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## To "The Lady Geraldine."

THOUGH friends had warned me all the while,  
And blamed my willing blindness,  
I did not once mistrust your smile,  
Or doubt your tones of kindness.

I sought you not—you came to me—  
With words of friendly greeting:  
Alas! how different now I see  
That ill-starred moment's meeting.

When others lightly named your name,  
*My* cordial praise I yielded;  
While *you* would wound with woe and shame,  
The soul you should have shielded.

Was it so blest—my life's estate—  
That you with envy viewed me?  
Ah, false one! could you dream my fate,  
You had not thus pursued me.

Perhaps when those who loved me once,  
Beguiled by you, have left me,  
You'll grieve for all the hopes of which,  
Your whispered words bereft me.

You'll think, perhaps, the laugh you raised,  
Was hardly worth the anguish,  
With which it caused a deep, true heart,  
In silent pride to languish.

You'll think, perchance, the idle jest—  
The joy—will scarce reward you,  
For all the blame another's breast  
Must now, in scorn, accord you.

Yet go! 'tis but a darker cloud,  
O'er one fore-doomed to sadness;  
I would not change my grief so proud,  
For all your guilty gladness.

FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

## The Facts in the case of M. Valdemar.

An article of ours, thus entitled, was published in the last number of Mr. Colton's "American Review," and has given rise to some discussion—especially in regard to the truth or falsity of the statements made. It does not become us, of course, to offer one word on the point at issue. We have been requested to reprint the article, and do so with pleasure. We leave it to speak for itself. We may observe, however, that there are a certain class of people who pride themselves upon Doubt, as a profession.—Ed. B. J.

Of course I shall not pretend to consider it any matter for wonder, that the extraordinary case of M. Valdemar has excited dis-

cussion. It would have been a miracle had it not—especially under the circumstances. Through the desire of all parties concerned, to keep the affair from the public, at least for the present, or until we had farther opportunities for investigation—through our endeavors to effect this—a garbled or exaggerated account made its way into society, and became the source of many unpleasant misrepresentations, and, very naturally, of a great deal of disbelief.

It is now rendered necessary that I give the facts—as far as I comprehend them myself. They are, succinctly, these:

My attention, for the last three years, had been repeatedly drawn to the subject of Mesmerism; and, about nine months ago, it occurred to me, quite suddenly, that in the series of experiments made hitherto, there had been a very remarkable and most unaccountable omission:—no person had as yet been mesmerized *in articulo mortis*. It remained to be seen, first, whether, in such condition, there existed in the patient any susceptibility to the magnetic influence; secondly, whether, if any existed, it was impaired or increased by the condition; thirdly, to what extent, or for how long a period, the encroachments of Death might be arrested by the process. There were other points to be ascertained, but these most excited my curiosity—the last in especial, from the immensely important character of its consequences.

In looking around me for some subject by whose means I might test these particulars, I was brought to think of my friend, M. Ernest Valdemar, the well-known compiler of the "Bibliotheca Forensica," and author (under the *nom de plume* of Issachar Marx) of the Polish versions of "Wallenstein" and "Gargantua." M. Valdemar, who has resided principally at Harlaem, N. Y., since the year 1839, is (or was) particularly noticeable for the extreme spareness of his person—his lower limbs much resembling those of John Randolph; and, also, for the whiteness of his whiskers, in violent contrast to the blackness of his hair—the latter, in consequence, being very generally mistaken for a wig. His temperament was markedly nervous, and rendered him a good subject for mesmeric experiment. On two or three occasions I had put him to sleep with little difficulty, but was disappointed in other results which his peculiar constitution had naturally led me to anticipate. His will was at no period positively, or thoroughly, under my control, and in regard to *clairvoyance*, I could accomplish with him nothing to be relied upon. I always attributed my failure at these points to the disordered state of his health. For some months previous to my becoming acquainted with him, his physicians had declared him in a confirmed phthisis. It was his custom, indeed, to speak calmly of his approaching dissolution, as of a matter neither to be avoided nor regretted.

When the ideas to which I have alluded first occurred to me, it was of course very natural that I should think of M. Valdemar. I knew the steady philosophy of the man too well to apprehend any scruples from *him*; and he had no relatives in America who would be likely to interfere. I spoke to him frankly upon the subject; and, to my surprise, his interest seemed vividly excited. I say to my surprise; for, although he had always yielded his person freely to my experiments, he had never before given me any tokens of sympathy with what I did. His disease was of

that character which would admit of exact calculation in respect to the epoch of its termination in death; and it was finally arranged between us that he would send for me about twenty-four hours before the period announced by his physicians as that of his decease.

It is now rather more than seven months since I received, from M. Valdemar himself, the subjoined note:

MY DEAR P—,

You may as well come now. D—and F—are agreed that I cannot hold out beyond to-morrow midnight; and I think they have hit the time very nearly.

VALDEMAR.

I received this note within half an hour after it was written, and in fifteen minutes more I was in the dying man's chamber. I had not seen him for ten days, and was appalled by the fearful alteration which the brief interval had wrought in him. His face wore a leaden hue; the eyes were utterly lustreless; and the emaciation was so extreme that the skin had been broken through by the cheek-bones. His expectoration was excessive. The pulse was barely perceptible. He retained, nevertheless, in a very remarkable manner, both his mental power and a certain degree of physical strength. He spoke with distinctness—took some palliative medicines without aid—and, when I entered the room, was occupied in penciling memoranda in a pocket-book. He was propped up in the bed by pillows. Doctors D—and F—were in attendance.

After pressing Valdemar's hand, I took these gentlemen aside, and obtained from them a minute account of the patient's condition. The left lung had been for eighteen months in a semi-osseous or cartilaginous state, and was, of course, entirely useless for all purposes of vitality. The right, in its upper portion, was also partially, if not thoroughly, ossified, while the lower region was merely a mass of purulent tubercles, running one into another. Several extensive perforations existed; and, at one point, permanent adhesion to the ribs had taken place. These appearances in the right lobe were of comparatively recent date. The ossification had proceeded with very unusual rapidity; no sign of it had been discovered a month before, and the adhesion had only been observed during the three previous days. Independently of the phthisis, the patient was suspected of aneurism of the aorta; but on this point the osseous symptoms rendered an exact diagnosis impossible. It was the opinion of both physicians that M. Valdemar would die about midnight on the morrow (Sunday). It was then seven o'clock on Saturday evening.

On quitting the invalid's bed-side to hold conversation with myself, Doctors D—and F—had bidden him a final farewell. It had not been their intention to return; but, at my request, they agreed to look in upon the patient about ten the next night.

When they had gone, I spoke freely with M. Valdemar on the subject of his approaching dissolution, as well as, more particularly, of the experiment proposed. He still professed himself quite willing and even anxious to have it made, and urged me to commence it at once. A male and a female nurse were in attendance; but I did not feel myself altogether at liberty to engage in a task of this character with no more reliable witnesses than these people, in case of sudden accident, might prove. I therefore postponed operations until about eight the next night, when the arrival of a medical student with whom I had some acquaintance, (Mr. Theodore L—l,) relieved me from farther embarrassment. It had been my design, originally, to wait for the physicians; but I was induced to proceed, first, by the urgent entreaties of M. Valdemar, and secondly, by my conviction that I had not a moment to lose, as he was evidently sinking fast.

Mr. L—l was so kind as to accede to my desire that he would take notes of all that occurred; and it is from his memoranda that what I now have to relate is, for the most part, either condensed or copied *verbatim*.

It wanted about five minutes of eight when, taking the patient's hand, I begged him to state, as distinctly as he could, to Mr. L—l, whether he (M. Valdemar) was entirely willing that I should make the experiment of mesmerizing him in his then condition.

He replied feebly, yet quite audibly, "Yes, I wish to be mesmerized"—adding immediately afterwards, "I fear you have deferred it too long."

While he spoke thus, I commenced the passes which I had already found most effectual in subduing him. He was evidently influenced with the first lateral stroke of my hand across his forehead; but although I exerted all my powers, no farther perceptible effect was induced until some minutes after ten o'clock, when Doctors D—and F—called, according to appointment. I explained to them, in a few words, what I designed, and as they opposed no objection, saying that the patient was already in the death agony, I proceeded without hesitation—exchanging, however, the lateral passes for downward ones, and directing my gaze entirely into the right eye of the sufferer.

