

# THE BROADWAY JOURNAL.

VOL. 2.

EDGAR A. POE,  
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NO. 25.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1845.

THE OFFICE of the BROADWAY JOURNAL is removed to  
304 Broadway, corner of Duane.

To

I SAW thee in thy tender, youthful bloom;  
Ah! many then there were who loved thee well,  
And in thy joy, and grace,  
And loveliness rejoiced.

Years since have passed, charged with what freight of gloom!  
How art thou changed! pale, woe-worn, hopeless, sad—  
Amid the dismal wreck  
Lives nought but cold Despair!

And thou repinest that thou stand'st apart,  
Like the tree lightning-blasted; wrung with pain  
No sympathy can heal,  
No time can e'er assuage.

That life to thee is but a sea of woe,  
Where deep unto its deep of sorrow calls,  
While others walk a maze  
Of flowers, and smiles, and joys!

Look up, thou lone and sorely stricken one!  
Look up, thou darling of the Eternal Sire!  
More blest a thousand fold  
Than they, the idly gay!

For them earth yields her all of bliss; for thee  
Kind heaven doth violence to its heart of love;  
And Mercy holds thee fast,  
Even in her iron bonds;

And wounds thee, lest thou 'scape her jealous care;  
And her best gifts—the cross and thorn—bestows,  
They dwell within the vale  
Where fruits and flowers abound;

These on Affliction's high and barren place,  
But round about the mount chariots of fire—  
Horses of fire—encamp,  
To keep thee safe for heaven!

E. F. ELLIOTT.

## A Walk to Flatbush.

The earth seems quiet like some docile thing  
Obeying the blue beauty of the skies. Procter.

On Saturday last, a couple of friends and myself determined to leave the City with its noise and distraction for a quiet walk through some of Nature's gentle scenes. Sincerity, a love for the country, and a spirit of enjoyment, the power of extracting good and beauty from the simplest objects, are all that are required in a companion for a rural walk. I was doubly rich in my two friends. The one, a young lawyer, was glad enough to escape from the drudgery of a toilsome profession. His looks brightened up, good talk flowed freely from his lips, his step was buoyant and triumphant, and his cane came down with a ringing sound,

as we walked through the lovely City of Brooklyn. He was humming "Begone dull care." He is one of those, whose qualities of head and heart but few of his acquaintance appreciate, for they sink into an absorbent ground of modesty and quiet manners. He is truthful, has a well regulated mind, he loves a beautiful landscape and house and grounds, has good taste, is gentlemanly, plays on several instruments skilfully, and sings well—enjoys a good story, and will tell an effective one in return. He laments that the happy days of his boyhood have passed away, and speaks with rapture of his Saturday holiday enjoyments, when life's mere and breathing charm, was sufficient for his comfort. The other of my companions has written much, clearly expressed, and with a large portion of bland, heart-easing philosophy. He is very agreeable, notwithstanding he stutters somewhat in his eagerness to be delivered of his good sayings. He has a few choice books, with which he is thoroughly imbued. There is nothing narrow in his taste. He relishes Hooker, and is an admirer of John Bunce. He reads novels and sermons, and finds both admirable. He goes to theatres, concerts, and churches, and finds them all interesting and instructive. He sometimes indulges himself in imitating Methodist preachers in a stentorian voice and with uplifted eyes, in a capital style and with great unction. A ranting actor he does to the life. He loves and is beloved by children; a sure test of his amiability. He is a great admirer of Hazlitt, and is alive to the merits of Steele and Addison. He has an old beautiful copy of Walton's Angler which he cherishes lovingly. The names of Rubens and Vandyke sound pleasantly in his ear. He shakes hands heartily in a manner which plainly says, "My dear boy, I am heartily glad to see you." Then comes sincere talk, and you hear spoons tinkling in tumblers, and some old Brandy or Jamaica appears blushing on the scene, and then for a walk. He has good sense, a correct taste, and a straight-forwardness of head and heart which are as rare as they are delightful. He ought to have a fortune and keep open house all the year; it would snow meat and drink. He sees God's goodness in the tiny flower and in the giant oak. He conceives life to be a blessing, and talks not of the sinful flesh. If there were more of his nature in the world, society would improve faster than it does.

The morning was clear, the air pure and bracing, and we went briskly on our winding way. The sun shone brightly through the few remaining leaves that still clung to the gray branches; their brethren that had once sparkled with them in green beauty, when they were refreshed by summer showers, now lay piled in heaps by the road side, and rustled to our tread. On the top of one of the hills we had an extensive view of Brooklyn, the Narrows, Staten Island, the Jersey shore, and New York; and in the opposite direction the ocean with its melancholy waste melted into the sky. Some sheltered fields were still covered with a tender green. At length, when we reached Flatbush, there was an exclamation of delight from us all. The houses look like homes, the abodes of quiet and contentment. They give one a perfect idea of cleanliness and comfort. A Sabbath silence brooded over the whole scene. The city, with its cares, and crises and pains, was forgotten. We were boys again. A walk through

Flatbush is delightful, for each side of the path is lined with trees, and it is serpentine. If it looks like fairy land in November, it must be a bowler of bliss in "the leafy month of June." In front of one of the inns, we saw an old weather-beaten sign, a lion rampant: we liked the looks of it better than we did those of its newer and glossier neighbors. We went in, and there

Arrangement neat, and chastest order reign.—*Young.*

Not a speck of dust was to be seen. Woman's care, and taste, were everywhere visible. We were waited upon by a young woman, neatly attired, and well bred. We determined to dine there, and when the dinner was prepared we were shown through rambling rooms to an apartment that we judged to be the sitting-room of the females of the family. It was well warmed, a canary bird was bathing himself in the warm sunshine—there was a piano in the room, and a painting, most likely of sisters, with sweet eyes and rosy lips was hung over it; there was also an old-fashioned side-board, and the same scrupulous neatness. The dinner was excellent and would have sharpened the most fastidious appetite. After the meal was dispatched, a polite, good-looking girl procured the key of the piano, and the young lawyer made it discourse most eloquent music—the tones sank into the heart, and harmonized with the quiet and orderly spot in which we were; the sun shed a golden tinge on some vine-leaves by the window, and the garden paths looked as if the broom had just passed over them. We felt a delicious repose

A wise man never will be sad;  
But neither will sonorous bubbling mirth,  
A shallow stream of happiness betray—  
Too happy to be sportive, he's serene.

After luxuriating till warned by the gloaming to depart, we bid a kind adieu to our fair entertainers and set our faces towards home. Our way was cheered with conversation about our pleasant ramble, our delicious fare, and the inn, that we all insisted on never was, and never could be surpassed. The shades of evening surrounded us before we reached Brooklyn; the air was still; not a sound was heard, save

The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whispering wind.

Arrived home, we rejoiced that the day had passed so happily.

Prosperity to Flatbush, and the inn with the sign of the lion-rampant.

G. F. D.

## Sonnets,

(WRITTEN IN EXILE.)

I.

MAN'S heart may change, but Nature's glory never:  
And while the soul's internal cell is bright,  
The cloudless eye lets in the bloom and light  
Of earth and heaven, to charm and cheer us ever.  
Though youth has vanished like a winding river  
Lest in the shadowy woods; and the dear sight  
Of native hill and nest-like cottage white,  
'Mid breeze-stirred boughs, whose crisp leaves gleam and quiver,  
And marmur sea-like sounds, perchance no more  
My homeward step shall hasten cheerily.  
Yet still I feel as I have felt of yore,  
And love this radiant world. Yon clear blue sky—  
These gorgeous groves—this flower-enamelled floor—  
Have deep enchantments for my heart and eye.

II.

MAN'S heart may change, but Nature's glory never;  
Though to the sullen gaze of grief the sight  
Of sun-illumined skies may seem less bright,  
Or gathering clouds less grand, yet she, as ever,

Is lovely or majestic. Though fate sever  
The long-linked bonds of love, and all delight  
Be lost, as in a sudden starless night,  
The radiance may return, if He, the giver  
Of peace on earth, vouchsafe the storm to still.  
This braut, once shaken with the strife of care,  
Is touched with silent joy. The cot—the hill  
Beyond the broad blue wave—and faces fair  
Are pictured in my dreams; yet scenes that fill  
My waking eye can save me from despair.

III.

