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Sister Mine.

Sister mine—Sister mine!
Why art so dear?
Why throbs this heart of mine,
Like the strong-tendrilled vine,
Clinging so close to thine
When thou art near,
Sister mine?

Sister mine—Sister mine!
Why art so dear?
Chill is this heart of mine,
Till that sweet smile of thine
Wakes it to life divine,
When thou art near,
Sister mine.

Sister mine—Sister mine!
Why art so dear?
Light is this heart of mine,
As is the sparkling wine
Bright in its crimson-shine,
When thou art near,
Sister mine.

Sister mine—Sister mine!
Thou art so dear
By that wierd spell of thine,
Wreathed round this heart of mine
Till our twin spirits twine
When thou art near,
Sister mine!

R. H. Dana.

The Spectacles.

Many years ago, it was the fashion to ridicule the idea of "love at first sight;" but those who think, not less than those who feel deeply, have always advocated its existence. Modern discoveries, indeed, in what may be termed ethical magnetism or magnetœsthetics, render it probable that the most natural, and, consequently the truest and most intense of the human affections, are those which arise in the heart as if by electric sympathy—in a word, that the brightest and most enduring of the psychal fetters are those which are riveted by a glance. The confession I am about to make will add another to the already almost innumerable instances of the truth of the position.

My story requires that I should be somewhat minute. I am still a very young man—not yet twenty-two years of age. My name, at present, is a very usual and rather plebeian one—Simpson. I say "at present;" for it is only lately that I have been so called—having legislatively adopted this surname within the last year, in order to receive a large inheritance left me by a distant male relative, Adolphus Simpson, Esq. The bequest was conditioned upon my taking the name of the testator;—the family, not the Christian name: my Christian name is Napoleon Bonaparte—or, more properly, these are my first and middle appellations.

I assumed the name, Simpson, with some reluctance, as in my true patronym, Froissart, I felt a very pardonable pride: beleiving that I could trace a descent from the immortal author of the "Chronicles." While on the subject of names, by the bye, I may mention a singular coincidence of sound attending the names of some of my immediate predecessors. My father was a Monsieur Froissart, of Paris. His wife, my mother, whom he married at fifteen, was a Mademoiselle Croissart, eldest daughter of Croissart the banker; whose wife, again, being only sixteen when married, was the eldest daughter of one Victor Voissart. Monsieur Voissart, very singularly, had married a lady of similar name—a Mademoiselle Moissart. She, too, was quite a child when married; and her mother, also, Madame Moissart, was only fourteen when led to the altar. These early marriages are usual in France. Here, however, are Moissart, Voissart, Croissart, and Froissart, all in the direct line of descent. My own name, though, as I say, became Simpson, by act of Legislature, and with so much repugnance on my part that, at one period, I actually hesitated about accepting the legacy with the useless and annoying *proviso* attached.

As to personal endowments I am by no means deficient. On the contrary, I believe that I am well made, and possess what nine tenths of the world would call a handsome face. In height I am five feet eleven. My hair is black and curling. My nose is sufficiently good. My eyes are large and gray; and although, in fact, they are weak to a very inconvenient degree, still no defect in this regard would be suspected from their appearance. The weakness, itself, however, has always much annoyed me, and I have resorted to every remedy—short of wearing glasses. Being youthful and good-looking, I naturally dislike these, and have resolutely refused to employ them. I know nothing, indeed, which so disfigures the countenance of a young person, or so impresses every feature with an air of demureness, if not altogether of sanctimoniousness and of age. An eye-glass, on the other hand, has a savor of downright foppery and affectation. I have hitherto managed as well as I could without either. But something too much of these merely personal details, which, after all, are of little importance. I will content myself with saying, in addition, that my temperament is sanguine, rash, ardent, enthusiastic—and that all my life I have been a devoted admirer of the women.

One night, last winter, I entered a box at the P——— theatre, in company with a friend, Mr. Talbot. It was an opera night, and the bills presented a very rare attraction, so that the house was excessively crowded. We were in time, however, to obtain the front seats

which had been reserved for us, and into which, with some little difficulty, we elbowed our way.

For two hours, my companion, who was a musical *fanatico*, gave his undivided attention to the stage; and, in the meantime, I amused myself by observing the audience, which consisted, in chief part, of the very *élite* of the city. Having satisfied myself upon this point, I was about turning my eyes to the *prima donna*, when they were arrested and riveted by a figure in one of the private boxes which had escaped my observation.

If I live a thousand years, I can never forget the intense emotion with which I regarded this figure. It was that of a female, the most exquisite I had ever beheld. The face was so far turned towards the stage that, for some minutes, I could not obtain a view of it—but the form was *divine*—no other word can sufficiently express its magnificent proportion, and even the term "divine" seems ridiculously feeble as I write it.

The magic of a lovely form in woman—the necromancy of female gracefulness—was always a power which I had found it impossible to resist; but here was grace personified, incarnate, the *beau idéal* of my wildest and most enthusiastic visions. The figure, almost all of which the construction of the box permitted to be seen, was somewhat above the medium height, and nearly approached, without positively reaching, the majestic. Its perfect fulness and *tournure* were delicious. The head, of which only the back was visible, rivalled in outline that of the Greek Psyche, and was rather displayed than concealed by an elegant cap of *gaze aérienne*, which put me in mind of the *reatum textilem* of Apuleius. The right arm hung over the balustrade of the box, and thrilled every nerve of my frame with its exquisite symmetry. Its upper portion was draperied by one of the loose open sleeves now in fashion. This extended but little below the elbow. Beneath it was worn an under one of some frail material, close-fitting, and terminated by a cuff of rich lace which fell gracefully over the top of the hand, revealing only the delicate fingers, upon one of which sparkled a diamond ring which I at once saw was of extraordinary value. The admirable roundness of the wrist was well set off by a bracelet which encircled it, and which also was ornamented and clasped by a magnificent *aigrette* of jewels—telling, in words that could not be mistaken, at once of the wealth and fastidious taste of the wearer.

I gazed at this queenly apparition for at least half an hour, as if I had been suddenly converted to stone; and, during this period, I felt the full force and truth of all that has been said or sung concerning "love at first sight." My feelings were totally different from any which I had hitherto experienced. In the presence of even the most celebrated specimens of female loveliness. An unaccountable, and what I am compelled to consider a *magnetic* sympathy of soul for soul, seemed to rivet, not only my vision, but my whole powers of thought and feeling upon the admirable object before me. I saw—I felt—I knew that I was deeply, madly, irrevocably in love—and this even before seeing the face of the person beloved. So intense, indeed, was the passion that consumed me, that I really believe it would have received little if any abatement had the features, yet unseen, proved of merely ordinary character; so anomalous is the nature of the only true love—of the love at first sight—and so little really dependent is it upon the external conditions which only seem to create and control it.

While I was thus wrapped in admiration of this lovely vision, a sudden disturbance among the audience caused her to turn her head partially towards me, so that I beheld the entire profile of the face. Its beauty even exceeded my anticipations—and yet there was something about it which disappointed me without my being able to tell exactly what it was. I said "disappointed," but this is not altogether the word. My sentiments were at once quieted and exalted. They partook less of transport and more of calm enthusiasm—of enthusiastic repose. This state of feeling arose, perhaps, from the Madonna-like and matronly air of the face; and yet I at once understood that it could not have arisen entirely from this. There was something else—some mystery which I could not develope—some expression about the countenance which slightly disturbed me while it greatly heightened my interest. In fact, I was just in that condition of mind which prepares a young and susceptible man for any act of extravagance. Had the lady been alone, I should undoubtedly have entered her box and accosted her at all hazards; but, fortunately, she was attended by two companions—a gentleman, and a strikingly beautiful woman, to all appearance a few years younger than herself.

I revolved in my mind a thousand schemes by which I might obtain, hereafter, an introduction to the elder lady, or, for the present, at all events, a more distinct view of her beauty. I would have removed my position to one nearer her own; but the crowded state of the theatre rendered this impossible, and the stern decrees of Fashion, had, of late, imperatively prohibited the use of the opera-glass, in a case such as this, even had I been so fortunate as to have one with me—but I had not, and was thus in despair.

At length I bethought me of applying to my companion.

"Talbot," I said, "you have an opera-glass. Let me have it."

"An opera-glass! no! what do you suppose I would be doing with an opera-glass?" Here he turned impatiently towards the stage.

"But, Talbot," I continued, pulling him by the shoulder, "listen to me, will you? Do you see the stage-box?—there! no, the next—did you ever behold as lovely a woman?"

"She is very beautiful, no doubt," he said.

"I wonder who she can be!"

"Why, in the name of all that is angelic, don't you *know* who she is? 'Not to know her argues yourself unknown.' She is the celebrated Madame Lalande—the beauty of the day *par excellence*, and the talk of the whole town. Immensely wealthy, too—a widow and a great match—has just arrived from Paris."

"Do you know her?"

"Yes: I have the honor."

"Will you introduce me?"

"Assuredly: with the greatest pleasure; when shall it be?"

