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## Coquette's Song.

AH yes—gentle sir—I will own  
I ne'er saw perfection till now;  
That I never—no never—have known  
A smile such as yours—I'll allow.  
And your eyes—Oh, they speak to the soul  
With their glances as bright as the day!  
But I mean to keep my heart whole—  
So away with your love-vows—away.  
Away—Away—  
Away with your love-vows—away!  
  
Ah! ne'er such a voice, I'll confess,  
In its low, murmuring tones have I heard,  
So deep with emotion's excess—  
Yet soft as the tones of a bird.  
Oh! the thrilling and sweet melody  
Might melt any heart to your sway—  
But dearly I love to be free—  
So away with your love-vows—away—  
Away—away—  
Away with your love-vows—away!  
  
No, no—I assure you 'tis vain  
To sigh, and to plead, and to woo;  
But I'll own, if I could wear a chain,  
I would have it—yes—woven by *you*.  
Some future time—may be—but now  
I'll be free as a bird on the spray!  
I wont—wont be fettered—I vow;  
So away with your love-talk—away—  
Away—away.  
Away with your love-talk—away!

ELIZABETH F. ELLET.

## The Oblong Box.

SOME years ago, I engaged passage from Charleston, S. C., to the city of New York, in the fine packet-ship "Independence," Captain Hardy. We were to sail on the fifteenth of the month (June,) weather permitting; and, on the fourteenth, I went on board to arrange some matters in my state-room.

I found that we were to have a great many passengers, including a more than usual number of ladies. On the list were several of my acquaintances; and, among other names, I was rejoiced to see that of Mr. Cornelius Wyatt, a young artist, for whom I entertained feelings of warm friendship. He had been with me a fellow student at C—— University, where we were very much together. He had the ordinary temperament of genius, and was a compound of misanthropy, sensibility, and enthusiasm. To these qualities he united the warmest and truest heart which ever beat in a human bosom.

I observed that his name was carded upon *three* state-rooms; and, upon again referring to the list of passengers, I found that he had engaged passage for himself, wife, and two sisters—his own. The state-rooms were sufficiently roomy, and each had two berths, one above the other. These berths, to be sure, were so exceedingly narrow as to be insufficient for more than one person; still, I could not comprehend why there were *three* state-rooms for these four persons. I was, just at that epoch, in one of those moody frames of mind which make a man abnormally inquisitive about trifles; and I confess, with shame, that I busied myself in a variety of ill-bred and preposterous conjectures about this matter of the supernumerary state-room. It was no business of mine, to be sure; but with none the less pertinacity did I occupy myself in attempts to resolve the enigma. At last I reached a conclusion which wrought in me great wonder why I had not arrived at it before. "It is a servant, of course," I said; "what a fool I am, not sooner to have thought of so obvious a solution!" And then I again repaired to the list—but here I saw distinctly that *no* servant was to come with the party; although, in fact, it had been the original design to bring one—for the words "and servant" had been first written and then overscored. "Oh, extra baggage to be sure," I now said to myself—"something he wishes not to be put in the hold—something to be kept under his own eye—ah, I have it—a painting or so—and this is what he has been bargaining about with Nicolino, the Italian Jew." This idea satisfied me, and I dismissed my curiosity for the nonce.

Wyatt's two sisters I knew very well, and most amiable and clever girls they were. His wife he had newly married, and I had never yet seen her. He had often talked about her in my presence, however, and in his usual style of enthusiasm. He described her as of surpassing beauty, wit, and accomplishment. I was, therefore, quite anxious to make her acquaintance.

On the day in which I visited the ship, (the fourteenth,) Wyatt and party were also to visit it—so the captain informed me—and I waited on board an hour longer than I had designed, in hope of being presented to the bride; but then an apology came. "Mrs. W. was a little indisposed, and would decline coming on board until to-morrow, at the hour of sailing."

The morrow having arrived, I was going from my hotel to the wharf, when Captain Hardy met me and said that, "owing to circumstances," (a stupid but convenient phrase,) "he rather thought the 'Independence' would not sail for a day or two, and that when all was ready, he would send up and let me know." This I thought strange, for there was a stiff southerly breeze; but as "the circumstances" were not forthcoming, although I pumped for them with much perseverance, I had nothing to do but to return home and digest my impatience at leisure.

I did not receive the expected message from the captain for nearly a week. It came at length, however, and I immediately went on board. The ship was crowded with passengers, and everything was in the bustle attendant upon making sail. Wyatt's party arrived in about ten minutes after myself. There were the two sisters, the bride, and the artist—the latter in one of his customary fits of moody misanthropy. I was too well used to these, however, to pay them any especial attention. He did not even

introduce me to his wife;—this courtesy devolving, perforce, upon his sister Marian—a very sweet and intelligent girl, who, in a few hurried words, made us acquainted.

Mrs. Wyatt had been closely veiled; and when she raised her veil, in acknowledging my bow, I confess that I was very profoundly astonished. I should have been much more so, however, had not long experience advised me not to trust, with too implicit a reliance, the enthusiastic descriptions of my friend, the artist, when indulging in comments upon the loveliness of woman. When beauty was the theme, I well knew with what facility he soared into the regions of the purely ideal.

The truth is, I could not help regarding Mrs. Wyatt as a decidedly plain-looking woman. If not positively ugly, she was not, I think, very far from it. She was dressed, however, in exquisite taste—and then I had no doubt that she had captivated my friend's heart by the more enduring graces of the intellect and soul. She said very few words and passed at once into her state-room with Mr. W.

My old inquisitiveness now returned. There was *no servant*—that was a settled point. I looked, therefore, for the extra baggage. After some delay, a cart arrived at the wharf, with an oblong pine box, which was everything that seemed to be expected. Immediately upon its arrival we made sail, and in a short time were safely over the bar and standing out to sea.

The box in question was, as I say, oblong. It was about six feet in length by two and a half in breadth;—I observed it attentively, and like to be precise. Now this shape was *peculiar*; and no sooner had I seen it, than I took credit to myself for the accuracy of my guessing. I had reached the conclusion, it will be remembered, that the extra baggage of my friend, the artist, would prove to be pictures, or at least a picture; for I knew he had been for several weeks in conference with Nicolino:—and now here was a box which, from its shape, *could* possibly contain nothing in the world but a copy of Leonardo's "Last Supper;" and a copy of this very "Last Supper," done by Rubini the younger, at Florence, I had known, for some time, to be in the possession of Nicolino. This point, therefore, I considered as sufficiently settled. I chuckled excessively when I thought of my acumen. It was the first time I had ever known Wyatt to keep from me any of his artistical secrets; but here he evidently intended to steal a march upon me, and smuggle a fine picture to New York, under my very nose; expecting me to know nothing of the matter. I resolved to quiz him *well*, now and hereafter.

One thing, however, annoyed me not a little. The box did *not* go into the extra state-room. It was deposited in Wyatt's own; and there, too, it remained, occupying very nearly the whole of the floor—no doubt to the exceeding discomfort of the artist and his wife;—this the more especially as the tar or paint with which it was lettered in sprawling capitals, emitted a strong, disagreeable, and, to *my* fancy, a peculiarly disgusting odor. On the lid were painted the words—"Mrs. Adelaide Curtis, Albany, New York. Charge of Cornelius Wyatt, Esq. This side up. To be handled with care."

Now, I was aware that Mrs. Adelaide Curtis, of Albany, was the artist's wife's mother;—but then I looked upon the whole address as a mystification, intended especially for myself. I made up my mind, of course, that the box and contents would never get farther north than the studio of my misanthropic friend, in Chambers Street, New York.

For the first three or four days we had fine weather, although the wind was dead ahead; having chopped round to the northward, immediately upon our losing sight of the coast. The passengers were, consequently, in high spirits, and disposed to be social. I must except, however, Wyatt and his sisters, who be-

haved stiffly, and, I could not help thinking, uncourteously to the rest of the party. *Wyatt's* conduct I did not so much regard. He was gloomy, even beyond his usual habit—in fact he was *mope*—but in him I was prepared for eccentricity. For the sisters, however, I could make no excuse. They secluded themselves in their state-rooms during the greater part of the passage, and absolutely refused, although I repeatedly urged them, to hold communication with any person on board.