MAN'S heart may change, but Nature's glory never:  
Strange features throng around me, and the shore  
Is not my fatherland. Yet why deplore  
This varied doom? All mortal ties must sever—  
The pang is past—and now, with blest endeavor,  
I check the rising sigh, and weep no more.  
The common earth is here—these crowds adore  
That earth's Creator; and how high soever  
O'er other tribes proud England's hosts may seem,  
God's children, fair or sable, equal find  
A father's love. Then learn, O man, to deem  
All difference idle, save of heart or mind—  
Thy duty, love—each cause of strife, a dream—  
Thy home, the world—thy family, mankind.

D. L. RICHARDSON.

## Mystification.

Slid, if these be your "passados" and "montantes," I'll have none o' them.—*NED KNOWLES.*

THE Baron Ritzner Von Jung was of a noble Hungarian family, every member of which (at least as far back into antiquity as any certain records extend) was more or less remarkable for talent of some description,—the majority for that species of *grotesquerie* in conception of which Tieck, a scion of the house, has given some vivid, although by no means the most vivid exemplifications. My acquaintance with Ritzner commenced at the magnificent Chateau Jung, into which a train of droll adventures, not to be made public, threw me during the summer months of the year 18—. Here it was I obtained a place in his regard, and here, with somewhat more difficulty, a partial insight into his mental conformation. In later days this insight grew more clear, as the intimacy which had at first permitted it became more close; and when, after three years separation, we met at G—n, I knew all that it was necessary to know of the character of the Baron Ritzner Von Jung.

I remember the buzz of curiosity which his advent excited within the college precincts on the night of the twenty-fifth of June. I remember still more distinctly, that while he was pronounced by all parties at first sight "the most remarkable man in the world," no person made any attempt at accounting for this opinion. That he was unique appeared so undeniable, that it was deemed impertinent to inquire wherein the unicity consisted. But, letting this matter pass for the present, I will merely observe that, from the first moment of his setting foot within the limits of the university, he began to exercise over the habits, manners, persons, purses, and propensities of the whole community which surrounded him, an influence the most extensive and despotic, yet at the same time the most indefinite and altogether unaccountable. Thus the brief period of his residence at the university forms an era in its annals, and is characterized by all classes of people appertaining to it or its dependencies as "that very extraordinary epoch forming the domination of the Baron Ritzner Von Jung."

Upon his advent to G—n, he sought me out in my apartments. He was then of no particular age;—by which I mean that it was impossible to form a guess respecting his age by any data personally afforded. He might have been fifteen or fifty, and was twenty-one years and seven months. He was by no means a handsome man—perhaps the reverse. The contour of his face was somewhat angular and harsh. His forehead was lofty and very fair; his nose a snub; his eyes large, heavy, glassy and meaningless. About the mouth there was more to be observed. The lips were gently protruded, and rested the one upon the other after such fashion that it is impossible to conceive any, even the most complex, combination of human features, conveying so entirely, and so singly, the idea of unmitigated gravity, solemnity and repose.

It will be perceived, no doubt, from what I have already said, that the Baron was one of those human anomalies now and then to be found, who make the science of *mystification* the study and the business of their lives. For this science a peculiar turn of mind gave him instinctively the cue, while his physical appearance afforded him unusual facilities for carrying his projects into effect. I firmly believe that no student at G—n, during that renowned epoch so quaintly termed the domination of the Baron Ritzner Von Jung, ever rightly entered into the mystery which overshadowed his character. I truly think that no person at the university, with the exception of myself, ever suspected him to be capable of a joke, verbal or practical—the old bull-dog at the garden-gate would sooner have been accused,—the ghost of Heraclitus,—or the wig of the Emeritus Professor of Theology. This, too, when it was evident that the most egregious and unpardonable of all conceivable tricks, whimsicalities, and buffoneries were brought about, if not directly by him, at least plainly through his intermediate agency or connivance. The beauty, if I may so call it, of his *art mystifique*, lay in that consummate ability (resulting from an almost intuitive knowledge of human nature, and a most wonderful self-possession,) by means of which he never failed to make it appear that the drolleries he was occupied in bringing to a point, arose partly in spite, and partly in consequence of the laudable efforts he was making for their prevention, and for the preservation of the good order and dignity of Alma Mater. The deep, the poignant, the overwhelming mortification which, upon each such failure of his praiseworthy endeavors, would suffuse every lineament of his countenance, left not the slightest room for doubt of his sincerity in the bosoms of even his most sceptical companions. The adroitness, too, was no less worthy of observation by which he contrived to shift the sense of the grotesque from the creator to the created—from his own person to the absurdities to which he had given rise. In no instance before that of which I speak, have I known the habitual mystic escape the natural consequence of his manoeuvres—an attachment of the ludicrous to his own character and person. Continually enveloped in an atmosphere of whim, my friend appeared to live only for the severities of society; and not even his own household have for a moment associated other ideas than those of the rigid and august with the memory of the Baron Ritzner Von Jung.

During the epoch of his residence at G—n it really appeared that the demon of the *dolce far niente* lay like an incubus upon the university. Nothing at least, was done, beyond eating and drinking, and making merry. The apartments of the students were converted into so many pot-houses, and there was no pot-house of them all more famous or more frequented than that of the Baron. Our carousals here were many, and boisterous, and long, and never unfruitful of events.

Upon one occasion we had protracted our sitting until nearly

daybreak, and an unusual quantity of wine had been drunk. The company consisted of seven or eight individuals besides the Baron and myself. Most of these were young men of wealth, of high connection, of great family pride, and all alive with an exaggerated sense of honor. They abounded in the most ultra German opinions respecting the *duello*. To these Quixotic notions some recent Parisian publications, backed by three or four desperate and fatal rencontres at G—n, had given new vigor and impulse; and thus the conversation, during the greater part of the night, had run wild upon the all-engrossing topic of the times. The Baron, who had been unusually silent and abstracted in the earlier portion of the evening, at length seemed to be aroused from his apathy, took a leading part in the discourse, and dwelt upon the benefits, and more especially upon the beauties, of the received code of etiquette in passages of arms, with an ardor, an eloquence, an impressiveness, and an affectionateness of manner, which elicited the warmest enthusiasm from his hearers in general, and absolutely staggered even myself, who well knew him to be at heart a ridiculer of those very points for which he contended, and especially to hold the entire *fanfaronade* of duelling etiquette in the sovereign contempt which it deserves.

Looking around me during a pause in the Baron's discourse, (of which my readers may gather some faint idea when I say that it bore resemblance to the fervid, chanting, monotonous, yet musical, sermonic manner of Coleridge,) I perceived symptoms of even more than the general interest in the countenance of one of the party. This gentleman, whom I shall call Hermann, was an original in every respect—except, perhaps, in the single particular that he was a very great fool. He contrived to bear, however, among a particular set at the university, a reputation for deep metaphysical thinking, and, I believe, for some logical talent. As a duellist he had acquired great renown, even at G—n. I forget the precise number of victims who had fallen at his hands; but they were many. He was a man of courage undoubtedly. But it was upon his minute acquaintance with the etiquette of the *duello*, and the vanity of his sense of honor, that he most especially prided himself. These things were a hobby by which he rode to the death. To Ritzner, ever upon the lookout for the grotesque, his peculiarities had for a long time past afforded food for mystification. Of this, however, I was not aware; although, in the present instance, I saw clearly that something of a whimsical nature was upon the  *tapis* with my friend, and that Hermann was its especial object.

As the former proceeded in his discourse, or rather monologue, I perceived the excitement of the latter momentarily increasing. At length he spoke; offering some objection to a point insisted upon by R., and giving his reasons in detail. To these the Baron replied at length (still maintaining his exaggerated tone of sentiment) and concluding, in what I thought very bad taste, with a sarcasm and a sneer. The hobby of Hermann now took the bit in his teeth. This I could discern by the studied hair-splitting *farrago* of his rejoinder. His last words I distinctly remember. "Your opinions, allow me to say, Baron Von Jung, although in the main correct, are, in many nice points, discreditable to yourself and to the university of which you are a member. In a few respects they are even unworthy of serious refutation. I would say more than this, sir, were it not for the fear of giving you offence (here the speaker smiled blandly,) I would say, sir, that your opinions are not the opinions to be expected from a gentleman."

