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Sonnet.

TO MISS ANNE C. LYNCH.

As on the tempest-chafed and struggling sea
In silence falls the pensile, silvery beam,
And the vexed waters murmur tranquilly,
And imaged there the stars of beauty gleam,—
Even so—sweet lady—o'er my spirit glide
Thy lyre's soft melodies, like summer light;
And lo, within, as on the moonlit tide,
A vision fairer than the heaven of night!
Oh, ever might the high and holy Thought
Waked by thy muse—the senseless heart enfold,
As once warm life within the marble cold
With passionate clasp the noble sculptor wrought,—
Thus would the flame that still aspires on high
Be kindled there—thus life be born that could not die!

E. F. Ellett.

A Tale of the Ragged Mountains.

During the fall of the year 1827, while residing near Charlottesville, Virginia, I casually made the acquaintance of Mr. Augustus Bedloe. This young gentleman was remarkable in every respect, and excited in me a profound interest and curiosity. I found it impossible to comprehend him either in his moral or his physical relations. Of his family I could obtain no satisfactory account. Whence he came, I never ascertained. Even about his age—although I call him a young gentleman—there was something which perplexed me in no little degree. He certainly *seemed* young—and he made a point of speaking about his youth—yet there were moments when I should have had little trouble in imagining him a hundred years of age. But in no regard was he more peculiar than in his personal appearance. He was singularly tall and thin. He stooped much. His limbs were exceedingly long and emaciated. His forehead was broad and low. His complexion was absolutely bloodless. His mouth was large and flexible, and his teeth were more wildly uneven, although sound, than I had ever before seen teeth in a human head. The expression of his smile, however, was by no means unpleasing, as might be supposed; but it had no variation whatever. It was one of profound melancholy—of a phaseless and unceasing gloom. His eyes were abnormally large, and round like those of a cat. The pupils, too, upon any accession or diminution of light, underwent contraction or dilation, just such as is observed in the feline tribe. In moments of excitement the orbs grew bright to a degree almost inconceivable; seeming to emit luminous rays, not of a reflected, but of an intrinsic lustre, as does a candle or the sun; yet their ordinary condition was so totally vapid, filmy and dull, as to convey the idea of the eyes of a long-interred corpse.

These peculiarities of person appeared to cause him much annoyance, and he was continually alluding to them in a sort of half explanatory, half apologetic strain, which, when I first heard it, impressed me very painfully. I soon, however, grew accustomed to it, and my uneasiness wore off. It seemed to be his design rather to insinuate than directly to assert that, physically, he had not always been what he was—that a long series of neuralgic attacks had reduced him from a condition of more than usual personal beauty, to that which I saw. For many years past he had been attended by a physician, named Templeton—an old gentleman, perhaps seventy years of age—whom he had first encountered at Saratoga, and from whose attention, while there, he either received, or fancied that he received, great benefit. The result was that Bedloe, who was wealthy, had made an arrangement with Doctor Templeton, by which the latter, in consideration of a liberal annual allowance, had consented to devote his time and medical experience exclusively to the care of the invalid.

Doctor Templeton had been a traveller in his younger days, and, at Paris, had become a convert, in great measure, to the doctrines of Mesmer. It was altogether by means of magnetic remedies that he had succeeded in alleviating the acute pains of his patient; and this success had very naturally inspired the latter with a certain degree of confidence in the opinions from which the remedies had been educed. The Doctor, however, like all enthusiasts, had struggled hard to make a thorough convert of his pupil, and finally so far gained his point as to induce the sufferer to submit to numerous experiments.—By a frequent repetition of these, a result had arisen, which of late days has become so common as to attract little or no attention, but which, at the period of which I write, had very rarely been known in America. I mean to say, that between Doctor Templeton and Bedloe there had grown up, little by little, a very distinct and strongly marked *rapport*, or magnetic relation. I am not prepared to assert, however, that this *rapport* extended beyond the limits of the simple sleep-producing power; but this power itself had attained great intensity. At the first attempt to induce the magnetic somnolency, the mesmerist entirely failed. In the fifth or sixth he succeeded very partially, and after long continued effort. Only at the twelfth was the triumph complete. After this the will of the patient succumbed rapidly to that of the physician, so that, when I first became acquainted with the two, sleep was brought about almost instantaneously, by the mere volition of the operator, even when the invalid was unaware of his presence. It is only now, in the year 1845, when similar miracles are witnessed daily by thousands, that I dare venture to record this apparent impossibility as a matter of serious fact.

The temperature of Bedloe was, in the highest degree, sensitive, excitable, enthusiastic. His imagination was singularly vigorous and creative; and no doubt it derived additional force from the habitual use of morphine, which he swallowed in great quantity, and without which he would have found it impossible to exist. It was his practice to take a very large dose of it immediately after breakfast, each morning—or rather immediately after a cup of strong coffee, for he ate nothing in the forenoon—and then set forth alone, or attended only by a dog, upon a long ramble among the chain of wild and dreary hills that lie westward and southward of Charlottesville, and are there dignified by the title of the Ragged Mountains.

Upon a dim, warm, misty day, towards the close of November, and during the strange *interregnum* of the seasons which in America is termed the Indian Summer Mr. Bedloe departed, as usual, for the hills. The day passed, and still he did not return.

About eight o'clock at night, having become seriously alarmed at his protracted absence, we were about setting out in search of him, when he unexpectedly made his appearance, in health no worse than usual, and in rather more than ordinary spirits. The account which he gave of his expedition, and of the events which had detained him, was a singular one indeed.

"You will remember," said he, "that it was about nine in the morning when I left Charlottesville. I bent my steps immediately to the mountains, and, about ten, entered a gorge which was entirely new to me. I followed the windings of this pass with much interest.—The scenery which presented itself on all sides, although scarcely entitled to be called grand, had about it an indescribable, and to me, a delicious aspect of dreary desolation. The solitude seemed absolutely virgin. I could not help believing that the green sods and the gray rocks upon which I trod, had been trodden never before by the foot of a human being. So entirely secluded, and in fact inaccessible, except through a series of accidents, is the entrance of the ravine, that it is by no means impossible that I was indeed the first adventurer—the very first and sole adventurer who had ever penetrated its recesses.

"The thick and peculiar mist, or smoke, which distinguishes the Indian Summer, and which now hung heavily over all objects, served, no doubt, to deepen the vague impressions which these objects created. So dense was this pleasant fog, that I could at no time see more than a dozen yards of the path before me. This path was excessively sinuous, and as the sun could not be seen, I soon lost all idea of the direction in which I journeyed. In the meantime the morphine had its customary effect—that of enduing all the external world with an intensity of interest. In the quivering of a leaf—in the hue of a blade of grass—in the shape of a trefoil—in the humming of a bee—in the gleaming of a dew-drop—in the breathing of the wind—in the faint odors that came from the forest—there came a whole universe of suggestion—a gay and motly train of rhapsodical and immethodical thought.

"Busied in this, I walked on for several hours, during which the mist deepened around me to so great an extent, that at length I was reduced to an absolute groping of the way. And now an indescribable uneasiness possessed me—a species of nervous hesitation and tremor.—I feared to tread, lest I should be precipitated into some abyss. I remembered, too, strange stories told about these Ragged Hills, and of the uncouth and fierce races of men who tenanted their groves and caverns. A thousand vague fancies oppressed and disconcerted me—fancies the more distressing because vague. Very suddenly my attention was arrested by the loud beating of a drum.

"My amazement was, of course, extreme. A drum in these hills was a thing unknown. I could not have been more surprised at the sound of the trump of the Archangel. But a new and still more astounding source of interest and perplexity arose. There came a wild rattling or jingling sound, as if of a bunch of large keys—and upon the instant a dusky-visaged and half-naked man rushed past me with a shriek. He came so close to my person that I felt his hot breath upon my face. He bore in one hand an instrument composed of an assemblage of steel rings, and shook them vigorously as he ran. Scarcely had he disappeared in the mist, before, panting after him, with open mouth and glaring eyes, there darted a huge beast. I could not be mistaken in its character. It was a hyena.

"The sight of this monster rather relieved than heightened my terrors—for I now made sure that I dreamed, and endeavored to arouse myself to waking consciousness. I stepped boldly and briskly forward. I rubbed my eyes. I called aloud. I pinched my limbs. A small spring of water presented itself to my view, and here, stooping, I bathed my hands and my head and neck. This seemed to dissipate the equivocal sensations which had hitherto annoyed me. I arose, as I thought, a new man, and proceeded steadily and complacently on my unknown way.

"At length, quite overcome by exertion, and by a certain oppressive closeness of the atmosphere, I seated myself beneath a tree. Presently there came a feeble gleam of sunshine, and the shadow of the leaves of the tree fell faintly but definitely upon the grass. At this shadow I gazed wonderingly for many minutes. Its character stupified me with astonishment. I looked upward. The tree was a palm.

