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By JOHN BISCO.

Beauty in Shadow.

I mark a sadness on thy brow,
Not meet in one so fair as thou;
And as I hear thy accent now,
There's sorrow in each tone;—
O! sure thou hast not felt the chain,
The venom of love's shaft—the pain,
That from a dream, forever vain,
Leaves life's sad waking lone!

Like some sweet waters poured to waste,
With few to see, with none to taste,
Do thy heart's precious fountains haste
To desert sands and seas?
Oh! flowers thy hope in friendless sky,
Beneath no fond, imploring eye—
Or, like some harp, that hangs on high,
Among forgotten trees?

W. GILMORE SIMMS.

MS. Found in a Bottle.

Qui n'a plus qu'un moment à vivre
N'a plus rien à dissimuler.—*Quinault—Atys.*

Of my country and of my family I have little to say. Ill usage and length of years have driven me from the one, and estranged me from the other. Hereditary wealth afforded me an education of no common order, and a contemplative turn of mind enabled me to methodize the stores which early study very diligently garnered up.—Beyond all things, the works of the German moralists gave me great delight; not from any ill-advised admiration of their eloquent madness, but from the ease with which my habits of rigid thought enabled me to detect their falsities. I have often been reproached with the aridity of my genius; a deficiency of imagination has been imputed to me as a crime; and the Pyrrhonism of my opinions has at all times rendered me notorious. Indeed, a strong relish for physical philosophy has, I fear, tinctured my mind with a very common error of this age—I mean the habit of referring occurrences, even the least susceptible of such reference, to the principles of that science. Upon the whole, no person could be less liable than myself to be led away from the severe precincts of truth by the *ignes fatui* of superstition. I have thought proper to premise thus much, lest the incredible tale I have to tell should be considered rather the raving of a crude imagination, than the positive experience of a mind to which the reveries of fancy have been a dead letter and a nullity.

After many years spent in foreign travel, I sailed in the year 18—, from the port of Batavia, in the rich and populous island of Java, on a voyage to the Archipelago of the Sunda islands. I went as passenger—having no other inducement than a kind of nervous restlessness which haunted me as a fiend.

Our vessel was a beautiful ship of about four hundred tons, copper-fastened, and built at Bombay of Malabar teak. She was freighted with cotton-wool and oil, from the Lachadive islands. We had also on board coir, jaggeree, ghee, cocoa-nuts, and a few cases of opium. The stowage was clumsily done, and the vessel consequently crank.

We got under way with a mere breath of wind, and for many days stood along the eastern coast of Java, without any other incident to beguile the monotony of our course than the occasional meeting with some of the small grabs of the Archipelago to which we were bound.

One evening, leaning over the taffrail, I observed a very singular, isolated cloud, to the N. W. It was remarkable, as well for its color, as from its being the first we had seen since our departure from Batavia. I watched it attentively until sunset, when it spread all at once to the eastward and westward, girting in the horizon with a narrow strip of vapor, and looking like a long line of low beach. My notice was soon afterwards attracted by the dusky-red appearance of the moon, and the peculiar character of the sea. The latter was undergoing a rapid change, and the water seemed more than usually transparent. Although I could distinctly see the bottom, yet, heaving the lead, I found the ship in fifteen fathoms. The air now became intolerably hot, and was loaded with spiral exhalations similar to those arising from heated iron. As night came on, every breath of wind died away, and a more entire calm it is impossible to conceive. The flame of a candle burned upon the poop without the least perceptible motion, and a long hair, held between the finger and thumb, hung without the possibility of detecting a vibration. However, as the captain said he could perceive no indication of danger, and as we were drifting in bodily to shore, he ordered the sails to be furled, and the anchor let go. No watch was set, and the crew, consisting principally of Malays, stretched themselves deliberately upon deck. I went below—not without a full presentiment of evil. Indeed, every appearance warranted me in apprehending a Simoom. I told the captain my fears; but he paid no attention to what I said, and left me without deigning to give a reply. My uneasiness, however, prevented me from sleeping, and about midnight I went upon deck.—As I placed my foot upon the upper step of the companion-ladder, I was startled by a loud, humming noise, like that occasioned by the rapid revolution of a mill-wheel, and before I could ascertain its meaning, I found the ship quivering to its centre. In the next instant, a wilderness of foam hurled us upon our beam-ends, and, rushing over us fore and aft, swept the entire decks from stem to stern.

The extreme fury of the blast proved, in a great measure, the salvation of the ship. Although completely water-logged, yet, as her masts had gone by the board, she rose, after a minute, heavily from the sea, and, stagger-

ing awhile beneath the immense pressure of the tempest, finally righted.

By what miracle I escaped destruction, it is impossible to say. Stunned by the shock of the water, I found myself, upon recovery, jammed in between the stern-post and rudder. With great difficulty I gained my feet, and looking dizzily around, was, at first, struck with the idea of our being among breakers; so terrific, beyond the wildest imagination, was the whirlpool of mountainous and foaming ocean within which we were engulfed. After a while, I heard the voice of an old Swede, who had shipped with us at the moment of our leaving port. I hallooed to him with all my strength, and presently he came reeling aft. We soon discovered that we were the sole survivors of the accident. All on deck, with the exception of ourselves, had been swept overboard;—the captain and mates must have perished as they slept, for the cabins were deluged with water. Without assistance, we could expect to do little for the security of the ship, and our exertions were at first paralyzed by the momentary expectation of going down. Our cable had, of course, parted like pack-thread, at the first breath of the hurricane, or we should have been instantaneously overwhelmed. We scudded with frightful velocity before the sea, and the water made clear breaches over us. The framework of our stern was shattered excessively, and, in almost every respect, we had received considerable injury; but to our extreme joy we found the pumps unchoked, and that we had made no great shifting of our ballast.—The main fury of the blast had already blown over, and we apprehended little danger from the violence of the wind; but we looked forward to its total cessation with dismay; well believing, that, in our shattered condition, we should inevitably perish in the tremendous swell which would ensue. But this very just apprehension seemed by no means likely to be soon verified. For five entire days and nights—during which our only subsistence was a small quantity of jaggeree, procured with great difficulty from the forecastle—the hulk flew at a rate defying computation, before rapidly succeeding flaws of wind, which, without equalling the first violence of the Simoom, were still more terrific than any tempest I had before encountered. Our course for the first four days was, with trifling variations, S. E. and by S.; and we must have run down the coast of New Holland.—On the fifth day the cold became extreme, although the wind had hauled round a point more to the northward.—The sun arose with a sickly yellow lustre, and clambered a very few degrees above the horizon—emitting no decisive light. There were no clouds apparent, yet the wind was upon the increase, and blew with a fitful and unsteady fury. About noon, as nearly as we could guess, our attention was again arrested by the appearance of the sun. It gave out no light, properly so called, but a dull and sullen glow without reflection, as if all its rays were polarized. Just before sinking within the turgid sea, its central fires suddenly went out, as if hurriedly extinguished by some unaccountable power. It was a dim, silver-like rim, alone, as it rushed down the unfathomable ocean.

We waited in vain for the arrival of the sixth day—that day to me has not arrived—to the Swede, never did arrive. Thenceforward we were enshrouded in pitchy darkness, so that we could not have seen an object at twenty paces from the ship. Eternal night continued to envelop us, all unrelieved by the phosphoric sea-brilliancy to which we had been accustomed in the tropics. We observed too, that, although the tempest continued to rage with unabated violence, there was no longer to be discovered the usual appearance of surf, or foam, which had hitherto attended us. All around were horror, and thick gloom, and a black sweltering desert of ebony.—Superstitious terror crept by degrees into the spirit of the old Swede, and my own soul was wrapped up in silent wonder. We neglected all care of the ship, as worse than useless, and securing ourselves, as well as possible, to the stump of the mizen-mast, looked out bitterly into the world of ocean. We had no means of calculating time, nor could we form any guess of our situation. We were, however, well aware of having made farther to the southward than any previous navigators, and felt great amazement at not meeting with the usual impediments of ice. In the meantime every moment threatened to be our last—every mountainous billow hurried to overwhelm us. The swell surpassed anything I had imagined possible, and that we were not instantly buried is a miracle. My companion spoke of the lightness of our cargo, and reminded me of the excellent qualities of our ship; but I could not help feeling the utter hopelessness of hope itself, and prepared myself gloomily for that death which I thought nothing could defer beyond an hour, as, with every knot of way the ship made, the swelling of the black stupendous seas became more dismally appalling. At times we gasped for breath at an elevation beyond the albatross—at times became dizzy with the velocity of our descent into some watery hell, where the air grew stagnant, and no sound disturbed the slumbers of the kraken.

We were at the bottom of one of these abysses, when a quick scream from my companion broke fearfully upon the night. "See!" see!" cried he, shrieking in my ears, "Almighty God! see! see!" As he spoke, I became aware of a dull, sullen glare of red light which streamed down the sides of the vast chasm where we lay, and threw a fitful brilliancy upon our deck. Casting my eyes upwards, I beheld a spectacle which froze the current of my blood. At a terrific height directly above us, and upon the very verge of the precipitous descent, hovered a gigantic ship of, perhaps, four thousand tons. Although upreared upon the summit of a wave more than a hundred times her own altitude, her apparent size still exceeded that of any ship of the line or East Indiaman in existence. Her huge hull was of a deep dingy black, unrelieved by any of the customary carvings of a ship. A single row of brass cannon protruded from her open ports, and dashed from their polished surfaces the fires of innumerable battle-lanterns, which swung to and fro about her rigging. But what mainly inspired us with horror and astonishment, was that she bore up under a press of sail in the very teeth of that supernatural sea, and of that ungovernable hurricane. When we first discovered her, her bows were alone to be seen, as she rose slowly from the dim and horrible gulf beyond her. For a moment of intense terror she paused upon the giddy pinnacle, as if in contemplation of her own sublimity, then trembled and tottered, and—came down.

At this instant, I know not what sudden self-possession came over my spirit. Staggering as far aft as I could, I awaited fearlessly the ruin that was to overwhelm. Our own vessel was at length ceasing from her struggles, and sinking with her head to the sea. The shock of the descending mass struck her, consequently, in that portion of her frame which was already under water, and the inevitable result was to hurl me, with irresistible violence, upon the rigging of the stranger.

As I fell, the ship hove in stays, and went about; and to the confusion ensuing I attributed my escape from the notice of the crew. With little difficulty I made my way unperceived to the main hatchway, which was partially open, and soon found an opportunity of secreting myself in the hold. Why I did so I can hardly tell. An indefinite sense of awe, which at first sight of the navigators of the ship had taken hold of my mind, was perhaps the principle of my concealment. I was unwilling to trust myself with a race of people who had offered, to the cursory glance I had taken, so many points of vague novelty, doubt, and apprehension. I therefore thought proper to contrive a hiding-place in the hold. This I did by removing a small portion of the shifting-boards, in such a manner as to afford me a convenient retreat between the huge timbers of the ship.