As Hermann completed this equivocal sentence, all eyes were turned upon the Baron. He became pale, then excessively red, then, dropping his pocket-handkerchief, stooped to recover it, when I caught a glimpse of his countenance, while it could be

seen by no one else at the table. It was radiant with the quizzical expression which was its natural character, but which I had never seen it assume except when we were alone together, and when he unbent himself freely. In an instant afterward he stood erect, confronting Hermann; and so total an alteration of countenance in so short a period I certainly never saw before. For a moment I even fancied that I had misconceived him, and that he was in sober earnest. He appeared to be stifling with passion, and his face was cadaverously white. For a short time he remained silent, apparently striving to master his emotion. Having at length seemingly succeeded, he reached a decanter which stood near him, saying, as he held it firmly clenched—"The language you have thought proper to employ, Mynheer Hermann, in addressing yourself to me, is objectionable in so many particulars, that I have neither temper nor time for specification. That my opinions, however, are not the opinions to be expected from a gentleman, is an observation so directly offensive as to allow me but one line of conduct. Some courtesy, nevertheless, is due to the presence of this company, and to yourself, at this moment, as my guest. You will pardon me, therefore, if, upon this consideration, I deviate slightly from the general usage among gentlemen in similar cases of personal affront. You will forgive me for the moderate tax I shall make upon your imagination, and endeavor to consider, for an instant, the reflection of your person in yonder mirror as the living Mynheer Hermann himself. This being done, there will be no difficulty whatever. I shall discharge this decanter of wine at your image in yonder mirror, and thus fulfil all the spirit, if not the exact letter, of resentment for your insult, while the necessity of physical violence to your real person will be obviated."

With these words he hurled the decanter, full of wine, against the mirror which hung directly opposite Hermann; striking the reflection of his person with great precision, and of course shattering the glass into fragments. The whole company at once started to their feet, and, with the exception of myself and Ritzner, took their departure. As Hermann went out, the Baron whispered me that I should follow him and make an offer of my services. To this I agreed; not knowing precisely what to make of so ridiculous a piece of business.

The duellist accepted my aid with his usual stiff and *ultra recherche* air, and taking my arm, led me to his apartment. I could hardly forbear laughing in his face while he proceeded to discuss, with the profoundest gravity, what he termed "the refinedly peculiar character" of the insult he had received. After a tiresome harangue in his ordinary style, he took down from his bookshelves a number of musty volumes on the subject of the *duello*, and entertained me for a long time with their contents; reading aloud, and commenting earnestly as he read. I can just remember the titles of some of the works. There were the "Ordonnance of Philip le Bel on Single Combat;" the "Theatre of Honor," by Favyn, and a treatise "On the Permission of Duels," by Andouzier. He displayed, also, with much pomposity, Brantome's "Memoirs of Duels," published at Cologne, in 1666, in the types of Elzevir—a precious and unique vellum-paper volume, with a fine margin, and bound by Derôme. But he requested my attention particularly, and with an air of mysterious sagacity, to a thick octavo, written in barbarous Latin by one Hedelin, a Frenchman, and having the quaint title, "*Duelli Lex scripta, et non; aliterque*." From this he read me one of the drollest chapters in the world concerning "*Injuria per applicationem, per constructionem, et per se*," about half of which, he averred, was strictly applicable to his own "refinedly peculiar" case, although not one syllable of the whole matter could I understand for the life of me. Having finished the chapter, he closed the book, and de-

manded what I thought necessary to be done. I replied that I had entire confidence in his superior delicacy of feeling, and would abide by what he proposed. With this answer he seemed flattered, and sat down to write a note to the Baron. It ran thus:

Sir,—My friend, M. P.—, will hand you this note. I find it incumbent upon me to request, at your earliest convenience, an explanation of this evening's occurrences at your chambers. In the event of your declining this request, Mr. P. will be happy to arrange, with any friend whom you may appoint, the steps preliminary to a meeting.

With sentiments of perfect respect,

Your most humble servant,

JOHAN HERMANN.

To the Baron Ritzner Von Jung,

August 18th, 18—.

Not knowing what better to do, I called upon Ritzner with this epistle. He bowed as I presented it; then, with a grave countenance, motioned me to a seat. Having perused the cartel, he wrote the following reply, which I carried to Hermann.

Sir,

Through our common friend, Mr. P., I have received your note of this evening. Upon due reflection I frankly admit the propriety of the explanation you suggest. This being admitted, I still find great difficulty, (owing to the *refinedly peculiar* nature of our disagreement, and of the personal affront offered on my part,) in so wording what I have to say by way of apology, as to meet all the minute exigencies, and all the variable shadows of the case. I have great reliance, however, on that extreme delicacy of discrimination, in matters appertaining to the rules of etiquette, for which you have been so long and so preeminently distinguished. With perfect certainty, therefore, of being comprehended, I beg leave, in lieu of offering any sentiments of my own, to refer you to the opinions of the Sieur Hedelin, as set forth in the ninth paragraph of the chapter of "*Injuria per applicationem, per constructionem, et per se*," in his "*Duelli Lex scripta, et non; aliterque*." The nicety of your discernment in all the matters here treated, will be sufficient, I am assured, to convince you that the mere circumstance of my referring you to this admirable passage, ought to satisfy your request, as a man of honor, for explanation.

With sentiments of profound respect,

Your most obedient servant,

VOX JUNO.

The Herr Johan Hermann,

August 18th, 18—.

Hermann commenced the perusal of this epistle with a scowl, which, however, was converted into a smile of the most ludicrous self-complacency as he came to the rignarole about *Injuria per applicationem, per constructionem, et per se*. Having finished reading, he begged me, with the blindest of all possible smiles, to be seated, while he made reference to the treatise in question. Turning to the passage specified, he read it with great care to himself, then closed the book, and desired me, in my character of confidential acquaintance, to express to the Baron Von Jung his exalted sense of his chivalrous behaviour, and, in that of second, to assure him that the explanation offered was of the fullest, the most honorable, and the most unequivocally satisfactory nature.

Somewhat amazed at all this, I made my retreat to the Baron. He seemed to receive Hermann's amicable letter as a matter of course, and after a few words of general conversation, went to an inner room and brought out the everlasting treatise "*Duelli*

*Lex scripta, et non aliterque.*" He handed me the volume and asked me to look over some portion of it. I did so, but to little purpose, not being able to gather the least particle of meaning. He then took the book himself, and read me a chapter aloud. To my surprise, what he read proved to be a most horribly absurd account of a duel between two baboons. He now explained the mystery; showing that the volume, as it appeared *prima facie*, was written upon the plan of the nonsense verses of Du Bartas; that is to say, the language was ingeniously framed so as to present to the ear all the outward signs of intelligibility, and even of profundity, while in fact not a shadow of meaning existed. The key to the whole was found in leaving out every second and third word alternately, when there appeared a series of ludicrous quizzes upon single combat as practised in modern times.

The Baron afterwards informed me that he had purposely thrown the treatise in Hermann's way two or three weeks before the adventure, and that he was satisfied, from the general tenor of his conversation, that he had studied it with the deepest attention, and firmly believed it to be a work of unusual merit. Upon this hint he proceeded. Hermann would have died a thousand deaths rather than acknowledge his inability to understand anything and everything in the universe that had ever been written about the *duello*.  
LITTLETON BARRY.

### The Invalid.

SAKE came in Spring, when leaves were green,  
And birds sang blithe in bower and tree;  
A stranger, but her gentle mien  
It was a calm delight to see.

In every motion, grace was hers;  
On every feature, sweetness dwelt;  
Thoughts soon became her worshippers—  
Affections soon before her knelt.

She bloom'd through all the summer days,  
As sweetly as the fairest flowers,  
And till October's softening haze  
Came with its still and dreamy hours.

So calm the current of her life,  
So lovely and serene its flow,  
We hardly mark'd the deadly strife  
Disease forever kept below.

But Autumn winds grew wild and chill,  
And pierced her with their icy breath;  
And when the snow on plain and hill  
Lay white, she pass'd, and slept in death.

Tones only of immortal birth  
Our memory of her voice can stir;  
With things too beautiful for earth  
Alone do we remember her.

She came in Spring, when leaves were green,  
And birds sang blithe in bower and tree,  
And flowers sprang up and bloom'd between  
Low branches and the quickening sea.

The greenness of the leaf is gone,  
The beauty of the flower is riven,  
The birds to other climes have flown,  
And there's an angel more in Heaven.