"I now arose hurriedly, and in a state of fearful agitation—for the fancy that I dreamed would serve me no longer. I saw—I felt that I had perfect command of my senses—and these senses now brought to my soul a world of novel and singular sensation. The heat became all at once intolerable. A strange odor loaded the breeze.—A low continuous murmur, like that arising from a full, but gently-flowing river, came to my ears, intermingled with the peculiar hum of multitudinous human voices.

"While I listened in an extremity of astonishment which I need not attempt to describe, a strong and brief gust of wind bore off the incumbent fog as if by the wand of an enchanter.

"I found myself at the foot of a high mountain, and looking down into a vast plain, through which wound a majestic river. On the margin of this river stood an Eastern-looking city, such as we read of in the Arabian Tales, but of a character even more singular than any there described. From my position, which was far above the level of the town, I could perceive its every nook and corner, as if delineated on a map. The streets seemed innumerable, and crossed each other irregularly in all directions, but were rather long winding alleys than streets, and absolutely swarmed with inhabitants. The houses were wildly picturesque. On every hand was a wilderness of balconies, of verandahs, of minarets, of shrines, and fantastically carved oriels. Bazaars abounded; and in these were displayed rich wares in infinite variety and profusion—silks, muslins, the most dazzling cutlery, the most magnificent jewels and gems. Besides these things,

were seen, on all sides, banners and palanquins, litters with stately dames close veiled, elephants gorgeously caparisoned, idols grotesquely hewn, drums, banners and gongs, spears, silver and gilded maces. And amid the crowd, and the clamor, and the general intricacy and confusion—amid the million of black and yellow men, turbaned and robed, and of flowing beard, there roamed a countless multitude of holy filleted bulls, while vast legions of the filthy but sacred ape clambered, chattering and shrieking, about the cornices of the mosques, or clung to the minarets and oriels. From the swarming streets to the banks of the river, there descended innumerable flights of steps leading to bathing places, while the river itself seemed to force a passage with difficulty through the vast fleets of deeply-burthened ships that far and wide encumbered its surface. Beyond the limits of the city arose, in frequent majestic groups, the palm and the cocoa, with other gigantic and wierd trees of vast age; and here and there might be seen a field of rice, the thatched hut of a peasant, a tank, a stray temple, a gypsy camp, or a solitary graceful maiden taking her way, with a pitcher upon her head, to the banks of the magnificent river.

"You will say now, of course, that I dreamed; but not so. What I saw—what I heard—what I felt—what I thought—had about it nothing of the unmistakeable idiosyncrasy of the dream. All was rigorously self-consistent. At first, doubting that I was really awake, I entered into a series of tests, which soon convinced me that I really was. Now, when one dreams, and, in the dream, suspects that he dreams, the suspicion *never fails to confirm itself*, and the sleeper is almost immediately aroused.—Thus Novalis errs not in saying that 'we are near waking when we dream that we dream.' Had the vision occured to me as I describe it, without my suspecting it as a dream, then a dream it might absolutely have been, but, occurring as it did, and suspected and tested as it was, I am forced to class it among other phenomena."

"In this I am not sure that you are wrong," observed Dr. Templeton, "but proceed. You arose and descended into the city."

"I arose," continued Bedloe, regarding the Doctor with an air of profound astonishment, "I arose, as you say, and descended into the city. On my way, I fell in with an immense populace, crowding, through every avenue, all in the same direction, and exhibiting in every action the wildest excitement. Very suddenly, and by some inconceivable impulse, I became intensely imbued with personal interest in what was going on. I seemed to feel that I had an important part to play, without exactly understanding what it was. Against the crowd which environed me, however, I experienced a deep sentiment of animosity. I shrank from amid them, and, swiftly, by a circuitous path, reached and entered the city. Here all was the wildest tumult and contention. A small party of men, clad in garments half-Indian half European, and officered by gentlemen in a uniform partly British, were engaged, at great odds, with the swarming rabble of the alleys. I joined the weaker party, arming myself with the weapons of a fallen officer, and fighting I knew not whom with the nervous ferocity of despair. We were soon overpowered by numbers, and driven to seek refuge in a species of kiosk. Here we barricaded ourselves, and, for the present, were secure. From a loop-hole near the summit of the kiosk, I perceived a vast crowd, in furious agitation, surrounding and assaulting a gay palace that overhung the river. Presently, from an upper window of this palace, there descended an effeminate-looking person, by means of a string made of the turbans of his attendants. A boat was at hand, in which he escaped to the opposite bank of the river.

And now a new object took possession of my soul. I spoke a few hurried but energetic words to my companions, and, having succeeded in gaining over a few of them to my purpose, made a frantic sally from the kiosk. We rushed amid the crowd that surrounded it. They retreated, at first, before us. They rallied, fought madly, and retreated again. In the mean time we were borne far from the kiosk, and became bewildered and entangled among the narrow streets of tall overhanging houses, into the recesses of which the sun had never been able to shine. The rabble pressed impetuously upon us, harassing us with their spears, and overwhelming us with flights of arrows. These latter were very remarkable, and resembled in some respects the writhing creese of the Malay. They were made to imitate the body of a creeping serpent, and were long and black, with a poisoned barb. One of them struck me upon the right temple. I reeled and fell. An instantaneous and deadly sickness seized me. I struggled—I gasped—I died."

"You will hardly persist now," said I, smiling, "that the whole of your adventure was not a dream. You are not prepared to maintain that you are dead?"

When I said these words, I of course expected some lively sally from Bedloe in reply; but, to my astonishment, he hesitated, trembled, became fearfully pallid, and remained silent. I looked towards Templeton. He sat erect and rigid in his chair—his teeth chattered, and his eyes were starting from their sockets. "Proceed!" he at length said hoarsely to Bedloe.

"For many minutes," continued the latter, "my sole sentiment—my sole feeling—was that of darkness and nonentity, with the consciousness of death. At length, there seemed to pass a violent and sudden shock through my soul, as if of electricity. With it came the sense of elasticity and of light. This latter I felt—not saw. In an instant I seemed to rise from the ground. But I had no bodily, no visible, audible, or palpable presence. The crowd had departed. The tumult had ceased. The city was in comparative repose. Beneath me lay my corpse, with the arrow in my temple, the whole head greatly swollen and disfigured. But all these things I felt—not saw. I took interest in nothing. Even the corpse seemed a matter in which I had no concern. Volition I had none, but appeared to be impelled into motion, and flitted buoyantly out of the city, retracing the circuitous path by which I had entered it. When I had attained that point of the ravine in the mountains, at which I had encountered the hyena, I again experienced a shock as of a galvanic battery: the sense of weight, of volition, of substance, returned. I became my original self, and bent my steps eagerly homewards—but the past had not lost the vividness of the real—and not now, even for an instant, can I compel my understanding to regard it as a dream."

"Nor was it," said Templeton, with an air of deep solemnity, "yet it would be difficult to say how otherwise it should be termed. Let us suppose only, that the soul of the man of to-day is upon the verge of some stupendous psychal discoveries. Let us content ourselves with this supposition. For the rest I have some explanation to make. Here is a water-colour drawing, which I should have shown you before, but which an unaccountable sentiment of horror has hitherto prevented me from showing."

We looked at the picture which he presented. I saw nothing in it of an extraordinary character; but its effect upon Bedloe was prodigious. He nearly fainted as he gazed. And yet it was but a miniature portrait—a miraculously accurate one, to be sure—of his own very remarkable features. At least this was my thought as I regarded it.

"You will perceive," said Templeton, "the date of this picture—it is here, scarcely visible, in this corner—1780. In this year was the portrait taken. It is the likeness of a dead friend—a Mr. Oldeb—to whom I became much attached at Calcutta, during the administration of Warren Hastings. I was then only twenty years old.—When I first saw you, Mr. Bedloe, at Saratoga, it was the miraculous similarity which existed between yourself and the painting, which induced me to accost you, to seek your friendship, and to bring about those arrangements which resulted in my becoming your constant companion. In accomplishing this point, I was urged partly, and perhaps principally, by a regretful memory of the deceased, but also, in part, by an uneasy, and not altogether horrorless curiosity respecting yourself.

"In your detail of the vision which presented itself to you amid the hills, you have described, with the minutest accuracy, the Indian city of Benares, upon the Holy River. The riots, the combats, the massacre, were the actual events of the insurrection of Cheyte Sing, which took place in 1780, when Hastings was put in imminent peril of his life. The man escaping by the string of turbans, was Cheyte Sing himself. The party in the kiosk were sepoys and British officers, headed by Hastings. Of this party I was one, and did all I could to prevent the rash and fatal sally of the officer who fell, in the crowded alleys, by the poisoned arrow of a Bengalee. That officer was my dearest friend. It was Oldeb. You will perceive by these manuscripts," (here the speaker produced a note-book in which several pages appeared to have been freshly written) "that at the very period in which you fancied these things amid the hills, I was engaged in detailing them upon paper here at home."

