare ye well — all joy and mirth!
Fare ye well — ye dreams of Earth!
For beside my dreary hearth
  I shall see ye not again.
But do thou, kind memory, come,
Spell me o'er the pleasant hours,
Cull for me the sunny flowers,
  Growing round my early home,
When glad thoughts with fancies twined,
Tendrils, grapes, and wavering leaves,
Moving with each wandering wind
Overbowered south's sunny eaves.
Sound agen the merry chimes
From the belfry of the past;
Chant agen those pulsing rhymes
Of the old and scented times,
That fled away so fast.
Light the flame of days now gone,
Smothered since by many a sorrow,
And from out the dim past borrow
Smiles and joys forever flown.

Shut away the cold, cold present,
Blurred by many a stain,
Bring back hope and truth again —
Bring me back that wild bird's strain
That made life so fair and pleasant.

Death hath come into the ring
With misery and sorrowing,
Since youth's happy day;
Taking from the hearth the fairest,
Singling from the group the rarest,
In his grasp to bear away.
Flickering shadows 'gin to flit
As the fire burns slowly down;
Some dear forms that used to sit
Round the hearth-stone, one by one,
To their silent grave have gone
Leaving me at last alone.
Sadness many a brow hath shaded
Once among the gay and bright;
Olden hopes and joys have faded
Tint by tint and light by light;
Sunny smiles of love have vanished,
Golden dreams of youth been banished,
And the blinding tear-drops blurred
  Many a laughing eye —
And the voice of wail been heard,
Where we gathered round the board,
  In mirth and revelry —
Friends have changed, and friends have died,
Or are scattered far and wide,
Who were once at our fire-side —
Like the ripe fruit from the tree
Dropping off continually.
So in time 't will ever be.
Where the merry quip went round,
Empty is the chair,
Never hear we now a sound,
But a sorrow's sigh profound
Or a stifled prayer.

Then come in, sweet memory!
There is still a place for thee,
Left by joy, when he departed —
Come and sing again to me
Every song, and gladsome lay,
That beguiled our onward way,
When in joy and love, light-hearted,
On the path of life we started.

Shut out joy, for sorrow's sake —
Close the window — shut the blind —
Listen to the very wind
Moaning as its heart would break:
For the chalice now is broken
Filled with golden wine of yore;
And no word of Love is spoken,
And there comes again no token
Of the days gone evermore.
On the dusty wall, unstrung,
The silent, broken lute is hung.

No! thou canst not — even thou
Canst but counterfeit the measure
Of those days, when youth and pleasure
Were a never-ceasing glow.

In thy songs, though they be gay,
The heart doth not rejoice ;
Snatches of sweet pain are they,
In the burden bear alway
Sorrow's secret voice.

Ope the window, let the rain
On my damp brow pour —
Easier is real pain,
While we bear it, than the strain,
In the heart, and in the brain,
Of the joys we know no more,—
Than the sense of loneliness
In the spirit left,—
Than the dumb and deep distress
Which we never can express,
When of something dear bereft.
Easier the first keen sting
When the loved depart,
Than the heavy ache of heart,
The hours of sad remembering
Behind it ever lingering,
Beyond the cure of time's kind art.

November 2d, 1840.

NOTES UPON ENGLISH VERSE.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

While much has been written upon the structure of the Greek and Latin rhythms, and even of the Hebrew, little attempt has been made at examining that of any of the modern tongues. As regards the English, comparatively *nothing* has been done. It may be said, indeed, that we are without a treatise upon our own versification. In our ordinary grammars, and in our works upon rhetoric in general, may be found occasional chapters, it is true, which have the heading, "versification;" but these chapters are, in all instances, exceedingly meagre. They pretend to nothing like analysis; they propose nothing resembling system; they make no effort even at rule, properly so called; every thing depends upon "authority." They are confined, in fact, to mere exemplification of the supposed varieties of English *feet* and English *lines;* although in no work within my knowledge are these feet correctly given, or these lines detailed in their proper extent. Yet what has been mentioned, is all — if we except the occasional introduction of some inessential pedagogue-ism, such as this, borrowed from the Greek prosodies:

"When a syllable is wanting, the verse is said to be *catalectic;* when the measure is exact, the line is *acatalectic;* when there is a redundant syllable, it forms *hypermeter*."

Whether a line be termed catalectic or acatalectic, is really a point of secondary importance; and it is even possible that the student may be able to decide, promptly, when the *a* should be employed and when omitted, yet be incognizant, at the same time, of much that is worth knowing, in respect to the structure of verse.

But, in fact, few questions of equal importance, have received so little attention as the *rationale* of rhythm in general. The Greek and the Latin prosodies have their *rules*, but nothing more. The philosophy of these rules, is untouched. No one has thought of reducing rule, in general, to its lowest terms — to its ultimate expression — in law. I have long thought that it is only by an analysis such as is here suggested, with disregard, for the time, of the mere conventionalities and unwarranted assumptions which disgrace our treatises on the ancient rhythms, that we shall be able to arrive, if ever, at any intelligible view of these rhythms, themselves. Quantity is a point in the investigation of which the lumber of mere learning may be dispensed with, if ever in any. Its appreciation is universal. It appertains to no region, nor race, nor æra in especial. To melody and to harmony the Greeks hearkened with ears precisely similar to those which we employ, for similar purposes, at present; and a

pendulum at Athens would have vibrated much after the same fashion as does a pendulum in the city of Penn.

But while a full and unpedantic discussion of metre in general, is much needed, the purpose of this article extends no farther than to some practical observations on the English rhythms; and I am led to these observations solely by the hope of supplying, to some extent, the singular deficiency of our ordinary treatises on the topic.

A leading defect in each of these treatises is the confining of the subject to mere *versification*, while metre, or rhythm, in general, is the real question at issue. Nor am I aware of a single one of our grammars which even rightly defines the term "versification" itself. "Versification," says a work now before me,* perhaps the very best of its kind, and of which the accuracy is far more than usual, "is the art of arranging words into lines of correspondent length, so as to produce harmony by the regular alternation of syllables differing in quantity." The commencement of this definition might apply, indeed, to the *art of versification*, but not to versification itself. Versification is not the *art* of arranging, &c., but the actual arranging — a distinction too obvious to need comment. The error, here, is exactly analogous with one which has been too long permitted to disgrace the initial page of every one of our school grammars. I allude to the definition of English grammar itself. "English Grammar," it is said "is the art of speaking and writing the English language correctly." This phraseology, or something essentially similar, is employed, I believe, by Bacon, Miller, Fisk, Greenleaf, Ingersoll, Kirkland, Cooper, Flint, Pue, Comly and many others. These gentlemen, it is presumed, adopted it without examination from Murray, who derived it from Lily (whose work was "*quam solam Regia Majestas in omnibus scholis docendam præcipit*") and who appropriated it, without acknowledgment, but with some unimportant modification, from the Latin grammar of Leonicenus. But it may be readily demonstrated that this definition, so complacently received, is not, and cannot be, a proper definition of English grammar. A definition is that which so describes its object, as to distinguish it from all others. It is no definition of any one thing, if its terms are applicable to any one other. But if it be demanded — "What is the *design*, the *end*, the *aim*, of English grammar?" our obvious and sole answer must be, "the art of speaking and writing the English language correctly;" and this answer embodies the precise words which are employed as the definition of grammar itself. But the object to be obtained by any means, is, assuredly, not the means. English grammar, and the end contemplated by English grammar, are two matters very distinct; nor can the one be any more reasonably regarded as the other, than a fishing-hook as a fish. The definition, therefore, which is applicable in the latter instance, *cannot*, in the former, be true. Grammar, in general, is the analysis of language; English grammar of the English.

But to return to versification, as defined in our extract above. "It is the art," says this extract, "of arranging words into lines *of correspondent length*." But not so. A single moment's reflection will suffice to assure us that a correspondence in the *length* of lines is by no means essential. Pindaric odes are, surely, instances of versification; yet these compositions are noted for extreme *diversity* in the length of their lines.

The arrangement is, moreover, said to be for the purpose of producing "*harmony* by the regular alternation of syllables differing in quantity." But *harmony* is not the sole aim. In the construction of a verse its *melody* should not be left out of view; and this is a point which all our prosodies have most unaccountably forborne to touch. A few concise *reasoned* rules upon this topic should form a portion of all systems of rhythm.

"So as to produce harmony by the *regular* alternation," &c. Here again I must dissent. A *regular* alternation, as described, forms no part of the principle of metre. The arrangement of spondees and dactyls, for example, in the Greek hexameter, is an arrangement which may be termed *at random*. At least it is arbitrary. Without interference with the line as a whole, a dactyl may be substituted for a spondee, or a spondee for a dactyl, at any point other than the ultimate and penultimate feet, of which the former is always a spondee, the latter nearly always a dactyl. Here it is evident that we have no "*regular* alternation of long and short syllables." But, not to dwell upon the hexameter, instances from other metres may be adduced without number, in which an admixture of various kinds of feet is the law of the verse, and not merely a license or variation of the law. Such instances I shall take occasion to quote in the course of this article.

"So as to produce harmony by the regular *alternation of syllables differing in quantity*." In other words, by the alternation of long and short syllables; for, in rhythm, all syllables are necessarily either short or long. But our grammarian is, undoubtedly, wrong again. Not only do I deny the necessity of any *regularity* in the succession of feet, and by consequence, of syllables, but dispute the essentiality of any alternation, regular or irregular, of syllables long and short. Our author, be it observed, is now engaged in a definition of versification in general, not of English versification in especial. But the Greek and Latin metres abound in the spondee and the pyrrhic; the former consisting of two long syllables, the latter of two short: and there are innumerable instances of the immediate succession of many spondees, or of many pyrrhics. The mere existence of either of these feet, however, is sufficient to overthrow the definition; for there

* The "English Grammar" of Goold Brown.

is no *difference* in the syllables of either the one or the other. But among some hexameters attempted by Professor Longfellow, in a translation of Tegnér's "Children of the Lord's Supper," we find the following verses:

Clear was the Heaven and blue, and May with her cap crowned with roses,
Stood in her holiday dress in the fields, and the wind and the brooklet
Murmured gladness and peace, God's peace, with lips rosy tinted.

By scanning, these lines are thus divided:

Clēar wās thĕ | hēavĕn ănd | blūe ānd | Māy wĭth hĕr | cāp crŏwn'd wĭth | rōsēs,
Stōod īn hĕr | hŏlĭdāy | drēss ĭn thĕ | fiēlds ănd thĕ | wĭnd ānd thĕ | brōoklēt
Mūrmūr'd | glādnĕss ănd | pēace Gōd's | pēace wĭth | lĭps rōsў | tĭntēd.

In the last of these examples, we perceive that *five* long syllables meet. Here, again, is a passage from Silius Italicus:

Fallis te mensas inter quod credis inermem
Tot bellis quæsita viro, tot cædibus armat
Majestas eterna ducem: si admoveris ora
Cannas et Trebium ante oculos Trasymenaque busta,
Et Pauli stare ingentem miraberis umbram.

These Hexameters, with the proper elisions, are thus scanned:

Fāllĭs | tē mēn- | sās ĭn- | tĕr qūod | crēdĭs ĭn- | ērmēm
Tŏt bĕl- | lĭs qūæ- | sītă vĭ- | rō tŏt | cædĭbŭs ārmāt
Mājĕs- | tās ē- | tĕrnă dŭ- | cēm s' ād- | mōvērĭs | ōrā
Cānnās | ēt Trē- | b' ānt' ŏcŭ lōs Trāsў- | mēnăquĕ | bŭstā
ĕt Pāu- | lī stā- | r' ĭngēn- | tēm mī- | rābĕrĭs | ūmbrām.

It will be seen that, in the first and last of these lines, we have only two short syllables in thirteen, with an immediate or uninterrupted succession of no less than *nine* long syllables. But how are we to reconcile all this with a definition of versification, which describes it as "the art of arranging words into lines of correspondent length, so as to produce harmony by the *regular alternation of syllables differing in quantity?*"

It might be urged, however, that our prosodist's *intention* was to speak of the English metres alone, and that by omitting all mention of the spondee and pyrrhic, he has virtually avowed their exclusion from our rhythms. A grammarian is never excusable on the ground of "good intentions.". We demand from him, if from any one, rigorous precision of style. But let us grant the design. Let us admit that our author, and that all writers upon English prosody, have, in defining versification at large, intended merely a definition of the English. All reject the pyrrhic and the spondee. All admit the iambus, which consists of a short syllable followed by a long; the trochee, which is the converse of the iambus; the dactyl, which is formed of one long syllable followed by two short; and the anapæst, two short syllables succeeded by a long. The pyrrhic is properly rejected; and it may well be questioned, whether any foot so equivocal as one consisting of *two short* syllables, had ever more than a chimerical existence, even in the ancient rhythms; but I shall show, hereafter, that there is no cause for dismissal of the spondee. In the meantime, the acknowledged dactyl and anapæst are sufficient to establish our proposition in regard to the "alternation," &c., without reference to feet which are assumed to exist in the Greek and Latin metres alone: for an anapæst and a dactyl may meet in the same line; when, of course, we shall have an uninterrupted succession, either of four long, or of four short syllables. The meeting of these two feet, to be sure, is an accident not contemplated in the definition now discussed: for this definition, in insisting upon "*a regular alternation* of syllables differing in quantity," insists upon a *regular* succession of *feet;* but an example will fully sustain our hypothesis.

Sĭng tŏ mĕ | Isăbĕlle!

is the opening line of a little ballad, now before me, which proceeds in the same rhythm — a peculiarly beautiful one. The meeting of four short syllables is the consequence of a dactyl succeeded by an anapæst. But more than this: there can be no difficulty in specifying English lines composed entirely of a regular succession of syllables *all of the same quantity.* "The March" of Arthur Cleveland Coxe, for example, thus commences:

March! march! march!
Making sounds as they tread,
Ho! ho! how they step
Going down to the dead.

The line italicised is formed of three cæsuras. The cæsura is a perfect foot, consisting of a single long syllable, and has been causelessly neglected by all writers upon English prosody.

It has thus been made evident that there is not *a single point* of the definition in question, which does not involve an error. And for anything more intelligible or more satisfactory than this definition, we shall look in vain in any published treatise upon the subject. But so general and so total a failure can be referred only to some radical misconception. That by the term "versification" our prosodists *intend* rhythm, or metre, in general, cannot be doubted; for the making of a single verse, is versification; yet from no single verse of a poem can be gathered any idea of its general rhythm. For the full appreciation of this rhythm, there is required a collation of each verse, if not with every one other in the poem, at least with every one of its immediate predecessors. *No line is independent.* It was a keen sense of this principle which enabled Pope so far to surpass his cotemporaries, many of whom he properly styled "couplet-makers;" alluding, no doubt, to their practice of breaking up poems into distinct yet monotonous musical impressions of two lines

each; and it was a keener sense of this principle than even Pope possessed, which enabled Milton to surpass even Pope in the adjusting or balancing of his harmonies through paragraphs of greater length than the latter ever ventured to attempt.

The word "verse" is derived (through *versus*) from the Latin *verto*, *I turn*, and has reference to the turning at the end of the line and commencing anew with a capital letter. It can be nothing but this derivation which has led to the error of our writers upon prosody. It is this which has seduced them into regarding the *line* itself — the *versus* or turning — as an essential, or principle, of metre; and hence the term "versification" has been employed as sufficiently general, or inclusive, for treatises upon rhythm in general. Hence, also, the precise catalogue of a few varieties of English *lines*, when these varieties are, in fact, almost without limit.

I shall dismiss entirely, from the consideration of the principle of *rhythm*, the idea of versification, or the construction of verse. In so doing we shall avoid a world of confusion. Verse is, indeed, an afterthought, or an embellishment, or an improvement, rather than an element of rhythm; and this is the fact which, perhaps, more than any thing else, has induced the easy admission, into the realms of Poesy, of such works as the "Télémaque" of Fénélon. In the elaborate modulation of their sentences they fulfil the idea of metre; and their arrangement, or rather their division, into lines (which could be readily effected), would do little more than present this idea in a popularly intelligible dress.

Holding these things in view, the prosodist who rightly examines that which constitutes the external, or most immediately recognisable, form of Poetry, will commence with the definition of *Rhythm*. Now rhythm, from the Greek ἀριθμος, *number*, is a term which, in its present application, very nearly conveys its own idea. No more proper word could be employed to present the conception intended; for rhythm, in prosody, is, in its last analysis, identical with *time* in music. For this reason I have used, throughout this article, as synonymous with rhythm, the word metre from μετρον, *measure*. Either the one or the other may be defined as *the arrangement of words into two or more consecutive, equal, pulsations of time*. These pulsations are *feet*. Two feet, at least, are requisite to constitute a *rhythm;* just as, in mathematics, two units are necessary to form *number*. The syllables of which the foot consists, when the foot is not a syllable in itself, are subdivisions of the pulsations. No equality is demanded in these subdivisions. It is only required that, so far as regards two consecutive feet at least, the sum of the times of the syllables in one, shall be equal to the sum of the times of the syllables in the other. Beyond two pulsations there is no *necessity* for equality of time. All beyond is arbitrary or conventional. A third and fourth pulsation may embody half, or double, or any proportion of the time occupied in the two first.

I have already said that all syllables, in metre, are either long or short. Our usual prosodies maintain that a long syllable is equal, in its time, to two short; this, however, is but an approach to the truth. It should be here observed that the quantity of an English syllable has no dependence upon the sound of its vowel or dipthong, but chiefly upon *accentuation*. Monosyllables are exceedingly variable, and, for the most part, may be either long or short, to suit the demand of the rhythm. In polysyllables, the accented ones are always long, while those which immediately precede or succeed them, are always short. *Emphasis* will render any short syllable long.

Rhythm being thus understood, the prosodist should proceed to define *versification* as the making of verses, and verse as *the arbitrary or conventional isolation of rhythms into masses of greater or less extent*.

Let us now exemplify what has been said. We will take the words,

I ăm mŏnărch,

with the accentuation which belongs to them in the well known line

I ăm mŏnărch ŏf âll I sŭrvĕy.

Of the three first words, by themselves, with the accentuation as here given, we can form no metre or rhythm. We cannot divide them into "two or more equal pulsations of time" — that is to say, into two metrical feet. If we divide them thus:

I ăm | mŏnărch

the time of the latter division is to that of the former as three to two; and a glance will suffice to show that no nearer approach to equal division, is practicable. The words as they stand, therefore, are purely *prose*. But, by placing an emphasis upon the pronoun, we double its length, and the whole is resolved into rhythm; for

I am monarch

is readily divided into two equal pulsations, thus:

I ăm | mŏnărch.

These equal pulsations are trochaic feet; and, from the appreciation of such equality as we recognise in them, arises the gratification of rhythm. With less than two feet there can be no comparison — thus no equality — thus no rhythm. "But no equality is demanded" (here I quote my previous words) "in the *subdivisions* of the rhythm. It is only required that the sum of the times of the syllables in the one, shall be equal to the sum of the times of the sylla-

bles in the other" — as we see it above. The entire line,

I am monarch of all I survey,

is thus scanned:

I ăm mŏn- | ărch ŏf āll | I sŭrvēy.

Here are three anapæsts. The two first *suffice* to establish a rhythm; but the third confirms it. Had the words run thus:

I am monarch of all I see,

no ear would have been materially offended; but it is evident that, in this case, we should have thus scanned the verse:

I ăm mŏn- | ărch ŏf āll | I sēe;

and the last foot, being a pure spondee, (two long syllables — equal to the one long and two short syllables of the preceding anapæsts) is, of itself, sufficient demonstration that the spondee has been improperly rejected from the English rhythms.

The two anapæsts,

I ăm mŏn- | ărch ŏf āll,

do not *demand* that, if a third foot succeed, this third foot be an anapæst, or even the equivalent in time of an anapæst. The requisitions of rhythm are fulfilled in the two; and a novel mood of metre may now arise. A conventionality, however, founded in reason, has decided that the new metre should, in general, form the commencement of a new line, that the ear may thus, by means of the eye, be prepared for the change. The cæsura, whose peculiarities have never been discussed, and which I have already described as a foot consisting of a single long syllable, is frequently found interposed (especially in the ancient metres) between various rhythms in the same line. Its object, in such situations, is to allow time, or opportunity, for the lapse from one rhythm to another, or, more ordinarily, from a rhythm to a variation of the same; as, for example, in the verses:

Mæcenas, atavis edite regibus,
O et præsidium et dulce decus meum!
Sunt quos curriculo pulverem Olympicum
Collegisse juvat, metaque fervidis
Evitata rotis, palmaque nobilis
Terrarum Dominos, evehit ad Deos,

which are thus scanned:

Mæcē- | nās ātă- | vīs | ēdītĕ | rēgĭbŭs
O ēt | præsĭdĭ | ŭm | dūlcĕ dĕ- | cŭs mĕŭm
Sūnt quōs | cūrrĭcŭ- | lō | pŭlvĕr' ō- | lўmpĭcŭm
Cōllē- | gissĕ jŭ- | vāt | mĕtāquĕ | fĕrvĭdĭs
ƒvī- | tātă rō- | tis | pālmaquāe | nōbĭlĭs
Tĕrrā- | rŭm Dŏmi- | nōs | ĕvĕhĭt | ād Dēōs.

The general rhythm of these lines will be at once recognised as dactylic, or equivalent to dactylic. The two first pulsations, or feet, consist of a spondee and a dactyl; each amounting to four short syllables. This order is now interrupted by a single long syllable; (the cæsura foot;) and in the two succeeding, although the general rhythm remains undisturbed, two dactyls supply the place of the original spondee and dactyl. The cæsura effects the lapse from the initial rhythm to a variation of it. We should be taught to look upon the cæsura as a variable foot which accommodates itself to any rhythm whatever. I have designated it "as a single long syllable," because this is, apparently, its *abstract* force or value; but, in its application, it has the force of any foot whatever. In the lines quoted just above, it has the value of a spondee or dactyl: occupying precisely equal time. In the first verse above, we dwell upon the "*vis*" just so long as it would take us to pronounce the "*nas ata*" preceding. With this understanding of the cæsura, (the most important foot in the English, or in any metre, and most blindly rejected by our prosodists,) we can now proceed to an exemplification of what has been said respecting the *arbitrary* or *conventional* nature of mere versification, or the division of rhythms into verse. For this purpose let us quote the commencement of Lord Byron's "Bride of Abydos."

Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle
  Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime —
Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle,
  Now melt into softness, now madden to crime?
Know ye the land of the cedar and vine,
Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever shine,
And the light wings of Zephyr, oppressed with perfume,
Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gul in her bloom?
Where the citron and olive are fairest of fruit,
And the voice of the nightingale never is mute?
Where the virgins are soft as the roses they twine,
And all, save the spirit of man, is divine?
'T is the land of the East — 't is the clime of the Sun —
Can he smile on such deeds as his children have done?
Oh, wild as the accents of lovers' farewell,
Are the hearts that they bear, and the tales that they tell.

The *flow* of these remarkable lines has been the theme of universal admiration; and not more of admiration than of surprise and embarrassment. While no one could deny their harmony, it has been found impossible to reconcile this harmony with their evident irregularity, when scanned in accordance with the rules of our Prosodies; for these Prosodies, insisting upon their bald and incomprehensive dogmas about mere *verse*, have neglected to afford a true conception of *rhythm;* and this conception alone can furnish the key to the riddle. Of, perhaps, a hundred persons whom I have heard discussing the passage, not one seemed to have the faintest comprehension of its true scanning. The division into *lines* forced them into continual blunders. No one thought of looking *beyond* the line, or of referring one to another. Each verse was scanned individually and independently. Thus, the puzzle was, that, while the flow was perfect, while no harshness or break could be discovered in the harmony, the lines differed so remarkably among themselves. The Grammars had spoken of dactylic lines,

and it was easily seen that these must be dactylic. The first verse was therefore thus divided:

Knŏw yĕ thē | lānd whĕre thē | cўprĕss ănd | mўrtlē.

