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THE PIONEER.

JANUARY, 1843.

INTRODUCTION.

DR. JOHN NORTH, a man of some mark in his day, wrote on the first leaf of his notebook these significant words ;—" I beshrew his heart that gathers my opinion from anything wrote here ! " As we seated ourselves to the hard task of writing an introduction for our new literary journal, this sentence arose to our minds. It seemed to us to point clearly at the arch-want of our periodical literature. We find opinions enough and to spare, but scarce any of the healthy, natural growth of our soil. If native, they are seldom more than scions of a public opinion, too often planted and watered by the prejudices or ignorant judgments of individuals, to be better than a upas-tree shedding a poisonous blight on any literature that may chance to grow up under it. Or if foreign, they are, to borrow a musical term, "*recollections*" of Blackwood or the quarterlies, of Wilson, Macauley, or Carlyle—not direct imitations, but endeavors, as it were, to write with their cast-off pens fresh-nibbed for Cisatlantic service. The whole regiment comes one by one to our feast of letters in the same yellow domino. Criticism, instead of being governed as it should be, by the eternal and unchanging laws of beauty which are a part of the soul's divine nature, seems rather to be a striving to reduce Art to one dead level of conventional mediocrity

— which only does not offend taste, because it lacks even the life and strength to produce any decided impression whatever.

We are the farthest from wishing to see what many so ardently pray for—namely, a *National* literature ; for the same mighty lyre of the human heart answers the touch of the master in all ages and in every clime, and any literature, as far as it is national, is diseased, inasmuch as it appeals to some climatic peculiarity, rather than to the universal nature. Moreover everything that tends to encourage the sentiment of *caste*, to widen the boundary between races, and so to put farther off the hope of one great brotherhood, should be steadily resisted by all good men. But we do long for a *natural* literature. One green leaf, though of the veriest weed, is worth all the crape and wire flowers of the daintiest Paris milliners. For it is the glory of Nature that in her least part she gives us all, and in that simple love-token of her's we may behold the type of all her sublime mysteries, as in the least fragment of the true artist we discern the working of the same forces which culminate gloriously in a Hamlet or a Faust. We would no longer see the spirit of our people held up as a mirror to the OLD WORLD ;— but rather lying like one of our own inland oceans, reflecting not only the

mountain and the rock, the forest and the red-man, but also the steamboat and the railcar, the cornfield and the factory. Let us learn that romance is not married to the past, that it is not the birthright of ferocious ignorance and chivalric barbarity,—but that it ever was and is an inward quality, the darling child of the sweetest refinements and most gracious amenities of peaceful gentleness, and that it can never die till only water runs in these red rivers of the heart, that cunning adept which can make vague cathedrals with blazing oriels and streaming spires out of our square meeting-boxes

“Whose rafters sprout upon the shady side.”

We do not mean to say that our writers should not profit by the results of those who have gone before them, nor gather from all countries those excellencies which are the effects of detached portions of that universal tendency to the Beautiful, which must be centred in the Great Artist. But let us not go forth to them; rather let us draw them by sympathy of nature to our own heart, which is the only living principle of every true work. The artist must use the tools of others, and understand their use, else were their lives fruitless to him, and his, in turn, vain to all who came after: but the skill must be of his own toilsome winning, and he must not, like Goethe's magician's apprentice, let the tools become his masters. But it seems the law of our literature to receive its impulses from without rather than from within. We ask oftener than the wise king of Ashantee, “What is thought of us in England?” We write with the fear of the newspapers before our eyes, every one of which has its critic, the Choragus of his little circle, self-elected expounder of the laws of Nature—which he at first blush understands more thoroughly than they whom Nature herself has chosen, and who have studied them life-long—and who unites at pleasure the executive with the judiciary to crush some offender mad enough to think for himself. Men seem endowed with an insane alacrity to believe that wisdom elects the dullest heads for her confidants, and crowd to burn incense to the hooting owl, while the thoughtful silence of the goddess makes them to mistake her for her bird.

We boast much of our freedom, but they who boast thereof the loudest have mostly a secret sense of fetters.

“License they mean when they cry liberty;”

and there is among us too much freedom to

speak and think ill—a freedom matched with which the lowest of all other slaveries were as the blue tent of Heaven to a dungeon—and too little freedom to think, and speak, and act the highest and holiest promptings of the eternal soul. We cheat to-morrow, to satisfy the petty dunning of to-day; we bribe ourselves with a bubble reputation, whose empty lightness alone lends it a momentary elevation, and show men our meanest part, as if we could make ourselves base enough to believe that we should offend their vanity, by showing our noblest and highest. Are prejudices to be overcome by grovelling to them? Is Truth any longer worthy of the name, when she stoops to take falsehood by the hand, and caresses her, and would fain wheedle her to forego her proper nature? Can we make men noble, the aim and end of every literature worthy of the name, by showing them our own want of nobleness? In the name of all holy and beautiful things at once, no! We want a manly, straightforward, *true* literature, a criticism which shall give more grace to beauty, and more depth to truth, by lovingly embracing them wherever they may lie hidden, and a creed whose truth and nobleness shall be ensured, by its being a freedom from all creeds.

The young heart of every generation looks forth upon the world with restless and bitter longing. To it the earth still glitters with the dews of a yet unforfeited Eden, and in the midst stands the untasted tree of knowledge of good and evil. We hear men speak of the restless spirit of the age, as if our day were peculiar in this regard. But it has always been the same. The Young is radical, the Old conservative; they who have not, struggle to get, and they who have gotten, clench their fingers to keep. The Young, exulting in its tight and springy muscles, stretches out its arms to clasp the world as its plaything; and the Old bids it be a good boy and mind its papa, and it shall have sugar-plums. But still the new spirit yearns and struggles, and expects great things; still the Old shakes its head, ominous of universal anarchy; still the world rolls calmly on, and the youth grown old shakes its wise head at the next era. Is there any more danger to be looked for in the radicalism of youth than in the conservatism of age? Both gases must be mixt ere the cooling rain will fall on our seed-field. The true reason for the fear which we often see expressed of a freedom which shall be debased into destructiveness and license, is

to be found in a false judgment of the natural progress of things. Cheerfully will men reverence all that is *true*, whether in the new or the old. It is only when you would force them to revere falsehoods that they will reluctantly throw off all reverence, without which the spirit of man must languish, and at last utterly die. Truth, in her natural and infinitely various exponents of beauty and love, is all that the soul reverences long ; and, as Truth is universal and absolute, there can never be any balance in the progress of the soul till one law is acknowledged in all her departments. Radicalism has only gone too far when it has *hated* conservatism, and has despised all reverence because conservatism is based upon it, forgetting that it is only so inasmuch as it is a needful part of nature. To have claimed that reverence should not play at blind-man's-buff had been enough.

In this country, where freedom of thought does not shiver at the cold shadow of Spielberg (unless we name this prison of "public opinion" so), there is no danger to be apprehended from an excess of it. It is only where there is no freedom, that anarchy is to be dreaded. The mere sense of freedom is of too pure and holy a nature to consist with injustice and wrong. We would fain have our journal, in some sort at least, a journal of progress,—one that shall keep pace with the spirit of the

age, and sometimes go near its deeper heart. Yet, while we shall aim at that gravity which is becoming of a manly literature, we shall hope also to satisfy that lighter and sprightlier element of the soul, without whose due culture the character is liable to degenerate into a morose bigotry and selfish precisianism.

To be one exponent of a young spirit which shall aim at power through gentleness, the only mean for its secure attainment, and in which freedom shall be attuned to love by a reverence for all beauty wherever it may exist, is our humble hope. And to this end we ask the help of all who feel any sympathy in such an undertaking. We are too well aware of the thousand difficulties which lie in the way of such an attempt, and of the universal failure to make what is written come near the standard of what is thought and hoped, to think that we shall not at first disappoint the expectations of our friends. But we shall do our best, and they must bear with us, knowing that what is written from month to month, can hardly have that care and study which is needful to the highest excellence, and believing that

"We shall be willing, if not apt to learn;
Age and experience will adorn our mind
With larger knowledge: and, if we have done
A wilful fault, think us not past all hope,
For once."

HUDSON RIVER.

BY T. W. PARSONS.

RIVERS that roll most musical in song,
Are often lovely to the mind alone;
The wanderer muses, as he moves along
Their barren banks, on glories not their own.

When, to give substance to his boyish dreams,
He flies abroad far countries to survey,
Oft must he whisper, greeting foreign streams,
"Their names alone are beautiful, not they."

And oft, remembering rivulets more fair,
Whose praise no poet yet has dared to sound,
He marvels much that deserts dull and bare,
Soaked by scant brooks, should be so wide renowned.

If chance he mark the shrunken Danube pour
 A tide more meagre than his native Charles ;
 Or views the Rhone when summer's heat is o'er,
 Subdued and stagnant in the fen of Arles ;

Or when he sees the slimy Tiber fling
 His sullen tribute at the feet of Rome,
 Oft to his partial thought must memory bring
 More noble waves that sleep unhymned at home ;

Then will he mourn that not in nature dwell
 The charms which fired him in harmonious verse,
 For numbers veil mean objects with a spell
 Whose mist the reasoning senses must disperse.

But bid him climb the Catskill to behold
 Thy flood, O Hudson ! marching to the deep,
 And tell what strain of any bard of old
 Might paint thy grace and imitate thy sweep.

In distant lands, ambitious walls and towers
 Declare what robbers once the realm possessed,
 But here heaven's handiwork surpasses ours,
 And man has hardly more than built his nest.

No storied castle overawes thy heights,
 Nor antique arches curb thy current's play,
 Nor crumbling architrave the mind invites
 To dream of deities long passed away.

No gothic buttress, nor decaying shaft
 Of marble yellowed by a thousand years,
 Rears a proud landmark to the cloudlike craft
 That grows in sight then melts and disappears.

But cliffs, unaltered from their primal form
 Since the subsiding of the deluge, rise
 And lift their savins to the upper storm,
 To screen the skiff that underneath it plies.

Farms, rich not more in harvests, than in men
 Of Saxon mould, and strong for every toil,
 Gem the green mead or scatter through the glen
 Bæotian plenty in a Spartan soil.

Then, where the reign of cultivation ends,
 Again the beauteous wilderness begins ;
 From steep to steep one solemn wild extends,
 Till some new hamlet's growth the boscaje thins.

And there deep groves forever have remained
 Touched by no axe — by no proud owner nursed :
 As now they bloom, they bloomed when Pharaoh reigned,
 Lineal descendants of creation's first.

Thou Scottish Tweed, whose course is holier now,
 Since thy last minstrel laid him down to die,
 Where through the casement of his chamber thou
 Didst mix thy moan with his departing sigh ;

A single one of Hudson's lesser hills
Might furnish forests for the whole of thine,
Hide in thick shade all Humber's feeding rills
And blacken all the children of the Tyne.

Whatever waters rush from Albion's heart,
To float the citadels that crowd her sea,
In nothing save the meaner pomp of Art,
Sublimer Hudson! can be named with thee.

Could bloated Thames with all his riches buy
To deck the strand which London leads with gold,
Sunshine so fresh — such purity of sky
As bless thy sultry season and thy cold?

No deeds we know, are chronicled of thee
In sacred scrolls; no tales of doubtful claim
Have hung a history on every tree,
And given each rock its fable and a fame.

But neither here hath any conqueror trod
Nor grim invaders from barbarian climes;
No horrors feigned of giant or of god
Pollute thy stillness with recorded crimes.

Here never yet have happy fields laid waste,
And butchered flocks and heaps of burning fruit,
The cottage ruined — and the shrine defaced,
Tracked the foul passage of the feudal brute.

"Alas, Antiquity!" the stranger sighs —
"Scenes wanting thee soon pall upon the view;
The soul's indifference dulls the sated eyes,
Where all is fair indeed — but all is new."

False thought! is age to musty books confined?
To Grecian fragments and Egyptian bones?
Hath Time no monuments to raise the mind,
More than old fortresses and sculptured stones?

Call not this new which is the only land
That wears unchanged the same primeval face
Which, when just budding from its Maker's hand,
Gladdened the first great grandsire of our race.

Nor did Euphrates with an earlier birth
Glide past green Eden towards the unknown south,
Than Hudson flashed upon the infant earth,
And kissed the ocean with its nameless mouth.

Twin-born with Jordan, Ganges and the Nile!
Thebes and the pyramids to thee are young;
Oh! had thy fountain burst from Britain's isle,
Till now perchance it had not flowed unsung.

VOLTAIRE.

HEAVEN shield me from ambition such as his —
To weigh a pun against Eternal bliss
And scoff at God for an antithesis.

AARON BURR.

BY JOHN NEAL.

To speak of the Dead as they deserve, is to bring the whole world about your ears. It is the greatest of hardships — for neither the living nor the dead will bear the truth. Pigmies become giants, harnessed in "golden panoply complete," and carrying spears like weaver's beams, in the exaggerating atmosphere of that Other-World. Vices change to Virtues, and Folly to warm-hearted Weakness, under the transforming power of the grave. The Departed, who were nobodies while they lived, loom like ships at sea after death; until the great over-peopled Past is thronged with dwarfed and stunted apparitions, toiling and stretching and crowding and jostling one another for a niche where they may rest themselves — mere standing room for a few days at most, is all they ask — who, but for their biographers and their booksellers, and the hope *they* have to be remembered yet a little while after death, or at least paid for their labor, would have been forgotten forever before the turf had flowered once upon their graves.

To overpraise the dead is reckoned a virtue by men who always underrate the living. We flatter the dead that we may be flattered after death. We are lavish in this world, that we may reap a golden harvest in the next. Truth is mighty, nevertheless; and there may be found here and there one, a "faithful few" at most, not unwilling to hear the truth even of the departed; a sermon preached, even among the tombs.

Aaron Burr was one of the most remarkable men of his day. Alive or dead, there is no speaking of him without a shudder. Beyond the every-day acceptance of the word, he was a *great* man; for wiser and better men were afraid of him, and he made himself felt, and heard himself acknowledged whithersoever he bent his way. If he but lifted his finger in earnest, or breathed aloud, in the day of his strength, all the political and social and moral elements of society about him were disturbed. He carried a truncheon, like a thunderbolt, whose authority, from first to last, during a period of thirty years, it was death to question. While yet a youth, his elder brethren did obeisance to him, and as he waxed older, they prostrated themselves in his path, and he trampled upon them, and spurned them.

And yet — notwithstanding all this, and notwithstanding the profound impression he appears to have made upon all who associated with him, or made war upon him, during the busiest part of a long and eventful life; in the camp and in the cabinet, in the senate chamber,

in the forum and at the fire-side; whether he appeared among them as a soldier, as a politician, as a man of the world, or as a lawyer — by turns the betrayer and the betrayed — and whether doubted or trusted, denounced or worshipped — now glorying in his own ruthless treachery, and now standing at bay against the treachery of others — what has he left behind him to tell that he ever lived? Nothing — absolutely nothing! A name like a shadow — vast, unwieldy and portentous — but after all, a shadow, and nothing but a shadow!

With no monument, no record, no history! leaving neither brother nor sister, neither wife nor child! no drop of his blood running in the veins of a single human creature, unless by stealth — what is there to make people remember him? Like the unhappy Lear, he lived to "*confess* that he was old;" to acknowledge with a trembling voice and a quenched eye, that "*age was unnecessary*;" that he was "*four-score and upwards, and mightily abused*;" and to look about him, as he drew near to the anti-chamber of Death, for some one to take charge of the kingly wreck, and "*vouchsafe him food and raiment.*" And this was the end of Aaron Burr!

He died in his eighty-first year. His whole life was a drama — and though he was blasted in the fourth act, as with fire from heaven, and lay upon the cold earth naked and houseless and hopeless, yet, in obedience to the great laws of the drama, the awful catastrophe was reserved for the fifth act. From first to last, having no faith in Man, no hope for himself beyond that which lurks in the bosom of a cool and crafty gambler, who depends upon over-reaching all who may happen to think better of him than he deserves, he played, whatever might be the stake, as if playing for his own soul with the Enemy of man; without sympathy, remorse or compunction; heedless of all consequences either to himself or to those whom he pretended most to love on earth. His eye never quailed — his hand never shook — "*his feet were swift to shed blood.*"

What shall be said of such a man? Is he to pass away untouched by earthly retribution? an example rather than a warning to others? Are the ambitious and the unprincipled to believe that they have nothing to fear from the judgments of men? Is there to be no profit in dealing justly with these disturbers of the peace, after death? Or shall his name be suffered to perish forever, lest in troubling the dead we may trouble the quick? Or shall it be remembered as a nightmare that weighed upon our

fathers, awake or asleep; and haunted them alike in the battle-field and the senate-chamber?

Is it enough to say of such men — *they are no more!* Will society breathe freer? will the great pulses of human life carry on their "healthful music," as if nothing strange had happened, when such men depart from among us? What if, by summoning them to reappear upon earth, to stand up in their grave-clothes, before the Future they defied and scoffed at; before the children of those whom they have so mightily wronged, we may oblige them to declare the truth, to uncover their festering hearts before all the world, to lay bare the secrets that were buried with them? What should restrain us — and who would venture to rebuke us?

Do the Living owe so much to the Dead, and the Dead nothing to them? Are we never to know of a truth, and to judge for ourselves, who the great men of this world are? Must we take everything upon hearsay, all we so earnestly desire to know, upon trust? In that dread charnel-house, the buried human heart, once alive and sweltering with unholy fire, the living who are alike selfish, unsparing and resolute, and who, while they stop at nothing to effect their purposes, are not altogether beyond the reach of hope, may find somewhat to alarm their consciences, to teach them worldly wisdom, if nothing better, and to make them doubt and parley with the Destroyer, if nothing more, when they find themselves beset on every side by the sensual and the loathsome; when their very spirits fail them before the harlotry of the imagination; and the bale-fires that kindle of themselves at the approach of unhallowed appetite, or "the last infirmity of noble minds," are like lions in their path.