"To-morrow, at one, I will call upon you at B——'s."

"Very good: and now *do* hold your tongue, *if* you can."

In this latter respect I was forced to take Talbot's advice: for he remained obstinately deaf to every further question or suggestion, and occupied himself exclusively for the rest of the evening, with what was transacting upon the stage.

In the mean time I kept my eyes riveted on Madame Lalande, and at length had the good fortune to obtain a full front view of her face. It was exquisitely lovely—this, of course, my heart had told me before, even had

not Talbot fully satisfied me upon the point—but still the unintelligible something disturbed me. I finally concluded that my senses were impressed by a certain air of gravity, sadness, or still more properly, of weariness, which took something from the youth and freshness of the countenance, only to endow it with a seraphic tenderness and majesty, and thus, of course, to my enthusiastic and romantic temperament, with an interest tenfold.

While I thus feasted my eyes, I perceived, at last, to my great trepidation, by an almost imperceptible start on the part of the lady, that she had become suddenly aware of the intensity of my gaze. Still, I was absolutely fascinated, and could not withdraw it, even for an instant. She turned aside her face, and again I saw only the chiselled contour of the back portion of the head. After some minutes, as if urged by curiosity to see if I was still looking, she gradually brought her face again around and again encountered my burning gaze. Her large dark eyes fell instantly, and a deep blush mantled her cheek. But what was my astonishment at perceiving that she not only did not a second time avert her head, but that she actually took from her girdle a double eye-glass—elevated it—adjusted it—and then regarded me through it, intently and deliberately, for the space of several minutes.

Had a thunderbolt fallen at my feet I could not have been more thoroughly astounded—astounded *only*—not offended or disgusted in the slightest degree; although an action so bold in any other woman, would have been likely to offend or disgust. But the whole thing was done with so much quietude—so much *nonchalance*—so much repose—with so evident an air of the highest breeding, in short—that nothing of mere effrontery was perceptible, and my sole sentiments were those of admiration and surprise.

I observed that, upon her first elevation of the glass, she had seemed satisfied with a momentary inspection of my person, and was withdrawing the instrument, when, as if struck by a second thought, she resumed it, and so continued to regard me with fixed attention for the space of several minutes—for five minutes, at the very least. I am sure.

This action, so remarkable in an American theatre, attracted very general observation, and gave rise to an indefinite movement, or *buzz*, among the audience, which for a moment filled me with confusion, but produced no visible effect upon the countenance of Madame Lalande.

Having satisfied her curiosity—if such it was—she dropped the glass, and quietly gave her attention again to the stage; her profile now being turned toward myself, as before. I continued to watch her unremittingly, although I was fully conscious of my rudeness in so doing. Presently I saw the head slowly and slightly change its position; and soon I became convinced that the lady, while pretending to look at the stage was, in fact, attentively regarding myself. It is needless to say what effect this conduct, on the part of so fascinating a woman, had upon my excitable mind.

Having thus scrutinized me for perhaps a quarter of an hour, the fair object of my passion addressed the gentleman who attended her, and, while she spoke, I saw distinctly, by the glances of both, that the conversation had reference to myself.

Upon its conclusion, Madame Lalande again turned towards the stage, and, for a few minutes, seemed absorbed in the performances. At the expiration of this period, however, I was thrown into an extremity of agitation by seeing her unfold, for the second time, the eye-glass which hung at her side, fully confront me as before, and, disregarding the renewed buzz of the audience, survey me, from head to foot, with the same miraculous composure which had previously so delighted and confounded my soul.

This extraordinary behaviour, by throwing me into a perfect fever of excitement—into an absolute delirium of love—served rather to embolden than disconcert me. In the mad intensity of my devotion, I forgot everything but the presence and the majestic loveliness of the vision which confronted my gaze. Watching my opportunity, when I thought the audience were fully engaged with the opera, I at length caught the eyes of Madame Lalande, and, upon the instant, made a slight but unmistakeable bow.

She blushed very deeply—then averted her eyes—then slowly and cautiously looked around, apparently to see if my rash action had been noticed—then leaned over towards the gentleman who sat by her side.

I now felt a burning sense of the impropriety I had committed, and expected nothing less than instant exposure: while a vision of pistols upon the morrow floated rapidly and uncomfortably through my brain. I was greatly and immediately relieved, however, when I saw the lady merely hand the gentleman a playbill, without speaking: but the reader may form some feeble conception of my astonishment—of my profound amazement—my delirious bewilderment of heart and soul—when, instantly afterwards, having again glanced furtively around, she allowed her bright eyes to settle fully and steadily upon my own, and then, with a faint smile, disclosing a bright line of her pearly teeth, made two distinct, pointed and unequivocal affirmative inclinations of the head.

It is useless, of course, to dwell upon my joy—upon my transport—upon my illimitable ecstasy of heart. If ever man was mad with excess of happiness, it was myself at that moment. I loved. This was my *first* love—so I felt it to be. It was love supreme—indescribable. It was "love at first sight;" and at first sight too, it had been appreciated and—*returned*.

Yes, returned. How and why should I doubt it for an instant? What other construction could I possibly put upon such conduct, on the part of a lady so beautiful—so wealthy—evidently so accomplished—of so high breeding—of so lofty a position in society—in every regard so entirely respectable as I felt assured was Madame Lalande? Yes, she loved me—she returned the enthusiasm of my love, with an enthusiasm as blind—as uncompromising—as uncalculating—as abandoned—and as utterly unbounded as my own! These delicious fancies and reflections, however, were now interrupted by the falling of the drop-curtain. The audience arose; and the usual tumult immediately supervened. Quitting Talbot abruptly, I made every effort to force my way into closer proximity with Madame Lalande. Having failed in this, on account of the crowd, I at length gave up the chase, and bent my steps homewards: consoling myself for my disappointment in not having been able to touch even the hem of her robe, by the reflection that I should be introduced by Talbot, in due form, upon the morrow.

This morrow at last came; that is to say, a day finally dawned upon a long and weary night of impatience; and then the hours until "one" were snail-paced, dreary and innumerable. But even Stamboul, it is said, shall have an end, and there came an end to this long delay. The clock struck. As the last echo ceased, I stepped into B——'s and enquired for Talbot.

"Out," said the footman—Talbot's own.

"Out!" I replied, staggering back half a dozen paces—"let me tell you, my fine fellow, that this thing is thoroughly impossible and impracticable; Mr. Talbot is *not* out. What do you mean?"

"Nothing, sir; only Mr. Talbot is not in. That's all. He rode over to S——, immediately after breakfast, and left word that he would not be in town again for a week."

I stood petrified with horror and rage. I endeavored to reply, but my tongue refused its office. At length I turned on my heel, livid with wrath, and inwardly consigning the whole tribe of the Talbots to the innermost regions of Erebus. It was evident that my considerate friend, *il fanatico*, had quite forgotten his appointment with myself—had forgotten it as soon as it was made. At no time was he a very scrupulous man of his word. There was no help for it; so smothering my vexation as well as I could, I strolled moodily up the street, propounding futile inquiries about Madame Lalande to every male acquaintance I met. By report she was known, I found, to all—to many by sight—but she had been in town only a few weeks, and there were very few, therefore, who claimed her personal acquaintance. These few, being still comparatively strangers, could not, or would not, take the liberty of introducing me through the formality of a morning call. While I stood thus, in despair, conversing with a trio of friends upon the all absorbing subject of my heart, it so happened that the subject itself passed by.

"As I live, there she is!" cried one.

"Surpassingly beautiful!" exclaimed a second.

"An angel upon earth!" ejaculated a third.

I looked; and, in an open carriage which approached us, passing slowly down the street, sat the enchanting vision of the opera, accompanied by the younger lady who had occupied a portion of her box.

"Her companion also wears remarkably well," said the one of my trio who had spoken first.

"Astonishingly," said the second; "still quite a brilliant air; but art will do wonders. Upon my word, she looks better than she did at Paris five years ago. A beautiful woman still;—don't you think so, Froissart?—Simpson, I mean."

"*Still!*" said I, "and why shouldn't she be? But compared with her friend she is as a rushlight to the evening star—a glow-worm to Antares."

"Ha! ha! ha!—why, Simpson, you have an astonishing tact at making discoveries—original ones, I mean." And here we separated, while one of the trio began humming a gay *vaudeville*, of which I caught only the lines—

Ninon, Ninon, Ninon à bas—
A bas Ninon De L'Enclos!

During this little scene, however, one thing had served greatly to console me, although it fed the passion by which I was consumed. As the carriage of Madame Lalande rolled by our group, I had observed that she recognized me; and more than this, she had blessed me, by the most seraphic of all imaginable smiles, with no equivocal mark of the recognition.

As for an introduction, I was obliged to abandon all hope of it, until such time as Talbot should think proper to return from the country. In the meantime I perseveringly frequented every reputable place of public amusement; and, at length, at the theatre, where I first saw her, I had the supreme bliss of meeting her, and of exchanging glances with her once again. This did not occur, however, until the lapse of a fortnight. Every day, in the *interim*, I had enquired for Talbot at his hotel, and every day had been thrown into a spasm of wrath by the everlasting "Not come home yet" of his footman.