W. D. GALLAGHER.

### Critical Notices.

*The Poetical Works of Percy Bysshe Shelley. First American Edition (Complete); with some remarks on the Poetical Faculty, and its influence on Human Destiny. Embracing a Biographical and Critical Notice, by G. G. FORREX, New York. J. S. Redfield, Clinton Hall.*

This is a very beautiful edition of a poet whom all poets, and whom poets only, appreciate. The volume is a pendant of the Carey's Dante lately issued by D. Appleton & Co., and includes 750 pages duodecimo—fine type and exquisite paper. It is, as asserted, a complete edition of the works of the author—rather too complete, perhaps; for many of the Fragments are utterly destitute of intrinsic value, and have no other interest than what appertains to them as relics of Shelley. The Biographical and Critical Notice by Mr. Foster, is well written, (barring a little justifiable *furor*) and evinces a keen discrimination, and, very especially, a thorough appreciation of the excellences of the subject of the memoir. We shall be pardoned for copying some passages embodying Mr. Foster's opinions on "The Revolt of Islam" and affording, also, a fair specimen of his style:

The "Revolt of Islam," although not admitted by the critics to be his grandest work, is, in the meaning I attach to poetry, altogether the most important. It is, as it were, the consummation of himself—the prophecy which he has uttered; and although it contained still more literary errors than have been charged upon it, yet in this view they would not detract from the importance of it. But these errors are, for the most part, mere distortions of the critics' brains, and do not deserve seriously to be alleged against a man who has shown his right to disregard the apparent and mechanical laws of poetry, by proving that he has held living communion with the source whence those laws have been attempted to be drawn. Autumn is a faulty colorist, by all the rules of Dilettantism—and yet we do not criticize, but admire her pictures. Language is at best but a dull instrument for Thought to work withal; and if Shelley has succeeded in producing, as a whole, deeper effects and more beautiful pictures than others, we will not quarrel with him because his instinct has developed rules of composition of which our critical scholarship happened to be ignorant: the great bard of Avon has been quite annihilated by the critics several times; and yet we have even forgotten their names, long ago, while we every day bring fresh worship to his altar—which bears not even a mark of all the critics' well-filled teeth that have ever nibbled at its base.

The "Revolt of Islam" is written in twelve cantos of Spenserian stanzas, and was at first to have been called "Laon and Cythna."

Bold as it is in many of the sentiments, it is a noble monument to the loftiness of his aims, the brilliancy of his imagination, the wealth of love in his heart, and the breadth and power of his intellect. It is an armory from which the young enthusiasts of many generations to come may draw their weapons, in the assurance that they are of tried temper and exquisite polish. We have never read it without feeling our souls stirred within us as with the sound of a trumpet—it has enlarged our thoughts, expanded and warmed our affections, quickened our purposes of good, and filled us with an unquenchable flame of philanthropy and love. It is almost the only poem that we can read at all seasons. In those darker moments, when the sense of misdirected efforts, or the exhaustion of disease, or the dark and mysterious dread of some future ill, weighs like an incubus upon the soul, it is almost the only work, after the gospels, that furnishes nutriment and solace to our mind. Then, it touches us with a feeling of universal sympathy. It awakens us to the broad, deep sorrows of the world, it quickens languid and lagging resolutions, it confirms our faith in good, and swells our hearts with high and bursting hopes. Oh sweet, incomprehensibly sweet, are the emotions of intense and burning enthusiasm that it kindles!

*The Opal: a Pure Gift for the Holidays—1846. Edited by JOHN KEENE. With illustrations by J. Chapman. New York: J. C. Riker.*

Through neglect, discourtesy, or something else, on the part of somebody, or perhaps of Nobody—we have received no copy of this year's Opal, and have no opportunity, therefore, of speaking of it in full. In glancing it over we find some very spirited contributions—by Mrs. Osgood, for example, Miss Lynch, Mrs. Mowatt, Mrs. Seba Smith, Mrs. Embury, Miss Gould, Tuckerman, Hoffman, Paulding, Schoolcraft, Whittier, and others. Our attention is especially arrested by Miss Anne C. Lynch's thoughtful and vigorous poem,

BONES IN THE DESERT.

Where pilgrims seek the Prophet's tomb  
Across the Arabian waste,  
Upon the ever shifting sands,  
A fearful path is traced.

Far up to the horizon's verge,  
The traveler sees it rise,  
A line of ghastly bones that bleach  
Beneath those burning skies.

Across it, tempest and simoom  
The desert sands have strewed,  
But still that line of spectral white  
Forever is renewed.

For while along that burning track  
The caravans move on,  
Still do the way-worn pilgrims fall,  
Ere yet the shrine be won.

There the tired camel lays him down  
And shuts his gentle eyes,  
And there the fiery rider droops,  
Toward Mecca looks and dies.

They fall unheeded from the ranks:—  
On sweeps the endless train,  
But there to mark the desert path  
Their whitening bones remain.

As thus I read the mournful tale  
Upon the traveler's page,  
I thought how like the march of life  
Is this sad pilgrimage.

For every heart hath some fair dream,  
Some object unattained,  
And far off in the distance lies  
Some Mecca to be gained.

But beauty, manhood, love and power  
Go in their morning down,  
And longing eyes and outstretched arms  
Tell of the goal unwon.

The mighty caravan of life  
Above their dust may sweep,  
Nor shout, nor trampling feet shall break  
The rest of those who sleep.

Oh, fountains that I have not reached,  
That gush far off e'en now,  
When shall I quench my spirit's thirst  
Where your sweet waters flow?

Oh, Mecca of my life-long dreams,  
Cloud-palaces that rise  
In that far distance pierced by hope,  
When will ye greet mine eyes?

The shadows lengthen towards the East  
From the declining sun,  
And the pilgrim, as ye still recede,  
Sighs for the journey done.

The engravings and general getting-up of "The Opal" are discreditable in the last degree. A more wretched set of mezzotints we certainly never beheld.

*Miscellaneous, by WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT. New York: Harper & Brothers.*

We said a few words, last week, of this admirable collection of essays, and now take the liberty of extracting some portion of the interesting paper on the genius of Brockden Brown:

The explication of the mysteries of Wieland naturally suggests the question how far an author is bound to explain the *supernaturalities*, if we may so call them, of his fictions; and whether it is not better, on the whole, to trust to the willing superstition and credulity of the reader (of which there is perhaps store enough in almost every bosom, at the present enlightened day even, for poetical purposes) than to attempt a solution on purely natural or mechanical principles. It was thought no harm for the ancients to bring the use of *machinery* into their epics, and a similar freedom was conceded to the old English dramatists, whose ghosts and witches were placed in the much more perilous predicament of being subjected to the scrutiny of the spectator, whose senses are not near so likely to be duped as the sensitive and excited imagination of the reader in his solitary chamber. It must be admitted, however, that the public of those days, when the

Undoubting mind

Believed the magic wonders that were sung,

were admirably seasoned for the action of superstition in all forms, and furnished, therefore, a most enviable audience for the melodramatic artist, whether dramatist or romance-writer. But all this is changed. No witches ride the air now-a-days, and fairies no longer "dance their rounds by the pale moonlight," as the worthy Bishop Corbet, indeed, lamented a century and a half ago.

Still it may be allowed, perhaps, if the scene is laid in some remote age or country, to borrow the ancient superstitions of the place and incorporate them into, or, at least, color the story with them, without shocking the well-bred prejudices of the modern reader. Sir Walter Scott has done this with good effect in more than one of his romances, as every one will readily call to mind. A fine example occurs in the Boden Glas apparition in *Waverley*, which the great novelist, far from attempting to explain on any philosophical principles, or even by an intimation of its being the mere creation of a feverish imagination, has left as he found it, trusting that the reader's poetic feeling will readily accommodate itself to the popular superstitions of the country he is depicting. This reserve on his part, indeed, arising from a truly poetic view of the subject, and an honest reliance on a similar spirit in his reader, has laid him open, with some matter-of-fact people, to the imputation of not being wholly untouched himself by the national superstitions. Yet how much would the whole scene have lost in its permanent effect if the author had attempted an explanation of the apparition on the ground of an optical illusion not infrequent among the mountain mists of the Highlands, or any other of the ingenious solutions so readily at the command of the thorough-bred story-teller!