By this time his pulse was imperceptible and his breathing was stertorous, and at intervals of half a minute.

This condition was nearly unaltered for a quarter of an hour. At the expiration of this period, however, a natural although a very deep sigh escaped the bosom of the dying man, and the stertorous breathing ceased—that is to say, its stertorousness was no longer apparent; the intervals were undiminished. The patient's extremities were of an icy coldness.

At five minutes before eleven I perceived unequivocal signs of the mesmeric influence. The glassy roll of the eye was changed for that expression of uneasy *inward* examination which is never seen except in cases of sleep-waking, and which it is quite impossible to mistake. With a few rapid lateral passes I made the lids quiver, as in incipient sleep, and with a few more I closed them altogether. I was not satisfied, however, with this, but continued the manipulations vigorously, and with the fullest exertion of the will, until I had completely stiffened the limbs of the slumberer, after placing them in a seemingly easy position. The legs were at full length; the arms were nearly so, and reposed on the bed at a moderate distance from the loins. The head was very slightly elevated.

When I had accomplished this, it was fully midnight, and I requested the gentlemen present to examine M. Valdemar's condition. After a few experiments, they admitted him to be in an unusually perfect state of mesmeric trance. The curiosity of both the physicians was greatly excited. Dr. D—resolved at once to remain with the patient all night, while Dr. F—took leave with a promise to return at day-break. Mr. L—l and the nurses remained.

We left M. Valdemar entirely undisturbed until about three o'clock in the morning, when I approached him and found him in precisely the same condition as when Dr. F—went away—that is to say, he lay in the same position; the pulse was imperceptible; the breathing was gentle (scarcely noticeable, unless through the application of a mirror to the lips); the eyes were closed naturally; and the limbs were as rigid and as cold as marble. Still, the general appearance was certainly not that of death.

As I approached M. Valdemar I made a kind of half effort to influence his right arm into pursuit of my own, as I passed the latter gently to and fro above his person. In such experiments with this patient I had never perfectly succeeded before, and as-

suredly I had little thought of succeeding now; but to my astonishment, his arm very readily, although feebly, followed every direction I assigned it with mine. I determined to hazard a few words of conversation.

"M. Valdemar," I said, "are you asleep?" He made no answer, but I perceived a tremor about the lips, and was thus induced to repeat the question, again and again. At its third repetition, his whole frame was agitated by a very slight shivering; the eye-lids unclosed themselves so far as to display a white line of the ball; the lips moved sluggishly, and from between them, in a barely audible whisper, issued the words:

"Yes;—asleep now. Do not wake me!—let me die so!"

I here felt the limbs and found them as rigid as ever. The right arm, as before, obeyed the direction of my hand. I questioned the sleep-waker again:

"Do you still feel pain in the breast, M. Valdemar?"

The answer now was immediate, but even less audible than before:

"No pain—I am dying."

I did not think it advisable to disturb him farther just then, and nothing more was said or done until the arrival of Dr. F——, who came a little before sunrise, and expressed unbounded astonishment at finding the patient still alive. After feeling the pulse and applying a mirror to the lips, he requested me to speak to the sleep-waker again. I did so, saying:

"M. Valdemar, do you still sleep?"

As before, some minutes elapsed ere a reply was made; and during the interval the dying man seemed to be collecting his energies to speak. At my fourth repetition of the question, he said very faintly, almost inaudibly:

"Yes; still asleep—dying."

It was now the opinion, or rather the wish, of the physicians, that M. Valdemar should be suffered to remain undisturbed in his present apparently tranquil condition, until death should supervene—and this, it was generally agreed, must now take place within a few minutes. I concluded, however, to speak to him once more, and merely repeated my previous question.

While I spoke, there came a marked change over the countenance of the sleep-waker. The eyes rolled themselves slowly open, the pupils disappearing upwardly; the skin generally assumed a cadaverous hue, resembling not so much parchment as white paper; and the circular hectic spots which, hitherto, had been strongly defined in the centre of each cheek, *went out* at once. I use this expression, because the suddenness of their departure put me in mind of nothing so much as the extinguishment of a candle by a puff of the breath. The upper lip, at the same time, writhed itself away from the teeth, which it had previously covered completely; while the lower jaw fell with an audible jerk, leaving the mouth widely extended, and disclosing in full view the swollen and blackened tongue. I presume that no member of the party then present had been unaccustomed to death-bed horrors; but so hideous beyond conception was the appearance of M. Valdemar at this moment, that there was a general shrinking back from the region of the bed.

I now feel that I have reached a point of this narrative at which every reader will be startled into positive disbelief. It is my business, however, simply to proceed.

There was no longer the faintest sign of vitality in M. Valdemar; and concluding him to be dead, we were consigning him to the charge of the nurses, when a strong vibratory motion was observable in the tongue. This continued for perhaps a minute. At the expiration of this period, there issued from the distended and motionless jaws a voice—such as it would be madness in me to attempt describing. There are, indeed, two or three epithets which might be considered as applicable to it in part; I might

say, for example, that the sound was harsh, and broken and hollow; but the hideous whole is indescribable, for the simple reason that no similar sounds have ever jarred upon the ear of humanity. There were two particulars, nevertheless, which I thought then, and still think, might fairly be stated as characteristic of the intonation—as well adapted to convey some idea of its unearthly peculiarity. In the first place, the voice seemed to reach our ears—at least mine—from a vast distance, or from some deep cavern within the earth. In the second place, it impressed me (I fear, indeed, that it will be impossible to make myself comprehended) as gelatinous or glutinous matters impress the sense of touch.

I have spoken both of "sound" and of "voice." I mean to say that the sound was one of distinct—of even wonderfully, thrillingly distinct—syllabification. M. Valdemar spoke—obviously in reply to the question I had propounded to him a few minutes before. I had asked him, it will be remembered, if he still slept. He now said:

"Yes;—no;—I have been sleeping—and now—now—I am dead."

No person present even affected to deny, or attempted to repress, the unutterable, shuddering horror which these few words, thus uttered, were so well calculated to convey. Mr. L——l (the student) swooned. The nurses immediately left the chamber, and could not be induced to return. My own impressions I would not pretend to render intelligible to the reader. For nearly an hour, we busied ourselves, silently—without the utterance of a word—in endeavors to revive Mr. L——l. When he came to himself, we addressed ourselves again to an investigation of M. Valdemar's condition.

It remained in all respects as I have last described it, with the exception that the mirror no longer afforded evidence of respiration. An attempt to draw blood from the arm failed. I should mention, too, that this limb was no farther subject to my will. I endeavored in vain to make it follow the direction of my hand. The only real indication, indeed, of the mesmeric influence, was now found in the vibratory movement of the tongue, whenever I addressed M. Valdemar a question. He seemed to be making an effort at reply, but had no longer sufficient volition. To queries put to him by any other person than myself he seemed utterly insensible—although endeavored to place each member of the company in mesmeric *rapport* with him. I believe that I have now related all that is necessary to an understanding of the sleep-waker's state at this epoch. Other nurses were procured; and at ten o'clock I left the house in company with the two physicians and Mr. L——l.

In the afternoon we all called again to see the patient. His condition remained precisely the same. We had now some discussion as to the propriety and feasibility of awakening him; but we had little difficulty in agreeing that no good purpose would be served by so doing. It was evident that, so far, death (or what is usually termed death) had been arrested by the mesmeric process. It seemed clear to us all that to awaken M. Valdemar would be merely to insure his instant, or at least his speedy dissolution.

From this period until the close of last week—an interval of nearly seven months—we continued to make daily calls at M. Valdemar's house, accompanied, now and then, by medical and other friends. All this time the sleep-waker remained exactly as I have last described him. The nurses' attentions were continual.

It was on Friday last that we finally resolved to make the experiment of awakening, or attempting to awaken him; and it is the (perhaps) unfortunate result of this latter experiment which has given rise to so much discussion in private circles—to so

much of what I cannot help thinking unwarranted popular feeling.

For the purpose of relieving M. Valdemar from the mesmeric trance, I made use of the customary passes. These, for a time, were unsuccessful. The first indication of revival was afforded by a partial descent of the iris. It was observed, as especially remarkable, that this lowering of the pupil was accompanied by the profuse out-flowing of a yellowish ichor (from beneath the lids) of a pungent and highly offensive odor.