The concluding foot, however, was still a mystery; but the Grammars said something about the dactylic measure's calling for a double or triple rhyme, occasionally; and the inquirer was content to rest in the "double rhyme," without exactly perceiving what a "double rhyme" had to do with the question of an irregular foot. Quitting the first verse, the second was thus scanned:

Are ĕmblĕms | ŏf deeds thăt | āre dōne ĭn | thĕir clīme.

But it was immediately seen that *this* would not do. It was at war with the whole emphasis of the reading. It was certainly never intended by Lord Byron, or by any one in his senses, that stress should be placed upon such monosyllables as "*are*," "*of*," and "*their*;" nor could "*their clime*," when compared with "*to crime*" in the corresponding line below, be tortured into anything like "a double rhyme," so as to come within the category of the Grammars. But these Grammars were now silent. Farther they said not. The inquirer fell back, therefore, (in spite of his appreciation of the harmony of the verses, when read without scanning,) upon the idea that the "*Are*" in the beginning was a blunder, or excess, and, discarding it, scanned the remainder as follows:

— ĕmblĕms ŏf | deeds thăt ăre | dōne ĭn thĕir | clīme.

This would have been satisfactory, but for the forced elision of the "are" and the difficulty of accounting for the odd syllable "*clime*." The Grammars admitted no such foot as one of a single syllable, and besides the metre was dactylic. In despair, our inquirer turns over the pages of his Prosody, and at length is blessed by a full solution of the riddle, in the learned "*observation*" quoted in the commencement of this paper — "When a syllable is wanting, the verse is said to be *catalectic;* when the measure is exact, the line is *acatalectic;* when there is a redundant syllable, it forms *hypermeter*." This is enough. The verse in question is pronounced to "form hypermeter" at the tail, and to be "catalectic" at the head. A slight difficulty still remains, to be sure. Upon continuing the examination of the lines, it is discovered that what flows so harmoniously in perusal, is, upon subjection to the scanning process of the Grammars, a mere jumble, *throughout*, of *catalecticism*, *acatalecticism*, and *hypermeter*.

By discarding, however, our clumsy conventional notions of mere verse, we shall see, at once, that the lines are perfect in flow only because perfect in scansion — perfect in practice only because perfect in theory. They are, in fact, a regular succession of dactylic rhythms, varied only at three points by equivalent spondees, and separated into two distinct divisions by equivalent, terminating cæsuras. I must here beg the reader to notice that termination, or *pause*, is one of the chief offices, if not indeed the sole office of the cæsura. In taking upon itself the force, or time, of the pulsations which have preceded it, it produces a *fulness of close* not to be so well brought about by other means. But let ut scan the passage under discussion.

Knŏw yĕ thē | lānd whĕre thē | cўprĕss ănd | mўrtlē
arē | ĕmblĕms ŏf | dēeds thăt ārē | dōne ĭn thĕir |
clīme whĕre thē | răge *ŏf thē* | vūlтūre thē | lŏve ŏf
thē | tūrtlē nŏw | mĕlt ĭntō | sŏftnĕss nŏw | mădděn
tō | *crime*.

Knŏw yĕ thē | lānd ŏf thē | cēdăr ănd | vīne whĕre
thē | flŏw'rs ēvĕr | blōssŏm thē | bēams ēvĕr | shine
whĕre thē | light wĭngs ŏf | Zĕphyr ŏp- | prĕss'd wĭth
pĕr- | *fūme wăr* | fāint o'er thē | gārdens ŏf | Gūl ĭn
thĕir | blōŏm whĕre thē | cĭtrŏn ănd | ŏlivē are | făirĕst
ŏf | frŭit ănd thē | vŏice ŏf thē | nĭghtĭngale | nĕvĕr
ĭs | mūte whĕre thē | vĭrgĭns ārе | sŏft ăs thē | rōsēs
thĕy | *twīne ănd* | ăll sāve thē | spĭrĭt ŏf | măn is dĭ-
vīne 'tĭs thē | lānd ŏf thē | fast 'tĭs thē | clīme ŏf thē |
Sūn căn hē | smile ŏn sŭch | dēēds ăs hĭs | chĭldrĕn
hāve | *dōne ŏh* | wĭld ăs thē | *ăccēnts* ŏf | lŏvers' fārе-
wĕll ārе thē | heārts thăt thĕy | beār ănd thē | tāles thăt
thĕy | *tell*.

By all who have ears — not over long — this will be acknowledged as the true and the sole true scansion. The harmony is perfect, and with the melody but a single fault can be found, and that of minor importance. In the dactyl formed by the words, "smile on such," "*such*" is too obviously a long syllable, that is to say, it too necessarily demands a long accentuation in common parlance, to justify its use as a short syllable in verse.

Can he smile on *the* deeds *that* his children have done.

would be an improvement of the melody; at the expense, however, of the sense.

Can he smile on the deeds *which* his children have done,

although more rigorously grammatical, than our line first suggested, is objectionable on the very ground which caused objection to the use of "such." The difficulty of pronouncing "which" has brought about its exclusion from poetry, among those who have keen musical perceptions: — see the last line of those just quoted.

I have italicized the cæsuras and spondees introduced. The force and office of the cæsura have been already sufficiently explained; but it may be demanded — "Why is the continuous flow of the dactylic succession interrupted by spondees! Why were not dactyls here also employed!" The answer which most readily suggests itself is, that the variation is for the purpose of relieving the monotony; but however plausible this reply, it is by no means the true one. For, in fact, there is *no* relief of the monotone effected. The spondees used are to all intents and purposes (except with mere reference to the eye) equivalent to dactyls. The

cause of their introduction is to be found in the admission of *unusually* long syllables at certain points. In the spondee "*fume wax*," for example, the "*wax*," which is composed of two of the most difficult consonants in the language, could not have been tortured into brevity by any mode of accentuation. Pronounce it as trippingly as we please, it will still occupy such portion of time as will render it equal to two short syllables. If employed *at all*, therefore, it could not have been employed otherwise, in its present location, than as the final syllable of a spondee. The emphasis demanded upon the "*oh*" in "*done oh*" forces it, in the same manner, into length."

That the division of the dactylic rhythms into verses, or lines, is a point purely arbitrary, or conventional, will be rendered evident by a glance at these rhythms as we have run them together, above. We might form what is termed versification thus:

Know ye the | land where the
Cypress and | myrtle are
Emblems of | deeds that are
Done in their | clime where the &c.

Or thus:

Know ye the | land where the | cypress and
Myrtle are | emblems of | deeds that are &c.

Or thus:

Know ye the | land where the | cypress and | myrtle are
Emblems of | deeds that are | done in their | clime where the &c.

Or thus:

Know ye the | land where the | cypress and | myrtle are | emblems of
Deeds that are | done in their | clime where the | rage of the | vulture the &c.

In short the lines may be of *any* length which shall include a full rhythm, or two pulsations. Beyond doubt, we often see such lines as

Know ye the
Land where the &c.

and our Grammars admit such; but most improperly; for common sense would dictate that every so obvious division of a poem, as is made by verse, should include within itself all that is necessary for its own comprehension or appreciation; but here we can have no appreciation *of the rhythm;* which depends upon the idea of equality between two pulsations. These pseudo-verses, and those which are met in mock Pindaric Odes, and consist sometimes of but a single long syllable, can be considered as rhythmical, only in connexion with what immediately precedes; and it is this want of independent rhythm, which adapts them to the purposes of burlesque, and of this alone. Their effect is that of incongruity — the principle of mirth; for they include the blankness of prose amid the harmony of verse.

One word here in regard to *rhyme*. Its employment is quite as arbitrary as that of verse itself. Our books speak of it as "a similarity of sound between the last syllables of different lines." But how absurd such definition, in the very teeth of the admitted facts, that rhymes are often used *in the middle* of verses, and that mere *similarity* of sound is insufficient to constitute them in perfection! Rhyme may be defined as *identity of sound occurring among rhythms, between syllables or portions of syllables of equal length, at equal intervals, or at interspaces the multiples of these intervals.*

The Iambic, the Trochaic, the Anapæstic, and the Dactylic, are the usually admitted divisions of English verse. These varieties, in their purity, or perfection, are to be understood as mere indefinite successions of the feet or pulsations, respectively, from which are derived their names. Our Prosodies cite examples of only the most common divisions of the respective rhythms into lines; but profess to cite instances *of all the varieties of English verse.* These varieties are, nevertheless, unlimited, as will be readily seen from what has been said; but the books have done much, by their dogmas, in the way of prohibiting invention. A wide field is open for its display, in novel combinations of metre. The immenseness of the effect derivable from the harmonious combination of *various rhythms*, is a point strangely neglected or misunderstood. We have, in America, some few versifiers of fine ear, who succeed to admiration in the building of the ordinary established lines — the Iambic Pentameters of Sprague, for example, surpass even those of Pope — but we have had few evidences of originality in the division of the old rhythms, or in the combination of their varieties. In general, the grossest ignorance prevails, even among our finest poets, and even in respect to the commonplace harmonies upon which they are most habitually employed. If we regard at the same time accuracy of rhythm, melody, and invention, or novel combination, of metre, I should have no hesitation in saying that a young and true poetess of Kentucky, Mrs. Amelia Welby, has done more in the way of really good verse than any individual among us. I shall be pardoned, nevertheless, for quoting and commenting upon an excellently well conceived and well managed specimen of versification, which will aid in developing some of the propositions already expressed. It is the "Last Leaf" of Oliver W. Holmes.

I saw him once before
As he pass'd by the door,
And again
The pavement stones resound
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.

They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning-knife of Time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the crier on his round
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets
So forlorn;
And he shakes his feeble head
That it seems as if he said,
They are gone.

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest
In their bloom,
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said, —
Poor old lady! she is dead
Long ago, —
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff;
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here;
But the old three-corner'd hat,
And the breeches, and all that,
Are so queer!

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring, —
Let them smile, as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.

Every one will acknowledge the effective harmony of these lines; yet the attempt to scan them, by any reference to the rules of our Prosodies, will be vain. Indeed, I am at a loss to imagine what these books could say upon the subject, that would not immediately contradict all that has been said by them upon others. Let us scan the first stanza.

I sāw | hĭm ōnce | bĕfōre
As hĕ | pāssĕd | bў thĕ | dōor
And ă- | gāin
Thĕ pāve- | mĕnt stōnes | rĕsōund
As hĕ | tōttĕrs | ō'er thĕ | grōund
With hĭs | cāne.

This is the general scansion of the poem. We have first three iambuses The second line shifts the rhythm into the trochaic, giving us three trochees, with a cæsura equivalent, in this case, to a trochee. The third line is a trochee and equivalent cæsura. But it must be observed, that although the cæsura is variable in value, and can thus be understood as equivalent to any pulsation which precedes it, it is insufficient to form, with any *single* pulsation, *a perfect rhythm*. The rhythm of the line "and again" is referrible, therefore, to the line preceding, and dependent thereupon. The whole would have been, more properly, written thus:

I sāw | hĭm ōnce | bĕfōre
As hĕ | pāssĕd | bў thĕ | dōor | ānd ă | gāin
Thĕ pāve- | mĕnt stōnes | rĕsōund
As hĕ | tōttĕrs | ō'er thĕ | grōund | wĭth hĭs | cāne.

The *pausing* or terminating force of the cæsura is here clearly seen. In the second line, as just remodelled, we make a pause in the trochaical rhythms, by means of "door." The "and again" has the air of a *resumption;* which in fact it is. The word "passéd" in the volume from which we extract the poem [Mr. Griswold's "Poets and Poetry of America"] has been printed, with an elision, "pass'd," and thus made one syllable; but improperly: for each syllable requires full accentuation to form the trochee.

If we now look at the second stanza, we shall perceive that in the line,

Nōt ă | bĕttĕr | mān wăs | fōund,

which, according to the construction of the first stanza, should be iambical, the author has merely continued the trochees of the preceding verse. The third stanza is constructed as the second. So also the fourth — with a variation in the line,

Have been carved for many a year;

which is thus scanned:

Hāve been | cārv'd fōr | mānў ă | yēar.

Here, in place of the expected trochee, we have a dactyl. Referring to the Prosodies, we learn that "by a synæresis [blending] of the two short syllables, an anapæst may sometimes be employed for an iambus, or a dactyl for a trochee": — all which is true, but excessively unsatisfactory. The *rationale* of the matter is untouched. I was perhaps wrong in admitting even the *truth* of the rule. The fact is, that in cases such as this, the synæresis of the syllables is erroneously urged. There should be *no* blending of the two short syllables into one; and, unquestionably, if blended, the result would be one long, to which they are equivalent; thus the blending would be far from producing a trochee, inasmuch as it would produce *more*. The idea of the versifier here is *discord for the relief of monotone*. The time of the pulsation is purposely increased, that the ear may not be palled by the too continuous harmony. As in music, so in the rhythm of words, this principle of discord is one of the most important, and, when effectively managed, surprizes and delights by its vigorous effects. It seems to be an essential, in these variations, that they be never, *of diminution*. A *decrease* in the ordinary time of the pulsations should never be attempted; but a fine discord is often effected by mere change of the *order* of syllables, without increase. In iambic rhythms this change is most usually seen. For example:

Ĉh thōu, | whătēv- | ĕr tī- | tlĕ plēase | thĭne ĉar,
Dĕan, Drā- | pĭer, Bĭck- | ĕrstăff, | ŏr Gŭl- | livĕr,
Whēthĕr | thŏu chōose | Cĕrvān- | tĕs' sē- | rĭoŭs āir,
Ĉr lāugh | ānd shāke | ĭn Rā- | bĕlāis' ēa- | sў chāir.

Here a trochee forms the first foot of the third

line. Discords *of excess* are observed in the concluding foot of the third verse, and in the penultimate of the fourth; where anapæsts take place of iambuses.

These various discords, it will be understood, are efforts for the relief of monotone. These efforts produce fluctuations in the metre; and it often happens that these fluctuations, if not subsequently counterbalanced, affect the ear displeasingly, as do unresolved discords in music. Very generally, one discord requires a counterbalance at no great interval. This is a point, however, which only a very nice ear can appreciate. Pope felt its importance, and more especially Milton. I quote an example from the latter:

> But say, if our *Deliverer* up to Heaven
> Must re-ascend, what will betide the few
> His faithful, left among the unfaithful herd
> The enemies of truth? who then shall guide
> His people, who defend? will they not deal
> More with his *followers* than with him they dealt?
> Be sure they will, *said the Angel.*

"*Said the angel*" is here used as a single foot, and counterbalances the *two* previous discords of excess, italicized. To this practice, on the part of Milton, I especially alluded, when speaking of this poet as surpassing Pope "in the adjusting of his harmonies through paragraphs of greater length than the latter ever ventured to attempt."

Discords of excess are also employed (and even more than one in a line) with the view of equalizing the time of a verse with the *real* time of a preceding one, when the *apparent* time of this preceding does not exceed the ordinary rhythm. For example:

> But such | a bulk | as no | twelve bards | could raise,
> Twelve *starveling* bards of these *degenerate* days.

If we scan the first of these lines, we find only the ordinary iambuses; but, by the use of unusually long syllables, the verse is made *to labor*, in accordance with the author's favorite whim, of "making the sound an echo to the sense." It will be found impossible to read aloud

> But such a bulk as no twelve bards could raise

in the usual time of five iambuses. The *drag* of the line, therefore, is properly counterbalanced by two anapæsts in the succeeding; which is thus scanned:

> Twĕlve stär- | *vĕlĭng bärds* | ĭn thēse | dĕgĕn- | *ĕratĕ dāys.*

Some editions of Pope read, with elision, thus:

> Twelve starv'ling bards of these degen'rate days;

but this is, of course, improper. Our books, in general, are full of false elisions.

But to return to our scansion of "The Last Leaf." The fifth and six stanzas exactly resemble the second. The seventh differs from all the others. The second line, as well as the first, is iambic. The whole should be thus divided:

> I knōw | ĭt ĭs | ă sĭn | fŏr mē | tŏ sĭt | ănd grĭn
> At hĭm | hēre | būt thē | ōld thrĕe- | cōrnĕr'd | hăt | ănd
> thē brēechĕs | ănd ăll | thāt | ăre sŏ | quēer.

In saying that the whole should be thus divided, I mean only to say that this is the true grouping of the pulsations; and have no reference to the rhymes. I speak as if these latter had no existence.

The last stanza embraces still another variation. It is entirely trochaic; and involves the only absolute *error* to be seen in the whole versification. The rhythm requires that the first syllable of the second line should be *long;* but "*the*" is a monosyllable which can never be forced, by any accentuation, into length.

As I am now speaking of American verse, and of the dearth of invention which, in general, it betrays, some remarks on Professor Longfellow's late attempts at introducing the Greek Hexameter, will not be considered out of place. The Greek or Latin Hexameter line, consists, as its title implies, of six pulsations. These, in the four first instances, may be either dactyls or spondees, or dactyls and spondees arbitrarily intermingled. The penultimate foot, however, is always (at least nearly always) a dactyl; the ultimate always a spondee. The lines already quoted from Silius Italicus are Latin Hexameters. The first two of these lines run thus:

> Fāllĭs | tē mēn- | sās ĭn | tĕr quōd | crēdĭs ĭn | ērmēm.
> Tōt bĕl- | lĭs quæ | sītă vĭ- | rō tōt | cædĭbŭs | ārmāt.

The first point which will arrest the attention of the merely English reader, is the discrepancy between this scansion and the *flow* of the lines in perusal. In attempting, himself, a division, he, no doubt, would have thus arranged it:

> Fallis te | mensas | inter quod | credis in | ermem,

and, not until he had counted the feet, would he have been aware of the deficiency of *one*. Now the discrepancy in question is not observable in English metres; where the scansion coincides with the reading, *so far as the rhythm is concerned* — that is to say, if we pay no attention to the *sense* of the passage. But these facts indicate a radical difference in the genius of the two languages, as regards their capacities for modulation. In truth, from the character of its terminations (most frequently in *um*, *am*, i, o, os, &c.) as well as from the paucity of the monosyllabic articles and pronouns so prevalent in the Saxon, the Latin is a far more *stately* tongue than our own. It is essentially spondaic; the English is as essentially dactylic. The *long* syllable is the spirit of the Roman (and Greek) verse; the *short* syllable is the essence of ours. In casting the eye, for example,

over the lines of Silius here quoted, we will not fail to perceive the great preponderance of the spondee; * and, in examining the so-called Hexameters, just above, by Professor Longfellow, we shall, in the same manner, see the predominance of the dactyl. English Hexameters are always about *one-third longer to the eye* than Latin or Greek ones. Now it follows from what has been here explained, that English Hexameters are radically different from Latin ones: for it is the predominant foot, or pulsation, which gives the tone to the verse, or *establishes its rhythm*. Latin Hexameters are spondaic rhythms, varied by equivalent dactyls. English Hexameters are dactylic rhythms varied, *rarely*, by equivalent spondees. Not that we *cannot* have English Hexameter, in every respect correspondent to the Latin; but that such can be constructed only by a minuteness of labor, and with a forced or far-fetched appearance, which are at war with their employment to any extent. In building them we must search for *spondaic words*, which, in English, are rare indeed; or, in their default, we must construct spondees of long monosyllables, although the majority of our monosyllables are short. I quote, here, an unintentional instance of a perfect English Hexameter formed upon the model of the Greek:

Man is a complex, compound, compost, yet is he God-born,

This line is thus scanned:

Mān ĭs ă | cŏmplĕx | cōmpōund | cōmpōst | yĕt ĭs hĕ | Gōd-bōrn.

I say that this is "a perfect English Hexameter formed upon the model of the Greek," because, while its rhythm is plainly spondaic varied by dactyls, and thus is essentially Greek, (or Latin,) it yet preserves, as all English verse should preserve, a concordance between its scansion and reading-flow. Such lines, of course, cannot be composed without a degree of difficulty which must effect their exclusion, for all practical purposes, from our tongue.

But let us examine some of the supposed Hexameters of Professor Longfellow.

Ălsō thĕ | chŭrch wĭth | ĭn wās ă- | dōrn'd fōr | thĭs wās thĕ | sĕasōn
In whĭch thĕ | yoūng thĕir | pārĕnts' | hōpe ănd thĕ | lōv'd ōnes ōf | hĕavĕn
Shoūld ăt thĕ | fōot ŏf thĕ | ăltăr rĕ- | nĕw thĕ | vōws ŏf thĕir | bāptĭsm.
Thĕrefōre ĕach | nōok ānd | cōrnĕr wās | swĕpt ānd | clēan'd ănd thĕ | dūst wās
Blōwn frŏm thĕ | wālls ānd | cēilĭng ănd | frōm thĕ | ōil-păintĕd | bĕnchĕs.

We here find that, although the preponderance of the dactyl is not great, apparently, yet this preponderance *would be* excessive, were it not for the forced lengthening of syllables too unimportant to sustain an accent in the ordinary perusal. In the first line, the "*for*," in "*dorn'd for*," and the "*son*" in "*season*," have no right to be long. In the second, the same objection applies to "*their*" in "*young their*," and the "*en*" in "*heaven*." In the third, it applies to the "*the*" in "*new the*"; in the fourth to the "*and*" in "*swept and*," and the "*was*" in "*dust was*"; in the fifth to the "*and*" in "*walls and*," the "*from*" and "*the*" in "*from the*," and the "*es*" in "*benches*." "*Baptism*" is the only admissible spondee in the whole composition.

The truth is, that nothing less than the deservedly high reputation of Professor Longfellow, could have sufficed to give currency to his lines as to Greek Hexameters. In general, they are neither one thing nor another. Some few of them are dactylic verses — English dactylics. But do away with the division into lines, and the most astute critic would never have suspected them of anything more than prose. Let us try the experiment upon the extract just above:

"Also, the church within was adorned; for this was the season in which the young, their parents' hope, and the loved ones of heaven, should, at the feet of the altar, renew the vows of their baptism. Therefore, each nook and corner was swept and cleaned, and the dust was blown from the walls and ceiling, and from the oil-painted benches."

This is excellent prose; but no species of manipulation can torture it into anything better than very indifferent verse.

Whatever defects may be found in the *harmony* of our poets, their errors of *melody* are still more conspicuous. Here the field is, comparatively, one of little extent. The versifier, who is at all aware of the nature of the rhythms with which he is engaged, can scarcely err, in melody, unless through carelessness, or affectation. The rules for his guidance are simple and few. He should employ his syllables, as nearly as possible, with the accentuation due in prose reading. His short syllables should never be encumbered with many consonants, and especially, never with those difficult of pronunciation. His long syllables should depend as much as possible upon full vowels or dipthongal sounds for length. His periods, or equivalent pauses, should not be so placed as to interrupt a rhythm. Farther than this, little need be said. It is, therefore, justly matter for surprise, when we meet, amid the iambics of so fine a versifier as Mr. Bryant, for example, such lines as

Languished in *the* damp shade and died afar from men,

or, still worse, as

Kind influence. Lo their orbs burn more bright:

in the latter of which we can preserve the metre only by drawing out "*influence*" into three strongly-marked syllables, shortening the long monosyllable "*Lo*," and lengthening the short one "*their*."

* Even the regular dactyl in the penultimate foot is often displaced by a spondee, in Latin Hexameters.