It must be acknowledged, however, that this way of solving the riddles of romance would hardly be admissible in a story drawn from familiar scenes and situations in modern life, and especially in our own country. The lights of education are shined too bright and broad over the land to allow any lurking-hole for the shadows of a twilight age. So much the worse for the poet and the novelist. Their province must now be confined to poor human nature, without meddling with the "Gorgons and chimeras dire" which floated through the bewildered brains of our forefathers, at least on the other side of the water. At any rate, if a writer, in this broad sun

shine, ventures on any sort of *diablerie* he is forced to explain it by all the thousand contrivances of trap-doors, secret passages, waxen images, and other make-shifts from the property-room of Mrs. Radcliffe and Company.

Brown, indeed, has resorted to a somewhat higher mode of elucidating his mysteries by a remarkable phenomenon of our nature. But the misfortune of all these attempts to account for the marvels of the story by natural or mechanical causes is, that they are very seldom satisfactory, or competent to their object. This is eminently the case with the ventriloquism in Wieland. Even where they are competent, it may be doubted whether the reader, who has suffered his credulous fancy to be entranced by the spell of the magician, will be gratified to learn, at the end, by what cheap mechanical contrivance he has been duped. However this may be, it is certain that a very unfavorable effect, in another respect, is produced on his mind, after he is made acquainted with the nature of the secret spring by which the machinery is played, more especially when one leading circumstance, like ventriloquism in Wieland, is made the master-key, as it were, by which all the mysteries are to be unlocked and opened at once. With this explanation at hand, it is extremely difficult to rise to that sensation of mysterious awe and apprehension on which so much of the sublimity and general effect of the narrative necessarily depends. Instead of such feelings, the only ones which can enable us to do full justice to the author's conceptions, we sometimes, on the contrary, may detect a smile lurking in the corner of the mouth, as we peruse scenes of positive power, from the contrast obviously suggested of the impotence of the apparatus and the portentous character of the results. The critic, therefore, possessed of the real key to the mysteries of the story, if he would do justice to his author's merits, must divest himself, as it were, of his previous knowledge, by fastening his attention on the results, to the exclusion of the insignificant means by which they are achieved. He will not always find this an easy matter.

*The Poems of Alfred B. Street. Complete Edition. New York: Clark & Austin.*

Most of the poems here included, are familiar friends, and we cordially welcome their re-appearance. A modest Preface says:

The early life of the author was spent in a wild and picturesque region in the southwestern part of New York—his native state. Apart from the busy haunts of mankind, his eye was caught by the strongly marked and beautiful scenes by which he was surrounded: and to the first impressions thus made may be attributed the fact that his subjects relate so much to Nature and so little to Man. Instead, therefore, of aiming to depict the human heart, he has endeavored to sketch (however rudely and imperfectly) the features of that with which he was most familiar.

These are the impulsive words of a true poet. Man is, in fact, only incidentally a poetic theme:—we mean the heart and intellect of Man—matters which the pseudo-transcendentalists of Froponidium are perpetually attempting to force into poetry—with no other object than to impart to their doggerel an air of profundity.

Mr. Street's subjects are invariably poetical ones—but they belong not to the loftiest order. They are descriptive altogether—not sufficiently ideal. Mr. Bryant seems to have been the model—although the Beauty of Nature may have been the inspiration.

The volume is a very handsome octavo of 319 pages, and does credit to the taste and liberality of the publishers.

*Hyperion, a Romance. By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. Second Edition, Cambridge: John Owen.*

This is one of the most tastefully printed books we have seen for many a year—a thick duodecimo of 370 pages—delightful type, unusually good paper—well bound. The work itself is sufficiently well known. It has all Mr. Longfellow's distinctive-

ness of thought and manner—is graceful, scholar-like, at times pointed, and always artistical, but neither original, nor very interesting. Its tone is a palpable imitation of the German spirit. One of its marked peculiarities—and an idiosyncrasy, in fact, appertaining to all that the author does—is its entire want of suggestiveness. The book does not go beyond itself. Mr. Longfellow's works seem to some minds greater than they are, on account of their perfection of finish—on account of the thoroughness with which their designs are carried out. They exhaust limited subjects. His books are books and no more. Those of men of genius are books and a dream to boot. These men do not exhaust their subjects, because their subjects expand with every touch.

The volume is for sale in New York by D. Appleton & Co.

*Wiley & Putnam's Library of American Books. No. 10. The Alps and the Rhine. By J. T. HEADLEY.*

This is one of the most entertaining books yet issued in the American series. The vivacity and brilliant fancy of Headley throw a charm over all his descriptions—a charm that has all the effect of novelty—if indeed it is not.

A marked peculiarity of the author is the Irish abandon or neck-or-nothingness of his manner. He writes as if he held it a sin to keep us waiting a moment—either for grammar or any thing else.

"I have never felt" says his Preface "the need of stronger Saxon more than when standing amid the chaos of an Alpine abyss or looking off from the summit of an Alpine peak. Like the attempt to utter a man's deepest emotions, words for the time shock him."

Why "off?"—is not "from" enough? The "summit of a peak" is something, we presume, like the end of an extremity. As for the subsequent sentence, we give it up.

Mr. Headley is only committing a very common error, we think, in saying: "We get a definite idea of very few things in the world we have never seen, by mere naked details"—etc., etc.

Here we are forced to say, *in primis*, that Mr. H. has really no reference to things in the world we have never seen—but to things in the world we have seen. It is not the grammatical construction of the sentence, however, but its philosophy to which we allude. When details fail to convey distinct impressions, it is merely because the details themselves are indistinct. But all this is hypercriticism:—the book is an admirable book, and Mr. Headley is an admirable man.

*Appleton's Literary Miscellany. Nos. 6 and 7. Sketches of Modern Literature and Eminent Literary Men: Being a Gallery of Literary Portraits. By GEORGE GILFILLAN. Reprinted entire from the London Edition. New York: D. Appleton & Co.*

This is in all respects a valuable work—containing some of the most discriminative criticism we have ever read. We refer especially to a parallel between Shelley and Byron. The portraits are those of Shelley, Jeffrey, Godwin, Hazlitt, Rob. Hall, Chalmers, Carlyle, De Quincy, John Foster, Wilson, Edward Irving, Landor, Campbell, Brougham, Coleridge, Emerson, Wordsworth, Pollok, Lamb, Cunningham, Elliott, Keats, Macaulay, Aird, Southey, and Lockhart.

Perhaps the most original and judicious of these sketches is that of Godwin—a very remarkable man, not even yet thoroughly understood.

*A Practical Treatise on Healthy Skin: with Rules for the Medicines and Domestic Treatment of Cutaneous Diseases. By ERASMUS WILSON, F. R. S. etc. Illustrated with six Steel Engravings. New York: D. Appleton & Co.*

"In the following pages," says the author, one of the most

eminent of British physiologists, "I propose to make my reader acquainted with the structure and uses of the skin, in the hope of awaking his attention to the necessity and manner of training it to the purposes of health. I trust, moreover, by laying down correct and simple laws, to enable him to comprehend the principles upon which a sound and effective domestic treatment of its diseases may be conducted."

A large duodecimo of 263 pages—in the customary neat style of the Appletons.

*Montezuma, the Last of the Aztecs: An Historical Romance on the Conquest of Mexico.* By EDWARD MATURIN. Two volumes. New York: Paine & Burgess.

In private literary circles there has been much talk about this novel—the MS. of which, it appears, has either been seen or heard by a great number of individuals—some of whom abuse, while others highly commend it. We have not yet had time to read the volumes, but a glance assures us that (barring a little Maturinism or Bertramism) they are at least well-written, in the ordinary sense of the phrase.

Mr. Maturin, it is understood, is the son of the author of *Melmoth*—a very powerful book, beyond doubt.

*Chances and Changes; or Life as it is, Illustrated in the History of a Straw Hat.* By CHARLES BURDETT, A. M. Author of "Never too Late," etc. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The series of moral tales lately given to the public by Mr. Burdett have all been well received, and have accomplished a great deal of good, independently of their interest as fictions. "Chances and Changes" is, perhaps, the best of the six yet published. It is in the manner of "Chrysal or The Adventures of a Guinea," and quite as good a book in every respect.

*Voltaire and Rousseau against the Atheists; or Essays and Detached Passages from those Writers, in Relation to the Being and Attributes of God.* Selected and Translated from the French, by J. AXERLY. New York: Wiley & Putnam.