It now was suggested that I should attempt to influence the patient's arm, as heretofore. I made the attempt and failed. Dr. F—then intimated a desire to have me put a question. I did so as follows:

"M. Valdemar, can you explain to us what are your feelings or wishes now?"

There was an instant return of the hectic circles on the cheeks; the tongue quivered, or rather rolled violently in the mouth (although the jaws and lips remained rigid as before;) and at length the same hideous voice which I have already described, broke forth:

"For God's sake!—quick!—quick!—put me to sleep—or, quick!—waken me!—quick!—I say to you that I am dead!"

I was thoroughly unnerved, and for an instant remained undecided what to do. At first I made an endeavor to re-compose the patient; but, failing in this through total abeyance of the will, I retraced my steps and as earnestly struggled to awaken him. In this attempt I soon saw that I should be successful—or at least I soon fancied that my success would be complete—and I am sure that all in the room were prepared to see the patient awaken.

For what really occurred, however, it is quite impossible that any human being could have been prepared.

As I rapidly made the mesmeric passes, amid ejaculations of "dead! dead!" absolutely bursting from the tongue and not from the lips of the sufferer, his whole frame at once—within the space of a single minute, or even less, shrunk—crumbled—absolutely rotted away beneath my hands. Upon the bed, before that whole company, there lay a nearly liquid mass of loathsome—of detestable putrescence.

### The Mountains.

Lowland, your sports are low as is your seat;  
The Highland games and minds are high and great.  
*Taylor, the Water Poet.*

#### I.

THE axle of the Lowland wain  
Goes groaning from the fields of grain;  
The Lowlands suit with craft and gain.

Good Ceres, with her plump brown hands,  
And wheaten sheaves that burst their bands,  
Is scornful of the mountain lands.

But mountain lands—so bare of corn—  
Have that which puts, in turn, to scorn  
The careful Goddess and her Horn.

Go mark them when, with tramp and jar  
Of furious steeds, and flashing car,  
The Thunderer sweeps them from afar.

Go mark them when their beauty lies  
Drooping, and veiled with violet dyes,  
Beneath the light of breathless skies.

No lands of fat increase may vie  
With their brave wealth, for heart and eye,  
Of loveliness and majesty.

#### II.

I stand upon an upland lawn;  
The river mists are quite withdrawn—  
It is three hours beyond the dawn.

Autumn works well! But yesterday  
The mountain hues were green and gray:  
The elves have surely passed this way.

With crimping hands and frosty lip,  
That merry elfin fellowship,  
Robin, and Puck, and Numbernip,

Through the clear night have swiftly plied  
Their tricksy arts of change, and dyed  
Of all bright hues the mountain side.

In an old tale Arabian,  
Sharp hammer strokes, not dealt by man,  
Startle a slumbering caravan.

At dawn the wondering merchants see  
A city built up gloriously  
Of jasper, and gold, and porphyry.

That night-built city of the sands  
Showed not, as show our mountain lands  
Changed in a night by elfin hands.

We may not find, in all the scene,  
An unchanged bough or leaf, I ween,  
Save of the constant evergreen.

The Maple, on his slope so cool,  
Wears his new motley, like the Fool  
Prankt out to lead the games of Yule:

Or rather say, that tree of pride  
Stands in his mantle, many-dyed,  
Bold monarch of the mountain side.

The Ash! a fiery chief is he,  
High in the Highland heraldry—  
He wears his proud robes gallantly.

Torch-bearers are the grim black Pines;  
Their torches are the flaming vines  
Bright on the mountain's skyward lines.

The blushing Dogwood, thicketed,  
Marks everywhere the torrent's bed  
With winding lines of perfect red.

The Oak, so haughty in his green,  
Looks craven in an altered mien,  
And whimples in the air so keen.

The Hickories, tough although they be,  
The Chestnut, and the Tulip tree,  
These too have felt the witchery.

The Tree of Life, and dusky Pine,  
The Hemlock, swart and saturnine—  
Staunch like a demon by his mine—

These still retain a solemn dress,  
But, sombre as they be, no less  
Make portion of the loveliness.

#### III.

Just now, no whisper of the air  
Awoke, or wandered anywhere,  
In all that scene so wild and fair.

But hark ! upborne by swift degrees,  
Come forth the mountain melodies—  
The music of the wind-tost trees.

And, startled by these utterings,  
The parted leaves, like living things,  
Skirl up and flock on shining wings.

And, rising from the rainbow route,  
A hawk goes swooping round about—  
And hark ! a rifle shot and shout.

The rifle of the mountaineer—  
I know its tongue so quick and clear—  
Is out, to-day, against the deer.

Right hardy are the men, I trow,  
Who build upon the mountain's brow,  
And love the gun, and scorn the plough.

Not such soft pleasures pamper these,  
As lull the subtil Bengalese,  
Or islanders of Indian seas.

A rugged hand to cast their seed—  
A rifle for the red deer's speed—  
With these their swarming huts they feed.

Such men are Freedom's body-guard,  
On their high rocks, so cold and hard,  
They keep her surest watch and ward.

Of such was William Tell, whose bow  
Hurtled its shafts, so long ago,  
And quelled the Switzer's haughty foe.

Of such was Arnold Winkelreid,  
Who saved his Fatherland at need,  
And won, in death, heroic meed.

That deed will live a thousand years !  
Young Arnold, with his Switzer peers,  
Stood hemmed and hedged with Austrian spears.

His naked arms he opened wide,  
"Make way for Liberty," he cried,  
And clasped the hungry spears—and died.

He made a gap for Liberty—  
His comrades filled it desperately,  
And Switzerland again was free.

#### IV.

But mark ! on yonder summit clear,  
Stands the bold hunter of the deer—  
The rifle-bearing mountaineer.

From this far hill we may not now  
Mark the free courage of his brow,  
Or the clear eyes which well avow

The manly virtues of a heart  
Untrained to any baser art,  
And bold to dare its lot and part.

But a strong vision may define  
His gaunt form's every giant line,  
Motionless in the broad sunshine.

And his long gun we note and know—  
That weapon dire of overthrow,  
More terrible than Tell's true bow.

But mark again—his step descends;  
And now his stately stature blends  
With the vague path whereon he wends.

Bare is the gray peak where he stood—  
Again the blue sky seems to brood  
Over a lovely solitude.

#### V.

Our life on earth is full of cares,  
And the worn spirit oft despairs  
Under the groaning load it bears.

When such dark moods will force their way—  
When the soul cowers beneath their sway,  
Go forth as I have done to-day.

Boon Nature is a foe severe  
To pallid brow and shadowy fear,  
And lifts the fallen to valiant cheer.

Heed her good promptings—muse and learn—  
And, haply, to thy toils return  
With a clear heart and courage stern.

P. P. COOKE.

## The Modern Poetical Literature of Germany.

THE genius and character of a people manifest themselves most clearly and to the greatest advantage in the language of poetry. Were I now to give a full history of poetical literature in Germany, it would be necessary to show the development of the national genius through all its periods; but such is not the intention of my present essay; my aim is only to give a few sketches of the character of modern poetical German literature. For this reason I do not now dwell on the ancient "Niebelungenlied," (the German Iliad) and the "Gudrun," (the German Odyssey,) or on the "Minnelied" of the Troubadours, or on the poems and dramas of Hans Sachs, the celebrated master-singer and shoemaker of Nurenberg, or on the poems of Gellert, Gleim, von Kleist and many others of more recent date. I begin with Lessing, because from his time we date the most flourishing period of German poetry. His contemporaries and successors, whom he had guided by his criticisms, gave fresh life to poesy and successfully cultivated particularly the drama, to which the greatest German poets devoted themselves almost exclusively.

Other European literatures had flourished, before modern German poetry unfolded its flower. But other nations have also enjoyed the advantage of having had enlightened predecessors. The Italian, Spanish, English, French and German literature have followed each other in successive order. This phenomenon may be ascribed to the fact, that the splendid periods of a nation's literature exert a powerful influence on neighboring nations.

Modern poetical literature in Germany is characterized by an harmonious union of nature, taste and cultivation, such as we find in the dramas of Goethe and Schiller, and also in the best society of that country. Literature and society are, in Germany, intimately connected, because literature and science there enliven everything and fill the whole sphere of action. Germany has no public political life; it has, instead of it, literature and the fine arts. This has produced there that literary aristocracy which acknowledges in its sphere no rank but that of genius and of learning, and in whose existence literature is flourishing and glorious.

Let us turn to some of the best representatives of modern German poetry.