In turning over a poem by Alfred B. Street, my attention is arrested by these lines :

Hĭs sĭn- | ŭoŭs pāth, | bў blā- | zĕs, wōund |
Ămōng | trŭnks groŭp'd | ĭn mў- | rĭāds rōund.

Every reader will here perceive the impossibility of pronouncing "*trunks*" as a short syllable. The difficulty arises from the number of harsh consonants by which the vowel, *u*, is surrounded. There is a rule, in Latin prosody, that a vowel *before two* consonants is long. We moderns have not only no such rule, but profess inability to comprehend its *rationale*. If, nevertheless, from the natural limit to man's power of syllabification, a vowel *before two* consonants is inevitably long, how shall we properly understand as short, one which is *embedded among nine?* Yet Mr. Street is one of our finest versifiers, and his error is but one of a class in which all his brethren most pertinaciously indulge.

But I must bring this paper to a close. It will not be supposed that my object has been a *treatise* upon verse. A world more than I have room to say might be said. I have endeavored to deal with principles while seeming busy with details. A right application of these principles will clear up much obscurity in our common acceptation of rhythm; but, throughout, it has been my design not so much thoroughly to investigate the topic, as to dwell upon those salient points of it which have been either totally neglected, or inefficiently discussed.

THE MAIDEN'S DEATH.

BY ELIZABETH B. BARRETT, AUTHOR OF THE SERAPHIM, ETC.

Is she dying? Ye who grieve
Answer 'Yea.' And will she leave
Our world so soon, and separate be
From this life's tumultuous sea, —
Where the harpies' ghastly nation
Hovers, — and the tempest's passion
Sobs, — and there's no room nor rest
For the Halcyon's fabled nest?
From these depths the Heavens draw
Her drops of life, by nature's law,
To form a cloud in angels' sight,
Illumined by the great God-light.

She is dying; — Ye who know
Beauty's fairness in a show, —
Youth's high dreams where seraphs enter,
Built upon a peradventure, —
Wealth's soft strewing of the ways, —
Love's deep vowing in self-praise —
Weep for her who doth remove,
From beauty, youth, wealth — ay, and love.
But — but ye — (for I am turning
Unto those of fuller learning) —
Ye who know how tears find place
'Twixt the show-mask and the face, —
How dream-pillows slide away,
Leaving foreheads on the clay, —
How the foot may smoothly tread,
While the thorn-wreath pricks the head, —
How the mouth, with love-vows laden,
Soon —— Oh, weep not for the maiden!

Dust to dust: she lies beneath
The stone that speaks to life of death, —
Young, beauteous, wealthy 'neath the sun,
And loved — but who weeps for her? None!

London, Jan. 4, 1843.

THE BIRTH-MARK.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

In the latter part of the last century, there lived a man of science — an eminent proficient in every branch of natural philosophy — who, not long before our story opens, had made experience of a spiritual affinity, more attractive than any chemical one. He had left his laboratory to the care of an assistant, cleared his fine countenance from the furnace-smoke, washed the stain of acids from his fingers, and persuaded a beautiful woman to become his wife. In those days, when the comparatively recent discovery of electricity, and other kindred mysteries of nature, seemed to open paths into the region of miracle, it was not unusual for the love of science to rival the love of woman, in its depth and absorbing energy. The higher intellect, the imagination, the spirit, and even the heart, might all find their congenial aliment in pursuits which, as some of their ardent votaries believed, would ascend from one step of powerful intelligence to another, until the philosopher should lay his hand on the secret of creative force, and perhaps make new worlds for himself. We know not whether Aylmer possessed this degree of faith in man's ultimate control over nature. He had devoted himself, however, too unreservedly to scientific studies, ever to be weaned from them by any second passion. His love for his young wife might prove the stronger of the two; but it could only be by intertwining itself with his love of science, and uniting the strength of the latter to its own.

Such an union accordingly took place, and was attended with truly remarkable consequences, and a deeply impressive moral. One day, very soon after their marriage, Aylmer sat gazing at his wife, with a trouble in his countenance that grew stronger, until he spoke.

"Georgiana," said he, "has it never occurred to you that the mark upon your cheek might be removed?"

"No, indeed," said she, smiling; but perceiving the seriousness of his manner, she blushed deeply. "To tell you the truth, it has been so often called a charm, that I was simple enough to imagine it might be so."

"Ah, upon another face, perhaps it might," replied her husband. "But never on yours! No, dearest Georgiana, you came so nearly perfect from the hand of Nature, that this slightest possible defect — which we hesitate whether to term a defect or a beauty — shocks me, as being the visible mark of earthly imperfection."

"Shocks you, my husband!" cried Georgiana, deeply hurt; at first reddening with momentary anger, but then bursting into tears. "Then why did you take me from my mother's side? You cannot love what shocks you!"

To explain this conversation, it must be mentioned, that, in the centre of Georgiana's left cheek, there was a singular mark, deeply interwoven, as it were, with the texture and substance of her face. In the usual state of her complexion, — a healthy, though delicate bloom, — the mark wore a tint of deeper crimson, which imperfectly defined its shape amid the surrounding rosiness. When she blushed, it gradually became more indistinct, and finally vanished amid the triumphant rush of blood, that bathed the whole cheek with its brilliant glow. But, if any shifting emotion caused her to turn pale, there was the mark again, a crimson stain upon the snow, in what Aylmer sometimes deemed an almost fearful distinctness. Its shape bore not a little similarity to the human hand, though of the smallest pigmy size. Georgiana's lovers were wont to say, that some fairy, at her birth-hour, had laid her tiny hand upon the infant's cheek, and left this impress there, in token of the magic endowments that were to give her such sway over all hearts. Many a desperate swain would have risked life for the privilege of pressing his lips to the mysterious hand. It must not be concealed, however, that the impression wrought by this fairy sign-manual varied exceedingly, according to the difference of temperament in the beholders. Some fastidious persons — but they were exclusively of her own sex — affirmed that the Bloody Hand, as they chose to call it, quite destroyed the effect of Georgiana's beauty, and rendered her countenance even hideous. But it would be as reasonable to say, that one of those small blue stains, which sometimes occur in the purest statuary marble, would convert the Eve of Powers to a monster. Masculine observers, if the birth-mark did not heighten their admiration, contented themselves with wishing it away, that the world might possess one living specimen of ideal loveliness, without the semblance of a flaw. After his marriage — for he thought little or nothing of the matter before — Aylmer discovered that this was the case with himself.

Had she been less beautiful — if Envy's self could have found aught else to sneer at — he might have felt his affection heightened by the prettiness of this mimic hand, now vaguely portrayed, now lost, now stealing forth again, and glimmering to-and-fro with every pulse of emotion that throbbed within her heart. But, seeing her otherwise so perfect, he found this

one defect grow more and more intolerable, with every moment of their united lives. It was the fatal flaw of humanity, which Nature, in one shape or another, stamps ineffaceably on all her productions, either to imply that they are temporary and finite, or that their perfection must be wrought by toil and pain. The Crimson Hand expressed the ineludible gripe, in which mortality clutches the highest and purest of earthly mould, degrading them into kindred with the lowest, and even with the very brutes, like whom their visible frames return to dust. In this manner, selecting it as the symbol of his wife's liability to sin, sorrow, decay, and death, Aylmer's sombre imagination was not long in rendering the birth-mark a frightful object, causing him more trouble and horror than ever Georgiana's beauty, whether of soul or sense, had given him delight.

At all the seasons which should have been their happiest, he invariably, and without intending it — nay, in spite of a purpose to the contrary — reverted to this one disastrous topic. Trifling as it at first appeared, it so connected itself with innumerable trains of thought, and modes of feeling, that it became the central point of all. With the morning twilight, Aylmer opened his eyes upon his wife's face, and recognised the symbol of imperfection; and when they sat together at the evening hearth, his eyes wandered stealthily to her cheek, and beheld, flickering with the blaze of the wood fire, the spectral Hand that wrote mortality, where he would fain have worshipped. Georgiana soon learned to shudder at his gaze. It needed but a glance, with the peculiar expression that his face often wore, to change the roses of her cheek into a deathlike paleness, amid which the Crimson Hand was brought strongly out, like a bas-relief of ruby on the whitest marble.

Late, one night, when the lights were growing dim, so as hardly to betray the stain on the poor wife's cheek, she herself, for the first time, voluntarily took up the subject.

"Do you remember, my dear Aylmer," said she, with a feeble attempt at a smile — "have you any recollection of a dream, last night, about this odious Hand?"

"None! — none whatever!" replied Aylmer, starting; but then he added in a dry, cold tone, affected for the sake of concealing the real depth of his emotion: — "I might well dream of it; for, before I fell asleep, it had taken a pretty firm hold of my fancy."

"And you did dream of it," continued Georgiana, hastily; for she dreaded lest a gush of tears should interrupt what she had to say — "A terrible dream! I wonder that you can forget it. Is it possible to forget this one expression? — 'It is in her heart now — we must have it out!' — Reflect, my husband; for by all means I would have you recall that dream."

The mind is in a sad state, when Sleep, the all-involving, cannot confine her spectres within the dim region of her sway, but suffers them to break forth, affrighting this actual life with secrets that perchance belong to a deeper one. Aylmer now remembered his dream. He had fancied himself, with his servant Aminidab, attempting an operation for the removal of the birth-mark. But the deeper went the knife, the deeper sank the Hand, until at length its tiny grasp appeared to have caught hold of Georgiana's heart; whence, however, her husband was inexorably resolved to cut or wrench it away.

When the dream had shaped itself perfectly in his memory, Aylmer sat in his wife's presence with a guilty feeling. Truth often finds its way to the mind close-muffled in robes of sleep, and then speaks with uncompromising directness of matters in regard to which we practise an unconscious self-deception, during our waking moments. Until now, he had not been aware of the tyrannizing influence acquired by one idea over his mind, and of the lengths which he might find in his heart to go, for the sake of giving himself peace.

"Aylmer," resumed Georgiana, solemnly, "I know not what may be the cost to both of us, to rid me of this fatal birth-mark. Perhaps its removal may cause cureless deformity. Or, it may be, the stain goes as deep as life itself. Again, do we know that there is a possibility, on any terms, of unclasping the firm gripe of this little Hand, which was laid upon me before I came into the world?"

"Dearest Georgiana, I have spent much thought upon the subject," hastily interrupted Aylmer — "I am convinced of the perfect practicability of its removal."

"If there be the remotest possibility of it," continued Georgiana, "let the attempt be made, at whatever risk. Danger is nothing to me; for life — while this hateful mark makes me the object of your horror and disgust — life is a burthen which I would fling down with joy. Either remove this dreadful Hand, or take my wretched life! You have deep science! All the world bears witness of it. You have achieved great wonders! Cannot you remove this little, little mark, which I cover with the tips of two small fingers? Is this beyond your power, for the sake of your own peace, and to save your poor wife from madness?"

"Noblest — dearest — tenderest wife!" cried Aylmer, rapturously. "Doubt not my power. I have already given this matter the deepest thought — thought which might almost have enlightened me to create a being less perfect than yourself. Georgiana, you have led me deeper than ever into the heart of science. I feel myself fully competent to render this dear cheek as faultless as its fellow; and then, most beloved, what will be my triumph, when I shall have corrected what Nature left imperfect, in her fairest work! Even Pygmalion, when his sculptured woman assumed life, felt not greater ecstasy than mine will be."

"It is resolved, then," said Georgiana, faintly smiling, — "And, Aylmer, spare me

not, though you should find the birth-mark take refuge in my heart at last."

Her husband tenderly kissed her cheek — her right cheek — not that which bore the impress of the Crimson Hand.

The next day, Aylmer apprized his wife of a plan that he had formed, whereby he might have opportunity for the intense thought and constant watchfulness, which the proposed operation would require; while Georgiana, likewise, would enjoy the perfect repose essential to its success. They were to seclude themselves in the extensive apartments occupied by Aylmer as a laboratory, and where, during his toilsome youth, he had made discoveries in the elemental powers of nature, that had roused the admiration of all the learned societies in Europe. Seated calmly in this laboratory, the pale philosopher had investigated the secrets of the highest cloud-region, and of the profoundest mines; he had satisfied himself of the causes that kindled and kept alive the fires of the volcano; and had explained the mystery of fountains, and how it is that they gush forth, some so bright and pure, and others with such rich medical virtues, from the dark bosom of the earth. Here, too, at an earlier period, he had studied the wonders of the human frame, and attempted to fathom the very process by which Nature assimilates all her precious influences from earth and air, and from the spiritual world, to create and foster Man, her masterpiece. The latter pursuit, however, Aylmer had long laid aside, in unwilling recognition of the truth, against which all seekers sooner or later stumble, that our great creative Mother, while she amuses us with apparently working in the broadest sunshine, is yet severely careful to keep her own secrets, and, in spite of her pretended openness, shows us nothing but results. She permits us, indeed, to mar, but seldom to mend, and, like a jealous patentee, on no account to make. Now, however, Aylmer resumed these half-forgotten investigations; not, of course, with such hopes or wishes as first suggested them; but because they involved much physiological truth, and lay in the path of his proposed scheme for the treatment of Georgiana.

As he led her over the threshold of the laboratory, Georgiana was cold and tremulous. Aylmer looked cheerfully into her face, with intent to reassure her, but was so startled with the intense glow of the birth-mark upon the whiteness of her cheek, that he could not restrain a strong convulsive shudder. His wife fainted.

"Aminidab! Aminidab!" shouted Aylmer, stamping violently on the floor.

Forthwith, there issued from an inner apartment a man of low stature, but bulky frame, with shaggy hair hanging about his visage, which was grimed with the vapors of the furnace. This personage had been Aylmer's underworker during his whole scientific career, and was admirably fitted for that office by his great mechanical readiness, and the skill with which, while incapable of comprehending a single principle, he executed all the practical details of his master's experiments. With his vast strength, his shaggy hair, his smoky aspect, and the indescribable earthiness that incrusted him, he seemed to represent man's physical nature; while Aylmer's slender figure, and pale, intellectual face, were no less apt a type of the spiritual element.

"Throw open the door of the boudoir, Aminidab," said Aylmer, "and burn a pastille."

"Yes, master," answered Aminidab, looking intently at the lifeless form of Georgiana; and then he muttered to himself; — "If she were my wife, I'd never part with that birth-mark."

When Georgiana recovered consciousness, she found herself breathing an atmosphere of penetrating fragrance, the gentle potency of which had recalled her from her deathlike faintness. The scene around her looked like enchantment. Aylmer had converted those smoky, dingy, sombre rooms, where he had spent his brightest years in recondite pursuits, into a series of beautiful apartments, not unfit to be the secluded abode of a lovely woman. The walls were hung with gorgeous curtains, which imparted the combination of grandeur and grace, that no other species of adornment can achieve; and as they fell from the ceiling to the floor, their rich and ponderous folds, concealing all angles and straight lines, appeared to shut in the scene from infinite space. For aught Georgiana knew, it might be a pavilion among the clouds. And Aylmer, excluding the sunshine, which would have interfered with his chemical processes, had supplied its place with perfumed lamps, emitting flames of various hue, but all uniting in a soft, empurpled radiance. He now knelt by his wife's side, watching her earnestly, but without alarm; for he was confident in his science, and felt that he could draw a magic circle round her, within which no evil might intrude.

"Where am I? — Ah, I remember!" said Georgiana, faintly; and she placed her hand over her cheek, to hide the terrible mark from her husband's eyes.

"Fear not, dearest!" exclaimed he, "Do not shrink from me! Believe me, Georgiana, I even rejoice in this single imperfection, since it will be such rapture to remove it."

"Oh, spare me!" sadly replied his wife — "Pray do not look at it again. I never can forget that convulsive shudder"

In order to soothe Georgiana, and, as it were, to release her mind from the burthen of actual things, Aylmer now put in practice some of the light and playful secrets, which science had taught him among its profounder lore. Airy figures, absolutely bodiless ideas, and forms of unsubstantial beauty, came and danced before her, imprinting their momentary footsteps on beams of light. Though she had some indistinct idea of the method of these optical phenomena, still the illusion was almost perfect

enough to warrant the belief, that her husband possessed sway over the spiritual world. Then again, when she felt a wish to look forth from her seclusion, immediately, as if her thoughts were answered, the procession of external existence flitted across a screen. The scenery and the figures of actual life were perfectly represented, but with that bewitching, yet indescribable difference, which always makes a picture, an image, or a shadow, so much more attractive than the original. When wearied of this, Aylmer bade her cast her eyes upon a vessel, containing a quantity of earth. She did so, with little interest at first, but was soon startled, to perceive the germ of a plant, shooting upward from the soil. Then came the slender stalk — the leaves gradually unfolded themselves — and amid them was a perfect and lovely flower.

"It is magical!" cried Georgiana, "I dare not touch it."

"Nay, pluck it," answered Aylmer, "pluck it, and inhale its brief perfume while you may. The flower will wither in a few moments, and leave nothing save its brown seed-vessels — but thence may be perpetuated a race as ephemeral as itself."

But Georgiana had no sooner touched the flower than the whole plant suffered a blight, its leaves turning coal-black, as if by the agency of fire.

"There was too powerful a stimulus," said Aylmer thoughtfully.

To make up for this abortive experiment, he proposed to take her portrait by a scientific process of his own invention. It was to be effected by rays of light striking upon a polished plate of metal. Georgiana assented — but, on looking at the result, was affrighted to find the features of the portrait blurred and indefinable; while the minute figure of a hand appeared where the cheek should have been. Aylmer snatched the metallic plate, and threw it into a jar of corrosive acid.

Soon, however, he forgot these mortifying failures. In the intervals of study and chemical experiment, he came to her, flushed and exhausted, but seemed invigorated by her presence, and spoke in glowing language of the resources of his art. He gave a history of the long dynasty of the Alchemists, who spent so many ages in quest of the universal solvent, by which the Golden Principle might be elicited from all things vile and base. Aylmer appeared to believe, that, by the plainest scientific logic, it was altogether within the limits of possibility to discover this long-sought medium; but, he added, a philosopher who should go deep enough to acquire the power, would attain too lofty a wisdom to stoop to the exercise of it. Not less singular were his opinions in regard to the Elixir Vitæ. He more than intimated, that it was at his option to concoct a liquid that should prolong life for years — perhaps interminably — but that it would produce a discord in nature, which all the world, and chiefly the quaffer of the immortal nostrum, would find cause to curse.

"Aylmer, are you in earnest?" asked Georgiana, looking at him with amazement and fear; "it is terrible to possess such power, or even to dream of possessing it!"

"Oh, do not tremble, my love!" said her husband, "I would not wrong either you or myself, by working such inharmonious effects upon our lives. But I would have you consider how trifling, in comparison, is the skill requisite to remove this little Hand."

At the mention of the birth-mark, Georgiana, as usual, shrank, as if a red-hot iron had touched her cheek.

Again Aylmer applied himself to his labors. She could hear his voice in the distant furnace-room, giving directions to Aminidab, whose harsh, uncouth, misshapen tones were audible in response, more like the grunt or growl of a brute than human speech. After hours of absence, Aylmer re-appeared, and proposed that she should now examine his cabinet of chemical products, and natural treasures of the earth. Among the former he showed her a small vial, in which, he remarked, was contained a gentle, yet most powerful fragrance, capable of impregnating all the breezes that blow across a kingdom. They were of inestimable value, the contents of that little vial; and, as he said so, he threw some of the perfume into the air, and filled the room with piercing and invigorating delight.

"And what is this?" asked Georgiana, pointing to a small crystal globe, containing a gold-colored liquid. "It is so beautiful to the eye, that I could imagine it the Elixir of Life."

"In one sense it is," replied Aylmer, "or rather the Elixir of Immortality. It is the most precious poison that ever was concocted in this world. By its aid, I could apportion the lifetime of any mortal at whom you might point your finger. The strength of the dose would determine whether he were to linger out years, or drop dead in the midst of a breath. No king, on his guarded throne, could keep his life, if I, in my private station, should deem that the welfare of millions justified me in depriving him of it."

"Why do you keep such a terrific drug?" inquired Georgiana in horror.

"Do not mistrust me, dearest!" said her husband, smiling; "its virtuous potency is yet greater than its harmful one. But, see! here is a powerful cosmetic. With a few drops of this, in a vase of water, freckles may be washed away as easily as the hands are cleansed. A stronger infusion would take the blood out of the cheek, and leave the rosiest beauty a pale ghost."

"Is it with this lotion that you intend to bathe my cheek?" asked Georgiana anxiously.

"Oh, no!" hastily replied her husband — "this is merely superficial. Your case demands a remedy that shall go deeper."

In his interviews with Georgiana, Aylmer generally made minute inquiries as to her sen-

sations, and whether the confinement of the rooms, and the temperature of the atmosphere, agreed with her. These questions had such a particular drift, that Georgiana began to conjecture that she was already subjected to certain physical influences, either breathed in with the fragrant air, or taken with her food. She fancied, likewise — but it might be altogether fancy — that there was a stirring up of her system, — a strange, indefinite sensation creeping through her veins, and tingling, half painfully, half pleasurably, at her heart. Still, whenever she dared to look into the mirror, there she beheld herself, pale as a white rose, and with the crimson birth-mark stamped upon her cheek. Not even Aylmer now hated it so much as she.

To dispel the tedium of the hours which her husband found it necessary to devote to the processes of combination and analysis, Georgiana turned over the volumes of his scientific library. In many dark old tomes, she met with chapters full of romance and poetry. They were the works of the philosophers of the middle ages, such as Albertus Magnus, Cornelius Agrippa, Paracelsus, and the famous friar who created the prophetic Brazen Head. All these antique naturalists stood in advance of their centuries, yet were imbued with some of its credulity, and therefore were believed, and perhaps imagined themselves, to have acquired from the investigation of nature a power above nature, and from physics a sway over the spiritual world. Hardly less curious and imaginative were the early volumes of the Transactions of the Royal Society, in which the members, knowing little of the limits of natural possibility, were continually recording wonders, or proposing methods whereby wonders might be wrought.

But, to Georgiana, the most engrossing volume was a large folio from her husband's own hand, in which he had recorded every experiment of his scientific career, with its original aim, the methods adopted for its development, and its final success or failure, with the circumstances to which either event was attributable. The book, in truth, was both the history and emblem of his ardent, ambitious, imaginative, yet practical and laborious, life. He handled physical details, as if there were nothing beyond them; yet spiritualized them all, and redeemed himself from materialism, by his strong and eager aspiration towards the infinite. In his grasp, the veriest clod of earth assumed a soul. Georgiana, as she read, reverenced Aylmer, and loved him more profoundly than ever, but with a less entire dependence on his judgment than heretofore. Much as he had accomplished, she could not but observe that his most splendid successes were almost invariably failures, if compared with the ideal at which he aimed. His brightest diamonds were the merest pebbles, and felt to be so by himself, in comparison with the inestimable gems which lay hidden beyond his reach. The volume, rich with achievements that had won renown for its author, was yet as melancholy a record as ever mortal hand had penned. It was the sad confession, and continual exemplification, of the short-comings of the composite man — the spirit burthened with clay and working in matter — and of the despair that assails the higher nature, at finding itself so miserably thwarted by the earthly part. Perhaps every man of genius, in whatever sphere, might recognise the image of his own experience in Aylmer's journal.

So deeply did these reflections affect Georgiana, that she laid her face upon the open volume, and burst into tears. In this situation she was found by her husband.

"It is dangerous to read in a sorcerer's books," said he, with a smile, though his countenance was uneasy and displeased. "Georgiana, there are pages in that volume, which I can scarcely glance over and keep my senses. Take heed lest it prove as detrimental to you!"

"It has made me worship you more than ever," said she.