I had scarcely completed my work, when a footstep in the hold forced me to make use of it. A man passed by my place of concealment with a feeble and unsteady gait. I could not see his face, but had an opportunity of observing his general appearance. There was about it an evidence of great age and infirmity. His knees tottered beneath a load of years, and his entire frame quivered under the burthen. He muttered to himself, in a low broken tone, some words of a language which I could not understand, and groped in a corner among a pile of singular-looking instruments, and decayed charts of navigation. His manner was a wild mixture of the peevishness of second childhood, and the solemn dignity of a God. He at length went on deck, and I saw him no more.

* * * * * * *

A feeling, for which I have no name, has taken possession of my soul—a sensation which will admit of no analysis, to which the lessons of by-gone time are inadequate, and for which I fear futurity itself will offer me no key. To a mind constituted like my own, the latter consideration is an evil. I shall never—I know that I shall never—be satisfied with regard to the nature of my conceptions. Yet it is not wonderful that these conceptions are indefinite, since they have their origin in sources so utterly novel. A new sense—a new entity is added to my soul. * * * * *

It is long since I first trod the deck of this terrible ship, and the rays of my destiny are, I think, gathering to a focus. Incomprehensible men! Wrapped up in meditations of a *kind* which I cannot divine, they pass me by unnoticed. Concealment is utter folly on my part, for the people *will not* see. It was but just now that I passed directly before the eyes of the mate—it was no long while ago that I ventured into the captain's own private cabin, and took thence the materials with which I write, and have written. I shall from time to time continue this journal. It is true that I may not find an opportunity of transmitting it to the world, but I will not fail to make the endeavour. At the last moment I will enclose the MS. in a bottle, and cast it within the sea. * * * * *

An incident has occurred which has given me new room for meditation. Are such things the operation of ungoverned Chance? I had ventured upon deck and thrown myself down, without attracting any notice, among a pile of ratlin-stuff and old sails, in the bottom of the yawl. While musing upon the singularity of my fate, I unwittingly daubed with a tar-brush the edges of a neatly-folded studding-sail which lay near me on a barrel. The studding-sail is now bent upon the ship, and the thoughtless touches of the brush are spread out into the word DISCOVERY. * * *

I have made many observations lately upon the structure of the vessel. Although well armed, she is not, I think, a ship of war. Her rigging, build, and general equipment, all negative a supposition of this kind. What she *is not*, I can easily perceive—what she *is* I fear it is impossible to say. I know not how it is, but in scrutinizing her strange model and singular cast of spars, her huge size and overgrown suits of canvass, her severely simple bow and antiquated stern, there will occasionally flash across my mind a sensation of familiar things, and there is always mixed up with such indistinct shadows of recollection, an unaccountable memory of old foreign chronicles and ages long ago. * * *

I have been looking at the timbers of the ship. She is built of a material to which I am a stranger. There is a peculiar character about the wood which strikes me as rendering it unfit for the purpose to which it has been applied. I mean its extreme *porousness*, considered independently of the worm-eaten condition which is a consequence of navigation in these seas, and apart from the rottenness attendant upon age. It will appear perhaps an observation somewhat over-curious, but this wood would have every characteristic of Spanish oak, if Spanish oak were distended by any unnatural means.

In reading the above sentence a curious apothegm of an old weather-beaten Dutch navigator comes full upon my recollection. "It is as sure," he was wont to say, when any doubt was entertained of his veracity, "as sure as there is a sea where the ship itself will grow in bulk like the living body of the seaman." * *

About an hour ago, I made bold to thrust myself among a group of the crew. They paid me no manner of attention, and, although I stood in the very midst of them all, seemed utterly unconscious of my presence. Like the one I had at first seen in the hold, they all bore about them the marks of a hoary old age. Their knees trembled with infirmity; their shoulders were bent double with decrepitude; their shrivelled skins rattled in the wind; their voices were low, tremulous and broken; their eyes glistened with the rheum of years; and their gray hairs streamed terribly in the tempest. Around them, on every part of the deck, lay scattered mathematical instruments of the most quaint and obsolete construction. * * * * *

I mentioned some time ago the bending of a studding-sail. From that period the ship, being thrown dead off the wind, has continued her terrific course due south, with every rag of canvass packed upon her, from her trucks to her lower studding-sail booms, and rolling every moment her top-gallant yard-arms into the most appalling hell of water which it can enter into the mind of man to imagine. I have just left the deck, where I find it impossible to maintain a footing, although the crew seem to experience little inconvenience. It appears to me a miracle of miracles that our enormous bulk is not swallowed up at once and forever. We are surely doomed to hover continually upon the brink of Eternity, without taking a final plunge into the abyss. From billows a thousand times more stupendous than any I have ever seen, we glide away with the facility of the arrowy sea-gull; and the colossal waters rear their heads above us like demons of the deep, but like demons confined to simple threats and forbidden to destroy. I am led to attribute these frequent escapes to the only natural cause which can account for such effect.—I must suppose the ship to

be within the influence of some strong current, or impetuous under-tow. * * * *

I have seen the captain face to face, and in his own cabin—but, as I expected, he paid me no attention. Although in his appearance there is, to a casual observer, nothing which might bespeak him more or less than man—still a feeling of irrepressible reverence and awe mingled with the sensation of wonder with which I regarded him. In stature he is nearly my own height; that is, about five feet eight inches. He is of a well-knit and compact frame of body, neither robust nor remarkably otherwise. But it is the singularity of the expression which reigns upon the face—it is the intense, the wonderful, the thrilling evidence of old age so utter, so extreme, which excites within my spirit a sense—a sentiment ineffable. His forehead, although little wrinkled, seems to bear upon it the stamp of a myriad of years.—His gray hairs are records of the past, and his grayer eyes are Sybils of the future. The cabin floor was thickly strewn with strange, iron-clasped folios, and moldering instruments of science, and obsolete long-forgotten charts. His head was bowed down upon his hands, and he pored, with a fiery unquiet eye, over a paper which I took to be a commission, and which, at all events, bore the signature of a monarch. He muttered to himself, as did the first seaman whom I saw in the hold, some low peevish syllables of a foreign tongue, and although the speaker was close at my elbow, his voice seemed to reach my ears from the distance of a mile. * *

The ship and all in it are imbued with the spirit of Eld. The crew glide to and fro like the ghosts of buried centuries; their eyes have an eager and uneasy meaning; and when their figures fall athwart my path in the wild glare of the battle-lanterns, I feel as I have never felt before, although I have been all my life a dealer in antiquities, and have imbibed the shadows of fallen columns at Balbec, and Tadmor, and Persepolis, until my very soul has become a ruin. * * * *

When I look around me I feel ashamed of my former apprehensions. If I trembled at the blast which has hitherto attended us, shall I not stand aghast at a warring of wind and ocean, to convey any idea of which the words tornado and simoom are trivial and ineffective! All in the immediate vicinity of the ship is the blackness of eternal night, and a chaos of foamless water; but, about a league on either side of us, may be seen, indistinctly and at intervals, stupendous ramparts of ice, towering away into the desolate sky, and looking like the walls of the universe. * * *

As I imagined, the ship proves to be in a current; if that appellation can properly be given to a tide which, howling and shrieking by the white ice, thunders on to the southward with a velocity like the headlong dashing of a cataract. * * * * *

To conceive the horror of my sensations is, I presume, utterly impossible; yet a curiosity to penetrate the mysteries of these awful regions, predominates even over my despair, and will reconcile me to the most hideous aspect of death. It is evident that we are hurrying onwards to some exciting knowledge—some never-to-be-imparted secret, whose attainment is destruction. Perhaps this current leads us to the southern pole itself. It must be confessed that a supposition apparently so wild has every probability in its favor. * * * *

The crew pace the deck with unquiet and tremulous step; but there is upon their countenances an expression more of the eagerness of hope than of the apathy of despair.

In the meantime the wind is still in our poop, and, as we carry a crowd of canvass, the ship is at times lifted bodily from out the sea———Oh, horror upon horror! the ice opens suddenly to the right, and to the left, and we are whirling dizzily, in immense concentric circles, round and round the borders of a gigantic amphitheatre, the summit of whose walls is lost in the darkness and the distance. But little time will be left me to ponder upon my destiny—the circles rapidly grow small—we are plunging madly within the grasp of the whirlpool—and amid a roaring, and bellowing, and thundering of ocean and of tempest, the ship is quivering, oh God! and—going down.

EDGAR A. POE.

Stanzas.

Oh! lay not her loveliness under the sod,
When life's silver chord shall have parted;
The frame of the lute when the music's with God—
The gentle girl now broken-hearted!

Would ye that the worms of the valley should prey
On the lips once like roses above her?
Or rather the Fire King waft her away,
Forever, in free air, to hover?

Then of amber and wood of the sandal-tree rear
All fragrant the funeral pyre:
For sure there is nothing of darksome or drear
In the shadowless Spirit of Fire!

Oh! beautiful he is, and hath not his peers
In the elements—he is their master!
To him give her blighted bloom dew'd with our tears,
And he, though he burn, will not blast her!

She shall scorch, like the lily she looks, in his breath;
But paly, and pure, and perfuming,
His arms shall her beauty unblemished enwreath,
And even refine whilst consuming.

Ye will find that, when clouds which conceal her unfold,
She hath fled in her rich robes of burning!
But glean from the smouldering pile and when cold
Give the ashes a splendid inurning!

And oft as the evening star chastens the blush
Of sunset that brightens beneath her,
Ye will deem it her heart, which its soft fires flush,
That palpitates in the pure ether!

WILLIAM GIBSON, U. S. N.

The Duc De L'Omelette.

And stepped at once into a cooler clime.—*Cowper.*

KEATS fell by a criticism. Who was it died of "*The Andromache?*"* Ignoble souls!—De L'Omelette perished of an ortolan. *L'histoire en est brève.* Assist me, Spirit of Apicius!

A golden cage bore the little winged wanderer, enamored, melting, indolent, to the *Chaussée D'Antin*, from its home in far Peru. From its queenly possessor La Bel-

* Monsieur. The author of the *Parnasse Réformé* makes him thus speak in Hades:—"*L'homme dont qui voudrait savoir ce dont Je suis mort, qu'il ne demande pas s'il fût de fievre ou de podagre ou d'autre chose, mais qu'il entende que ce fut de 'L'Andromache.'*"

lissima, to the Duc De L'Omelette, six peers of the empire conveyed the happy bird.

That night the Duc was to sup alone. In the privacy of his bureau he reclined languidly on that ottoman, for which he sacrificed his loyalty in outbidding his king,—the notorious ottoman of Cadét.