Mrs. Wyatt herself, was far more agreeable. That is to say, she was *chatty*; and to be chatty is no slight recommendation at sea. She became *excessively* intimate with most of the ladies; and, to my profound astonishment, evinced no equivocal disposition to coquet with the men. She amused us all very much. I say "*amused*"—and scarcely know how to explain myself. The truth is, I soon found that Mrs. W. was far oftener laughed *at* than *with*. The gentlemen said little about her; but the ladies, in a little while, pronounced her "*a good-hearted thing, rather indifferent-looking, totally uneducated, and decidedly vulgar.*" The great wonder was, how Wyatt had been entrapped into such a match. Wealth was the general solution—but this I knew to be no solution at all; for Wyatt had told me that she neither brought him a dollar nor had any expectations from any source whatever. "*He had married,*" he said, "*for love, and for love only;* and his bride was far more than worthy of his love." When I thought of these expressions, on the part of my friend, I confess that I felt indescribably puzzled. Could it be possible that he was taking leave of his senses? What else could I think? *He*, so refined, so intellectual, so fastidious, with so exquisite a perception of the faulty, and so keen an appreciation of the beautiful! To be sure, the lady seemed especially fond of *him*—particularly so in his absence—when she made herself ridiculous by frequent quotations of what had been said by her "*beloved husband, Mr. Wyatt.*" The word "*husband*" seemed forever—to use one of her own delicate expressions—forever "*on the tip of her tongue.*" In the mean time, it was observed by all on board, that he avoided *her* in the most pointed manner, and, for the most part, shut himself up alone in his state-room, where, in fact, he might have been said to live altogether, leaving his wife at full liberty to amuse herself as she thought best, in the public society of the main cabin.

My conclusion, from what I saw and heard, was, that the artist, by some unaccountable freak of fate, or perhaps in some fit of enthusiastic and fanciful passion, had been induced to unite himself with a person altogether beneath him, and that the natural result, entire and speedy disgust, had ensued. I pitied him from the bottom of my heart—but could not, for that reason, quite forgive his incommunicativeness in the matter of the "*Last Supper.*" For this I resolved to have my revenge.

One day he came upon deck, and, taking his arm as had been my wont, I sauntered with him backwards and forwards. His gloom, however, (which I considered quite natural under the circumstances,) seemed entirely unabated. He said little, and tha moodily, and with evident effort. I ventured a jest or two, and he made a sickening attempt at a smile. Poor fellow!—as I thought of *his wife*, I wondered that he could have heart to put on even the semblance of mirth. At last I ventured a home thrust. I determined to commence a series of covert insinuations, or inuendoes, about the oblong box—just to let him perceive, gradually, that I was *not* altogether the butt, or victim, of his little bit of pleasant mystification. My first observation was by way of opening a masked battery. I said something about the "*peculiar shape of that box;*" and, as I spoke the words, I smiled knowingly, winked, and touched him gently with my forefinger in the ribs.

The manner in which Wyatt received this harmless pleasantry, convinced me, at once, that he was mad. At first he stared at me as if he found it impossible to comprehend the witticism of my remark; but as its point seemed slowly to make its way into his brain, his eyes, in the same proportion, seemed protruding from their sockets. Then he grew very red—then hideously pale—then, as if highly amused with what I had insinuated, he began a loud and boisterous laugh, which, to my astonishment, he kept up, with gradually increasing vigor, for ten minutes or more. In conclusion, he fell flat and heavily upon the deck. When I ran to uplift him, to all appearance he was *dead*.

I called assistance, and, with much difficulty, we brought him to himself. Upon reviving he spoke incoherently for some time. At length we bled him and put him to bed. The next morning he was quite recovered, so far as regarded his mere bodily health. Of his mind I say nothing, of course. I avoided him during the rest of the passage, by advice of the captain, who seemed to coincide with me altogether in my views of his insanity, but cautioned me to say nothing on this head to any person on board.

Several circumstances occurred immediately after this fit of Wyatt's, which contributed to heighten the curiosity with which I was already possessed. Among other things, this: I had been nervous—drank too much strong green tea, and slept ill at night—in fact, for two nights I could not be properly said to sleep at all. Now, my state-room opened into the main cabin, or dining-room, as did those of all the single men on board. Wyatt's three rooms were in the after-cabin, which was separated from the main one by a slight sliding door, never locked even at night. As we were almost constantly on a wind, and the breeze was not a little stiff, the ship heeled to leeward very considerably; and whenever her starboard side was to leeward, the sliding door between the cabins slid open, and so remained, nobody taking the trouble to get up and shut it. But my berth was in such a position, that when my own state-room door was open, as well as the sliding door in question, (and my own door was *always* open on account of the heat,) I could see into the after-cabin quite distinctly, and just at that portion of it, too, where were situated the state-rooms of Mr. Wyatt. Well, during two nights (*not* consecutive) while I lay awake, I clearly saw Mrs. W., about eleven o'clock upon each night, steal cautiously from the state-room of Mr. W. and enter the extra room, where she remained until daybreak, when she was called by her husband and went back. That they were virtually separated was clear. They had separate apartments—no doubt in contemplation of a more permanent divorce; and here, after all, I thought, was the mystery of the extra state-room.

There was another circumstance, too, which interested me much. During the two wakeful nights in question, and immediately after the disappearance of Mrs. Wyatt into the extra state-room, I was attracted by certain singular, cautious, subdued noises in that of her husband. After listening to them for some time, with thoughtful attention, I at length succeeded perfectly in translating their import. They were sounds occasioned by the artist in prying open the oblong box, by means of a chisel and mallet—the latter being apparently muffled, or deadened, by some soft woollen or cotton substance in which its head was enveloped.

In this manner I fancied I could distinguish the precise moment when he fairly disengaged the lid—also, that I could determine when he removed it altogether, and when he deposited it upon the lower berth in his room; this latter point I knew, for example, by certain slight taps which the lid made in striking against the wooden edges of the berth, as he endeavored to lay it down *very* gently—there being no room for it on the floor. After this there was a dead stillness, and I heard nothing more, upon either

occasion, until nearly daybreak; unless, perhaps, I may mention a low sobbing, or murmuring sound, so very much suppressed as to be nearly inaudible—if, indeed, the whole of this latter noise were not rather produced by my own imagination. I say it seemed to resemble sobbing or sighing—but, of course, it could not have been either. I rather think it was a ringing in my own ears. Mr. Wyatt, no doubt, according to custom, was merely giving the rein to one of his hobbies—indulging in one of his fits of artistic enthusiasm. He had opened his oblong box, in order to feast his eyes on the pictorial treasure within. There was nothing in this, however, to make him *sob*. I repeat therefore, that it must have been simply a freak of my own fancy, distempered by good Captain Hardy's green tea. Just before dawn, on each of the two nights of which I speak, I distinctly heard Mr. Wyatt replace the lid upon the oblong box, and force the nails into their old places, by means of the muffled mallet. Having done this, he issued from his state-room, fully dressed, and proceeded to call Mrs. W. from hers.

We had been at sea seven days, and were now off Cape Hatteras, when there came on a tremendously heavy blow from the southwest. We were, in a measure, prepared for it, however, as the weather had been holding out threats for some time. Everything was made snug, awl and aloft; and as the wind steadily freshened, we lay to, at length, under spanker and foretopsail, both double-reefed.

In this trim, we rode safely enough for forty-eight hours—the ship proving herself an excellent sea boat, in many respects, and shipping no water of any consequence. At the end of this period, however, the gale had freshened into a hurricane, and our aftersail split into ribbons, bringing us so much in the trough of the water that we shipped several prodigious seas, one immediately after the other. By this accident we lost three men overboard, with the caboose, and nearly the whole of the larboard bulwarks. Scarcely had we recovered our senses, before the foretopsail went into shreds, when we got up a storm stay-sail, and with this did pretty well for some hours, the ship heading the seas much more steadily than before.

The gale still held on, however, and we saw no signs of its abating. The rigging was found to be ill-fitted, and greatly strained; and on the third day of the blow, about five in the afternoon, our mizzen-mast, in a heavy lurch to windward, went by the board. For an hour or more, we tried in vain to get rid of it, on account of the prodigious rolling of the ship; and, before we had succeeded, the carpenter came aft and announced four feet water in the hold. To add to our dilemma, we found the pumps choked and nearly useless.