For the encouragement of those who are toiling for mastery over themselves, before they venture to push for dominion over others; and who are neither afraid nor ashamed because of the "world's dread laugh," to say, when they are sorely buffeted, "Get behind me Satan!" And as a warning to all who, whatever else they may have done, have not yet surrendered body and soul to the blandishments of Ambition, nor been swallowed up quick among the whirlpools of the hour, it may be worth while to look into the history of Aaron Burr's life.

What an epitaph to begin with! He cumbered the earth for eighty years; troubling the spirits of men with a visible awe; warring with usages and with principles as with nations; overthrowing all that opposed him, till his foot rested upon the very threshold of empire — tumbled headlong to the earth, at the very moment of his final triumph — and dying at last, friendless, and homeless, and childless, without sympathy or fellowship — and literally forgotten, years before the earth had closed over him!

"Leaving an OUTLAW'S name to other times,
Linked with *one* virtue and a thousand crimes."

And what was that one virtue? We shall see. It was the virtue of endurance. Up to the very day of his death, you find him, like Hannibal, and like Napoleon, *self-sustained*, amid the wreck and ruin of all his cherished hopes; in desolation and bereavement and weariness of life, beyond the power of language to describe — thunder-blasted and alone — yet self-sustained!

The overthrow of all his mighty schemes; the utter ebbing of that faithless and fathomless ocean, which had borne him onward so long and so triumphantly; the sudden and total eclipse of all the splendors that had so long beset his path — of all the blazing trophies he had heaped together at so much cost of labor, and sacrifice of principle — the noon-day shipwreck of every earthly hope — all these things he withstood, as if they were the idle drifting phantoms of sleep, instead of being what they were — overwhelming, dread and vast realities.

He bore them all, if not submissively, and with humble resignation, at least in silence and with dignity — manfully and uncomplainingly; and all this, without the consolations of a religious faith; without the consciousness of a well-spent life; without friendship, without sympathy, and without hope. Like imperial Cæsar, he gathered his robe about him, and covered his face, fell, — and in the very midst of those who but the other day were his obedient slaves. The moment he had overstepped the fiery circle that held them in awe, the spirits he had conjured up, turned upon him and tore him in their wrath. And still, unlike Hannibal and Cato, and the mighty of other days, and unlike him, "from whose reluctant hand the thunderbolt was wrung," the Unconquerable of our day, he forebore to lift his hand against *Himself* — the Lord's anointed — but stood still, and waited the coming of Death, as a monarch would the approach of an ambassador laden with kingly gifts.

If Aaron Burr was not a great man, what was he? If with his *one* virtue, standing up alone in its gigantic proportions, unhelped and unsustained, yet steadfast as the living rock, he could endure life, with all its disappointments and trials and emptiness, when he knew he had nothing to hope on this side the grave, and not much on the other: when he felt that he had lived in vain, and that he was already forgotten; and this, year after year, when he longed for death and was not afraid to die — what kind of a man must he have been, if that one single virtue had gathered to itself other virtues, alike serene and lofty, and their fellowship had continued on earth for eighty years? Would not this whole country have been the happier — whole ages, better and wiser — that Aaron Burr had lived?

Would his enemies have been able to write upon his grave then, aught to compare in awful significance with what his best friends are obliged to write now — Aaron Burr is no more. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum.*

Let us look into his life. Up to the last, and even upon his death-bed, if we may believe his biographer, "he was far more tenacious of his military, than of his professional, political or moral character." And well he might be!

In obedience to his death-bed injunction, therefore, let us try to understand *first* his military character.

He joins the revolutionary armies without experience or preparation, while he is yet in his twentieth year, feeble and effeminate, small of stature, and so youthful in appearance, that when he comes to be distinguished, as Colonel Burr, he is mistaken for Colonel Burr's son, and goes by that name for a long while in the army. Having heard of Arnold's design upon Quebec, the Gibraltar of the New World, he volunteers as a private, shoulders his musket, straps on his knapsack, and marches afoot from Cambridge to Newburyport; baffling the best concerted schemes of his guardian to thwart the enterprise. And the next time we hear of him, he is on his way to the Canadas, charged by Arnold himself with a confidential despatch for Montgomery; stealing through our great northern wilderness, in the depth of winter, afoot and almost alone; and after enduring hardships more trying than those which regenerated the effeminate Cæsar, narrowly escaping death by freezing and by drowning, by starvation and by the halter, he reaches Montgomery, is appointed his aid-de-camp, volunteers to lead a forlorn hope, is with him in the midnight attack upon the citadel, in a heavy snow-storm, and is almost the only survivor among the steadfast few that led the assault—Montgomery and McPherson and Cheesman being swept down at his side, by the accidental discharge of that single cannon which saved Quebec—and the whole party being obliged to retreat, with all their foremost men either dead or dying—shattered to pieces, or bleeding to death upon the snow.

Soon after this, we find him in Washington's family by special invitation; and while he is yet under age, appointed aid-de-camp to Major-General Putnam, and bringing off a whole brigade in safety from a position of exceeding peril, contrary to the opinion of General Knox himself, who regarded the project as altogether hopeless. That his character as a *soldier*, not as a *man*, stood high with the Commander-in-chief, may be safely inferred from the fact that he was appointed a Lieutenant-Colonel by Washington himself, in his twenty-second year; that he was immediately employed in the important and arduous duty of establishing and maintaining a line of communication along the seaboard, and that soon after this, all the senior officers were withdrawn, so as to give him entire control of the militia posted for the defence of Valley Forge; and this, when Burr was known to be opposed to the Commander-in-chief, and to belong to a party, with Lee, and Gates, and Cadwallader for ring-leaders, who were plotting to drive Washington from the army, by moving an inquiry in Congress

into the causes of the failure of the preceding campaign, and passing a vote of censure, which it was believed would provoke the high-spirited Virginian to withdraw; a plan which smacks marvellously of the temper, and craft, and courtesy, which always characterized the intrigues of Aaron Burr. *Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re*, was the motto he wore blazoned, not only upon his banner and shield, but upon his forehead. Inexorable as death and smooth as oil, is but a fair translation of the legend.

Throughout his military career, you find him full of resource and courage, energetic, prompt and wary; watchful to a proverb; never taken by surprise, never losing his self-possession, never sparing himself, nor ever faltering in his self-reliance for a single moment; now marching a body of three hundred men against a marauding party of the enemy three thousand strong—surprising their sentinels, destroying their picket-guard, breaking up their camp, and returning in safety, after being two days and nights without sleep, and marching thirty miles in less than ten hours; now parading a corps of mutineers by moonlight, and going out single-handed against them, and cutting down the ringleader at the very instant of a preconcerted attack; now planning enterprise after enterprise, alike remarkable for boldness and generalship—enterprises which others were left to undertake and fail in, lest he should become conceited perhaps; and now establishing such a character with the Commander-in-chief, that he '*cannot be spared*,' even at the urgent solicitation of General Gates himself; now halting his brigade under a heavy fire at the battle of Monmouth, and offering up himself and his men, a willing sacrifice to a soldier's first duty—obedience; now broken down in health, demanding a furlough, and refusing it when offered, because it came with a letter from the Commander-in-chief, continuing his pay; and now leaping from a sick bed at the blast of a trumpet, and taking command of the students at College-green, throwing himself headlong upon a body of British, and staying their march; and always, from first to last, during the whole of his military career, manifesting a firmness, a readiness, a coolness and a quickness, which on a wider theatre, and in the schools of Europe, would have made him one of the first captains of the age—perhaps of any age.

And yet we are called upon to believe that this extraordinary man, this great soldier, in the maturity of his strength, and with all his abundant resources gathered about him for the very purpose, undertook the conquest of Mexico with less than one hundred and thirty men, all told! Not a tenth part of the strength of Cortes, employed three hundred years ago upon the very same enterprise, when Mexico was peopled with naked barbarians. Instead of five hundred and eight men in armor, sixteen horses, one hundred and nine priests and supernumeraries, with artillery and ships in proportion, the armament of Fernando Cortes, Aaron Burr is

ready to overthrow the same vast empire, after it has become rich and powerful, with one hundred and thirty backwoodsmen — a few flat-bottomed boats — the resources of Blannerhasset — and the verbal promises of General Wilkinson! Was the man mad! or was this only a *fetch*, preparatory to driving the President and both houses of Congress into the Potomac, as he had threatened?

So much for the military character of Aaron Burr, that on which he so prided himself upon his death-bed. Let us now look at him in his professional character, as a lawyer.

He was admitted at the age of twenty-six, after a severe examination by the oldest and ablest of the New York bar, who had opposed his admission with all their strength. At the age of thirty-three, he was appointed Attorney-general of the state, and soon after a judge of the supreme court of New York, which office he declined.

That he was bold, acute, keen, wary and unprincipled, as great lawyers are exceedingly apt to be, their lives being a game of chess, and victory their whole object; and as the more abominable and hopeless their cases, the more creditable to them it is to prevail, not only in the opinion of their brother lawyers, the bar and the bench, but in the opinion of those who pay the piper — the people — no professional man would ever think of denying. Certain of his great cases were gained in the very teeth of established law, and against the opinion of the whole New York bar. In one at least, he prevailed against the written opinions of such men as Alexander Hamilton, and those who trod with him in the foremost rank of the profession, although settlements and purchases had been made, and buildings erected on the faith of those opinions. The steamboat case, the Eden cases, and his own trial for high treason would be enough, were there nothing else, to show that Aaron Burr was a great lawyer — one of the greatest, all things considered, which this country, so fruitful in great lawyers, has yet produced. Still he was not a learned lawyer, nor by any means remarkable for comprehensiveness. Principles he extracted with great ease and acuteness; but with what lawyers call the philosophy of the law — with its vastness and its wholeness — he was not familiar. He was neither a Hale nor a Mansfield, nor a Parsons, neither a Pinkney nor a Martin, neither a Kent nor a Story — but he was a something between a Coke and a Saunders; full of resource and stratagem, ingenious, crafty and unrelenting; learned, for the occasion, and more anxious to triumph by overreaching or outwitting his adversary, than to succeed upon the merits. In a word, he was a capital special pleader, and could have cleared up the mystery between a traverse *upon* a traverse and a traverse *after* a traverse, to your heart's content, after you had got puzzled over the "books." He was a man to whom Shephard's Touchstone, or Fearnes's Contingent Remainders and

Executory Devises, upon a pinch, would outrank a whole library of such books as Beccaria, Montesquieu, Sir William Jones on Bailments, or Jeremy Bentham on Punishments and Rewards, or on Morals and Legislation, the latter of which works he acknowledged to Albert Gallatin, in 1793, was "*too dry for him.*"

With regard to his eloquence, that chief element of high professional character, it is enough to say, that he was brief, clear, impressive, and wholly destitute of imagination; that notwithstanding all this, he could not be followed by a note-taker — and that, on bidding farewell to the United States Senate, over which he had presided with astonishing dignity and impartiality, he left the whole body in tears.

And now — as to the man's political character. It was undoubtedly as much owing to the intrigues and address of Aaron Burr — to his getting possession of Hamilton's letter and publishing it in the North before it had done its office at the South; and to his management with regard to the leading measures and leading men of the day; as to any, and perhaps all other circumstances and combinations, that the old Federal party was overthrown. He was in the legislature at an early period of his political career; was run for governor — and then for the first office in the gift of the American people; and after no less than thirty-six ballotings, was, if not actually swindled out of the presidential chair, so cunningly overreached by Jefferson, in his management of the informal Georgia votes, that Jefferson was swindled in.

Had Burr triumphed, and Jefferson failed, how different would have been the history of this Republic for the last thirty years! and how different the life, and death, and history of these two men!

Burr would have been the great man — the practical man — the statesman: Jefferson the philosopher, the visionary and the book-worm; remarkable, not so much for salt mountains, horned frogs, red plush breeches, or black Sally, as for having written the Declaration of Independence and the Notes on Virginia; and for having counselled the unconstitutional purchase of Louisiana. Nothing could be more profitable — nothing more unjust, answered Aristides, and the Athenian people said *no*. Nothing could be more unjust — nothing more profitable, said Thomas Jefferson, and Louisiana was purchased by the American Senate, and the American people said *yes*.

And now for the moral character of Aaron Burr. Washington knew him well, thought highly of him as a soldier, but had *no confidence in his integrity*. Hence he refused to send him to France instead of Gouverneur Morris, when the latter was recalled at the urgent solicitation of the democratic power, although its organs, Madison and Munroe, waited upon him twice with the whole strength of their party, to persuade or drive him into the measure. No, said Washington — I have no confidence in the

man's integrity ; but I will nominate you, sir, (to Mr. Madison.)

Jefferson had no confidence in Burr — which, to be sure, is only saying that Burr and Jefferson were too much alike, ever to think well of each other. They were children of the same father — chips of the same block ; and how *could* either trust the other ?

Alexander Hamilton had no confidence in Burr ; for with all his delicacy and caution and his anxiety to avoid a duel, which was alike repugnant to his nature and to his religious faith, he could not bring himself to deny that he had spoken of Burr as he *deserved* ; and on the day before the meeting, with the solemnity to be looked for on such an occasion, he records the following for whomsoever it might concern after the morrow.

"He (Col. Burr,) doubtless has heard of animadversions of mine *which bore very hard upon him*. I trust at the same time that the world will do me the justice to believe, that *I have not censured him on light grounds*, nor from unworthy inducements. *I certainly have had strong reasons for what I have said*, though it is *possible* that in some particulars, I have been influenced by misconstruction or misinformation. It is also my ardent wish that *I may have been more mistaken than I think I have been.*"

Such was the testimony of Alexander Hamilton — at the near approach of death — concerning the *moral* character of Aaron Burr.

The importance of that testimony in the view of Burr himself, may be inferred from the fact, that all he asked of Hamilton was a general denial of a general charge — in other words, a *certificate of character* : and failing to obtain that from the scrupulous and tried soldier, the accomplished gentleman, and the conscientious christian, he put him to death.

That Hamilton was a doomed man, years before he fell by the hand of Burr, appears to be certain ; that Burr sought the quarrel, and meant to kill Hamilton at all hazards, is proved by the correspondence itself — for he refused to specify anything capable of denial, and insisted upon Hamilton's denying the *inference* made by another (Dr. Cooper) from the political conversation of Hamilton ! And, as if this were not enough, we have Burr's self-complacency abroad, and up to the last hour of his life on that particular, and his declarations to Bentham, that he intended to kill Hamilton — for which that great and good man looked upon him to his dying day with horror and detestation, calling him a cold-blooded and atrocious ruffian.

Judge Kent pronounced Burr — and so did many others best able to judge of him in the day of his strength, a *dangerous* man. But why *dangerous*, if he was not unprincipled ? And Jeremy Bentham refused to put faith in him — regarding him as a professed "*man-catcher*," — notwithstanding all that Burr had been doing for a twelvemonth, to secure the

great man's confidence, by subscribing so far to his opinions, even respecting marriage, as to pretend that he had a daughter at Bentham's service, without the formality of marriage — though he had only one in the world, and she a true-hearted woman, pure and faithful — a wife and a mother.

But of this, the most damning stain that rests upon the moral character of Aaron Burr, what proof is to be had ?

First, there are the declarations of Bentham, made while he and Burr were both alive, and actually published to the world, in as plain language as the subject would bear, thirteen years ago. In the memoirs alluded to, the charge stands thus. "I might refer also to the proposition made by Mr. B. — a father — touching the daughter he sent for, and who was not long afterwards, I believe, lost at sea — but I forbear."

Next we have the evidence furnished by the biographer and friend of Aaron Burr, proving that for some reason or other, the daughter in question *was* sent for by her father while he was under Bentham's roof ; that arrangements were made to receive her *there* ; and the rooms actually assigned for her by Bentham himself ; and that for some reason or other, these arrangements were broken up, just when all the preparations had been completed.

Be it remembered also, that from first to last, there is no evidence in the life of Aaron Burr to show that his daughter was ever known by Bentham to be either a married woman or a mother ; while, on the contrary, it appears that he was encouraged by Burr, who lends him her picture, and sends Bentham's bust to her along with a box of other "combustibles," to call her a "*dear little creature*," "*my dear Theodosia*," &c., &c., and to enter into correspondence with her.

Long after the publication of the memoirs referred to, and three or four years after a review of the life of Aaron Burr, in the New Yorker, where all the evidence touching this point is detailed, the following strange corroboration turned up. In a copy of the memoirs, and on the margin of a leaf on which appears the original charge, the following entry in pencil, was made by the Rev. Mr. Pierpont, at the request of the author, who had just heard him state the fact in conversation. "This reminds me that colonel William Alston, the father of Joseph, who married Miss Burr, once told me at his own table, that soon after the marriage of his son to Miss B., her father, colonel Burr, had told him, (Col. Alston) that rather than have had his daughter marry otherwise than to *his* mind, he would have made her the *mistress* of some gentleman of rank or fortune, who would have placed her in the station in society for which *he had educated her*." But, adds Mr. Pierpont, in another note at the bottom of the page, "I believe, however, that not even parental authority or influence, could ever have brought the beautiful and accomplished Theo-

dosia Burr thus to prostitute herself to her father's ambitious purposes."