Upon the evening in question, therefore, I was in a condition little short of madness. Madame Lalande, I had been told, was a Parisian—had lately arrived from Paris—might she not suddenly return?—return before Talbot came back—and might she not be thus lost to me forever? The thought was too terrible to bear. Since my future happiness was at issue, I resolved to act with a manly decision. In a word, upon the breaking up of the play, I traced the lady to her residence, noted the address, and the next morning sent her a full and elaborate letter, in which I poured out my whole heart.

I spoke boldly, freely—in a word, I spoke with passion. I concealed nothing—nothing even of my weakness. I alluded to the romantic circumstance of our first meeting—even to the glances which had passed between us. I went so far as to say that I felt assured of her love; while I offered this assurance, and my own intensity of devotion, as two excuses for my otherwise unpardonable conduct. As a third, I spoke of my fear that she might quit the city before I could have the opportunity of a formal introduction. I concluded the most wildly enthusiastic epistle ever penned, with a frank declaration of my wordly circumstances—of my affluence—and with an offer of my heart and of my hand.

In an agony of expectation I awaited the reply. After what seemed the lapse of a century it came.

Yes, *actually came*. Romantic as all this may appear, I really received a letter from Madame Lalande—the beautiful, the wealthy, the idolized Madame Lalande.—Her eyes—her magnificent eyes—had not belied her noble heart. Like a true Frenchwoman, as she was, she had obeyed the frank dictates of her reason—the generous impulses of her nature—despising the conventional pruderies of the world. She had *not* scorned my proposals. She had *not* sheltered herself in silence. She had *not* returned my letter unopened. She had even sent me, in reply, one penned by her own exquisite fingers. It ran thus:

Monsieur Simpson will pardonne me for not compose de butefulle tong of his contrée so vell as might. It is only de late dat I am arrive, and not yet ave de opportunité for to—l'étudier.

Vid dis apologie for de manière, I vill now say dat, hélas!—Monsieur Simpson ave guess but de too true. Need I say de more? Hélas! am I not ready speak de too moshe?

Eugenie Lalande.

This noble-spirited note I kissed a million times, and committed, no doubt, on its account, a thousand other extravagances that have now escaped my memory. Still Talbot *would* not return. Alas! could he have formed even the vaguest idea of the suffering his absence occasioned his friend, would not his sympathizing nature have flown immediately to my relief? Still, however, he came *not*. I wrote. He replied. He was detained by urgent business—but would shortly return. He begged me not to be impatient—to moderate my transports—to read soothing books—to drink nothing stronger than Hock—and to bring the consolations of philosophy to my aid. The fool! if he could not come himself, why, in the name of every thing rational, could he not have enclosed me a letter of presentation? I wrote again, entreating him to forward one forthwith. My letter was returned by *that* footman, with the following endorsement in pencil. The scoundrel had joined his master in the country:

Left S—— yesterday, for parts unknown—did not say where—

or when be back—so thought best to return letter, knowing your handwriting, and as how you is always, more or less, in a hurry.—

Yours, sincerely, Sycamus.

After this, it is needless to say, that I devoted to the infernal deities both master and valét;—but there was little use in anger, and no consolation at all in complaint.

But I had yet a resource left, in my constitutional audacity. Hitherto it had served me well, and I now resolved to make it avail me to the end. Besides, after the correspondence which had passed between us, what act of mere informality *could* I commit, within bounds, that ought to be regarded as indecorous by Madame Lalande? Since the affair of the letter, I had been in the habit of watching her house, and thus discovered that, about twilight, it was her custom to promenade, attended only by a negro in livery, in a public square overlooked by her windows. Here, amid the luxuriant and shadowing groves, in the gray gloom of a sweet midsummer evening, I observed my opportunity and accosted her.

The better to deceive the servant in attendance, I did this with the assured air of an old and familiar acquaintance. With a presence of mind truly Parisian, she took the cue at once, and, to greet me, held out the most bewitchingly little of hands. The valét at once fell into the rear; and now, with hearts full to overflowing, we discoursed long and unreservedly of our love.

As Madame Lalande spoke English even less fluently than she wrote it, our conversation was necessarily in French. In this sweet tongue, so adapted to passion, I gave loose to the impetuous enthusiasm of my nature, and with all the eloquence I could command, besought her consent to an immediate marriage.

At this impatience she smiled. She urged the old story of decorum—that bug-bear which deters so many from bliss until the opportunity for bliss has forever gone by. I had most imprudently made it known among my friends, she observed, that I desired her acquaintance—thus that I did not possess it—thus, again, there was no possibility of concealing the date of our first knowledge of each other. And then she adverted, with a blush, to the extreme recency of this date. To wed immediately would be improper—would be indecorous—would be *outré*.—All this she said with a charming air of *naïveté* which enraptured while it grieved and convinced me. She went even so far as to accuse me, laughingly, of rashness—of imprudence. She bade me remember that I really even knew not who she was—what were her prospects, her connexions, her standing in society. She begged me, but with a sigh, to reconsider my proposal, and termed my love an infatuation—a will 'o the wisp—a fancy or fantasy of the moment—a baseless and unstable creation rather of the imagination than of the heart. These things she uttered as the shadows of the sweet twilight gathered darkly and more darkly around us—and then, with a gentle pressure of her fairy-like hand, overthrew, in a single sweet instant, all the argumentative fabric she had reared.

I replied as best I could—as only a true lover can. I spoke at length, and perseveringly, of my devotion, of my passion—of her exceeding beauty, and of my own enthusiastic admiration. In conclusion, I dwelt, with a convincing energy, upon the perils that encompass the course of love—that course of true love that never did run smooth, and thus deduced the manifest danger of rendering that course unnecessarily long.

This latter argument seemed finally to soften the rigor of her determination. She relented; but there was yet an obstacle, she said, which she felt assured I had not properly considered. This was a delicate point—for a woman to urge, especially so; in mentioning it, she saw that she must make a sacrifice of her feelings: still, for *me*, every sacrifice should be made. She alluded to the topic of *age*. Was I aware—was I fully aware of the discrepancy between us? That the age of the husband should surpass by a few years—even by fifteen or twenty—the age of the wife, was regarded by the world as admissible, and, indeed, as even proper; but she had always entertained the belief that the years of the wife should *never* exceed in number those of the husband. A discrepancy of this unnatural kind gave rise, too frequently, alas! to a life of unhappiness. Now she was aware that my own age did not exceed two and twenty; and I, on the contrary, perhaps, was *not* aware that the years of my Eugènie extended very considerably beyond that sum.

About all this there was a nobility of soul—a dignity of candor—which delighted—which enchanted me—which eternally rivetted my chains. I could scarcely restrain the excessive transport which possessed me.

"My sweetest Eugènie," I cried, "what is all this about which you are discoursing? Your years surpass in some measure my own. But what then? The customs of the world are so many conventional follies. To those who love as ourselves, in what respect differs a year from an hour? I am twenty-two, you say; granted: indeed you may as well call me, at once, twenty-three. Now you yourself, my dearest Eugènie, can have numbered no more than—can have numbered no more than—no more than—than—than—than—"

Here I paused for an instant, in the expectation that Madame Lalande would interrupt me by supplying her true age. But a Frenchwoman is seldom direct, and has always, by way of answer to an embarrassing query, some little practical reply of her own. In the present instance Eugènie, who, for a few moments past, had seemed to be searching for something in her bosom, at length let fall upon the grass a miniature, which I immediately picked up and presented to her.

"Keep it!" she said, with one of her most ravishing smiles. "Keep it for my sake—for the sake of her whom it too flatteringly represents. Besides, upon the back of the trinket, you may discover, perhaps, the very information you seem to desire. It is now, to be sure, growing rather dark—but you can examine it at your leisure in the morning. In the mean time, you shall be my escort home to-night. My friends are about holding a little musical *levée*. I can promise you, too, some good singing. We French are not nearly so punctilious as you Americans, and I shall have no difficulty in smuggling you in, in the character of an old acquaintance."

With this, she took my arm, and I attended her home. The mansion was quite a fine one, and, I believe, furnished in good taste. Of this latter point, however, I am scarcely qualified to judge; for it was just dark as we arrived; and in American mansions of the better sort, lights seldom, during the heat of summer, make their appearance at this, the most pleasant period of the day. In about an hour after my arrival, to be sure, a single shaded solar lamp was lit in the principal drawing-room; and this apartment, I could thus see, was arranged with unusual good taste and even splendor; but two other rooms of the suite, and in which the company chiefly assembled, remained, during the whole evening, in a very agreeable shadow. This is a well conceived custom, giving the party at least a choice of light or shade, and one which

our friends over the water could not do better than immediately adopt.