In about a week after this conversation, the following paragraphs appeared in a Charlottesville paper.

"We have the painful duty of announcing the death of Mr. Augustus Bedlo, a gentleman whose amiable manners and many virtues have long endeared him to the citizens of Charlottesville.

"Mr. B., for some years past, has been subject to neuralgia, which has often threatened to terminate fatally; but this can be regarded only as the mediate cause of his decease. The proximate cause was one of especial singularity. In an excursion to the Ragged Mountains, a few days since, a slight cold and fever were contracted, attended with great determination of blood to the head. To relieve this, Dr. Templeton resorted to topical bleeding. Leeches were applied to the temples. In a fearfully brief period the patient died, when it appeared that, in the jar containing the leeches, had been introduced, by accident, one of the venomous vermicular sangsues which are now and then found in the neighboring ponds. This creature fastened itself upon a small artery in the right temple. Its close resemblance to the medicinal leech caused the mistake to be overlooked until too late.

"N. B. The poisonous sangsue of Charlottesville may always be distinguished from the medicinal leech by its blackness, and especially by its writhing or vermicular motions, which very nearly resemble those of a snake."

I was speaking with the editor of the paper in question, upon the topic of this remarkable accident, when it occurred to me to ask how it happened that the name of the deceased had been given as Bedlo.

"I presume," said I, "you have authority for this spelling, but I have always supposed the name to be written with an *e* at the end."

"Authority?—no," he replied. "It is a mere typographical error. The name is Bedlo with an *e*, all the world over, and I never knew it to be spelt otherwise in my life."

"Then," said I mutteringly, as I turned upon my heel, "then indeed has it come to pass that one truth is stranger than any fiction—for Bedlo, without the *e*, what is it but Oldeb conversed? And this man tells me it is a typographical error." Edgar A. Poe.

To ——

"In Heaven a spirit doth dwell,
Whose heart-strings are a lute."

I cannot tell *the world* how thrills my heart
To every touch that flies thy lyre along;
How the wild Nature and the wondrous Art,
Blend into Beauty in thy passionate song—

But this *I know*—in thine enchanted slumbers,
Heaven's poet, Israfel,—with minstrel fire—
Taught thee the music of his own sweet numbers,
And tuned—to chord with *his*—thy glorious lyre!

Frances S. Osgood.

Art-Singing and Heart-Singing.*

Great is the power of Music over a people! As for us of America, we have long enough followed obedient and child-like in the track of the Old World. We have received her tenors and her buffos, her operatic troupes and her vocalists, of all grades and complexions; listened to and applauded the songs made for a different state of society—made, perhaps, by royal genius, but made to please royal ears likewise; and it is time that such listening and receiving should cease. The subtlest spirit of a nation is expressed through its music—and the music acts reciprocally upon the nation's very soul. Its effects may not be seen in a day, or a year, and yet these effects are potent invisibly. They enter into religious feelings—they tinge the manners and morals—they are active even in the choice of legislators and high magistrates. Tariff can be varied to fit circumstances—bad laws obliterated and good ones formed—those enactments which relate to commerce or national policy, built up or taken away, stretched or contracted, to suit the will of the government for the time being. But no human power can thoroughly suppress the spirit which lives in national lyrics, and sounds in the favorite melodies sung by high and low.

There are two kinds of singing—heart-singing and art-singing. That which touches the souls and sympathies of other communities may have no effect here—unless it appeals to the throbbings of the great heart of humanity

* The author desires us to say, for him, that he pretends to no scientific knowledge of music. He merely claims to appreciate so much of it (a sadly disdained department, just now) as affects, in the language of the deacons, "the natural heart of man." It is scarcely necessary to add that we agree with our correspondent throughout. Ed. B. J.

itself—pictures love, hope, or mirth in their comprehensive aspect. But nearly every nation has its peculiarities and its idioms, which make its best intellectual efforts dearest to itself alone, so that hardly any thing which comes to us in the music and songs of the Old World, is strictly good and fitting to our own nation.

With all honor and glory to the land of the olive and the vine, fair-skied Italy—with no turning up of noses at Germany, France, or England—we humbly demand whether we have not run after their beauties long enough.

"At last we have found it!" exclaimed we, some nights since, at the conclusion of the performances by the Cheney Family, in Niblo's Saloon. At last we have found, and heard, and seen something original and beautiful in the way of American musical execution. Never having been present at any of the Hutchinsons' Concerts, (the Cheneys, we are told, are after the same token,) the elegant simplicity of this style took us completely by surprise, and our gratification was inexpressible. This, said we in our heart, is the true method which must become popular in the United States—which must supplant the stale, second-hand, foreign method, with its flourishes, its ridiculous sentimentality, its anti-republican spirit, and its sycophantic influence, tainting the young taste of the republic.

The Cheney young men are such brown-faced, stout-shouldered fellows as you will see in almost any American church, in a country village, of a Sunday. The girl is strangely simple, even awkward, in her ways. Or it may possibly be that she disdains the usual clap-trap of smiles, hand-kissing, and dancing-school bends. To our taste, there is something refreshing about all this. We are absolutely sick to nausea of the patent-leather, curled-hair, "japonicadom" style. The Cheneys are as much ahead of it as real teeth are ahead of artificial ones—even those which Dodge, (nature-rival, as he is,) sent to the late Fair. We beg these young Yankees to keep their manners plain alway. The sight of them, as they are, puts one in mind of health and fresh air in the country, at sunrise—the dewy, earthy fragrance that comes up then in the moisture, and touches the nostrils more gratefully than all the perfumes of the most ingenious chemist.

These hints we throw out rather as suggestive of a train of thought to other and more deliberate thinkers than we—and not as the criticisms of a musical connoisseur. If they have pith in them, we have not much doubt others will carry them out. If not, we at least know they are written in that true wish for benefitting the subject spoken of, which should characterize all such essays.

WALTER WHITMAN.

Lines.

TO HER WHO CAN UNDERSTAND THEM.

Air—To ladies' eyes a round—boy.

The song that o'er me hovered
In summer's hour—in summer's hour
To day with joy has covered
My winter bower—my winter bower.
Blest be the lips that breathe it!
As mine have been—as mine have been
When pressed, in dreams, beneath it,
To hers unseen—to hers unseen.
And may her heart, wherever
Its hope may be—its hope may be—
Beat happily, though never
To beat for me—to beat for me!

Is she spirit, given
One hour to earth—one hour to earth,
To bring me dreams from heaven
Her place of birth—her place of birth?
Or minstrel maiden—hidden
Like cloistered nun—like cloistered nun—
A bud, a flower forbidden
To air and sun—to air and sun?
For had I power to summon
With harp divine—with harp divine—
The angel, or the woman,
The last were mine—the last were mine!

If earth-born beauty's fingers
Awaked the lay, awaked the lay
Whose echoed music lingers
Around my way, around my way—
Where smiles the hearth she blesses
With voice and eye, with voice and eye?
Where binds the Night her tresses,
When sleep is nigh, when sleep is nigh?
Is Fashion's bleak, cold mountain
Her bosom's throne, her bosom's throne?
Or Love's green vale and fountain,
With one alone, with one alone?

Why ask, why seek a treasure
Like her I sing, like her I sing?
Her name, nor pain nor pleasure
To me should bring, to me should bring.
Love must not grieve nor gladden
My thoughts of snow, my thoughts of snow;
Nor woman soothe or sadden
My hours below, my hours below.
Before a worldlier altar
I've knelt too long, I've knelt too long;
And if my footsteps falter,
'Tis but in song, 'tis but in song.

Nor would I break the vision
Young fancies frame, young fancies frame,
That decks, with stars elysian,
A poet's name, a poet's name—
For her, whose gentle spirit
Such dreams sublime, such dreams sublime
Gives hues they do not merit
To sons of rhyme, to sons of rhyme.
But place the proudest near her,
Whate'er his pen, whate'er his pen,
She'll say—(be mute who hear her!)
"Mere mortal men—mere mortal men!"

Yet though unseen, unseeing,
We meet and part, we meet and part,
Be still my worshipped being,
In mind and heart, in mind and heart.
And bid thy song that found me,
My minstrel maid, my minstrel maid!
Be winter's sunbeam round me,
And summer's shade, and summer's shade.
I could not gaze upon thee,
And dare thy spell, and dare thy spell—
And when a happier won thee,
Thus bid farewell, thus bid farewell!

FITZ GREENE HALLECK.