Well then — thus far we have the evidence that Burr had no principle to restrain him; that he sent for his daughter to come and live in Bentham's house, after the birth of her child, and that he had avowed a purpose corresponding somewhat in its infamous nature, with that charged upon him by the biographer of Bentham, on Bentham's authority; although it is *certain* that the daughter knew nothing of the father's plans, and by no means probable that the father himself ever meant anything more than to cheat Bentham into a belief that in *him* he had at least one thoroughgoing disciple, among his ten thousand flatterers.

The next piece of evidence is out of Burr's own mouth — fortified by the testimony of his biographer. Burr changes his *plan*, on finding his daughter in earnest about coming, and the project is abandoned. Let it be borne in mind, that Burr declares from the first, that he would educate a daughter precisely as he would a son, or to use his own words, that "*female education should in no respect differ from that of young men.*" But how would he educate young men? Look at his private journal, where he brags of his reputation for *gallantry*, and keeps a record of all his pitiful intrigues — for the amusement of a beloved daughter on his return. How he would have educated a son may be inferred in fact from his whole life, abroad and at home, by precept and example. From Miss Moncrief to the Duchess of Gordon, and through all the intermediate stages of the vulgar and the dissolute, he was always the same Aaron Burr, more anxious to be thought successful with women of *character*, good or bad, than for anything else under heaven.

But it is high time to hear the testimony of his biographer and *friend*. "On this point" — his *bonnes fortunes* — "he was excessively vain, and regardless of all ties which ought to control an honorable mind. *She that listened was lost.*" This reminds one of Rousseau, always a favorite with Burr. She who reads my book, says the Frenchman, is *une fille perdue*. "For more than half a century," continues the biographer of Aaron Burr, "the women seemed to absorb his whole thoughts. His intrigues were without number; his conduct *most licentious*. *The sacred bonds of friendship were unhesitatingly violated*, when they operated as barriers to the indulgence of his passions." Nor is this all. "For

a long period of time, he seemed to be gathering and *carefully preserving* every line written to him *by any female*, whether with or without reputation; and when afterwards they were cast into one common receptacle, *the profligate and corrupt by the side of the thoughtless and betrayed victim* — all were esteemed alike valuable."

Need one waste another word upon the man's *moral* character, after this? What were these letters kept for? And would not the man who was capable of playing with so many priceless reputations at such tremendous hazard to the peace of families, be capable of any other wickedness or baseness, even that of falsehood or forgery, for the gratification of his abominable vanity? What should stay him? For "in matters of *gallantry* he was excessively vain, and often made himself the laughing-stock of his best friends." But how — *how*? By showing the letters of the poor trusting fools that believed in his manliness? or by boasting of their favors? What should prevent a man of this character from lying, or from forging letters from anybody — like Don Mathias de Silva in *Gil Blas* — even from the admirable woman, afterwards the wife of one of our presidents, whom he declared to have been his mistress before marriage; when he was talking with a stranger too, over sea, about other and very different matters; and that stranger, the man whom he pretended most to revere among all the great men he had ever seen, or heard, or read of — Jeremy Bentham!

To be guilty of such things in the flush of youth is bad enough; but to keep the damning records always open for the inspection of the world — to leave names and families to the mercy of accident — to commit them both to the calculating forbearance, of a biographer and a bookseller — and this, upon a man's death-bed — to keep a profit-and-loss account with abandoned women — to huddle them together with the trusting and the betrayed; to tell of their frailties in the presence of strangers; to boast of them at the dinner-table; to hoard up the evidence for old age, and to gloat over it, up to the last hour of a long and profligate and hopeless life — is it not ten thousand times worse? Garnered thus for the grave, and full of rottenness, what are they but loathsome and filthy abominations, of themselves enough to render *probable* anything told to the prejudice of such a man's *moral* character? But enough — Aaron Burr is *no more*.

THE FOLLOWER.

To one who drifteth with opinion's tide
Things on the firm shore seem to shift and glide,
While he, his fantasy's unwitting thrall,
Seems the sole thing that moveth not at all.

THE COLD SPRING IN NORTH SALEM.

BY JONES VERY.

THOU small, yet ever-bubbling spring,
 Hid by low hillocks round,
 And oaks whose stretching branches fling
 Their shadows on the ground;

I stoop upon thy stony brim
 To taste thy waters sweet,
 For I am weary and worn of limb,
 And joy thy sight to meet.

I would not from thy free bowl scare
 The birds from the boughs above,
 But learn with them this fount to share
 As the gift of a Father's love.

Thou hast joy in this thy wilderness,
 In thy still yet constant flow,
 Such as one from pure and perfect bliss
 Alone with thee can know.

Oh, seldom may the sea, that near
 Sends up its frequent tide,
 Mix with thy cooling waters clear
 And in thy breast abide!

And if perchance a lengthened wave
 Should o'er thy margin swell,
 Quick may thy bubbling freshness save,
 And the salt brine repel.

CATALOGUE OF THE SIXTEENTH EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS AT THE
BOSTON ATHENÆUM—MDCCCXLII.

BY I. B. WRIGHT.

THE Athenæum Gallery of Paintings has as usual been open during the last season, affording an opportunity to all who are interested in the Fine Arts to gratify their taste or at least their curiosity. We have for a long time wished that this exhibition was free to the public, and its necessary expenditures borne by subscription, or by some fund raised for that purpose. The object of such an institution is evidently to awaken and extend an interest in Art, and not to exhibit pictures as a means of trade and for the sake of compensation. We very well know the liberal feeling which animates the directors of the Athenæum and governs their exertions. The public certainly owes them its thanks for their beneficent

labors, and we have a cheerful satisfaction, in acknowledging, that Art is much indebted to this institution for a kindly nurture, while it was struggling against prejudice and ignorance. Yet it seems to us that the only true ticket of admission should be a love of Art, and we would gladly see no barriers interposed to prevent our common people from cultivating and refining their minds by a contemplation of Art. It is from the middle and lower classes that the greatest artists have sprung. But beside this, in order to modify the spirit of a people, Art must be made as common and open as sunshine.

The exhibition contains as usual all grades of pictures, from those which have been conceived and executed in the spirit of poetic truth

down to the feeblest abortions of Art. Every such exhibition impresses us with the fact, that nature, which is uniform in itself, becomes multifarious in Art, and is endowed by the mind of every individual with a different hue and sentiment. No two persons can see alike, because no two persons are alike. Thus we find some pictures which evince that the artist had eyes and exercised them faithfully, and others, the painter of which must either have been blind or wilful or most strangely heedless. Very few of us in this world actually see anything. We see generalities, we get a vague vision of what passes before us, but into the heart and reality of the thing our eyes do not pierce. The eye cannot see of itself, but through the mind, and our hearts, feelings and modes of thought are the colored glasses through which all nature represents itself to us.

Most of our pictures are bad, however, not because the painters were heedless, but because they were wilful and fearful. That is, they either slavishly adhere to prescribed rules, and, lacking the boldness of self-reliance, become mere imitators—or else beginning with a crude and imperfect notion of the ideal, soon learn to distort nature into what they in their wisdom consider improvements, and aim to produce not what is real but what is false and untrue. Until we again shall sit down before nature as children, willing to learn, as humble and ignorant scholars, and without attempting to wrench her teachings into those creeds which are the result of a futile and absurd attempt to procrustianize her to our preconceived notions, we shall see no great works of Art. It requires more boldness and daring to follow strictly her leading, and more genius to comprehend her as she plainly is—than to acquaint oneself with all the history, means, and outward appliances of Art. It is a very hard thing to paint well, even with the most sincere determination to adhere to nature—but without such a determination it is impossible. We are now in the della-cruscan period of Art.

The subject is an endless one—and we would that we had time and space to handle it, but there is other work to be done, and we must sheath the broad sword and substitute the rapier. Our purpose is not to discuss the ethics of Art, but to criticise some of its productions. In so doing, our consideration will be first directed to the older pictures, and then to those of the present day.

Our object in visiting the room was to see the "Boys and Melons" (No. 40) by Murillo. Nor were we disappointed. The color and texture of the flesh is leathery and hard; but the absence of trickery, the sincere reality of the picture, and its plain matter of fact had a great charm. Nor is there wanting poetic feeling and happy insight, for they are but the blossom while the fact is but the stem. Throughout there was unity in the design, skill in producing the result, and a quiet keeping which harmonized the whole. And when we

glanced aside from the homely truth of this picture to the cold lifeless Madonna which stands beside it, and is of the so-called ideal school, we could not but wish that Murillo had always confined himself to the real, and allowed the ideal to take care of itself. The luxurious epicureanism of the reclining boy, who suspends over his open mouth a bunch of purple grapes, and leers with askant eyes at his companion, is finely contrasted with the serious yet vibrating attention of the other boy, who having just crammed his mouth with a slice of a luscious yellow melon, which lies in his lap, glances in greedy sympathy at the grapes, while almost surfeited in the delicious flavor of his own share of the feast. The poetic refraining of the one who dallies with a certain pleasure and postpones its enjoyments, and the eager sensuous delights expressed in the humorous desire of the other, are admirably conceived. This is what even our picture-dealers would affect to call "a delicious bit."

No. 65 is a St. John by Leonardo da Vinci, and beside it a head of Raphael by his Master Perugino. When we glanced down the page and read these names there was a quicker beating of the heart, a thousand remembrances flocked around us and we quitted Murillo without a regret. Were we not repaid? They were sure to be by Leonardo and Perugino because it was so stated in the catalogue, and who ever knew a catalogue to lie. It was printed and it must be true. But the picture of the St. John was so remarkable that it was a long time before we gained a thorough comprehension of it. At first we laughed, but recollecting that all great works must be studied ere they can be understood, and must be understood to be admired, we looked again and soon its reality dawned upon us. Here was the true ideal—nature had never stood in this man's way. It had been our lot to hear that Leonardo da Vinci was a great painter—now it was realized to us if never before. Allston has passed for a tolerable painter among us, yet compare for a moment that fleshly motley which is "nature's only wear," that luminous color and broken surface of skin in the Jew's Head (No. 41) with this St. John. What a contrast. One was nothing but a real head—we may see a hundred such in any Jewish population—but the other was a pure ideal, and gave no foolish hint of nature. Yes thought we, this is a great work. Then falling into a reverie we seemed to see the forms of the old masters, walking again their earthly paths, and revisiting the scenes over which they have spread such a glory. We seemed to see them as with startled air they beheld the innumerable pictures which bear their names. Poor fellows! after their passage through the waters of Lethe, it was foolish to expect them to remember all their works. How should they, when we ourselves can scarcely count them? No cell or corner of the world they find without some genuine specimen from their pencils, and

their tour through America is but a series of extatic surprises. Italy may boast of some few hasty sketches, but in the American galleries these noble spirits gaze in rapture upon their greatest works. We thought we saw the mild-eyed and long-bearded Leonardo pause before this very St. John. "It was my favorite," said he, "how many an hour have I lingered over that head, touching and retouching and never finishing, while in the palmiest days of manhood." Who laughed?

All that we can say of No. 28 is that we did not know that Guido Reni painted such kind of pictures and are sorry for it. If "'t is true 't is pity." It must have been quite disagreeable to Neptune, and especially to Neptune's horse, to be obliged to compress his limbs into so small a canvass, and not very agreeable to the artist to be reduced solely to vermilion and the reds. However, considering the difficulties, it is surprising how much Guido did.

Benjamin West's reputation we always thought was not warranted by his works, and we never chanced to see a picture more utterly deficient in grace, sentiment, drawing and color than his "Venus detaining Adonis from the chase," (No. 34.) Yes there is one worse, we beg pardon, his "Death on the Pale Horse." All his figures are lay figures, with stereotyped faces—all his action forced and unnatural, and all his ideas common-place. We used to wonder at the unnatural taste of Adonis in preferring the chase to the embraces of Venus, but Benjamin West has solved the riddle. If this be Venus, we do not wonder at Adonis—and if this be Adonis, Venus was a greater fool than we took her to be.

No. 39. "Jacob's Dream," by Baroccio, we should take to be a cavalier asleep, in a very uncomfortable position and dressed in very bad taste. The temerity of the persons in the back-ground in trusting to such a ladder is also remarkable, and saving that the Hebrews were a rash people (witness Jephtha) we should almost doubt whether they really ever were so foolish.

The Archangel Michael must have visited France when Mr. J. B. Chatelain improved upon Guido in No. 14.

No. 35. "La Voluptueuse," by Greuze ought to be burned—it is badly painted and exceedingly disgusting. We are sorry for Mr. Greuze's sake that he ever painted such a picture.

A few of the old pictures are good, and a good painting does not weary by acquaintance. The two pictures of Judith and Holofernes—the "Christ mocked" of Maranari—the Winter Scene by Vermeulen, and one or two others are agreeable and well painted. The Luxembourg Gallery, copied from Rubens by Girod, is exceedingly uninteresting, though it may be very wonderful. The original pictures, which are full of free dashing execution, and touched off with the careless magnificence of the princely Rubens, are chiefly valuable as coming from his

pencil, but the copies must necessarily be a toilsomely elaborate imitation, and of course are wholly destitute of the interest attaching to the originals.

We now come to the modern pictures. We find no fault with any one for painting bad pictures. There are many persons who have not the power to paint well, who must paint somehow. We ourselves have painted some very bad pictures, but we never exhibited them. So long as such things are hushed up among one's friends, they are an innocent monomania, with which no one has a right to meddle, inasmuch as they injure no one. But when a picture is exhibited to the public, and makes a claim upon the public attention, betakes itself to a richly ornamented frame, and seems to dare us to find a single fault with it, we think it is fair game. When a man exhibits a picture, he invites all to criticise it, and if it be in good part, has no right to find fault with any one for so doing. There are many persons of most unexceptionable character, and of hearty good fellowship, who nevertheless will paint shockingly; and though for the sake of such a person one would be tender, yet for the sake of justice the truth should be spoken. Indiscriminate praise is always an injury, for he who praises what is bad degrades the standard of excellence, and disallows the claims of merit. For all injurious remarks we shall be sorry, inasmuch as every man who tries his best is deserving of praise, even though the result be absolutely bad. But we will never consent that art shall be a Limbo, in which any ignorant and awkward person may disport himself, and win praise from his ungainly motions.

No. 98. "The Custom House Scene," by S. B. Foster, has much merit. The story is well told, the arrangement and disposition of the figures good, and the expressions humorous and characteristic. The picture is painted carefully, and though it savors somewhat of the French school, it is devoid of that disagreeable peculiarity so well known as French nature.

We think Mr. T. T. Spear should better have employed himself in painting from some real head, than in indulging himself in so poor a recollection of the "Beatrice" of Allston. His memory must be very miserable, and his portraits are by far the best of his pictures.

No. 75. A portrait by J. Eames, is one of the finest pieces of color that we have seen for a long time. It is freely and boldly handled, and full of nature. The picture bears reference to no school, and was not done by trick, but is a successful attempt to transfer to canvass the broken and stippled effects of light, shade, and color, which are visible in every human face. The tints are clear and pure, and the blues, reds, and yellows are felicitously dispersed, and nowhere obtrusive, and the gradations good. If we find any fault, it is that the shadows are too glowing; but we were so charmed by the many graces and beauties of the picture, that we will not pick flaws. We hope to see some

more sincere readings out of nature from Mr. Eames.

No. 5. "The Angel Appearing to the Shepherds" is the largest canvass in the room.

There were three pictures by Henry Peters Gray, (Nos. 8, 11, 25,) which possess much merit. The best of the whole, in point both of color and drawing, is the "Portrait in the Character of Rosalia." The color was harmoniously and agreeably arranged, and though deficient in force and vigor, was sweet and delicate in tone. The figures in all the pictures are too small and contracted for the heads, but full of quiet and subdued sentiment. A little more strength and decision of touch would be a great improvement.

The principal charm in paintings of dead game and still life, resides in the truth of color, and in delicacy and finish in pencilling. Mr. Burnham mistook his talent, when he tried his pencil on this subject, (No. 9.) We commend to him to paint some more pictures in the style of his "Boys Playing Props," exhibited at the Athenæum some seasons since. The drawing of that group was excellent, and the humor in a true vein.

The "Kentucky Beach Forest," by Miss S. Clarke, is a clear and pleasant sketch, and has the predominant characteristics of many of Allston's landscapes.

No. 80. "The Sisters" is the best picture we have seen from the brush of Mr. Healey. There is, in all that we have seen of this artist's productions, a simpering affectation and a got-up expression, which is peculiarly disagreeable. They are what might be called society pictures; portraits, with that fashionable smile which makes every true person ashamed. If Mr. Healey would seek to paint faces as they are, and not as he thinks they ought to be, he would paint better. It may jump with French taste to paint simpering pictures, but the Americans are a very serious people, and this millinery of expression does not suit their faces.

We do not wish to say anything harsh about the pictures by J. Greenough; but we think his friends should not have allowed him to exhibit them, and most particularly the "Ribbon Picture," No. 120. His "Sketch from Nature," (No. 115,) is by far the best of his pictures.

"The Landscape," No. 79, by Mr. Allston, had much of his great merit. Among the many daubs, it shone like a bright particular star, though it was by no means one of his most agreeable pictures. The pine tree in it lives, and one can almost hear the wind whispering through its leaves. Some one has pressed the very life out of this picture in cleaning it, and reduced the surface of it to a porcelain polish, which very much impairs its beauty.

No. 77, "The Great Carbuncle of the White Mountains," is probably a misprint for Blue Mountains; for no one would ever dream of calling them white if this representation be correct.

No. 69, a portrait, by Alexander, is the best picture of his we ever saw; but the half-length of a girl with a doll, (No. 66,) is the most shabby piece of careless daubing that ever met our eyes. Indeed, with the exception of a Cupid, by Mr. Hubbard, which we once saw in this gallery, it is about the worst picture conceivable. Mr. Alexander should be ashamed of it, because he can paint much better, and any man should be ashamed to fall so grossly below himself.