An openly printed duodecimo of 131 pages, neatly bound. The intention is, beyond doubt, a commendable one—but we cannot help regarding the work as one of supererogation. Men deny a God only with their lips.

*Harpers' Illuminated and New Pictorial Bible*, No. 45 is issued, and maintains the high character of the publication.

*Graham's Magazine*, for January, has a very rich and tasteful engraved title-page, from a design by J. McPherson—tasteful at all points except the centre, which has too much the air of the label on Day & Martin's Blacking. The number opens with an admirable mezzotint by Sartain, and a good line engraving by Smillie,—subject Washington at Princeton. There is also a plate of Fashions—two figures—the whole well-drawn, well arranged and skillfully colored. In a Magazine designed in great part for ladies, a fashion-plate, such as this, is not only not objectionable, but a valuable addition.

Among the contributors we notice Mrs. Stevens, Mrs. Butler, Fanny Forrester, Lowell, Eames, Street, Brooks, Chivers, and others. Lowell has a poem full of nerve and grace. Here is a magnificent stanza:

Titanic shapes, with faces blank and den,  
Of their old Godhead born,  
Gaze on the embers of the sunken sun,  
Which they misdeem for morn;  
And yet the eternal sorrow  
In their unmonarched eyes says day is done,  
Without the hope of morrow.

And here a melodious one:

Here, 'mid the bleak waves of our strife and care  
Float the green Fortunate Isles,  
Where all our hero spirits dwell, and share  
Our martyrdoms and toils;  
The present moves attended  
With all of brave, and excellent, and fair  
That made the old time splendid.

The number contains, also, other excellent poetry. We mention, in especial, the "Præm to the Froissart Ballads"—although this is strongly tinged with imitation. For example:

The dappled fawns upon the plains,  
The birds that love the upper sky  
Lived not in lovelier liberty.

Every one remembers the lines ending

Know no such liberty.

*Hunt's Merchants' Magazine*, for December, is one of the very best numbers yet issued of the most decidedly useful of American Magazines. This issue completes the thirteenth volume. The contents are—The Value and Prospects of Life in the United States—The Cotton Trade—The System of Mutual Insurance examined with Reference to the Question of Individual Liability—Maritime Law, Piracy and Financiering—Electricity as the Cause of Storms—The March of Our Republic—The Consular System—Pot and Pearl Ashes—and The Progress of Population in Boston. Besides these papers we have Mercantile Law Cases—Commercial Chronicle—Commercial Regulations, etc. etc.—and several pages of judicious literary criticism. A very commendable point about this Magazine, is its strict nationalty. No sectional bias, of any kind, is apparent. It is addressed emphatically to the people of the United States.

*The Columbian Magazine*, for January, is really very creditable to all concerned in its issue. There are two very excellent mezzotints, one by Doney and one by Sadd—the latter from a design by Matteson:—subject, a scene from *The Pioneers*. This is the first of a series of similar illustrations of American works of history or fiction.

The contributions are from many of the best of our *littérateurs*. Mrs. Osgood, for example, has an article—also Mrs. Ellett, Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Embury, Mrs. Child, Miss Sedgwick, Miss Gould, Neal, Paulding, Tackerman, Inman, and others. Miss Blackwell furnishes both words and music of a very fanciful and sweet ballad called "Fairy Kandore."

## Sonnet.

WITNESS the world's dread furnace we are cast—  
The furnace seven times heated—but we tread,  
By a good angel still accompanied,  
The fiery way unscathed, where men, aghast,  
Fall powerless before the scorching blast  
That toucheth not our garments. We have said,  
Not to your idols, but to our God, instead,  
We bow. We wake the dulcimer, and fist,  
Fanning the ardent air with snowy plumes,  
And cheering with sweet words our fainting souls.  
On through surrounding flame that none consumes  
The angel guideth us among the coals,  
Till, like base ore in the alembic tried,  
We do come forth the fire, refined and purified.

MARY E. HEWITT.



## The Drama.

THE most noticeable event *in prospect* is the bringing out of Richard the Third at the Park, by the Keans, immediately upon their return from Philadelphia. The tragedy, we learn, is to be produced in a style of splendor and perfection of detail altogether unexampled in this country. No pains or expense will be spared. Mr. Simpson will be at an outlay of three thousand dollars, and Mr. Kean will expend perhaps double that sum—equipping, for instance, a hundred supernumeraries. All the world will "be there to see."

SOME of the Charleston papers make allusion to the number of "communications" sent in to them in praise of "Mr. Crisp and Mrs. Mowatt"—very properly declining to insert them. We say "very properly," for anonymous laudation of this kind, is always injurious in the end, if not immediately, to the interests of the party lauded. The public (or at least that portion of it whose opinion is of any value) have a sad habit of taking it for granted that the "communications" are the work directly, or indirectly, of the persons heaped. If they be, then, of course, their insertion is to be regretted on the ground that such attempts at self-praise are contemptible in the last degree; if they be not, their insertion is even still more to be regretted, on account of the unjust suspicions inevitably excited.

WE PRESENT our readers, this week, passages from the Boston Press, on the Hamlet, Benedick, Claude Melnotte, and Othello of Mr. Murdoch. We are happy in this matter to agree with the Bostonians, and to find ourselves sustained so fully, in the judgment we had occasion to express, on Mr. M's appearance before New York audiences.

On Monday evening, we saw Mr. Murdoch's impersonation of HAMLET; and we are surely not mistaken when we say it was Mr. Murdoch's, for certainly he has drawn on no living actor for any peculiarity of style or manner in his acting of Hamlet. At the raising of the curtain he was received with the stormiest applause we ever saw or heard.

It must have been a moment of intense anxiety, and almost of overwhelming feeling. Surrounded by warm friends and admirers, he must have been tried to his utmost "beat." He was to cast a new die, and upon its issue depended his fate as an actor; appearing in a new character, he must have been suspended between hope and fear to their maddest verge. Through the first and second acts, we thought he faltered, and seemed oppressed by personal feeling; but often in the second act he broke through its fetters, and threw his whole soul into the character. The closing words of this act were delivered with more triumphant power than we ever had heard them before. When he exclaimed

The play's the thing

Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king,

we were then fully satisfied that Murdoch was equal to the task he had undertaken; he had fallen upon a stratagem that would foil the subtil king, and enmesh him in his own conscience, and it gleamed from every nerve in the actor. The soliloquy commencing with "To be, or not to be," was read with as fine an appreciation of all the great and pregnant questions therein as we ever heard it, not excepting even by the elder Kean.

His conception of that part of this drama, we mean his treatment of Ophelia, was more in accordance with our own views than has been portrayed by any recent actor, unless Macready. Through his rigor towards her there seemed to beam a gentleness and affection truly admirable.

In the dialogue between himself and mother, when he shows the picture of his father, he was too wild and declamatory. The passion should be strong, yet subdued. Will he try the value of this hint?—*Boston Post*

On Wednesday evening, Mr. Murdoch appeared in the character of BENEDICK in that delightful comedy of Shakspeare's, "Much Ado About Nothing." We never saw him in a fitter mood. He threw an irresistible charm and fascination over the part, which would have satisfied even the fancy of Shakspeare, had he been present. All the grace, sprightliness and elegance of a high order of acting were here exhibited, and we do not believe there is a better Benedick on the stage. We feel highly gratified to see his exquisite taste in a wardrobe, and its richness and brilliancy are unsurpassed.—*Daily Times*.

Mr. Murdoch was truly successful in the character of CLAUDE. By nature he is eminently qualified to perform this part. He has all that exuberance of spirits, that overflowing warmth of heart, which so well become this humble but aspiring young man, as depicted by the pen of Bulwer. In voice and action we readily and spontaneously exclaim, how "express and admirable." There is one charm in the acting of Mr. Murdoch which we could not overlook; it is the manner in which he constantly wins upon his auditors. He never abates or falls off in fascination, but spell after spell comes upon them, produced by the witchery of his genius.

We say "genius," and that after full reflection. An actor who could thrill the house as he did, near the close of the fourth act, must be possessed of powers of the first order. It was no idle declamation, but the outpouring of a heart, strung to the highest pitch of human passion. He went through the last act with power and effect. Some passages of the reading were jewels in themselves; his picture of his palace was described in the finest oratorical voice we ever heard.

Mr. Murdoch's Claude Melnotte is emphatically a fine specimen of acting; and we are confident that hereafter, before a Boston audience, he will stand unsurpassed as the representative of that character.—*Evening Transcript*.