The evening thus spent was unquestionably the most delicious of my life. Madame Lalande had not overrated the musical abilities of her friends; and the singing I here heard I had never heard excelled in any private circle out of Vienna. The instrumental performers were many and of superior talents. The vocalists were chiefly ladies, and no individual sang less than well. At length, upon a peremptory call for "Madame Lalande," she arose at once, without affectation or demur, from the *chaise longue* upon which she had sate by my side, and, accompanied by one or two gentlemen and her female friend of the opera, repaired to the piano in the main drawing-room. I would have escorted her myself; but felt that, under the circumstances of my introduction to the house, I had better remain unobserved where I was. I was thus deprived of the pleasure of seeing, although not of hearing her, sing.

The impression she produced upon the company seemed electrical—but the effect upon myself was something even more. I know not how adequately to describe it. It arose in part, no doubt, from the sentiment of love with which I was imbued: but chiefly from my conviction of the extreme sensibility of the singer. It is beyond the reach of art to endow either air or recitative with more impassioned *expression* than was hers. Her utterance of the romance in Otello—the tone with which she gave the words "*Sul mio sasso*," in the Capuletti—is ringing in my memory yet. Her lower tones were absolutely miraculous. Her voice embraced three complete octaves, extending from the contralto D to the D upper soprano, and, though sufficiently powerful to have filled the San Carlos, executed, with the minutest precision, every difficulty of vocal composition—ascending and descending scales, cadences, or *fioriturі*. In the finale of the Sonnambula, she brought about a most remarkable effect at the words—

Ah! non giunge uman pensiero
Al contento ond 'io son piena.

Here, in imitation of Malibran, she modified the original phrase of Bellini, so as to let her voice descend to the tenor G, when, by a rapid transition, she struck the G above the treble stave, springing over an interval of two octaves.

Upon rising from the piano after these miracles of vocal execution, she resumed her seat by my side; when I expressed to her, in terms of the deepest enthusiasm, my delight at her performance. Of my surprise I said nothing, and yet was I most unfeignedly surprised: for a certain feebleness, or rather a certain tremulous indecision of voice in ordinary conversation, had prepared me to anticipate that, in singing, she would not acquit herself with any remarkable ability.

Our conversation was now long, earnest, uninterrupted, and totally unreserved. She made me relate many of the earlier passages of my life, and listened with breathless attention, to every word of the narrative. I concealed nothing—I felt that I had a right to conceal nothing from her confiding affection. Encouraged by her candor upon the delicate point of her age, I entered, with perfect frankness, not only into a detail of my many minor vices, but made full confession of those moral and even of those physical infirmities, the disclosure of which, in demanding so much higher a degree of courage, is so much surer an evidence of love. I touched upon my college indiscretions—upon my extravagances—upon my carousals—upon my debts—upon my flirtations. I even went so far as to speak of a slightly hectic cough with which, at one time, I had been troubled—of a chronic rheumatism—of a twinge of hereditary gout—and, in conclusion, of the disagreeable and inconvenient, but hitherto carefully concealed, weakness of my eyes.

"Upon this latter point," said Madame Lalande, laughingly, "you have been surely injudicious in coming to confession; for, without the confession, I take it for granted that no one would have accused you of the crime. By the by" she continued, "have you any recollection"—and here I fancied that a blush, even through the gloom of the apartment, became distinctly visible upon her cheek—"have you any recollection, *mon cher ami*, of this little ocular assistant which now depends from my neck?"

As she spoke she twirled in her fingers the identical double eye-glass, which had so overwhelmed me with confusion at the opera.

"Full well—alas! do I remember it," I exclaimed, pressing passionately the delicate hand which offered the glasses for my inspection. They formed a complex and magnificent toy, richly chased and filagreed, and gleaming with jewels, which, even in the deficient light, I could not help perceiving were of high value.

"*Eh bien! mon ami*," she resumed with a certain *empressement* of manner that rather surprised me—"*Eh bien, mon ami*, you have earnestly besought of me a favor which you have been pleased to denominate priceless. You have demanded of me my hand upon the morrow. Should I yield to your entreaties—and, I may add, to the pleadings of my own bosom—would I not be entitled to demand of you a very—a very little boon in return?"

"Name it!" I exclaimed with an energy that had nearly drawn upon us the observation of the company, and restrained by their presence alone from throwing myself impetuously at her feet. "Name it, my beloved, my Eugènie, my own!—name it!—but alas it is already yielded ere named."

"You shall conquer then, *mon ami*," she said, "for the sake of the Eugènie whom you love, this little weakness which you have last confessed—this weakness more moral than physical—and which, let me assure you, is so unbecoming the nobility of your real nature—so inconsistent with the candor of your usual character—and which, if permitted farther control, will assuredly involve you, sooner or later, in some very disagreeable scrape. You shall conquer, for my sake, this affectation which leads you, as you yourself acknowledge, to the tacit or implied denial of your infirmity of vision. For, this infirmity you virtually deny, in refusing to employ the customary means for its relief. You will understand me to say, then, that I wish you to wear spectacles:—ah, hush!—you have already consented to wear them, *for my sake*. You shall accept the little toy which I now hold in my hand, and which, though admirable as an aid to vision, is really of no very immense value as a gem. You perceive that, by a trifling modification thus—or thus—it can be adapted to the eyes in the form of spectacles, or worn in the waistcoat pocket as an eye-glass. It is in the former mode, however, and habitually, that you have already consented to wear it *for my sake*."

This request—must I confess it?—confused me in no little degree. But the condition with which it was coupled rendered hesitation, of course, a matter altogether out of the question.

"It is done!" I cried, with all the enthusiasm that I could muster at the moment. "It is done—it is most cheerfully agreed. I sacrifise every feeling for your sake.

To-night I wear this dear eye-glass, *as* an eye-glass and upon my heart; but with the earliest dawn of that morning which gives me the pleasure of calling you wife, I will place it upon my—upon my nose—and there wear it ever afterwards, in the less romantic, and less fashionable, but certainly in the more serviceable form which you desire."

Our conversation now turned upon the details of our arrangements for the morrow. Talbot, I learned from my betrothed, had just arrived in town. I was to see him at once, and procure a carriage. The *soirée* would scarcely break up before two; and by this hour the vehicle was to be at the door; when, in the confusion occasioned by the departure of the company, Madame L. could easily enter it unobserved. We were then to call at the house of a clergyman who would be in waiting; there be married, drop Talbot, and proceed on a short tour to the East; leaving the fashionable world at home to make whatever comments upon the matter it thought best.

Having planned all this, I immediately took leave, and went in search of Talbot, but, on the way, I could not refrain from stepping into a hotel, for the purpose of inspecting the miniature; and this I did by the powerful aid of the glasses. The countenance was a surpassingly beautiful one! Those large luminous eyes!—that proud Grecian nose!—those dark luxuriant curls!—"Ah!" said I exultingly to myself, "this is indeed the speaking image of my beloved!" I turned the reverse, and discovered the words—"Eugénie Latande—aged twenty-seven years and seven months."

I found Talbot at home, and proceeded at once to acquaint him with my good fortune. He professed excessive astonishment, of course, but congratulated me most cordially, and proffered every assistance in his power. In a word, we carried out our arrangement to the letter; and, at two in the morning, just ten minutes after the ceremony, I found myself in a close carriage with Madame Lalande—with Mrs. Simpson, I should say—and driving at a great rate out of town, in a direction North-east and by North, half-North.

It had been determined for us by Talbot, that, as we were to be up all night, we should make our first stop at C——, a village about twenty miles from the city, and there get an early breakfast and some repose, before proceeding upon our route. At four precisely, therefore, the carriage drew up at the door of the principal inn. I handed my adored wife out, and ordered breakfast forthwith. In the mean time we were shown into a small parlor and sate down.

It was now nearly if not altogether daylight; and, as I gazed, enraptured, at the angel by my side, the singular idea came, all at once, into my head, that this was really the very first moment since my acquaintance with the celebrated loveliness of Madame Lalande, that I had enjoyed a near inspection of that loveliness by daylight at all.

"And now, *mon ami*," said she taking my hand, and so interrupting this train of reflection, "and now, *mon cher ami*, since we are indissolubly one—since I have yielded to your passionate entreaties, and performed my portion of our agreement—I presume you have not forgotten that you also have a little favor to bestow—a little promise which it is your intention to keep. Ah!—let me see! Let me remember! Yes, full easily do I call to mind the precise words of the dear promise you made to Eugénie last night. Listen! You spoke thus: "It is done!—it is most cheerfully agreed! I sacrifise every feeling for your sake. To-night I wear this dear eye-glass *as* an eye-glass, and upon my heart; but with the earliest dawn of that morning which gives me the privilege of calling you wife, I will place it upon my—upon my nose—and there wear it, ever afterwards, in the less romantic, and less fashionable, but certainly in the more serviceable form which you desire.' These were the exact words, my beloved husband, were they not?"