"Ah! wait for this one success," rejoined he, "then worship me if you will. I shall deem myself hardly unworthy of it. But, come! I have sought you for the luxury of your voice. Sing to me, dearest!"

So she poured out the liquid music of her voice to quench the thirst of his spirit. He then took his leave, with a boyish exuberance of gaiety, assuring her that her seclusion would endure but a little longer, and that the result was already certain. Scarcely had he departed, when Georgiana felt irresistibly impelled to follow him. She had forgotten to inform Aylmer of a symptom, which, for two or three hours past, had begun to excite her attention. It was a sensation in the fatal birth-mark, not painful, but which induced a restlessness throughout her system. Hastening after her husband, she intruded, for the first time, into the laboratory.

The first thing that struck her eye was the furnace, that hot and feverish worker, with the intense glow of its fire, which, by the quantities of soot clustered above it, seemed to have been burning for ages. There was a distilling apparatus in full operation. Around the room were retorts, tubes, cylinders, crucibles, and other apparatus of chemical research. An electrical machine stood ready for immediate use. The atmosphere felt oppressively close, and was tainted with gaseous odors, which had been tormented forth by the processes of science. The severe and homely simplicity of the apartment, with its naked walls and brick pavement, looked strange, accustomed as Georgiana had become to the fantastic elegance of her boudoir. But what chiefly, indeed almost solely, drew her attention, was the aspect of Aylmer himself.

He was pale as death, anxious, and absorbed, and hung over the furnace as if it depended upon his utmost watchfulness whether the liquid, which it was distilling, should be the

draught of immortal happiness or misery. How different from the sanguine and joyous mien that he had assumed for Georgiana's encouragement!

"Carefully now, Aminidab! Carefully, thou human machine! Carefully, thou man of clay!" muttered Aylmer, more to himself than his assistant. "Now, if there be a thought too much or too little, it is all over!"

"Hoh! hoh!" mumbled Aminidab — "look, master, look!"

Aylmer raised his eyes hastily, and at first reddened, then grew paler than ever, on beholding Georgiana. He rushed towards her, and seized her arm with a gripe that left the print of his fingers upon it.

"Why do you come hither? Have you no trust in your husband?" cried he impetuously. "Would you throw the blight of that fatal birth-mark over my labors? It is not well done. Go, prying woman, go!"

"Nay, Aylmer," said Georgiana, with the firmness of which she possessed no stinted endowment, "it is not you that have a right to complain. You mistrust your wife! You have concealed the anxiety with which you watch the development of this experiment. Think not so unworthily of me, my husband! Tell me all the risk we run; and fear not that I shall shrink, for my share in it is far less than your own!"

"No, no, Georgiana!" said Aylmer impatiently, "it must not be."

"I submit," replied she, calmly. "And, Aylmer, I shall quaff whatever draught you bring me; but it will be on the same principle that would induce me to take a dose of poison, if offered by your hand."

"My noble wife," said Aylmer, deeply moved, "I knew not the height and depth of your nature, until now. Nothing shall be concealed. Know, then, that this Crimson Hand, superficial as it seems, has clutched its grasp into your being, with a strength of which I had no previous conception. I have already administered agents powerful enough to do aught except to change your entire physical system. Only one thing remains to be tried. If that fail us, we are ruined!"

"Why did you hesitate to tell me this?" asked she.

"Because, Georgiana," said Aylmer, in a low voice, "there is danger!"

"Danger? There is but one danger — that this horrible stigma shall be left upon my cheek!" cried Georgiana. "Remove it! remove it! — whatever be the cost — or we shall both go mad!"

"Heaven knows, your words are too true," said Aylmer, sadly. "And now, dearest, return to your boudoir. In a little while, all will be tested."

He conducted her back, and took leave of her with a solemn tenderness, which spoke far more than his words how much was now at stake. After his departure, Georgiana became wrapt in musings. She considered the character of Aylmer, and did it completer justice than at any previous moment. Her heart exulted, while it trembled, at his honorable love, so pure and lofty that it would accept nothing less than perfection, nor miserably make itself contented with an earthlier nature than he had dreamed of. She felt how much more precious was such a sentiment, than that meaner kind which would have borne with the imperfection for her sake, and have been guilty of treason to holy love, by degrading its perfect idea to the level of the actual. And, with her whole spirit, she prayed, that, for a single moment, she might satisfy his highest and deepest conception. Longer than one moment, she well knew, it could not be; for his spirit was ever on the march — ever ascending — and each instant required something that was beyond the scope of the instant before.

The sound of her husband's footsteps aroused her. He bore a crystal goblet, containing a liquor colorless as water, but bright enough to be the draught of immortality. Aylmer was pale; but it seemed rather the consequence of a highly wrought state of mind, and tension of spirit, than of fear or doubt.

"The concoction of the draught has been perfect," said he, in answer to Georgiana's look. "Unless all my science have deceived me, it cannot fail."

"Save on your account, my dearest Aylmer," observed his wife, "I might wish to put off this birth-mark of mortality by relinquishing mortality itself, in preference to any other mode. Life is but a sad possession to those who have attained precisely the degree of moral advancement at which I stand. Were I weaker and blinder, it might be happiness. Were I stronger, it might be endured hopefully. But, being what I find myself, methinks I am of all mortals the most fit to die."

"You are fit for heaven without tasting death!" replied her husband. "But why do we speak of dying? The draught cannot fail. Behold its effect upon this plant!"

On the window-seat there stood a geranium, diseased with yellow blotches, which had overspread all its leaves. Aylmer poured a small quantity of the liquid upon the soil in which it grew. In a little time, when the roots of the plant had taken up the moisture, the unsightly blotches began to be extinguished in a living verdure.

"There needed no proof," said Georgiana, quietly. "Give me the goblet. I joyfully stake all upon your word."

"Drink, then, thou lofty creature!" exclaimed Aylmer, with fervid admiration. "There is no taint of imperfection on thy spirit. Thy sensible frame, too, shall soon be all perfect!"

She quaffed the liquid, and returned the goblet to his hand.

"It is grateful," said she, with a placid smile. "Methinks it is like water from a heavenly fountain; for it contains I know not what of unobtrusive fragrance and deliciousness. It allays a feverish thirst, that had

parched me for many days. Now, dearest, let me sleep. My earthly senses are closing over my spirit, like the leaves round the heart of a rose, at sunset."

She spoke the last words with a gentle reluctance, as if it required almost more energy than she could command to pronounce the faint and lingering syllables. Scarcely had they loitered through her lips, ere she was lost in slumber. Aylmer sat by her side, watching her aspect with the emotions proper to a man, the whole value of whose existence was involved in the process now to be tested. Mingled with this mood, however, was the philosophic investigation, characteristic of the man of science. Not the minutest symptom escaped him. A heightened flush of the cheek — a slight irregularity of breath — a quiver of the eye-lid — a hardly perceptible tremor through the frame — such were the details which, as the moments passed, he wrote down in his folio volume. Intense thought had set its stamp upon every previous page of that volume; but the thoughts of years were all concentrated upon the last.

While thus employed, he failed not to gaze often at the fatal Hand, and not without a shudder. Yet once, by a strange and unaccountable impulse, he pressed it with his lips. His spirit recoiled, however, in the very act, and Georgiana, out of the midst of her deep sleep, moved uneasily and murmured, as if in remonstrance. Again, Aylmer resumed his watch. Nor was it without avail. The Crimson Hand, which at first had been strongly visible upon the marble paleness of Georgiana's cheek, now grew more faintly outlined. She remained not less pale than ever; but the birth-mark, with every breath that came and went, lost somewhat of its former distinctness Its presence had been awful; its departure was more awful still. Watch the stain of the rainbow fading out of the sky; and you will know how that mysterious symbol passed away.

"By Heaven, it is well nigh gone!" said Aylmer to himself, in almost irrepressible ecstasy. "I can scarcely trace it now. Success! Success! And now it is like the faintest rose-color. The slightest flush of blood across her cheek would overcome it. But she is so pale!"

He drew aside the window-curtain, and suffered the light of natural day to fall into the room, and rest upon her cheek. At the same time, he heard a gross, hoarse chuckle, which he had long known as his servant Aminidab's expression of delight.

"Ah, clod! Ah, earthly mass!" cried Aylmer, laughing in a sort of frenzy. "You have served me well! Matter and Spirit — Earth and Heaven — have both done their part in this! Laugh, thing of the senses! You have earned the right to laugh."

These exclamations broke Georgiana's sleep. She slowly unclosed her eyes, and gazed into the mirror, which her husband had arranged for that purpose. A faint smile flitted over her lips, when she recognised how barely perceptible was now that Crimson Hand, which had once blazed forth with such disastrous brilliancy as to scare away all their happiness. But then her eyes sought Aylmer's face, with a trouble and anxiety that he could by no means account for.

"My poor Aylmer!" murmured she.

"Poor? Nay, richest! Happiest! Most favored!" exclaimed he. "My peerless bride, it is successful! You are perfect!"

"My poor Aylmer!" she repeated, with a more than human tenderness. "You have aimed loftily! — you have done nobly! Do not repent, that, with so high and pure a feeling, you have rejected the best that earth could offer. Aylmer — dearest Aylmer — I am dying!"

Alas, it was too true! The fatal Hand had grappled with the mystery of life, and was the bond by which an angelic spirit kept itself in union with a mortal frame. As the last crimson tint of the birth-mark — that sole token of human imperfection — faded from her cheek, the parting breath of the now perfect woman passed into the atmosphere, and her soul, lingering a moment near her husband, took its heavenward flight. Then a hoarse, chuckling laugh was heard again! Thus ever does the gross Fatality of Earth exult in its invariable triumph over the immortal essence, which, in this dim sphere of half-development, demands the completeness of a higher state. Yet, had Aylmer reached a profounder wisdom, he need not thus have flung away the happiness, which would have woven his mortal life of the self-same texture with the celestial. The momentary circumstance was too strong for him; he failed to look beyond the shadowy scope of Time, and living once for all in Eternity, to find the perfect Future in the present.

A LOVE THOUGHT.

In my walks the thought of thee
Like sweet music comes to me;
Music sweet I knew not whence,
Ravishing my soul and sense, —
As if some angel with droopt eyes
Sat at the gate of Paradise,
And let his hand forgetfully
One after one his harpstrings try.

THE SHADOW OF THE OBELISK.

BY T. W. PARSONS.

——— combien d'hommes ont regardé cette ombre
en Egypte et à Rome ? — CHATEAUBRIAND.

Home returning from the music which had so entranced my brain,
That the road I scarce remembered to the Pincian Hill again,
Nay, was willing to forget it underneath a moon so fair,
In a solitude so sacred, and so summer-like an air —
Came I to the side of Tiber, hardly conscious where I stood,
Till I mark'd the sullen murmur of the venerable flood.

Rome lay doubly dead around me, sunk in silence calm and deep;
'T was the death of desolation — and the nightly one of sleep.
Dreams alone, and recollections peopled now the solemn hour,
Such a spot and such a season well might wake the Fancy's pow'r:
Yet no monumental fragment, storied arch or temple vast
Mid the mean, plebeian buildings loudly whispered of the Past.

Tethered by the shore, some barges hid the wave's august repose;
Petty sheds of merchants merely, nigh the Campus Martius rose:
Hardly could the dingy Thamis, when his tide is ebbing low,
Life's dull scene in colder colors to the homesick exile show.
Winding from the vulgar prospect, through a labyrinth of lanes,
Forth I stepped upon the Corso where its greatness Rome retains.

Yet it was not ancient glory, though the midnight radiance fell
Soft on many a princely mansion, many a dome's majestic swell;
Though, from some hushed corner gushing, oft a modern fountain gleamed,
Where the marble and the waters in their freshness equal seemed:
What though open courts unfolded columns of Corinthian mould?
Beautiful it was — but altered! nought bespake the Rome of old.

So, regardless of the grandeur, passed I tow'rds the Northern Gate;
All around were shining gardens — churches glittering, yet sedate,
Heav'nly bright the broad enclosure! but th' o'erwhelming silence brought
Stillness to mine own heart's beating, with a moment's truce of thought,
And I started as I found me walking, ere I was aware,
O'er the Obelisk's tall shadow, on the pavement of the square.

Ghost-like seemed it to address me, and conveyed me for a while,
Backward, through a thousand ages, to the borders of the Nile;
Where for centuries, every morning saw it creeping, long and dun,
O'er the stones perchance of Memphis, or the City of the Sun.
Kingly turrets looked upon it — pyramids and sculptured fanes,
Towers and pyramid have mouldered — but the shadow still remains.

Tired of that lone tomb of Egypt, o'er the seas the trophy flew;
Here th' eternal apparition met the millions' daily view.
Virgil's foot has touched it often — it hath kissed Octavia's face —
Royal chariots have rolled o'er it, in the frenzy of the race,
When the strong, the swift, the valiant, mid the throng'd arena strove,
In the days of good Augustus, and the dynasty of Jove.

Herds are feeding in the Forum, as in old Evander's time:
Tumbled from the steep Tarpeian every pile that sprang sublime.
Strange! that what seemed most inconstant should the most abiding prove;
Strange! that what is hourly moving no mutation can remove:
Ruined lies the cirque! the chariots, long ago, have ceased to roll —
Ev'n the Obelisk is broken — but the shadow still is whole.

Out alas! if mightiest empires leave so little mark behind,
How much less must heroes hope for, in the wreck of humankind!
Less than ev'n this darksome picture, which I tread beneath my feet,
Copied by a lifeless moonbeam on the pebbles of the street;
Since if Cæsar's best ambition, living, was to be renowned,
What shall Cæsar leave behind him, save the shadow of a sound?

DREAM-LOVE.

BY I. B. WRIGHT.

(CONTINUED.)

"For several virtues
Have I liked several women, never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she had
And put it to the foil." *Tempest.*

"Seems? madam, nay it is: I know not seems —
For I have that within which passes show." *Hamlet.*

JUNE 14th. — The light was streaming pleasantly into my room this morning. Through the open window wandered the western wind, and a cool, fresh, dewy feeling bathed my spirit. A little bouquet of flowers was standing in my window in a green glass, and every time I saw it, I recalled the moment, when I first beheld her form. I was happy and content, and was touching for the last time a head of L—— which I had just been painting, when he himself entered. We sat down and talked together, and he told me, that his sister was to bring her to see the picture. After this, I could not keep my mind from wandering. I fidgeted about and was entirely unsettled, until I heard a light tap on my door, and they entered. There was but one sentence that I remember of all that was said, and it was the only one which she spoke. "What a beautiful life a painter's must be," said she, half soliloquizing. I am ashamed to say what I thought when she said this, and how this poor enthusiastic heart of mine fluttered. I watched the graceful, sinuous outline of her neck, and the airy motion of her head. I spoke, but it was to all generally, for I dared not address her. I should as soon have thought of talking to my Venus. She moved about my room, took up the brushes and studied the palette, examined the several half-finished pictures, and scraps of poetry scrawled round over the walls, and smelled of the flowers, while my eyes followed her every motion. Then all went and I was alone.

I thought how little she knew of the joy which her brief silent visit had shed into my soul. Yes, the very sunshine, which streamed into my room, gladdening its bare walls, was not more unconscious of the blessing it bestowed — and both went on to bless again. How slight is a smile or a kind word to the giver — how much it may be to the receiver. So little do we know of the thoughts and feelings of those who move about us, so little does the inward and hidden world correspond with the outward and apparent, that we cannot calculate our influence, and when we think that trivial offices of kindness, which cost us nothing, may make flowers to spring up in another's heart, we should be slow to refuse them. This passing jest may have built the climax to an argument, which shall turn a struggling soul from out the path of duty — that word of encouragement afforded the prompting impulse which shall last forever. We cannot help the bias which others take from us. No man can live for himself, though he bury himself in the most eremitical caverns. We, as it were, are an illimitable and subtly entangled chain in the vast mechanism of Nature. The vibration of one link sounds along the whole line.

To-day was one of those days when all goes right. Sometimes it seems as if one were just out of time for everything, and all things were at cross purposes. It is in life as in the winding of a skein of silk; the thread now reels off smoothly, and now is full of knots and tangles, which fret the temper and weary out the patience. On some days, one can do ten times as much as on others — the hands are freer and more at command, thoughts gush out like a millstream when the sluices are open — happiness waits upon every movement, and fortune and grace sit on one's pencil. Such a time was today to me.

JUNE 16th. — Yes, our art is but an imperfect groping after that perfectness, which the human face in its moments of inspiration always wears. What does not a beautiful face then contain? Some ethereal effluence seems to clip it like an atmosphere of light, and softly to hover around it. Even as the statue of Mem-

non gave forth music at the morning breath of the sunrise, so when a noble feeling or thought dawns in the soul, the countenance seems alive with music. Our features and forms are but the transparent veils through which the whole inward being shines, and the eyes are fathomless wells of lambent flame.

June 17th. — Since she has thought my picture good, it is good to me. She has left a light and consecration upon it, and I can no more think it bad. If she were only beside me I could never paint badly. There would be no night, no darkness, but only success and joy. So smiled Beatrice upon Dante, the Fornarina upon Raphael, the blue flower upon Novalis, the nameless shadow upon Shakspeare. How gentle and serene moves the angelic form of Beatrice amid the stern and gloomy figures of the Inferno! Love held the pencil of Raphael, and translated into sentiment and color the luxuriant health of the Fornarina. Far from the dusty highway of politics, through Petrarch's writings flows a musical brook, and whispers of his love for Laura. The world no longer concerns itself with his Latin treatises, which were written for fame and with ardent aspirations for immortality, but the few flowers which he bound together for his mistress are blooming still and scent the Italian air.

Has not love always been the greatest inspiration? Genius cannot exist without it, for only through love comes knowledge. We, in common speech, hit the truth, when we speak of "learning by heart."

June 20th. — I have been gazing into the eyes of a Vandyke which I own, and dreaming how closely two souls may be connected, and yet abjure all words. I crooned over some old songs which I used to sing, and as I looked out into the evening, I shaped this song. It had nothing to do with my thought, and I do not know how the idea fell into my mind.

No hour of life is wholly bright,
Even love must have its sorrow;
One half the earth must sleep in night
To-day must dread to-morrow.

We looked into each other's eyes,
And silent tear-drops started,
Lest some dread chance might ever rise
By which we should be parted.

June 29th. — I have been reading over the lines of last night. They are no song. After all, one cannot compose songs. They must drop off with their own weight, like ripe fruit from the tree, or rather, are they not like delicate blossoms, which grow on the spirit tree, and which loosen and fall at the breath of a passing emotion? Within the best songs the feeling assumes a rhythmical form, which can never be imitated by the cold faculty of memory, though assisted by keen artistical perception. They are mere breaths and signs.

No song is like that of the wind creeping through the great leaf-harp of nature, or like that of the brook that gurgles over its pebbly footpath and slips through the long grasses that dip into its ripples. The spirit that is so finely organized, that it can hear these whisperings of wind and brook, may write songs.

Yes, they are nothing — and yet they are all. How the fickle heart of France throbs and swells, when the Marsellaise is lifted upward from the fiery throats of its thousand sansculottes! Behold a northern light flash across the unenthusiastic heart of England with the anthem of "God save the King." How the deep German —

Here I was interrupted, and the thread of my thought is gone.

June 25th. — Life is after all just what we choose to make it — and no man is so poor that he can not shape a whole world for himself even out of nothing. When I stand under the trees of another, and see the yellow morning gleaming through their tall shafts, and broken into a magnificent, illuminated oriel by the intervening leaves; when I look down the forest's sombre aisles, and hear the solemn groaning of the oaks, wrestling with the night blast, as if they struggled in prayer against an evil spirit — is it not my world that I behold, do I not own the silent stars that seem to fly through the clouds — and is not the large and undulating stretch of summer landscape mine, which my moving eye holds? The power of enjoyment is the only true ownership that man can have in nature, and the landed proprietor may walk landless as MacGregor, though the world may call him the wealthy owner of a thousand acres. The poorest painter that ever passes his estate owns more of it than he; the little school-girl who stops to list his robin's song, or to dabble in his running brook, or to chase his butterfly, or to pluck his dandelion, owns more of all his land than he ever knew there was to own. I do not covet your broad woodlands, they are mine now — here from my window, all, as far as I can see, is mine, — I pay no taxes.

Habit steals the sweetness out of our pleasures. The hard drudgery of a week's work makes the silence of the seventh day its blessing. To the city man of business, the few free hours in which he can smell the fresh air of the country, are by far pleasanter for the tedious routine of his common life. Sleep is sweetened by labor. The poor student whose hard earned dollar was pressed out of aching needs and privations, and given for the book he coveted, sweetens his life and soul by it — but the rich virtuoso has no dark vista of expectation and desire, to heighten the charm of the object he purchases. Never was play so good as in the quarter hour at recess, hemmed in between the walls of study. Too much tasting vitiates the palate. We artists live the best lives. We are like children, lured on by the scent of flowers in a green and pleasant

meadow, which, though they are seldom found, make the seeking a delight. Art thus entices us gently on. The mechanical is so harmoniously connected with the intellectual, that mind and body are both satisfied. We smell a perfume after which all common things, dusty and scentless in themselves, seem vivified and transfigured. The old barn-yard, the gnarled oak and the stunted willow, and every sunset and sunrise, and all the clouds, and all human faces, become full of interest for us. They are no longer tame and prosaic, but filled with an ever-shifting beauty. Had we only the ideal, we should soon give up, but the constant contact of the actual, from which our problem is to shape out the ideal, gives a sincerity and truth to all our aspirations and labors. Our brushes and paints lie between the picture and our hands, and between the conception and its embodiment there is a great deal of actual work. Thus a pleasant vibration is constantly kept up between the spirit and the sense. Along the pencil runs the thought to bury itself in the canvass, as the lightning from heaven flashes along the iron rod to seek the earth. We are kept from being too visionary by a constant necessity of reducing all our feelings and emotions and ideas, to something actual and visible. Thus we can sit and realize our ideal world — and is not this the greatest joy?

Tennyson says, "all things are as they seem to all," but I begin to dread to speak to her, so have I exalted her in my imagination. It may be with me, as it is at times, in the desert, when the heated winds whirl up huge pillars of sand and then leave them suddenly to crumble to dust. Some excited enthusiasm may have upraised a beautiful, rare figure, which actual knowledge and contact may dash to the earth, with the whole dreamy platform of life which it sustains. Or is this feeling not rather a foreshadowing of the future, a mirage in which distant and approaching events are looming up, and which time will reduce to actual facts? No matter what it is — I will clasp this feeling to my heart, for it has blessed me, and no rough grasp shall tear it from me. I am wavering and doubting. Only but to hear her speak now. I will go out.

No, she was nowhere to be seen — all is black and joyless. My pictures look ill — my flowers are faded — I cannot read nor write. Oh man! man! be not so foolish — rouse yourself, this is but a dream. Yes! that is well to say — but a dream — no, it is more than a dream.

June 31st. — This evening Frank and I came down to Nahant in his boat. It was six o'clock when we left the wharf, and the westering sun yellowed the harbor, and the straining sails that swelled in the fresh breeze. What a joy to be on the water. As we cut through the restless waves, the pearly spray dripping with sunshine sparkled around our bows, every now and then entangling in its misty web soft and fleeting gleams of rainbows. I felt at first like a boy again — a wild delicious thrill flew over me, and a fresh, breezy feeling possessed me. But the rocking swell soon lulled me into the world of dreams, and leaning over the boat's edge, gazing into the smooth side of the sliding waves, I soon became lost in a dreamy unconsciousness. Out of the depths seemed to look up her deep serene eyes, and the hiss of the spray seemed to veil behind it a dim, mysterious music. As we rode over the shallow waters, I saw the long slimy arms of the eel-grass grasping the waves and swaying with the heaving swell. We passed over an island which the rising tide had entirely submerged. Like a buried island, I thought, is my heart. The tide of love has risen, and nothing but vague yearnings and undefined aspirations reach forth from it for the upper light, even as this long grass stretches upward for the sunshine.