MR. MURDOCH'S OTHELLO.—The announcement of Mr. Murdoch in the difficult character of Othello, on Thursday evening, drew together a very large and fashionable audience to the Athenæum.

Taken as a whole, Mr. M's delineation of the character was fine and impressive, and drew down frequent and enthusiastic applause. In the earlier parts of the play the tragedian was somewhat reserved; and his address to the senate lacked dignity and force. But with this scene closed our dissent from his conception and delineation. The midnight brawl, rousing the soldier like a trumpet from his sleep, seemed to awaken all the fire and fervor of the actor. From that moment he gave himself up to the tide of stormy passion—of alternate tenderness and hate—doubt and doting—suspicion, revenge and despair, that make up one of the most terribly truthful characters drawn by the pen of the great dramatist. The rapid darkening of the noble nature of the Moor—the swift circulation of the poison instilled by the serpent—the fearful menaces—the wavering purposes—the gathered gloom—the fell revenge, and the despair more fell yet, of the ruined and betrayed lover and husband, flashed from the eyes, gestures, attitudes and tears of the actor to the hearts and minds of the entire audience. The furious charge to Iago—

Villain! be sure thou prov'st my love is false,

with its consecutive passage—the rapturous apostrophe to Desdemona—

Excellent wench, &c.,

the heart-broken farewell to all the "pomp, pride and circumstance of glorious war," the mingled tenderness, sternness and ruthlessness of the murder scene, and the terrible expiation of the crime, were all the most critical could demand. We know not what future triumphs Mr. Murdoch has in store, but if he surpasses his "Othello," he will indeed enact wonders.—*Times*.

## The Fine Arts.

ITALIAN OPERA IN HAVANA.—Muti had not opened his Opera House on the 6th instant. He has published his advertisement concerning the Italian Opera Company. The names of the persons engaged are as follows: Sra. Rosina Picco, Sra. Concepcion Cirartegui, Sra. Amalia Majocchi, *Prima Donna*; Sra. Carolina Lazzarini, *second do.*; Sig. Cirilo Antognini, Sig. Luigi Perozzi, *first tenor*; Sig. Federico Bialli, *second do.*; Sig. Pietro Tomassi, *first baritone*; Sig. Attilio Valtelina, *first basso*; Sig. Antonio Sanquiritico, *first buffo variato*; Sig. Pietro Candi, *second basso*; and six ladies and twelve gentlemen for the choruses. The *Diario* says that Sanquiritico was daily expected from Europe, and Perozzi, Tomassi and Candi from Mexico. Borghese alone is wanted to make it a capital company. When the season terminates in Havana, the whole troupe design coming here, and may open at Palmo's in April next.

BALFE'S Opera, "The Bohemian Girl," has been revived at the Park. A Mr. Delavanti is an addition to the troupe, and by no means an objectionable one.

WALLACE, the pianist, has composed an Opera, which is nightly drawing crowded houses in London. We hope the enterprising Mr. Seguin will find means to bring it out in this city.

THE GERMAN OPERA, after performing "The Swiss Family" for one week to empty benches, has bidden us farewell, to rest on its laurels. The failure of this enterprise is so extraordinary, that it keeps the brains of many an editor at work to find out the cause of it. A committee of some of our most respectable German citizens have taken the matter in hand, and propose to give us a cycle of the best German Operas. The subscription lists which are going round, to cover the first expenses, are rapidly filling up.

MR. BURKE'S CONCERT, on Tuesday evening last, was attended by a most fashionable audience. We have heard the gentleman before, but under such disadvantages that we declined giving an opinion. We can now safely pronounce him one of the best violinists that we have ever heard in this country. His tone is solid and marrowy, his bowing is perfect from the mere *sulfando* to the *staccato*, in every manner and shape. He was encored after every piece, but declined repeating the *Capriccio* by Vieux Temps, on account of too great previous exertion.

We cannot say that we are so exceedingly delighted with the singing of either Mrs. Andrews or Mr. Zander. Mrs. A. has a quite peculiar voice, or rather half-a-dozen of them combined in one. Such variety is at times pleasing, but we did not find it so in either of the pieces which the lady selected. A peculiar turn was introduced by her at every single cadence, and we regret exceedingly not having any music type at our command, that we might have given it (the turn) to our readers. "Mr. L. T. Zander, Vocalist from Boston," announces on the bill his first appearance in this city. We hope it may be his last.

Mr. Burke introduced in his *Mélange Brillante* all the popular airs of the day, such as Yankee Doodle, Dandy Jim, Lucy Long, etc. During the performance of the last, which, by the bye, had a great deal of bowing, the wire on the G string got loose, and a passage in Harmonics was spoiled. Many of the audience expressed their regret at this accident, at the end of the performance. "There is one consolation," he observed, "it is not the only *break down* in the piece." Mr. Burke seems to possess a good-humor, which, combined with his extraordinary talent, cannot fail to win him hosts of friends and admirers. He goes to Boston to-morrow, and will return to this city by the 19th of January, when he will play at the Philharmonic Concert.

"THE LAST SUPPER," from Leonardo da Vinci, has been engraved by A. L. Dick, in the most superb style of the art. It is a close copy of Raffaele Morghen's engraving.

## Sonetto.

Donna Madre d'Amor, fulgente stella,  
Emula al Sol, che l'aria illumina e'l giorno,  
A questo oscuro, e lasso e vil soggiorno  
Dónde n'irraggi tu sì chiara, e bella?  
Forse la Donna mia, forse sei quella  
Che solet far di luce il mondo adorno?  
E le nebbie, e l'error, ch'abbiamo intorno  
Ne tolgon gli occhi, e l'alta sua favella?  
Oime, ch'avendo il viver nostro a sdegno,  
Come cosa ch'a noi veone del cielo,  
Tornata è a ricovrar l'antica sede;  
Ond' or Hespero, or splendor sol si vede;  
Ma di che copre tenebroso velo  
La terra, e me, ch'ogni altra odio, e diadegno.

GIOVANNI GIUDICIONE.

## Editorial Miscellany.

THE BROADWAY JOURNAL may be obtained in the City of New York of the following agents: Taylor, Astor House; Crosby, Exchange, William street; Graham, Tribune Buildings; Lockwood, Broadway and Grand; and Burgess & Stringer, Ann and Broadway.

A new volume will commence on Saturday, the tenth of January next. A very few sets of the first volume are still for sale at the office, 304 Broadway.

MR. THOMAS H. LANE is the only person (beside ourself) authorized to give receipts or transact business for The Broadway Journal. For Prospectus, Terms, etc. see end of the paper.

DR. COLLIER, the eminent Mesmerist, has written to us in reference to the extraordinary case of M. Valdemar. We quote a portion of his letter:

Boston, December 15, 1845.

DEAR SIR—Your account of M. Valdemar's Case has been universally copied in this city, and has created a very great sensation. It requires from me no apology, in stating, that I have not the least doubt of the possibility of such a phenomenon; for, I did actually restore to active animation a person who died from excessive drinking of ardent spirits. He was placed in his coffin ready for interment.

You are aware that death very often follows excessive excitement of the nervous system; this arising from the extreme prostration which follows; so that the vital powers have not sufficient energy to react.

I will give you the detailed account on your reply to this, which I require for publication, in order to put at rest the growing impression that your account is merely a splendid creation of your own brain, not having any truth in fact. My dear sir, I have battled the storm of public derision too long on the subject of Mesmerism, to be now found in the rear ranks—though I have not publicly lectured for more than two years, I have steadily made it a subject of deep investigation.

I sent the account to my friend Dr. Ellipton of London; also to the "Zoist,"—to which journal I have regularly contributed.

Your early reply will oblige, which I will publish, with your consent, in connection with the case I have referred to. Believe me yours, most respectfully,

ROBERT H. COLLIER.

Edgar A. Poe, Esq., New York.

We have no doubt that Mr. Collyer is perfectly correct in all that he says—and all that he desires us to say—but the truth is, there was a very small modicum of truth in the case of M. Valdemar—which, in consequence, may be called a hard case—very hard for M. Vallemar, for Mr. Collyer, and ourselves. If the story was not true, however, it should have been—and perhaps "The Zoist" may discover that it is true, after all.