He buries his face in the pillow. The clock strikes! Unable to restrain his feelings, his Grace swallows an olive. At this moment the door gently opens to the sound of soft music, and lo! the most delicate of birds is before the most enamored of men! But what inexpressible dismay now overshadows the countenance of the Duc!——"*Horreur!—chien!—Baptiste!—l'oiseau! ah, bon Dieu! cet oiseau modeste que tu as deshabillé de ses plumes, et que tu as servi sans papier!*" It is superfluous to say more:—the Duc expired in a paroxysm of disgust. * * * * *

"Ha! ha! ha!", said his Grace on the third day after his decease.

"He! he! he!", replied the Devil faintly, drawing himself up with an air of *hauteur*.

"Why, surely you are not serious," retorted De L'Omelette. "I have sinned—*c'est vrai*—but, my good sir, consider!—you have no actual intention of putting such—such—barbarous threats into execution."

"*No what?*" said his majesty—"come, sir, strip!"

"Strip, indeed!—very pretty i' faith!—no, sir, I shall *not* strip. Who are you, pray, that I, Duc De L'Omelette, Prince de Foie-Gras, just come of age, author of the 'Mazurkiad,' and Member of the Academy, should divest myself at your bidding of the sweetest pantaloons ever made by Bourdon, the daintiest *robe-de-chambre* ever put together by Rombért—to say nothing of the taking my hair out of paper—not to mention the trouble I should have in drawing off my gloves?"

"Who am I?—ah, true! I am Baal-Zebub, Prince of the Fly. I took thee, just now, from a rose-wood coffin inlaid with ivory. Thou wast curiously scented, and labelled as per invoice. Belial sent thee,—my Inspector of Cemeteries. The pantaloons, which thou sayest were made by Bourdon, are an excellent pair of linen drawers, and thy *robe-de-chambre* is a shroud of no scanty dimensions."

"Sir!" replied the Duc, "I am not to be insulted with impunity!—Sir! I shall take the earliest opportunity of avenging this insult!—Sir! you shall hear from me! In the meantime *au revoir!*"—and the Duc was bowing himself out of the Satanic presence, when he was interrupted and brought back by a gentleman in waiting.—Hereupon his Grace rubbed his eyes, yawned, shrugged his shoulders, reflected. Having become satisfied of his identity, he took a bird's eye view of his whereabouts.

The apartment was superb. Even De L'Omelette pronounced it *bien comme il faut*. It was not its length nor its breadth,—but its height—ah, that was appalling!—There was no ceiling—certainly none—but a dense whirling mass of fiery-colored clouds. His Grace's brain reeled as he glanced upwards. From above, hung a chain of an unknown blood-red metal—its upper end lost, like the city of Boston, *parmi les nues*. From its nether extremity swung a large cresset. The Duc knew it to be a ruby; but from it there poured a light so intense, so still, so terrible, Persia never worshipped such—Gheber never imagined such—Mussulman never dreamed of such when, drugged with opium, he has tottered to a bed of poppies, his back to the flowers, and his face to the God Apollo. The Duc muttered a slight oath, decidedly approbatory.

The corners of the room were rounded into niches.—Three of these were filled with statues of gigantic proportions. Their beauty was Grecian, their deformity Egyptian, their *tout ensemble* French. In the fourth niche the statue was veiled; it was *not* colossal. But then there was a taper ankle, a sandalled foot. De L'Omelette pressed his hand upon his heart, closed his eyes, raised them, and caught his Satanic Majesty—in a blush.

But the paintings!—Kupris! Astarte! Astoreth!—a thousand and the same! And Rafaelle has beheld them! Yes, Rafaelle has been here; for did he not paint the——? and was he not consequently damned? The paintings!—the paintings! O luxury! O love!—who, gazing on those forbidden beauties, shall have eyes for the dainty devices of the golden frames that besprinkle, like stars, the hyacinth and the porphyry walls?

But the Duc's heart is fainting within him. He is not, however, as you suppose, dizzy with magnificence, nor drunk with the ecstatic breath of those innumerable censers. *C'est vrai que de toutes ces choses il a pensé beaucoup—mais!* The Duc De L'Omelette is terror-stricken; for, through the lurid vista which a single uncurtained window is affording, lo! gleams the most ghastly of all fires!

Le pauvre Duc! He could not help imagining that the glorious, the voluptuous, the never-dying melodies which pervaded that hall, as they passed filtered and transmuted through the alchemy of the enchanted window-panes, were the wailings and the howlings of the hopeless and the damned! And there, too!—there!—upon that ottoman!—who could *he* be?—he, the *petit-maitre*—no, the Deity—who sat as if carved in marble, *et qui sourit*, with his pale countenance, *si amérement?*

Mais il faut agir,—that is to say, a Frenchman never faints outright. Besides, his Grace hated a scene—De L'Omelette is himself again. There were some foils upon a table—some points also. The Duc had studied under B——; *il avait tué ses six hommes*. Now, then, *il peut s'échapper*. He measures two points, and, with a grace inimitable, offers his majesty the choice. *Horreur!* his Majesty does not fence!

Mais il joue!—how happy a thought!—but his Grace had always an excellent memory. He had dipped in the "*Diable*" of the Abbé Gualtier. Therein it is said "*que le Diable n'ose pas refuser un jeu d'écarté.*"

But the chances—the chances! True—desperate: but scarcely more desperate than the Duc. Besides, was he not in the secret?—had he not skimmed over Père Le Brun?—was he not a member of the Club Vingt-un?—"*Si je perds*," said he, "*je serai deux fois perdu*—I shall be doubly damned—*voila tout!* (Here his Grace shrugged his shoulders) *Si je gagne, je reviendrai à mes ortolans—que les cartes soient préparées!*"

His Grace was all care, all attention—his Majesty all confidence. A spectator would have thought of Francis and Charles. His Grace thought of his game. His Majesty did not think; he shuffled. The Duc cut.

The cards are dealt. The trump is turned—it is—it is—the king! No—it was the queen. His Majesty cursed her masculine habiliments. De L'Omelette placed his hand upon his heart.

They play. The Duc counts. The hand is out. His Majesty counts heavily, smiles, and is taking wine. The Duc slips a card.

"*C'est à vous à faire*," said his Majesty, cutting. His Grace bowed, dealt, and arose from the table *en presentant le Roi*.

His Majesty looked chagrined.

Had Alexander not been Alexander, he would have been Diogenes; and the Duc assured his antagonist in taking leave, "*que s'il n'eût pas été De L'Omelette il n'aurait point d'objection d'être le Diable.*"

LITTLETON BARRY.

To Constance.

Forgive me, Lady, if I bring to bear
Upon my case, a fable of old times;
Since Poesie did ne'er such beauty wear
As in the breathing of those antique rhymes.
Love was Ideal then, and Fancy dress'd,
Some mortal form in attributes divine;
She was the Deity all men confessed,
And bowed down soul and reason at her shrine.
Where shall we find such passion now? ah! where?
Are not those vain, though sweet, delusive lays?
Love and Romance grow strangers year by year,
'Till rare their meeting in these *actual* days.
But sometimes there is found amidst the throng
A being aged in care, with heart still young,
Who still finds truth in the wild dreamer's song,
Like ivy, clinging, where in youth he clung.
These are but few, yet rarer still we find
The God-like cause, that makes such thoughts to be;
I might have liged and perished cold and blind
To all such bliss, had it not been for thee.

FABLE.

"Thou art, like me, but common earth—then why
Shouldst thou so rich in rarest odors be?"
This was the modest and the wise reply:—
"*I nursed the Rose—its sweetness lives with me!*"
So I, who am but common clay, have caught
From thy bright Presence some of its pure light;
As great a change is in my being wrought,
As brings the sun to the down-winged night.
I am of thee poor counterfeit, alas!
Grafting thy virtues on a worthless tree;
Yet from my heart their glory shall not pass,
But hallow, like the Rose, their sanctuary. W.

The Falling Star.

It was deep midnight, and no moon shone, but the thousand stars of heaven looked down upon the sleeping earth, and kept their watch for her. A fair girl knelt by the bed of the dying minstrel—she was his sister. She had tended him for many days with an untiring love—she would not that an alien eye should catch his latest look, or menial hand minister to his latest earthly want. For many hours she had not left his side, but kneeling there, with one hand clasped in her upraised hands, she gazed alternately from him to the vast heaven, searching its inmost depths with an untiring ken, as if she would tear from out its mystic heart the secret of a fate so interwoven with hers. But no sign came, and she turned and wept. Oh! the deep agony of that young heart! It was an unalloyed sorrow, which admitted of no earthly consolation. They were alone—these two young hearts—and other tie had none. All they had loved were in the grave, and they awoke one day as from a trance, and looked around and cried out for a friend, but they found none, and from that day they were one heart. They were both beautiful, and genius had been their heritage, and grew alike in both, only that hers was much less bold than his, for that it had received its tone from her sweet gentleness, mixed with deep reverence for his more reasoning mind—as the gazer on water sees some bright star reflected on its bosom, and sees they are alike, save that the image is more shadowy, which is but caused by the properties of that in which it shows. So wrapt were they in each other, that the outer world had no charm for them, saving its humanities; the follies of fashion and the frivolities of life were unknown to them. They had drawn around them a magic circle, in which nought save what was bright and beautiful dare enter. Day after day did they gather wisdom from the pages of the mighty dead, and as the old world opened to their ardent minds, the present faded as a dream. They loved to dwell upon some tale of rare affection, of deep devotion, or self-immolation at the shrine of duty—instances of which the Past has in perfection, gilded perhaps by the romance a lapse of time never fails to bestow, but still unaffectedly human. And when they rose from their labor of love, they felt the deep effect which lessons of exalted virtue ever impress on reflecting minds. They impart a dignity to life which is unobserved in the every-day world, and link the heart to its kind by the noblest sentiments that nature can evince. They were the Philanthropists of the closet, unbounded in their sympathy, but from their sensibility and refinement, all unfit to mingle with the coarser spirits of the world. What excited their benevolence in a mass would most probably cause disgust in the individual, and they would turn away heart-sick to find the world not what they thought it. They would mourn for the suffering million, but the leprous wretch in the filthy hovel would be a loathed and hideous object in their eyes. Such is the difference between the theoretical and the practical Christian—the one refines and gives out Utopian theories to the world, which never are adopted, benefitting no one, though not the less noble in their aim, —the other seeks out Misery in its home, and bars out hungering Famine from the starving wretch; and though the means of assistance may be small, the never-failing font of Sympathy skins over the wounds it cannot radically heal. They saw that the world was beautiful, and were content to breathe the odor of its flowers, without distilling the poison from their hearts. They were dreamers, and had they been separate, such feelings would have craved the sympathy of some kindred heart, and they might have loved; but they were all in all to each other; their feelings were so knit, so interwoven, that the approach of any other sentiment seemed to threaten a disruption of the tie, and they sensitively and gladly shrank back into the gentle and unreserved commune of their own pure thoughts. They were orphans, and friendless,—they were alone, and loving! And now the sister knelt by the side of her dying brother! That was her grief;—for him her tears flowed fast, and the visible silence was broken by deep and fervent prayers. But the fever raged with unabated violence,—he muttered wild words, which conjured up the vision of a thousand happy hours, and caused a fresh burst of grief from the spirit-broken girl. The malady was evidently approaching its crisis; every moment the stillness became more awful. She longed to call for some one to share her watch, yet could not for a moment tear herself from the couch. He had breathed hardly until now, but now she missed the sound—it had sunk to a child's breathing—and faint and frequent throbbed the pulses at his heart:—the eye which had been glaring and restless became fixed;—she longed to scream, but the voice seemed frozen at her heart. More feebly still he breathed; an expres-

sion of agony was on his brow; his hand relaxed its grasp, and with one deep sigh his features faded into a quiet smile; his spirit seemed to have left its earthly home! Throwing her despairing eyes to heaven, she shrieked, "Oh, God, have mercy!"—*And a bright star fell!*