July 1st. — This morning, which is cool and fresh as if it had risen out of the sea, I have brought my sketch-book down to the rocks, to make a sketch. But I want an impulse, and prefer to sit here and scrawl on this blank sheet of paper. I am sitting in a little nook, which is damp with spray and sheltered from the sun by the projecting cliffs. Here could I dream away a life in this calm luxurious ease.

The plunging surf, that breaks below,
Comes softly to my dreaming ear,
And not a care on earth I know,
And scarce a hope, and scarce a fear.

Why moanest thou with ceaseless grief?
Why swell and sway and beat thy breast
On ragged cliff and jutting reef,
Still seeking for an inward rest?

Oh, longing heart! and canst thou ask?
Is it not ever thus with thee?
Dost thou not fret against life's task,
And struggle with thy destiny?

Yes — it is a joy to be beside the ocean. There one is never alone. Hour after hour the same mysterious voice seems calling upon you from out its depths, beseechingly, as if some great boon was denied. Restless and uneasy, the beating swell breaks upon the rocks and runs hissing up among their clefts as if to search them. Far off, over the buried rocks, the turbulent foam crowds, whitening in the sunshine. Upon the distant beach, the solemn swell lifts its crested head, like a huge serpent, and dashes it up on the sand. All around this mighty mass of water, which we name ocean, heaves and utters its melancholy monotone. In wild earnest it strives for utterance, as if lashed there by destiny, and still vainly striving to lift itself to heaven. A thousand half formed feelings and thoughts enshroud me. The sea seems to call me to its embrace. I would fain plunge headlong from the rocks, and be cradled forever in peace.

I have clambered along the rocks and changed my place — I am sitting beside "The Spouting Horn." The tide heaves surging into its hollow tunnel, as if it would shatter it to pieces — there is a moment's pause — then a hollow, guttural sound, as of an imprisoned spirit, is heard from within, and the waves come roaring back, crowding in foam and flashing with shivered spray, into the wild bosom of the sea. There is a short rattling hiss — again they gather and force themselves up the throat of the huge rock, again comes that sullen sound, and again in wild tumult and confusion they rush hurtling through the narrow gap, with a steady rainbow bridge arched over the seething flood, and spanning from rock to rock. It is as if a mighty army of fiends assailed through a narrow pass the lurking fortress of a spirit, and at his hollow cry, as he shouts to the invaders, "out, out," overwhelmed, in desperate haste and terror, their thousand spear-heads glancing in the sun, their banner spread above them, they were routed and driven back on to the broad plain. I will now make a sketch.

Night. I was just finishing my sketch, and was intent upon the paper, when a pebble dropped beside me from the overhanging cliff — I looked up, and what was my surprise to see her standing on the rock above me — It was like an incident in a novel. She was with a party, none of whom I knew, and the falling of the pebble was evidently accidental, for none of them seemed at all aware of my presence. The ledge of rock screened me from observation, but as I crawled round the edge, I could see them winding along in the distance, and then I leaned upon my hand and watched her till she vanished behind a projecting rock. I put away my sketch, for I had no interest in it, and came home. She is here, and we shall breathe at least the same atmosphere. Now I understand why we have not met for the last week.

July 3d. — The rooms at the Hotel are so narrow that I cannot abide them. This evening I sat upon the piazza and watched the sunset. But the incessant gabble and promenading fretted me, and I wandered out into the moonlight to be alone. I sat down upon a rock beside the water. The waves beat gently around its base, and the gleaming path of flickering light, paved with myriads of sparkles, seemed to invite me to walk over the bosom of the sea into the distant horizon. The few large stars shone steadily — and the rest had withdrawn behind the veil of the moonlight into their fathomless blue chambers. No! Science is not opposed to Poetry, it only opens a wider field. When I think that each of those sparkling points that I see above me sprinkled over the blue shell of the sky, is a distant world that spins along its meted course forever, and that its twinkling is but the incessant obscuration caused by the passage of invisible atoms across its disk; when I know that some of them are double, and of complementary color, though they seem to us as one, do I not find a lofty truth therein, which is full of Poetry? We need not fear that science shall crowd poetry out of nature, by depriving it of mystery — for ever the web grows more complicate, and the secret more unfathomable. Yet the unimaginative may well fear, for it is our stand-point, that enables us to find poems in the common life of every day. This dry muscle-shell which lies beside me, will grow translucent and veined with a thousand curious hues and prismatic lights, as soon as the salt spray touches it. And so when the commonest fact of nature is wet from the fountain of inspiration, it shows its thousand radiant, yet hidden beauties. Custom and convention alone kill the poetry out of nature. Laws of society, which are barren forms, hang lead weights upon the young enthusiastic Apollo. Every youthful heart which in its first flush of hope would clasp the world to its bosom, finds that it clasps a cold mailed body — stuffed with a trite commonplace, instead of the genial glowing spirit that it sought. Enthusiasm is unfashionable — the ideal, a bore — high projects are foolish trancendentalism — and when the bewhipped heart, after it has run its gauntlet, turns and asks, what is true and good? "Our forms," says the world, and he consents for the sake of peace.

Such was my rambling thought. I arose and sauntered along in the moonlight. There were lights dimly shining in a cottage. I went near, and within, I heard the confused murmur of voices, mingling with the rustling wind that crept like an asp through the vines and leaves around the window. I leaned against a tree, and listened half in reverie to the indistinct sounds. By-and-by there was a pause — a prelude on the piano, and from her dear lips I heard the song of Mignon, "Kennst du das Land." How often had this feeling sung within me when a boy, and now it had passed through the alembic of Beethoven's burning soul, and been reborn in music. The yearning "Dahin, Dahin möcht 'ich mit dir, oh mein Geliebter zehn" lingered upon my ear, and the tears flowed into my eyes. But while I looked at the blue sky in sorrow and grief, again I heard her voice, and it was now those words of Goethe, and the music of Beethoven again, that came to me like balm.

> "Trocknet nicht Thränen unglücklicher Liebe!
> Ach, durch die halb-getrockneten Augen,
> Wie öde, wie todt, die Welt erscheint."

Ah, thought I, as I pressed my burning cheek against the rough bark of the tree, could but this inward life be realized. This city, beneath the sea, into which I gaze as I float along the surface, — this calm serene city, with its glancing domes, and quivering spires, and golden pavements, and ever soft sunshine, which so contrast with these restless scenes and passages of life — it lieth still and dreamy under the transparent water, but a single plunge would shiver it to atoms.

I lifted my cap from my head and let the cool

breeze stir the wet curls upon my forehead. Some one stepped out from the long window upon the green, and I stole away and returned home.

July 4th. — Another serene night, and beneath it my soul seems to expand like the night-blooming Cereus. If she who looks carelessly over the casual pages that I write could know that her image lay peacefully within my thoughts, while my pen traced the words she reads — if she, who idly passes by my pictures, knew that the memory of her was my inspiration as I painted, would she not love me? Ah, these are vain dreams. Yet we must have something to love, though we fashion it from nothing, and it be only a dream. We cannot live for ourselves alone.

"Das herz es muss am etwas hangen."

July 5th. — A clear bright morning — and they have gone to fish. I see their distant sail from my window. I cannot fish, because I cannot bear to see the dumb struggling creature in his convulsive agonies. Even if they do not suffer, they seem to, and that is enough. We invest all things around us with our own sensitiveness, and no one who is very susceptible to pain can bear to see it inflicted. We, as we say, feel for them. So, women, who are more delicately organized, are proportionally more averse to inflicting pain. Pity is but a sensitiveness created by an imaginary change of situation, and the more powerful the imagination, the more powerful the sense. Persons who are ticklish themselves will not tickle others; but those who cannot imagine this convulsed titillation of the nervous system, find great amusement in pointing their fingers at those who are sensitive.

In this journalizing, how the thoughts run away with one. It seems to be little more than written reverie. It is impossible to confine oneself. Like a wandering stream the mind hurries on, taking inflections and deviations from the most trivial circumstances. This is its fascination. Writing for publication constrains us, we feel the eye of the world is looking over our shoulder at every word. If we have a subject which we must treat systematically, or a thought which we must evolve logically, we are like a carrier-pigeon which has a certain flight to make with a letter under its wing — but in journalizing at random we are like that distant sea-gull that whitens far up in the blue transparent noon, now circling on easy poised wings, now beating up against the wind, and now dropping plumb down into the sea.

July 9th. — To-night I have been looking out of my window into the moonlight. The fresh air as it blew in, fluttered the flame of my candle, which stood on the mantel, and threatened momentarily to extinguish it. Being in a superstitious mood, I determined not to move it, but to try my fate by it. If it were blown out, my love would also melt away. If it resisted the wind and burned on, my love was not a foolish fancy, but would live to shed light and happiness around me. I have watched with curiosity, for some time, the struggle between the wind and the candle. Now it seems as if the wind would get the better, for the flame hangs fluttering around the end of the wick, and seems barely to keep its hold. And now again the wind flags, and the flame burns brightly and steadily. So it is with me. Love, the flame, now burning brightly, and now threatened with doubt and distrust. How universally this desire of snatching an intimation of the future out of the passing facts of the present, possesses the mind of man. Do we not, when anxious for an undetermined result, endeavor to strengthen our belief in what we hope, by watching the chance ending of trivial facts then pending, and attaching an encouraging and significant interpretation to one of the two issues. Yes we cannot build up so strong a wall of confidence, that it needs no prop to sustain it. And we are willing but too often that chance shall decide, when reason and judgment are wavering. And yet our destiny is almost the creation of our will — and often when a peculiar providence seems to have directed the result, and to have aided the individual, he in fact has created the circumstances and fashioned the event. When we are broken down in hope, and drowning, we grasp at straws. If a chance happen in our favor it gives us faith — and belief in our ability is the touchstone to success. When we have taken counsel in moments of hesitation, from chance throws of dice, from fates cut in a book, and the result has proved fortunate as thereby indicated, is it not the faith which the chance decision has inspired, that decided the issue? When Robert Bruce lay on his pallet watching the spider, and saw him make six unsuccessful attempts to fasten its web to a beam above his head, and then determined, that if the insect succeeded in his seventh attempt, he also, who had six times failed in his efforts for the freedom of his country, would make one more trial: was it not the faith which the final success of the indefatigable insect inspired, that was the guaranty of victory, and under the guidance of which, defeat and failure were next to impossible? We can do, what we do not doubt that we can do. All great minds have a settled fearlessness and confidence, which looks like inspiration. Napoleon conquered and intimidated all Europe, by his sublime faith in himself. After marshalling all his resources and omitting no precaution which pointed even dimly to success, he had over and above this, a fiery faith, which spread like wildfire over his whole army, which conquered the most fearful odds, and which strode over and crushed all doubt to the earth. No army could withstand that desperate resolution, which never harbored a doubt of its own ability. Without this faith, he might have possessed his eagle

insight, his quick instinct, his rapid combination, his subtle calculation and foresight, still never have grasped the hydra of anarchy, and tamed it to submission, even while its fangs were dripping with gore, nor have waded through the blood of Europe to an imperial throne. If we have no faith in ourselves, who is to have faith in us! No great man is astonished at his own success.

Ah! my candle flame is almost gone — this is so fierce a blast — no, it has recovered — the wind lulls away and —— Perdition! it has gone! Some booby of a fellow at that perilous moment stumbled in at my door, mistaking the room for his. Well, it was not a fair trial — I take no augury from this.

Oh! for a wondrous glass to look into the Blank Future before me! Oh! for a giant hand to tear away this veil which shrouds my vision, and open a glimpse of the life which lies beyond! Inarticulate voices call me! — vague wishes besiege me! Into the vast future, my anxious soul sends forth its thought, as the dove from the ark, and it returns with no olive-branch of peace. The Present only is our own, and, ere we speak its name, it is past. This smooth globe of time slips through our hands, and we cannot hold it. Our life is the fleeting vibration of a musical sound along the great instrument of nature. Some infinite hand strikes us into being, and the vibration flits along the length of the wire into Eternity.

July 11th. — The nook in which I sit is shaded from the sun, — within its clefts grow several little flowers and the various green and yellow mosses. Here have I sat an hour and read Shelley. Then I lay and dreamed, wide awake. The sense of life was for me sufficient joy, — and, even as the flowers enjoy and suck happiness from the atmosphere, so I seemed to live to-day. Some joy and alleviation there is under all circumstances. Along these rocks, where the scorching sunshine basks all the summer day, grow delicate lichens and mosses, and a few hardy flowers; and so, in the heart, though ever so wrung by sorrow or hardened by crime, there is still left some cherished feeling, and some consoling thought. There is no such state as that of utter misery and despair. Nor is the lot of men so vastly unequal. The poor have fewer vain wishes, and are more easily satisfied, than those whose appetites are pampered with luxury; and even Genius makes its possessor heir to a thousand pains and imaginary evils, which never jar the less refined and sensitive.

This evening I walked round to the cottage where I heard her voice, in hopes of seeing her. The wind was chilly, and the windows closed. Through the crevice of the shutter gleamed a long line of light, and, as I lingered, the wind suddenly blew apart the shutters, and I saw that she was not there. I sauntered along the shore; — how peacefully chimed in with my disappointed heart the low melancholy surging of the swell — all was still save the monotonous sea. The wind blew now and then in fitful gusts — a few passing clouds were wandering across the moon's disk — and I stood and looked over into the dim misty ring of the horizon.

As I returned I passed the cottage again. There was a light shining in an upper room; but it had no charm for me — she was not there; and I was passing by, when she came forward to the window, and, shading her forehead with her hand, looked out into the moonlight. A thrill of pleasure flew over me. I shrank back and gazed at her. I momentarily expected to hear her speak. The balcony scene in Romeo and Juliet came to my recollection, and so completely fascinated was I by this idea, that if she had spoken, I should have begun,

> "She speaks! —
> Oh, speak again, bright angel, for thou art
> As glorious to this sight," &c.

After looking out for some time, she closed the under half of the shutters, and I saw her no more. Still I stood and gazed at the window; and stood alone, and thought, that a thousand miles could not so separate us as we were then separated.

July 13th. — I have now come home, if this poor desolate room can be called home. Still there is some joy for me here. I can open the blind, and look upon the wide sea. Steadfastly stand the huge rocks uplifting their dark forms against the sea, that froths and foams around their base. Far away I see the breakers on the distant rocky line of shore, and here they are beating almost at my feet. Between pants the restless sea, and these two necks of land seem to be howling at each other with white angry lips. Steadily shines the moon above. The boat beneath rocks on the swell. Thou pale moon, that treadest the blue path of heaven, how mournfully smilest thou upon this earth! It is as if thou hadst heard the thousand wailing and beseeching voices which are nightly uttered to thee in the midnight hours. That sorrowing smile passes never away. The white fleecy clouds gather round thee — thou fringest them with a tender amber light. Thou beholdest beneath thee rock and river, ocean and continent — the sad eyes of the afflicted, and the dim gaze of lovers. Thy light falleth upon my floor also, and I bless thee — I bless thee: for I know thou lookest peacefully into her chamber, like a pleasant dream.

> Overhead the stars are gleaming,
> Sadly grieves the whispering tree,
> While I stand alone and dreaming,
> In the lonely night, of thee.
>
> Not a silent shadow creeping,
> O'er thy whiten'd ceiling moves —
> And while thou in peace art sleeping,
> Far from me thy fancy roves.

Yet, sleep on — sleep on, unknowing
That this yearning heart is near,—
Wander where soft winds are blowing,
Far beyond our changeful year.

All unshadowed be thy slumber!
Ah! that thou shouldst calmly sleep,
While the silent hours I number,
While I upward gaze and weep.

July 14th. — How golden-bright the morning shines. Ah! there she is below.

Good Heavens! how could I have mistaken that gawky, red-faced girl for her? Here I am, panting with loss of breath, and hot as — as — oh! there is nothing so hot as I am! I don't believe I shall ever be cool again! To have run down four flights of stairs, and down the shiny sandy walk, this sweltering July day, and only to have found that red-faced Miss ——! Pah!

July 15th. — She has gone home. I too will return, for I must see this idea to the end. It makes me smile to think how wholly a fiction of the fancy this love is. But, at least, no one knows it, and this paper is my only confessor. The world, which is so very wise in its own conceit, yet does not know of this life I lead, for all its owlishness.

(To be continued.)

SONNETS.

To ——.

I.

I love thee — not because thy love for me,
Like a great sunrise, did o'ervault my day
With purple light, and wrought upon my way
The morning dew in fresh emblazonry.
Nor that thou seest all I fain would be
And thus dost call me by mine angel's name,
While still my woman's heart beats free of blame
Beneath the shelter of thy charity.
Oh! no, for wearily upon my soul
Would weigh thy golden crown of unbought praise,
Did I not look beyond the hour's control,
To where those fruits of perfect virtue raise
Their bloom, that thou ere-while with prophet eyes
Didst name mine own, in groves of paradise.

II.

I love thee for thyself, — thyself alone;
For that great soul, whose breath most full and rare,
Shall to Humanity a message bear,
Flooding their dreary waste with organ tone;
The Truth that in thine eyes holds starry throne
And coins the words that issue from thy lips,
Heroic courage that meets no eclipse,
And humbler virtues on thy pathway strewn,
These love I so, that if they swift uprise
To sure fulfilment in more perfect spheres,
Still will I listen underneath the skies
For thy new song, with seldom dropping tears,
And midst my daily tasks of love will wait
The angel Death — Guardian of Heaven's gate.

V.

THE ARMENIAN'S DAUGHTER.

A STORY OF THE GREAT PESTILENCE OF BAGDAD.

PART THIRD.

When Miriam recovered from the swoon into which she had been thrown by the hideous sights that met her eyes, she hastily raised herself from the floor, and pausing for a minute to regain her exhausted strength, rushed from that chamber of disease and death into the quadrangle, with the intention of rejoining Osman, resolved to brave the utmost dangers of the conflict with the robbers, rather than remain longer in contact with the dread work of the pestilence.

She traversed rapidly the passage which connected the first and second courts of the mansion, and had ran half round the gallery of the former, ere she perceived that the quadrangle was vacant, with the exception of Rustom and a single Arab. These two were anxiously looking forth through the apertures in the door, upon the court or lane in front of the house, where a great tumult of shouts and firing was now raging; and they did not perceive her approach, until, laying her hand on Rustom's shoulder, she exclaimed —

"Where is Osman, and where the rest of your comrades?"

The Nubian started as if a bullet had struck him, and screamed rather than said —

"Allah! Lady, what brings you here? I thought you were bestowed in safety, but you have rushed headlong into danger. Fly! fly! Ah! it is too late ——"

As he spoke, the door, barred as it was, gave way before the rush of a numerous body of men without, and, as it burst open, a crowd of soldiers thronged into the court. Agyl's battle-axe crushed through the turban of the foremost, but, ere he could withdraw it, a dozen sabres had reached his life-springs.

The Nubian, when the military entered, snatched up Miriam as lightly as though she were a child, and was bearing her rapidly across the court, when a ball from the pistol of one of the soldiers struck him in the shoulder, and caused him for a moment to stumble. Ere he could regain his feet they were upon him, and their sabres were already uplifted, when Miriam interposed herself between Rustom and his assailants, crying —

"Spare him! spare him! he is not a robber —do not harm him!" Her appeal arrested the descending weapons, and the Nubian rising, looked coolly around him until his eye met that of an officer, who started at the glance. and stared at him with a mixture of surprise and incredulity.

"Ha! Hassan! Hast thou so soon forgot thy former comrade!" said Rustom with a smile.

The officer he addressed hastily commanded his followers to hold, and, advancing to the Nubian, laid his hand on the latter's arm, saying —

"I have not forgotten thee. Fear nothing! Thy life is safe. But thou must go before his highness, the pasha, who is close at hand. This lady also must accompany us."

Miriam and the negro had no alternative but to submit, and were instantly conducted by Hassan to an apartment in the front part of the house, on entering which they found it nearly filled by soldiers and their prisoners, some of the former attending the wounds of their comrades, others busily engaged in binding their captives, as one after another they were dragged struggling in. Three or four torches held aloft threw a rude but bright glare over the scene, in which, notwithstanding the apparent confusion, there was very little noise or disorder.

In the centre of the room stood a group of six or seven men, evidently officers, busily engaged in overlooking and directing the proceedings of their subordinates. The principal personage in the chamber, however, stood a little apart from the rest, with folded arms and a very grave, composed air, disturbed only by an occasional significant gesture, or a brief, quick command, somewhat imperiously given, and quite as promptly executed. He was a man of middle height and full and robust figure, though he had evidently passed considerably beyond the prime of life. His face must, in youth, have been eminently handsome, for, despite the furrows of deep thought or care, its regular Circassian contour contrasted strongly and favorably with the sharp angular Arab features of most of those about him. Intellect, intelligence and authority gleamed from his ample brow and from his calm and glittering eyes, while subtlety and voluptuousness were shadowed forth in his sensual mouth and chin. His dress was dark and plain, compared with the gorgeous attires of his officers; but the haft of the dagger in his girdle was entirely studded with very valuable diamonds.

Hassan, when his two prisoners had entered the room, advanced quickly to the pasha, for such was the personage above described, and in a low tone of voice rapidly communicated some information which appeared to agitate Daoud far more than the strife he had just passed through, or the scenes yet enacting beside him.

"Ha!" he exclaimed, "Osman Aga's slave! Can it be possible? The traitor, then, cannot be far off. Has he been seen?"

"No, your highness — there were but these two, and an Arab who resisted and was killed; but"——

"Search the building instantly and thoroughly," interrupted the pasha sternly, "and drag him hither, dead or alive."

Hassan, followed by a few men, promptly left the room, and Daoud, bending his glance upon Rustom, scrutinized him piercingly for a moment, then, as if satisfied, waved his hand to some of the guards, who were watching his lightest motion, and said, "To the citadel!"

The Nubian was instantly hurried away; but Miriam, who turned to accompany him, was gently detained by the soldiers, at a signal from the pasha, who apparently paid no further attention to her presence, but proceeded to dispose of his prisoners by a very speedy process. About twenty of the robbers had been captured, most of them after a desperate resistance, as their wounds testified; and they were now ranged upon one side of the apartment, with their sullen and brutalized faces scowling demoniacally in the flickering glare of the torches. They were securely bound, so that they could not even struggle, and were forced to content themselves with venting their rage and despair in curses and execrations.

Daoud's keen eyes glanced quietly but rapidly over the villanous-looking wretches, and, after this brief survey, he said to an officer beside him,

"Art sure they are all robbers?"

"All, your highness, with the exception of three Bedouins who, I believe, belonged to the party that was attacked by the robbers, and accompanied the black slave whom your highness just sent away."

"Separate them from the rest."

The three Arabs were instantly taken aside, and the pasha, waving his hand, said in a low voice, "Kill."

The guards commenced cutting down the robbers with a ferocious alacrity that showed how grateful was their task; and, in a few moments, the heads of the whole of them were rolling about the floor.

When this summary act of justice was completed, the pasha beckoned to a very small, very black, and very misshapen eunuch, who, during the whole affair, had been cowering in a corner, apparently not yet recovered from the terror into which the conflict had thrown him. He started up at the pasha's sign, and approaching, made a most profound and respectful obeisance to his master. The latter addressed to him, in a low stern tone, a few words which, by his gesture, it was evident referred to Miriam, who had covered her face to shut out the sight of the bloody doings just enacted.