THE TRULY beautiful poem entitled "The Mountains," and published in our last Journal, will put every reader in mind of the terseness and severe beauty of Macaulay's best ballads—while it surpasses any of them in grace and imagination. Not for years has so fine a poem been given to the American public. It is the composition of Mr. P. P. Cooke of Virginia, author of "Florence Vane," "Young Rosalie Lee," and other exquisitely graceful and delicate things. Mr. Cooke's prose, too, is nearly as meritorious as his poetry.

For the deeply interesting paper "On the Poetical Literature of Germany," (also published in our last number,) we are indebted to Professor T. L. Telkowsky, of Columbia College, in this city—brother of the celebrated German poet Adolphus Telkowsky.

THE DAILY NEWS—Speaking of Dickens' projected paper, thus entitled, the correspondent of the Liverpool Chronicle says:

I told you some time ago, if I recollect right, that a new daily paper of ultra liberal politics was to be started, with Charles Dickens as the editor, and his father as field marshal or conductor. Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, the proprietors of Punch, are the spirited men ostensibly known in the new paper—that is to be. A number of "crack" reporters, all short-hand men, of the metropolitan journals, have been engaged, at salaries of seven, eight and ten guineas a-week, for three years certain. Dickens is to have two thousand a year! Jerrold, Mark Lemon, and others of "mark" and "likelihood," are to be among the chief writers. There is plenty of cash in bank, and the parties are all men of undoubted honor. After a little "hitch," the effects of which lasted only twenty-four hours, everything has gone on cheerily. Charles Dickens had a dinner party the other day, composed of the principal lads engaged; each gentleman invited had come with six names for the future journal: after dinner these were discussed with the champagne and claret; some of the titles were funny enough, and your readers must lose a good laugh by my withholding them. By general consent, "The Daily News" was adopted. The paper is to be a rival of the old Whig Morning Chronicle.

A capital of £100,000 was required to commence operations—so great, in England, is the risk and difficulty of establishing a daily paper. The first number will be issued on the first day of the new year. Among the collaborators is "an American gentleman who has acquired much note as a Magazinish,"—possibly John Neal.

THE BOSTON POST says:

We have just learned of a most flattering compliment that has been recently paid by a crowned head of Europe to an American writer, Mr. A. J. Downing, of Highland Gardens, New York, who published, not long since, a most charming book on landscape gardening. Mr. Henry Wikoff, who arrived yesterday in the Acadia, from Liverpool, has brought over with him an autograph letter from the Queen of Holland, together with a magnificent ruby ring encircled by three rows of fine diamonds, in acknowledgment of the pleasure she had derived from the late perusal of Mr. Downing's book. A compliment like this from a royal personage to an American author is certainly quite novel, and what enhances its value is the new mode made choice of. The gift of a jewel is the familiar form that a crowned head usually selects to express royal approbation, but it is the first instance of the kind we know of where an autograph letter was added to give a stronger emphasis to

such a testimonial. We record with great pleasure this marked compliment to the talents of a fellow countryman, and congratulate Mr. Wikoff upon his honorable commission.

For our own parts we are glad that Mr. Downing has received the ring—especially as it consists of diamonds and rubies and has, therefore, much intrinsic value. We use the words "intrinsic value" not rigorously, but in distinction from the factitious value which, in the public eye, appertains to the present as that of a monarch—and which in our own sincere opinion is precisely nothing at all—unless, indeed, we are to understand that the individual monarch, in this case, is a very especial judge of the merits of a work on "Landscape Gardening." What we mean to say, is simply this:—that the value of any approbation, or any testimony of approbation, for a book, is in the ratio not of the worldly eminence, but in that of the judgment and good faith of the person who commends.

THE BOSTON COURIER says:

It is with deepest regret that we learn the death of Mrs. Maria Brooks, the authoress of "Zophiel." She died on the 11th of Nov. last, at Matanzas, in the island of Cuba, from the debility consequent upon a severe fit of sickness. Mrs. Brooks was, at the time of her decease, about fifty years old. She was born at Medford, in this state, and for a considerable period resided in this city. About fifteen years ago she visited France and England, and while there formed many friendships with distinguished persons in both countries, among others with Lafayette, Wordsworth, and Southey. Of late years she has resided principally in Matanzas.

Mrs. Brooks was one of the most remarkable women that ever lived. To great attainments in literature, she joined a powerful and original genius, and a character of singular energy and individuality. Both in England and the United States, she has been considered by all who have read her writings thoughtfully, as unmatched among poets of her sex. Southey, who superintended the publication of her "Zophiel," had the most exalted opinion of her powers, and pronounced her "the most impassioned and imaginative of all poetesses." When "Zophiel" was published, Charles Lamb wrote to a friend, that Southey was trying to pass off the poem as the production of an American woman, as if, he said, "there ever was a woman capable of writing such a poem." This is high praise, but it is borne out by the poem itself. It is one of the few compositions written during the present century, destined for durable fame. It is one of the most original, passionate and harmonious works of imagination ever conceived—and there breathes through the whole the vital life of genius. Though it has not been extensively circulated in the United States, there are very few American productions which shed so much glory on our literature, or which are so often quoted abroad as evidences of American genius.

That a mind of so much power and brilliancy should have departed—that one of the lights of our literature should have been quenched, we consider an occasion for the most sincere regret. But the image of that mind, stamped on her productions, will not depart. The light that illumines the records of her genius will not be quenched. Her memory will never return to the dust; her mind, even on earth, will have no grave and no tomb. Silently and surely her genius will work its way into the great public heart of the country, and her fame grow with time. And we cannot conceive of the period when an American, in reviewing the causes which have conducted to place his country in a proud intellectual position, and assisted in giving to it the immortality which springs from literature, shall cease to regard with peculiar gratitude and admiration the name of the authoress of "Zophiel."

The critic who writes this is somewhat given to excess of enthusiasm, and we certainly are very far from agreeing with him in his opinion that Mrs. Brooks was "considered by all who have read her writings thoughtfully as unmatched among poets of her sex." The author of "Zophiel" was a truly imaginative poet, but no one, "who read her writings thoughtfully," would

think of comparing her with Miss Barrett—or even with Mrs. Norton. As for Lamb's pert query—"was there ever a woman capable of writing such a poem?"—it merely proves that Lamb had little understanding of the true nature of Poetry—which, appealing especially to our sense of Beauty, is, in its very essence, feminine. If the greatest poems have not been written by women, it is because, as yet, the greatest poems have not been written at all.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Many thanks to our friend, W. D. G. We assure him that our paper has been regularly mailed to the Gazette. Thanks, also, to A. M. F. and H. T. L.

### The Minstrel.

"Einst ist die Lieben."

Who goes so late through wind and night,  
With joyous face and beaming eye,  
His step so firm, his heart so light?  
Means he, with light guitar, Love's fate to try?

Ah, youthful bard, trust not the fair!  
Their hearts are ever false and vain;  
Trust not thine eyes, nor bend thine ear!  
Heed not their song, nor wake thy strain!  
For woman's heart will triumph in thy pain.

Away false Doubt! the youth replies,  
Damp not thus my soul with sorrow—  
True love from thee forever flies—  
Thy gloomy past shall be my morrow;  
My heart, from thee, no grief shall borrow.

Thus spoke the bard, then woke the lay:  
To one he sang, whom Love had given  
Again to make men bless the day,  
When first he stole to Earth from Heaven,  
While joined in her, all grace seemed brighter even.

Now on the winds his sighings rise;  
Beneath the lattice sings the Boy,  
And upwards turns his tender eyes;  
Rise sweetest hopes, and welcome joy,  
While thus Love's songs the gentle hours employ.

But pleads the fond Minstrel in vain  
To her heart cold and unfeeling,  
Like that grim lake on Italy's plain  
Its waters all concealing  
Sinks in the grave its own waves die sealing.

Now colder blew the midnight blast,  
Hoarse peal the bells in sullen toll,  
The driven snow falls round him fast,  
And fly the hopes that filled his soul,  
Like the dark clouds that swiftly o'er him roll.

Through the tall and quaint old trees  
Down sheds the light its mellowed gleam;  
Like silvery moonlit seas,  
Or diamond's glittering beam,  
Their snow-burg branches round him shining seem.

Two starry tears in silence fall,  
Congealed they fasten on the string  
That woke so oft Love's sweetest call—  
No more for thee may lovers sing—  
And dead the tones that told their suffering.

EDWARD CANTWELL.

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