All was now confusion and despair—but an effort was made to lighten the ship by throwing overboard as much of her cargo as could be reached, and by cutting away the two masts that remained. This we at last accomplished—but we were still unable to do anything at the pumps; and, in the mean time, the leak gained on us very fast.

At sundown, the gale had sensibly diminished in violence, and, as the sea went down with it, we still entertained faint hopes of saving ourselves in the boats. At eight, P. M., the clouds broke away to windward, and we had the advantage of a full moon—a piece of good fortune which served wonderfully to cheer our drooping spirits.

After incredible labor we succeeded, at length, in getting the long-boat over the side without material accident, and into this we crowded the whole of the crew and most of the passengers. This party made off immediately, and, after undergoing much suffering, finally arrived, in safety, at Ocracoke Inlet, on the third day after the wreck.

Fourteen passengers, with the Captain, remained on board, resolving to trust their fortunes to the jolly-boat at the stern. We lowered it without difficulty, although it was only by a miracle that we prevented it from swamping as it touched the water. It contained, when afloat, the captain and his wife, Mr. Wyatt and party, a Mexican officer, wife, four children, and myself, with a negro valet.

We had no room, of course, for anything except a few positively necessary instruments, some provision, and the clothes upon our backs. No one had thought of even attempting to save anything more. What must have been the astonishment of all then, when, having proceeded a few fathoms from the ship, Mr. Wyatt stood up in the stern-sheets, and coolly demanded of Captain Hardy that the boat should be put back for the purpose of taking in his oblong box!

"Sit down, Mr. Wyatt," replied the Captain, somewhat sternly; "you will capsize us if you do not sit quite still. Our gunwale is almost in the water now."

"The box!" vociferated Mr. Wyatt, still standing—"the box, I say! Captain Hardy, you cannot, you *will* not refuse me. Its weight will be but a trifle—it is nothing—mere nothing. By the mother who bore you—for the love of Heaven—by your hope of salvation, I *implore* you to put back for the box!"

The Captain, for a moment, seemed touched by the earnest appeal of the artist, but he regained his stern composure, and merely said—

"Mr. Wyatt, you are *mad*. I cannot listen to you. Sit down, I say, or you will swamp the boat. Stay—hold him—seize him!—he is about to spring overboard! There—I knew it—he is over!"

As the Captain said this, Mr. Wyatt, in fact, sprang from the boat, and, as we were yet in the lee of the wreck, succeeded, by almost superhuman exertion, in getting hold of a rope which hung from the fore-chains. In another moment he was on board, and rushing frantically down into the cabin.

In the meantime, we had been swept astern of the ship, and being quite out of her lee, were at the mercy of the tremendous sea which was still running. We made a determined effort to put back, but our little boat was like a feather in the breath of the tempest. We saw at a glance that the doom of the unfortunate artist was sealed.

As our distance from the wreck rapidly increased, the madman (for as such only could we regard him) was seen to emerge from the companion-way, up which, by dint of a strength that appeared gigantic, he dragged, bodily, the oblong box. While we gazed in the extremity of astonishment, he passed, rapidly, several turns of a three-inch rope, first around the box and then around his body. In another instant both body and box were in the sea—disappearing suddenly, at once and forever.

We lingered awhile sadly upon our oars, with our eyes riveted upon the spot. At length we pulled away. The silence remained unbroken for an hour. Finally, I hazarded a remark.

"Did you observe, Captain, how suddenly they sank? Was not that an exceedingly singular thing? I confess that I entertained some feeble hope of his final deliverance, when I saw him lash himself to the box, and commit himself to the sea."

"They sank, as a matter of course," replied the Captain, "and that like a shot. They will soon rise again, however—but not till the salt melts."

"The salt!" I ejaculated.

"Hush!" said the Captain, pointing to the wife and sisters of the deceased. "We must talk of these things at some more appropriate time."

We suffered much, and made a narrow escape; but fortune

befriended us, as well as our mates in the long boat. We landed, in fine, more dead than alive, after four days of intense distress, upon the beach opposite Roanoke Island. We remained here a week, were not ill-treated by the wreckers, and at length obtained a passage to New York.

About a month after the loss of the "Independence," I happened to meet Captain Hardy in Broadway. Our conversation turned, naturally, upon the disaster, and especially upon the sad fate of poor Wyatt. I thus learned the following particulars.

The artist had engaged passage for himself, wife, two sisters and a servant. His wife was, indeed, as she had been represented, a most lovely, and most accomplished woman. On the morning of the fourteenth of June, (the day in which I first visited the ship,) the lady suddenly sickened and died. The young husband was frantic with grief—but circumstances imperatively forbade the deferring his voyage to New York. It was necessary to take to her mother the corpse of his adored wife, and, on the other hand, the universal prejudice which would prevent his doing so openly, was well known. Nine-tenths of the passengers would have abandoned the ship rather than take passage with a dead body.

In this dilemma, Captain Hardy arranged that the corpse, being first partially embalmed, and packed, with a large quantity of salt, in a box of suitable dimensions, should be conveyed on board as merchandise. Nothing was to be said of the lady's decease; and, as it was well understood that Mr. Wyatt had engaged passage for his wife, it became necessary that some person should personate her during the voyage. This the deceased's lady's-maid was easily prevailed on to do. The extra state-room, originally engaged for this girl, during her mistress' life, was now merely retained. In this state-room the pseudo wife slept, of course, every night. In the day-time she performed, to the best of her ability, the part of her mistress—whose person, it had been carefully ascertained, was unknown to any of the passengers on board.

My own mistakes arose, naturally enough, through too careless, too inquisitive, and too impulsive a temperament. But of late, it is a rare thing that I sleep soundly at night. There is a countenance which haunts me, turn as I will. There is an hysterical laugh which will forever ring within my ears.

EDGAR A. POE.

### A Shipwreck.

I launched a bark on Fate's deep tide—

A frail and fluttering toy,

But freighted with a thousand dreams

Of beauty and of joy.

Ah me! it found no friend in them—

The wave—the sky—the gale—

Though Love enraptured took the helm—

And Hope unfurled the sail!

And you, who should its pilot be—

To whom in fear it flies—

Forsake it, on a treacherous sea,

To seek a prouder prize.

Alas for Love! bewildered child!

He weeps the helm beside,

And Hope has furled her fairy sail,

Nor longer tempts the tide.

Despair and Pride in silence fling

Its rich freight to the wave,

And now an aimless wreck it floats,

That none would stoop to save.

F. S. Osgood.

## Critical Notices.

Poems. By FRANCES S. OSGOOD. New-York: Clark & Austin.

A neat volume of 252 pages duodecimo, including many but by no means all, or even the best, of the author's late compositions, with several of those which made up the "Wreath of Wild Flowers from New-England."

The book opens with these few words of Preface:

"The Author's chief fear, in collecting and publishing the following Poems, is that they may not be thought worthy the notice of that just and true criticism, whose praise and blame are alike valuable, and would by her be equally welcomed and appreciated."

We have no poetess among us who has been so universally popular as Mrs. Osgood—and yet, with the exception of "The Wreath of Wild Flowers," (an English publication,) this is the first collection of her Poems. Our only regret is that she has not presented us, in one view, all that she has written in verse. In omitting so much, she is in danger of losing the credit to which she is so fairly entitled on the score of versatility—of variety in expression and invention. There is scarcely a form of poetical composition in which she has not made experiment, and there is not one in which she has not very creditably succeeded.

Of course, then, it is a task of no little difficulty to give any generalization of her powers. We may say, in the beginning, however, that in no one poetical requisite is she deficient. Her negative merits are of the highest respectability. We look in vain, throughout her writings, for an offence against taste, or decorum—for a low thought—a platitude of expression—a violation of grammar—or for any of those lapses in the mere technicality of composition, of which, in America, we meet so abundant examples. A happy refinement—an exquisite instinct of the pure—the delicate—the graceful—gives a charm inexpressible to everything which flows from her pen.