"They were," I said: "you have an excellent memory; and assuredly, my beautiful Eugénie, there is no disposition on my part to evade the performance of the trivial promise they imply. See! Behold! They are becoming—rather—are they not?" And here, having arranged the glasses in the ordinary form of spectacles, I applied them gingerly in their proper position: while Madame Simpson, adjusting her cap, and folding her arms, sat bolt upright in her chair, in a somewhat stiff, and prim, and indeed in a somewhat undignified position.

"Goodness gracious me!" I exclaimed almost at the very instant that the rim of the spectacles had settled upon my nose—"*My!* goodness gracious me!—why what *can* be the matter with these glasses?" and taking them quickly off, I wiped them carefully with a silk handkerchief, and adjusted them again.

But if, in the first instance, there had occurred something which occasioned me surprise, in the second, this surprise became elevated into astonishment; and this astonishment was profound—was extreme—indeed I may say it was horrific. What, in the name of everything hideous, did this mean? Could I believe my eyes?—*could* I?—that was the question. Was that—was that—was that *rouge?* And were those—were those—were those *wrinkles*, upon the visage of Eugenie Lalande?—And, oh, Jupiter! and every one of the gods and goddesses, little and big!—what—what—what—*what* had become of her teeth? I dashed the spectacles violently to the ground, and, leaping to my feet, stood erect in the middle of the floor, confronting Mrs. Simpson, with my arms set a-kimbo, and grinning and foaming, but, at the same time utterly speechless and helpless with terror and with rage.

Now I have already said that Madame Eugénie Lalande—that is to say, Simpson—spoke the English language but very little better than she wrote it: and for this reason she very properly never attempted to speak it upon ordinary occasions. But rage will carry a lady to any extreme: and in the present case it carried Mrs. Simpson to the very extraordinary extreme of attempting to hold a conversation in a tongue that she did not altogether understand.

"Vell, Monsieur," said she, after surveying me, in great apparent astonishment, for some moments—"Vell, Monsieur!—and vat den?—vat de matter now? Is it de dance of de Saint Vitusse dat you ave? If not like me, vat for vy buy de pig in de poke?"

"You wretch!" said I, catching my breath—"you—you—you villainous old hag!"

"Ag?—ole?—me not so ver ole, after all! me not one single day more dan de eighty-dou."

"Eighty-two!" I ejaculated, staggering to the wall—"eighty-two hundred thousand baboons! The miniature said twenty-seven years and seven months!"

"To be sure!—dat is so!—ver true! but den de portraite has been take for dese fifty-five year. Ven I go marry my segonde usbande, Monsieur Lalande, at dat time I had de portraite take for my daughter by my first usbande, Monsieur Moissart."

"Moissart!" said I.

"Yes, Moissart, Moissart;" said she, mimicking my pronunciation, which, to speak the truth, was none of the best; "and vat den? Vat *you* know bout de Moissart?"

"Nothing, you old fright!—I know nothing about him at all;—only I had an ancestor of that name, once upon a time."

"Dat name! and vat you ave for say to dat name?—'T is ver *goot* name; and so is Voissart—*dat* is ver goot name, too. My daughter, Madamoiselle Moissart, she marry von Monsieur Voissart; and de name is bote *ver* respectaable name."

"Moissart!" I exclaimed, "and Voissart! why what is it you mean?"

"Vat I mean?—I mean Moissart and Voissart; and for de matter of dat, I mean Croissart and Froissart, too, if I only tink proper to mean it. My daughter's daughter, Madamoiselle Voissart, she marry von Monsieur Croissart, and, den agin, my daughter's grande daughter, Mademoiselle Croissart, she marry von Monsieur Froissart; and I suppose you say dat *dat* is not von *ver* respectaable name."

"Froissart!" said I, beginning to faint, "why surely you don't say Moissart, and Voissart, and Croissart, and Froissart?"

"Yes," she replied, leaning fully back in her chair, and stretching out her lower limbs at great length; "yes, Moissart, and Voissart, and Croissart, and Froissart. But Monsieur Froissart, he was von *ver* big vat you call fool—he vas von ver great big donce like yourself—for he let *la belle France* for come to dis stupide Amérique—and ven he get here he vent and ave von *ver* stupide, von *ver*, *ver* stupide sonn, so I hear, dough I not yet av ad de plaisir to meet vid him—neither me nor my companion, de Madame Stephanie Lalande. He is name de Napoleon Bonaparte Froissart, and I suppose you say dat *dat*, too is not von *ver* respectaable name."

Either the length or the nature of this speech, had the effect of working up Mrs. Simpson into a very extraordinary passion indeed; and as she made an end of it, with great labor, she jumped up from her chair like somebody bewitched, dropping upon the floor an entire universe of bustle as she jumped. Once upon her feet, she gnashed her gums, brandished her arms, rolled up her sleeves, shook her fist in my face, and concluded the performance by tearing the cap from her head, and with it an immense wig of the most valuable and beautiful black hair, the whole of which she dashed upon the ground with a yell, and there trampled and danced a fandango upon it, in an absolute ecstasy and agony of rage.

Meantime I sank aghast into the chair which she had vacated. "Moissart and Voissart!" I repeated, thoughtfully, as she cut one of her pigeon-wings, and "Croissart and Froissart!" as she completed another—"Moissart and Voissart and Croissart and Napoleon Bonaparte Froissart!—why, you ineffable old serpent, that's *me*—that's *me*—d'ye hear?—that's *me*"—here I screamed at the top of my voice—"that's *meee!* *I* am Napoleon Bonaparte Froissart! and if I hav n't married my great, great, grandmother, I wish I may be everlastingly confounded!"

Madame Eugènie Lalande, *quasi* Simpson—formerly Moissart—was, in sober fact, my great, great, grandmother. In her youth she had been beautiful, and even at eighty-two, retained the majestic height, the sculptural contour of head, the fine eyes and the Grecian nose of her girlhood. By the aid of these, of pearl-powder, of rouge, of false hair, false teeth, and false *tournure*, as well as of the most skilful modistes of Paris, she contrived to hold a respectable footing among the beauties *un peu passées* of the French metropolis. In this respect, indeed, she might have been regarded as little less than the equal of the celebrated Ninon De L'Enclos.

She was immensely wealthy, and being left, for the second time, a widow without children, she bethought herself of my existence in America, and, for the purpose of making me her heir, paid a visit to the United States, in company with a distant and exceedingly lovely relative of her second husband's—a Madame Stephanie Lalande.

At the Opera, my great, great, grandmother's attention was arrested by my notice; and, upon surveying me through her eye-glass, she was struck with a certain family resemblance to herself. Thus interested, and knowing that the heir she sought was actually in the city, she made inquiries of her party respecting me.—The gentleman who attended her knew my person, and told her who I was. The information thus obtained induced her to renew her scrutiny; and this scrutiny it was which so emboldened me that I behaved in the absurd manner already detailed. She returned my bow, however, under the impression that, by some odd accident, I had discovered her identity. When, deceived by my weakness of vision, and the arts of the toilet, in respect to the age and charms of the strange lady, I demanded so enthusiastically of Talbot who she was, he concluded that I meant the younger beauty, as a matter of course, and so informed me, with perfect truth, that she was "the celebrated widow, Madame Lalande."

In the street next morning, my great, great, grandmother encountered Talbot, an old Parisian acquaintance; and the conversation, very naturally, turned upon myself. My deficiencies of vision were then explained; for these were notorious, although I was entirely ignorant of their notoriety; and my good old relative discovered, much to her chagrin, that she had been deceived in supposing me aware of her identity, and that I had been merely making a fool of myself, in making open love, in a theatre, to an old woman unknown. By way of punishing me for this imprudence, she concocted with Talbot a plot. He purposely kept out of my way, to avoid giving me the introduction. My street inquiries about "the lovely widow, Madame Lalande," were supposed to refer to the younger lady, of course; and thus the conversation with the three gentlemen whom I encountered shortly after leaving Talbot's hotel, will be easily explained, as also their allusion to Ninon De L'Enclos. I had no opportunity of seeing Madame Lalande closely during daylight; and, at her musical *soirée*, my silly weakness in refusing the aid of glasses, effectually prevented me from making a discovery of her age. When "Madame Lalande" was called upon to sing, the younger lady was intended; and it was she who arose to obey the call: my great, great, grandmother, to further the deception, arising at the same moment, and accompanying her to the piano in the main drawing-room. Had I decided upon escorting her thither, it had been her design to suggest the propriety of my remaining where I was; but my own prudential views rendered this unnecessary. The songs which I so much admired, and which so confirmed my impression of the youth of my mistress, were executed by Madame Stephanie Lalande. The eye-glass was presented by way of adding a reproof to the hoax—a sting to the epigram of the deception. Its presentation afforded an opportunity for the lecture upon affectation with which I was so especially edified. It is almost superfluous to add

that the glasses of the instrument, as worn by the old lady, had been exchanged by her for a pair better adapted to my years. They suited me, in fact to a T.