We have understood that it was the plan of the Directors to make exchanges of the pictures in the gallery for works of the old masters, with Mr. J. W. Brett. If we could get good pictures thereby, the plan would be admirable; but if those sent this season by Mr. Brett, are a fair sample of his future intentions, we, for one, exclaim against the project. We are the most credulous people in the world with regard to art, and are imposed upon yearly by the names which picture-dealers (who are first-cousins to horse-jockeys,) set against the vilest daubings. Do we not all know that no picture-dealer could, by any possible chance, have a bad picture in his possession? Did we not see, within two months past, the most wretched abortions ever palmed upon the public sold as Leonardo da Vincis, Raffaelles, Correggios, and Salvator Rosas? In fact, every red group is a Rubens, every dark landscape a Salvator Rosa, every Madonna a Guido, and every scene which it is impossible to see, from dirt and blackness, a Rembrandt. The Athenæum has owned good pictures — where are they?

There are one or two pictures, of which we forbear to speak, for various reasons. We have understood that one of our old favorites, "The Lake of the Clouds," we think it was called, by Doughty, and which we have missed for some time, was exchanged for the curious picture of the "Angel Appearing to the Shepherds." We were very sorry to hear it. First, because Doughty's landscape was a beautiful picture, in his best style; second, because we ought to be proud of him, as an American painter; and, lastly, because the exchange picture is the worst specimen of Cole that we know. We do not like to see foreign artists receiving so great a portion of the public patronage, while art is begging at home. Americans can paint, and do paint, the best pictures of the present day; but while this is acknowledged most liberally abroad, our artists cannot support themselves in their native land, for want of that encouragement which is showered upon every foreigner who visits us. Love of art has almost become a sentence of expatriation. All our artists flee the country, so soon as they can accumulate sufficient means, and, until they have taken the Italian tour, are looked down upon as mere beginners, whose knowledge and taste has not been chastened by the study of the old masters.

Much as we reverence those great names, which loom in beauty above their age, and cast a light over their century, yet we verily believe, that if every picture in Italy were de-

stroyed, it would be like the lifting of a weight from art, which now presses it to the ground. What has been done is a great fact, what is to be done is only a great theory; and even the boundless hope and lofty enthusiasm, which bears the young artist to Italy, the loved vision of his dreams, quails aghast before those great monuments of labor and genius. For centuries, with a steady perseverance, directed by a lofty spirit, has art built up her massive walls, and now the youthful aspirant, in that happy garden of the world, may sigh, like Rasselas, for freedom, but may never overlook those barriers which shut from him the clear and limitless horizon of hope. The deadly hand of the past grips at the throat of genius, and a brooding nightmare palsies its efforts. Our artists go forth with promise of great excellence, full of keen perception, of ready talent, of sincere originality; they spend a few years, and then return, without energy, without spirit, a band of feeble imitators. Do we wonder at this? How should it be otherwise? — When they behold the consummate works of those old masters, they do not see the labor and the struggle, the spontaneous energy, and the invincible

trust in their own perceptions, which lie behind their works; they only see the facts, and their own efforts are so dwarfed by the comparison, that in despair they yield, and fall into that vacuum of imitation wherein no great spirit can exist. Are there no faces and forms, are there no lives and deaths, burials and marriages, within our own land, and next our own doors? Shines not the sun upon America, gilding and coloring its landscape with as various hues as when the masters breathed the atmosphere of this earth? Is nature used up? — is character gone? — is virtue extinct? — is vice rooted out? Where were the old masters that taught the old masters? Where was their Italy, but in their eyes and soul? Who told them how to paint, and held their hands, and guided their pencils? Let our artists come home, and when they have exhausted nature here, then let them seek her in a foreign clime. Let them dare to look that truth calmly in the face, which stands ever before them, and let them believe that the only true lessons to be learned from the lives of the great masters are, "Trust thyself," and "Forget that any ever lived before."

ACCEPTABLE WORSHIP.

BY W. H. BURLEIGH.

I.

Nor worthiest is his worship who afar
Retired from crowds, in meditation deep
Passes his days beyond the maddened sweep
Of stormy passions, and the angry jar
Of clashing interests, that nought may mar
His inward peace, though all his hours are given
To prayer and penitence and dreams of heaven —
Nor his whose set responses loudest are
In the full temple, where the many kneel
To utter forms the spirit does not feel —
For not in words, though breathed from tongues of flame,
Is the full heart of love revealed the best;
Nor in unuttered thoughts, that fill the breast
With quiet, and the bounding pulses tame.

II.

ACTION — untiring, earnest, bold and free,
Its impulse Love — its object, Truth and Right —
By holy zeal sustained — by heavenly light
Directed ever, though thick darkness be
Over the earth, and men no longer see
The soul's great birthright — ACTION, such as this,
Is holiest worship, and a purer bliss
Attends the offering, than the devotee
Of forms can know. Words, offspring of the brain,

High-sounding yet not heart-born, are in vain —
 The heart turns loathing from them that hath known
 The baptism of the spirit — turns, to find
 Its joy in DOING — deeming thus his mind
 Hath CHRIST, our Head and great Exemplar, shown.

III.

Would'st thou, then, offer, with a willing mind,
 A sacrifice acceptable to Him
 Before whose throne adoring seraphim
 Bend with veiled faces — labor for thy kind,
 Uphold the feeble and direct the blind,
 Reclaim the wandering, the lost restore,
 And bid the erring go and sin no more.
 Live for Humanity, and thou shalt find
 Peace which the selfish heart can never know,
 Joys that from *holy action* only flow.
 Be bold for Truth, though all the world despise,
 Be strong in Right, though all the world oppose,
 Be free in Love, though all men are thy foes,
 And God will smile upon thy sacrifice.

THE ARMENIAN'S DAUGHTER.

A STORY OF THE GREAT PESTILENCE OF BAGDAD.

PART FIRST.

I.

NEVER, since the days of Motasem, the last of the Caliphs, had Bagdad been in so flourishing a condition, as in the year of Christ, one thousand eight hundred and thirty-one.

For nearly two centuries the viceroys of the Turkish sultans had ruled the city with a rod of iron, and under their capricious and impolitic sway, its commerce, its manufactures, and its population, had dwindled to a shadow of their former greatness; and finally, with the increasing decay of the Ottoman power, the predatory Arabs who roam the vast Mesopotamian plain — the powerful tribes of the Aneiza, the Jerbah, and the Ageil — began habitually, year after year, to invest the city, desolating its environs, and in more than one instance, forcing their way within the walls and carrying fire and sword to the very gates of the citadel.

Some twelve or fifteen years, however, before the date I have mentioned, an adventurer named Daoud, who had been the slave of a former pasha, and was distinguished for his wealth, his intelligence, and his apparent religious humility, was appointed to the then vacant pashalic. Under his administration the aspect of affairs was speedily changed; an army of one hundred and fifty thousand men was raised, splendidly equipped, and disciplined

and officered by European adventurers. With this immense force devoted to his will, the pasha easily subjected the refractory Arabs, and even by policy and bribery, so conciliated several of the tribes, that from formidable adversaries they became most efficient allies, and enabled him by their support, to throw off his allegiance to Constantinople, and defy equally the mandates and the arms of the sultan, who, embarrassed by the turbulence of his Janissaries, and by his difficulties with Russia, Greece and Egypt, was utterly unable to repress his powerful and contumacious vassal.

Having freed his dominions from their most terrible and inveterate scourge, and completely consolidated his power, the enlightened and energetic Daoud directed his attention to the internal condition of his capital. He enacted judicious laws, which were rigidly and impartially enforced, so that Bagdad soon became as noted for order and justice, as it had been for turbulence and tyranny: he protected and encouraged commerce, and again the streets and squares of the city swarmed, as in the days of the Caliphs, with a motley multitude of merchants and artisans drawn from the varied races that inhabit Asia. The haughty Turk, the meek Armenian, the subtle Greek, the proud Arab, the independent Bedouin, the savage Turcoman, the martial Kurd, the polite Per-

sian, the cringing Jew, the chivalrous Circassian, and the beautiful Georgian, mingled freely and peacefully with the stranger natives of more distant lands — with the open-hearted Afghan, the fanatic Seik, the melancholy Hindoo, the lively Burmese, the dignified Parsee, the ferocious Malay, the black-visaged Nubian, and the crafty trader from the celestial empire. Nor were there wanting specimens of the less-diversified nations of Christendom; for besides the pasha's military officers, who were chiefly French and Italians, there was then resident in Bagdad, an English mission and an Anglo-Indian Embassy. The vast and famous bazaar, with its ten thousand shops, was likewise filled with the products of every clime and country — with the camphor and copper of Japan, the teas and silks of China, the laces and calicoes of Hindostan, the shawls and carpets of Persia, the gums and coffee of Arabia, the slaves of Zanzibar and Mozambique, and the more multifarious and less picturesque commodities of Europe and America.

The pasha too, with all his vigor and ambition, was sumptuous in his tastes and luxurious in his habits; he kept a numerous and brilliant court, and maintained much of that gorgeous magnificence for which the Orientals were formerly famous, but which the imperial reformers of Cairo and Constantinople, had banished from those capitals in endeavoring to introduce among their subjects the external simplicity, along with the civilization of Christendom.

The prosperity which the wise measures of Daoud brought to his people, and the splendor which his power and grandeur conferred upon their city, rendered them tolerably pleased with his government, even though he occasionally conveyed unlawfully to his coffers a portion of their hard-earned gold, or to his well-appointed harem the most attractive of their daughters.

II.

Prominent among the high officers of the pasha's army, was an English renegade, who bore the oriental name and title of Osman Aga. He had left his country for Hindostan at an early age, and had passed several years in the service of the East India Company; but impelled by an aspiring and uncontrollable spirit, and disgusted by the slowness of his advancement, and the tedium of his employment, he at length deserted, and crossing the Indus, entered the army of Runjeet Sing, adopting with as little scruple, the peculiar religion of the Seiks, as he did their blue costume and their martial habits. His courage and ability soon rendered him a great favorite with the astute Runjeet, who appointed him to the command of a division of his army, at the head of which in the terrible battle with the Afghans at Noushehra, he was cut down and carried a prisoner to Cabul. On his recovery from his wounds, he did not long hesitate to exchange the Grinthe of the Seik, for the Koran of the Mus-

sulman, commended as was the latter by the rank of colonel in the army of Dost Mohammed. He was soon however detected in a daring intrigue, having for its object the restoration of Shah Shoojah to the Afghan throne. He saved his head by a rapid flight to Persia, and remained a long time in voluptuous indolence at Ispahan, occupied apparently, solely in the study of the language and literature of the country. The reputation of his talents and exploits at length reached the ears of Daoud Pasha, who was ever anxious to secure the most accomplished instruments for his ambitious and regenerating purposes. Osman was invited to Bagdad, and was speedily made an aga, or commander of high rank. He sustained his military reputation by several brilliant victories over the Kurds and Persians, and at the period when my story commences was inferior in station to none of the pasha's officers, and apparently possessed the full confidence of his master. His fidelity was however in reality greatly and justly suspected by the wily pasha, who had found reason to believe that his ambitious and unprincipled lieutenant was engaged in treacherous negotiations, not only with the Sultan, but with some of the powerful Bedouin tribes in the vicinity of Bagdad, who, despite their defeats, were unbroken in their strength, and under an able leader, assisted by the Porte, might not improbably unseat the pasha from his usurped throne.

III.

It was the morning of a beautiful April day in the year before mentioned, and the fierce sun of the tropics, already several hours above the horizon, was pouring down his scorching rays into the narrow and winding streets of Bagdad, which, notwithstanding their furnace temperature, were thronged with a dense crowd of human beings, of all nations, sexes, ages, colors, classes and conditions, from whose hundred thousand throats resounded that prodigious and perpetual din, for which it is noted above all other cities, and which alone would suffice to establish its lineal descent from that wherein the tower of Babel reared its aspiring and accursed head.

It was not however the ordinary tumult of a populace pursuing, in confined space, the confused and conflicting business of a great city: on the contrary, all seemed intent upon a common object, which was no other than to gain, by the most direct and speediest route, the eastern gate of the city which opened upon a vast and perfectly level plain, whose desolation was usually unrelieved by beast, bird, or plant of any kind.

To the eyes of the multitude, however, as they emerged from the narrow and strongly guarded gateway, a very animated scene was presented, for on the previous evening a large caravan of pilgrims to the shrine of Kerbelah, had arrived from Persia, and encamped at some distance from the walls. They were preparing to enter the

city in great state, and the people of Bagdad were now pouring forth to welcome them and witness the display. The plain, far as the eye could reach, was covered with men, tents and animals: groups of the pilgrims were busy in all directions, packing their goods and equipage, loading their camels, or arraying themselves in their best habiliments, with the view of presenting an imposing appearance to the curious and somewhat supercilious citizens. Vast numbers of the latter had already arrived at the encampment, and were either riding about on the white asses, for which Bagdad is famous, or, mingled with the pilgrims, were chatting, jesting, and endeavoring to purchase the merchandise just arrived from Persia; driving their bargains with that skill and acuteness, for which no less than for its asses, their city is renowned throughout Asia.

Before high noon the caravan was completely prepared for its entry: the tents were all struck, the camels all laden, and the pilgrims, arranged with due order in their ranks, were impatiently waiting the signal to begin their march.

The pasha of Bagdad had informed the chiefs of the caravan, that he would himself issue forth from the city to meet and escort them into its precincts: it was for his appearance that they were now delaying, and their patience was well nigh exhausted, when the sudden discharge of cannon from the walls, the shouts of the multitude, and the clangor of martial music, announced the approach of Daoud and his guards. He advanced surrounded by a thousand of the superb Circassian cavalry who constituted the flower of his army. They were all remarkably handsome and martial looking men, splendidly mounted, and covered from head to foot with brilliant chain armor of Damascus steel. They came on at a slow and stately pace, though now and then some of them would dart for a period from the ranks, wheeling and curveting their magnificent steeds, and hurling high in air their jereeds or javelins.

The pasha was received with shouts, with the firing of muskets and of camel artillery, and with the grave and respectful salutations of the leaders of the caravan, who, grateful for the unusual honor shown them, were profound and profuse in their obeisances. After due exchange of courtesies, Daoud detached five hundred of his guard to the rear of the caravan, and the mingled cavalcade proceeded on its procession to the city gate.

Soon after they commenced their march, one of the gorgeously attired officers who surrounded the pasha, rode up to the latter, evidently with the intention of preferring some request. He was a tall and powerful man, apparently about thirty years of age, very handsome, with large black eyes, and a complexion whose dark hue seemed rather the result of exposure to the sun and wind, than of natural swarthiness of skin. He wore a snow-white turban of the finest muslin, a richly embroidered silk robe of bright purple, blue Turkish trowsers, and his

costume was completed by boots of the most vivid yellow dye; at his girdle were pistols, a dagger, and a sabre with a richly jewelled hilt.

His request, which was merely of permission to quit the procession, was readily granted, and Osman Aga, for it was the English renegade, rode rapidly towards the city followed by a single attendant, a Nubian of immense size, black as jet, but with regular and expressive features.

They reined up their steeds as they reached the gate, and Osman, stationing himself and follower just within the entrance, looked through it for a moment at the approaching caravan, then turned and addressed the Nubian, who, from long service, was quite familiar with his master, whose confidence he possessed to a degree that rendered him rather a friend than a menial;

"The time for action is at hand, Rustom, though my plans are not quite matured, a blow must be struck without delay. I have for sometime fancied that the pasha suspected me, but last night I learned from Hassan Bey that the whole conspiracy is known, and that my destruction is resolved on, as soon as my faithful Kurds can be got out of the way. They received orders but three hours ago to escort this very caravan when it departs for Kerbelah to-morrow, and Kaliel Aga will command them on their march, the pasha having requested me to remain, under pretence of preparing for the campaign against Ali. But as soon as my friends leave the city, I shall doubtless be seized and executed."

"Daoud is ever prompt. Without the Kurds we should be almost at his mercy. How many of your Arab friends are within the city?"

"But seven hundred of the Jerbah; and two thousand are encamped without the walls. Sheick Abdalla's last letter promised fifteen thousand of the Aneiza, but it will be five days before they can possibly reach Bagdad."

"The danger is indeed imminent. I see but one way to avoid it."

"And that is?"

"To place yourself at the head of the troops devoted to you—force your way to the desert and assemble the Arab tribes. Once in the field, with the assistance that the Sultan will gladly give, you can defy the whole force of Daoud, and perhaps even drive him from his pashalic."

"Such was my first impulse when warned by Hassan Bey. By this morning's dawn, I would have left Bagdad, had I not last night received tidings which have led me to defer my departure. Thou rememberest Bogos, the Armenian of Julfa with whom I had dealings during my visit to Ispahan last winter, on the secret mission to the Persian Shah?"

"Do I recollect my father? Or have I lost all memory of the mother who bore me? Never can I forget the lying, cheating, christian scoundrel! I carry about with me a token to remember him by! This ring which he swore would

have graced the finger of a Sultan, I paid him twenty tomans for, and it is not worth as many paras." The negro grinned with rage as he held up his hand, and Osman, glancing at the gaudy ornament, whose lustre had so misled his follower, replied with a smile,

"He still possesses a jewel which the haughtiest sultan of the earth might be proud to wear. His daughter Miriam is fairer and purer than the snows of her own Ararat, and has a soul worthy of its stately dwelling place. I saw her often during my brief sojourn at the Persian court last winter, and had I not been obliged to follow the Shah on his removal to Teheran, she would ere this have been my bride. Last night a hadji, who came with yonder caravan, brought me a letter from her, by which I learn that the dog of a father, has even now brought her to Bagdad with the pilgrims, with the intention of selling her, as he would a dromedary, to the pasha, whose passion has been excited by the report of her beauty, and whose gold has prevailed on Bogos despite his christian creed, to sacrifice his daughter to his avarice."