Epigram.

RALPH'S SELF-ESTEEM.

From the Saxon.

Ralph says, on such as I, he still looks down,—
We shall not doubt of this, if he can show
That, in the moral pillory of the town,
The scoundrel may see anything below.

W. GILMORE SIMMS.

Critical Notices.

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

Very few American books have produced as widely extended a sensation as Mrs. Kirkland's "New Home."—The cause of this lay not merely in its picturesque and amusing descriptions, its fresh and racy humor, or its animated individual portraitures. It was the truth of its delineations that constituted its great charm. The West—the wild, rich, independent, glorious West—has been a field hitherto untrodden by the sketcher or the novelist. Some few brief glimpses of character we had, strange to sojourners in the civilized East, in the works of other writers; but to Mrs. Kirkland alone we owe our acquaintance with the *home* and home-life of the backwoodsman. She has represented scenes that could have occurred nowhere else, with a fidelity and vigor that show her pictures taken from the very life; with a fine chisel that cut breath itself, she has placed before us the veritable settlers of the forest, with all their peculiarities, national and individual; their free and fearless spirit, their homely, utilitarian views; their shrewdness, and sharp looking out for self-interest; their thrifty care, and inventions multiform; their coarseness of manner, united with real delicacy and substantial kindness, when their sympathies are called into action; in a word, with all the characteristics that stamp the "Yankee," in a region where the salient points of character are not smoothed down by contact with society, as an original creation among men.—So life-like, or rather so living, have been the representations of Mrs. Kirkland, that they have not only been recognized universally abroad, but appropriated at home as individual portraits, by many who have been disposed to plead trumpet-tongued, if not like angels, against what they imagined "the deep damnation of their *taking off*." This was to be expected, and inevitable.

It will readily be seen that a minute and truthful picture of Western life could never be given in any grave history half so well as in the form of stories, where the persons are suffered to develope themselves. This method has been in part adopted by Mrs. Kirkland, in her former sketches of Forest Life; and more entirely in the present volume. "Western Clearings" is a collection of graphic Tales, each illustrative of the customs, manners and ideas of a peculiar people, and descriptive of a new and uncivilized, but great and growing country. We can only glance at a few of these. "The Land Fever," is a story of the wild days when the madness of speculation in land was at its height. Both it, and "The Ball at Thram's Huddle," are richly characteristic.—Only those who have had the fortune to visit or live in these newly settled regions, can enjoy such pictures to the full. "Chances and Changes," and "Love vs. Aristocracy," are more regularly constructed Tales, with the "universal passion" for the moving power, but colored with glowing hues of the West. "The Bee-tree" exhibits a striking, but too numerous class among the settlers, and marks, also, the length and breadth of the bitterness that grows out of an unprosperous condition.

"Ambuscades," and "Half-lengths from Life," we remember as the most piquant and delightful of the stories in an annual a year or two since, to which the book owed, according to the confession of the publishers, a large sale among the conscious and pen-dreading Western people themselves. Tom Oliver, in the first mentioned Tale, is admirably sketched "Half-lengths from Life," has the heart's core and spirit of a backwoods life, on the trying subject of *caste*. "The Schoolmaster's Progress," is unrivalled in truth and humor. The Western Schoolmaster—that walking nondescript—that stiff, solitary, unique figure in the drama of a new settlement—sublimely mingled with the associations of our school-days—occupying a middle position between "our folks" and "company," where he "boarded round"—is depicted to the very life. The individual cannot fail to be recognized as the representative of a class. The occupation, indeed, always seems to mould those engaged in it into the same likeness. They all, like Master Horner, "know well what belongs to the pedagogical character, and that facial solemnity stands high on the list of indispensable qualifications." The spelling school, also, is a new country feature which we owe thanks to our fair author for recording. How important that such good old customs should be preserved on the speaking page, when hereafter they may lose their peculiarity, if they be not effaced from the memory, in the march of improvement!

"An Embroidered Fact," is a narration of actual events, described to the author by the hero himself. We like it less than the other stories. The incidents are singular—but not illustrative of the country. The same may be said of the tragic occurrences in "Bitter Fruits from Chance-sown Seeds;" but this last abounds in capital touches of character. All the horrors of the Tale are caused by the suspicion of *pride*; an accusation, says the author, as destructive at the West as that of witchcraft in olden times, or the cry of mad dog at the present day.

"Western Clearings," we are confident, will sustain the author's high reputation as one of the most original and accomplished of American writers. Even her style has a touch of Western freshness that renders it, and her arch, playful satire, especially charming. The imaginative or creative faculty is possessed by Mrs. Kirkland in a high degree; but she is *unrivalled* in power of delineation; and in a marvellous felicity of expression, whereby a world of meaning or humor is conveyed in some brief phrase, she is approached by no female writer in the country.

America and the American People. By Frederick Von Raumer, *Professor of History in the University of Berlin, etc, etc. Translated from the German by* William W. Turner. *New-York; J. & G. H. Langley.*

We cannot better preface the few words we have to say of this book than by the citation of a passage in Professor Turner's introduction.

> His opinions on the whole respecting the Institutions, the past history, and the future prospects of this country, are in the highest degree favorable; and whenever he allows himself to find fault, which is but seldom, he does it with evident reluctance, and with the air of a friend whose admonitions are wholesome, not with the bitterness of an enemy. The comparisons too, which he makes between many of the American institutions and the corresponding institutions of Europe, will be found useful and instructive. One virtue of his will not be the less esteemed on account of its rarity among writers in this country; and that is, that he has at least endeavored to make himself well acquainted with what he has undertaken to write about. He has also shown great and commendable carefulness in every instance, not to violate the privileges of a guest by exposing to the world the confidences of private and social intercourse,—a proceeding which some writers on both sides of the water might imitate with advantage.

Elsewhere the translator well observes that it is rather the subjectivity than the objectivity of the book that will claim the attention of readers in this country

—that Americans will not resort to a work of this kind, written by a foreigner, and which treats of such a variety of delicate and different topics, to obtain minute information on matters of fact.

The Baron himself, with a genuine modesty, admits that he is not unaware of his incapacity for such detail. "Should my book reach America," he says, "I request my readers there not to forget that it is especially intended for Germany and that it can offer nothing new to the well-informed inhabitants of the United States."

These considerations and admissions should be carefully borne in mind by every American who reads the book. Its commendable features are candor, evident desire for truth, freedom from prejudice, comprehensiveness, and masterly breadth of generalization.

Perhaps there are no points at which we have greater need of making allowance for the foreigner's imperfect means of information in detail, than those which concern the state of our National Literature. Were we to say, in round terms, that Professor Von Raumer has set forth with accuracy *not one fact* in relation to American letters, we fear that we should not be very far from the truth. The German who is so rash as to estimate our condition by what he here reads, will find himself in what may be termed a high state of information.

"The greater American periodicals or critical reviews" says the Baron, among other things, "distinguish themselves by propriety, moderation, and dignity: they display an accurate knowledge of all sciences and often contain criticisms which are masterly both in form and substance."

Of the "propriety" we are not prepared to speak—and the "dignity" will do—but the "moderation" (so far at least as concerns the Down-East Review) must have reference to the applause or attention bestowed upon those insignificant individuals who have the misfortune to reside out of the limits of Massachusetts.

"Authors of really able productions" continues the Baron, "are liberally rewarded in America."

Some one has informed the traveller, no doubt, that Mr. Prescott received six thousand dollars for "The Conquest of Mexico"—for this is the one brilliant point usually cited in defence of the liberality of American publishers. Had the Professor made farther inquiry he would have found that Mr. Prescott was engaged for many years at his work, and that he expended for the necessary books and other materials a large sum:—the compensation thus afforded him, amounting in the end to little more than any common scavenger might have earned in the same period, upon our highways.

The most really *curious* portion, however, of the comments on American Literature, is to be found in the following passage:

> The richest or at least the most prolific department of poetry is the lyric. But as in thousands of years there have been but one Pindar and one Horace, (although every spring puts forth countless pleasing yet mostly perishable lyric blossoms,) it is performing a valuable service, *when a man of taste and information* makes a suitable, well assorted selection, and guides the friend of poetry in his ramble through those groves, from which he might otherwise be deterred by their immensity. Such service has been rendered by *Mr. Griswold*, in his Poets and Poetry of America.

We have heard it asserted that it was out of the power of any *such* book as that of Mr. Griswold to effect either good or evil—but we think that the evil is here sufficiently obvious. His book is the *largest* one of its kind. A distinguished foreigner very naturally supposes it the *best*. He is not in condition to consider or to comprehend the innumerable petty arts by which, in America, a dexterous quack may force even the most contemptible work into notoriety and consequent circulation. The foreigner's opinions, and through him the opinions of his countrymen, are thus in danger of being based (at least for a time) upon a foundation, for which "frothy" is far too solid—far too respectable a term. If Dr. Griswold's book is *really* to be received as a fair representation of our poetical literature, then are we in a very lamentable—or rather in a very ridiculous condition indeed.