The clergyman, who merely pretended to tie the fatal knot, was a boon companion of Talbot's, and no priest.—He was an excellent "whip," however; and having doffed his cassock to put on a great coat, he drove the hack which conveyed the "happy couple" out of town. Talbot took a seat at his side. The two scoundrels were thus "in at the death," and, through a half open window of the back parlor of the inn, amused themselves in grinning at the *dénouement* of the drama. I believe I shall be forced to call them both out.

Nevertheless, I am *not* the husband of my great, great, grandmother; and this is a reflection which affords me infinite relief;—but I *am* the husband of Madame Lalande—of Madame Stephanie Lalande—with whom my good old relative, besides making me her sole heir when she dies—if she ever does—has been at the trouble of concocting me a match. In conclusion: I am done forever with *billets doux*, and am never to be met without SPECTACLES.

EDGAR A. POE.

To ——

Oh! they never can know that heart of thine,
Who dare accuse *thee* of flirtation!
They might as well say that the stars, which shine
In the light of their joy o'er Creation,—
Are flirting with every wild wave in which lies
One beam of the glory that kindles the skies.

Smile on then undimmed in your beauty and grace!
Too well e'er to doubt, love, we know you;—
And shed, from your heaven, the light of your face,
Where the waves chase each other below you;
For none can e'er deem it *your* shame or *your* sin,
That each wave holds your star-image smiling within.

FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

Critical Notices.

We have again to apologise to our publishing friends for the brevity of our Critical Notices. In our next number we shall devote more than usual attention to this Department. There are several important works now lying before us, of which it is our intention to speak in detail—Mrs. Kirkland's new book, for example—Von Raumer's America—and the Life of Schiller—one of the Appleton series. We wish to say much, also, of the Annuals and Gift-Books—very especially of "The Missionary Memorial," "The Diadem," "The Rose," and "The Mayflower,"—the best of these works, as far as we have yet had an opportunity of judging. For the present (owing to the bustle consequent upon removing our office) we must content ourselves with a mere announcement of the books on hand for notice.

Wiley & Putnam's Library of American Books. No. 7. Western Clearings. By Mrs. C. M. Kirkland, Author of "A New Home" etc.

Wiley & Putnam's Library of American Books. No. 8. The Raven and Other Poems. By Edgar A. Poe.

Appleton's Literary Miscellany—a New Series of Choice Books. No. 5. The Life of Frederick Schiller: Comprehending an Examination of his Works by Thomas Carlyle, *Author of "French Revolution," "Sartor Resartus," "Past and Present," etc. A new Edition revised by the Author. New-York: D. Appleton & Co. 200 Broadway.*

Trifles in Verse: A Collection of Fugitive Poems. By Lewis J. Cist. *Cincinnati: Robinson & Jones.*

The Oath, a Divine Ordinance and an Element of The Social Constitution: its Origin, Nature, Ends, Efficacy, Lawfulness, Obligations, Interpretation, Form and Abuses. By D. X. Junkin, *A. M. Pastor of the Presbyterian Church, Greenwich, N. J. New-York: Wiley & Putnam.*

The Mass and Rubrics of the Roman Catholic Church, Translated into English, With Notes and Remarks. By the Rev. John Rogerson Cotter, *A. M., Rector of Inishannon, etc. New-York: D. Appleton & Co.*

The Diadem for 1846. *A Present for all Seasons. With Ten Engravings, after Pictures by Inman, Leutze, etc. Philadelphia; Carey & Hart.*

The Missionary Memorial: a Literary and Religious Souvenir. New-York: E Walker, 114 *Fulton St.*

The Rose: or Affection's Gift for 1846. *Edited by* Emily Marshall, *Illustrated with Ten highly finished steel engravings. New-York: D. Appleton & Co.*

The May-Flower, for 1846. *Edited by* Robert Hamilton. *Boston: Saxton & Kelt.*

Harper's Library of Select Novels. No. 62. Amaury. Translated from the French of Alexandre Dumas. *By E. P. New-York: Harper & Brothers.*

The O'Donoghue. A Tale of Ireland Fifty years ago. By Charles Lever, *Author of "Harry Lorrequer," "Charles O'Malley," etc. With Illustrations by Phiz. To which is added St. Patrick's Eve, or Three Eras in the Life of an Irish Peasant. Philadephia: Carey & Hart.*

Cosmos: a Survey of the General Physical History of The Universe. By Alexander Von Humboldt. *Part 2. New-York: Harper & Brothers.*

Harper's Library of Select Novels. No. 64. Only a Fiddler! and O. T. By the Author of "The Improvisatore, or Life in Italy" etc. Translated by Mary Howitt.

Lucy of Lammermoor: Grand Serious Opera in Three Acts; Founded on Sir Walter Scott's Celebrated Novel. The Muzic by Donizetti. Words by Messrs. G. Bowes *and* Rophino Lacy. *New-York: George Trehern.*

Morse's Georgraphic Maps. No. 4. Contents—Texas, Kentucky—Tenessee—Indiana—and South Carolina. New-York: Harper & Brothers.

The Devotional Family Bible. By the Rev. Alexander Fletcher, *A. M. Containing The Old and New Testaments, with Explanatory Notes, Marginal References, etc. Every Part embellished with a Highly Finished Engraving on Steel; Including Views of the Principal Places mentioned in Scripture, from Drawings taken on the Spot. Part 12. New-York: R. Martin & Co., 26 John St.*

The Edinburgh Review, for October. American Edition. New-York: Leonard Scott & Co.

A New Edition of Tennyson. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

First Love.

Oh! precious is the flow'r that Passion brings
To his first shrine of beauty, when the heart
Runs over in devotion, and no art
Checks the free gush of the wild lay he sings;—
But the rapt eye, and the impetuous thought
Declare the pure affection; and a speech,
Such as the ever-tuned affections teach,
Delivers love's best confidence unbought;—
And all is glory in the o'er-arching sky,
And all is beauty in the uplifting earth,
And from the wood, and o'er the wave, a mirth,
Such as mocks hope with immortality,
Declares that all the loved ones are at hand,
With still the turtle's voice the loudest in the land.

W. GILMORE SIMMS.

Musical Department.

Mrs. V. Mott's Concert.—One of the most fashionable audiences we ever witnessed, crowded the Apollo Saloon that evening. The fair débutante was received with loud cheers whenever she made her appearance. *Thou art lovelier*, and the *Wanderer*, were the gems of the performance. Indeed, no other piece, than the latter, could haves shown the beautiful *contralto* of Mrs. Mott. We were not so much pleased with the first of her pieces.—Here and there it is said, but only in a whisper—*it was a failure*. We do not think so. Laboring under many disadvantages, Mrs. Mott acquitted herself even better than we thought she would. She will sing again at the Philharmonic Concert. To speak of the other part of the performance: Mr. P. Mayer is becoming quite a favorite — He sang the *Exile*, a German composition, most beautifully, and his rich baritone voice was never displayed to better advantage. Messrs. Kyle and Timm played the duett for Flute and Piano exquisitely; Mr. K., particularly, was better than on any other occasion. The duett of Messrs. Loder and Timm, however well played, did not please much. A like fate hall the first concerted piece. But altogether, we think a repetition of the Concert in the Tabernacle would not be amiss.

Mr. Leopold De Meyer, the Lion-pianist; as they *will* have it, had a crowded house on the night of his second concert. He was encored several times. It seems, that of all the pianists in this city, Mr. Perabeau alone can muster courage enough to wrestle with him for the wreath of laurels. But we have mentioned already, that whatever gestures he makes, in whatever position he forces himself, or however he thumps on the piano, he can never make the public believe that he is as great as De Meyer: though he has this advantage, that whenever *Dantan* wishes to make a caricature of the great *pianist*, Perabeau, he need not trouble himself to invent one.

Miss Northall did not sing as well as usual, owing, perhaps, to the hasty travelling from Philadelphia, where she sang but the night before, to this city. Madame Lazare and Mr. Mayer acquitted themselves well. De Meyer is now in Boston, but no accounts of his triumph, for such we expect, certainly, have reached us as yet.

The Oratorio of Samson will be performed under the direction of Mr. U. C. Hill, at the Tabernacle. We think, that substituting another for this, would do us no harm; however, we have no doubt it will be well performed. Mr. Paige will make his first appearance as a public singer, so the papers say. We wonder that the *New-York* Sacred Music Society employs *Boston* artists for the different solo parts? Is there any want of good vocalists here?

Paulus, Mendelsjohn Barsholdy's chef d'œuvre, is in preparation, and will be brought out soon, with Mr. Geo. Loder as conductor.

A German Opera Troupe will occupy Palmo's Theatre for a season. Der Freischutz, with Madame Otto as Prima Donna, will be brought out. Then we are to have the Magic Flute, Don Juan, Czaar and Zimmerman, together with the best Italian Operas with German text.—Mr. P. Mayer and Meyer, also Miss Windmuller will form part of the troupe. How far is will succeed, we know not, but we wish them success from the bottom of our heart.

The following publications have been sent us by either publisher or composer:

"Poor Tom," composed by George P. Manouvrier, and published by John F. Nunns, 240 Broadway.