"The thrice-accursed villain! Shall I send a bullet through him as he enters the gate?"

"Nay, that were somewhat too summary a proceeding. My purpose in tarrying here, is to ascertain beyond doubt that he accompanies the caravan: this can only be done by observing the pilgrims as they pass. If the Armenian enters, keep your eye upon him, follow to his caravanserai, ascertain if Miriam be with him, and as quickly as possible acquire all information which will assist me to rescue her, as I will do this very night, either by force or stratagem."

"Allah Kerim! My Aga, are you losing your senses?" cried the Nubian vehemently, "would you peril your life for a smooth-faced girl? Know you not there is little time to spare, if you do not wish to lie with your head between your legs in the great square of the city?"

"Peace! Rustom; I am neither mad nor even imprudent. Do you but obey my orders and all will be well. To-day while my Kurds are in Bagdad, the pasha will not dare attempt aught against me; and to night I will gratify both love and revenge, by rescuing my mistress, and robbing Daoud of his most cherished treasure."

During this conversation, the caravan had been gradually approaching the walls, and now the guard of the pasha, who led the van, began to enter the gate. The calm, grave face of Daoud relaxed into a smile, as he perceived Osman Aga among the spectators, and his passing salute was as courteously, and apparently as kindly given and returned, as though the most undiminished friendship and confidence existed between the two. As the pilgrims moved on, Osman and his servant examined them eagerly and attentively, till nearly the whole caravan had been viewed by them and not a semblance of the Armenian had been seen.

"I have been deceived," said Osman, sadly; "Miriam is still at Ispahan. Well! I need no longer delay my escape from this city, and perhaps" —

"By Allah!" interrupted the Nubian; "Here he comes! Look at the wretch, with his meek face and stuffed-out belly! I have half a mind to fling my jereed at him. And glory to the prophet! the maiden is with him too! else why that litter?"

It was indeed Bogos who rode by as Rustom spoke with downcast eyes, and a countenance bearing much of that mild and placid expression which peculiarly characterizes his pacific and patient race. He was closely followed by a litter, borne between two camels, and evidently containing one or more females.

"Haste, good Rustom," cried Osman, as the Armenian passed; "follow, follow, and on no account lose sight of him. Gain speedily all the intelligence you can, and come with it to my palace, where I will await you."

The Nubian made no reply, but followed the caravan while his master turned into a side street, and rode rapidly toward a distant part of the city.

IV.

The brief twilight of that eastern clime had vanished, and night was folding its raven wings upon the city, like an eagle settling on her nest. The stars were struggling through the gloom, endeavoring one by one to obtain a glimpse of their shrouded brother. The breeze unpinioned by the setting sun, swept with a gentle motion the broad bosom of the arrowy Tigris, whose banks lined with palaces and palm trees, with minarets and mosques, presented no unworthy image of the grandeur of Bagdad when under the mighty and magnificent caliphs, she was the fitting capital of the noblest empire that the earth has ever seen.

In a vast and ancient palace, whose walls rose abruptly from the water's edge, and in an apartment of great size and sumptuousness, the sides and ceiling of which were encrusted with the most fanciful arabesques in stucco, and inlaid with mirrors and mother-of-pearl, and the floor covered with the richest carpets of Persia, save in the centre, where, from a basin of black marble, rose a sparkling and refreshing fountain, was seated, upon a divan of richly embroidered crimson velvet, Osman Aga, the English adventurer. He was restless and abstracted, and was evidently waiting the arrival of some one long and anxiously expected. He at length rose, and approaching a large and beautiful book-case, which occupied one end of the room, opened its doors of curiously wrought rosewood, and disclosed a considerable collection of splendidly bound European volumes, interspersed with the more picturesque manuscripts of the best oriental authors. He glanced along the shelves, upon which were ranged the chief works of those brilliant but pernicious authors, the French and English infidels of the

last century, to the perusal of whose writings Osman Aga might, perhaps, have traced the formation of those unsettled principles, and that loose morality, whose influence had made him what he was — a hypocritical apostate, and a reckless and crime-stained adventurer. Drawing out one of the volumes, he turned a few of its pages by the light of the lamps which hung from the ceiling, but, suddenly, as if struck by some bitter thought, flung vehemently aside the book, and began to pace the room, with rapid and irregular steps.

"I know not wherefore, but my spirit sinks, and the brain, on which alone through life I have relied, seems now about to fail me. This night, this very night, my destiny must be decided; to-morrow's sun will see me a captive, and perhaps a corpse, or armed to struggle with sultans and their viceroys, for the mastery of Asia: love, empire, life itself, are upon the issue, yet I cannot plot, cannot contrive, and, indeed, can scarcely think.

"And then, this girl — this Armenian girl. 'Tis to me the most profound of mysteries, that in hers my being is so closely wrapt. I, who scorned as a weakness the very thought of woman, and deemed fame and power alone worth man's pursuit, am now perilling everything for the sake of this young maiden. 'Tis past belief. Yet, Miriam, sweet Miriam, I am strongly tempted to relinquish all for thee; to cast aside my wealth, my power, my blood-bought honors, and my towering hopes, and leaving this barbaric land, bear thee to some green and quiet spot, and spend beside thee, in contented security, the remainder of my days.

"It may not be. I cannot, even for thy sake, relinquish the achievements of so many years, the results of so much toil, so much thought, so much enterprise, and so much crime. A life of tumult, of excitement, of adventure, has unfitted me for the ordinary tenor of human existence. Nor can I look into thy majestic eyes, or gaze upon thy queenly countenance, nor feel that thou, too, wouldst rejoice to share my fate — with me to aspire, to struggle, to conquer, and to rule.

"My soul revives! And once more upon the desert, beyond these cramping walls, and at the head of an army, I will become again subtle to plan, and audacious to execute. Now for this night's work. My faithful Kurds, and my no less faithful Arabs, will meet me near the northern gate, and once beyond the walls, and at their head, all will be well. Miriam, if Rustom does not fail me, will be rescued before midnight, and by the rising of to-morrow's sun, I will be on my road to Aleppo, at the head of seven thousand men.

"My palace and its contents, I suppose, must be left to the mercy of his highness. Well! by my sword I gained them, and by my sword I can replace them."

He paused for a moment in the centre of the room, and, by clapping his hands summoned,

in the oriental manner, a slave, who almost instantly, with folded arms and head bent down, stood waiting his commands.

"Has Rustom returned?"

"He has, my lord; but a moment since."

"Let him attend me, at once."

The slave disappeared, and, immediately afterward, the Nubian entered, bearing in his appearance traces of recent and severe exertion.

"What detained you, Rustom? you should have been here three hours ago."

"That son of an Armenian cow, the thrice-detested Bogos, has led me over half Bagdad, in search of him. In passing through the Bazaar, which was crowded to suffocation, I was stopped by the crowd, and before I could force a passage, the villain had disappeared; and it is only within two hours, after inquiring at nearly all the caravanserais in the city, that I succeeded in finding him. But, praise be to Allah! the maiden is with him, and they are both at the Khan of Hillah, on this side of the river.

"That is truly fortunate! Thanks, thanks, good Rustom; you have brought me cheering news! Take half an hour for rest and refreshment, and, as you go out, bid Haroun bring me the garb of an eunuch, and the coloring liquid, that I may disguise myself."

Haroun, the slave, soon entered with the required articles, and Osman Aga, by the application of a dye, in a few minutes completely changed his complexion into that of the blackest Ethiopian. This done, he laid aside his costly outer garments, and donned habiliments more suited to the character he wished to assume. Before, however, he put on the long loose robe which concealed his whole person, he carefully arranged in his belt a sabre, a dagger, and a pair of double-barrelled pistols. He also secured, in the same place, a large and heavy purse, which he took from a table in the room.

"Now," he muttered, as he examined his appearance in one of the mirrors that were inlaid in the wall of the room, "Daoud himself might mistake me for the Aga of his eunuchs. Courage and adroitness are all that I require to-night, and they are qualities that never yet have failed me, nor do I think they will now, when my very existence depends upon their exercise."

He paused a few minutes, to write upon and carefully seal a piece of paper, which he affixed to his girdle, and then left the saloon, and passed quickly to the outer court of the palace, where half-a-dozen slaves were reclining, who started to their feet when they heard his steps. A few brief stern orders were issued to these attendants, and the court was rapidly filled with horses and a well armed band of about fifty men, who immediately mounted, and remained prepared to sally forth. Rustom soon made his appearance also, completely armed, and Osman, who had waited for

him, bounded on a splendid black Arabian, which a slave was holding, and at the head of the troop issued into the street.

"This handful of men will never do, my Aga," said Rustom; "If you mean to storm the caravanserai, knock Bogos on the head and carry off his daughter."

"I mean to do no such thing," was the reply; "a quiet stratagem will effect all I wish, much more safely and effectually."

V.

The Khan, or caravanserai of Hillah, was situated in one of the most retired quarters of Bagdad. On the night in question, it was crowded with merchants and pilgrims, who were chiefly gathered under one of the arches of the great square, listening to a Persian story-teller, while he related monstrous adventures with dives, peris, genii, and enchanters.

Suddenly a violent knocking was heard at the outer gate. The keeper of the Khan, a fat pompous personage, much averse to locomotion, was among the most earnest auditors of the Persian, and for some time paid no attention to the summons, till it increased to an extent that threatened to dislodge the gate from its hinges.

"Who knocks at this unseemly hour, and thus disturbs a quiet Khan?" said the janitor, in a surly tone; "you may as well depart, for there is no room for you here."

"By the beard of the Prophet, if thou dost not open quickly, I will make room, by dragging out the headless carcasses of some of ye. Must an aga of the eunuchs, with an order from the pasha in his hand, wait at thy gate till thou hast finished thy pipe? Thy tardy feet shall soon be quickened by the bastinado."

The keeper no sooner heard the title of his visitor mentioned, than he made all imaginable haste to unbar the gate, and speedily admitted a huge negro, who imperiously commanded the trembling being before him, to lead the way to the quarters of Bogos, the Armenian.

This latter personage was quietly smoking his pipe, in the gallery which fronted his apartments, and, at the approach of the stranger, courteously rose and awaited his address. The eunuch saluted him gravely and condescendingly, and as they entered together the apartment of the Armenian, said in a tone of the greatest suavity—

"Worthy Bogos, I have been sent by our lord the pasha, with a litter and an escort, for the purpose of conveying your lovely daughter to the harem of his highness. The passage of the river has already greatly delayed my arrival here, and consequently I can remain with you but a short period. Will you do me the favor to inform the maiden of my presence, and the necessity of immediate departure?"

The Armenian gazed for a moment upon the face of the eunuch, and then without replying,

cast his eyes upon the floor, evidently in deep perplexity; at length he spoke, and in a tone so firm and decided, that its contrast with the meekness of his manner was indeed almost startling.

"Where is your authority from the pasha, for the reception of my daughter? I cannot deliver the child to a stranger, without a written order from his highness."

"It would not be wise to do so, most prudent Bogos," responded the eunuch, taking from his girdle a paper, which he tendered to the other; "but you see I am provided with an order, signed with the pasha's own seal."

The Armenian scrutinized keenly and carefully the document presented him, and was apparently satisfied by the perusal, though he made no movement to produce his daughter.

"Why this hesitation?" demanded the eunuch.

A grave smile overspread the face of the Armenian as he replied, "There was somewhat understood between the pasha and myself, touching a certain sum of money,"—

"I comprehend, most upright Bogos," interrupted the eunuch, giving him a heavy purse; "examine that, and tell me if its contents are what you expected."

The countenance of the Armenian brightened as he told the gold, which he did with the despatch and precision of one much accustomed to the task, and carefully fastening the purse at his girdle, he rose and eagerly opening a door which communicated with a neighboring room, called to some one within, "Miriam, Miriam, come forth, my child."

A minute elapsed, and there entered the room a female, tall in stature, and of a figure already noble and commanding, though with a youthfulness of feature which, at a glance, showed that she was scarcely yet matured into the full bloom of womanhood. The superb though irregular beauty of her face, was partially shaded by masses of the blackest hair, which fell in careless but graceful curls upon a small and snowy neck. Her eyes, which were eminently large and dark, even for an oriental, seemed dimmed in their brilliancy by recent weeping, traces of which were visible on her colorless, yet haughty cheek.

She started as her glance fell upon the eunuch, and would have thrown over her face the veil which she carried upon her arm, had not her father said,

"It is only an officer of the pasha's harem, Miriam." The Armenian paused for a moment, and then proceeded with the air of one about to make an unpleasant communication, the influence of which upon the hearer is somewhat to be dreaded.

"He has come to conduct you to the harem of his highness, and requires your immediate departure; there is no reason for delay, as all that you require from here can be sent to the palace to-morrow."

His words produced a powerful effect upon

his daughter. She gazed at him for a moment, as if she did not fully comprehend the purport of what he had said; then suddenly rousing from her stupor, rushed forward and seized him by the arm, exclaiming with passion and vehemence,

"Did I hear aright? Are you still bent upon sacrificing your child for a handful of gold? Did you not promise, did you not swear, before we left Julfa, that you had renounced all thoughts of this unhallowed, this most monstrous thing? Speak, father," she continued, with her wild earnest eyes, and her face flushed with excitement, fixed upon Bogos, who fairly quailed beneath her stern glance, and muttered,

"Peace—silence—it is fixed—you must go."

"But I will not go! I will not yield myself,—a Christian woman,—to be the harlot slave of a Mussulman; sooner will I die!"

"It cannot now be avoided, my daughter. The pasha expects you, and here in Bagdad we are both in his power. He has sent for, and indeed has paid for you."

"Paid for me! Mother of God! Am I a beast, to be bought and sold? Never! thou unnatural parent and apostate Christian! Were the pasha thrice as powerful, I would not debase myself to him. I will appeal to the patriarch of our Armenian people, who is in the city. I will appeal to the Franks, and to all Christians in Bagdad, who surely will not suffer this foul wrong to one of their creed."

As she poured out her invectives, Bogos began to recover from his embarrassment, and at length, irritated by her taunts, seized her harshly, and in an angry voice exclaimed, "No more of this! Thou must go, and that forthwith."

A change came over the face of the unhappy Miriam, that transformed her in a moment from a raging fury, to a helpless supplicating woman. She flung herself suddenly at her father's feet, and in a voice choked with sobs and tears implored his mercy.

"Father, father, spare me but this sin—this shame—and in aught else I will be thy most willing slave, thy most dutiful daughter! Let us fly this hateful city—let us go to our own land, and I will toil for thee, father, and thy gold will be none the less, even if thou returnest to this Turk the price of thy daughter's perdition!"

Bogos, unmoved by this appeal, endeavored to raise her from the floor, on which she had sunk, and turning to the eunuch said,

"Aga, assist me, and we will bear her to the litter."

The person he addressed had witnessed with great agitation the brief interview between father and daughter, but had said nothing during its continuance. As Bogos spoke, the blast of a trumpet from a neighboring street rose clear and loud upon the air, and was accompanied by a slight and scarcely perceptible tumult at the

gate of the caravanserai. The eunuch started at the sound, and as if impelled into sudden activity, bounded forward like a tiger, and answered the expectant Armenian by a blow from a dagger which he drew from beneath his robe. It was given by a vigorous and practised hand, and reached the heart of Bogos, who with a faint cry relinquished his grasp of his daughter, and fell headlong to the floor. The eunuch caught up the astonished maiden, and hastily exclaimed,

"Fear not, it is I, thy lover, Osman. I came thus disguised to rescue thee, for I had learned that this very night the pasha designed to have thee conveyed to his harem. I have slain thy father because delay were fatal, for that trumpet was sounded by my followers at the gate, and warns me that the pasha or his messenger are close at hand."

Even before the conclusion of this rapid speech, he had carried Miriam, who, confused with joy, grief, and terror, was unable to speak, half way along the narrow and deserted corridor of the caravanserai. When he reached the gate he found it open, and exhibiting to view the black face of Rustom, who stooping from his horse, was peering in with great anxiety.

"By Allah!" he exclaimed, as his master rushed out, "I thought you would never return! Here is Daoud himself coming for the girl, with his whole guard at his heels. If we tarry five minutes more, our heads will not be worth as many date-stones."

There was, indeed, no time for deliberation; but with true military promptness, the Armenian's daughter was placed in the ready litter, and in three minutes the cavalcade was moving rapidly away from the caravanserai.

VI.

The foremost of the pasha's party reached the gate in time to catch a glimpse of those who preceded them, as they disappeared in the obscure and winding street.

The inquiry made by Daoud for the Armenian, soon revealed his horrible fate to the astonished beholders. His body was searched, and the forged order which Osman had given him being found, afforded the pasha a clue to the murderer, and an explanation of the disappearance of Miriam. The hand-writing he recognised, and the motives that prompted the deed were easily conjectured.

Enraged to the utmost by the discovery, he instantly despatched officers to every gate of the city, with orders to prevent all egress, and with his guard commenced a rapid pursuit in the direction taken by Osman Aga.

VII.

"How far now to the gate of Mosul, Rustom?"

"'T is scarce a mile, Aga."

"Ten minutes then will bring us there. Press on."

"We are pursued, Aga," said an Arab, riding up from the rear. His senses, sharpened by a life on the desert, were as acute as those of an animal.

"How? art sure?"

"I hear the tramp of many horses—their number is very great, and they approach us fast."