But he recovered, and a week hence was seated on a couch, with that fair girl nestling at his feet. * * * * * * * * * * * * I "have been a grievous trouble to thee, Marian! Thine eye is as bright, thy smile as sweet, but thy cheek is pale, and thy hands have shrunk to thinness. And I fear that in my sadness, I may have spoken harsh words to thee, or have been wilful and fretful, or wishful and exacting: but now I crave your pardon, dearest, and throw myself upon your love for your forgiveness." "Hush! hush!" said Marian, as she placed her hand upon his mouth—"dear Ernest, most wrongfully do you accuse yourself;—both gentle and patient were you during all your sufferings; no murmur fell from your lips; no repining—no impatience—and every office I performed for you was more than repaid by the look of love and thankfulness with which it was received." "But—" "Nay, hear me. If I have lost the ruddiness of health from off my cheek and its fullness from my form, it was not caused by watching and waiting upon your couch, but by the ever present fear that you might be taken from me. It tortured me through the day, and affrighted me in the night. I could not fly from the thought. I read it in the setting sun—in the flickering taper—and as the stars came out, and faded as the night wore on, each seemed to bear upon it a ray of mystic recognition of your embodied spirit." "I have but faint remembrance of the past. I know the days—though cheered by sight of you—seemed endless." "'Twas strange, too, Earnest: throughout the day you would appear strangely unsettled; a feverish restlessness seemed to pervade your frame; but as the night came on this was superseded by a calmness, trance-like, nay, almost deathly, that made my blood stagnate in every vein—at those times, with a a philosophy which failed me utterly in the day, I would speculate upon the possibility of your death—and all at once I seemed to cease to be a being of the earth—the mystic line was spoken, and my mind was cognizant of the immaterial elements. Countless bright shapes peopled the circumambient air—if shapes they could be called that were without a form or substance. I was in the heart of Nature, and I saw how the progress of decay was but a preface to another birth—a state of being in which soul was *all*—I was conscious of an elevation of mind, an expansion of intellect, which rendered the deep-sought, stored-up knowledge of a thousand generations of men, but as a grain of sand to the earth's gross bulk—and I saw that those of earth who approached nearest to the imagination of a state of being which in truth surpasses all that the powers of imagination can conjure up, were those who in the earnestness of a beneficent nature sought out the Humanities from Wisdom's page, and blending both, saw nature through the heart and mind—neither with the misjudging warmth of the enthusiast, nor the fact-deducing coldness of the philosopher—but offering at her shrine the uttermost attainable refinement of intellect, warmed by the Spirit of angelic Love! I saw through the world, man yearning unceasingly to rise, the soul warring with its human-being clay, and striving ever to sever from it—the pale student in his midnight study, burying the recollection of the miseries of the by-gone day, forgetting the want of friends, the cold repulse, the unappreciation, the want of sympathy, the hungering morrow, in his absorbing love of the truth—the haughty statesman retiring from the admiring crowd, and seeking consolation in seclusion from those aspiring but baseless hopes that sought to raise the herd from its desperate besotted state,—repaid by revilement, scorn, and disbelief, by that very class he sought to benefit;—and, seeking in that solitude deep commune with his own heart, he sought to work out, from the philosophy of the past and the sad experience of the present, a state of mind in which the DESIRE of dispensing happiness should be of itself sufficient compensation apart and independent of the reception of the benefit by the object of it. Thus deeply pondering and in secret, the quiet came upon his soul and he became of us. I cannot describe to you the nameless feeling that possessed me at those times—there was a consciousness of existence, without its cares; of knowledge without the blindness of prejudice which ever accompanies our earthly wisdom. I felt that I was apart from the world, yet of it; for that sympathy which pervades all nature, which binds heart to heart, and is the medium through which human sensations and affections are felt alike and conveyed throughout the universe now and forever, was acting upon my spirit with a mighty force; my nature was etherealized, and I was in an impalpable though sentient link of that wondrous harmonizer of creation, Sympathy or Love! And you were there, my brother;—our spirits met in that bright star with which we have so oft imagined that our fates were inseparably connected."

"Stay, Marian, dearest, thou dost remember me, that as I lay upon my bed of sickness, I had a dream of a most terrible and strange import. I know that for days I lay unconscious of all, save of an intolerable and raging fever, that seemed to dry up all moisture in my blood and brain. I seemed to breathe hot air, which, in its passage, dried up my tongue, and parched and cracked my livid lips. Day and night revolved, but Time seemed to have stayed its course. Each day, as it broke, brought with it an increasing but nameless terror, which, ever and anon, like unto ice-strings made each trembling nerve; and, though the fury of a thousand fires leaped through each vein, *my heart felt chill*. On that night which caused thee so much terror, this harassing feeling was upon me, and grappled me with a giant's hand; nor could I fortify myself against it, for my mind seemed to have lost the power of connecting ideas of any kind;—all was vagueness and dread. As the night wore on, the increasing stillness added a new terror to my mind. Methought I lay chained and immovable in the midst of a vast sandy plain, over which the hot sun was vertical—throughout the day, from morn till night, he poured his fierce beams upon my seething skin, until I felt it crack and gape like the parched earth; and when the sun had set, the moon's rays and the beams of the golden stars seemed to have fire that scorched my brain to madness. There was no rest for me, night nor day—my fevered tongue could not give out my agony. And I was alone in my suffering—when suddenly a mighty form approached. It was of a grave but beautiful aspect—and on its brow there was a calm that chilled at once my burning blood. It seemed as if it had never known a youth, nor could know age—it was not the calm of thought, nor the passiveness of overwhelming grief, but I felt at once that it was the cold, eternal calm of Death. Nearer it came on, and my soul recoiled at its approach. Nearer, still near-

er—it had gained my feet, when in a moment the cells of memory gave up their treasured store. Father, mother, friends came flocking around me—our happy home and childish sports; each happy hour, that in its passage bore a pleasant thought; snatches of old wild melodies, and all the thousand things that endeared and made a joy of life, rushed forth to keep the dreaded terror off,—but in vain! It paused not in its career—it raised its hands above me—a cold sweat stood upon my brow—I strove to speak, but no sound came forth—and struggled to arise, but the mighty spell withheld me, and I was sinking fast. Slowly the withering hand descended towards my heart, —already did I feel its grasp stilling the pulse of life,— my soul paused, wavering, ere it took its flight, when on the still night air the deep and fervent prayers of thy innocent heart arose, and from the orbed heaven rushed forth a radiant form, and stood between me and my dreaded foe"—

"My brother! *I saw that star fall!*"

HENRY C. WATSON.

Critical Notices.

The Broken Vow and Other Poems. By Amanda M. Edmond. *Boston: Gould, Kendall & Lincoln.*

An octavo of more than 320 pages, beautifully printed on fine paper, "embellished" with six expensive steel engravings (including a portrait of the authoress,) and showily as well as substantially bound.

The name—Amanda M. Edmond—is quite unknown to us: although if we may judge from the number of poems contained in the volume (110) the fair poetess must have been for several years before the public. Perhaps, however, she may have employed a *nom-de-plume*, or written altogether anonymously. We do not remember having before seen any one poem of the collection. They are by no means impressive. The subjects, generally, are such as find favor in boarding-schools. Many of the pieces are on abolition topics. Some of them, from their character, have no right to the title of poem, and should not have been included in the volume: we refer to such things as "Washing-Day" and "*Illi cui Carmina applicent*"—mere doggrel. In the minor merits Miss Edmond is not particularly deficient. Her English, her versification, and her imagery, are at least respectable—but in the *virtues* of the Muse—in the loftier and distinctive attributes, we are pained to say that she is totally wanting. We look in vain throughout her volume for one spark of poetic fire. In justice, we cull what we consider the best specimen of her powers:

THE MOON.

Beautiful moon! oh, how I love to hail
Thy glorious coming in the eastern sky,
When starry gems along thy pathway lie,
Trembling and turning in thy presence pale;
Brightest adorner of Night's pensive brow,
Fairest of all her radiant jewels, thou!
Wreathing with light the fleecy cloud that veils
With its thin mantle, for a little space,
The full-orbed lustre of thy beaming face—
Casting thy splendor on the sleeping dales,
Fields, woods and waters that beneath thee rest,
With Night's dark shadows on thy peaceful breast—
Oh, I do love thee! but the most, sweet moon,
In the still hour of midnight's sacred noon;
Calm then are spirits that with day have striven,
And Earth's repose seems kin to that of Heaven!

We have said that the English of Miss Edmond is generally respectable; but in the very first sentence of the Preface there is an ambiguity which, in a second edition, should be cleared up. "A poetical contribution" says the poetess, "offered to the public, presupposes in the author the existence of the true spirit of song." Now a poetical contribution, so offered, presupposes in the author only about the ten thousandth part of what Miss Edmond (no doubt through mere grammatical inadvertence) has maintained it to presuppose. The "poetical contribution" presupposes in the author *not* the existence but the *conviction* of the existence, of "the true spirit of song"—and here there is about the same difference as between Peter Schlemil and his Shadow.

Oracles from the Poets: A Fanciful Diversion for the Drawing-Room. By Caroline Gilman. *New-York: Wiley & Putnam.*

This is the *third* edition of a book which has been exceedingly popular, and justly so. Nothing could be better adapted for the amusement of an evening party.—The game is composed of fourteen questions with sixty answers each, numbered. The Oracle, for example, demands of a gentleman—"What is the personal appearance of her who loves you?" The gentleman answers with any number from 1 to 60—say 20. Turning to 20, the oracle reads as follows, from Washington Allston:

Every thought and feeling throw
Their shadows o'er her face,
And so are every thought and feeling joined,
'Twere hard to answer whether thought or mind
Of either were the native place.

The volume is beautifully printed and bound, and forms a most appropriate present.