It is with a mingled feeling of admiration and gratitude, that I first mention Lessing, who united wit and erudition, penetration and taste, criticism and creative imagination, in a degree, which

must fill every reader with astonishment and delight—that man, who by his eminent critical writings, was the first to free his country from the chains of a pedantic imitation of the French, and to point out to it an independent path. In his work, entitled “Dramaturgy,” he unfolded fully the errors of the French theories on dramatic composition, together with the defects of the French dramatic writers, and eulogized the best Spanish and English dramas, particularly those of Shakspeare. Of equal merit is his “Laocoön” on the limits of painting and poesy, in which he attacks the mannerism of poetical painting. He shows in this work that the supreme law of Grecian sculpture was ideal beauty of *form*; and that poesy not considering, like the plastic arts, material bodies, but temporary emotions and events, ought to regard ideal beauty of *action* as its supreme law. He thus places in the fore-ground the Epos and Drama, as bearing the nearest affinity to the plastic arts.

In his critical writings he was the best pioneer of his time, or as he called himself, “The overseer in the picture-gallery of German literature.” He furnished, at the same time, excellent models in his dramas, “Miss Sarah Sampson,” Emilia Galotti; and in his comedy, “Minna von Barnhelm.” All are correct and full of truth and nature, though deficient in warmth of poetical inspiration. His genius produced, near the close of his life, the most beautiful flowers. In his late writings, “The Education of Mankind,” and the didactic drama, “Nathan the Wise,” he unfolded a depth and clearness of thought which few of his contemporaries rightly valued, but for which he is now universally admired, as well as for the power and moral influence of all his works.

Widely different from him in style, and yet similar in patriotic sentiment, was *Klopstock*, the author of those poems which cast such lustre on the German name, and of that exalted epic, “The Messiah,” glorifying our Savior. The sublimity of thought embodied in this poem, renders it in no way inferior to even the productions of Milton. *Klopstock* commenced this epic in 1746, while yet a student at Jena and Leipzig, and concluded it in the year 1772, with the twentieth canto. In order to enable him to finish it the King of Denmark gave him a pension for life. The slowness of composition was unfavorable to the poem, as his first cantos, written under the influence of youthful enthusiasm, are the best. His poetical talent is more of a lyric than an epic character. The lyric and elegiac parts of the work are, therefore, those which appeal most to the feelings of the reader. His lyric muse, replete with genius and deep feeling, is devoted in his odes and elegies to religious and patriotic subjects.

At the close of the last century the court of the Duke of Weimar embraced Wieland, Herder, Schiller and Göthe, minds which would have conferred the highest renown on any nation.

Among the numerous productions of *Wieland*, I will only mention those pleasing romances, Oberon, Gandalin, Geron, Schach Lolo. In the Abderites, he exhibits the contrast between chivalrous romance and the spiritless life of matter-of-fact people. The works of *Wieland* and *Klopstock* present the most vivid contrast, which is also discoverable in the productions of their imitators. Thus, for instance, *Wieland* sings of earthly attachments, *Klopstock* of spiritual love; from the mixture of both arose that languishing sentimentality predominating in Göthe's *Werther*. A sort of levity pervades some of *Wieland*'s productions, but his language is easy, pleasing and graceful. His love for antiquity induced him to translate several congenial classic authors; their merits rest more in an able transformation, than in a correct version of the originals. In this species of writing, *Wieland* is greatly surpassed by *Voss*. He translated the letters and satires of Horace, Lucian's works, the plays of Aristophanes, and the letters of Cicero.

*Herder*, in his writings when young, pursued the course of Lessing in his criticism, but gave freer play to his imagination and thus obtained an animating influence over young authors. He especially exerted a favorable influence on Göthe's youth, and contributed much in deciding the bent of his genius. It may be remarked here in general, that the beneficial effects on literature resulting from the warm friendships existing among cultivated Germans, is a beautiful feature of German life. In their poetry we constantly meet with friends encouraging and guiding each other, and free from envy enjoying their mutual success. Such an intercourse we may behold between *Herder*, *Klinger*, *Merck* and Göthe; between *Schiller* and young *Koerner*; in the circle of the poets at Halle, with *Gleim* in its centre, and *Rambler*, *Kleist*, *Karsch*, &c., &c., as its members, and in the poetic circle of *Göttingen*, the so-called “Hainbund,” of which *Boie*, the counts *Stollberg*, *Voss*, *Bürger* and *Höltz* were the leading stars. Equally worthy of praise are the many instances of brothers uniting in literary pursuits, as for instance, the renowned brothers, the Barons A. and W. Von *Humboldt*, the Counts *Stollberg*, the brothers *Grimm*, *Thibaut*, &c., &c.

*Herder* possessed an extensive store of learning in every branch of literature, and his productions partake of this many-sided character. He was equally a critic, a poet, a philosopher and a theologian. His love of nature and primitive national customs, was exhibited in all his productions. This he drew from the constant study of Homer, Ossian and Shakspeare, but chiefly from the Bible. One of his most beautiful poetic effusions is the *Cid*, that interesting romance from Spanish chivalry, in which every character is portrayed with the greatest precision. His sound sense and genius are equally seen in his didactic odes, legends and parables. In him were combined historical investigation, philosophic combination and poetic conception. Hence his nice discrimination between right and wrong, and his skill in recognizing poetry in whatever language it might appear, as the common language of human nature. Thus he loved Oriental, Greek and Roman poetry; he appreciated Ossian, as well as Shakspeare, the Southron romances as well as the German popular airs. His “Hebrew poetry,” “Saadis,” “Rosenthal,” “Greek Epigrams,” “Romances,” “Stimmender Votker in Liefern,” are admirable specimens of his taste and style.

But what can I say of *Göthe* and *Schiller*, those heroes of our literature? It is with hesitation that I bring their merits in remembrance. *Schiller* and *Göthe* are renowned throughout the world, and their works are too numerous and too multifarious to admit of a separate enumeration and review, as my limits allow but a few general remarks. *Göthe*'s and *Schiller*'s views of life are almost as valuable as their poetry, and we treat them, both as philosophers and poets, as representatives of poesy as well as of life in general. *Göthe*'s early drama, “*Götz von Berlichingen*,” true to nature, shows in every scene that the author is complete master of any subject he treats. “*Iphigenia*” and “*Tasso*,” his later dramas, expressing the poet's fervent and clear perceptions of antiquity, are fraught with touches of the finest taste and ideal beauty. His “*Faust*,” in its first part the greatest effort of poetical diction and philosophical depth of thought, is his master-piece. *Göthe*'s talents were divided between tragedy, comedy, and romance, and the productions of his imitators and successors exhibit an almost equal number of each.

*Schiller*'s greatest productions are his dramas, among which “*Don Carlos*,” “*Maria Stuart*,” “*Wilhelm Tell*,” and “*Wallenstein*,” are the best—the latter is his master-piece, and has been admirably translated by Coleridge. He appears equally great as a poet and a philosopher. By uniting taste and nature he reached the highest perfection in the dramatic art. The *form* of his dramas places them clearly between those of Shakspeare and Sophocles.

Modern dramatists cannot, without the greatest danger, renounce the form given to the drama by Schiller.

But a criticism on the numerous productions of these authors is not my object; my aim being rather to depict the character of the two poets in a general view, in which I would compare the works of Schiller with Swiss scenery; those of Göthe with a variegated landscape.

Like the majestic Alps, raising their lofty pinnacles above the clouds, are the thoughts of Schiller; and pure as the eternal snow on these Alpine crests, is his morality; calm and lovely as Helvetia's valleys are his feelings, and clear as the lake which bears the image of the sublime scenery around, and of the azure sky above, is the character of man reflected in Schiller's mind.

Schiller's works are to be found in every German family; he is the poet of the nation and the idol of youth.

Göthe's works, on the other hand, represent his versatile genius, and expand themselves before us like a variegated landscape, abounding in meadows, fields and trees, adorned with blossoms, and laden with fruit; which is traversed by a road, enlivened by travelers of all sorts and conditions, both great and small, high and low, good and bad, in silk and finery, and in the working clothes of common life, philosophers and statesmen, warriors and peaceful citizens, gay courtiers and care-worn artizans. Let us imagine this landscape to be bordered by the great ocean; its calm and tranquil surface reminds us, if far from home, of those peaceful scenes of domestic life, to which the poet occasionally introduces us; and does not that same ocean, when agitated by the tempest, present a picture of the misery and desolation created by passion and vice in those happy scenes to which we have alluded? The many treasures occasionally thrown up from the bosom of the ocean may afford us some idea of the value of those concealed beneath its waves, and thus it is with Göthe, who has displayed to us many of the pearls and gems drawn from the deep recesses of his mind.