In respect to the positive merits—to the loftier excellences of the Muse—we are constrained to speak with somewhat more reserve. Deficient—that is to say markedly deficient at no point—Mrs. Osgood has, nevertheless, neither the bold and rich imagination of Maria Brooks—nor the rhythmical ear and glowing fervor of Mrs. Welby—but to no other American poetesses is she, even in these particulars, inferior. A peculiar trait of her mind is its versatility and originality of poetic invention—whether in the conception of a theme or in the manner and tone of its handling. A portion, or rather a consequence of this trait, is a certain piquancy, point, and epigrammatic terseness of phraseology—in which she is approached only by Miss Gould. But it is in that indescribable something which, for want of a more definite term, we are accustomed to call grace—that Will-o'-the-Wisp, which in its supreme development may be said to involve nearly all that is pure and ethereal in poetry—it is in this charm of charms—so magical because at once so shadowy and so irresistible—that Mrs. Osgood pre-eminently excels. It is in this that she has no equal among her countrywomen. It is this rod of the enchanter which throws open to her the road to all hearts.

In the collection now before us there occur very many of those half sentimental half allegorical or rather emblematical compositions, of which the authoress seems to be especially fond—for the reason, perhaps, that she constructs them with little facility, and that, for their mere ingenuity, they are admired by the mass of mankind. We regret to see these pieces in the volume;—they are, in general, very graceful pleasantries—but no more—and quite unworthy her who could pen so truly consistent and beautiful a prosopopeia as

## THE SPIRIT OF POETRY.

Leave me not yet! Leave me not cold and lonely,  
Thou dear Ideal of my pining heart!

Thou art the friend—the beautiful—the only,

Whom I would keep, tho' all the world depart!

Thou, that dost veil the frailest flower with glory,  
Spirit of light and loveliness and truth!

Thou that didst tell me a sweet fairy story

Of the dim future, in my wistful youth!

Thou, who canst weave a halo round the spirit,

Through which nought mean or evil dare intrude,  
Resume not yet the gift, which I inherit

From Heaven and thee, that dearest, holiest good!

Leave me not now! Leave me not cold and lonely,  
Thou starry prophet of my pining heart!

Thou art the friend—the tenderest—the only,

With whom, of all, 'twould be despair to part.

Thou that cam'st to me in my dreaming childhood,

Shaping the changeful clouds to pageants rare,  
Peopling the smiling vale, and shaded wildwood,

With airy beings, faint yet strangely fair;

Telling me all the sea-born breeze was saying,

While it went whispering through the willing leaves,

Bidding me listen to the light rain playing

Its pleasant tune, about the household eaves;

Tuning the low, sweet ripple of the river,

Till its melodious murmur seem'd a song,

A tender and sad chaunt, repeated ever,

A sweet, impassion'd plaint of love and wrong!

Leave me not yet! Leave me not cold and lonely,

Thou star of promise o'er my clouded path!

Leave not the life that borrows from thee only

All of delight and beauty that it hath!

Thou, that when others knew not how to love me,

Nor cared to fathom half my yearning soul,

Didst wreath thy flowers of light, around, above me,

To woo and win me from my grief's control.

By all my dreams, the passionate, and holy,

When thou hast sung love's lullaby to me—

By all the childlike worship, fond and lowly,

Which I have lavish'd upon thine and thee—

By all the lays my simple lute was learning,

To echo from thy voice, stay with me still!

Once flown—alas! for thee there's no returning!

The charm will die o'er valley, wood, and hill.

Tell me not Time, whose wing my brow has shaded,

Has wither'd spring's sweet bloom within my heart.

Ah, no! the rose of Love is yet unfaded,

Though Hope and Joy, its sister flowers, depart.

Well do I know that I have wrong'd thine altar,

With the light offerings of an idler's mind,

And thus, with shame, my pleading prayer I falter,

Leave me not, spirit! deaf, and dumb, and blind!

Deaf to the mystic harmony of nature,

Blind to the beauty of her stars and flowers!

Leave me not, heavenly yet human teacher,

Lonely and lost in this cold world of ours!

Heaven knows I need thy music and thy beauty

Still to beguile me on my weary way,

To lighten to my soul the cares of duty,

And bless with radiant beams\* the darken'd day;

To charm my wild heart in the worldly revel,

Lest I, too, join the aimless, false, and vain;

Let me not lower to the soulless level

Of those whom now I pity and disdain!

Leave me not yet!—leave me not cold and pining,  
Thou bird of paradise, whose plumes of light,  
Where'er they rested, left a glory shining;  
Fly not to heaven, or let me share thy flight!

Of its kind—a kind *not* of the highest—there have been written few finer poems than this. It is replete with feeling, with elevated sentiment—and its versification is correct—sonorous, harmonious and well-sustained.

One of the best of Mrs. Osgood's shorter poems is entitled

#### SHE LOVES HIM YET.

She loves him yet!  
I know by the blush that rises  
Beneath the curls  
That shadow her soul-lit cheek;  
She loves him yet!  
Thro' all Love's sweet disguises  
In timid girls,  
A blush will be sure to speak.

But deeper signs  
Than the radiant blush of beauty,  
The maiden finds,  
Whenever his name is heard.—  
Her young heart thrills,  
Forgetting herself—her duty—  
Her dark eye fills,  
And her pulse with hope is stirr'd.

She loves him yet!  
The flower the false one gave her  
When last he came,  
Is still with her wild tears wet.  
She'll ne'er forget,  
However his faith may waver.  
Thro' grief and shame,  
Believe it—she loves him yet!

His favorite songs  
She will sing—she heeds no other;  
With all her wrongs  
Her life on his love is set.  
Oh, doubt no more!  
She never can wed another:  
Till life be o'er,  
She loves—she will love him yet!

There is in this a rich simplicity which cannot be too highly admired, and the metre is original and otherwise of peculiar excellence.

We cannot forbear quoting the noble poem entitled

#### ASPIRATIONS.

I waste no more in idle dreams my life, my soul away :  
I wake to know my better self,—I wake to watch and pray.  
Thought, feeling, time, on idols vain, I've lavished all too long;  
Henceforth to holier purposes I pledge myself, my song !

Oh ! still within the inner veil, upon the spirit's shrine,  
Still unprofaned by evil, burns the one pure spark divine  
Which God has kindled in us all, and be it mine to tend  
Henceforth, with vestal thought and care, the light that lamp may  
lend.

I shut mine eyes in grief and shame upon the dreary past—  
My heart, my soul pour'd recklessly on dreams that could not last.  
My bark has drifted down the stream, at will of wind or wave,  
An idle, light, and fragile thing, that few had cared to save.

Henceforth the tiller Truth shall hold, and steer as Conscience tells,  
And I will brave the storms of Fate tho' wild the ocean swells.  
I know my soul is strong and high, if once I give it sway ;  
I feel a glorious power within, tho' light I seem and gay.

Oh, laggard soul ! unclose thine eyes. No more in luxury soft  
Of joy ideal waste thyself ! awake, and soar aloft !  
Unfurl this hour those falcon wings which thou dost fold too long ;  
Raise to the skies thy lightning gaze, and sing thy loftiest song.

Here, as in nearly all the compositions of Mrs. Osgood, the rhythm is singularly good, without art,—sonorous, well-balanced and well-modulated. The “aspirations”—or more properly, perhaps, the bitter and unavailing *regrets*—have in them a touching—a despairing sadness which makes us shudder as we read.

Neither of the poems just quoted, however, conveys much of the ordinary manner of the poetess. This is far better exemplified in

#### LENORE.

Oh ! fragile and fair, as the delicate chalices,  
Wrought with so rare and so subtle a skill ;  
Bright relics, that tell of the pomp of those palaces,  
Venice—the sea-goddess—glories in still.

Whose exquisite texture, transparent and tender,  
A pure blush alone from the ruby *wine* takes ;  
Yet ah ! if some false hand, profaning its splendor,  
Dares but to taint it with poison,—it breaks !

So when Love pour'd thro' thy pure heart his lightning,  
On thy pale cheek the soft rose-hues awoke,—  
So when wild Passion, that timid heart frightening,  
Poison'd the treasure—it trembled and broke !

Here we have a full representation of the author's customary turn of thought—of her grace of expression—of her facility in illustration—of her exactitude—and of her epigrammatism. The versification (except in the first quatrain) is not as good as usual. The first two lines of the third are even rough. The rhythm is anapaestic—but the anapœsts are all false and inadmissible—e.g.