Wiley & Putnam's Library of Choice Reading. No. XXV. Table-Talk. By William Hazlitt. *Second Series Part I.*

Of the *first* series of the Table-Talk we spoke so fully in a previous number, that it will be needless to say anything of the second—which is, of course, a continuation. In lieu of any comments from ourselves, therefore, we make a quotation of some length, on a topic of deep interest treated as only Hazlitt could treat it:

Capacity is not the same thing as genius. Capacity may be described to relate to the quantity of knowledge, however acquired; genius to its quality and the mode of acquiring it. Capacity is a power *over* given ideas or combinations of ideas; genius is the power over those which are not given, and for which no obvious or precise rule can be laid down. Or capacity is power of any sort: genius is power of a different sort from what has yet been shown. A retentive memory, a clear understanding is capacity, but it is not genius. The admirable Crichton was a person of prodigious capacity; but there is no proof (that I know of) that he had an atom of genius. His verses that remain are dull and sterile. He could learn all that was known or any subject; he could do anything if others could show him the way to do it. This was very wonderful; but that is all you can say of it. It requires a good capacity to play well at chess; but after all, it is a game of skill, and not of genius. Know what you will of it, the understanding still moves in certain tracks in which others have trod before it, quicker or slower, with more or less comprehension and presence of mind. The greatest skill strikes out nothing for itself, from its own peculiar resources; the nature of the game is a thing determinate and fixed; there is no royal or poetical road to checkmate your adversary. There is no place for genius but in the indefinite and unknown. The discovery of the binomial theorem was an effort of genius: but there was none shown in Jedediah Buxton's being able to multiply 9 figures by 9 in his head. If he could have multiplied 90 figures by 90 instead of nine, it would

have been equally useless toil and trouble.* He is a man of capacity who possesses considerable intellectual riches: he is a man of genius who finds out a vein of new ore. Originality is the seeing nature different from all others, and yet as it is in itself. It is not singularity or affectation, but the discovery of new and valuable truth. All the world do not see the whole meaning of any object they have been looking at. Habit blinds them to some things; short-sightedness to others. Every mind is not a gauge and measure of truth. Nature has her surface and her dark recesses. She is deep, obscure, and infinite. It is only minds on whom she makes her fullest impressions that can penetrate her shrine or unveil her *Holy of Holies*. It is only those whom she has filled with her spirit that have the boldness or the power to reveal her mysteries to others. But nature has a thousand aspects, and one man can only draw out one of them. Whoever does this, is a man of genius. One displays her force, another her refinement, one her power of harmony, another her suddenness of contrast, one her beauty of form, another her splendor of color. Each does that for which he is best fitted by his particular genius, that is to say, by some quality of mind into which the quality of the object sinks deepest, where it finds the most cordial welcome, is perceived to its utmost extent, and where again it forces its way out from the fulness with which it has taken possession of the mind of the student. The imagination gives out what it has first absorbed by congeniality of temperament, what it has attracted and moulded into itself by elective affinity, as the loadstone draws and impregnates iron. A little originality is more esteemed and sought for than the greatest acquired talent, because it throws a new light upon things, and is peculiar to the individual. The other is common; and may be had for the asking, to any amount.

The value of any work is to be judged of by the quantity of originality contained in it. A very little of this will go a great way. If Goldsmith had never written anything but the two or three first chapters of the Vicar of Wakefield, or the character of a Village Schoolmaster, they would have stamped him a man of genius. The Editors of Encyclopedias are not usually reckoned the first literary characters of the age. The works, of which they have the management, contain a great deal of knowledge, like chests or warehouses, but the goods are not their own. We should as soon think of admiring the shelves of a library; but the shelves of a library are both useful and respectable. I was once applied to in a delicate emergency, to write an article on a difficult subject for an Encyclopedia, and was advised to take time and give it a systematic and scientific form, to avail myself of all the knowledge that was to be obtained on the subject, and arrange it with clearness and method. I made answer that as to the first, I had taken time to do all that I ever pretended to do, as I had thought incessantly on different matters for twenty years of my life;† that I had no particular knowledge of the subject in question, and no head for arrangement; and that the utmost I could do in such a case would be, when a systematic and scientific article was prepared, to write marginal notes upon it, to insert a remark or illustration of my own (not to be found in former Encyclopedias) or to suggest a better definition than had been offered in the text. There are two sorts of writing. The first is compilation; and consists in collecting and stating all that is already known of any question in the best possible manner, for the benefit of the uninformed reader. An author of this class is a very learned amanuensis of other people's thoughts. The second sort proceeds on an entirely different principle. Instead of bringing down the account of knowledge to the point at which it has already arrived, it professes to start from that point on the strength of the writer's individual reflections; and supposing the reader in possession of what is already known, supplies deficiencies, fills up certain blanks, and quits the beaten road in search of new tracts of observation or sources of feeling. It is in vain to object to this last style that it is disjointed, disproportioned, and irregular. It is merely a set of additions and corrections to other men's works, or to the common stock of human knowledge, printed separately. You might as well expect reasoning in the notes to a book. It skips all the trite, intermediate, level common-places of the subject, and only stops at the difficult passages of the human mind, or touches on some striking point that has been overlooked in previous editions. A view of a subject, to be connected and regular, cannot be all new. A writer will always be liable to be charged either with paradox or common-place, either with dulness or affectation. But we have no right to demand from any one more than he pretends to. There is indeed a medium in all things, but to unite opposite excellences is a task ordinarily too hard for mortality. The man who succeeds in what he aims at, or who takes the lead in any one mode or path of excellence, may think himself very well off. It would not be fair to complain of the style of an Encyclopedia as dull, as wanting volatile salt; nor of the style of an Essay because it is too light and sparkling, because it is not a *caput mortuum*. So it is rather an odd objection to a work that it is made up entirely of "brilliant passages"—at least it is a fault that can be found with few works, and the book might be pardoned for its singularity. The censure might indeed seem like adroit flattery, if it were not passed on an author whom any objection is sufficient to render unpopular and ridiculous. I grant it is best to unite solidity with show, general information with particular ingenuity. This is the pattern of a perfect style; but I myself do not pretend to be a perfect writer. In fine, we do not banish light French wines from our tables, or refuse to taste sparkling Champagne when we can get it, because it has not the body of Old Port. Besides, I do not know that dulness is strength, or that an observation is slight, because it is striking. Mediocrity, insipidity, want of character, is the great fault. *Mediocribus esse poetis non Dii, non homines, non concessêre columnæ.* Neither is this privilege allowed to prose-writers in our time, any more than to poets formerly.

It is not then acuteness of organs or extent of capacity that constitutes rare genius, or produces the most exquisite models of art, but an intense sympathy with some one beauty or distinguished characteristic in nature. Irritability alone, or the interest taken in certain things, may supply the place of genius in weak and otherwise ordinary minds. As there are certain instruments fitted to perform certain kinds of labor, there are certain minds so framed as to produce certain *chêf-d'œuvres* in art and literature, which is surely the best use they can be put to. If a man had all sorts of instruments in his shop, and wanted one, he would rather have that one than be supplied with a double set of all the others. If he had them all twice over, he could only do what he can do as it is, whereas without that one perhaps he cannot finish any one work he has in hand. So if a man can do one thing better than any body else, the value of this one thing is what he must stand or fall by, and his being able to do a hundred other things merely *as well* as any body else, would not alter the sentence or add to his respectability; on the contrary, his being able to do so many other things well would probably interfere with and encumber him in the execution of the only thing that others cannot do as well as he, and so far be a drawback and a disadvantage. More people in fact fail from a multiplicity of talents and pretensions, than from an absolute poverty of resources. I have given instances of this elsewhere. Perhaps Shakspeare's tragedies would in some respects have been better, if he had never written comedies at all; and in that case his comedies might well have been spared, though they might have cost us some regret. Racine, it is said, might have rivalled Molière in comedy; but he gave up the cultivation of his comic talents to devote himself wholly to the tragic Muse.—

*The only good thing I ever heard come of this singular man's faculty of memory was the following. A gentleman was mentioning his having been sent up to London from where he lived to see Garrick act. When he went back into the country, he was asked what he thought of the player and the play. "Oh!" he said, "he did not know; he had only seen a little man strut about the stage, and repeat 7956 words." We all laughed at this, but a person in one corner of the room, holding one hand to his forehead, and seemingly mightily delighted, called out, "Ay, indeed! And pray, was he found to be correct?" This was the supererogation of literal matter-of-fact curiosity. Jedediah Buxton's counting the number of words was idle enough; but here was a fellow who wanted some one to count them over again to see that he was correct.

"The force of *dulness* could no farther go!"

†Sir Joshua Reynolds being asked how long it had taken him to do a certain picture, made answer, "All his life."

If, as the French tell us, he in consequence attained to the perfection of tragic composition, this was better than writing comedies as well as Molière and tragedies as well as Crebillon. Yet I count those persons fools, who think it a pity that Hogarth did not succeed better in serious subjects. The division of labor is an excellent principle in taste as well as mechanics. Without this, I find by Adam Smith, we could not have a pin made to the degree of perfection it is. We do not, on any rational scheme of criticism, inquire into the variety of a man's excellences, or the number of his works, or his facility of production. Venice Preserved is sufficient for Otway's fame. I hate all those nonsensical stories about Lopez de Vega, and his writing a play in the morning before breakfast. He had time enough to do it after. If a man leaves behind him any work which is a model in its kind, we have no right to ask whether he could do any thing else, or how he did it, or how long he was about it. All that talent which is not necessary to the actual quantity of excellence existing in the world, loses its object, is so much waste talent, or *talent to let*. I heard a sensible man say, he should like to do some one thing better than all the rest of the world. Why should a man do more than his part? The rest is vanity and vexation of spirit. We look with jealous and grudging eye at all those qualifications which are not essential; first because they are superfluous, and next, because we suspect they will be prejudicial. Why does Mr. Kean play all those harlequin tricks of singing, dancing, fencing, &c.? They say, "It is for his benefit." It is not for his reputation. Garrick, indeed, shone equally as well in comedy and tragedy. But he was first, not second-rate in both. There is not a greater impertinence than to ask if a man is clever out of his profession. I have heard of people trying to cross examine Mrs. Siddons. I would as soon try to entrap one of the Elgin Marbles into an argument. Good nature and common sense are required from all people; but one proud distinction is enough for any one individual to possess or to aspire to!

Of course we admire all this—it is pointedly *put*—but we *assent* to only about one half of it.

History of the War in France and Belgium, in 1815; Containing Minute Details of Quatre-Bras, Ligny, Wavre, and Waterloo. By Captain W. Siborne, *Secretary and Adjutant of the Royal Military Asylum; constructor of the "Waterloo Model" First American from the Second London edition. With Plans of the Battles and Maps. Philadelphia: Lea and Blanchard.*

A beautifully printed volume of nearly 650 pages. Captain Siborne, it is well understood, had access, through his staff appointment, as well as through private interest, to the most authentic sources of information, and his work was looked for with the greatest interest in England, as one that would settle a great many disputed points in reference to the Waterloo campaigns. Since the issue of the book, much has been said against it—but a very great deal more in its favor, and we are inclined to side with its supporters. An unmistakeable air of candor pervades every page, and the accuracy of detail seems to be self-demonstrated. The manner is exceedingly good.