Following such authority, Professor Von Raumer quotes *in especial*, "The Old Man's Carousal" by Paulding! and a lyric (the name of which we forget) by the Right Reverend Bishop Doane!

We have been much surprised to find, in the Translator's Preface, no acknowledgment of his indebtedness to those who aided him in his very difficult task—to Mr. Kirkland, for example, and to the accomplished Mrs. Ellett—who, between them, prepared nearly, if not quite, one half of the book. The omission, however, may either have been accidental or have arisen from some motives of publishing policy—motives which, we admit, are now and then exceedingly difficult to understand.

The Philosophy of Mystery. By Walter Cooper Dendy, *Fellow and Honorary Librarian of the Medical Society of London, etc. etc. New York: Harper and Brothers.*

This really beautiful volume is No. 3 of Harper's New Miscellany. The style of this series is especially good; the type is of proper size, the paper unusually fine, and the binding (in boards, with embossed muslin,) particularly neat and tasteful. The number of pages in a volume is about 450. In literary character, the books of this series will tend towards the *utile* rather than the *dulce*—combining the two as far as possible.

"The Philosophy of Mystery" is an exceedingly able work—far better, we think, than the "Natural Magic" of Brewster—a book of identical purpose carried out in a totally different way. The "Natural Magic" is the more ratiocinative—Mr. Dendy's essay the more poetical, the more imaginative, and to us the more interesting. Seldom, indeed, have we read any book which, for the time, so thoroughly engrossed us.

Wiley & Putnam's Foreign Library. Nos. 3 and 4. The Rhine. By Victor Hugo.

This is a re-print of the best of two British translations—and is the first American edition. A prefatory discourse on European affairs, is very properly omitted.

The style of this "Tour" is particularly *French*—there is no other word for the idea. We find a great deal of point, vivacity, wit, humor, archness, novelty—the whole pervaded and "toned down" by a delicious simplicity.—It is not as a tourist, however, or as a sketcher, that Victor Hugo is most remarkable. His essays in this way are scarcely better than those of fifty other Frenchmen—but as a builder of brief fictions he is unequalled among his countrymen—very far surpassing, we think, Eugène Sue. His "Notre Dâme" is a work of high genius controlled by consummate art.

Wiley & Putnam's Library of Choice Reading. Nos. 34 and 35. The Life of Condé. By Lord Mahon.

This is also a translation; the work having been ori-

ginally written in French and without any view to publication. We need scarcely add that the work is one of interest—for it concerns "The Great Condé," and is written by Mahon.

Trippings in Authorland. By Fanny Forrester. *New York: Paine & Burgess.*

This will assuredly prove to the public a very acceptable collection. Few Americans have attained so much of celebrity as has "Fanny Forrester," in so brief a time. Some of her fame is, beyond question, due to the kindly and frequent notices of Mr. Willis, but the greater portion of it springs from intrinsic merit—from the vivacity and talent of the author. She is one of our best Magazinists the *very* best in her way—and her way would be admirable in all respects but for a slight taunt of Willisism. Not that we object to Willisism—in Willis.

We quote a portion of the Preface:

About a year ago, a girl sat down in her own quiet little room, and, for very idleness, without object and without plan, produced plan, produced a letter, which, the next week, found its way into the New York Mirror. It was the first letter in this collection; and Mr. Willis, one of the editors, after various speculations concerning the author, added—

"Well—we give in!—*On condition* that you are under twenty-five, and that you will wear a rose (recognizably) in your boddice the first day you appear in Broadway with the hat and 'balzarine,' we will pay the bills. Write us, thereafter, a sketch of 'Bel' and and yourself, as cleverly done as this letter, and you may 'snuggle down' on the sofa, and consider us paid, and the public charmed with you."

A reply was given by way of carrying out the frolic still father, accompanied by the sketch of "The Cousins," which appeared in the Mirror immediately after. These met with such a kind reception, that the pen became a more familiar thing than formerly in those fingers, and so, behold upon them an indelible ink-mark.

We presume that there are not more than one or two of our readers unaware of the fact that "Fanny Forrester" and Mrs. Emily S. Chubbuck are one and the same.

The Songs and Ballads of George P. Morris. *First Complete Edition. New York: Paine & Burgess.*

It is utterly impossible to deny that many of these compositions have merit of a high order—and, of course, we have no disposition to deny it.

The Sibyl's Wreath and Floral Emblems, with the Natal Months. New-York: Published for the Proprietor by E. G. Langdon, 409 Broadway.

Some person has had the audacity to send us a book thus entitled, with a slip of paper containing the following words:

"The Sibyl's Wreath.—In this very pretty little volume we have found more real fun than all the games we have yet seen.—It is well got up, and deserves the patronage of every family in the Union."

The intention, of course, is that we shall adopt this opinion as editorial—as our own.

We have no such opinion. The book is contemptible at all points, and we should be sorry to recommend it to "every family in the Union." What would "every family in the Union" think of us, if, upon looking into a book at our recommendation, "every family in the Union" should find the detestable vulgarity which follows:

Love and stewed oysters.

A handsome husband, (or wife) and a moderate portion of juvenile responsibilities.

One dumpling and two plates.

Quizzing, courting, a quilting frolic, and a glass of soda-water, with a *stick* in it.

Love, lace, literature and lasses.

Oh, Mr. Coon, you're come too soon.

Prehaps I nought—*prehaps* I moughn n't, etc., etc.

These things are designed as answers—and are nearly all of them to be found on one page.

Poems, by Alfred Tennyson. *Two Volumes. Boston: William D. Ticknor & Co.*

This is a very neat, and altogether tasteful *new* edition of a poet, who (in our own humble, but sincere opinion,) is *the greatest* that ever lived. We are perfectly willing to undergo all the censure which so heretical an opinion may draw down upon us.

Poems of Many Years. By Richard Monckton Milnes. *Boston: William D. Ticknor & Co.*

This is also a *new* edition of a poet much and justly admired in England—and insufficiently appreciated by ourselves. We may allude to the volume hereafter.

Americanism. An Address delivered before the Eucleian Society of the New-York University, 30th of June, 1845, by Cornelius Mathews. *New-York: Paine & Burgess.*

An excellent address, to which we shall refer more fully next week, and from which we shall take the liberty of making some extracts.

Narrative of the Exploring Expedition to the Rocky Mountains, in the year 1842; *and to Oregon and North California, in the years* 1843—4. *By* Brevet Captain J. C. Fremont, *of the Topographical Engineers. Reprinted from the Original Copy published by order of the Senate of the U. S. New-York: D. Appleton & Co.*

We scarcely know what to say of this narrative—so as to recommend it with sufficient positiveness to our readers. Undoubtedly it is one of the most interesting books ever penned. "Robinson Crusoe" is not better as a composition, and here we have the additional charm of truth—a truth that cannot be doubted, and which, the tone of narration assures us, is not exaggerated in any degree.

Harper's Illuminated Pictorial Bible, No. 43.

A number of more than average excellence. The smaller wood-engravings are especially meritorious. No English edition approaches this in the general beauty of its embellishments.

The Wandering Jew, superbly Illustrated by the Most Eminent Artists of Paris. A New and Elegant Translation. Harper & Brothers. New-York.

No. 4 is issued. Its designs are beyond praise. When completed, this will form one of the most richly illustrated works ever published.

The Modern Standard Drama. Edited by Epes Sargent. *No.* 7. *The School for Scandal, etc. etc. New York: William Taylor.*

We are glad of the opportunity again to call attention to this series. It is in all respects an excellent one.

The Columbian Magazine, for December, has an excellent line engraving by Dick, from a painting by Allom—the subject a Chinese Raree-show—also a good mezzotint by Sadd. Its contributions are of more than average merit. The number opens with "A Remembrance" by Mrs. Osgood—touching and graceful. There are articles, also, by Mrs. Child, Mrs. Sigourney, Fanny Forrester, Wm. Kirkland, Park Benjamin, John Brougham, and others of note. "Lake Michigan at Night" is the title of a particularly meritorious poem by M——e.

We are happy to understand that The Columbian is in

a very prosperous condition. It is published by *Israel Post*, 140 Nassau street.

The Aristidean, for October, is unusually rich in good things—more particularly in the way of poetry. "The Nameless River," (which we attribute to A. M. Ide, Jr.) is exquisitely versified and has some passages of a high order of poetic excellence. We make a few quotations.

Serene its radiant waters flow,
In valleys calm and deep,
Where pine and ever-green cedar grow
And bending willows weep.