So when Love | poured through thy | pure heart his | lightning,  
On thy pale | cheek the soft | rose hues a | woke.

Here the necessarily long syllables *love, through, heart, pale, soft* and *hues*, should be short, and the rhythm halts because they are not so. There is, also, either a syllable too much or a syllable too little at “lightning”—but these are trivialities of which it is, perhaps, hypercritical to speak.

We conclude this imperfect notice by the citation of what we consider as, upon the whole, the finest poem in the collection.

#### A SONG.

Yes ! “lower to the level”  
Of those who laud thee now !  
Go ! join the joyous revel,  
And pledge the heartless vow !  
Go ! dim the soul-born beauty  
That lights that lofty brow !  
Fill, fill the bowl ! let burning wine  
Drown, in thy soul, Love's dream divine !

Yet when the laugh is lightest,  
When wildest goes the jest,  
When gleams the goblet brightest,  
And proudest heaves thy breast,  
And thou art madly pledging  
Each gay and jovial guest,—  
A ghost shall glide amid the flowers—  
The shade of Love's departed hours !

And thou shalt drink in sadness  
From all the splendor there,  
And curse the revel's gladness,  
And hate the banquet's glare,  
And pine 'mid Passion's madness,  
For true Love's purer air,  
And feel thou'dst give their wildest glee  
For one unsullied smile from me!

Yet deem not this my prayer, love,  
Ah, no! if I could keep  
Thy alter'd heart from care, love,  
And charm its griefs to sleep,  
Mine only should despair love,  
I—I alone would weep!  
I—I alone would mourn the flowers  
That fade in Love's deserted bowers!

There is here a terse, concentrated and sustained energy which impresses us with a high opinion of the power of the poetess, and which warrants us in saying that she could do better—very far better than she has hitherto done. The poem would be improved, however, (as would all poems) by the substitution throughout of "you" for "thee" and so forth—the modern and colloquial for the ancient and so called poetical pronoun.

The limits of our paper warn us to bring these comments to a close. We shall resume this subject—to us a truly delightful one—at some future opportunity, in the more ample pages of Godey's Magazine.

*The History of Silk, Cotton, Linen, Wool, and other Fibrous Substances; including Observations on Spinning, Dyeing and Weaving. Also, an Account of the Pastoral Life of the Ancients, their Social State and Attainments in the Domestic Arts. With Appendices on Pliny's Natural History; on the Origin and Manufacture of Linen and Cotton Paper; on Felting, Netting, etc. Deduced from Copious and Authentic Sources. Illustrated by Steel Engravings.* New-York: Harper & Brothers.

This is a large and valuable octavo of 464 pages. We have given the title in full as the most succinct mode of conveying the nature and purpose of the work—one which no scholar can afford to do without, and which needs no recommendation from us to those engaged in manufacturing pursuits.

This able work supplies, in fact, a *desideratum* whose need has been long felt. No methodical treatise on Fibrous Substances has hitherto existed—and even the topic itself has very remarkably eluded the investigation of the learned. The *Textrinum Antiquorum* of Yates is almost the sole work devoted to the ancient history of the theme, and the nature of that treatise places it altogether out of popular reach.

We quote a paragraph from the *Preface*:

That a topic of such interest deserved elucidation will not be denied when it is remembered that, apart from the question of the direct influence these important arts have ever exerted upon the civilization and social condition of communities, in various ages of the world, there are other and scarcely inferior considerations to the student, involved in their bearing upon the true understanding of history, sacred and profane. To supply, therefore, an important *desideratum* in classical archaeology, by thus seeking the better to illustrate the true social state of the ancients, thereby affording a commentary on their commerce and progress in domestic arts, is one of the leading objects contemplated by the present work. In addition to this, our better acquaintance with the actual condition of these arts in early times, will tend, in many instances, to confirm the historic accuracy and elucidate the idiom of many portions of *Holy Writ*.

Among the engravings which illustrate the work, is one of the Chinese Loom, a reduced fac-simile copied from a picture re-

cently obtained from the Celestial Empire and now in the possession of the N. Y. Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions. There is, also, a representation of an Egyptian Weaving Factory—a reduced fac-simile from Champollion.

*The Artist, The Merchant, and The Statesman.* By C. E. LESTER. Vol. 2. New York: Paine & Burgess.

This, the concluding volume of Mr. Lester's entertaining book, has less unity of purpose, but greater variety of incident and anecdote, than the first. It is pervaded by a spirit of nationality which cannot be too highly commended—although the author errs in supposing that the objects for which he contends have not been urged upon the attention of the country in various quarters, with great zeal and uniformity, and for a long period of time. It is true, however, that the fruits of this exertion are only now making themselves apparent.

Mr. Lester has a heart for good and great things, as he proves by the warmth with which he addresses himself to the consideration of such men as Michael Angelo, Galileo, and Benjamin West. The paper on the Quaker painter is the most characteristic in the volume. That on British Berkeley, an early friend of America and a true prophet of her greatness, is equally marked and excellent.

This second volume is embellished by a well-executed steel engraving, the head of Americus Vespuccius. There are also wood-cuts of Galileo and Tycho Brahe.

*Aids to English Composition, Prepared for Students of All Grades; embracing Specimens and Examples of School and College Exercises, and most of the Higher Departments of English Composition, both in Prose and Verse.* By RICHARD GREEN PARKER, A. M. A New Edition, with Additions and Improvements. New-York: Harper & Brothers.

As this work has acquired, with justice, a very extensive reputation, we feel it necessary merely to give its title and call attention to the issue of a new and carefully revised edition.

*Stable Talk and Table Talk, or Spectacles for Young Sportsmen.* By HARRY HIEOVER. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. For Sale in New-York by Wiley & Putnam.

Who is Harry Hieover? At all events he is a judge of horses and has written a good book. Many of the Chapters are equal to the best of Harry Lorrequer's. A reprint from the English.

*A Treatise on Corns, Bunions, the Diseases of Nails, and the General Management of the Feet.* By LEWIS DURLACHER, Surgeon Chiropedist (by Special Appointment) to the Queen.

A treatise which cannot fail to do a great deal of good by giving a clear explanation of the peculiar and most troublesome diseases of which it treats—thus enabling the public (it is the public who have corns) to apply their own remedies without the intervention of "corn doctors" and professors of Chiropegy.

*The Ambuscade. An Historical Poem.* By THOMAS R. WHITNEY. New-York: J. S. Redfield.

We have not as yet read this volume so thoroughly as to hazard an opinion of its merits. A glance, however, assures us that the author has a commendable contempt for things in general—very especially for reason and for rhyme.

*The Foster Brother. A Tale of the War of Chiozza.* Edited by LEIGH HUNT. New-York: Harper & Brothers.

An admirable book—No. 66 of "The Library of Select Novels."

*The Wandering Jew—superbly Illustrated.* New-York: Harper & Brothers.

No. 5 is issued. The wood designs in this edition are certainly among the most magnificent we ever beheld.

*Sermons preached in the Chapel of Rugby School, with an Address before Confirmation. By THOMAS ARNOLD, D. D., Head Master of Rugby School, and author of "The History of Rome," etc. First American edition. New York: D Appleton & Co.*

A neat duodecimo of 284 pages. Independently of the interest attached to the mere name of Dr. Arnold, these Sermons have a rich intrinsic value. The Appletons have conferred a favor on the public in the issue of this series of books—the compositions, we mean, of Dr. Arnold.

*Francis & Co's Cabinet Library of Choice Prose and Poetry. Nos. 3 and 4. The Dream and other Poems. By the Hon. Mrs. NORTON—and The Child of the Islands, by the Hon. Mrs. NORTON.*

Mrs Norton is emphatically the poet of *passion*—even more so than Byron. No single poem ever so powerfully affected us as “The Dying Hour,” included in No. 3 of this series. The effect, however, is in no respect a properly *poetical* one, and the same sentiments in *prose* would have produced an intenser passionate effect. We will endeavor to make ourselves more distinctly understood on this topic hereafter. Of course we admit the high powers of Mrs. Norton as a poetess—even in the most legitimate acceptation of the term.