Daoud paused a moment to order the bodies of the robbers to be thrown into the street, and then left the house, mounted his horse, which a soldier held at the door, and rode away, followed by the principal part of his guard.

The robbers being either slain or fled, and the pasha, of whom he appeared to stand in great awe, having departed, the eunuch resumed his usual arrogance of tone and manner, and striding up to Miriam, said, or rather squeaked,

"Come, mistress, come! It won't do to be whimpering here all night: we must be moving, or we shall have no moon to cross the river by. Come!"

"Whither?" inquired Miriam, starting as she beheld the incarnated ugliness before her.

"Whither indeed?" again squeaked the eunuch, "what a pretty question to ask! Why to the palace, to be sure. Didn't you hear his highness tell me to conduct you thither without delay?"

Miriam made no reply, but quietly resigned herself to her fate; and the negro, who, notwithstanding his conceit and pomposity, was not in heart ill-natured, perceiving that she was much fatigued, imperiously ordered some of the soldiers to procure a litter, which after considerable delay was obtained, and Miriam placed therein and borne away.

After traversing nearly half the breadth of the city without further accident or adventure, they arrived at the banks of the Tigris, which was already swollen to a great height by the late rains, and by the melting of the snows on the mountains of Kurdistan and Armenia. The bridge of boats which united the two banks was strained to its utmost tension by the flood, and in one or two places had already given way. The passage of the cavalcade was, therefore, difficult and tedious, but was at length effected; for the eunuch, though physically a coward, was active and energetic, and the soldiers paid ready obedience to his orders; his well known favor with the pasha, and his own vindictiveness, causing him to be at once hated and respected.

The palace of his highness, whither they were going, was close by the river-side, and a few minutes brought them to its gates. It was a very spacious, but irregularly built pile, without any pretensions to magnificence or elegance in its exterior.

Miriam was immediately taken from the litter, and conducted by the eunuch and a slave bearing a torch through a long suite of apartments, splendidly furnished, but bearing marks of neglect and desolation. The rich crimson curtains and hangings were covered with dust, and the spider had in many places woven its web amidst the elaborately carved and gilded woodwork ornaments of the walls and ceilings.

They at length reached a small and neat apartment in the deepest interior of the palace, and here the eunuch quitted Miriam, after consigning her, with a profusion of commands and charges, to the care of two withered hags, who appeared to be left sole tenants of the harem of his highness.

II.

The rain had fallen heavily and unceasingly after Osman Aga sought shelter in the mausoleum of Zobeide; and when, rising with the sun from his brief slumbers, he stood in the porch of the edifice and gazed upon the cemetery and the surrounding country, his spirit dampened and his chilled heart sank within him. Above — beneath — around — all was dreary, dull, and desolate: the sky was but a gray mass of clouds, the earth a sea of stagnant, muddy waters, and the very air was saturated with dank vapid mists and effluvia that were constantly steaming up from the universal fen. The dark green foliage of the numerous date-palms, heavy with moisture, drooped as it were despondingly; and the huge vultures and large gray crows that were perched in their tops, looked, with their wet plumage, nearly as wo-begone as the scene they were silently contemplating.

Rousing himself at length to exertion, he stepped forth and slowly descended the sloping elevation on which stands the sepulchre of the beautiful Persian, beside whose long-lifeless remains he had passed the night. He wound his way from hillock to hillock, till he had passed the wall which encloses the city of the dead, and emerged upon the open and unobstructed plain, on the remotest horizon of which his keen eyes detected, even through the mist, the black tents of the Bedouins whom he was endeavoring to join.

He had not gone far towards them, when his attention was attracted by the appearance of a single individual, who having apparently issued from another gate, was also proceeding to the camp of the Arabs. Osman, from an impulse which he could not account for, bent his steps towards the stranger, who, on perceiving that he desired to meet him, stopped and awaited his advance. To his inexpressible joy and surprise, on approaching, he recognised Rustom! The faithful Nubian was himself no less astonished and overjoyed at beholding his master, and bounding forward with a cry of delight, greeted him with the cordial warmth of a friend, rather than the respectful deference of a dependant.

"Why, how is this, my brave Rustom? I thought I saw you wounded and a prisoner in the hands of Daoud's guard."

"So you did — so you did, my Aga. They came upon Agyl and myself so suddenly, and in such force, that before we could conclude whether to retreat or resist, the door was burst open, Agyl killed, and I shot down, and dragged, with your sweet lady, before the pasha, who — may his father be burnt! — ordered them to take me to the citadel, for what purpose I cannot for my life imagine: but I was not so badly wounded as they thought, and the first dark street we came to I managed to escape from the fools, and went cautiously back to see if I could ascertain what became of the lady."

"Right! right! — what of her?"

"Why, as I lurked about, I first saw the pasha ride away, but there were only men with him, so I waited and watched further, and presently there came forth another party headed by a little Zanzibar eunuch, and conveying with them a litter. This I judged contained your lady, and consequently followed them till they crossed the river and entered the palace of the pasha. 'Twas undoubtedly your wife that was carried in the litter."

"Too surely!" said Osman bitterly; "and that fair dove is now in the hands of the accursed vulture. I had feared it was worse, though that could scarcely be! But come! — there is now no time to be lost. As we go along, I will inform you of my adventures since we parted, and of my plans of action."

They encountered considerable difficulty from the waters of the inundation, and were obliged to make many detours before arriving at the long low ridge on which the Arabs were encamped. But they at length reached it; and, having been long descried by the wary eyes of the children of the desert, were met by a small troop of horsemen, who sallied out to examine the strangers. Some of these recognised Rustom, and on being informed who it was that accompanied him, two of their number rode rapidly forward to communicate the news to the chiefs of the tribe, while the remainder, with shouts and yells of joy, surrounded their guests and escorted them into the open space in the interior of the camp. This was a square of but limited dimensions, for the number of tents was very great, and they were huddled closely together, as the ridgy mound on which they were pitched was of no great extent, and for miles around there was no other spot suitable for an encampment sufficiently elevated above the waters. Osman and Rustom paused here until the principal sheik was ready to receive them duly in his tent, and were almost instantly surrounded by an eager crowd of the male denizens of the camp, who, clad merely with cotton cloths bound round their waists by leathern girdles, and streaming kerchiefs with gaudy red and yellow stripes fastened to their heads by braids of camel's hair, thronged about the strangers, uttering in their deep guttural tones loud and frequent exclamations of wonder, curiosity and welcome, and occasionally discharging in the air the long matchlocks which most of them carried.

Presently a young man, of more respectable appearance, and somewhat more fully dressed, having hanging over his inner garment a long dark striped abba or cloak, and at his girdle a sword and dagger, made his way through the crowd, and courteously informed the strangers that he would conduct them to the tent of the sheik. They accordingly followed him, and were soon very ceremoniously ushered into a tent formed of dark brown hair cloth, and some sixty feet in length by about one third of that extent in breadth. This primitive apartment

contained little furniture besides a few skins holding water or milk, and a number of saddles handsomely adorned with silver and with silken tassels: these were ranged around the sides, and were used as cushions by some of the inmates of the tent who were reclining listlessly upon them, but rose as Osman and the Nubian entered, and gave the usual Arab salutation, "Salam Aleicoum"—"Peace be with you."

At one extremity, upon a large and beautiful Persian carpet, stood a group of elderly men surrounding a tall and commanding looking personage clothed in a rich silk robe, and with a splendid crimson kerchief of the same material on his head. He was a very handsome and mild-looking, but grave and dignified, man, apparently but little past the middle age. This was sheik Abdallah ibn Mohammed, principal leader of the great Jerbah tribe. He received Osman courteously, but calmly, and the whole circle immediately seated themselves upon the carpet, and were served by half-naked attendants with small cups of very hot and very bitter coffee. When this was drank, a few commonplace inquiries respecting health and welfare were interchanged, after which the whole party proceeded to partake of a repast which had in the meantime been preparing at the other end of the tent, and which consisted of an immense dish of rice, surrounded with smaller portions of mutton, and wheat cakes freshly baked.

After the meal, which was rapidly eaten in almost total silence, Osman and Rustom, the sheik and the council of elders, returned to the divan, and the former briefly explained the occasion of his visit and the occurrences of the past night, and concluded by proposing a general assault of the city on that very day.

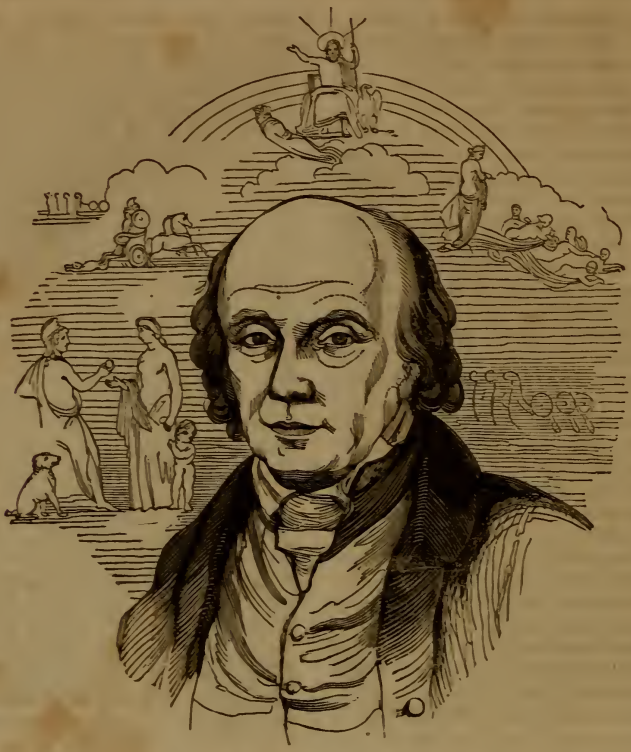
His proposal was listened to with the most reverential attention, but did not appear to meet the approbation of the sagacious sheik and his wary councillors. They gravely urged in reply that the inundation was already so great, that the cavalry of which their force principally consisted could not act with efficiency; that the river was yet rapidly rising, and that the plague was daily wasting the pasha's power; and that they could, when his strength was still more greatly broken, attack Bagdad with less risk and more prospect of success.

Osman, in whose mind the rescue of Miriam was uppermost, endeavored in vain to rouse them from their prudent apathy. He could not but himself admit the justness of their reasoning, and was finally forced to be content with a promise of the assistance of a troop of five hundred horsemen, with whom he resolved to attempt, on the ensuing night, a sudden onset upon one of the gates, with the view of penetrating to the palace of the pasha, which was at no great distance from the city wall, and which a bold and unexpected attack might enable him to reach, and for a short space hold in possession.

THE STREET.

BY JAMES R. LOWELL.

They pass me by like shadows, crowds on crowds,
Dim ghosts of men, that hover to and fro,
Hugging their bodies round them like thin shrouds
Wherein their souls were buried long ago;
They trampled on their faith and youth and love —
They cast their hope of humankind away —
With Heaven's clear messages they madly strove
And conquered, — and their spirits turned to clay:
Lo! how they wander round the world, their grave,
Whose ever-gaping maw by such is fed,
Gibbering at living men, and idly rave
"We only truly live, but ye are dead," —
Alas, poor fools! the anointed eye may trace
A dead soul's epitaph in every face.



JOHN FLAXMAN.

BY W. W. STORY.

Allan Cunningham, in his Lives of the British Painters and Sculptors, has given us the fullest biography of John Flaxman, that we possess, and in as far as was possible within the limits which he prescribed for himself, has written us an interesting and discriminating book. It is, however, necessarily meagre of anecdotes and conversation, and confines itself to a mere outline of the plain facts of his life. This is not exactly what we want, though it is far better than nothing. The best of history is biography. In the life of every man, the manners, customs, modes of thought, prejudices of the time, popular interests and current ideas are reflected, and in the biography of such a man as Flaxman, we are not content with a dry detail of incidents and circumstances, or a mere bird's-eye view of his career, however well it may be done. What we require is, the conversation of the youth and of the man, his alternations and changes of feeling, his prejudices, repulsions, sympathies, habits, and in fact his whole individuality and private life laid open to us, so that we may feel on as intimate terms with him as if we had been in the habit of visiting him daily. We do not so much want a definition and estimate of his character, as a journal of what and how he did and what he said, interpreted by genial sympathy and keen insight. We cannot be induced to like "The Lives of the Poets," even though Johnson wrote them. All of them, except the fine antithetic comparison of Pope and Dryden, seem to us unjust, ungenial and barren statements of facts, unrelieved by æsthetic criticism, ungraced by fancy, and staggering, like the Hypocrites in the 23d canto of the Inferno, beneath the weight of an antithetic and wearisome style. The model of biography is Boswell's life of the "Big Man-Mountain." It is an introduction to the real man, homely strength, dogmatic bow-wow, keen, searching sense, acute generalizations, and all. Allan Cunningham has made a pleasant book enough, and it is very good, what there is of it, but there is not plenty of it, such as it is. Of all the biographies of the sculptors in his work, we get the most vivid impression of Nollekins; but there is not enough of him, who was of a more rugged outline, though of a far shallower genius than Flaxman. In the limits of a magazine article, it will be impossible to give more than a few hints and facts of Flaxman's life, and to gather, from the scanty anecdote and desultory fragments which we have, the character of the man, and the peculiar genius of the artist.

John Flaxman was born in the city of York, on the sixth day of July, 1755, and was the second son of John Flaxman, a moulder of figures. He was puny and sickly in his childhood, and always slightly deformed. The talent of the father soon began to show itself in the habits of the boy. Shut out from the usual sports of youth on account of his ill health, and lameness, he used to sit behind the counter in a stuffed chair, happy, contented, and serene, with his books and pencil, reading one hour, and drawing the next. This is the first glimpse we get of him, and as usual in the youth of all men of genius, the retrospective eye perceives indications and prophecies of those tendencies which were attained and perfected in manhood. Character almost never changes. The trivial anecdotes of childhood are often the truest key to the matured genius of the man, and embellish and illustrate like illuminated letters, the text of life. The same quiet and serene enthusiasm, the same inaptitude and want of sympathy with the bodily and customary, and the same love for the refined and imaginative, which afterwards were peculiar traits of Flaxman's genius and which were probably at first induced by the delicate organization and feeble health of his childhood, began strongly to exhibit themselves even at this early age. At this time it was, that Roubiliac could see no indications of talent in the boy. Doubtless the drawings which he made were worthless, but the desire to draw at all, and the persevering love which he had for this mode of expressing himself, show the distinct tendencies of his mind, and argue success. Experience and training can alone make a good draughtsman, but so ardent a feeling, and so definite a purpose in a boy, promise, if they do not ensure, greatness, so soon as that enthusiasm is directed.

The first faculties which stirred within him, were the perceptive and constructive — a love of seeing the what and how of all about him, and a constant habit of shaping forms out of any material which fell in his way. At five years of age, he would curiously examine the devices upon the seals of those who visited his father's house, and used to take their impression in a bit of wax, which he kept by him. Here the plastic faculty began to overcome the pictorial, and as he grew older, he exhibited peculiar talent for modelling in plaster, wax and clay. Some of the specimens which are still preserved, have considerable merit. His health now began to improve, he threw aside his crutches, and as he grew stronger, the innate fire of enthusiasm, which had smouldered so long, began to blaze forth, and the boy became as courageous and impetuous as he had before been quiet and gentle. At about ten years of age, we find him reading Don Quixote, and so much did the eccentric and romantic spirit of the hero of La Mancha inflame his young heart, and prompt his generous and uncurbed impulses, that he buckled on his little French toy-sword one morning, and sallied forth alone into Hyde Park to right the wrongs and redress the grievances of the world — and after wandering about in quest of adventures during the whole day, returned at nightfall to his alarmed family. Not without its significance was this exploit of the young hero — humane and heroic in conception, though undirected by experience. The world of art needed the championship of a noble heart, and a sure hand to cut in twain the veil of sophistry, conceit and ignorance which was tangled around it, and its need was, as we shall see, supplied in Flaxman.

As he grew stronger, Flaxman determined to study sculpture, and fit himself for an artist. He devoted himself assiduously to drawing and modelling, and had taken two lessons of some master, when happening to show to a Mr. Mortimer, a study of eyes set him as a copy by his instructer, Mortimer asked him "if they were oysters?" The joke made a deep impression on the boy, who forthwith abjured all instruction, and determined thenceforth to choose his own studies and puzzle out the matter for himself. We must thank Mr. Mortimer for the effect of his coarse joke, which startled the independent spirit of the young sculptor, and determined him to work steadily and alone. Thanks also to his parents, who had experience and confidence enough in his genius to let him pursue his own course. Henceforth his own eyes were his masters, and with a hand and heart untrammelled by rules, he drew from nature, and the best antique casts, which he found in his father's shop. The greatest art in education is to arouse the curiosity and stimulate the desire, and then compel the pupil to rely upon himself for the means, and work out the result unaided. A fault once made, discovered and corrected, is conquered, but a thousand precepts against that fault will not bring the conviction that it is one. What we find out for ourselves we remember, but what is told us, we are apt to forget. He is the best educated man whose faculties are best trained, rather than he who has the most facts at command. In all teaching, the master is but too apt to tyrannize spiritually, and to insist upon impressing his own individuality upon the pupil, but this is especially the case in art, in which the natural perceptions and original bias of the mind, are the only safe guides. Prescribed rules and forms are for mediocrity, but genius can make its own rules. Upon this principle, Flaxman acted. Doubtless, in process of time, his earnest mind would have freed itself from all shackles and conventions as soon as his enthusiasm had hardened into the crystal clearness of pure imagination, even as fluid water poured into the bore of a rock and stopped, will freeze and burst its prison. But this would only have come with time, and meanwhile his exertions would have been cramped and fettered. There is nothing to be taught in drawing and modelling, which a vigorous and determined mind will not perceive immediately, and so soon as it is forced to rely upon its own sagacity and

observation, it creates for itself a natural and vigorous style, which all teaching tends to cramp. There is no particular way to draw and produce effects, though one would think it was as mechanical as printing, to see the multitudinous characterless sketches of school-girls and school-boys, who go to the best teacher in town. To their surprise, the first man or boy of genius laughs at their rules, and produces natural and beautiful effects, beyond their capacity, and out of their school. Teaching tends to make us slaves of art, and not interpreters of nature.

This our young sculptor well knew, and acted upon. He would not allow his senses to be crippled, and his fluid enthusiasm to be cast into conventional moulds. He chose to see what he could do alone — what need had he of rules? Was there not a wide nature smiling before him, and a thousand living forms moving around him? Why should he be schooled, who felt his secret power warming in his bosom, and in whose mind beauty was only a mode of thought? Many dreams and transcendental feelings visited him, which he dared to abide by.

Meanwhile how did it prosper with the boy? Did experience meet him around every turning point and laugh him to scorn, or did it humbly follow his footsteps, and realize his dreams? A few facts will show. At the early age of eleven years and five months he gained the first prize of the society for the encouragement of arts, a silver palette. At thirteen he received another; the following year was admitted as a student of the Royal Academy, then newly established, and the same year gained their silver medal.

It was now that he had gained his foot-hold in art, and needed that refinement and cultivation without which the best skill is often misdirected and misapplied, that he became acquainted with Mr. Matthew, at whose house he met with the most highly gifted women of the day, and listened to the conversation of Mrs. Barbauld, Mrs. Montague, Mrs. Matthew, Mrs. Chapone, Mrs. Brooke and others. Many an evening was here spent in that encouraging and genial interchange of thought, which stimulates the perceptions and cultivates the faculties. Under these influences it was, that he began to study the ancient languages and to kindle his imagination from the inspiration of Homer, Hesiod and Æschylus. Thus he impregnated his mind with the first tinge of that classicism, which shone afterwards through all his works. These chances happening, as they did, while his feelings were yet fresh and his mind pliant and susceptible, sowed seeds in his fertile enthusiasm, which waxed greatly, and bore fruit in his mature life. It was at this time probably, that the mysticism which pervades his productions, was first generated. Here he also began to paint, and among other pictures finished one on the subject of "Œdipus and Antigone," a subject sufficiently marked, one would think, to insure against mistake, but which when lately sold at auction was ignorantly described in the catalogue as "Belisarius," by "Domenichino." It was about this period that he was employed by Mr. Wedgewood in designing and modelling various forms for vases, dishes, and cups, and hereby his genius flew over the kingdom and came home to the every day life of Englishmen, cultivating and refining their taste insensibly to themselves. Among other forms which he then originated was an exquisite set of chessmen, a highly finished drawing of which is still in the possession of the Wedgewood family.

It was in 1782, that he married Ann Denman, whose benign and womanly influence and whose intelligence and love of art, both prompted and chastened his genius. She accompanied him to Italy in 1785, where they remained together for seven years. Here amid the relics of antique sculpture, and the exquisite figures that circle with living chains the friezes of the temples, he gave himself heart and soul to the study of sculpture, amassing historical knowledge and drawing indefatigably from the antique models and from nature. Every thing which he had longed for and coveted for years was before him. His circumstances were good, his home happy, his health established, his private connections were all that he could wish, and his incessant activity supplied nourishment for his craving enthusiasm. Thus happily was he situated, and here he trained his hand and stored his memory with all that was beautiful and congenial to his taste, and deepened while he warmed his imagination. At Rome he executed a group of Colossal size consisting of four figures the subject of which was "The Fury of Athamus," from the Metamorphoses of Ovid — and for which the remuneration was so small that it would not even cover the necessary expenses of the work. This group is now at Ickworth House, Suffolk, the seat of the present marquis of Bristol. He also finished an exquisite group of smaller size of "Cephalus and Aurora," for Mr. Th. Hope. In Rome he drew those designs from the Iliad and Odyssey, the Tragedies of Æschylus, the Divina Commedia, and The Theogony and Works and Days, which are worthy of the finest genius. Daily during these seven years, the slender frame, the quiet grave person, and the enthusiastic eyes of Flaxman might be seen, busy in his studies, and if we could have looked in upon him during his evenings, we should have beheld him interpreting into form and outline the vivid creations of Dante, while his wife sat by him, reading the Divina Commedia. Her tranquillizing influence seems to have brooded over Flaxman's mind, encouraging him in his moments of despondency, and filling his house with that cloudless content, which was the fittest atmosphere of thought. Flaxman's marriage was most happy, and his love for his wife most unwearied — and it is to her mild influence, that we owe the delicate sentiment and angelic grace with which Flaxman has indued all his female figures.

In 1794 Flaxman returned to England, where

he spent the remainder of his life in the steady prosecution of his art and in the elaboration and exposition of those principles which were the result of his long and unremitting study. Upon his return, he was obliged to pay a duty upon the specimens of art which he brought home from Italy, and so deeply was he impressed with the impolicy and injustice of such a tax, and so warmly did he interest himself in behalf of his brother artists, with that disciplined and generous Quixotism which his youth had prophesied — that through his representations all duties were removed from future importations of the kind. For this act, he received a letter of thanks from his brother artists at Rome, and certainly deserves the gratitude of every Englishman. To levy such a tax upon art, is to blight with mildew, the growth of that sweet swelling flower, which is a grateful adornment and a silent yet eloquent homily to a nation.