Beautiful flowers its banks adorn,
Its waves are lily-crowned,
And harvests of the emerald corn
Swell o'er the plains around.

Yet not for this, for evermore
I love its silvery tide;
My steadfast, peerless Isadore
Dwells on the river-side!

Still unto her my spirit leans,
When, by the river side,
'Mid fragrant flowers and evergreens
I walk at eventide.

Upon its grassy banks at noon,
Like one in dreams astray,
I listen to the tremulous tune
The gliding waters play.

I loiter by its waves at night,
Through shadowy vales afar,
With visions of ideal delight
Entranced as lovers are.

With tremulous stars the waters gleam,
Like old enchanted streams:—
Beneath her lattice, wreathed with vine,
They murmur whilst she dreams!

"The Hope of the Broken-Hearted" is remarkable for its passionate expression. We attribute it to the pen of T. Mayne Reed, Esq., of Philadelphia.

Here is something terse and passionate—undoubtedly by Mr. English.

Take back the token!
The words have been spoken;
The cord and the chain
Have been severed in twain,
So that never again
May we bind up the links that are broken.

Quench the last ember,
Nor ever remember
The heart tempest-tost,
Nor the love thou hast lost,
Nor the tears that it cost,
Nor the life which has reached its DECEMBER.

Now and forever
Our spirits must sever,—
Must sever, and yet
Can we ever forget
Our delight when we met?
By the woe of our memory never!

Among the prose papers there is an exceedingly queer, one (no doubt by the editor.) We give an extract which will explain the design:

Anxious to present our readers with the best specimens of the poetry of this country, we addressed notes to various of our poets, requesting them to furnish us, without charge, the means of fulfilling our desire. This, we conceived, to be a very modest request. To our surprise, some of these notes were returned; and others were retained, but no reply made. To some we received answers, with the required poems.

Here is a specimen:

BOSTON.

Dear Sir:—I am happy to oblige you. I send you the enclosed written in my usual, terse, epigrammatic style. The high opinion you express of my powers as a poet, are just; and show you have more taste than the Hollis street congregation.

I am, very truly,
JOHN PIERPONT.

ODE TO THE MUSES

BY THE REV. JOHN PIERPONT.

Ye gentle muses! make me first
Of bards—like HARRY HIRST!
To me the fire afford,
Of WILLIAM W. LORD!
And be my songs like COXE's "SAUL,"
Filled up with most abundant *fol*
—lol,
fol
de riddle dol!

Ye gentle muses! let my rhymes
Ring like the clinking chimes
Of those Campanalo-
—gian ringers, whom you know,
Within the Tabernacle Hall,
Present abundantly the *fol*
—lol,
fol
de riddle dol!

Ye gentle muses! if you will,
With fire my verses fill;
Permit this lamp of mine
O'er other lamps to shine;
And, if you won't, confound ye all!
I'll treat you to abundant *fol*
—lol,
fol
de riddle dol!

Simms' Magazine, Graham, Godey, The Illustrated, The Western, The Southern Messenger, and the Southern Quarterly Review, have all been received and shall be noticed next week—until when, also, we must defer what we have to say of the Annuals—some of which (The Missionary Memorial, for example, The Rose, The Diadem, and the Mayflower) are of a very high order of excellence. We have on hand for immediate notice Mrs. Osgood's Poems—Mr. Cist's.—The Pilgrim's Progress (Illustrated edition.)—The Sufferings of Christ—and The Whiteboy, a Story of Ireland—the three last from the fertile press of the Harpers.

Epigram.

From the Saxon.

Tom's choice in fellowship and friends,
Behold his levee's silent throngs;
Bad measures, meant for viler ends,
Foul thoughts and meditated wrongs;
All passions low, all base desires,
And prejudices monster-grown,
Crowd to the saloon of his sires,
Yet Tom is in his house,—alone!

W. G. SIMMS.

The Double Dream.

Our life is two-fold—Byron.

Fondly all through yesternight,
Fondly did I dream of thee,
And my soul, in deep delight,
Wandered with thine far and free:
Brightest visions round me shone;
All for which my heart had yearned,
All the dearest scenes I'd known,
'Neath the spell of sleep ,returned:
Fancy too assumed the helm,
And the ship of thought drove far,
O'er the dream-sea's mystic realm,—
Thou, the sole and guiding star!
Wilt thou hear me sing the scenes
Mirrored in that Eden sleep?—
Unto thee my spirit leans,
Enchantress, for the meaning deep!

I.

First, within a brilliant hall,
'Mid the youthful, gay, and bright,
Glanced a form more fair than all,
Like a spirit on my sight!
Proudly through the circling dance,
As, between the stars, the moon,
Moved she, with a stately glance,
To the old and festive tune.
Sweet the music,—for it seemed
But her motion's atmosphere,—
Filled with light that round her beamed,—
Captivating eye and ear.
Thoughts, like fountains years-subdued,
In my bosom poured their tide,
And, entranced like Saul, I stood,
Mute with homage at her side!

II.

Months seemed passed,—and now a scene
Pastoral-sweet was round me spread;—
On the hills, the spring-time's green,
And the blue sky overhead!
Winding down a forest river,
In a lightly-leaning boat,—
Snowy sails in breezy quiver,
By her side I seemed to float.
Music from her voice was breathed,
Sweeter than a singing bird's;
Smiles around her lips were wreathed,
Like the starlight of her words.
Long we sailed,—and passion's sighs
Kneeling then, I dared to pour,—
But a storm o'erwhelmed the skies!
I was wrecked upon the shore!

III.

Fancy now more wild became!
Far through foreign lands I roved,
Armed,—a knight,—in lists of fame,—
Championing my Ladye-Love.
Pomp and splendor round me shone,
Cavaliers and maidens bright,—
But above them all was one
Beautiful as morning light!—
On my shield her scroll I bore,—
Fairest Virgin of the West,—
Round my breast her scarf I wore,
And her colors in my crest.
Shouting loud defiance out,
Sought I then the marshalled strife,—
Proudly with the boldest fought,—
Perilling with joy my life!
Soon a victor, from the scene
To her feet I bore the prize,—
Crowned her there as Beauty's Queen,—
Drank my plaudits from her eyes!

IV.

But a change now strangely passed
O'er my wild and fevered dream;—
Where tall trees their shadows cast,
By a sweet, secluded stream,
We were roving;—overhead,
Smiling like an angel's face,
Hung the moon, as if to shed
Love-light on that trysting place.
In the shadows and the hush
Of that old, moon-silvered grove,—
Prayer, and vow, and tear, and blush!—
Plighted we our troth and love!—
What beside this then occurred
Underneath that smiling sky,
Thou must ask that startled bird!—
Thou must dream as well as I!

Such my visions yesternight,—
So my spirit roved with thine,—
Drinking in a wild delight,—
Revelling 'mid scenes divine!
Strange indeed our dreams are wrought;
Fancy, Memory and Hope,
All combine to cheat the thought
With their gay Kaleidescope!
What within my dream was drawn
From the Past, thy heart can tell;
What was Fancy's work alone,
Thou canst see and solve as well.
But our dreams are Sibyls too;—
Could we read their visits right,
We might in their lessons view
Stars to guide the Future's night.
Then, enchantress, solve the scenes
Mirrored in my last night's sleep!
Unto thee my spirit leans,
Belshazzar-like, for meaning deep.

A. B. Mapz.

Musical Department.

First Concert of the Philharmonic Society.—The Overtures and Symphonies were certainly performed in a style worthy of the Philharmonic Society, and we tender our thanks to the government thereof, for thus interrupting the musical drowsiness which prevailed ever since the last concert of this Society. Madame Lazarre's playing was exquisite, though a slight nervousness could be perceived during the whole performance of the very difficult composition. Mrs. Mott acquitted herself well, and Mr. Wollenhaupt was so scared that it would not be doing him justice to make any comments on his performance.

A full notice of Ole Bull's Concert, on Wednesday last, will be found in our next.

Mr. Huber, the celebrated Violincellist, gave a Musical Soirée on Tuesday evening last. We found a most brilliant array of ladies, and a most interesting party of gentlemen. Mr. Huber favored us with some of his choicest compositions; and nothing we could say would be enough to express their beauty, and the artistical style in which they were performed. He was accompanied on the Piano, by his sister, and many a complete professor could yet learn of her. Mrs. Mott sang some very beautiful airs with her usual good grace; and Mr.

White, an amateur, sang a bass-solo very respectably.—We feel assured that Mr. Huber's concerts will be attended by the *elite* of New-York.

Mr. Templeton's Concert at the Tabernacle.—Although the price of the tickets was only 50 cents, a most fashionable audience greeted this charming vocalist with their cheers, and the desire was universally expressed, that he might repeat his entertainment as soon as possible.