*The Life of Mozart, including his Correspondence. By EDWARD HOLMES, Author of “A ramble among the Musicians of Germany.” New York: Harper & Brothers.*

This is No. 4 of Harper’s valuable and beautiful “New Miscellany,” and is a book of exceeding interest even to non-musical readers. To musicians it must have a much higher charm. The preface says :

The only biographical notice of Mozart in English is a translation from the French of Bombet (M. Beyle), itself a translation from the German of Schlichtegroll—a sketch too short and scanty to satisfy the interest of the subject, although quite enough to pique public curiosity. With the exception of occasional fragments in magazines and reviews, little more is known in England of the life of the musician, its struggles, varied incidents, and influence upon art, or of the brilliant reputations that clustered round him. The object of the following pages is to supply this deficiency.

We cannot conclude without once again expressing our admiration of the taste and sound judgment evinced in the whole getting up of “The New Miscellany.”

*The Treasury of History, No. 11. New York: Daniel Adee.*

We receive this pamphlet with a printed slip of paper containing the following words :

**THE TREASURY OF HISTORY.**—We are pleased to receive the 11th number of this valuable compendium. It will be seen that as the work draws to a close it increases in interest, instead of diminishing, and will make a perfectly unique book of reference. It must be prized alike by the youthful student, or more mature scholar, and should be found in every family. This number, being the last but one, contains a profusion of facts worthy to be retained for reference. For instance, the conclusion of the History of China; the History of Japan, and the East India Islands; Palestine; Egypt, with Syria; the Barbary States; British America, Canada, and Mexico; South America, Peru, Chili, Brazil, and the Republic of La Plata; Columbia, Bolivia, &c. The West India Islands, Cuba, Hayti, Porto Rico, &c. Also the commencement of the History of the United States.

Published and for sale, at 25 cents per No., by Daniel Adee, 107 Fulton street, N. Y.

This is a circular, and, we presume, is sent round (with the book) to editors generally. In the present instance we have no hesitation in adopting the opinion as our own—that is to say, we agree with it—but the practice of sending round such circulærs is atrocious.

The Annuals and late Magazines in our next.

### Epigram.

FROM THE SPANISH.

To seek his wife, with little profit,  
The Thracian Orpheus went to Tophet;  
A realm of such a sad condition,  
He could not seek on sadder mission :  
Disposed to punish guest so human,  
Grim Pluto gives him up the woman ;  
Yet, when the Bard’s songs overcome him,  
Grows softened, and back takes her from him.

W. GILMORE SIMMS.

### The Drama.

UNDER this head we have exceedingly little to observe. Mrs. Mowatt has turned the heads of the Richmondians, who, with a proper taste, appreciate her sweet tones, her excellent elocution, and her peculiar grace and beauty. She is now in Charleston.

MISS CHARLOTTE BARNES will appear at the Park probably about the middle of this month.

MR. MURDOCH is everywhere successful.

WE WERE at the Park on Monday last, to see Mrs. Kean in “Ion.” The play itself is one admirably adapted to the powers of the actress—assimilated in every respect to her genius—for genius she undoubtedly possesses—not the less great because subdued in tone.

“Ion” is no drama—if we think of what a drama should be. It never profoundly moves us. It stimulates rather the fancy than the passions. It is poetical, classical, “correct,” (in the French sense,) but no *play*—comparatively of course—it is better than ninety-nine plays out of a hundred.

Mrs. Kean evinces her genius chiefly in her exquisite intonation and gesture. No one, without genius, and that of a lofty order, could so thrill us by a mere *tone*. Her step is indeed the poetry of motion, and her limbs might put to the blush (if limbs or if marble could blush) those of the Venus of Cleomenes. Her figure, in other respects, is not particularly good—and the scarf of Ion gives an unpleasant roundness to the shoulders.

Mr. Kean’s acting impressed us more favorably than we had been led to anticipate. There were one or two points at which his reading (not his readings) produced an evident thrill of emotion throughout the audience. The dresses of Adrastus are excessively unbecoming.

We shall see “Ion” again and speak of it less at random.

AT PALMO’S, on Thursday last, a company of fashionable amateurs made an attempt at “Hamlet.” We shall give an account of the performance in our next.

THE GERMAN Opera promises well.

THE OLYMPIC, the Bowery, the Chatham, and the Richmond Hill theatres have all, we learn, been well attended of late, but we have been prevented, by an unusual press of business, from visiting either. It is our purpose to speak somewhat at large, hereafter, of theatrical matters.

## Sleep On.

Sleep on—for the starlight above thee is gleaming,  
While love's eye keeps watch o'er the couch of thy rest;  
Sleep on—thy repose will be calmed by its beaming—  
'Twill picture in thine, love, the dreams it loves best.

Sleep on—for the night-flowers around us are shaking  
Their sweet incense cup to the zephyrs they love;  
And the lone nightingale with music is waking  
The echo of flower-crowned mountain and grove.

Sleep on—for the bright water-spirit is murmur-ring  
Her soft lullaby to the starry-gemm'd night,  
That now on her pure, silent bosom is slumb'ring,  
Gilding each dream-wave with crescents of light.

Sleep on—for the moonlight, though sweet, is as fleeting  
As the soft, gentle rays that affection may shed—  
Sleep on—e'er the Day-God again gives his greeting,  
And night on her dark wing hath tremblingly fled.

H. S. DELGROVE.

## The Fine Arts.

MISS NORTHALL, on Wednesday evening, the 3d, had not as large an audience as we expected; owing, perhaps, to the inclemency of the weather. It was, however, one of the best concerts of the season. *Miss Northall* sang beautifully; better than on any other occasion. *Mrs. Loder* sustained her well-earned reputation, and *Signor De Begnis* sang as if he grew younger every day. Messrs. Kyle, Timm, and Marks did their parts well; the latter even better than we expected, and on the whole, we never were more pleased. We hope *Miss Northall* will soon favor us with a repetition of this concert.

WE HAVE received the following pieces:

*Night and Morning, Valse caractéristique.*

*Diane, Rondeau de Chasse.*

*Souvenir de Belville, Valse.*

*L'Hortense, Galope brillante.*

*L'Amitié, Variations Brillantes.*

*Bellone, Polonaise à la Militaire.*

*United States' Grand Waltz.*

*La Liberté, Variations brillantes.*

All of them composed by CHARLES GROBE.

There is a freshness and originality in the compositions of this gentleman, which is not often found in pieces of the same description. We like his idea of expressing *night* and *morning* by minor and major, though we think the motives of the two waltzes should have been a little more different. The *United States' Grand Waltz* is really a gem, and *L'Amitié*, a set of variations on a theme of *La fille du Régiment*, is as pleasing as it is easy and brilliant.

ANOTHER PIANIST has lately arrived from France, and intends giving a series of concerts in this city.

A COMPLIMENTARY CONCERT has been tendered to Mr. Paterson, the Editor of the Anglo-American, in which all the principal talent of this city will appear.

MR. CHRISTIAN HUBER'S CONCERT.—A very select audience greeted this eminent artist on his appearance, and cheers and bravos were the reward of his masterly execution of the most difficult compositions on the Violoncello. But it seems that *Mr. Huber* has not been fortunate in the selection of his pieces, and that his assistants have been less so in the selection of theirs. The former gave us too little of the *cantabile* and *portamente*, while the

latter gave us altogether too much of it. We must except *Mr. Gibert*, for he sang the Serenade from *Don Pasquale* and the Romance "Le Bon Curé," with admirable grace.

*Mr. Templeton* had a crowded house at his farewell concert.

## The Deathless Smile.

I saw one in her maidenhood,  
From whom the life had fled;  
And yet so lovely was her face,  
It seemed she was not dead!

Her eyelids as in sleep were closed—  
Her brow was white as snow;  
A smile still lingered on her lips,  
As if 'twere loth to go.

And it may be a smile so sweet—  
So quiet and serene—  
Was never on the healthy brow  
Of living maiden seen.

Perchance the wondrous bliss which burst  
Upon her raptured mind,  
When first she woke in glory's courts—  
Now left its trace behind.

Her end was peace. I thought that they  
Who loved her should not grieve,  
For these last words they heard her say—  
"My spirit, Lord! receive."

And when they laid her in the earth,  
Her cheek still held the bloom;  
That smile, so sweet, the gentle maid  
Bore with her to the tomb!