Historical Sketch of the Second War between the United States of America and Great Britain, declared by Act of Congress, the 18th of June 1812, *and Concluded by Peace, the 15th of February* 1815. *By* Charles J. Ingersoll. *In Three Volumes. Vol. I. Embracing the Events of* 1812-13. *Philadelphia: Lea and Blanchard.*

A volume of more than 500 pages octavo. It is rather a series of vivid pictures on the subject of the late War, than an Historical *Sketch* of it. Force and novelty abound, and we are never permitted to doubt the honesty of the narration, but there is a slight tinge of the whimsical about the book which may operate, in the first instance, to prevent a very general appreciation of its merits—which are undoubtedly great. By way of exemplifying our meaning we quote a brief passage from an account of Timothy Pickering.

His reputation was that of a consistent upright man, who lived and died firm to the conviction he cherished; hard but honest. On a great field day debate in 1841, on the Loan Bill, when the House, in committee of the whole, gave six weeks to those speeches for politics capital at home and abroad, which are among the ways and means of free countries with a free press—much preferable to more serious combats—Mr. Pickering, in the course of his harangue, looking through his spectacles full in the chairman's face, said, with great emphasis, swinging his long arm aloft, that he stood on a rock. "I stand on a rock', said he "from which all democracy"—then raising his voice and repeating it—"not all democracy and *hell to boot*, can move me—the rock of integrity and truth."

"These things are more honored in the breach than in the observance"—by silence than by historical record. The passage, too, will afford some idea of Mr. Ingersoll's style which, like Mr. Pickering's character, is "hard but honest"—as well as (more definitely) of his mere English, which is loose and uncouth to a very reprehensible degree. Take, for instance, the first paragraph of the volume:

In this historical sketch I shall endeavor to submit the truth in an account of the contest between Great Britain and the United States of America, declared by Act of Congress, approved the 18th of June, 1812. It enacted that war was already declared to exist between the United Kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland, and the Dependencies thereof, and the U. S. of America and their territories; and that the President of the U. S. was thereby authorized to use the whole land and naval force of the U. S., to carry the same into effect, and to issue to private armed vessels of the U. S., commissions, or letters of marque and general reprisal, in such form as he should think proper, and under the seal of the U. S. against the vessels, goods and effects of the government of the said United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and the subjects thereof.

Here a "contest" is "declared." Whether the "thereby" in "thereby unauthorized" refers to the *territories*, the *war*, or the *act*, it is difficult to determine. "The same" is equally ambiguous as regards its reference, and it seems to be the "Seal of the U. S." which is set "against the vessels, goods and effects" of the British. The whole paragraph is awkward in the extreme.

But happily the value of the book does not depend upon trifles such as these. It gives a plain, discerning and evidently faithful view of the events of the war, and will be received with favor by all who are competent to decide upon the worth of an historical treatise.

Ollendorf's New Method of learning to read, write, and speak the German Language; to which is added a Systematic Outline of the Different Parts of Speech, their Inflection and Use, with full Paradigms and a Complete Table of the Irregular Verbs. By J. G. Adler, A. B. *New-York: D. Appleton & Co.*

The New Method of Ollendorf affords, unquestionably, the *best* means of studying the German. In no other grammar do we obtain so much information, so luminously given. His *great* merit is that he does not plunge *in medias res*, but begins at the beginning. He presupposes no knowledge on the part of the beginner. Other German grammarians take for granted, among other gratuities, an intimate cognizance of the English. The work before us is especially rich, too, in its system of idiomatic instruction—and in every respect is invaluable. We speak feelingly on this subject; for we have *felt* the

thousand difficulties and ambiguities of other grammars, which have been written by good Germanists, certainly, but, at the same time, by indifferent metaphysicians.—To instruct, demands a thorough metaphysical education.

We shall speak of this volume at length hereafter.—In the meantime we cordailly recommend it. It is admirably gotten up—printed with accuracy in large type, and neatly bound.

Norman's New-Orleans and Environs: Containing a Brief Historical Sketch of the Territory and State of Louisiana, and the City of New-Orleans, from the Earliest Period to the Present Time: Presenting a Complete Guide to all Subjects of General Interest in the Southern Metropolis, with a Correct and Improved Plan of the City, Pictorial Illustrations of Public Buildings, etc. etc. New-Orleans: B. B. Norman.

We give the full title to show the design of the work; which is all that it professes to be—and a little more.—A very excellent and satisfactory volume, of about 200 pages duodecimo, neatly bound. There is a fine steel frontispiece of New-Orleans. Mr. Norman proposes to issue, on the first of next month, a map of the city to accompany the book now published.

The Prince and the Pedler. A Novel. By Miss Ellen Pickering, *Author of "Nan Darrell," etc. New-York: E. Ferrett, & Co.*

Miss Pickering has written some of the most praiseworthy and popular novels of the day; and "The Prince and the Pedler is one of her best.

The Modern Standard Drama. Edited by Epes Sargent, *New York: William Taylor, No. 2 Astor-House.*

All play-goers and play-readers should be careful to take this series, as it is issued. It is an exceedingly neat and accurate one. We have seen nothing of the kind so good. The plays already published are *Ion, Fazio, The Lady of Lyons, Richelieu, The Wife,* and *The Honeymoon*—the latter to be out this day, (Saturday). The editor's well-known taste, especially in dramatic matters, should answer for the fidelity and for the success of his labors.

Pictorial History of the World. By John Frost, L. L. D.. *Philadelphia: Walker & Gillis. New-York: William H. Graham.*

No. 9 is issued. To be completed in 30 numbers, at 25 cents.

The Knickerbocker for October is unusually good, but we are too much pressed for space to do more, just now, than recommend to the especial attention of our readers the papet entitled "Who are our National Poets?"

The Westminster Review for September has been reprinted by Messrs. Leonard Scott & Co., and contains its usual amount of valuable matter:—among other things, a review of Humboldt's "Kosmos"—a review of "Sybil"—and a paper on "Shaksperian Criticism and Acting."

The Southern Lit. Messenger for October contains a very condemnatory and in our opinion a very just review of "Poems by William W. Lord."

The Democratic Review for October has a fine mezzotint of Cave Johnson, and one of the most exciting stories we ever read, "The Monomaniac," by Mrs. E. F. Ellet.

Wiley & Putnam's Library of American Books. No VI. Wanderings of a Pilgrim under the Shadow of Mount Blanc. By George B. Cheever, D. D.

History of France from the Earliest Period to the Present Time. By M. Michlet, *Professeur-suppléant à la Faculté des Lettres, etc. Translated by* G. H. Smith, F. G. S. *No. 5. New York: D Appleton & Co.*

A Cyclopedia of Several Thousand Practical Receipts, etc. By Arnold James Cooley. *No 5. New York: D. Appleton & Co.*

A Plea for Social and Popular Repose; Delivered before the Literary Societies of the University of the City of New York. By D. D. Barnard.

The Songs of our Land, and other Poems. By Mary E. Hewitt. *Boston: William D. Ticknor & Co. For sale by Langley.*

We have received these five last publications at too late a period to do more than announce them this week. To Mrs. Hewitt's beautiful book, in especial, we shall attend very particularly in our next.

The Fine Arts.

NATIONAL GALLERY AT THE ROTUNDA.—We proceed to picture No. seven, the second of the Series:—we might say the second page of the History. In this it is evident that society has already made great strides towards civilization. The hunter has long passed away, and the shepherd is making room for the husbandman.—The locality is nearly, but not quite the same, as in the last picture; we have still the "boulder" promontory in the distance, but we have shifted our ground, and have moved to the right, and further from the river. Before us stands a group of glorious trees—primeval giants of the forest—beneath whose mighty arms

> The ground was never trenched by spade,
> And flowers spring up unseen.

On the left rises a gentle hill, on which a ploughman is seen driving his share into the mellow earth, while in the middle distance on the bank of the river, stands an eminence crowned with a Druid's Temple. At the foot, on a rock, we see a growing little town. White sails are on the sea, an on the shore we see and antique vessel on the stocks. Everything gives indication of an active people, yet all are not busy with the ruder cares of life, for the refining arts—Music and Painting—have already dawned. Beneath the shade of the mighty trees, we see maidens wreathed with flowers, dancing gaily and gracefully to the shepherd's pipe, and on a huge stone (a rustic bridge) in the foreground, an embryo painter scrawls his first attempt at the pictorial art.—Near him his mother plies the busy spindle, while seated close at hand, an old man traces in the dust a geometrical figure, indicating the beginning of the abstruser sciences.

The contemplation of this charming production carries us back to our boyish dreams of rural felicity;—all is beauty and joy, and but for the presence of an armed man, passing through the ravine up to the front of the picture, we might suppose it an illustration of the Poet's "Golden Age."

The painter has chosen, with great propriety, the Druidical circle, as the rude temple of the earliest worshippers, while the volumes of smoke which issue from it in-

dicate that living victims heap the altars of a sanguinary God.

It were tedious to enumerate the thousand little objects which attract our attention, and the many delicate tints, of which words can convey no idea. As well might we attempt to give a description of the exquisite transitions of sound in a fine musical composition, as the delicate gradations of color from the full green of the foreground, to the faint blue haze of the distant landscape. We feel that it would be almost hypercritical to pick out faults in this composition, and yet the station we have assumed calls upon us to display our judgment, by *finding fault*, otherwise the public may conclude that we are no critics. Well, gentle readers, we will make an effort to gratify you, by wishing that the sheep in the middle ground were of an "improved breed," as they make the shepherd appear too tall. W.

To all lovers of the true and beautiful in art we recommend a visit to the Ivory Christ, brought from Italy by *C. Edwards Lester*, our Consul at Genoa, and now being exhibited in Broadway opposite the Park. This figure (it cannot properly be called a statue) is the work of an Italian Monk, an educated man, but with little knowledge of art. A deep enthusiasm—an overwhelming passion to do justice to the intellectual and physical character of the God-man, seems to have been in this case at once the instigation and the instruction. The material is the tusk of an antique elephant—a tusk of enormous size. Much of it had to be cut away on account of its carious condition, and yet the figure is 32 inches long, (we believe) and 8 inches broad through the shoulders:—all this solid—the arms are wrought from separate pieces.

The first point noticeable in this Christ is the *intellectuality* of its expression. All other representations of the Saviour make him merely benevolent, dignified, meek, self-sustained, and beautiful in feature. In this, mind—genius—predominates. The whole face is eminently intellectual.

The second thing to be observed is the absolute *truth* of the entire design. The figure depends from the cross *precisely* as the human form would depend under the circumstances. The moment chosen is that immediately succeeding death. We are made to fancy that the last sigh has just issued from his lips—on which is now fading a divine smile. We can see, nevertheless, that the death has been agonizing. The contraction of the muscles, more particularly about the calves, toes and lumbar regions, are absolute in the truth of their expression. In anatomy the whole figure is perfect. We doubt if a better model of the human frame is to be found anywhere. The work altogether is of a very high order of genius.