The Delcy Troupe, we believe, are not quite as successful as the placards in the street try to make one believe. The performance of Lucia di Lammermoor was as good a specimen of musical murder as we have witnessed.

The German Opera.—Der Freischutz is to be the first performance, and Mr. Rapetti will lead the orchestra.—If properly managed, it will be a profitable enterprise.

A New system of musical notation for the Blind has been invented. We shall speak at length of it at some future opportunity.

Ole Bull has invited the pupils of the Institution for the Blind to his *last* Farewell Concert.

Homans & Ellis have published some of De Meyer's compositions.

We heard some of the best singing at Dr. Potts' church, on Sunday last.

An Oratorio, composed by an American, will be brought out soon, in this city. We hope it will be more successful than the American Grand Opera.

Mrs. Mott, assisted by Mr. Kyle, intend giving a series of Concerts at Boston.

Ole Bull sails positively on the 1st of December, for Havre. We are really anxious to hear what his old acquaintances in Europe will say of his playing.

Miss Northall.—This lady gives a concert at the Apollo, on the fourth of December. In addition to the attraction of her own voice—no small attraction by the bye—she has obtained the assistance of Sig. De Begnis and Mr. Timm.

The Drama.

Mr. Forrest is playing occasionally in the English provinces, always to great houses, and with brilliant success.

Miss Cushman, at the latest advices, did not appear to be employed.

Mr. Anderson, formerly in this country, is playing in London with moderate success—Mr. Macready to crowded audiences, and, according to report, better than for many years.

Mr. Murdock played at Baltimore five nights, to the best houses of the season. His next engagement, we understand, is at Boston.

The Kean are playing at this latter city with fair success. The American public, begin, we think, to grow 'a weary of them.'

Mrs. Mowatt passed through Richmond last week, on her way to engagements at the South.

Some one or other in the name of the "Santee" River, makes himself conspicuous in a letter to the *Charleston Courier*, in sneering at dramatic and musical performers: compares, in a most exceptionable spirit, the Philadelphia audiences to *bourgeois*, and thinks to be an American actor "is'nt much," &c. We doubt whether the able and gentlemanly conductor of that print, or any body else, agrees with him in that.

The Delcy engagement, at the Park Theatre, has proved a failure. The organization of the company is inefficient, but the best we imagine it was in the power of the management to command.

Mr. Hudson's new Lectures at Boston, (*Lear* and *Othello*,) have attracted a great deal of attention, and have been very successful with the audiences to which they have been *delivered*.

Editorial Miscellany.

The Frog-Pond seems to be dried up—and the Frogs are, beyond doubt, all dead—as we hear no more croaking from that quarter.

We copy the subjoined passage from "Wilmer & Smith's European Times." The observations are so plainly just as to need not a word in the way of comment:

A Boston publication, called 'Littell's Living Age,' has found its way to this city, and is advertised in our newspapers, though it consists of nothing but pilfering from the English magazines and reviews. It may also be met with in one or two *cabinets de lecture*, frequented by the English and Americans. Pirated editions, or if you prefer the phrase, reprints, of the works of Scott, Bulwer, Dickens, and other eminent authors, are imported into France in great numbers from America, and, from the lowness of their price, meet with a ready sale. There are one or two English circulating libraries in this city entirely stocked with American reprints. The injury this causes to the authors and proprietors of the works is incalculable. At one time a brace of publishers here carried on a roaring trade by reprinting all the works that issued from the English press, and smuggling them into England for the circulating libraries; one of these honest men actually became enriched from his wholesale piracies on Walter Scott alone.

But a law lately passed, directing the immediate destruction of every pirated work, has put a considerable check on their conscientious trade; and it now appears that they find it more profitable to import from the United States than to reprint. Belgium preys with a voracious audacity on French literature,—not a work can be published here that is not brought out there, and sold all over the Continent infinitely cheaper than French publishers, who have authors to pay, can afford. The publishers of M. Thiers' *Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire* has been cruelly victimized by those Belgian pirates. He has paid somewhere about £20,000 for the copyright of the work, and has sold some 30,000 copies. The Belgians have not paid one single farthing for copyright, and have sold 100,000 copies. It is a burning and scandalous shame to governments of such enlightened countries as America, England, France and Belgium, that a law of literary copyright is not established.

The Mirror says:

Americans.—An address delivered before the Euclean Society of the New-York University, June 30, 1845, by Cornelius Mathews. We published the address in the Mirror soon after its delivery. We could not understand it then, and cannot now.

Mr. Mathews, we should judge, punctuates his manuscript with a pepper-box. We like his thoughts better than the idiosyncrasies of his style. He should reform it altogether.

Whatever, in the opinion of the worshippers of Britain and everything British, may be objectionable in the *matter* of Mr. Mathews' address, its manner, at least, is simple and unaffected, and we are quite at a loss to discover anything *incomprehensible* in any portion of the essay. There is a good saying of Dr. Johnson's, about the extreme unfairness of requiring an author to supply at once thought and brains for its comprehension.

We do not intend to claim the honor of *originating* in the Journal the exquisite poem, by Halleck, now pub-

lished. It is not included, however, in any edition of his poems. Independently of the high intrinsic merit of the piece, there is a tale about it—a romantic tale—which we could unfold, if we thought proper, and which to certain readers will give it additional interest.

Items from foreign Sources.

In these days of peace and political fusion, the Revolution and the Empire in France are, as we have seen, gradually completing their unfinished monuments. Fifty years after the first proposal of the project by the celebrated painter David, and its adoption by the Convention, the city of Lille has been celebrating the anniversary of the memorable siege which it sustained in 1792, by the inauguration of a monument, consisting of a granite column, surmounted by a bronze statue representing the city of Lille. The spirit of the occasion, and of its proceedings, our readers know enough of their gallant neighbours the French to have no difficulty in conceiving. Thirty-nine towns and communes of the northern part of France were represented by deputations of their national guard; St. Cyr and the Polytechnic Schools sent representatives; and the army contributed a delegate of each rank from every regiment. An old gunner of 1792, caught amongst them in the midst of their excitement, had the dangerous honours of an ovation on the shoulders of his fellow-citizens: and Louis Phillippe, who knows his countrymen better than any of us, or of themselves, contrived with his matchless tact, to sympathise in the feeling of the hour, after a fashion identifying his own royal attributes with its republican bias. In his name, the Mayor of Lille, amid the tumultous acclamations of the crowd, presented to M. Scheppers, the sole surviving member of the municipality of Lille, at the period of the siege, the "Star of the Brave," as the latter called it in the figurative mood of the occasion—"one of the finest episodes of the day," say the highly excited journals of the department.—*London Athenæum.*

It is an amusing sight, and enlivening withal, to look at the rows of white tents, the beautiful girls and their elegant dresses, the crowds of spectators, each sheltered by a bright coloured umbrella, and some thirty or forty ladies and gentlmen, fat and thin, tall and short, old and young, in the water together, dipping and spluttering, shouting and shrieking, as the white-crested wave rolls towards them—some attempting to swim, others, fearful of being caried out to sea, clinging to their attendants' arms, and endeavoring to make their escape to terra firma. Here an old woman bearing aloft a little cherub, independent of any costume, to dip it a due number of times—there a bathing girl encouraging a stout old gentleman to venture into the water, after he has received the first souse on the head from the contents of a bason, to prevent his feeling the effect of the shock to his feet. Sometimes three or four young ladies will go in together, or a gentleman may be seen leading gallantly some fair one of his acquaintance: but everything is conducted with the strictest propriety and decorum; so that however extraordinary the style may appear at first to a stranger, he soon becomes accustomed to it.

The most amusing scenes have passed, never to recur, when the friars came down to bathe. Some years ago there was an enormously fat friar, who was ordered to take a certain number of baths at a certain hour in the morning, and it was the general amusement to go down and see him perform the ceremony. He had ten persons to attend him, six men who stood on the shore holding ropes attached to his waist (for he had conscious of his own floating qualities, a most pious horror of being washed away), and four women who accompanied him into the water. When they got him there with a proper solicitude for his health, they took good care to make him perform his ablutions abundantly. While the men slackened the rope, they used to dip him and duck him most unmercifully, pressing his head down with their hands, like the merry wives of Windsor packing Sir John Falstaff into the clothes-basket. He dared not resist, for fear they should leave him to his fate, and they would not let him out till he had taken the prescribed number of dips—he spluttering, and crying, and praying and swearing all the time. Now and then, though seldom, the same scene is enacted with a stout artizan, or a country farmer.—*Lanitesman Sketches.*

Dr. Balfour, of Glasgow, has been appointed Professor of Botany, at Edinburgh University, vice Dr. Graham deceased.