Would it be strange if brighter tints  
Upon the blossoms crept,  
Which grew above the sacred spot  
Where that meek maiden slept.

O. H. MILDEBERGER.

## 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.

"THE HARBINGER"—Edited by The Brook-Farm Phalanx—is, beyond doubt, the most reputable organ of the Crazyites. We sincerely respect it—odd as this assertion may appear. It is conducted by an assemblage of well-read persons who mean no harm—and who, perhaps, can do less. Their objects are honorable, and so forth—all that anybody can understand of them—and we really believe that Mr. Albert Brisbane and one or two other ladies and gentlemen understand all about them that is necessary to be understood. But what we, individually, have done to "The Harbinger," or what we have done to "The Brook-Farm Phalanx," that "The Brook-Farm Phalanx" should stop the ordinary operations at Brook-Farm for the purpose of abusing us, is a point we are unable to comprehend. If we have done anything to affront "The Brook-Farm Phalanx" we will make an apology forthwith—provided "The Brook-Farm Phalanx" (which we have a great curiosity to see) will just step into our office, which is 304 Broadway.

In the mean time, by way of doing penance for any unintentional offence that we may have given The Phalanx, we will just

copy, *verbatim*, a very severe lesson it has been lately reading to ourselves.

*The Raven and other Poems.* By EDGAR A. POE. New York and London: Wiley and Putnam, 161 Broadway; 6 Waterloo Place. pp. 91.

Mr. Poe has earned some fame by various tales and poems, which of late has become notoriety through a certain blackguard warfare which he has been waging against the poets and newspaper critics of New England, and which it would be most charitable to impute to insanity. Judging from the tone of his late articles in the Broadway Journal, he seems to think that the whole literary South and West are doing anxious battle in his person against the old time-honored tyrant of the North. But what have North or South to do with affairs only apropos to Poe? He shows himself a poet in this, at least, in the magnifying mirror of his own importance. To him facts lose their barren literality—to him a primrose is more than a primrose; and Edgar Poe, acting the constabulary part of a spy in detecting plagiarisms in favorite authors, insulting a Boston audience, inditing coarse editorials against respectable editresses, and getting singed himself the meanwhile, is nothing less than the hero of a grand mystic conflict of the elements.

The present volume is not entirely pure of this controversy, else we should ignore the late scandalous courses of the man, and speak only of the "Poems." The motive of the publication is too apparent; it contains the famous Boston poem, together with other juvenilities, which, he says, "private reasons—some of which have reference to the sin of plagiarism, and others to the date of Tennyson's first poems"—have induced him to republish. Does he mean to intimate that he is suspected of copying Tennyson? In vain have we searched the poems for a shadow of resemblance. Does he think to convict Tennyson of copying *him*? Another of those self-exaggerations which prove, we suppose, his poetic imagination.

In a sober attempt to get at the meaning and worth of these poems as poetry, we have been not a little puzzled. We must confess they have a great deal of power, a great deal of beauty, (of thought frequently, and always of rhythm and diction,) originality, and dramatic effect. But they have more of *effect* than of *expression*; to adopt a distinction from musical criticism; and if they attract you to a certain length, it is only to repulse you the more coldly at last. There is a wild unearthliness, and unheavenliness, in the tone of all his pictures, a strange unreality in all his thoughts; they seem to stand shivering, begging admission to our hearts in vain, because they look not as if they came from the heart. The ill-boding "Raven," which you meet at the threshold of his edifice, is a fit warning of the hospitality you will find inside. And yet the "Raven" has great beauty, and has won the author some renown; we were fascinated till we read it through; then we hated to look at it, or think of it again: why was that? There is something in it of the true grief of a lover, an imagination of a broken-heartedness enough to prove a lover in earnest, a power of strange, sad melody, which there is no resisting. So there is in all his poems. Mr. Poe has made a critical study of the matter of versification, and succeeded in the art rather at the expense of nature. Indeed the impression of a very *studied* effect is always uppermost after reading him. And you have to study him to understand him. This you would count no loss, if, when you had followed the man through his studies, you could find anything in them beyond the man and his most motiveless moods, which lead you nowhere; if you could find anything better at bottom than the pride of originality. What is the fancy which is merely fancy, the beauty which springs from no feeling, which neither illustrates nor promotes the great rules and purposes of life, which glimmers strangely only because it is aside from the path of human destiny? Edgar Poe does not write for Humanity; he has more of the art than the soul of poetry. He affects to despise the world while he writes for it. He certainly has struck out a remarkable course: the style and imagery of his earliest poems mark a very singular culture, a judgment most severe for a young writer, and a familiarity with the less hacknied portions of classic lore and no-

menclosure. He seems to have had an idea of working out his forms from pure white marble. But the poet's humility is wanting; a morbid egotism repels you. He can affect you with wonder, but rarely with the thrill of any passion, except perhaps of pride, which might be dignity, and which therefore always is interesting. We fear this writer even courts the state described by Tennyson:

A glorious devil, large in heart and brain,  
That did love beauty only, (beauty seen  
In all varieties of mould and mind,)  
And knowledge for its beauty; or if good,  
Good only for its beauty, seeing not  
That Beauty, Good, and Knowledge, are three sisters  
That doat upon each other, friends to man,  
Living together under the same roof,  
And never can be sundered without tears;  
And he that shuts Love out, in turn shall be  
Shut out by Love, and on her threshold lie  
Howling in utter darkness.

There is something in all this which we really respect—an evident wish to be sincere, pervading the whole tone of the sermon—an anxious determination to speak the truth—at least as far as convenient. The Brook Farm Phalanx talks to us, in short, "like a Dutch uncle," and we shall reply to it, very succinctly, in the same spirit.

"Very charitable to impute to insanity." Insanity is a word that the Brook Farm Phalanx should never be brought to mention under any circumstances whatsoever. "No more of that, Hal, an ye love me."

"The time-honored tyrant of the North." Very properly *τυράννος*—not *βασιλεὺς*. King Log at best. The sceptre is departed.

"Insulting a Boston audience"—very true—meant to do it—and did.

"Getting singed in return." The singeing refers, we presume, to the doubling, in five weeks, the circulation of the "Broadway Journal."

"Motive of the publication too apparent." "The Raven, etc.," was in the publishers' hands a month or six weeks before we received the invitation from the Lyceum—and we read the last proofs on the evening before that on which we "insulted the Boston audience." On these points The Brook Farm Phalanx are referred to Messrs. Wiley and Putnam.

"Discover no shade of resemblance to Tennyson." Certainly not—we never could discover any ourselves. Our foot-note (quoted by the Phalanx) has reference to an article written by Mr. Charles Dickens in the London Foreign Quarterly Review. Mr. Dickens in paying us some valued, though injudicious compliments, concluded by observing, that "we had all Tennyson's spirituality, and might be considered as the best of his imitators"—words to that effect. Our design has been merely to demonstrate (should a similar accusation again be made) that the poems in question were published before Tennyson had written at all.

"Has acquired some renown by the Raven." We cannot approve of the "some"—especially in the mouths of those worshippers of Truth, The Brook Farm Phalanx.

The Brook Farm Phalanx knows very well—and so do we—that no American poem gained for its author even one half *so much* "renown" in the same period of time. The renown is quite as small a thing as the poem—and we have therefore no scruple in alluding to it—although we do so only because it shocks us to hear a set of respectable Crazyites talking in so disingenuous a manner. Reform it altogether, or give up preaching about Truth.

As for the rest, we believe it is all leather and prunella—the opinion of "The Snook Farm Phalanx." We do trust that, in future, "The Snook Farm Phalanx" will never have any opinion of us at all.