With the dawn of German emancipation from the French yoke, Schiller's poetry ignited, penetrated and matured every plan of action. At that time Göthe was fading in the estimation of the young, and Schiller's spirit presided over the lyric of the day. His social and war-songs, as well as his ballads, have by the aid of composers become popular airs. Theodore Körner, the son of Schiller's most faithful friend, the renowned martyr and leader of those songsters, joining the lyre with the sword, produced poems and dramas closely approaching those of Schiller, and breathing the spirit of those animated times. Though Körner's life was short, he will forever live as the youthful poet in the grateful love of his country.

Jean Paul Richter, although contemporary of the before-named poets, stands alone in his original individuality. All the elements of German life of his time, the depth and sensitiveness of feeling, the severity of satire, the humor, the seriousness, the sparkling of juvenile fancy, the sober views of sound judgment, susceptibility and power of mind, poetry and knowledge, ideality and contentment, are concentrated in that one man as in a focus, and are reflected in his voluminous works. His writings show everywhere his warm feeling for innocence and purity of early youth; they breathe the enthusiasm of his friendship, love and virtue, and contain the most beautiful principles and reflections; and where he shows these feelings in contact with the rough touches of the world, he gives free play to his wit and humor, without bitterness. Jean Paul is in his writings perpetually youthful. As a humorist he stands highest among the German authors. He unites all the elements of the highest culture of mind and feeling as they more peculiarly exist in Germany, and he is its truest representative. The most intimate acquaintance with the social and literary life

in Germany is therefore requisite in order to understand him. His style is bold and therefore not very clear; but the originality of his thoughts and feelings excuses his peculiarities of expression. His humorous novels, Hesperus, Titan, Flegeljahre, Katzenberger's Baclereise, and others, are universally known; and also his scientific and literary works are of the highest value.

If we turn from the period in which the genius of a Göthe and a Schiller united to raise the poetical literature of the German people to its culminating point, towards that of their immediate or later successors, we meet with difficulty in forming a just appreciation of the merits of the latter, from our judgment ever measuring their productions by the scale furnished by the effusions of the above-mentioned poets, and never reflecting on the plausibility of much good emanating from less prominent talents. Indeed, whatever severe critics may say to the contrary, German literature has of late been enriched by productions that are far from lessening the hopes for her future glory. Passing at once from the period of Göthe and Schiller, to the writings of the *present time*, an account of which may be expected from me, we find the vast store of new productions in the field of Belles-lettres, so materially increased within the last few years, as to render their enumeration in conjunction with a short sketch as to their critical value, a task of some difficulty. I shall accordingly omit many eminent names, and only review the *most recent* works of *lyric, epic and dramatic poesy*, and arrange them in groups, as far as their nature permits.

Lyric poetry, like the vine, seems chiefly suited to the southern soil of Germany, especially to Swabia, the fatherland of Schiller. Uhland's delightful romances on topics from the chivalrous ages, are generally known and admired; their innocence, gravity and depth of feeling corresponding perfectly with the German character. Contemporaneous and distinguished in the same species of poetry, are G. Schwab and Kerner, the latter replete with gloomy thoughts and forebodings of death, Wilhelm Müller, the writer of sweet and merry songs, Adolphus Tellkampf, whose poems, though scattered through a great variety of periodical and fugitive publications, are valued for depth and originality—more it does not become me to say of a brother. Von Eichendorff, with an inexhaustible love for the verdant forest, (a true German trait,) and Adelbert Von Chamisso, a Frenchman settled in Germany, distinguished for vigorous language and a fresh and independent spirit. Mrs. Robinson, wife of the professor in New York, also is distinguished for her elegant productions, among which are here to be noticed her beautiful poems, entitled "Serbische Lieder," published in Germany under the assumed name of Talvi.

One of the most distinguished modern poets among those who did not confine themselves to German subjects, are Rückert, the bard of the East, vieing with Hafiz in writing the most beautiful German verses after the Persian and Arabian manner. A master of that species of poetry, he has but one competitor, Count Platen, who strove with equal skill to imitate the Greek and Roman poets, but too early found a grave on the classic soil of Sicily. His poems are as smooth as the polished marble, and as graceful as the ancient statue. In strong contrast with Platen is Freiligrath, the poetic painter of the sea and desert, who amid the rich lustre of his coloring, and southern warmth of scenery, never ventures to portray the wonders of antiquity.

The latest style of Lyric poetry in Germany is opposed to this spirit, since it attaches itself exclusively to the German soil, and desires to express popular ideas. It might be called the political lyric, and has the disadvantage of treating on a subject which cannot be deemed poetical, namely, politics! Thus this species of lyric often sacrifices entirely the character of poesy. The

first strains of this sort came from Heinrich Heine and from an Austrian, Count Auersperg, who, under the name of Anastasius Grün, published humorous scenes overflowing with rage against worldly and spiritual tyranny. He soon found an associate in *Von Streitenan*, (Nicolaus Lenau,) also an Austrian. His poems were succeeded by those of *Hoffman Von Fallersleben*, *Dingelstedt* and *Prutz*, all of a similar tendency, written partly in a satirical and partly in a grave tone; *Georg Herwegh* and *Harro Harring*, with a revolutionary spirit, followed in their wake.

When we consider the numerous effusions of lyric poetry in Germany, the scarcity of epic productions appears surprising; in the *Epos*, only *Ladislaus Pyker*, and in the *Idyl*, only *Eberhard*, are worthy of notice, though their poems are of inferior value. Let us not, however, limit the idea of epic poetry to the strict form of verse, but embrace in it every characteristic exhibition of epic matter, thus extending it to romance and novel. The latter presents a field for a rich harvest—so rich indeed, as to render their critical examination within our present limits a difficult task. Yet I will attempt it, taking the liberty of distinguishing the chief tendencies of German novels in the early part of this century, as the *classic*, *romantic*, and *imaginative-humorous*. Götthe, formed after the models of antiquity, marks the first, by making us, in the absorbing interest of his matter, lose sight of the author. The second emanated from *Tieck*, and the third from *Jean Paul Richter*. The manner of these three writers may be clearly traced in the later progress of literature, although we cannot deny that there is more or less coincidence in several of their productions. Götthe's social novels, "*Wilhelm Meister*," and the "*Wahlverwandschaften*," in which he exhibits, with psychological depth, the state of society, chiefly in the higher circles,—are succeeded by *Immermann's "Epigonen"*, and partly by his more original *Münchhausen*; the same style is followed by *Von Sternberg*, in a series of novels and romances, wherein he depicts, with simplicity, elegance, and sublimity, portraits and conflicts of European aristocratic society. Of the same nature are the novels of the Countess Hahn-Hahn, who delights in sketches of artless nature, as well as of high life, reflected in her high and unrestrained genius. *Laube* is less successful in his wanderings through the higher circles, since he depicts imaginary characters. Yet we must allow him the merit of being an agreeable describer of passing events. With deeper feeling, *Dingelstedt*, and with brilliant wit, *Detmold*, in Hanover, pursue the same line, in tragic and humorous pictures of the conflicts of life.

The poetry of the romantic school moves in an entirely different orbit. I have named *Tieck* as the leader of this school, though he too, in a series of novels, joined the above-mentioned species of writing. In a similar manner as Sir Walter Scott, who, in translating the *Elenora* of Bürger first found that he himself was a poet, thus roused by the poetic spirit of Sir Walter Scott's historical novels, *Tieck* composed his "*Revolt in the Cevennes*," an exquisite, though as yet incomplete work. This historical painting is a fine specimen of the art, evincing both romantic poesy and psychological depth. He depicts public life with a continual reference to domestic circumstances; at one time presenting them at variance, and at another in harmony. His historical novels, "*The Poet's Life*," and "*The Poet's Death*," are replete with beauties. The King of Prussia has given him a situation in Berlin, where he can at his leisure devote himself to his muse. He has had a series of able imitators. As favorite novelists of this school, I must mention *Spindler* and *Blumenhagen*, both gifted with imagination, but often overstepping the bounds of beauty, and sinking into caricature. *Heinrich Zschokke* is of surpassing value as a novelist, and theological and historical

writer. The clearness and simplicity of his diction, and the noble sentiments expressed, render him one of the most popular writers.