In our next we shall endeavor to do justice to the inimitable *Sortie du Bain*—De Kuyper's—now to be seen at the Society Library. We have no patience with those who decry it. P.

Musical Department.

Trinity Church Organ.—Having been favored, by the kindness of Richard Upjohn, Esq., the gifted architect of Trinity Church, with an elegant drawing of the front elevation of the new Organ which will shortly be erected in that noble edifice, we are enabled this week to afford a similar gratification to our readers, by presenting them with a fine engraving on steel of the same, executed by James Duthie.

In order to render this the more interesting and intelligible, we have procured from Dr. Edward Hodges, who first planned, and now has the oversight and superintendence of the construction of the interior of the ponderous instrument, the following particulars concerning its dimensions and intended contents.

Of the beautiful and appropriate *design* of the organ front and subjacent screen, harmonizing as it does with the imposing effect of the interior of the building, I need not say anything; the drawing will speak for itself. The whole is to be of oak, and much of it has already been executed in a most thoroughly substantial and workmanlike manner.

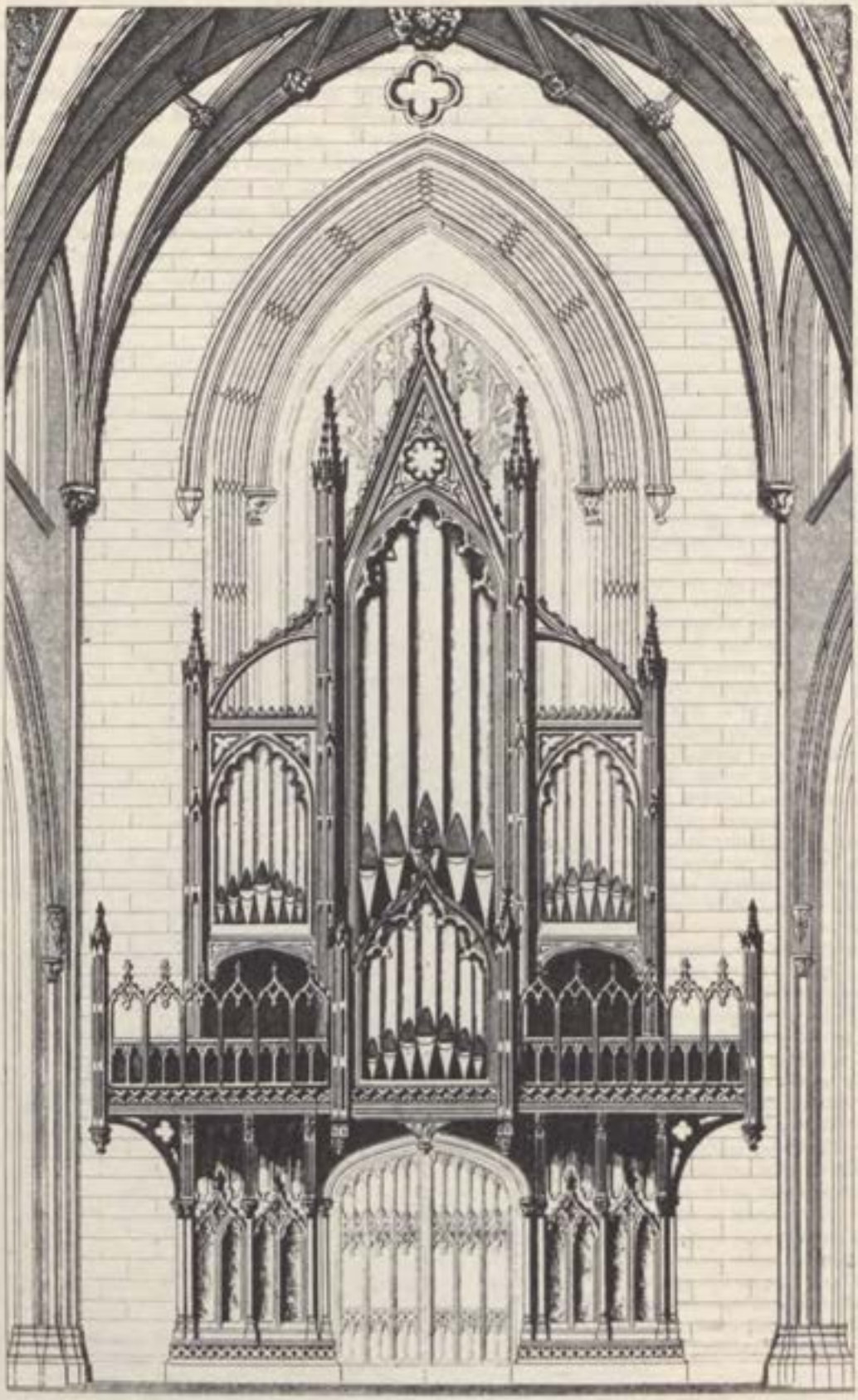
The height of the screen to the level of the *floor* of the organ loft is 14 feet 5 inches; above which the Organ will tower 38 feet farther; making a total elevation of nearly 53 feet.

The width of the organ front is 24 feet, but as the floor will be trussed out about 4 feet on each side as well as towards the nave, the width of the organ-loft will be 34 feet—thus affording abundant room for an effective *choir*, should it be finally resolved to place the choir at that (the wrong) end of the church. This gallery or organ-loft will be surrounded, on three sides, by lanticed work to a considerable altitude, as seen in the drawing.

The only way to give a just idea of the nature and extent of an Organ, is by stating its leading divisions (e.g. an Organ of two, three, or more ranks of keys,) enumerating the *stops*, and giving the magnitudes of the *largest* pipes connected with each department, to which all the rest are adjusted in a well known proportional order. Simply to state the number of stops and the number of pipes pertaining to each, can communicate no accurate or satisfactory information; for, as the magnitudes in descending the scale increase in *geometrical* progression, it may happen that a *dozen* pipes in one organ may require and occupy as much room as a *thousand* pipes in another, or in another part of the same instrument. We cannot estimate the power or effect of an organ, therefore, by the number of its pipes; any more than we could that of a ship of war merely by learning the number of guns she carries, without ascertaining whether they are four pounders or Paixhan sixty-fours. Suffice it then to add here, for the sake of those who have no technical acquaintance with the subject, that the lengths of the pipes intended for the Trinity organ vary from nearly *thirty feet* to something *less than an inch*, and the *diameters* from three feet to the size of a small goose-quill.

A custom has obtained amongst organists and organ-builders of naming the pipes and the notes which bear the denomination of the letter C in various octaves of the great scale, by the convenient designation of a round number of feet, not *precisely* accurate as to the actual admeasurement, but *near* the truth. Thus we speak of 2 feet C, of 4 feet C, &c. (each octave doubling the foregoing;) and when we come to the bottom, of 32 feet C, although, if the pipe be of larger diameter it may not exceed 28 or 29 feet. One cause of this has probably been the successive *changes of pitch*, to accommodate modern orchestral instruments; which changes, until a very recent period, were invariably towards the sharper or more acute limit of the scale of musical sounds. And, of course, organ-builders have been nothing loath to fall into the prevailing fashion in this respect, seeing that when the pitch had ascended but a single semitone (and it has been supposed to have varied thrice as much,) it lessened the magnitude, the weight, and the cost of any given instrument by at least as much as a twentieth part of the whole. At present a check seems to have been put upon this innovating tendency, and the pitch may be considered as settled. The public, however, ought to be made aware of the fact that fraud *can* be practised in this particular, and that the pitch of an organ is not an affair of so small consequence as some persons would represent it to be.

There is deception of another species not seldom exercised with regard to this complex instrument. Certain organ-builders, coming to the knowledge of the fact that in the hands of ignorant and unskilful organists, the note G G♯ in the extreme bass was seldom put in requisition, affected to consider that note as useless, and so *omitted it*; although, upon an ordinary G G organ this arrangement excluded the *largest pipe but one* in every stop. And this



THE ORGAN OF TRINITY CHURCH.

NEW-YORK.

practice (which originated, as candor requires me to confess, in England,) has continued to our day. Many such organs are still built, and advertised for sale—the compass being with audacious effrontery stated to be from G G upwards, *without any mention made of this most important deficiency.* But as long as good people are satisfied to order and purchase organs without any reference to persons competent to afford them professional advice on the subject, they must remain content to be duped.

Thus much being premised, the following description may possibly become tolerably intelligible even to those who have not been initiated in the mysteries of the organ-craft:

The Organ for Trinity Church, then, is to consist of four distinct departments, having three ranks of manual keys, and one of pedals, or keys for the feet. The manuals pertain to the *Swell*, the *Great Organ*, and the *Choir Organ*, respectively. The Swell is an organ of 4 ft.; (that, being, as before explained, the size of the longest pipe); the Choir Organ, (seen in front, projecting from the gallery,) an 8 ft. organ; the Great Organ, 16 ft.; the Pedal Organ, 32 ft.

Little more remains than to give an enumeration of the stops, which are to be grouped right and left of the keys, as exhibited in the following diagram.

LEFT.		RIGHT.
	1 Clarion.	
	2 Trumpet.	
	3 Hautboy.	
	4 Stopped Diapason.	
	5 Double Stopped Diapason.	
	6 Dulciana.	
	7 Open Diapason.	
	8 Principal.	
	9 Cornet (5 ranks.)	
	10 Great Organ and Swell at octaves.	
Swell.	11 do. do. and do. at unison.	*Choir Organ.*
	12 Great Organ and Choir, do.	
1	13 Choir and Swell at octaves.	22 23
2 3	14 Pedals and Choir Organ.	24 25 26
	15 Choir and Swell.	
4 5 6	16 Pedals and Great Organ, 16 ft.	27 28
	17 Do. and do. 8 ft.	
7 8	18 Pedals and Swell Bass.	*Great Organ.*
	19 Pedals, 32 ft.	
9	20 Pedals, 16 ft.	29 30
Couplers.	21 Double Diapason.	31 32 33
	22 Bassoon (half stop.)	
10	23 Clarionet (half stop.)	34 35
	24 Stopped Diapason.	
11 12	25 Dulciana.	36 37 38
	26 Principal.	
13 14 15	27 Flute.	39 40
	28 Fifteenth.	
16 17	29 Trumpet.	*Swell Bass.*
	30 Clarion.	
18	31 Sesquialtera (3 ranks.)	40 42
	32 Twelfth.	
19 20	33 Mixture (3 ranks.)	*Bellows.*
Pedals.	34 Fifteenth.	
	35 Large Flute.	43
21	36 Principal.	
	37 Stopped Diapason.	
	38 Principal.	
	39 Open Diapason.	
	40 Open Diapason.	
	41 Dulciana.	
	42 Serpent.	
	43 Wind.	