Flaxman, during his years of mature life wrought incessantly at his art, and finished many monuments and statues, too numerous to mention. The most celebrated is a monument erected to the family of Sir Francis Baring, in Micheldever Church, Hants. It consists of three distinct parts; in the centre is a sitting figure of Resignation, inscribed "Thy will be done," and on either side a very fine alto-relievo also from the Lord's prayer, the subject of one of which is "Deliver us from evil," and of the other "Thy kingdom come." He also executed the monument of Lord Mansfield in Westminster Abbey, in which the Earl is represented in his judicial robes, sitting and giving judgment — on either side stand Judgment and Wisdom, and behind a youth with an inverted torch, the classic representation of death, and breathing of a more humane and christian sentiment, than the rattling death's head and skeleton which is our symbol, and which better befits a barbarous age, than one which, at least, lays great claim to refinement. His monuments are however among the poorest of his works. The principal portrait statues which he modelled were of Mr. Pitt, Sir John Moore, Sir Joshua Reynolds, the Rajah of Tanjore and the Marquis of Hastings — and among his imaginative subjects were the "Cupid and Psyche," "The Pastoral Apollo," and the grandest work of modern sculpture, the columnar group of "The Archangel Michael and Satan." The friezes in the Covent Garden Theatre were from his designs, and one of them and the Figure of Comedy were executed by him. He also wrought the "Shield of Achilles" from Homer, which, for scientific arrangement, learned classicism and artistic skill, is unsurpassed. We know of but one cast from it in this country, which is in the possession of Professor Felton, the accomplished professor of Greek at Harvard University.

In 1797 Flaxman was elected an associate of the Royal Academy — in 1800 Academician — and in 1810 he was appointed Professor of Sculpture in the Royal Academy, in which chair he delivered the lectures which have been since published. In 1820 he lost his wife, which seems to have been the only severe bereavement and misfortune of his life. He did not long survive her, however, and on the seventh of December, 1826, and in the seventy-second year of his age, he died of an inflammation of the lungs.

Such is a very brief statement of the facts of Flaxman's life. It behoves us now to see what he was and how he did. The pregnant questions of what was his influence upon his age, what was the peculiarity of his genius, and wherein could he claim the title of great, remain to be answered. We propose, therefore, to consider Flaxman as a man, as an author, and as an artist.

A man's character is either an impression from his occupation or his occupation is a reflection of his character. A vigorous and decided character never changes or but slightly, but there are many weak minds which have a negative species of habit which stands instead of character, and is the result of accident. Such minds subserve the occasion and are but the playthings of circumstances, but great minds mould times and situations, and impress their own individuality upon all their environment. Flaxman's works will thus supply us with a key to his character, and since the character is a reflex from the genius, we shall find the true exponent of both in his act. We shall find him simple, grave, ideal as sculpture, a lover of privacy and fireside quiet, and of a generous and ardent temperament. The first act of his artistical career in rejecting a master, evinces the same independence and self-reliance which characterized him through life. He was never mean and servile — he never bowed to customs and conventions, advocated in his whole action the dignity of truth, never sacrificed sincerity to display, nor purity of feeling to a flippant brilliancy of expression. A striking instance of his firmness to principle is evident in the fact, that when during the peace of 1802, he visited Paris, and thousands of his countrymen were licking the footstool of the "Child of Destiny," he would not submit to pay homage, even for the few minutes of an introduction, to a man whose political and moral character he despised; nor would he touch the hand of David, the painter, reeking with the blood of the Jacobin Club, when it was offered him. He might have been wrong in his estimate of Napoleon, and it is scarcely possible to be an Englishman and unprejudiced on the subject; but given his belief, his conduct was noble. Flaxman was, however, a lively companion, full of gaiety and jest, and at his fireside would, as Cunningham tells us, "compose light and amusing things for the entertainment of his family or his friends — ingenious little stories, in prose and verse, illustrated with sketches, serious and burlesque." He was a Swedenborgian in his faith, but, we think, more of a Platonist, and in his life was as simply pure as a marble statue. He was as widely beloved as

he was respected, and as a mason said to Allan Cunningham, when he was asked what he thought of John Flaxman, "The best master God ever made."

One should here know how the outward man looked, for that is a key to the inward man. He was short and slim, and had a slight halt in his gait, and his hair, which was long, straight, and dark, was combed carelessly down his neck. His forehead was open and broad, and bald in his later years. His eyes were large, dark, glowing, and lightening constantly with enthusiasm. His physiognomy, like his marbles, was rather coarsely finished, but the continual play of fine expression about his mouth, and the clear brilliancy of his eyes, refined and softened the features, and clothed them with an atmosphere of feeling. His dress was plain and simple. He kept neither coach nor servant, was very averse to display, and never wore finery. His appearance, in fine, warranted Fuseli's joking speech, that he was now going to hear "The Reverend John Flaxman preach."

As an author, Flaxman is neither brilliant nor imaginative — no graces hang round his pen and adorn his style. The "primrose path of dalliance" he forsook for the broad simple track of the understanding. His lectures are, in the main, historical treatises, and more valuable for the facts they contain, than for any profound analysis or æsthetic criticism. They are so weeded of Fancy, that they seem barren, and to no one but a student are they at all interesting. They are the husks of art — the bricks for the temple. But though unimpassioned in manner and plan, and utterly devoid of that enthusiastic glow, which stimulates and warms the imagination, yet they are condensed in statement, laboriously accurate in detail, and the bird's-eye reduction from a wide and comprehensive survey of sculpture. His style, without being slovenly, is heavy and pointless, and it is a toil to read it. It is like a drive over a long heath; there are no sudden glimpses of beauty breaking in upon the vision — no impulsive startings and imaginative flights, and no intuition, though much learning. He studiously avoids the discussion of principles and styles, states no theories, rejects the spiritual and æsthetical, passes by the poetry and sentiment of art, and confines himself to a didactic statement of its history, an enumeration of the great productions, and an enunciation of conclusions which, though just, often verge closely upon the common-place. All his lectures are like plain Tuscan columns, strong and complete, but perfectly unornamented. There is no distinct ideal back-ground to his writings, but they are self-limited and dry. Perhaps such fluid criticism required the romantic hue of a painter's mind, accustomed to distance, color, and pictorial effect, rather than the isolated precision of a sculptor, whose habit must necessarily lead him to reject all such considerations, and limit himself to the simple facts. However this be, painters have always written better than sculptors. Doubtless, Flaxman's vigorous compositions were the result, in a measure, of a firmly founded conviction, that the enthusiasm of the artist must be spontaneous and self-supplying, and not the excited feeling of the moment, and that earnest, vigorous study alone would make a great artist. This, which he continually asserts, together with his own admiration for the antique, probably induced him to describe and catalogue so heavily. But if fancy and feeling are wanting in his lectures, they are precisely the substratum which a theorist or practitioner in art needs, and they supply a desideratum in the literature of art. They contain carefully collated facts relative to the different eras of art, deductions from the widest experience, and a complete catalogue raisonèé of all the great works in ancient sculpture. With these in their hand to verify assertions and prune the fancy, our writers would give us less of dogmatic ignorance and fallacious criticism. If the Corinthian acanthus leaves are not there, the plain shaft is. Far different are the lectures of Sir Joshua Reynolds, which lie in every student's library, wherein the acanthus leaves of fancy have almost hidden the shaft of truth. We cannot help here saying, that ornate and elegantly written as are the lectures of Sir Joshua, and full of genial criticism and poetic appreciation as they are, we believe that their influence has been very prejudicial to English art, indoctrinating it with that vague intermediateness of execution, that generalization of forms and abandonment of the individual, which he so strenuously advocates, and which has produced its legitimate effect in reducing all English painting to daubing. Among his roses, and vine-leaves, and fruit, lurks a deadly asp. Flaxman starts no such theory. He steadily inculcates the necessity of a strict study and analysis of nature, and refers the ideal to sentiment and conception, which is its appropriate sphere. The more that we have studied his lectures, the more valuable we have found them, until their extreme dryness and plainness hath grown into a kind of grace.

In order to appreciate Flaxman at all, as an artist, and in relation to his age, it will be necessary to take a survey of the plastic art, and of the principles in vogue at the time when Flaxman began to model. We will endeavor to be as little tedious as possible, but without this, it will be entirely impossible accurately to estimate his genius, and its influence upon modern sculpture.

Michael Angelo had, in the fifteenth century, lifted sculpture like a giant from out a grave of ignorance and oblivion, and vivified it by the fire of his lofty genius. But his efforts were by no means seconded by his successors after his death; and if we except the names of Ghiberti, who erected the bronze gates of St. John's Baptistery, of which Michael Angelo said, that "they were worthy to

be the gates of Paradise," of Donatello, the author of the winged Mercury and the St. George, to which last Buonarotti, after standing before it for some time, suddenly said, "March!"; of John of Bologna, whose flying Mercury, and Venus coming from the bath, are so justly celebrated, and perhaps Benvenuto Cellini, we shall find no names worthy of note until we come to that of Bernini, the Neapolitan sculptor, who flourished in the seventeenth century. Perhaps the influence of Michael Angelo himself upon art, was not greater than the temporary influence of Bernini. His exaggerated conceits, and epigrammatic style, infected the whole Florentine, Roman, and French schools, and for the time overlaid the chaste simplicity of classic sculpture with meretricious ornament and simpering affectation. Bred originally as a painter, and only subsequently becoming a sculptor, his utmost exertions were employed to break down the barriers which separate the two arts, and to confound the principles which govern them. He overloaded his figures with flying draperies, filled up his basso relievos with buildings in perspective, clouds, water, diminished figures, and, in fine, employed every possible means to produce those effects of äerial distance, which destroy the simple grandeur and harmonious unity of sculpture. Never appreciating the nature of the substance in which he worked, he ran into absurd excesses, one of which was to load the east window of St. Peter's Church with many tons weight of stucco clouds, out of which huge rays of glory issue of the same material, strong and thick enough for the beams of a house. His endeavor was to make sculpture a romantic art; and having respectable talents, and considerable skill in the manipulation of his marble, his new style caught the fancy of his age, and spread itself, through the influence of Mocho, Bolgio, and Fiamingo, over the whole continent. Puget was his high-priest in France, and Roubiliac and Rysbrack impregnated the whole English mind with the same ruinous principles. Roubiliac went to Italy, was absent three months, only three days of which were spent at Rome, laughed at the sublime remains of ancient sculpture, but was so delighted with the florid manner of Bernini, that when he went to look at his own works at Westminster Abbey, he said, "By G – d, they look like tobacco pipes." In the meantime, there was nothing in England to curb the influence of these mistaken principles. During the reformation, the greater portion of the statues, some few of which were good, were thrown down and destroyed by puritanical violence and fury, and what these religious Iconoclasts, for very weariness of destruction spared, the Great Rebellion demolished. There were no specimens of classic art remaining to check this elaborate absurdity, and sculpture was sliding rapidly down an inclined plane of mediocrity, when Nollekins, Banks, and Flaxman, appeared, and the Royal Academy was founded. Canova, about this time, was born in Florence, and exerted himself to reclaim sculpture from the meretricious taste generated by Bernini.

The independence which characterized Flaxman was never more needed, than at this time, to lead art back to the simple truth of nature from which it had so widely deviated. Side by side, Nollekins, Banks and Flaxman strove in this great work, but the master spirit, whose genius directed and carried out this reformation, was Flaxman. Nollekins strove to weld art and nature together, and to reduce his style to precise individuality and exactness of execution. His busts are his best works, and they are the best that ever were made in England. Banks, who succeeded him, and was possessed of considerable genius, had corrected the prurient fancy and gross impurities of the reigning school, when Flaxman appeared and carried sculpture into the loftier region of the imagination. Nollekins represented truth of character, Banks poetic feeling, and Flaxman ideal invention. Nollekins was the simple shaft, Banks the corinthian capital, and Flaxman the embossed frieze.

Flaxman omitted no preparation or study by which he might thoroughly train his hand and found his art upon the basis of science. His works display great knowledge of the intricate involutions of muscular action and the harmonious intertwining of lines. His power of representing äerial motion and tendency is unequalled, and constitutes a peculiar beauty in his designs. So strictly and severely had he educated himself in the rudiments of his art, delving into its science and poring over the antique statues, that a less vigorous imagination would have been cramped and fettered; but so luxuriant was his sense of the beautiful, so poetic his feeling and so enthusiastic his genius, that his science only had the effect of chastening and directing his faculties. His deep reverence for the antique induced a nervously classic habit of mind, opposed at all points to the loose enervation of the Bernini style, but which led him at times into a manner whose closeness to the antique approximated to imitation. The habitual study of Grecian poetry and art, even from his youth, acting upon a mind more strictly imaginative than fanciful, and possessed of a natural tendency to spiritual Platonism, and upon a genius which was as essentially moral and mystic as intellectual and perceptive, tended naturally to produce a classic idealism of conception and a Grecian form of expression. The dignified simplicity of ancient classicism was more in accordance with his natural and educated sympathies, than the fervid glow of romanticism. What was sensualism in the Greek, became idealism in the Englishman; and the warmth of Christianity superinduced a sentiment upon the frigid perfection of the Pagan. The difference between Flaxman and the Greek sculptors was a religious difference, and one which of course characterized the conception rather than the manner. Herein Flaxman was thoroughly op-

posed to Canova. Both were sparing in ornament and simple in arrangement, but in Canova's works, loftiness of conception is always subordinated to sensualism of execution, while Flaxman's manipulation was very far inferior to his poetic invention. Canova, in his endeavor to reproduce the classic era of art, changed its sensualism into sensuality, while Flaxman added to it the grace of sentiment. Canova never wholly forced himself from the meretricious influence of Bernini, and his works appeal rather to the eye than to the mind. In all, that appertains to bodily fleshiness and muscular texture, Canova far excels Flaxman. Indeed, Flaxman's best works are rough and unfinished, but in the spiritualism of his art, he is immeasurably superior to the Florentine. Canova, in striving to perfect the means of art, lost its legitimate end. From the exquisite luxuriance of his finish, he gradually learned to estimate the graces of the chisel above the purity of the creation, and trusted for success rather to voluptuousness of execution than originality of design. He had all the sensualism of Raphael without his ideality, and working in an art which is rescued from sensuality only by the delicacy of invention, he finally became a voluptuary in art. Canova did much for art, but this is his vice. His celebrated Venus, though veiled by drapery, has an ashamed consciousness of nakedness, and fearfulness of public gaze, which is not seen in the modest nakedness of the Venus de Medici or the Venus Aphrodite of Alcamenes. Flaxman erred in the other extreme, and every one must regret the coarseness and want of finish in his marbles. His inventive faculties were far beyond his mechanical, and his statues are only valuable for their poetic arrangement and delicate sentiment. If Flaxman had worked with more care, his works would be greater, but as it is, his fame rests rather upon his designs and drawings than upon his finished productions. These are characteristic rather than universal traits, and in his best works, Flaxman was superior to any sculptor since the days of Michael Angelo, of whom he was a classic reflex. The distinction we have drawn will be more obvious from an illustration, for which purpose, we propose to compare his Michael and Satan with Canova's Mars and Venus, both impersonations of ideal existences. Flaxman's group is no less remarkable for arrangement and design, than for simplicity and ideality of conception. Over the foul crouching form of Satan, who in the writhing intricacy of his mighty folds of muscle, grovels around the globular base of the composition, the delicately formed and lightly poised figure of the Archangel, with his upraised spear, seems almost to hover. The subordination of the huge physical force of Satan to the aerial delicacy of Michael, necessitate the idea of the presence of a lofty spiritual agency, superior to mere brutal strength. Exquisitely conceived is the contrast of expression and form between the nervous, compact and slender figure of the Archangel, who seems but just arrived from heaven and upon whose brow a lofty and angelic indignation glows, and the involved contortions of the fiend, upon whose face the malignant subtlety of a bestial craft is portrayed. This is not the fallen Lucifer, but the sensual beast of the flesh. Canova's group, on the contrary, seizes upon no point of time or crisis of situation, and contains as far as we can see, no idea — or at least a very vague one. Besides, Mars in the Grecian mythology was the type of divine passion and spiritual resistance, corresponding to the Catholic avenging angel, and Hercules the symbol of physical force — but in the brawny shoulders and heavy frame of Canova's Mars, we only see the muscular development of him who slew the Hydra and snapped the neck of Lychas, but not that conscious flame whom we call Mars. The Venus also has rather the fawning luxuriance of shape and manner belonging to a courtesan, than the graceful modesty and decent pride of the Cyprian goddess who was born in a silvery sea-mist. In fleshiness of surface and simplicity it is worthy of much praise, but its poetry we never could see. We would not be understood to undervalue finish and individuality of execution, for we believe that without them, no art can be great and effective. But, though sensualism is the legitimate means of art, it is not its end. A combination of the excellencies of both Canova and Flaxman would have produced the greatest sculptor that ever lived.

We now come to the celebrated outlines from Æschylus, Hesiod, Homer and Dante, which established Flaxman's reputation, and are the best exponents of his peculiar genius. None but a mind thoroughly imbued with the old Grecian spirit, could ever have produced these works, which are the legitimate offspring and fit companions to the friezes of the Antique Temples. They are, with the exception of the illustrations from Dante, purely classical, and imbued with the finest poetic feeling. There is nothing pictorial or romantic in them. They claim almost no aid from perspective and back ground, but are entirely sculptural in their style, suggesting no effect of chiar-oscuro or color. These are of a severely simple cast of composition, in which all incidental and fanciful treatment is avoided, and in which a thorough anatomical knowledge has enabled the artist to reduce his conception to its simplest possible expression in lines. No hand which had not been severely trained could have attained, within such narrow limits, such boldness and breadth, as well as expression and sentiment. We know not which most to admire, the delicacy and grace of the female figures, the bold involutions of his grouping, the agitating power of his passion, or the aërial effect of his motion.

The illustrations from Hesiod are full of the innocent simplicity of that early and fabulous age of poetry in which the Theogony and Works and Days were written. The muse of Hesiod is didactic and reflective rather than epic, and finds its best expression in the careless repose

or violent struggle with which Flaxman has embodied them. In accuracy of drawing, the illustrations of Hesiod are, perhaps, the poorest of all Flaxman's outlines, but we have doubted whether their very incompleteness was not designed, the better to reflect the unfinished and sketchy manner of the author, the time, and the story. Indeed, Flaxman, in all his designs, has thoroughly imbued his mind with the character of the author whom he illustrates, and his translations are faithful as a mirror's reflection. Those which we remember with the greatest pleasure, are the Three called Venus — the Evil Race thrusting Justice from the gates — Pandora opening the box — and Mercury and Pandora, which last was the only design in all Flaxman's outlines which he was ever commissioned to work in marble. The designs from each of the great authors differ entirely in treatment. The balanced repose of dramatic passion and position in Æschylus, the epic action and purpose of Homer, and the gothic sharpness of Dante, are distinctly portrayed. The illustrations from Æschylus are the most elaborately finished, and in harmonious passion and flexion of form are the most masterly of all Flaxman's works. The designs from the Prometheus Bound are an embodyment of the contending principles of the human and divine, or fate and the soul. Over them the decrees of an irresistible destiny govern. The passion is, however, always subordinated to beauty, and the impotent struggles of Prometheus are counterbalanced either by the sinuous grace of the sea nymphs, or, as in the two first, by the presence of an efficient and overwhelming power. Struggle at rest is antagonized by repose in motion. Of this series, the best are the two groups of sea nymphs and Prometheus, and the Oceanus on the Gryphon, whose motion has reminded us of the grand march in Beethoven's fifth symphony. The involution of the sea nymphs in the storm scene, and their cowering expectancy of some impending calamity, contrast finely with the fierce rage and effort of him who stole fire from heaven. The designs of the Choephoræ are more simple in their composition and in the pure bas-relief style. Those from the Supplicants are characterized rather by position than action, and those from the Seven Chiefs by heroic action and internal passion. Nothing can be finer than the whole of these last, whether we regard the deep and stifled pathos of the burial scene of Eteocles and Polynices, the wild and headlong flight of Orestes pursued by the furies, the oath of the seven chiefs, the supplication of Orestes at the shrine of Apollo, or the ghost of Clytemnestra. The illustrations from the Iliad and Odyssey are fuller of action, and have less intricacy of grouping than those from the Æschylus. Of these we particularly admire the parting of Hector and Andromache — Thetis and Eurynome receiving the infant Vulcan — Juno and Minerva going to assist the Greeks — Ulysses and his Dog — Ulysses presenting himself to Alcinous and Arete — Penelope's Dream — Morning — Phæmius singing to the Suitors — Ulysses preparing to fight with Irus — and Ulysses weeping at Demodocus' song. These complete the series of outlines from the Antique, which are in the purest classic spirit, and worthy of the best age of Grecian design. In those from the Divina Commedia, the catholic genius of Flaxman gets play. Here he is more individual, natural and nervous, and his romantic feeling and imagination, being freed from the repose and limited passion of classic art, modify his designs. Somewhat Dantesque is the character of Flaxman's outlines — a few sharp distinct touches enunciating the whole idea — and the individuality necessitated by the author has invigorated the production of the artist. There is less of generalism and ideal form and more of the particular individual in these than in his other drawings, and we must therefore give to them, although they are sketchy, the palm of superiority. The artist has had his whole heart in the matter, and it is as if he had entered the gates that lead into eternal sorrow, and then drawn the figures from the molten furnace of his memory. The outlines from the Inferno are, we think, the best. Here Flaxman overleaps the confines of classic art, and luxuriates in force of expression and all the moods of passion, suffering and love. The attack of Fiends on the Bridge — the Lifting from the Burning Lake of Pitch — the madly-whirled figures in the Fiery Rain — the Idle Group — the Last of the Francisca — the Hypocrites in their leaden cloaks, and Farinata speaking from his fiery coffin, are conceived in a purely Gothic spirit, and might fitly stand in place of those of Michael Angelo, which the remorseless sea snatched for its prey, and whose destruction the world so long has mourned.

Flaxman has often been compared with Retzsch from the fact, that they both design in outline, &c. but the genius of the two is diametrically opposed both in conception, composition, tendency and choice of subjects. Flaxman is a Classicist, Retzsch a Romanticist; Retzsch has a lively play of fancy, delights in incidental illustration and arabesques, enters into detail and multitudinous accessory arrangements, employs distance and landscape, is affluent of fantastic forms, careful of custom and costume, eminently pictorial in his manner and of the modern school. The genius of Flaxman on the contrary is imaginative, simple, severe and sculptural, rejecting accessory arrangement, avoiding fanciful design, and producing his effect solely by the disposition of his figures. Retzsch's outlines are pictures, and Flaxman's bas-reliefs. Flaxman's endeavor is to naturalize the ideal, Retzsch's to poetize the common. One is mystical, and works from the inward, outward. The other cleaves to facts, and gracefully interprets and arranges them. Flaxman's idea is told in his figures, but Retzsch scrawls it around his drawing in hieroglyphics. One, in fine, is imaginative and the other purely fan-

ciful. Retzsch resembles Walter Scott in many particulars. He has the same descriptive talent, the same vivacious perceptive power, and delights equally with the author of Waverley in detail, costume, and background, though he lacks his power in characterization. Flaxman, on the contrary, is half-way between Plato and Dante. He is as severely concise as Dante, and as ideal and flowing as Plato, uniting the condensation of the one with the mysticism of the other. Retzsch exhibits a vast deal of antiquarianism grafted upon a fertile fancy, and his treatment of an idyllic subject as in his Song of the Bell is in his best vein. But in the exposition of character, or passionate dramatic action he fails, as in the illustrations to Lear, Macbeth and Hamlet, which though the most studiously finished of all his works, are among the least good. His genius had a Teutonic and supernatural bias, and found its best expression in Faust. By his etchings from that drama, which are of a deeper significance than all the rest of his productions, he established his fame, and he has not only never added to it subsequently, but has repeated himself ever since. Flaxman, on the contrary, is peculiarly happy in characterization and individuality, as in the Idle Group of the Inferno and the Attack of Fiends on the Bridge, which is eminently dramatic. All the merit of Retzsch, and he has great merit, is on the surface, and strikes at first sight, but Flaxman's genius increases upon us by the continued examination and study of his works. The German atmosphere pervades all of Retzsch's outlines, but Flaxman is now a Gothic spirit of the middle ages, and now a modernized Greek. Retzsch delineates in the spirit of the popular ballad, but Flaxman is Spenserian in his flow and harmony. Retzsch demands incident aud plot, seizes opportunities and chances for subjects, loves the casual and accidental, and indulges in those sentiments and situations which are the growth of society. In tragedy he exaggerates to produce effect, runs into carricature, and sometimes shocks us with his wild and unmitigated supernaturalism, as in the last etching to Die Pfarrers Tochter, which has the fascination of a night-mare. Flaxman, however, deals with the ideal and universal, always relieving the most painful subject by some touch of tenderness and humanity. Still at times he was unpoetic, as in his "Polyphemus" and "Death" in the Divina Commedia, which are gross and repulsive. These however, are exceptions, and not characteristics. Retzsch has a quick apprehension of the beauty around him, and is ready in translating it into lines — but Flaxman's designs are new and original conceptions.