In Paris there are 396 newspapers, with 700,000 subscribers, and in the departments of France 898, with about 350,000 subscribers.

CATALOGUE OF TEAS,

ON SALE AT THE TEA WAREHOUSE OF THE

PEKIN TEA COMPANY,

Importers of fine Green and Black Teas, No. 75 Fulton-st. New York.

[The Teas mentioned in this Catalogue are done up in quarter, half pound, and pound packages—the first, or inside wrapperis lead, the second wrapper is water proof paper, and the third or outside wrapper is of Chinese Rice paper. The Company sell none but good Teas, done up in this superior manner, all of them grown in the most luxurious districts in China. Country dealers can select as small a quantity of each kind as they like and have them packed in one chest. These Teas also come in five pound Chinese packages, called quaitoons, a very convenient, fanciful and portable shape.]

Green Teas:	
Young Hyson, sweet cargo,	50
do. do. do. finer	62½
do. do. finer cargo,	75
do. do. extra fine,	87½
do. do. Silver Leaf,	1 00
Silver Leaf—Seldom sold even by large dealers, because of the very small profits made on its sale. This is a very superior tea.	
do. do. Golden Chop, Plantation or Garden growth,	1 50
Golden Chop—This is the finest Green Tea cultivated in China. It is of the first pickings, and excels all other Green Teas for its delicacy of flavor, strength and aroma. Heretofore this tea has never reached this country, except in small lots, as presents to inspectors.	
Hyson,* very fine,	75
do. Plantation growth,	1 00
Gunpowder, good,	—
do. superior, [Read "monstrous fraud" below.]	1 00
do. small leaf, plantation growth,	1 25
Imperial, good,	—
do. brisk and fragrant, [read "monstrous fraud" below,]	1 00
do. curious leaf, very superior,	1 25
Hyson Skin, good, fine flavor,	38
do. do. extra fine,	62½

Black Teas.	
Pouchong, good, full flavor,	38
do. fine,	50
do. very superior,	75
Souchong, good,	38
do. extra fine,	50
Oolong, strong, flavor fine,	50
Oolong—This tea is a great favorite, and gives universal satisfaction.	
do. very fine,	62½
do. in one pound and half pound cairys, extra fine,	75
Ne Plus Ultra,	1 50
Ne Plus Ultra—This tea is as fragrant and sweet as a rose-bud. It yields a perfume that is truly delightful. It is of garden growth, and superior to any thing of the kind ever sold in this country.	
English Breakfast Tea, very fine,	50
do. do. do. in one pound and half pound cattys,	62½
Howqua's Mixture, a strong and rich black tea, Pekoe flavor,	75
Congo, good,	37½
do. very fine,	50
Pekoe Flowers, good,	87½
do. do. garden growth,	1 50

*Caution.—Large quantities of Hyson Skin are retailed in this market as being a Hyson Tea. It is well worth while to compare the Hyson tea usually sold at 75 cents with the *genuine article* that the Company offer at the same price. The difference is so perceptible on trial as to render any further comment unnecessary.

Monstrous Fraud.—Gunpowder and Imperial Teas cannot be retailed by small dealers, in this country, at 75 cents per pound, because they frequently cost that money in China, and no Importer in this city can sell good Gunpowder or Imperial Tea at a less price than 75 cents per pound by the hundred packages. T. F. Davies, Esq., in his interesting work on China, details the manner in which he saw the lowest grades of Black Teas manufactured and colored with Prussian Blue, so as to closely imitate Gunpowder and Imperial Teas, and adds, the Prussian Blue being a combination of Prussic Acid with Iron, is of course a dangerous poison. Let purchasers therefore beware of adulterated teas, and deal with those venders whose characters and resources raise them above suspicion. Beware of the Gunpowder and Imperial Teas retailed at 75 cents per pound, and compare them with the genuine article sold by the *Pekin Tea Company*. No one, it is presumed, wishes to drink poison. The Company have published a book, giving full details on this subject, which may be had at their Warehouse, 75 Fulton street, free of charge.

RECOMMENDATIONS.

We drink Green Tea, and for many years have been paying one dollar per pound for it. But thanks to the Pekin Tea Company, we now get a better tea from them at 75 cents per pound. We drink one pound per week, by which we are now saving thirteen dollars per year, and enjoying better tea in the bargain. Commend us to the Pekin Tea Company, say we.—Rising.

The Pekin Tea Company, 75 Fulton street, are performing a great and good work, and will, in a few years, beyond all doubt, drive all the poor teas which have deluged this country, and defrauded consumers of the article, out of the market. They import none but pure and fragrant teas, and retail them by the single pound at wholesale prices. Families are always sure of obtaining good teas at this great tea warehouse, in quantities to suit their convenience, and at the same price that the merchant pays who buys to sell again.—Daily Transcript.

You may be sure of obtaining at all times, pure and highly flavored teas, by the single pound, at wholesale prices, of the Pekin Tea Company, 75 Fulton street.—They have probably the largest stock, and greatest variety of fine green and black teas, of any one establishment in the United States. They are doing a large business, and a great benefit to consumers of tea.—Atlas.

Heretofore it has been very difficult, indeed impossible, to always obtain good green and black teas. But now you have only to visit the ware rooms of the Pekin Tea Company, 75 Fulton street, to obtain as delicious and fragrant teas as you could wish for.—Daily Sun.

If any of our readers desire to have good tea, they can obtain it of the Pekin Tea Company, 75 Fulton street.—Mercury.

A Word to Tea Drinkers.—The Pekin Tea Company, 75 Fulton street, have imported into this market some five hundred thousand dollars worth of the finest grades of Green and Black Teas grown in the Celestial Empire, done up in all the various fancy packages that Chinese ingenuity can invent. It is a privilege to buy teas at this great establishment, and a luxury and comfort to drink them. They sell good teas only, and retail them at wholesale prices. Country merchants who wish to always sell good teas can always obtain them at this place, on reasonable terms.—Emporium.

The Pekin Tea Company.—We very cheerfully call the attention of all lovers of pure and fragrant Teas, both in town and country, to the great Tea warehouse of the Company. Our long acquaintance with the proprietors enables us to bespeak for them the entire confidence of the public. We know that their Teas, both in quality and price, are all that is stated of them. Many a lover of the fragrant herb has been compelled to eschew the drinking of Tea in consequence of its injurious effects, until at length he has become hopeless of finding, among any of the imported varieties of Tea in our market a kind which had not such an effect. In this, however, such persons will be agreeably disappointed. The Pekin Tea Company have commenced the importation of choice varieties of Garden Teas, of most delicious flavor—cultivated and picked with great care, which have heretofore never been introduced into this country, except as presents to inspectors. Among these they have an Oolong, mild as mother's milk, and fragrant as a rose, which we especially recommend to all nervous persons. Its effect upon many of those who have tried it, has been to make them confirmed tea drinkers. Ladies who have used it, say they never before drank such tea. But all tastes can here be suited, with the great advantage over other stores of getting a pure article at wholesale price, however small the quantity. The Company's Warehouse is at 75 Fulton street.—New World.

Tea.—The Pekin Tea Company, No 75 Fulton street, unquestionably sell the best teas imported into this market. That they sell them cheaper than any other establishment, is a fact proven in a thousand instances since they have opened their store.

We would advise our friends to call at this place, and if they don't wish to buy, at least to obtain a little pamphlet, kept on their counter, entitled "Hints to Tea Drinkers," and therefrom learn a little useful information on the subject. The pamphlet is given gratis.—Anglo American.

The finest specimens of green and black teas ever sold in this country, are imported by the Pekin Tea Company, 75 Fulton street. Those who want good teas at reasonable prices, can always get them there.—Tribune.

We have tried the teas imported by the Pekin Tea Company, 75 Fulton street, and if we live will try them often. They are selling the most delicious teas we ever drank, and retail them at wholesale prices.—Evening Post. oct8

PIANO FORTES.

V. F. HARRISON, 23 CANAL STREET, N. Y.—Instruments made with the most recent improvement, such as Iron Frames, &c., with a compass of 6 and 7 octaves. They are made from choice materials, and highly finished, with the most faithful workmanship, the result of 23 years experience in the business.

N. B.—Wanted a second hand Parlor Organ.
Piano Fortes hired by the month.

ÆOLIAN ATTACHMENT.

HERMANN S. SARONI, PROFESSOR OF MUSIC, 116 Leonard street, New-York, teaches the Piano-Forte, with or without Coleman's celebrated Attachment.

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H. WORCESTER, No. 139 THIRD AVENUE, CORner of 14th Street, respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has a good assortment of Piano-Fortes, in Rosewood and Mahogany cases, from 6 to 7 octaves. Persons wishing to purchase will find it to their advantage to call and examine before purchasing elsewhere.

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.

THE BROADWAY JOURNAL:

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