Phillips' Quick Step.

L'Alliance, Brilliant Waltz; and

Echo Song, the words by Mrs. Frances S. Osgood.—All of them composed by Mr. Saroni, and published by Geo. Willig, Philadelphia.

"It is the Chime," composed by Benjamin S. Hart, and published by Atwill.

"Kind Friends we Meet Again," words selected and melody composed by Henry Stone, and respectfully dedicated to his friend, E. Thompson, Esq., of Michigan. Arranged for the Piano-forte by H. A. Osborne. Published by Ampler.

"*Poor Tom*," is a beautiful composition, most admirably got up by Mr. Nunns: and the name of *Saroni* will be a guarantee for the other three. But it is of the two latter that we wish to speak more particularly. We have perused them again and again, and have found nothing worth noticing save the titles: the one for its miserable lithography, the other for its length. The composers of both are amateurs.

The amateurs' object of publishing compositions is like that of a great many brothers of the profession—to satisfy a little vanity—to be thought a genius and prodigy by the uninitiated, and to be thought a fool by the knowing ones. If it would serve at all to advance the cause of music, not a word would we have to say: but it is just the very thing which corrupts musical taste. Publishers who are secured from loss, by sufficient exchange with other publishers, print anything they can get hold of, provided no remuneration, save a few copies of the piece, is asked for it. People *will* have new music, and not finding anything good, they get indifferent at last, and take whatever the publisher recommends them, as long as a showy title adorns the composition. No wonder that musicians do not publish their pieces here, when they can get, at least, a fair price for them at other places, and have no competition with badly lithographed titles and and yard-long dedications. Messrs. Hart and Stone's pieces are no better nor worse than hundreds of others: and we are almost sorry that they should be the ones we have to vent our spleen at. But let it be a good lesson to all amateur composers. We shall not spare them as long as we are able to hold a pen, or as long as they do not reform, and study the rules of composition and thorough-bass, before publishing anything.

The Drama.

Reports from all parts of the country show a most prosperous condition of affairs throughout the American theatrical world.

In every place, where attraction is even expected, houses are crowded; and new candidates for popular favor are constantly pressing forward. During the past week the question of the merit and praiseworthiness of various foreign performers, has come up in different quarters.

In the opinion of a portion of the press, a regular deception is practised on the pockets of the public, by artists from the old world past their prime or who have never attained a prime, from sheer want of faculty. On the other hand a claim to supernatural gifts in musical and dramatic execution, is claimed by partizans equally violent. On all these points we have our own opinion, which we shall take occasion to spread at length before our readers, hereafter. Among those who have been subject of discussion, we find named Mr. Leopold De Meyer

pianist, Mr. Ole Bull, violinist, Mr. Charles Kean, tragedian, Mr. Templeton, vocalist. The Sequins also at Philadelphia, and the Delcy company, have participated in these doubts. These things are ominous, and when we come to consider them, we shall do so without unfair national bias, and with reference only to the general standards of art and merit. Among the incidents of the past week, one of the most striking has been the presentation to Mr. Murdoch at Philadelphia, of an elegant copy of Shakspeare. It occurred on Friday evening, the night of his benefit, before a most brilliant audience, after his performance of *Hamlet*.

We present the speeches, which embody the purpose and sentiment of the occasion.

Col. Page, in presenting the volume to Mr. Murdoch, said:—

Mr. Murdoch,—At the request of numerous friends and some of your schoolmates, I am here to-night in the discharge of a pleasing duty—that of presenting you with a testimonial of the regard they feel for you as a man, and the favorable opinion which they entertain of your abilities as an *Actor*.

It comes in the shape of this superbly bound and approved edition of the works of the Immortal Bard, to whose varied and delightful creations, in your recent round of performances in this city and elsewhere, you have imparted new beauties, and given increased interest.

It is intended by this offering, appropriate as I regard it to be, to stimulate you in the highly praiseworthy but arduous task you have undertaken, and show that your townsmen, ready as they have ever been to patronize merit from abroad, (for mind, Heaven's priceless gift to man belongs to no country and is bound by no clime,) can never be indifferent to *Native Talent*, but will always foster and encourage and cheer it onward to a bright and brilliant future.

Allow me then to hand you these beautiful volumes, a deserved tribute to personal worth and professional skill. Such a combination, aided and guided by Industry and Genius, must command success; they will win for you the proudest chaplet of Histrionic Fame, and add another name to the already glorious list of the distinguished sons of the Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave.

To which, Mr. Murdoch replied:—

Col. Page:—In accepting this valuable and beautiful copy of the works of the great master of the human heart, permit me to express my deep sense of gratitude to the kind donors for the gift, and to yourself for the generous feelings which prompted you in becoming the presenter. We are told, sir, that life is a sandy desert, with but few green spots in it to cheer the weary traveller. The many acts of kindness I have received at the hands of the citizens of Philadelphia, from my first appearance before them till the present moment, have truly, however, made my desert smile with continued verdure, and abound with flowers—sweet and lasting.

This present is doubly dear to me—first, as it is the gage of truth and nature, and the field in which I labor; and next, as coming from the hands of those who were boys with me, and who now, as men, step forward to cheer on an old co-mate through the rugged paths which lead to public honors. Their deeds of friendship "are registered, where every day I turn the leaf to read them." May heaven bless them, one and all.

And now, ladies and gentlemen, please accept my thanks for your kindness this evening, and during the evenings of the past fortnight. Should I ever grow regardless of the deep debt I owe my native city, the sight of these volumes, and one glance thrown back by memory to this memorable night, and the brilliant array before me, will suffice to awaken all those feelings of gratitude and affection with which my heart is now beating, and to the utterance of which my tongue struggles in vain for expressions of deep-seated and heart-felt thankfulness.

I shall have the pleasure of making my bow to you, once more, to-morrow night, after which I shall leave you for the present, for other scenes. Most respectfully, Adieu—tendered, on my part, with a full determination to *deserve* a continuance of your favors. Adieu! Adieu!

Editorial Miscellany.

We have to apologize for the insufficient variety of the present number. We were not aware of the great length of "The Spectacles" until too late to remedy the evil.

As we very confidently expected, our friends in the Southern and Western country (*true* friends, and *tried*,) are taking up arms in our cause—and more especially in the cause of a national as distinguished from a sectional literature. They cannot see (it appears) any farther necessity for being ridden to death by New-England. Hear the "Charleston Patriot":

Poe's Poetry.—Mr. Edgar A. Poe is one of the most remarkable, in many respects, among our men of letters. With singular endowments of imagination, he is at the same time largely possessed of many of the qualities that go to make an admirable critic;—he is methodical, lucid, forcible;—well-read, thoughtful, and capable, at all times, of rising from the mere consideration of the individual subject, to the principles, in literature and art, by which it should be governed. Add to these qualities, as a critic, that he is not a person to be overborne and silenced by a reputation;—that mere names do not control his judgment;—that he is bold, independent, and stubbornly analytical, in the formation of his opinions. He has his defects also;—he is sometimes the victim of capricious moods;—his temper is variable—his nervous organization being such, evidently, as to subject his judgments, sometimes, to influences that may be traced to the weather and the winds.—He takes his colour from the clouds; and his sympathies are not unfrequently chilled and rendered ungenial, by the pressure of the atmosphere—the cold and the vapors of a climate affecting his moral nature, through his physical, in greater degree than is usual among literary men,—who, by the way, are generally far more susceptible to these influences, than is the case with the multitude. Such are the causes which occasionally operate to impair the value and the consistency of his judgments as a Critic.—As a Poet, Mr. Poe's imagination becomes remarkably conspicuous, and to surrender himself freely to his own moods, would be to make all his writings in verse, efforts of pure imagination only. He seems to dislike the merely practical, and to shrink from the concrete. His fancy takes the ascendant in his Poetry, and wings his thoughts to such superior elevations, as to render it too intensely spiritual for the ordinary reader. With a genius thus endowed and constituted, it was a blunder with Mr. Poe to accept the appointment, which called him to deliver himself in poetry before the Boston Lyceum. Highly imaginative men can scarcely succeed in such exhibitions. The sort of poetry called for on such occasions, is the very reverse of the spiritual, the fanciful or the metaphysical. To win the ears of a mixed audience, nothing more is required than moral or patriotic common places in rhyming heroics. The verses of Pope are just the things for such occasions. You must not pitch your flight higher than the penny-whistle elevation of

> "Know then this truth, enough for man to know,
> Virtue alone is happiness below."