THE MOST eminent living writer of Portugal, indeed the only one of any considerable eminence, is Senhor Almeida Garrett, a leading deputy of the ultra-liberal opposition in Lisbon, who has very high powers both as an orator and a poet; though his poetical works appear rather deficient in strength of original thought. His prose is both brilliant and powerful. His poems are of considerable extent, and not the least of their charms is that he is a good scholar and eminent for antiquarian research. He is of the blank-verse school, which in Portugal is a great misfortune. We extract the following as a favorable specimen, and the more willingly because it unfolds the beauties of a word, "Saudade," upon the exclusive possession of which the Portuguese particularly pride themselves. There is certainly no one word in any other European language which conveys the same idea. It expresses the sweet yet painful sensation created by the contemplation of a beloved object from which we are separated:—

Oh tender yearning! bitterness of joy  
For the unhappy, thorn of absence with  
Delicious puncture piercing through the heart,  
Awakening pain that lacerates the soul.  
Yet hath it pleasure;—tender yearning grief!  
Mysterious power that canst awaken hearts,  
And make them ooze forth, drop by drop distilled,  
Not life-blood, but of soft and dewy tears  
A solacing abundance;—yearning grief;  
Beloved name, that sounds so honey-sweet  
In lips of Lucitania; sound unknown  
To the proud mouths of these Sycambrians  
Of foreign lands;—oh, tender yearning grief!  
Thou magic Power that dost transport the soul  
Of absence unto solitary friend,  
Of wandering lover to his mistress lorn,  
And even the sad and wretched exile, most  
Unhappy of Earth's children, bear'st in dreams  
Back to his country's bosom, dreams so sweet  
That cruel 'tis the dreamer to awake.  
If, on thy humid altar, tear-bedewed,  
I laid my heart, which fast was throbbing still  
When from my bleeding breast I plucked it forth  
At Tagus' mouth beloved;—come in thy car,  
By gently murmuring doves gray-pinioned drawn,  
And seek my heart which, Goddess, sighs for thee!

THE TRIBUNE says:—"The article in the American Review of this month, entitled '*The Facts of M. Valdemar's Case*, by EDGAR A. POE,' is of course a romance—who could have supposed it otherwise? Those who have read Mr. Poe's visit to the Maelstrom, South Pole, &c., have not been puzzled by it, yet we learn that several good matter-of-fact citizens have been, sorely. It is a pretty good specimen of Poe's style of giving an air of reality to fictions, and we utterly condemn the choice of a subject, but whoever thought it a veracious recital must have the bump of Faith large, very large indeed."

For our parts we find it difficult to understand how any dispassionate transcendentalist can doubt the facts as we state them; they are by no means so incredible as the marvels which are hourly narrated, and believed, on the topic of Mesmerism. *Why* cannot a man's death be postponed indefinitely by Mesmerism? *Why* cannot a man talk after he is dead? *Why?*—*why?*—that is the question; and as soon as the Tribune has answered it to our satisfaction we will talk to it farther.

HON. WM. C. PRESTON has been elected President of the South Carolina College at Columbia. It is understood that he will accept and commence the duties of the Presidency early in the ensuing year. In the meantime, Rev. Dr. Hooper will discharge them. Rev. Dr. Henry has been offered the Greek Professorship, and we sincerely hope that he may accept it. The accession of Mr. Preston is of course, *per se*, and without reference to the secession of Dr. Henry, a subject of congratulation to the College—but upon the whole, some injustice, we think, has been done to the late President. We shall speak more fully in our next.

. THE MIRROR says:

The editor of the Philadelphia North American has "scared up" a feminine genius—a poetical wonder—hear him: "The greatest poet of her sex who ever lived, is Maria Brooks. She is as much above Mrs. Hemans, Miss Landon, Mrs. Norton, *et id omne genus*, as they are above the sickliest sentimentalists of the chambermaids' gazettes!!

There is, perhaps, some exaggeration in the North American's estimate of Mrs. Brooks, but far more in the Mirror's attempt at depreciation. Mrs. Maria Brooks, author of "*Zophiel, or The Bride of Seven*," is fairly entitled to be called the greatest of American poetesses. Her imagination and audacity of thought and expression, are not far behind Miss Barrett. Her chief faults are bombast and extravagance.

CONNOISSEURS and amateurs of *Tea* would do well to look over the *Catalogue of Teas* on sale at the warehouse of the Pekin Tea Company, No. 75 Fulton street. See advertisement in this week's Journal. Hitherto it has been impossible to procure really good green tea at less than a dollar per pound. The Pekin Company afford an exquisite article at 75 cents—other teas at proportionate rates. We can conscientiously recommend them.

A late "Tribune" has a very just review of Longfellow. We quote a few passages:—

The portrait which adorns this volume is not merely flattered or idealized, but there is an attempt at adorning it, by expression thrown into the eyes, with just that which the original does not possess, whether in face or mind. We have often seen faces whose usually coarse and heavy lineaments were harmonized at times into beauty by the light that rises from the soul into the eyes. The intention Nature had with regard to the face and its wearer, usually eclipsed beneath bad habits or a bad education, is then disclosed and we see what hopes Death has in store for that soul. But here the

MR. HUDSON, on Tuesday evening last, read to an audience of some two hundred persons, at the Society Library, his Lecture on Lear (or a portion of it) recently delivered at Boston, and much complimented in one or two of the Boston papers. We listened to the lecturer with profound attention, and (for the first time) heard him throughout. He did not favorably impress us. His good points are a happy talent for fanciful, that is to say for unexpected (too often far-fetched) *illustration*, and a certain cloudy acuteness in respect to motives of human action. His bad points are legion—want of concentration—want of consecutiveness—want of definite purpose—want of common school education—utter incapacity to comprehend a drama out of its range of mere *character*—an absurd passion for the lower species, that is to say, for the too *obvious* species of antithesis—a more absurd rage for metaphor and direct simile, without the least ability to keep them within bounds, or to render them consistent, either *per se*, or with the matter into which they are introduced—to crown all, a pitiable affectation of humility altogether unbecoming a man, an elocution that would disgrace a pig, and an odd species of gesticulation of which a baboon would have excellent reason to be ashamed.

enthusiasm thrown into the eyes only makes the rest of the face look more weak, and the idea suggested is the anomalous one of a Dandy Pindar.

Such is not the case with Mr. Longfellow himself. He is never a Pindar, though he is sometimes a Dandy even in the clear and ornamented streets and trim gardens of his verse. But he is still more a man of cultivated taste, delicate though not deep feeling, and some, though not much, poetic force.

Mr. Longfellow has been accused of plagiarism. We have been surprised that any one should have been anxious to fasten special charges of this kind upon him, when we had supposed it so obvious that the greater part of his mental stores were derived from the works of others. He has no style of his own growing out of his own experiences and observations of nature. Nature with him, whether human or external, is always seen through the windows of literature. There are in his poems sweet and tender passages descriptive of his personal feelings, but very few showing him as an observer, at first hand, of the passions within, or the landscape without.

This want of the free breath of nature, this perpetual borrowing of imagery, this excessive, because superficial, culture which he has derived from an acquaintance with the elegant literature of many nations and men, out of proportion to the experience of life within himself, prevent Mr. Longfellow's verses from ever being a true refreshment to ourselves. He says in one of his most graceful verses:

From the cool cistern of the midnight air  
My spirit drank repose;  
The fountain of perpetual peace flows there,  
From those deep cisterns flows.

Now this is just what we cannot get from Mr. Longfellow. No solitude of the mind reveals to us the deep cisterns.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Yet there is a middle class, composed of men of little original poetic power, but of much poetic taste and sensibility, whom we

would not wish to have silenced. They do no harm but much good, (if only their minds are not confounded with those of a higher class,) by educating in others the faculties dominant in themselves. In this class we place the writer at present before us.

We must confess a coolness toward Mr. Longfellow, in consequence of the exaggerated praises that have been bestowed upon him. When we see a person of moderate powers receive honors which should be reserved for the highest, we feel somewhat like assailing him and taking from him the crown which should be reserved for grander brows.

\* \* \* \* \*

**ERRATA.**—Several, of a vexatious character, occurred in our last week's Journal—especially in the fine poem “Epicedium,” by Mr. Rowley; among other blunders, a whole line was omitted. We have taken measures to prevent anything of this kind for the future.

**MR. THOMAS H. LANE** is the only person (besides ourself) authorized to give receipts or transact business for “The Broadway Journal.”

**TO CORRESPONDENTS.**—Many thanks to the author of “The New Generation”—also to P. P. C.; we will write him fully in a few days. Our friends F. W. T. and P. B. shall also soon hear from us—if indeed they have not already quite given us up.

We are forced to decline “Remembrance” “Autumn,” and the Lines to Estelle—the Sonnet may appear.

The proposition of I. R. O. is respectfully declined.

The numbers desired by our friend A. M. I. can be obtained. We thank him sincerely for his late favor.

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