Highly as we estimate Flaxman's genius, we are not prepared to give unqualified praise to his productions. — Fine as they are, they are yet a reproduction of the antique, and not an embodiment of the spirit of his own age. — We can easily see how, with the Swedenborgian faith, his mind should have cast itself in the mythologic mould, merely by returning to the symbolic life therein expressed. Probably the idealism of the Greeks had for him a charm superior to the spiritualism of his own faith. Still his treatment of the antique is thoroughly Swedenborgian, and he has rescued his works from being imitations only by his religious feeling and sentiment. Possibly, also, with such a faith, the distant and remote had a charm which the actual and palpable did not possess. Flaxman chose his subjects from a foreign age and clime, and his greatest excellence grows out of his greatest fault. We are inclined to think that we admire his genius and skill more than we sympathize with his subjects. Their passions and delights are too remote and disconnected from the interests, spiritual and temporal, of our own day, and they do not supply the demand of modern art. They do not appeal to the home heart and sympathies of a people, and this is perhaps the reason why he received no commission to execute more than one of his designs. Nollekins, with almost no genius, has, by his thorough appreciation and embodiment of English character in his busts, won an immortality, and if Flaxman's powers had been exercised upon subjects embodying the life and genius of his own age, he would have, perhaps, won a higher meed of praise and impressed his genius more deeply upon the hearts of his countrymen. As it is his works are rather for the literary student than for the universal mind of a nation. The artist need not go to foreign ages for his subjects — Nature is as full of beauty as ever, lies round us at our very feet, and is not coy of her graces. Flaxman but once embodied the spirit of his age and faith, in his Michael and Satan, and therein left the highest proof of his genius, and created a work which comes home nearer to the heart of modern English life. — His Dante, also, which is nearer to Protestantism, is the best of his outlines. Let us therefore say that Flaxman was a Swedenborgian classic, whose life was pure and blameless, whose character was pious and amiable, and whose genius was mystical and imaginative. But let us not find fault with what is, though wishing for what might have been. The dog that snapped at the shadow lost the substance, and for the pleasant thoughts and happy hours which Flaxman has given us, let us be grateful and content. The office of criticism is rather to enter genially into the author's heart, to see from his stand point, to try his conclusion with his conception, to point out his merits, and try him as a friend, than to insist on fixed rules, to warp his manner and thought to our prejudices, and to exhibit his defects. We will not specially enumerate his little short comings — but remember with gratitude the work he did.

Boston, Feb. 1843.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE NEIGHBORS: A STORY OF EVERY DAY LIFE. By Frederika Bremer. Translated by Mary Howitt.

The literature of Sweden has been comparatively unknown among us, and excited but little curiosity until of late years. Frithiof's Saga, the noble poem of their great poet Tegner, was translated into English some time since, and found hearty admirers among those who read it, while another poem of his, "The Children of the Lord's Supper," is well known through Professor Longfellow's version. But "The Neighbors" has been still more generally read and admired both here and in Great Britain, though in the enthusiasm felt for it, little criticism has appeared. In truth the spirit of charity which breathes through the book, where the sunny side is turned so often to the eye, leaves neither the wish nor the will to criticise.

Of the authoress, Miss Bremer, we know but little. She has for a few years past been one of the most popular writers of Sweden, and many of her works have been translated and very favorably received in Germany. Besides "The Neighbors," she has published three other novels, "The House," "Nina," and "The President's Daughter," English versions of all of which, we are informed, may be soon expected from the pen of Mary Howitt. Miss Bremer also published a few years ago, a charming little sketch of manners in the North of Europe and of Norway in particular, entitled "Strife and Peace, or Sketches in Norway."

It is difficult to avoid identifying the authoress with Franziska herself, even in minute particulars: we feel at least she must have a thousand qualities of mind and heart in common with her — the quick perception, the free wide charity, and the ardent temperament that in Franziska gives the book one of its greatest charms. There is nothing wearisome in it; a fresh active life is working throughout the whole course of the story; nothing flags, or seems like overexertion. A woman's quick sympathy, and most high yet homely philosophy, goes at once to the task, selects by intuition, enters with eagerness into the minutest detail, but never becomes tedious — gives her hopes, her fears, her transient sorrows, to the world, yet without show of egotism, for no vanity lurks beneath it.

No Lady of Shalott is she, sitting still before a mirror on which only the shadows of the outward world are thrown, but alive, active, looking forth on life with her own clear eyes, and with skilful hand, and nice discrimination working its shows upon her tapestry.

We have heard much wonder expressed at the power of condensation she has shown, contrasted with domestic novelists of an older date, and know that many believe this power to be the peculiar gift of our time and generation, and that it was unknown or in its infancy when Richardson drew out page after page of unneeded words. But this gift abides in the individual, not in the time or circumstance. A vivid imagination, sanguine temperament, and keen sensibility give to life in its simplest forms a brilliancy it never wears to the cold and severe. With many novelists "ma chere mere" would have been an eccentric, stern, overbearing old woman, Bruno a madman, whose body needed medicine, or whose organization was originally defective; Jane Maria an irredeemably stupid person, who would have been left out of the picture entirely, instead of adding, as she now does, an interest to it by way of extreme contrast. Bear, good, kind Bear, would have been considered as merely an excellent matter-of-fact sort of man, very well in his way, but no fitting hero for a story, and all the household tasks which Franziska describes with such eager delight, which she enters into so fully, would have been only dull common-places to most minds. We give our own life to what lies about us, and if ours be active, unceasing, fresh as a morning wind, everything will glow and blossom beneath it.

Those who require the deeper tragic elements to make a book interesting, will find them in this work blended, as they always are, with the simple and familiar. The story deepens with the loves of Bruno and Serena, and the death of the wild Hagar, whose dark eastern face looks strangely picturesque among the Scandinavians.

The chief characteristic of the book seems to us to be its acute sensibility. Sensibility to all forms of beauty, to all nobleness, to music, to flowers, to all that lends life its charm, and this combined with great ardor, enthusiasm and with a poetical organization, make it one of the rarest novels of the day.

Frederika Bremer has been called in the preface "The Miss Austin of Sweden," but while she has all Miss Austin's peculiar gifts, she has a far wider and deeper range. She rises often from the actual, into a higher region, and exalts to her station the sights that pass beneath, as the mirage hangs the dusty, smoky city in the sunset sky and transforms it into a fresh and airy structure.

Throughout the book she preserves the balance of character, and never forces one of her personages constantly before the reader, while the others are pressed behind. As in every-day life, they come and go, pass and repass. Ebba dances and sings at first, but we hear her no more after a time, and Peter's "frosty eyes," full of the deep poetry of a quiet contemplative mind, just glance on us and are gone.

We cannot ourselves judge how accurately Mary Howitt has performed her duty as a translator, but the easy and graceful style of her version would indicate that it must have been well done, so to harmonize with the spirit of the book. The want of a thorough acquaintance with Sweden and its manners and customs may have betrayed her here and there into local inac-

caracies, but these are comparatively unimportant. We have heard it stated, we know not with what truth that her translation bears internal evidence of having been made from the German, and not from the Swedish original.

LIFE AND WRITINGS OF EBENEZER PORTER MASON; interspersed with hints to parents and instructors on the training and education of a child of genius. By Denison Olmsted, Professor of Natural Philosophy and Astronomy in Yale College. Boston: Tappan and Dennett. 114 Washington Street.

Notwithstanding the somewhat suspicious appearance of the latter part of its title, this memoir is not only highly interesting, but exhibits a great deal of good sense, both on the part of the author, and of the subject's relatives and friends, documents and letters from whom form much of its contents.

E. P. Mason was born at Washington, Litchfield county, Conn. December 7, 1819, and was the eldest son of the Rev. Stephen Mason, pastor of the Congregational church in that town. Almost from his infancy he displayed intellectual and moral faculties of the highest order, united, as is often the case, to a very fragile frame. From an early period his education, mental and physical, was chiefly directed by his aunt, Mrs. Harriet B. Turner, of Richmond, Va. a woman of uncommon character and intelligence, who performed her difficult task with discretion and success.

Young Mason entered Yale College in 1835, and graduated in 1839, in the twentieth year of his age. Henceforth his health began rapidly to decline, and after an unsuccessful attempt to check the progress of consumption and dyspepsia by accompanying the commission to explore the northeastern boundary, he proceeded to Richmond, where, in a few days after his arrival, he died on the 26th December, 1840, aged twenty-one years and nineteen days.

Even at this early age he had greatly distinguished himself for his acquirements in mathematics and astronomy, and had evinced considerable artistic and poetical power. He was likewise eminently pure, modest and gentle in his character, and appears to have attracted the deepest affection and respect of all with whom he associated.

Of this highly gifted youth, Professor Olmsted has prepared a sensible and agreeable memoir, the principal part of which he has, with unusual good taste, formed from Mason's own letters and writings: the comments of the biographer being brief and pertinent, and not unfrequently characterized by a most amusing simplicity.

MESOPOTAMIA AND ASSYRIA FROM THE EARLIEST AGES TO THE PRESENT TIME; WITH ILLUSTRATIONS OF THEIR NATURAL HISTORY, By J. Baillie Fraser, Esq., Author of "An Historical and Descriptive Account of Persia," &c. With a Map and Engravings. Family Library, No. 157. Harper & Brothers, New York, 1842.

Besides this work and the "History of Persia," Mr. Fraser is author of "Travels in Khorasan," "A Tour through the Himala," and several novels of indifferent merit, now nearly forgotten, but which in their day enjoyed considerable popularity chiefly from their fresh and lively though caricatured descriptions of oriental life and manners. Among them we recollect, "The Kuzzilbash," "The Persian Adventurer," "Tales of the Caravanserai," and a Scottish novel entitled "The Highland Smugglers."

"Mesopotamia and Assyria" is written with candor and judgment, and displays a tolerably extensive acquaintance with both classic and modern sources of information concerning those famous countries: but the author's capacity is quite incompetent to the treatment of so noble yet difficult a subject, as the ancient Assyrian or Babylonian history, from whose scanty materials even the genius and erudition of Heeren could construct but a dry antiquarian memoir. The first part of Mr. Fraser's volume, therefore, is merely a new compilation of the facts transmitted to us by the Greek and Hebrew writers, arranged somewhat differently and narrated in a more elegant style, than by Rollin, Ramsey, and the authors of the English Universal History.

But these facts, fragmentary as they are, constitute one of the proudest and most interesting pages in the annals of our species. They show in the most striking manner the power of human genius and the achievements of which it is capable. The grandest works of modern times are insignificant compared to those performed four thousand years ago, upon the Mesopatamian plain, which, though we have no faith in the theory that considers it the birthplace of mankind, was undoubtedly one of the earliest seats of civilization and sustained a race possessing many of the lofty qualities befitting men so fresh from the hands of their Maker.

The polity of that race, though their government was monarchical and probably despotic, must have been, judging from its results, singularly wise and beneficent. These results, so far as they can be gathered from the imperfect records remaining, and from examination of the monuments which yet cover the land, exceeded everything that has been performed by any other nation in any age or part of the world, with the exception perhaps, in some particulars, of the magnificent eighteenth dynasty of ancient Egypt.

The duration of their empires — Chaldean, Assyrian and Babylonian, which were essentially the same — equalled at least two thousand years, though they were surrounded by warlike and powerful enemies; and the extent of their territory was frequently not inferior to that of the whole of Europe, and was probably inhabited by some hundreds of millions of prosperous and civilized people. In military power, in conquests, and in the production of great rulers, they have not been exceeded by the most famous nations. The warlike deeds of Ninus, Semiramis, Sosarmus, Esarhaddon, Nebuchadnezzer and Chyniladan will compare in brilliancy and magnitude with those of Sesostris, Cyrus, Alexander, Cæsar or Napoleon. Nor were those mighty monarchs merely warriors and conquerors. They, and many who sat on the same thrones, were sagacious statesmen and energetic and benevolent sovereigns, exhibiting a vastness and comprehensiveness of views, and a knowledge of the arts of peace and the means of civilization and true power, far more astonishing than their great military achievements. For the promotion of agriculture they intersected their whole land with a prodigious system of canals, one only of which, was besides its numer-

ous branches four hundred miles in length and between three and four hundred feet in breadth, and they so subdued the Euphrates, almost as great a river as the Mississippi, by dams, embankments and hydraulic machines, that it became as manageable as a mill-stream and nearly every peasant could have its water to irrigate his farm at pleasure, which in that hot climate is essential to fertility. They also projected and maintained for centuries on a scale elsewhere unequalled, even in Holland, an ingenious method of draining their country, which originally was little better than a vast morass, rendered habitable only by their skill and industry.

Trade and manufactures likewise were encouraged by the government, and actively pursued by the people, so that their capitals were for thousands of years the centres of Asiatic commerce, and accumulated wealth, and population to an almost incredible amount.

But it was in their cities that the genius, energy and wisdom of this great people was most conspicuously shown. We have not time to allude to more than Babylon and Nineveh, though the whole empire appears to have abounded in populous, wealthy and magnificently built towns, clearly proving that the splendor of the capitals was not sustained, as is often the case in modern oriental despotisms, at the expense of the provinces, but was the legitimate result of general good government and prosperity.

"Babylon, the glory of kingdoms, the beauty of the Chaldees' excellency," was beyond comparison the most stupendous structure ever reared by human hands. Its extent within the walls, was about seven times greater than the space which London now covers, though it is not probable that the population much exceeded that of the British capital. But the grand ideas and singular wisdom of the Chaldean kings, were in nothing more strongly shown than in their combination of utility with beauty and magnificence. Babylon, unlike all other cities even the most civilized of the modern, was not a confused heap of pent up, irregular edifices — a mixture of palaces and hovels; on the contrary, all the houses were large airy and beautiful — according to Herodotus who had travelled very extensively, and saw the city in its decline — the most beautiful he had ever beheld; they were ranged symmetrically on broad streets and with considerable spaces between each house; than which no healthier or more agreeable arrangement could have been conceived in a warm climate. These magnificent streets were filled with an active, well-dressed and highly civilized population. Babylon, in short, must, under its ancient kings, have exhibited a scene which for splendor and beauty has not been elsewhere rivalled on earth and perhaps never will be seen again.

The literature of the Babylonians is utterly lost; not a line of their poetry, not a paragraph of their prose remains. We cannot but believe that it was worthy of their high genius and cultivation. They were profoundly skilled in mathematics and geometry: in architecture they were unapproached even by the Egyptians; and in painting and sculpture they had made very considerable progress. They were eminent above all nations of antiquity for their excellence in manufactures and in all the arts that embellish and refine domestic life.

To return to Mr. Fraser. The last chapters of his work, those which describe the present condition and population of Assyria and Mesopotamia, are highly interesting, for they give us principally the results of recent personal observation by the author himself.

LETTERS FROM GERMANY.

No. I.

[Some of the items of literary intelligence in the following letter have appeared in a contemporary quarterly magazine of limited circulation, but the greater part of its contents will, we believe, be new to most of our readers. — Eds. Pioneer.]

Heidelberg, Dec. 1842.

I have taken rooms in Heidelberg, where I shall remain through the winter, and nourish the virtuous resolution of mastering the German language. On the first of March I shall go to Gottingen, thence to Weimar, Jena, and Dresden. In May or June we move southward, taking Nuremberg, Munich &c. in our route, visit the Tyrol, and then explore Switzerland, pedestrianwise, with packs upon our backs.

At present I can tell you but little of books save their titles, but before long, I trust I shall be able to give you some account of their contents. I will send you in a future letter some account of what the professors in the more celebrated universities lecture about this winter, and will, if I can, give you a sort of map of Germany, philosophically considered, and another of the same country theologically districted. I think too, an article on some of the most interesting professors, their merits, the causes of their removal, and their fortunes since, might be pleasant to some of your readers.

Wilhelm Schlegel is preparing for publication a new and enlarged edition of his Lectures on Dramatic Literature. He has just published in French a collection of his Miscellanies, and in the preface congratulates himself that even beyond the Atlantic his name is still a living thing. He is quite proud of his American reputation and this circumstance makes him treat with great attention such Yankees as come in his way. Tieck has just recovered from a severe illness, but as he is now in his seventieth year, little more is to be expected from him. He has left Dresden for Berlin, where his office is to superintend the representations of the old Grecian plays.

Schelling has resigned his place at Munich, after asking permission of the king of Bavaria to reside in Berlin another year, and will henceforth lecture in the Berlin university in the capacity of member of the Academy of Science. His last summer's lectures were attended by less than sixty persons, those of the previous winter had been listened to by four or five hun-

dred. This falling off has given rise to many disparaging remarks on the part of the Hegelians. They call this experiment of the king of Prussia, a total failure, and hardly make due allowance for the fact that the Philosophy of Mythology, is to most a far less interesting subject than the Philosophy of Revelation. Under Schelling's banner are rallying men of all philosophies, and no philosophy — pietists and artists — catholics and protestants — and all this out of fear of Strauss and the Hegelians. It is felt that a crisis is approaching, though the question on which it will hinge, or the issue of the struggle no two men can agree upon. Caricatures, whose wit is as deep and inexplicable as the philosophy caricatured, frequently appear. In one I remember, Schelling is depicted as superintending a chemical process which is carried on by means of burning retorts; the first result is nothing (*nichts*); this product is drawn off by means of a faucet and runs through a little tunnel into a glass bottle, which is labelled "The Absolute." Another of these pictures shows the front of a shop, in whose windows stand bottles labelled "Absolute Spirit" "Pure Pantheism" &c.; at the door stands a man vomiting from the effects of a dose of Tholuck's latest writings, and another man runs out apparently overcome in like manner by Nitzsch Dogmatik. In a part of the same picture an ostrich (*Strauss* is German for ostrich) is flying off with two devils on his back, who have apparently just completed the purchase of Feuerbach's and Bruno Bauer's synopsis. But I should fill pages were I to describe all these foolish pictures. And they will grow worse than they now are; for pictures without letter press have lately in Prussia been taken out from under the censorship of the government.

Some one must write for you a piece about the Cathedral of Cologne. This magnificent ruin of a fragment is now to be restored and completed. The King of Prussia laid the first stone of the new erection in September, and immense contributions are made for the carrying on of the work, which it will take thirty years at least to complete, and then Germany will have a church which will compare with St. Peter's. The building is to be completed according to the original plans which have been preserved, though the architect's name is forgotten. Both Catholics and Protestants join in what they consider a national work, and it is hoped that the question of mixed marriages will cause less trouble hereafter.

The dedication of the Valhalla too has gone off with great splendor. It is a magnificent building of the proportions of the Parthenon. It is erected by the King of Bavaria, in nearly the centre of Germany, on an eminence three hundred feet above the Danube, as a Temple of Fame for Germany. In it are to be placed the statues and busts of all the great men of the nation, whether distinguished in arms or in arts, from Arminius to the opponents of Napoleon, and from the earliest rude poets to Goethe and Schiller. When no bust has been handed down, a fancy piece is to be supplied. If the name also has perished, the same expedient is resorted to. Thus the nameless architect of the Cologne Cathedral flourishes here, though nowhere else in time and space. Schwanthaler supplies alto relievos for each of the pediments. The subject of one is the victory of the Cheruscii over the Romans; of the other, the victories of the Germans over the French in the war of the Liberation. Leo Von Kleuze is the architect. But I have forgotten to tell you of the antichamber or Hall of Expectation, where the busts of living distinguished men are placed during their lives as it were on probation.

William and Mary Howitt live here in Heidelberg, and are most excellent people. The acquaintance of Mary Howitt is one of the pleasantest things connected with a residence here. She is a woman of very cultivated taste and agreeable manners, and quite kind to "Meine Wenigkeit." Both William and Mary Howitt are very warm admirers of Tennyson.

Heidelberg loses much of its beauty in the winter, so I am glad to be able to find a second home at Mannheim, in the house of kind friends. In Mannheim is one of the best theatres in Germany; almost every week is performed one of the standard plays of Goethe, Schiller, or some first rate opera; and though it is fifteen miles from Heidelberg, one can go and return on the same night, leaving Heidelberg at five, and reaching it on his return at eleven — the Grand Duke of Baden being so considerate of the theatrical wants of the good people of Heidelberg, as to run an express train from Mannheim after the piece is over, when there is anything remarkable at the play. The expense of such an expedition, including a ticket, is one florin and forty-eight kreutzers, or seventy-two American cents. Concerts, at which are found performers as good, say, as Nagel or Herwig, are frequent in both Heidelberg and Mannheim. A young Milanese, named Bazzini, is now in high favor in these parts. He gave a concert here this evening. His instrument is the violin, and he is one of Paganini's pupils. The concert was a very good one, the principal pieces being Beethoven's composition, and finely performed.

My professional visiting list I have mentioned: I continue to like this company very well. With Schlosser I am particularly well pleased; he is the most *dæmoniacal* old fellow here. I have also become acquainted with many of the students, both digs and topers, or, to use more classical language, both *foxes* and *knots*. I have been to a *beer scandal* to see what these boys can do when they wish to be rowdy. The whole thing is ridiculous enough, I assure you, and not worth looking at a second time. The wonder one feels when observing the same, turns upon exactly four points. 1st. How fellows can possibly breathe, to say nothing of singing, in an atmosphere so filled with tobacco smoke, that seeing across a room of moderate size is impossible. 2d. How they can, in any consideration, pour such quantities of liquor down their throats in a single evening — eight quarts being a not uncommon quantity for a single specimen of humanity to dispose of, and twice that quantity having actually been jacketted by experienced hands on great occasions. 3d. How it is that men keep sober when afloat in such seas of beer, which though hardly so strong as a cup of tea constructed on proper principles, yet might, one could think, do something in the tipsyfying line, when patronized so liberally. And 4th. How it is that reasonable beings (although of an age which Carlyle condemns to that famous life under barrels like chickens about to be killed,) can by any process of self-mystification, persuade themselves into thinking there is a ray of fun in such proceedings, even though they be enlivened by pretty good singing. S.

The etching by D. C. Johnston, entitled "Dickens and the Artist in Boots," illustrates a passage in the last chapter of American Notes for General Circulation, which we have not room to quote — though if we had, it would be almost superfluous to do so, as probably all our readers are familiar with the work.

The absence of any prose in the present number of the Pioneer from the pen of Mr. Lowell, and the apparent neglect of many letters and contributions addressed to him personally, will be sufficiently explained by stating that, since the tenth of January, he has been in the city of New York in attendance upon Dr. Elliot the distinguished oculist, who is endeavoring to cure him of a severe disease of the eyes; and that the medical treatment to which he is necessarily subjected, precludes the use of his sight except to a very limited extent. He will, however, probably be enabled, in time for the fourth number, to resume his essays on the Poets and Dramatists, and his general supervision of the magazine. R. C.