Either this, or declamatory verse,—or something patriotic, or something satirical, or something comical. At all events, you must not be mystical. You must not task the audience to study. Your song must be such as they can read running, and comprehend while munching pea-nuts. Mr. Poe is not the writer for this sort of thing. He is too original, too fanciful, too speculative, too anything in verse, for the comprehension of any but "audience fit though few." In obeying this call to Boston, Mr Poe committed another mistake. He had been mercilessly exercising himself as a critic at the expense of some of their favorite writers. The swans of New England, under his delineation, had been described as mere geese, and those, too, of none of the whitest. He had been exposing the short comings and the plagiarisms of Mr. Longfellow, who is supposed, along the banks of the Penobscot, to be about the comliest bird that ever dipped his bill in Pieria. Poe had dealt with the favorites of Boston unsparingly, and they rankered after their revenges. In an evil hour, then, did he consent to commit himself, in verse to their tender mercies. It is positively amusing

to see how eagerly all the little witlings of the press, in the old purlieus of the Puritan, flourish the critical tomahawk about the head of their critic. In their eagerness for retribution, one of the papers before us actually congratulates itself and readers on the (asserted) failure of the poet. The good editor himself was not present, but he hammers away not the less lustily at the victim, because his objections are to be made at second hand.—Mr. Poe committed another error in consenting to address an audience in verse, who, for three mortal hours, had been compelled to sit and hear Mr. Caleb Cushing in prose. The attempt to speak after this, in poetry, and fanciful poetry, too, was sheer madness. The most patient audience in the world, must have been utterly exhausted by the previous infliction. But it is denied that Mr. Poe failed at all. He had been summoned to recite poetry. It is asserted that he did so. The Boston Courier, one of the most thoughtful of the journals of that city, gives us a very favorable opinion of the performance which has been so harshly treated.—"The Poem," says that journal, "called 'The Messenger Star,' was an eloquent and classic production, based on the right principles, containing the essence of *true* poetry, mingled with a gorgeous imagination, exquisite painting, every charm of metre, and a graceful delivery. It strongly reminded us of Mr. Horne's 'Orion,' and resembled it in the majesty of its design, the nobleness of its incidents, and its freedom from the trammels of productions usual on these occasions. The delicious word-painting of some of its scenes brought vividly to our recollection, Keats' 'Eve of St. Agnes,' and parts of 'Paradise Lost.'

That it was malapropos to the occasion, we take the liberty to deny. What is the use of repeating the 'mumbling farce' of having invited a poet to deliver a poem? We (too often) find a person get up and repeat a hundred or two indifferent couplets of words, with jingling rhymes and stale witticisms, with scarcely a line *of poetry* in the whole, and which will admit of no superlative to describe it. If we are to have a poem, why not have the 'true thing,' that will be recognized as such,—for poems being written for people that can appreciate them, it would be as well to cater for their tastes as for individuals who cannot distinguish between the true and the false."

The good sense of this extract should do much towards enforcing the opinion which it conveys; and it confirms our own, previously entertained and expressed, in regard to the affair in question. Mr. Poe's error was not, perhaps, in making verses, nor making them after a fashion of his own; but in delivering them before an audience of mixed elements, and just after a discourse of three mortal hours by a prosing orator. That any of his hearers should have survived the two-fold infliction, is one of those instances of good fortune which should bring every person present to his knees in profound acknowledgement to a protecting providence.

We thank our friend of "The Patriot" and agree with him fully, of course, in all points except his disparagement of Mr. Cushing, who read us a very admirable discourse. "The Patriot," it will be understood, has not yet seen our reply of week before last.

Were the question demanded of us—"What is the most exquisite of sublunary pleasures?" we should reply, without hesitation, the making a fuss, or, in the classical words of a western friend, the "kicking up a bobbery."

Never was a "bobbery" more delightful than that which we have just succeeded in "kicking up" all around about Boston Common. We never saw the Frog-Pondians so lively in our lives. They seem absolutely to be upon the point of waking up. In about nine days the puppies may get open their eyes.

That is to say they may get open their eyes to certain facts which have long been obvious to all the world except themselves—the facts that there exist other cities than Boston—other men of letters than Professor Longfellow—other vehicles of literary information than the "Down-East Review."

As regards our late poem.—Hear the "St. Louis Reveillé."

"The *Broadway Journal* is edited and owned solely by Mr. Edgar A. Poe. If he had as much tact as talent, he would make success for half a dozen papers."

So says an exchange paper. Poe, reliant upon his talent, has too much contempt for tact; he is wrong, but his error makes his career the more remarkable. He is full of eccentricity. Does he mean, by the following, that his late Boston Poem, was intended by him as a *hoax*?

"We have been quizzing the Bostonians, and one or two of the more stupid of their editors and editresses have taken it in high dudgeon. We will attend to them all in good time."

To our friend Field we thus reply: We had *tact* enough not to be "taken in and done for" by the Bostonians. *Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes*—(*for timeo* substitute *contemno* or *turn-up-our-nose-o*). We knew very well that, among a certain *clique* of the Frogpondians, there existed a predetermination to abuse us under *any* circumstances. We knew that, write what we would, they would swear it to be worthless. We knew that were we to compose for them a "Paradise Lost," they would pronounce it an indifferent poem. It would have been very weak in us, then, to put ourselves to the trouble of attempting to please these people. We preferred pleasing ourselves. We read before them a "juvenile"—a *very* "juvenile" poem—and thus the Frogpondians were *had*—were delivered up to the enemy bound hand and foot. Never were a set of people more completely demolished. They have blustered and flustered—but what have they done or said that has not made them more thoroughly ridiculous?—what, in the name of Momus, is it *possible* for them to do or to say?

We "delivered" them the "juvenile poem" and they received it with applause. This is accounted for by the fact that the *clique* (contemptible in numbers as in every thing else) were overruled by the rest of the assembly. These malignants did not *dare* to interrupt by their preconcerted hisses, the respectful and profound attention of the majority. We have been told, indeed, that as many as three or four of the personal friends of the little old lady entitled Miss Walters, did actually leave the hall during the recitation—but, upon the whole, this was the very best thing they could do. We have been told this, we say—we did not *see* them take their departure:—the fact is they belong to a class of people that we make it a point *never to see*.

The poem being thus well received, in spite of this ridiculous little cabal—the next thing to be done was to abuse it in the papers. Here, they imagined, they were sure of their game. But what have they accomplished? The poem, they say, is bad. We admit it. We insisted upon this fact in our prefatory remarks, and we insist upon it now, over and over again. It *is* bad—it is wretched—and what then? We wrote it at ten years of age—had it been worth even a pumpkin-pie undoubtedly we should not have "delivered" it to *them*.

To demonstrate its utter worthlessness, "The Boston Star" (a journal which, we presume, is to be considered as a fair representative of the Frogpondian genius) has copied the poem in full, with two or three columns of criticism (we suppose) by way of explaining that we should have been hanged for its perpetration. There is no doubt of it whatever—we should. "The Star," however, (a dull luminary) has done us more honor than it intended; it has copied our *third* edition of the poem, revised and improved. We considered this too good for the occasion by one half, and so "delivered" the *first* edition with all its imperfections on its head. It is the first—the original edition—the *delivered* edition—which we now republish in our collection of Poems.

Repelled at these points, the Frogpondian faction hire a thing they call the "Washingtonian Reformer" (or something of that kind) to insinuate that we must have been "intoxicated" to have become possessed of sufficient audacity to "deliver" such a poem to the Frogpondians.

In the first place, why cannot these miserable hypocrites say "drunk" at once and be done with it? In the second place we are perfectly willing to admit that we *were* drunk—in the face of at least eleven or twelve hundred Frogpondians who will be willing to take oath that we were *not*. We are willing to admit either that we were drunk, or that we set fire to the Frog-pond, or that once upon a time we cut the throat of our grandmother. The fact is we are perfectly ready to admit any thing at all—but what has cutting the throat of our grandmother to do with our poem, or the Frogpondian stupidity? We shall get drunk when we please. As for the editor of the "Jeffersonian Teetotaler" (or whatever it is) we advise her to get drunk, too, as soon as possible—for when sober she is a disgrace to the sex—on account of being so awfully stupid.

N. B. The "Washingtonian Teetotaler" is edited by a little old lady in a mob-cap and spectacles—at least, we presume so, for every second paper in Boston *is*.

P. S. Miss Walters (the Syren!) has seen cause, we find, to recant all the ill-natured little insinuations she has been making against us (mere white lies—she need not take them so much to heart) and is now overwhelming us with apologies—things which we have never yet been able to withstand. She defends our poem on the ground of its being "juvenile," and we think the more of her defence because she herself has been juvenile so long as to be a judge of juvenility. Well, upon the whole we must forgive her—and do. Say no more about it, you little darling! You are a delightful creature and your heart is in the right place—would to Heaven that we could always say the same thing of your wig!

In conclusion:—The Frogpondians may as well spare us their abuse. If we cared a fig for their wrath we should not first have insulted them to their teeth, and then subjected to their tender mercies a volume of our Poems:—*that*, we think, is sufficiently clear. The fact is, we despise them and defy them (the transcendental vagabonds!) and they may all go to the devil together.

To Correspondents.—Many thanks to W. W.—also to R. S. R.

To the Public.—*Edgar A. Poe, Esq.* having purchased my interest in "The Broadway Journal," is now sole proprietor of the same. All persons indebted to the paper will please make settlement with him.

John Bisco.

New-York, Oct. 24, 1845.

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