A truly poetic spirit is evinced by *H. Steffens*, in his "*Norwegians*," by *Wm. Alexis* (*Häring*), in his "*Cabanis*," "*Roland of Berlin*," and "*Pseudo Waldemar*," subjects taken from the Prussian history, and treated with much truth and nature. Heinrich König also belongs to this class; in his "*Waldenses*," his renowned "*Bride*," and his "*Willis Dichten und Trachten*," he makes Europe, the south in the two former and the north in the latter, the scene of highly poetic events. The much-read "*Godwin Castle*," "*St. Roche*," &c., &c., are the late productions of Madame von *Paalzou*, a highly-gifted lady, who traversed England, France and Germany, in search of subjects for historical novels. With greater fidelity to history *Theodor Mügge* depicts the conflicts in the Vendée, and at Hayti, (in his "*Vendeerin*" and "*Toussaint*,") and *Theodor Mundt* the war of the German peasants in his "*Thomas Münzer*." The former is distinguished by rare talents and vivid coloring, the latter, by wise reflections. In considering fantastic novels, in which wit is joined with humor, I would place on the foreground those of *Leopold Schäfer*, similar to *Jean Paul's* original productions. The former bears the reader far from the German soil and the narrow sphere of domestic life in which *Jean Paul* delights to linger.

*Gutkow's "Blasedon,"* as a comic novel, is an imitation of *Jean Paul's* comic vein. *Immermann's "Münchhausen,"* too, comes partly under this head. For unvarnished descriptions of humble life and nature, perhaps, also, *Eichendorff's* charming novels should be mentioned here, though they, like *Fouqué's "Undine,"* contain more the purely romantic element of legends, a species of poetry once presenting so brilliant an appearance in *Tieck's "Phantasus,"* but since led astray by *Hoffmann's* strange creations, and at present but little cultivated.

Proceeding, finally, from the epic poetry to the *comedy*, we are forcibly struck by the gloomy perception of the art retrograding from the elevation it had attained by the exertions of *Lessing* and *Götthe*; and, in the present situation of German public life, there is small ground to hope for its improvement. Comedy, to flourish, must not be confined only to the representation of common life, but have a certain freedom to treat of public persons and events. The Princess *Amalia of Saxony* has made successful attempts in representing humble life in her popular comedies. Among the other writers of comedy none are worthy of notice, save *Bauernfeld* at Vienna, and *Raupach* at Berlin, though I know neither an Aristophanic satirical, nor a psychologically excellent comedy of their composition, nor even one which much surpasses the comedies of *Kotzebue*.

*Tragedy* has been cultivated with greater success and copiousness. *Michael Beer*, (as did once *Theodor Körner*,) struggles to become a successful follower of *Schiller*; while *Gräbe*, and the talented *Immermann*, are both in their manner and choice of historical subjects, original writers. Under the influences of recent times have been furnished several successful dramas, which have been much applauded, as *Gutkow's "Richard Savage,"* *Julius Mocoen's "Otto III,"* and *Prutz's "Charles of Bourbon."*

The lyric-idyllic taste of the nation has prepared the way for a favorable reception of a few dramas, written with this tendency by *Friedrich Halm* (*von Bellinghausen*). They make us, however, feel but too deeply the insufficiency of an elegant style, and the invention of some charming scenes, to supply the want of a higher characteristic and of more eventful action.

What I deem of more importance than an allusion to so many eminent names, is the observation that German literature, and especially poetry, must not be viewed as standing isolated and

independent, since the same national genius manifests itself in various fine arts, especially in music.

Göthe and Mozart resemble each other in reflecting the images and sentiments presented by the occurrences of life clearly as a mirror, but embellished and perfectly harmonized. Schiller and Karl Maria Von Weber combine the highly ideal, with an ardent desire for the attainment of perfection. The compositions of Beethoven and of Jean Paul Richter are similar to each other, in both exhibiting a lively and playful imagination, united with a romantic depth of feeling. All have strewn imperishable songs and melodies over the path of life. Their songs resound in the cottage and the palace, filling the tranquil heart with delight, and weeping eyes with the brightness of cheerfulness and peace.

T. L. TELLKAMPF.

## Critical Notices.

*Biographical and Critical Notices.* By WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT, Author of "The History of Ferdinand and Isabella," "The Conquest of Mexico," etc. New York: Harper & Brothers.

An octavo of 638 pages—uniform with the previous works of Prescott issued by the same house. In all respects this beautiful volume is a valuable addition to our literature.

The essays included are purely of a literary character, with little reference to local and temporary topics, and with a single exception are from "The North American Review"—styled by the author, in the Preface to the British edition, "the most considerable journal in the United States." We fear that its consideration, at present, is confined chiefly to the precincts of Faneuil Hall.

Of the essays themselves it is quite superfluous to speak. They have been justly and universally admired, and in our own view are, generally, the best American papers of their kind. Their titles are, Charles Brockden Brown—Asylum for the Blind—Irving's Conquest of Granada—Cervantes—Sir Walter Scott—Chateaubriand's English Literature—Bancroft's United States—Madame Calderon's Life in Mexico—Molière—Italian Narrative Poetry—Poetry and Romance of the Italians—Scottish Song—and Da Ponte's Observations. The first of these articles is from Sparks' "American Biography," and is of unusual interest, conveying a just and forcible picture of one of the most singular and powerful of American intellects. The memoir can scarcely be termed critical, but it abounds in passages evincing the keenest discrimination in respect to the literary position of the author reviewed.

The papers next in value are, perhaps, those on Sir Walter Scott, and Chateaubriand's English literature—but, in all, the taste, judgment, and scholarship of Prescott are rendered manifest. We shall speak again of this volume, next week:

*Trifles in Verse: a Collection of Fugitive Poems.* By LEWIS J. CIST. Cincinnati: Robinson & Jones.

This is a duodecimo of 184 pages, well printed and bound. We regret to say, also, that it has for frontispiece a very greasy-looking lithograph portrait of the author—we cannot conceive what could have beguiled Mr. Cist into the perpetration of such absurdity.

The collection is so modestly prefaced as to disarm criticism. Mr. C. says:

To the high and honored title of POET, in the legitimate sense of the term, the writer of the following pages makes no pretensions. Engaged, from his earliest youth, upwards, in a daily round of mer-

cantile pursuits, the "Trifles" which he thus offers to the public—the offspring of moments stolen from the desk of the banking-house and the counting-room—can, at the best, only entitle him to the more humble name of *Versifier*. Conscious of his want of those qualifications which might justify him in seeking to enter the inner temple of the sacred Nine, he has but ventured to loiter around the base of the flowery mountain; contenting himself with occasionally gleaning—here, it may be, a weed, and there, perchance, a flower—from such by-nooks and out of the way corners of the field of Fancy, as had been passed over by the more worthy and accredited gatherers of the golden-hued harvests of Parnassus.

The poems themselves are not particularly imaginative, but evince much purity of taste and fervor of feeling. We copy one of the best:

### OLDEN MEMORIES.

They are jewels of the mind ;  
They are tendrils of the heart,  
That with being are entwined—  
Of our very selves a part.  
They the records are of youth,  
Kept to read in after years ;  
They are manhood's well of truth,  
Filled with childhood's early tears.  
Like the low and plaintive moan  
Of the night-wind through the trees,  
Sweet to hear, though sad and lone,  
Are those "Olden Memories!"

Like the dim traditions, hoary,  
Of our loved and native clime ;  
Like some half-forgotten story,  
Read or heard in olden time ;  
Like the fresh'ning dew of even  
To the parched and drooping flower ;  
Like the peaceful thought of Heaven,  
In life's tempest-stricken hour ;  
Like the cadence of a song ;—  
Yet, oh ! sweeter far than these  
Are the thoughts that round us throng  
With those "Olden Memories!"

In the solitude of even,  
When the spirit, lone and dreary,  
Turns from Earth away, to Heaven,  
As the refuge of the weary ;  
In the dreamy twilight hour,  
When the world is calm and still,  
And light zephyrs fragrance shower  
Over dewy vale and hill ;  
Oh ! then, sweeter than perfume  
Borne on aromatic breeze,  
To the softened spirit come  
Those dear "Olden Memories!"