"Forward! forward! then. Rustom, your horse is swift and fresh—ride on at full speed, and in the great square by the Mosul gate, you will find Suleiman Bey, waiting for us with a large body of troops—tell him to advance immediately and meet us, for we shall have to stand at bay, ere we can reach the gate."

Rustom obeyed, and his spirited charger soon carried him beyond the sight of the band, which their leader was in vain endeavoring to urge to a greater speed.

Their pursuers at length gained so fast, that Osman Aga became aware that he would in a few minutes be overtaken. He therefore, as he reached a small open place, on one side of which rose, serene and solemn in the bright moonlight, a vast and stately mosque, halted his men, and arrayed them in front of the street by which the Pasha would approach. The litter containing Miriam he placed in charge of two men at the further extremity of the square. He then calmly awaited the approach of his pursuers.

Very soon the shining chain armor of the Pasha's Circassians was visible in the street, and gallantly they came galloping on, until they were nearly upon the entrance of the square. They halted abruptly, on perceiving the band of Osman Aga. The latter had their carbines unslung and prepared, and gave the Circassians a volley which sent twenty or thirty to the ground, and produced considerable disorder in their ranks. It was but momentary, however, for they instantly rallied, and uttering the terrible janissary shout, charged sword in hand, into the square. They were gallantly met by Osman and his band, and for a few minutes a most furious conflict was maintained. The citizens, roused by the clamor, thronged the windows and terraces of their houses, some bearing aloft torches, while others perceiving that the Pasha's guard were among the combatants, and supposing that their opponents were hostile Arabs, who had entered the city to plunder, began to fire upon the latter.

Though Osman Aga made the most heroic and desperate exertions to maintain his ground—though he repeatedly charged at the head of his men, the guard of the Pasha, in the hope of meeting the latter hand to hand, he was at length with the scanty remnant of his gallant party, driven across the square to the place where he had stationed the litter containing Miriam. Before this he paused, determined there to make a final stand in the hope that Suleiman Bey would arrive in time to succor him.

Just as Daoud was preparing to lead forward his guard to a last grand assault, Osman with inexpressible pleasure heard in the street behind him the rapid trampling of a numerous body of horsemen whom he felt certain were the troop of Suleiman Bey coming to his rescue.

On, on, like a whirlwind came they, Kurds and Arabs, uttering fierce, wild yells, and cries of "Allah akbar," "God is great," and with Rustom on his black steed bounding at their head. Their furious onset bore back the Circassians, despite the efforts of their officers, until they reached the opposite side of the square: there they maintained their ground, and a conflict hand to hand ensued, in the midst of which a party hard pressed by Osman himself, who had assumed the command of his rescuers, burst the barred and iron-covered doors of a dwelling-house, into which they rushed, and were hotly pursued by Osman and a number of Arabs, who drove them from room to room till they reached the terraced roof. They could fly no farther, and were instantly cut down, together with some of the inmates of the house who had been holding torches to illuminate the scene below. One of these, which was still blazing in the stiffened grasp of its slain bearer, caught the eye of Osman Aga as he turned to descend from the roof, and instantly suggested a procedure which was as promptly executed. He seized the torch, and calling to his men to follow him, rushed down stairs, pausing as he passed, to apply the torch to the divans, the hangings, and the wood-work of the dwelling, from which almost as soon as he left it, the flames burst forth with great violence, and as no attempt was made to check them, communicated speedily to the neighboring houses.

The uproar was now increased tenfold. The battle still raged furiously, but the heat and smoke of the burning houses speedily became almost insupportable, and the alarmed and enraged populace flying from the conflagration, so crowded the square and the neighboring streets, that the combatants themselves found it difficult to pursue their work of blood.

The affair, however, was destined to a speedy termination. The Pasha had, ere he left the caravansarai, despatched a messenger to the commander of a considerable body of troops stationed at the bridge which unites the two divisions of the city, with orders to advance with all speed to his assistance. These now approached in another direction from that in which Daoud reached the square, and the first intimation that Osman Aga had of their arrival, was from the simultaneous charge made by them and the guards of the Pasha. It was irresistible—and the genius and courage of the renegade were in vain exerted to redeem the fight. His force, now far outnumbered, was surrounded and divided, and finally he was himself unhorsed, and his followers cut down or captured, with the exception of a small band

which, headed by Rustom, cut their way through the enemy, and hotly pursued, galloped off in the direction of the Mosul gate, which they knew would be found unguarded.

Osman forced his way to the litter which was not far distant, and found it overthrown, and the fair inmate struggling in the grasp of two ferocious Turks. To pistol one and cut down the other with his sabre, was the work of a moment, and the next, Osman, with Miriam in his arms, was rushing rapidly down a narrow street, pursued by three horsemen, who overtook him just as he gained the entrance of a small alley, into which he turned. It being too narrow to admit their horses, his pursuers dismounted, and two of them followed him with drawn scimitars. Impeded by the weight of Miriam, he was soon overtaken. He suddenly stopped and turned upon the Circassians, one of whom, as he called upon Osman to surrender, received the contents of his remaining pistol. The other, dismayed by the fall of his comrade, and unprovided with fire-arms, did not deem it prudent to encounter alone, one of the most redoubted swordsmen of Asia, and hastily regained the street where he had left his horse.

Osman pursued his way unmolested for a short distance, until he arrived at one of the entrances of the great bazaar, where he found a masterless steed, whose rider had doubtless fallen in the recent battle, quietly drinking from

the basin of a huge fountain. He easily caught the animal, which he mounted, and placing Miriam before him, rode at a rapid rate until he reached a quarter of the city near the eastern wall.

He dismounted at the door of a vast but dingy and dilapidated mansion, and knocked violently for some time, without receiving any answer. At length a person bearing a light, approached, and inquired in Turkish,

"Who is there?"

Osman Aga's reply was in English. "A friend — a countryman — open quickly, for the love of God — I am in danger, and require shelter."

The door was immediately opened, and Osman and Miriam entered and were received with cordiality, mingled with wonder and curiosity, by an extremely mild and intelligent looking man of middle age, dressed in European costume. He was the head of the English mission which had been for some time established in Bagdad. Osman soon explained the situation of himself and his fair companion, and solicited an asylum for them both until they could effect their escape from the city. This was readily granted, and the result of the conference was, that before morning, Osman Aga was united in marriage by the rites of the Protestant church, to Miriam, the daughter of Bogos, the Armenian.

SONNET.

BY J. R. LOWELL.

Our love is not a fading earthly flower ;
 Its winged seed dropt down from paradise,
 And nursed by day and night, by sun and shower,
 Doth momentarily to fresher beauty rise :
 To us the leafless autumn is not bare,
 Nor winter's rattling boughs lack lusty green,
 Our summer hearts make summer's fulness where
 No leaf or bud or blossom may be seen :
 For nature's life in love's deep life doth lie,
 Love — whose forgetfulness is beauty's death,
 Whose mystic key these cells of thou and I
 Into the infinite freedom openeth,
 And makes the body's dark and narrow grate
 The wide-flung leaves of heaven's palace-gate.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC—BEETHOVEN'S SYMPHONIES.

BY J. S. DWIGHT.

THE concerts of the Academy decidedly take the lead in our musical entertainments this winter. This speaks better of the progress of art among us, than any fact which has yet been announced. At length we have seen the great Odeon crowded from floor to ceiling with all the best and most appreciating life of Boston, of Cambridge too, and the other suburbs, not to hear some famous virtuoso, who would feign persuade you that there is more in his fingers than in Handel's or in Mozart's soul; but really lending respectful, and, if looks deceive not, rapt attention to the sublime orchestral works of Beethoven. Who, even of enthusiasts for art, would have looked for this so soon? We had thought that Henry Russell "*et id genus omne*" had long ago stolen the hearts of our august public; but it seems they beat again in the right place, and, sick of dazzling novelties, now find delight in the genuine, the enduring, the all-satisfying, yet never to be understood and exhausted works of real genius. Once the very few had almost to apologize for daring to admire Beethoven, for showing pedantic preference for names gone by, like Handel and the mighty line of tone-prophets which he led. Three years since, the noble orchestra of our Academy played to bare walls. Last year they found "fit audience, tho' few," — an audience constant to the last, till all in a manner knew each other, and in spite of the vulgar separating cares of the day, felt the bonds of a certain high and pure friendship knit between them by the spell of those sublime harmonies, associated so with the sight of each other's faces, — faces which the music caused to glow with the best expression which they ever wore. This created a permanent demand. And now, it being known where taste and character betake themselves, the great army of followers and fashionables can no longer keep away — (indeed, any one sees, in looking round upon such an audience, that, given one half of it, you may be sure to have the other), and the multitudes of hearers pouring in, wave after wave, encroach upon the stage, and barely leave the players room to draw a fiddle-bow. So much for having faith enough in the power of genius to enforce a response from every soul; so much for bringing forward the *best* always, without stooping to please a vulgar taste, trusting that the crowd will come round to it at last. For this the Academy deserve the thanks of all who reverence art. Let them persevere in this course, and the noble works of musical genius will find a warm and faithful home in Boston,

while our people will enjoy the most exalted of social pleasures, in listening together to that sublimest and most intimate language of the soul, the sound of which wakes chords within each one of us which are deeper than all difference, and make us feel a divine relationship. Rarely is there an assembly, where all are so lifted above themselves, and made to forget their selfish partialities, where one electric thrill so runs from heart to heart, where the hardened and the prematurely old are so surprised into the joy and open-heartedness of childhood, where the word "disinterested" becomes so much a felt reality, and where the one spirit which is in us all, despite our differences of opinion, taste and character, so wells up from the bottom of every mind, like fixed air, and gives us a never-to-be-forgotten glimpse of the fact that we are nearer to each other than we knew, whether argument and doctrine have yet reached so far or not, — as an assembly on whom Beethoven and the orchestra have begun to work. Music answers the soul's deepest craving for expression more nearly than any other language, not excepting poetry or prayer; while at the same time it is the most exquisite thing yet found for entertainment or excitement; thus reconciling what a blind morality esteems the two opposite tendencies in man, and speaking to the whole of him. And when we consider that music is the peculiar art of this last century, that more of the highest kind of genius has been employed of late in music than in any art or literature, that the more it is understood, the more is it felt to be, — the fact becomes one of great significance for the future development of humanity.

This thought must be unfolded when we have room. We must speak now of the music. At the time we write, the Academy has given two concerts. The *second* and the *fifth* symphony of Beethoven formed the great feature in each. Of these in due time. We stop now to try to do justice to the rest of the entertainment, which was all good. The bill of fare contained no piece which could not be esteemed classic, and worth studying as well as hearing. To say the least, there was nothing offensive, no ridiculous bathos, from beginning to end. Even the few songs which might be supposed to "sing small" — too trivial even for diversion — between noble symphonies and overtures, were sterling compositions, and delivered in a pure, chaste style, which showed that the two gentlemen who sang them, (and whom, by way of encouragement to native talent, it was

certainly well for the Academy to bring out), have been cultivating something more than a voice, and seeking something more than vulgar applause. Then there was each time a solo on the violin, by Mr. Keiser, gracefully accompanied by our old friend, Mr. Webb. The modest manner, and straight-forward, conscientious delivery of those two earnest and artist-like men, were music to the eye as well as ear, after so much virtuoso flash and flourish as we have had. Here were men playing to bring out the sense of the composition before them, and not to exhibit themselves. Two overtures, the same both evenings, formed the substance of the first part of the concert. One was the overture to "*Die Felsenmühle*," by Reissiger, an overture in the truest sense of the word, — thoroughly dramatic, while the music abounds in beautiful and original movements. The other, rapturously encored both times, was the delicious overture to "*Zanetta*," by Auber, which could not fail to effect diversion in the most thought-haunted mind, and "pluck from the memory the most rooted sorrow." It was not deep; but we never heard anything more exquisite in its way. Full of the most airy, dainty, strange, yet simple melodies, which chase each other like the dimpled sun-flecks on the water — leaving one no time to get weary, and mocking every effort to think; tickling our very soul to laughter, and calling round us all the gayest and most bright-colored scenes of life, the Hesperides-gardens of the fancy, with roses and humming-birds, and sparkling *jets d'eau*, and forms most volatile flitting in the moonlight, weaving fairy dances, and enacting curious histories. It is music to make one smile in his sleep. Now it is a stealing in of faint warbling melodies of flutes and clarinets, waking up by the way and toying with their neighbors, the bassoons and oboes; and now an impassioned burst of fullest tenderness, followed by mysterious stillness, woke again ere long by those strange warblings; and now the melting, luscious harp-tones of the dance; and now a perfect foaming up of the very wine and essence of the violins; and now mellow horn passages, whose notes bring marvellous, startling reminiscences of what certainly never had historical being in us, like the Platonic ideas. The composer must have overheard some fairy orgies. It is as if you lay with eyes half open in the middle of midsummer's night, when by the light of the moon steal in little elfin shapes, who straightway form themselves in some moon-spot on your floor, and are soon in the full tide of all their quaintest revelries for your diversion. Could not the Academy give us, some time, Mendelsohn's overture to the "*Midsummer Night's Dream*," that we may know how far music has carried it in this vein?

The *second* symphony has in it more of joy and triumph than we have been wont to expect from Beethoven, whose every utterance was either deepest yearning, or heaven-storming energy. Yet it is none the less characteristic.

It is the joy and triumph of no common mind. It is no light-hearted cheerfulness. The grandeur and depth and unutterable wealth of inward experience, and uncontainable aspiration, of one of the intensest spiritual existences who ever took the form of flesh and blood amongst us, are all in it, to deepen and enrich the colors of the gorgeous scenery, and swell the current of the jubilee. He rejoices with all the strength of his heroism, and all the tenderness of his prayer. It is one of his earlier works, written before he was thirty. And, though it is hazardous at all times to attempt to interpret music, (which seems to be the intimate language of another element, of whose experiences all words, and thoughts, and scenes and things intelligible are only types and shadows,) we cannot help feeling, while we hear it, as if this symphony were the effort of a soul, all full of genius, and overwhelmed with the glories which crowd round it, so that it almost sinks under the weight of too much joy, to give expression to its sense of the depth and the richness of life, to proclaim the thrilling communion which it feels with all heaven and earth and boundless realms invisible. A quick electric spark seems to have shot through all things, and the oneness of the worlds within and without to have flashed upon him, exalting man to Deity, at the very moment that he sinks in utter weakness. This exalting consciousness of genius, its profound admiring sense of life, is perhaps known to few; and by nothing short of heroism can the poor feeble will of man bear fitting testimony to it, and give it utterance ere it effervesce. What shall I say, what shall I do, while the full roaring tide uplifts me, before it turns and ebbs away and leaves me sick and spent on the low muddy bed of common-place? is ever the stern question put to genius. To the poet or the artist, these unprepared-for jubilees of the mind, these sudden accessions of too much bliss, these periodical rises of the under currents of life, bring on a conflict with the weaker individual will within him as intense as do the fearful outward obstacles in life, or the clouds of doubt and sin within us. A necessity seems laid upon him to utter, with weak individual speech, what is universal, unutterable, divine. Hence a jubilee symphony from Beethoven shall, like all his music, tell as much of earnest and gigantic struggle, as of light and joy.

To come at once, then, to the music. It is in the key of D major, the most splendid and triumphant key, which has been so much dedicated to martial strains. The principal theme of the allegro, the fierce unbridled joy impulse, does not get out immediately; but is preceded by a marvellously grand and crowded passage in the 3-4 *adagio* movement, in which all the countless streams of life seem to be rolling in their waves together, and all the solemn clouds to be moving in above, their edges silvered by the light of every star, while thunders roll and lightnings fly from one to the other (so I would interpret those swift violin flights from massive

chord to chord, — one chord, as it were *lightening* into another,) and all the elements, and all the life and beauty and majesty of nature are gathered into the intensity of the moment. One by one, in solemn chord-processions, had each mysterious and august presence kept arriving; and a simultaneous shout, a rush of many voices (transition to the key of B flat) had announced the splendid circle full, before the rushing, heaving, hither and thither swaying, tumultuous movement began, which soon settles down, however, and all the vast array of conscious life, met face to face, is still with mutual expectation. The principalities and powers of all the solar worlds sit still and solemn round, as if upon the eve to celebrate glories which the tongue of man would be palsied in pronouncing. A short consultation in an under tone is heard between the violins and violoncellos (the melody in hurried triplets;) they seem to come to an understanding; rich, hope-inspiring chords, crowned by the light-trilling flute, like the sunbeam of expression lighting up a countenance about to speak, announce that the word is soon to go forth; and with an impetuous bound leaps from the goal the impatient thema, (*allegro con brio*), like live lightning: joy is no longer clogged by its own fulness; it scours the illimitable plains with resistless speed, scarce remembering to pause and whisper the burthen of its mission, the short glad *counter-theme*, or second subject (in A) to here and there a listener by the way. How it is carried through, what separate thoughts the successive phrases of the movement might suggest, we will not stop to consider. The very difficulty of executing a piece of such breadth and energy and rapidity helps out its true expression. Just as your wrists and fingers, if you try to play it on the piano, begin to give out, the music itself falters and pants exhausted, then gathers itself up by short, broken efforts, to rush forward in a fuller stream. This is exceedingly characteristic of Beethoven. What a determined, headlong energy is in his movements! how his theme goes on, gathering up more and more force and fulness in its movement, piling chord upon chord, climbing, climbing, like accumulated waves, which break and all fall back; then gather themselves again for the onset, and climbing by half-tones through all the chords, burst through, and lo the sea is smooth, and we sail along in the sweetest buoyant measure, triumphing with the theme.