The compass or extent of the organs, respectively, is as follows: Of the Swell, four octaves and a half, or fifty-four keys; of the Choir organ, the same, although at an octave lower pitch, the latter ending at f in alt., the other at f in altissimo; of the Great Organ, five octaves and a half, or sixty-six keys; and of the Pedals, two octaves, or twenty-five keys. In connexion with this latter department there is this peculiarity, that the stop consists of *thirty-seven* pipes, and can be drawn so as to play two octaves from 32 ft. C, or two octaves from 16 ft. upwards; or both together. The stops called "Swell Bass" are also, properly speaking, *pedal* stops, although they can be acted upon by the manual keys also, so as to afford a great variety of effect.

The number of pipes can now be easily ascertained.

Swell,	13 ranks of	54	pipes each,	- -	702
Choir Organ,	6 " of	54	" "	- - -	324
Great Organ,	16 " of	66	" "	- - -	1056
Swell Bass,	2 " of	25	" "	- - -	50
Pedals,	- - - - - - - - -				37
					2169

The Swell is constructed upon the plan which I first introduced in England about twenty years ago, and a full description of which I drew up and published in the "Quarterly Musical Magazine & Review," vol. 8, No. xxxii., 1826. It may be briefly described as resembling in principle the ordinary *refrigerator*. It consists of three distinct boxes or cases, through each of which (when closed) the sound has to pass ere it reaches the ear. Thus the most delicate effects, in the way of expression, are capable of being produced, by the gradual removal or interposition of obstacles to the transmission of sound.

The *Pedal keys* likewise are as yet comparatively new in this country, being of *brass*. These I likewise introduced in England a year or two prior to my new swell, and described in No. xxxii of the periodical just mentioned. They must gradually make their way into extensive use, as they afford great facilities to the player, enabling him to do a great deal more *with one foot* than was before at all practicable, and thus setting the other at liberty for the command of the swell.

The number of *coupling* stops in the organ is, I believe, almost if not altogether unprecedented. They will conduce to almost interminable varieties of combinations. It would be a wearisome task to attempt to calculate them. There will, therefore, be great room for the exhibition of taste and skill in their adaptation to specific purposes of accompaniment, &c.

Mr. Henry Erben is the contractor, and the work has already made very considerable progress, nearly all the *machinery* of the organ being in a state of forwardness, at his spacious and well-furnished factory in Centre street. The workmen employed deserve great credit for the masterly manner in which they have acquitted themselves hitherto in the construction of this unique instrument; and if the *voicing* of the pipes (not commenced) shall prove as satisfactory as the mechanism unquestionably is, the public may expect to hear an organ which will add to the attractions of this great city.

I am afraid that my description will be found tediously long; but, like the witty Frenchman who apologized to his friend for sending him so long a letter, I must say that I had not time to write it shorter.

E. H.

Ole Bull's Second Concert.—We attended the second concert of this artist, having received from him at length, though unsolicited, the courtesy of the usual free admissions. No concert of his in this city has ever been so poorly attended. The vast area of the Tabernacle contained not more than from five to six hundred listeners of all sorts. We copy the programme of the evening:

PART I.

1. Grand Overture,.....Full Orchestra.
2. Song,.....Mr. Duffield.
3. Sicilia a e Tarrentella, composed and performed by Ole Bull.
4. Song,.....Miss Northall.
5. Norges Fjelde, Mountains of Norway, Fantasia, composed and performed by.....Ole Bull.

PART II.

1. Song,.....Mr. Duffield.
2. Carnival of Venice, composed by Paganini, and performed by.....Ole Bull.
3. Song,.....Miss Northall.
4. Polacca Guerriera, composed and performed by.....Ole Bull.

Mr. Duffield comes to us from the Western country, and the only recommendation we have seen of his talent is copied from some Western paper, and concludes with

something to this effect:—"He never sings the song "Fifty years ago" without receiving demonstrations of delight from a buck-eyed auditory." This is praise considerable, but we do not think it will weigh much with our Northern people. Mr. Duffield has a light, pleasing and melodious voice, but of its compass and power we were unable to judge, for his intonation was so faulty, and his manner so cold and uncultivated, that we rarely heard the true quality of his organ. However, the indications were sufficient to warrant the opinion, that, with careful and hard study, he may become an ornament to his profession. His last song was "Stand to your guns." It requires great descriptive powers, a vast deal of energy, and a most powerful voice. Mr, Duffield, at present, lacks all these qualifications, and consequently the song was a failure. He took the tempo of the song nearly one half too slow; at least, the conductor, Mr. Hill, lead the song off too slow, and the singer followed—but presently Mr. Duffield, by a variety of expressive gestures, intimated his wish that the time should be increased; the conductor took the hint, and communicated the same to the band, which ultimately consented to accede to their united wishes.

Of Miss Northall we spoke last week, and we saw no reason on this occasion to alter our opinion then expressed. She has a most beautiful voice, and we should be delighted to find that she cultivated it to advantage, for she is quite young yet, and has, we hope, many years in prospective which may yield her high honor and large profit. In her last song, with orchestral accompaniments, it was really painful to hear how the conductor labored with hands and feet to impress the tempo upon the band, and it was equally painful to observe what very little success attended his efforts.

Of Ole Bull we have much to say, both in praise and in condemation. We cannot but admire his adagio performances: they are full of passion and sentiment. His allegros are brilliant and forcible, and his scherzos are piquant and striking; but with all these undoubted excellences, there is mingled so much of trickery and what is termed professional "gaggery," that the beauties are often clouded, and sometimes quite obscured. Many of his peculiarities are undoubtedly the natural impulse of his genius, which is nothing if not wildly eccentric; but there are others which display no other intention than to tickle the ears, without appealing to the mind.

Ole Bull was wretchedly accompanied; we really felt for him. He tried all he could to lead the conductor by gesture and cue, but they were mostly at difference, and the band differed from both, producing confusion worse confounded.

The Musical Convention had its sitting this week at the Tabernacle. The only object of the Convention, as far as we can learn, is to procure a large sale for Boston Music books—from which we especially pray to be preserved—and to exalt a few little men into falsely magnified positions, before a portion of the public. Why did not the Boston Convention stay in Boston?

Editorial Miscellany.

The New-York Mirror has been much enlarged, and in some respects greatly improved—although we regret the necessity of the brevier in place of the bold bourgeois—and although we miss the original and racy editorials of Willis. In newspaper not less than in theatrical management we think the * system is a bad one.

Mr. or Mrs. Asterisk honored us lately with half a column which we have been sadly at a loss to comprehend. Can any of our readers help us out?

Pon-lemical.—In the last number of the Broadway Journal, the critical and learned editor reiterates his opinion of Mr. Simms, whom he considers the "best novelist that this country has, upon the whole produced." Mr. Poe seems to have quite an original and peculiar standard of judging of the merits of men and books. *Success* is the common measure of talent, not only in regard to the productions of literary men, but in business also, in works of art or of usefulness; and in all the varied pursuits of life. It is the *victory* that confers fame on the hero, rather than brave bearing, and manly courage on the battle-field. We are too apt to look at *results* merely, and to honor and praise the successful, rather than the meritorious man. In business, the millionare, into whose lap fortune has poured her treasures, and to whose prosperity the winds of heaven have seemed subservient, gains with his wealth the reputation of being wiser and shrewder than his competitors, who may perhaps have struggled harder, and reasoned better, and yet been thwarted in their efforts beyond avoidance or control. And in literature, also, the popular man, is the great man,—the author who sells best—who is most read—and oftenest quoted,—he is the man whom the people will honor in spite of all the critics. But then one class of philosophers tell us that the judgment of the million is always wrong—that the great majority of men, blinded by passion, and swayed by prejudice, are wholly incapable of deciding in matters of taste or morals, in politics or religion. On the other hand, there are many "learned Thebans," who as strenuously maintain that the voice of the multitude is the voice of truth and God; and that in all cases it is the duty of the minority to acquiesce in the verdict of the people. Here, we take it, is the great rock on which politicians, moralists, and critics split and separate. Leaving this primal question as undecided as it is likely to remain until the "World's Convention" shall eradicate from human nature all the *causes* which lead to differences in the opinions of men, we are inclined to believe that it is above the power of any single critic—or of all the critics in the country combined, to convince the world that William Gilmore Simms is a better novelist than Cooper, or Brockden Brown. He is certainly less known and read at home and abroad. We doubt if the copy-right of all Mr. Simms' collected works would bring as good a price in America or England, as the "Norman Leslie" of Fay, or the "Sketch Book" of Irving. But our surprise at Mr. Poe's estimate is somewhat diminished, when, on turning to another article, we find him speaking of our old friend, "Christopher North," as "the *ignorant* and egotistical Wilson!" and adding, that, "with the exception of Macaulay and Dilke, and one or two others, there is not in Great Britain a critic who can be fairly considered worthy the name!" This is indeed, "bearding the lion in his den;" and as Mr. Poe is preparing to publish an edition of his "Tales" in England, (omitting the story of the Gold *Bug*, we suppose,) he can expect but little mercy from the *back*-biting reviews of the Lockharts and Fonblanques, those bull-dogs of the English press. It is, however, a matter of some pride that we have, at least, *one* critic, who is brave and Quixotic enough to attack any *wind*-mill, either in Europe or America, however formidable it may appear; and our good wishes go with our valiant neighbor.

Mr. (or Mrs.) Star suggests here first, (if we are not mistaken) that success is (or is not) the test of merit, and secondly, that it is not (or is). Are we right in this interpretation? No doubt of it.

The separation of our passage about Mr. Simms from its context, brings about a total misrepresentation of our ideas.

Mr. Simms is "better known" than Brockden Brown.

Putting the author of "Norman Leslie" by the side of the author of the "Sketch-Book," is like speaking of "The King and I"—of Pop Emmons and Homer—of a Mastodon and a mouse. If we were asked which was the most ridiculous book ever written upon the face of the earth—we should answer at once, "Norman Leslie."

We are *not* "preparing to publish" our Tales in Eng-

land ; we leave such manœuvres to those who are in the habit of bowing down to the Golden Calf of the British opinion. Our book, to be sure, *has been* re-published in England—long ago—but we had nothing to do with its republication. Should we ever think of such a thing, however, we should undoubtedly give The "Bug" a more prominent position than it even occupies at present. We should call the book "The Gold-Bug and Other Tales"—instead of "Tales," as its title stands. However highly we respect Mr. Willis' talents, we feel nothing but contempt for his affectations.

But we have a curiosity to solve the anonymous of the * The star-*dust* theory is exploded—but can any one tell us which is the very smallest of all the stars to be found in the "*Milky Way*"?

OUR FIRST VOLUME.—*A few copies of the first volume of the Broadway Journal are for sale at the office, either in numbers or neatly bound.*

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