In our days of mirth and gladness  
We may spurn their faint control,  
But they come, in hours of sadness,  
Like sweet music to the soul ;  
And in sorrow, o'er us stealing  
With their gentleness and calm,  
They are leaves of precious healing,  
They are fruits of choicest balm.  
Ever till, when life departs,  
Death from dross the spirit frees,  
Cherish, in thine heart of hearts,  
All thine "Olden Memories!"

*The Diadem for 1846. A Present for All Seasons. With Ten Engravings, after Pictures by Inman, Leutze, &c. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.*

The Diadem is a quarto of very rich appearance in every respect, and especially well adapted for a Christmas Gift. It is edited by the Rev. W. H. Furness of Philadelphia. Its engravings are, for the most part, of high merit. The frontispiece is particularly excellent—a mezzotint in Sartain's best manner, from Inman's painting, "The Page." The face is one of great sweetness and dignity of expression—but there is a pursiness about the chest and shoulders which slightly displeases. The title-page is from Leutze—an emblematical design—an angel presenting various devices. The editor speaks justly of the figure's "serene and earnest eyes"—but the composition of the whole work is confused. "The Momentous Question" by Sartain is from a well-known painting by Miss Setchell, representing a vivid scene from Crabbe—admirable altogether. "The Fisherman's Daughter" and "The Falconer's Son" are somewhat rashly taken from Landseer's picture of Bolton Abbey, the composition of which is so remarkably meritorious. In cutting out portions from such a work, there should have been fresh accessories, etc. What is admirable in its due position in a large picture, is very often displeasing when taken by itself, or merely with the points immediately surrounding it. "The Heart's Misgivings" by Sartain from Frank Stone, is excellent. "The Early Dawn" also by Sartain from Joshua Cristall is, we think, the best picture in the Annual, with the exception of "The Mask" from Inman: the mezzotinting in this last, is exceedingly good. "The Homeless" is from a picture by P. Poole an English artist, and has much force. The only engraving left unmentioned is a portrait of the deceased Edward L. Carey, drawn and engraved by Sartain. As a likeness we do not think it does full justice to the original, but we learn that it was partially taken after death.

The literary matter is supplied by the Editor—by Miss Lynch, Emerson and others. In general it is superior to the literature in Annuals. Here is something exceedingly *piquant* and *naïve*.

#### A FABLE.

BY R. W. EMERSON.

The mountain and the squirrel  
Had a quarrel,  
And the former called the latter "little prig";  
  
Bun replied,  
" You are doubtless very big,  
But all sorts of things and weather  
Must be taken in together  
To make up a year  
And a sphere;  
And I think it no disgrace  
To occupy my place.  
  
If I'm not so large as you,  
You are not so small as I  
And not half so spry.  
I'll not deny you make  
A very pretty squirrel track;  
Talents differ; all is well and wisely put;  
If I cannot carry forests on my back,  
Neither can you crack a nut.

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

A thick duodecimo of 372 pages, fine paper, richly bound, and embellished with an illuminated frontispiece presenting a specimen of Baxter's new process of printing in oil colors—subject

the Destruction of the Tanjore by lightning off Ceylon. In its literary contents the volume is especially rich. Among the names of contributors we notice Mrs. Sigourney, Whittier, Lowell, Hoyt, Tuckerman, Miss Gould, Simms, Mrs. Mowatt, Mancur, Epes Sargent, and others. The papers are, without exception well written, and principally of a religious cast. The volume is inscribed to "The Friends of Missions." Too much praise cannot be bestowed upon the editorial conduct and general getting up of this truly beautiful and valuable Annual.

*The Rose, or Affection's Gift for 1846. Edited by EMILY MARSHALL. Illustrated with Ten highly finished Steel Engravings. New-York: D. Appleton & Co.*

A 16 mo of 252 pages—beautiful paper, type and binding—upon the whole one of the most meritorious gift-books of the season. The literary contributors (authors' names not affixed) are all replete with interest, and there is not one of the ten engravings which is not a *bijou*. The Frontispiece and Title-page are exquisite, and the finest taste is displayed throughout.

*The May-flower for 1846. Edited by ROBERT HAMILTON.—Boston: Saxton & Kelt. For sale in New-York by Saxton & Miles and Saxton & Huntingdon.*

We have twice before noticed "The May-flower" but, while we are on the subject of Annuals, cannot refrain from once again calling attention to its merits.

It opens with a *very* beautiful frontispiece—a mezzotint by Sartain from a painting by Winterhalter. The engravings throughout are by Sartain, and all are excellent—particularly so—in the way of *small* mezzotints we have never seen anything better. One of them, "Cup-Tossing," from Crowley, is truly exquisite.

The contributions are, in general, from the most noted pens in America.

*Elinor Willys; or the Young Folk of Longbridge. A tale. By AMABEL PENFEATHER. Two volumes. Edited by J. FENIMORE COOPER. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.*

Mr. Cooper, in an Editor's preface, says very seriously:

The writer of this book is a valued female friend, who had a right to ask, and did ask, its editor's advice and assistance in presenting it to the public. That advice and assistance have been cheerfully afforded, though neither has properly extended to the literary character of the work. As the author has not wished to appear, the name of the editor has been used in obtaining the copy-right, and his assistance given in forwarding and returning proof-sheets. Over a few of the last the editor has cast his eye; but believing the author fully competent herself to superintend her own work, this supervision on the part of the editor has been very slight.

The author (real or supposititious) says afterwards in her own preface:

It will be more honest to confess at once, before the reader undertakes the first chapter, that the tale now before him is a first appearance in print, etc.

And subsequently:

If there are books which *must* be read, stupid or not, owing to the claim of some great name on the binding, the present story is not one of the number, etc.

All which only makes it apparent to our mind that Mr. Cooper is both author and editor. The names, as well as grammar, throughout, are exceedingly Cooperish—and the dialogue is especially so. The narrative is one of much interest.

*Wiley & Putnam's Library of Choice Reading, No. 38. The Book of Christmas. By THOMAS K. HERVEY.*

The book of Christmas is descriptive of the "Customs, Cere-

monies, Traditions, Superstitions, Fun, Feeling, and Festivities of the Christmas Season." The volume now published is, we believe, only an initial one; being limited to a review of the festival and its observances as they exist in *England*—adverting to the practices of other countries only incidentally. The book is full of interest, and is very seasonably put forth.

*First Lessons in English Composition; or, a Help to Young Writers.* By E. NOTT, D. D., President of Union College. Sixth Edition.

*First Lessons in Political Economy, for the Use of Schools and Families.* By JOHN M'VICAR, D. D., Professor of Political Economy, Columbia College, N. Y. Seventh Edition.

*First Lessons in Chemistry, for the Use of Schools and Families.* By UNCLE DAVY. Sixth Edition.

These little works have been received with great favor, and it would be difficult to conceive any similar Lessons better adapted to the instruction of very young persons. The two volumes first mentioned are guaranteed by the names of the authors. The last (by Uncle Davy) may be by Humphrey Davy, or his ghost, for anything that we know to the contrary, but with a fund of accurate chemical information it contains some unusually loose grammar. On the very first page, for example, we read:

Heat means the substance, that, when enough of it gets into anything, it makes that thing feel hot.

We will put this sentence (punctuation and all) against anything written by Thomas Carlyle.

These three valuable little volumes are published in New York, by Saxton & Miles.

*The Illustrated History of Palestine, from the Patriarchal Age to the Present Time.* By JOHN KITTO, Editor of the "Pictorial Bible," the "Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature," etc. New York: Wm. H. Graham, Tribune Buildings.

A duodecimo of 223 pages, illustrated by various engravings on wood. The history reaches from the Deluge to the Restoration of Syria to the dominion of the Porte—is well written, succinct and yet sufficiently comprehensive.

*Love and Mesmerism.* By HORACE SMITH. New York: Harper & Brothers.

A really admirable work, by an author who never did anything ill. No. 67 of the "Library of Select Novels."

*The Wandering Jew. Superbly Illustrated by the most eminent Artists of Paris.* New York: Harper & Brothers.

This admirable edition will be completed in about 18 numbers. No. 7 is issued.

*Harpers' Illuminated and Illustrated Shakspeare.* Nos. 71 and 72.

The conclusion of Timon, and commencement of Coriolanus. It is quite impossible to exaggerate the merit of the engravings, or of the paper and type.