After this first fury of joy has spent itself, the serene and thoughtful *Larghetto* commences, in the childlike, happy key of A major. The theme is given first by the delicious quartette of stringed instruments, which seems the full heart's pious, cheerful hymn of gratitude, in a gentle, equable narrative style, as if recounting

all its hidden bliss. Three or four, at least, new subjects enter in the course of the movement, all of exquisite beauty, like the blending of the winds and starlight with our serenest, richest thoughts. Some of the modulations by which new subjects are ushered in, or old ones in new keys, are solemn and imposing, as the shiftings of the clouds around the setting sun. The deepest tenderness and seriousness reigns throughout; and faith was never blessed with fuller, purer utterance.

Can music laugh and jest? Is there wit and humor, or aught answering to them in its mystic sphere? At least, let none, unless the choicest, most refined, and most imaginative, provoke to mirth a mind composed to such serene, sweet musings by the *Larghetto*. Yet the wild *Scherzo* must, by the compensating power of nature, have its place. And here it is indeed *Scherzissimo*! It seems as if the motliest, queerest group of bachanalians were assembled, all beside themselves with gladness, and disputatious with excess of joy. Every instrument must have its say in turn, and all so rapidly, they mingle and chime in in spite of themselves, and are whirled away in one hurricane of concord. Or does it seem rather as if *ignes fatui* were dancing and blazing through the air in all directions, now diverging, now rushing together into one great splendor, and showing through what oddest freaks of diversity the deep unity can maintain its law. And then, in the same breath, the rustic trio, of oboes and bassoons (in B flat); — what! Pan himself and all his satyrs come to join the revels! Then a long, loud burst — in unison, on F sharp, with all its chords reverberated in swift succession, and dying into a murmur, as if they had reached the acme of mad-cap enthusiasm; and stunning peals of merriment, and rough tumultuous embraces, and tossing up of caps could go no further. Another peal, and a return into the *scherzo*, and the grotesque revellers frolic off the stage as they came on.

The *Finale* (*presto*) is only a more serious freak of madness — joy so possessed and frantic, that it must vent itself or die. It reminds us of those states of mind, in our highest communion with nature, when song and prayer, and inward still delight, and rapturous looks and words are not enough, but it becomes an animal impulse, and away we plunge through swamps and thicket, hill and vale, and run till we can run no more, and kind fatigue and sleep deliver us. It is very despair of utterance, and ends with the acknowledgment, as it were, that faith can feel, but neither word nor action quite express the depth and riches of our life.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LONGING.

BY W. W. STORY.

With weary heart, and dreary eye,
He gazed into the lonely night,
Hour after hour dragged slowly by,
The shadows changed from left to right.

The solemn earth, the stars' sharp gleam,
The yearning wind's low ebb and swell,
All things were but a mystic dream,
A riddle that he could not spell.

What is the worth of human art,
If the weak tongue can never speak
That which lies heavy on the heart,
Even though the heavy heart should break.

THE TELL-TALE HEART.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

Art is long and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

Longfellow.

TRUE! — nervous — very, very dreadfully nervous I had been, and am; but why *will* you say that I am mad? The disease had sharpened my senses — not destroyed — not dulled them. Above all was the sense of hearing acute. I heard all things in the heaven and in the earth. I heard many things in hell. How, then, am I mad? Harken! and observe how healthily — how calmly I can tell you the whole story.

It is impossible to say how first the idea entered my brain; but, once conceived, it haunted me day and night. Object there was none. Passion there was none. I loved the old man. He had never wronged me. He had never given me insult. For his gold I had no desire. I think it was his eye! — yes, it was this! He had the eye of a vulture — a pale blue eye, with a film over it. Whenever it fell upon me, my blood ran cold; and so, by degrees — very gradually — I made up my mind to take the life of the old man, and thus rid myself of the eye forever.

Now this is the point. You fancy me mad. Madmen know nothing. But you should have

seen *me*. You should have seen how wisely I proceeded — with what caution — with what foresight — with what dissimulation I went to work! I was never kinder to the old man than during the whole week before I killed him. And every night, about midnight, I turned the latch of his door and opened it — oh so gently! And then, when I had made an opening sufficient for my head, I first put in a dark lantern, all closed, closed, so that no light shone out, and then I thrust in my head. Oh, you would have laughed to see how cunningly I thrust it in! I moved it slowly — very, very slowly, so that I might not disturb the old man's sleep. It took me an hour to place my whole head within the opening so far that I could see the old man as he lay upon his bed. Ha! — would a madman have been so wise as this? And then, when my head was well in the room, I undid the lantern cautiously — oh, so cautiously (for the hinges creaked) — I undid it just so much that a single thin ray fell upon the vulture eye. And this I did for seven long nights — every night just at midnight — but I found the eye always closed; and so it

was impossible to do the work ; for it was not the old man who vexed me, but his Evil Eye. And every morning, when the day broke, I went boldly into his chamber, and spoke courageously to him, calling him by name in a hearty tone, and inquiring how he had passed the night. So you see he would have been a very profound old man, indeed, to suspect that every night, just at twelve, I looked in upon him while he slept.

Upon the eighth night I was more than usually cautious in opening the door. A watch's minute-hand moves more quickly than did mine. Never, before that night, had I *felt* the extent of my own powers—of my sagacity. I could scarcely contain my feelings of triumph. To think that there I was, opening the door, little by little, and the old man not even to dream of my secret deeds or thoughts. I fairly chuckled at the idea. And perhaps the old man heard me ; for he moved in the bed suddenly, as if startled. Now you may think that I drew back—but no. His room was as black as pitch with the thick darkness, (for the shutters were close fastened, through fear of robbers,) and so I knew that he could not see the opening of the door, and I kept on pushing it steadily, steadily.

I had got my head in, and was about to open the lantern, when my thumb slipped upon the tin fastening, and the old man sprang up in the bed, crying out—“Who's there?”

I kept quite still and said nothing. For another hour I did not move a muscle, and in the meantime I did not hear the old man lie down. He was still sitting up in the bed, listening ;—just as I have done, night after night, hearkening to the death-watches in the wall.

Presently I heard a slight groan, and I knew that it was the groan of mortal terror. It was not a groan of pain, or of grief—oh, no!—it was the low, stifled sound that arises from the bottom of the soul when overcharged with awe. I knew the sound well. Many a night, just at midnight, when all the world slept, it has welled up from my own bosom, deepening, with its dreadful echo, the terrors that distracted me. I say I knew it well. I knew what the old man felt, and pitied him, although I chuckled at heart. I knew that he had been lying awake ever since the first slight noise, when he had turned in the bed. His fears had been, ever since, growing upon him. He had been trying to fancy them causeless, but could not. He had been saying to himself—“It is nothing but the wind in the chimney—it is only a mouse crossing the floor,” or “it is merely a cricket which has made a single chirp.” Yes, he had been trying to comfort himself with these suppositions ; but he had found all in vain. *All in vain* : because death, in approaching the old man, had stalked with his black shadow before him, and the shadow had now reached and enveloped the victim. And it was the mournful influence of the unperceived shadow that caused him to feel—although he

neither saw nor heard me—to *feel* the presence of my head within the room.

When I had waited a long time, very patiently, without hearing the old man lie down, I resolved to open a little—a very, very little crevice in the lantern. So I opened it—you cannot imagine how stealthily, stealthily—until, at length, a single dim ray, like the thread of the spider, shot from out the crevice and fell full upon the vulture eye.

It was open—wide, wide open—and I grew furious as I gazed upon it. I saw it with perfect distinctness—all a dull blue, with a hideous veil over it that chilled the very marrow in my bones ; but I could see nothing else of the old man's face or person ; for I had directed the ray, as if by instinct, precisely upon the damned spot.

And now—have I not told you that what you mistake for madness is but over acuteness of the senses?—now, I say, there came to my ears a *low, dull, quick sound—much such a sound as a watch makes when enveloped in cotton.* I knew *that* sound well, too. It was the beating of the old man's heart. It increased my fury, as the beating of a drum stimulates the soldier into courage.

But even yet I refrained and kept still. I scarcely breathed. I held the lantern motionless. I tried how steadily I could maintain the ray upon the eye. Meantime the hellish tattoo of the heart increased. It grew quicker, and louder and louder every instant. The old man's terror *must* have been extreme! It grew louder, I say, louder every moment :—do you mark me well? I have told you that I am nervous :—so I am. And now, at the dead hour of night, and amid the dreadful silence of that old house, so strange a noise as this excited me to uncontrollable wrath. Yet, for some minutes longer, I refrained and kept still. But the beating grew louder, *louder!* I thought the heart must burst! And now a new anxiety seized me—the sound would be heard by a neighbor! The old man's hour had come! With a loud yell, I threw open the lantern and leaped into the room. He shrieked once—once only. In an instant I dragged him to the floor, and pulled the heavy bed over him. I then sat upon the bed and smiled gaily, to find the deed so far done. But, for many minutes, the heart beat on, with a muffled sound. This, however, did not vex me ; it would not be heard through the walls. At length it ceased. The old man was dead. I removed the bed and examined the corpse. Yes, he was stone, stone dead. I placed my hand upon the heart and held it there many minutes. There was no pulsation. The old man was stone dead. His eye would trouble *me* no more.

If, still, you think me mad, you will think so no longer when I describe the wise precautions I took for the concealment of the body. The night waned, and I worked hastily, but in silence. First of all I dismembered the corpse. I cut off the head and the arms and the legs.

I then took up three planks from the flooring of the chamber, and deposited all between the scantlings. I then replaced the boards so cleverly, so cunningly, that no human eye — not even *his* — could have detected anything wrong. There was nothing to wash out — no stain of any kind — no blood-spot whatever. I had been too wary for that. A tub had caught all — ha! ha!

When I had made an end of these labors, it was four o'clock — still dark as midnight. As the bell sounded the hour, there came a knocking at the street door. I went down to open it with a light heart, — for what had I *now* to fear? There entered three men, who introduced themselves, with perfect suavity, as officers of the police. A shriek had been heard by a neighbor during the night; suspicion of foul play had been aroused; information had been lodged at the police-office, and they (the officers) had been deputed to search the premises.

I smiled, — for *what* had I to fear? I bade the gentlemen welcome. The shriek, I said, was my own in a dream. The old man, I mentioned, was absent in the country. I took my visitors all over the house. I bade them search — search *well*. I led them, at length, to *his* chamber. I showed them his treasures, secure, undisturbed. In the enthusiasm of my confidence, I brought chairs into the room, and desired them *here* to rest from their fatigues; while I myself, in the wild audacity of my perfect triumph, placed my own seat upon the very spot beneath which reposed the corpse of the victim.

The officers were satisfied. My *manner* had convinced them. I was singularly at ease. They sat, and, while I answered cheerily, they chatted of familiar things. But, ere long, I felt myself getting pale and wished them gone.

My head ached, and I fancied a ringing in my ears: but still they sat and still chatted. The ringing became more distinct: I talked more freely, to get rid of the feeling; but it continued and gained definitiveness — until, at length, I found that the noise was *not* within my ears.

No doubt I now grew *very* pale; — but I talked more fluently, and with a heightened voice. Yet the sound increased — and what could I do? It was a *low, dull, quick sound — much such a sound as a watch makes when enveloped in cotton*. I gasped for breath — and yet the officers heard it not. I talked more quickly — more vehemently; — but the noise steadily increased. I arose, and argued about trifles, in a high key and with violent gesticulations; — but the noise steadily increased. Why *would* they not be gone? I paced the floor to and fro, with heavy strides, as if excited to fury by the observations of the men; — but the noise steadily increased. Oh God! what *could* I do? I foamed — I raved — I swore! I swung the chair upon which I had sat, and grated it upon the boards; — but the noise arose over all and continually increased. It grew louder — louder — *louder!* And still the men chatted pleasantly, and smiled. Was it possible they heard not? Almighty God! — no, no! They heard! — they suspected! — they *knew!* — they were making a mockery of my horror! — this I thought, and this I think. But anything better than this agony! Anything was more tolerable than this derision! I could bear those hypocritical smiles no longer! I felt that I must scream or die! — and now — again! — hark! louder! louder! louder! *louder!* —

“Villains!” I shrieked, “dissemble no more! I admit the deed! — tear up the planks! — here, here! — it is the beating of his hideous heart!”

THE POET AND APOLLO.

“O, master of the golden lyre,
Dread twanger of the golden bow,
I call upon thee, mighty sire,
Old, outcast, blind, and full of woe.

“I have poured out my soul like rain
Upon the dry and withered earth;
And what has been my luckless gain?
A wrinkled heart and honor's dearth.

“All earthly things have I explored,
Sounded the deeps of love and hate,
And often hath my spirit soared
High o'er the dark abyss of fate.

"Now therefore grant me what I seek,
Some gift that none with me may share,
A larger vision than these weak
Unaided eyes could ever dare."

So prayed a poet once of old,
A poet wise, without a peer,
By long-pent agony made bold
To seek his father's pitying ear.

Apollo heard, and sadly smiled,
Then, murmuring scarce above his breath,
"Bear thou," he sighed, "unto my child
My last and greatest gift, oh Death."

H. P.

THE PLAYS OF THOMAS MIDDLETON.

BY J. R. LOWELL.

"A great poem is a fountain forever overflowing with the waters of wisdom and delight, and after one person and one age have exhausted all of its divine effluence which their peculiar relations enable them to share; another and yet another succeeds, and new relations are ever developed, the source of an unforeseen and unconceived delight."

Shelley's Defence of Poetry.

POETS are the forerunners and prophets of changes in the moral world. Driven, by their fine nature, to search into and reverently contemplate the universal laws of soul, they find some fragment of the broken tables of God's law, and interpret it, half conscious of its mighty import. While philosophers are wrangling, and politicians playing at snap-dragon with the destinies of millions, the poet, in the silent deeps of his soul, listens to those mysterious pulses which, from one central heart send life and beauty through the finest veins of the universe, and utters truths to be sneered at, perchance, by contemporaries, but which become religion to posterity. Not unwisely ordered is that eternal destiny which renders the seer despised of men, since thereby he is but the more surely taught to lay his head meekly upon the mother-breast of Nature, and hearken to the musical soft beating of her bounteous heart.

That Poesy, save as she can soar nearer to the blissful throne of the Supreme Beauty, is of no more use than all other beautiful things are, we are fain to grant. That she does not add to the outward wealth of the body, and that she is only so much more excellent than any bodily gift, as spirit is more excellent than matter, we must also yield. But, inasmuch as all beautiful things are direct messages and revelations of himself, given us by our Father,

and as Poesy is the searcher out and interpreter of all these, tracing by her inborn sympathy the invisible nerves which bind them harmoniously together, she is to be revered and cherished. The poet has a fresher memory of Eden, and of the path leading back thereto, than other men; so that we might almost deem him to have been conceived, at least, if not born and nursed, beneath the ambrosial shadow of those dimly remembered bowers, and to have had his infant ears filled with the divine converse of angels, who then talked face to face with his sires, as with beloved younger brethren, and of whose golden words only the music remained to him, vibrating forever in his soul, and making him yearn to have all sounds of earth harmonize therewith. In the poet's lofty heart, Truth hangs her aery, and there Love flowers, scattering thence her winged seeds over all the earth with every wind of heaven. In all ages the poet's fiery words have goaded men to remember and regain their ancient freedom, and, when they had regained it, have tempered it with a love of beauty, so as that it should accord with the freedom of Nature, and be as unmovably eternal as that. The dreams of poets are morning-dreams, coming to them in the early dawn and day-breaking of great truths, and are surely fulfilled at last. They repeat them, as children do, and all Christ-

endom, if it be not too busy with quarrelling about the meaning of creeds, which have no meaning at all, listens with a shrug of the shoulders and a smile of pitying incredulity; for reformers are always madmen in their own age, and infallible saints in the next.

We love to go back to the writings of our old poets, for we find in them the tender germs of many a thought, which now stands like a huge oak in the inward world, an ornament and a shelter. We cannot help reading with awful interest what has been written or rudely scrawled upon the walls of this our earthly prison-house, by former dwellers therein. From that which centuries have established, too, we may draw true principles of judgment for the poetry of our own day. A right knowledge and apprehension of the past teaches humbleness and self-sustainment to the present. Showing us what has been, it also reveals what can be done. Progress is Janus-faced, looking to the by-gone as well as to the coming; and Radicalism should not so much busy itself with lopping off the dead or seemingly dead limbs, as with clearing away that poisonous rottenness around the roots, from which the tree has drawn the principle of death into its sap. A love of the beautiful and harmonious, which must be the guide and forerunner to every onward movement of humanity, is created and cherished more surely by pointing out what beauty dwells in anything, even the most deformed, (for there is something in that, also, else it could not even *be*,) than by searching out and railing at all the foulnesses in nature. Not till we have patiently studied beauty can we safely venture to look at defects, for not till then can we do it in that spirit of earnest love, which gives more than it takes away. Exultingly as we hail all signs of progress, we venerate the past also. The tendrils of the heart, like those of ivy, cling but the more closely to what they have clung to long, and even when that which they entwine crumbles beneath them, they still run greenly over the ruin, and beautify those defects which they cannot hide. The past, as well as the present, moulds the future, and the features of some remote progenitor will revive again freshly in the latest offspring of the womb of time. Our earth hangs well nigh silent now, amid the chorus of her sister orbs, and not till past and present move harmoniously together, will music once more vibrate on this long silent chord in the symphony of the universe.