*Republication of the London Lancet.* New York: Burgess, Stringer & Co.

The December number is issued—forming No. 6 of Vol. 2.

*Pictorial History of the World.* By JOHN FROST, L. L. D. Philadelphia: Walker and Gillis. For sale in New York by Wm. H. Graham.

No. 11 is issued—commencing the History of the Middle Ages.

*The Vigil of Faith, and other Poems.* By CHARLES FFNNO HOFFMAN. Fourth Edition. New York: Harper & Brothers.

We have received this volume of true poetry at too late a period to do more than announce it.

From J. S. Redfield & Co., we have received, also, too late for more than announcement, a beautiful edition of Shelley, with a well-written Prefatory Essay by G. G. Foster—and from Messrs. Clark & Austin, a handsome collection of Poems by Alfred Street.

### Sonnetto.

Degna nutrice delle chiare genti,  
Ch' ai di men foschi trionfar del mondo,  
Albergo già di Dei fido e girondo,  
Or di lagrime triste e di lamenti;  
Come posso udir io le tue dolenti  
Voci, e mirar senza dolor profondo  
Il sommo imperio tuo caduto al fondo,  
Tante tue pompe, e tanti fregi spenti?  
Tal così ancella maestà riserbi,  
E si dentro al mio cor suona il tuo nome,  
Ch' i tuoi sparsi vestigi inchino e adoro;  
Che fu a vederti in tanti onor superbi  
Seder Reina, e'ncoronata d'oro  
Le gloriose e venerabil chiome?

GIOVANNI GIUDIECIONE.

### The Fine Arts.

THE GERMAN OPERA, at Palmo's, affords a nightly *réunion* of the lovers of classical music. *Der Freischütz* is performed in a style we little expected to find. The choruses are admirable—better in fact than any we ever had in this city—and any one who knows what is the drudgery and difficulty of rehearsing an opera, with choristers of five or six different nations, one half of them scarcely acquainted with the first rudiments of music, will award great credit to the chorus master, Mr. Albert Berg. The first and second ladies, Madame Otto and Fraulein Korsinsky, the first for her admirable and correct singing, the latter for singing and acting, deserve high praise. Mr. Boucher astonished us by his beautiful enunciation, and when we consider that this gentleman has not sung in public before for eight years, he did far better than could be expected. On the whole, we think that, for the first time the American public can hear German music performed in German style. From their continual improvement, the troupe will probably attain that degree of goodness, which will insure, for themselves, a sound reputation as artists, and for the public, a lasting and welcome gratification. *Die Schweizer Familie* is the next opera, and the managers could not have made a better selection.

MR. BURKE has announced a second Concert at Niblo's. We have not seen any programme, but we suppose that Mr. Burke's reputation alone will fill the house.

MISS NORTHALL'S CONCERT in Brooklyn, on Monday evening last, was attended by one of the most fashionable audiences. She sang, encores and all, nine times; and the *Gypsy in the North*, a very difficult composition by the by, was given so well that repeated acclamations of delight during the performance, and a thunder of applause at the end of it, were her just reward. The duetts with *Signor de Begnis* were excellent, and we did not find the dragging we usually noticed in these pieces. Mr. Timm was as usual, and he seems to be the same favorite in Brooklyn as in New York.

From Firth, Hall & Pond, we have received

*La Belle Bohémienne*: a favorite Polka, by *Henri Herz*. This

composition is certainly more characteristic than many, from the same source, which have been issued so liberally within the last eight months. As it is easy, it will, no doubt, command a large sale.

*Devilshoof Quick Step* arranged from the Opera of the Bohemian Girl, by *Allen Dodworth*. This composition comes out a day after the fair, for the whole Opera is almost forgotten by this time. It is arranged very nicely, and we are glad to see for once, a piece clear of the gross faults with which arrangements of the kind generally abound.

*The Freshness of Life's Early Spring*, a song composed by *Benjamin S. Hart*. The whole melody seems to be the first part of something yet coming. As such it is very good, and lies in a compass which almost every voice can command.

### 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 of the Broadway Journal, will commence on Saturday, the tenth of January next.

MR. THOMAS H. LANE is the only person (beside ourselves) authorized to give receipts or transact business for The Broadway Journal.

ERRATUM.—In speaking, last week, of Mrs. Osgood's Poems, we used the word *anapaestic*, when we intended *dactylic*.

IN THE "Southern Literary Messenger" for December, we find a review (signed L.) of Leigh Hunt's "Imagination and Fancy." The critic is severe, and not unjustly so, although there are fifty points, at least, in which we disagree with him. The truth is, Hunt has exposed his weakness in "The Imagination and Fancy" which is a pitiable book—a mere jumble of crude, contradictory, unformed opinion—the opinion, too, of an ignorant man. We quote a passage or two from the review:—

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oct2

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JOHN BURFORD,  
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Hunt has somewhat improved his language since his palmy days, when he wrote the Lingua Cockneyana, and was truculently black-guarded by Christopher North. He still retains, however, a portion of the old leaven, and some of his vulgar smartness and "jauntiness," may be discerned with no microscopic eye in many of the passages quoted. His old coined words, "sphery," "prosaicalness," "unsuperfluousness," "one-ness," &c., still occasionally flutter round his pen, and force themselves in, despite his better judgment. He speaks of "Bottom and his brother *mechanicals*," in Midsummer's Night Dream, and defines Count Cenci, in Shelley's magnificent tragedy, to be a "potent ruffian." Sometimes, indeed, he ambitiously attempts a higher flight than his ordinary, careless, slip-shod, chatty, rambling style, and then his hippocriff, ascending into unaccustomed regions, becomes so utterly bewildered, that its devious course can scarcely be traced. How lucid is the following final definition of verse. He evidently feels that in it he has exhausted the subject; there is nothing more to be said concerning it, and that from so self-evident a decision there is no appeal.

Verse, in short, is that finishing and rounding, and 'tuneful planeting' of the poet's creations, which is produced of necessity by the smooth tendencies of their energy, or inward working, and the harmonious dance into which they are attracted round the orb of the beautiful.

Well done! We especially like that idea of the poet's creations skipping it on the light fantastic toe, and many-twinkling feet, round the "orb of the beautiful." The only regret it leaves with us is, that we have not been there to see it.

Of Leigh Hunt, it may verily be said "nihil quod, teligit non inquinavit."\* He attempts to praise nothing that he does not tend to lower in our estimation. His panegyric on Shelley, in "Byron and his Contemporaries," for a while almost gave us a dislike to that noble and nearly blameless character. He has a trifling, childish manner of praising, that frequently disgusts one with the objects of his admiration. How disagreeable are the following remarks concerning Shakspeare, whom he is comparing with Dante!

It is far better, that as a higher, more universal, and more beneficent variety of the genus Poet, he should have been the happier man he was, and left us the plump cheeks on his monument, instead of the carking visage of the great, but over-serious and one-sided Florentine. Even the imagination of Spenser, whom we take to have been a "nervous gentleman" compared with Shakspeare, was visited with no such dreams as Dante. Or, if it was, he did not choose to make himself thinner, (as Dante says *he did*), with dwelling upon them. He had twenty visions of nymphs and bowers, to one of the mud of Tartarus.

\* Mem. This is not our Latin.—*Ed. B. J.*

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II.

*Stories from the Italian Poets*, being a summary in Prose of the Poems of Dante, Pulci, Bolardo, Ariosto, and Tasso, with comments throughout, occasional passages versified, and Critical Notices of the Lives and Genius of the Authors. By Leigh Hunt, 16mo.

III.

*The Book of Christmas*. By T. K. Hervey.

IV.

*Views and Reviews in American History, Literature, and Art*.  
By W. Gilmore Simms.

V.

*The Alps and the Rhine*. By J. T. Headley.

VI.

*Mrs. Southey's Poems. The Birth-day, and other Poems—Solitary Hours*. By Caroline Southey, 2 vols. 16mo.—(Shortly.)

VII.

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*Tales from the German of Zschokke*, second series. *Illumination*; or, *the Sleep Walker*—*The Broken Cup*—*Jonathan Frock*—*The Involuntary Journey*—*Leaves from the Journal of a Poor Curate in Wiltshire*. By Parke Godwin.

IX.

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*The Life of the Great Condé*. By Lord Mahon, forming Nos. XXXIV. and XXXV. of "The Library of Choice Reading."  
dec 4

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Oct. 8.

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