Of Thomas Middleton little is known. Indeed it seems to be the destiny of poets that men should not be familiar with their personal history — a destiny which to the thoughtful has a true and beautiful meaning. For it seems meant to chide men for their too ready preference of names and persons to *things*, by showing them the perishableness of the one, and the immortality of the other, and to give to those divine teachings of theirs which remain to us, something of a mysterious and oracular

majesty, as if they were not truly the words of men, but only more distinct utterances of those far-heard voices which, in the too fleeting moments of a higher and clearer being, come to us from the infinite deep with a feeling of something heard in childhood, but long ago drowned in the din of life. It is a lesson also, for those who would be teachers of men that theirs must be rather the humbly obedient voice than the unconquerable will, and that he speaks best who has listened longest. And yet there is something beautiful, too, in the universal longing which men feel to see the bodily face of that soul whose words have strengthened or refreshed them. It is, perhaps, the result of an unconscious remembrance of a perished faith in the power of spirit over matter, whereby the beautiful soul builds for itself out of clay a dwelling worthy and typical of its majesty. Let Orpheus, then, be a shadow, Homer a name, and our divine Shakspeare a mystery; — we might despise the ambrosia if we saw too plainly the earthen dish in which it was offered to us. Their spirits are a part of the air we breathe. Nothing that was truly theirs has perished, or ever can perish. If a sparrow fall not to the ground without His knowledge, shall a word of truth be of less esteem in His eyes than a sparrow? No, buffeted and borne about as it may be, by the shifting winds of prejudice, that deathless seed always takes root in the warm bosom of the earth at last; — buried for centuries haply in the dark and dreary catacombs of superstition, the life is yet new and strong within it, and in God's good time it springs up and blossoms, in an age to which it was more needful than to that in which it was entombed.

It is of Middleton's tragedies chiefly that we shall speak, both because they are very fine ones, and because from them we can more safely draw an estimate of his character. A good tragedy is, perhaps, the hardest thing to write. Nothing is easier than to draw tears from the reader; nothing surely is more rare than the power of drawing them rightly, or of touching that deepest string of our being which God, that he might give us the most meaning lesson of universal brotherhood, has ordained should never quiver at the touch of our private sorrows, how soul-piercing soever. There are a thousand who can write pathetically, for one who has in any measure of fullness the tragic faculty. Many may touch the heart, but none save a master can bring up for us the snowy pearls which sleep in the deep abysses and caverns of the soul. That our tears are so ready has a beautiful significance, — for they are the birthright of angelic natures, while it is the curse of utterly fallen spirits that none of this sweet dew should ever shed its coolness upon their parched and burning cheeks. Viewed rightly, every fact of our being enfolds a clear recognition of the divinity of our nature. In childhood we see this more readily, though unwittingly; every flower which we pluck at

random in the pure morning of life, and cast from us with a prodigality of beauty which we grow chancier of in more thoughtful years, circles in its fragrant heart the dew-drop which, small as it is, mirrors the universe. In childhood, too, and in women, (who never wander far thence,) the source of this never turbid fountain of our tears is nearer the surface. The drifting sands of a life, which our own selfishness makes a desert, slowly choke it as we grow older, till at last that which was once a gentle outlet of the crowded heart, becomes in itself a more bitter agony. Beautiful, therefore, and blessed is the power of calling forth these pledges of a tenderest purity which lingers life-long, fluttering anear its scattered nest, and will not be scared away. How more beautiful and blessed is it so to summon them as that they shall give back to us, though only for a moment, those holy impulses and gracious instincts of which they were once both the proof and the fulfilment. And this last belongs wholly to tragedy, — wherein we weep rather for the universal than the particular — for the blight which we sometimes in madness think to fall *always* on the purest aspiration and the tenderest faith, — for that blindness and weakness which we find also in our own hearts, ready at any moment to mislead us into unconscious sin, or to give way, (for in our greatest strength we are readiest to lean upon reeds,) and to plunge us headlong and dizzy into the same dreary void with those imaginary woes which so move us. But the wounds which Nature gives us are always to free us from some morbid humor; and tragedy in proving to us the weakness of humanity, shows us at the same time its glorious strength, and that if lower, we are but a little lower than the angels, — a majestic height, where we may poise serenely, if we clog not our silver plumes with clay. In tragedy, moreover, Destiny always hangs like a thunder-cloud, vague and huge, upon the horizon, with an awful grandeur, and we hear afar its ominous mutterings, and see its lightning reflected on the blue craggy mass which it reveals to us, hanging dimly over our own heads. Shapes float around us, and voices are heard from another life, and we are awed into an unwilling consciousness of the workings of an unseen and inscrutable power. But in writings strictly pathetic, our sympathies are moved either for the individual suffering, or against the power (always a definite one,) which inflicts it *unjustly*. Pathos deals with unnatural causes; tragedy with those mysterious exceptions to the laws of nature which are no less natural than those laws themselves with which they make such seeming discord. Pathos is wholly the more outward of the two; it may be founded on the elegancies or conventionalities of life, on the vices and wrongs of a wholly artificial system of society. But tragedy can only take root in the deepest and most earnest realities of a nature common to us all, the same in Cedi-

pus and Othello. The master of pathos must be minute and circumstantial, he must tell us all he knows, and depend on a cumulative effect; while for the higher tragic, there are many things too real and common-place; — the naked skeleton, which leaves the imagination free to work, is more effective and appalling, — the undefinable shadow, whose presence we feel, but toward which we dare not turn our heads. Pathos clings close to the body, and death is one of its favorite and most moving themes. The interest of tragedy is one with life, and touches us through our sense of immortality. Tragedy has to do with the deepest and holiest part of our nature, and breathes over strings which echo dimly far away in the infinite and eternal. It lifts us above the pent-up horizon of the body, and unfolds to us wider and more spiritual relations, so that we wonder not when Prometheus calls upon the sea for sympathy, or when Lear finds a humanity in the elements, and in that gray heaven which, like himself, was full of years. Disease poverty, death which tears away from us the body of those whom we had loved, — that body round which our spirits had twined themselves, hiding it with their luxuriant leaves and tendrils, till we believed that it could not but partake somewhat of that deathless essence, — these and many more woes is our frail humanity incident to; but there are anguishes of our immortal nature deeper than life and death; — Laocoön struggles with the entwining folds of destiny, — doubts that hurry to and fro in bewildered hopelessness, — loss of faith in good, and seemingly forced belief in an overruling evil, when Truth shows but as a painted mask over the stony face of Falsehood, when a damp mist of despair swathes the beautiful in its icy shroud, and Love, which we had deemed unchangeable, hides its eyes from us, — and these belong to Tragedy, which always shows us that the finite can never be an independent existence, but is ever overruled by the infinite, to which it is knit by unseen but never to be sundered bands. To write a good tragedy, therefore, demands, if not the greatest of poets, certainly some of the highest elements of one.

The plot of "The Changeling," the most powerful of Middleton's tragedies, is briefly this. De Flores, a deformed and ugly villain, loves Beatrice, the heroine of the play, who has an unconquerable loathing of him. She has been betrothed by Vermandero her father, to Alonzo de Piracquo, a noble gentleman, but whom she cannot love, having already given all her heart to Alsemero. De Flores first tempts her to the murder of Piracquo, and then offers himself as the instrument of that hideous guilt. The murder is successfully accomplished without the knowledge of Alsemero, and Beatrice, no obstacle now remaining, is married to him. On the day of her wedding she deems it high time to get De Flores out of the way, but he refuses any other reward than the satiation of

his hellish passion for Beatrice, to the gratification of which he compels her by a threat of disclosing all to her husband. Alsemero at length is led to suspect his wife, the whole ghastly story is laid bare, and De Flores, after slaying his unwilling paramour, prevents the revenging steel of Tomaso, Piracquo's brother, by stabbing himself to the heart. The tragedy takes its name from the chief character in an under-plot, which, as is usually the case in the old drama, has nothing whatever to do with the action of the piece.

In the opening of the play, Beatrice thus strongly expresses her aversion to De Flores.

—— 't is my infirmity;
Nor can I other reason render you
Than his or hers of some particular thing
They must abandon as a deadly poison,
Which to a thousand other tastes were wholesome;
Such to mine eyes is that same fellow there,
The same that report speaks of the basilisk.

It was a fine thought in our author thus to give a dim foreshadowing of that bloody eclipse of her better nature which Beatrice was to suffer from De Flores. It is always an unacknowledged sense of our own weaknesses that gives birth to those vague feelings and presentiments which warn us of an approaching calamity, and when the blow has fallen, we soothe our wounded self-respect by calling it Fate. We cheat our sterner reason into a belief that some higher power has interfered to bring about that blight in us whose steady growth always circles outward from some hidden meanness in our own souls. Our woes are our own offspring, and we feed our hungry brood, as was once fabled of the pelican, with our best heart's-blood; — alas, they never become fledged, like hers, and fly away from us, but raven till the troubled fountain runs dry! The shafts of destiny never rend through buckler and breast-plate, but reach our hearts with an awful and deadly certainty, through any chink in our armor which has been left unbraced by our own sin or recklessness. Beatrice would make us believe that she has a natural antipathy to De Flores. But antipathies are only so many proofs of something wanting in ourselves, whereby we are hindered of that perfect sympathy with all things, for which we were created, and without which that life, which should be as harmonious as the soft concert of love, becomes harsh and jarring. The thought of De Flores is to Beatrice what the air-drawn dagger was to Macbeth; she foresees in her own heart the crime yet uncommitted, and trembles at the weapon even while she stretches her quivering hand to grasp it. A terrible fascination seems to draw us on to the doing of ill deeds, the foreconsciousness whereof, graciously implanted in our natures by God as a safeguard, we misconstrue into the promptings of our evil demon. We brood over the gloomy thought in an agony of fierce enjoyment. Infidels to our own holy impulses, we blaspheme the eternal

benignity which broods forever on its chosen nest in the soul of man, giving life to all beauty and all strength. We go apart from the society of men that we may hold converse with our self-invoked and self-created tempter. Always at our backs it dogs us, looming every hour higher and higher, till the damp gloom of its shadow hems us wholly in. We feel it behind us like the fearful presence of a huge hand stretched forth to gripe us and force us to its withering will. One by one the dark, vague fingers close around us, and at last we render ourselves to its fancied bidding in a gush of wild despair which vibrates in us with a horrible delight.* We sign our deeds of sale to the fiend with a feather self-torn from our own wings. It is the curse of Adam in us that we can no longer interpret the tongue of angels, and too often mistake the tender forethought of our good spirit concerning us, for the foul promptings of an evil demon which we would fain believe is permitted to have dominion over us. In another place Beatrice says of De Flores,

*I never see this fellow but I think
Of some harm towards me; danger's in my mind
still;
I scarce leave trembling for an hour after.*

Here we have a still clearer omen of what is to follow.

Our poet drops a few "lilies in the mouth of his Tartarus," but there is ever a dark sprig of nightshade among them. In the scene we next quote, the bloody dawning of the thought of Piracquo's murder in the soul of Beatrice, blots out luridly the tender morning-star of love which still trembles there, making us feel yet more thrillingly the swiftly nearing horrors which it betokens. The scene is between Beatrice and Alsemero.

Beat. I have within mine eyes all my desires:
Requests, that holy prayers ascend heaven for,
And bring them down to furnish our defects,
Come not more sweet to our necessities
Than thou unto my wishes.

Als. We are so like
In our expressions, lady, that unless I borrow
The same words, I shall never find their equals.

Beat. How happy were this meeting, this embrace,
If it were free from envy! this poor kiss,
It has an enemy, a hateful one,
That wishes poison to it: how well were I now,
If there were none such name known as Piracquo,
Nor no such tie as the command of parents!
I should be too much blessed.

Als. One good service
Would strike off both your fears, and I'll go near it
too,
Since you are so distressed; remove the cause,
The command ceases; so there's two fears blown out
With one and the same blast.

* We need only refer to the masterly illustration of this thought in Mr. Dana's "Paul Felton," a tale of wonderful depth and power. The spiritual meaning of the witches in Macbeth is doubtless this tampering of a soul with its warnings against, which it mistakes for ominous suggestions to, evil.

Beat. Pray let me find you sir:
What might that service be, so strangely happy?

Als. The honorablest piece about man, valor:
I'll send a challenge to Piracquo instantly.

With what exquisite naturalness is this drawn! The heart of Beatrice, afraid of itself, would fain cheat itself into the belief that Alsemero gave it that dark hint which its own guilty wishes had already forestalled. To return —

Beat. How? call you that extinguishing of fear,
When 't is the only way to keep it flaming?
Are not you ventured in the action,
That's all my joys and comforts? pray, no more, sir:

Though she seemingly rejects the offer, yet she goes on weighing the risk in her own mind.

Say you prevailed, you're danger's and not mine then;
The law would claim you from me, or obscurity
Be made the grave to bury you alive.
*I'm glad these thoughts come forth; oh keep not one
Of this condition, sir! here was a course
Found to bring sorrow on her way to death;
The tears would ne'er have dried till dust had choked
them.*
Blood-guiltiness becomes a fouler visage; —

Thus she works herself up to a pitch of horror at the fancied guilt of Alsemero, and with half-conscious cunning renders her own plot, (which she now for the first time acknowledges to herself,) less full of loathsomeness. She continues, (*aside.*)

*And now I think on one: I was to blame,
I've marred so good a market with my scorn;
It had been done, questionless: the ugliest creature
Creation framed for some use; yet to see
I could not mark so much where it should be!*

How full of doubt and trembling hesitation is the broken structure of the verse, too, and how true to nature the lie in the last line and a half, which she will persist in telling herself!

Als. Lady —

But she does not hear him; she is too fearfully intent with watching a murder even now adoining in her own heart.

Beat. (aside.) Why, men of art make much of
poison,
Keep one to expel another; where was my art?

The scene which follows, between Beatrice and De Flores, is a very powerful one. Not powerful in the same degree with Lear and Othello, but yet in the same kind, for as much power is needful to the making of a violet as of an oak. It is too long for us to copy the whole of it. She strives to persuade herself that De Flores is not so hideous to her after all, like a child talking aloud in the dark to relieve its terrors.

When we are used
To a hard face it is not so displeasing;
It mends still in opinion, hourly mends,
I see it by experience.
Hardness becomes the visage of a man well;
It argues service, resolution, manhood,
If cause were of employment.

De Flores is led on gradually to the desired end, and when he has sworn to devote himself to whatever service she may lay upon him, she exclaims, not daring to hear the name of "her murdered man," on her lips, till emboldened by slow degrees,

Then take *him* to thy fury!

De F. I thirst for him!

Beat. Alonzo de Piracquo!

De Flores murders Piracquo, and brings one of his fingers with a ring upon it, as a token of the deed, to Beatrice. She is startled at sight of him.

Beat. De Flores!

De F. Lady?

She will not trust her tongue with anything more than an allusion to what she so eagerly longed for.

Beat. Thy looks promise cheerfully.

De F. All things are answerable, time, circumstance,
Your wishes, and my service.

Beat. Is it done then?

De F. Piracquo is no more.

Beat. My joys start at mine eyes; *our sweet'st
delights*
Are evermore born weeping.

De F. I've a token for you.

Beat. For me?

De F. But it was sent somewhat unwillingly:
I could not get the ring without the finger.

Beat. Bless me, what hast thou done!

Exclaims the horror-stricken Beatrice, the woman reviving again in her. She had hardened herself to the abstract idea of murder, but revolts at this dreadful material token of it.

De F. Why is that more
Than killing the whole man? I cut his heart-strings.

How finely is the contemptuous coolness of De Flores, the villain by calculation, set off by the shrinking dread of Beatrice, whose guilt is the child of a ravished intercourse between her passions and her affections. The sight of the ring carries her and us back to the sweet days of her innocency, and the picture is complete.

'T is the first token my father made me send him.

She sighs, remembering the calm purity from which she has fallen, and yet, at the same time, with the true cunning of a guiltiness which only half repents, strives to palliate the sin of whose terrible consciousness she must evermore be the cringing bondsman, by thinking of her father's tyranny. The horror which a murderer feels of the *physical fact* of murder, and the dread which creeps over him from the cold corpse of his victim, exemplified by Beatrice in the above quotation, seem, at first thought, strange phenomena in nature. But are they not in truth unwitting recognitions of the immortality of the

soul, as if the wrong done were wholly to the body and had no terrors for the spiritual part of our being? This feeling may be well called *bodily remorse*, being clearly of a grosser and more outward nature than that strong agony which shakes us inwardly when we have done a murder upon the soul of our brother, and have been marked on our foreheads as spiritual Cains, by ingratitude, hypocrisy, mistrust, want of faith, or any other lie against God.*

The remainder of this scene between De Flores and Beatrice is all of it striking, but we have not room to quote it all. De Flores tells her the loathsome price at which she has bought Piracquo's death and she exclaims,

Why, 't is impossible thou canst be so wicked,
Or shelter such a cunning cruelty,
To make his death the murderer of my honor!
Thy language is so bold and vicious,
I cannot see which way I can forgive it
With any modesty.

No guilt can ever sear out of a woman's soul the essential tenderness and purity of its nature. Desecrated as its dwelling may be by infamy and shame, with meek and silent forgiveness it comes home again to its ruined cell, and gently effaces, as far as it can, the ruthless traces of the destroyer. Alas! where the celestial whiteness of woman's nature is most bedimmed, she stands most in need of the uplifting sympathy of her sisters, who only give her scorn or a distant pity which makes her but the more an outcast. How more ennobling and worthy of us, it is to seek out and cherish the soiled remnant of an angelic nature in the lepers of sin against whom the hard world has shut its iron doors, than to worship it (which we are not over-ready to do) where it shines unclouded in the noble and the wise.

This modesty of Beatrice is one of the most touchingly natural traits in her character. De Flores spurned it as he would a worthless flower,

Pish! you forget yourself;
A woman dipped in blood, and talk of modesty!

Beat. O, misery of sin! would I'd been bound
Perpetually unto my living hate
In that Piracquo, than to hear these words!
Think but upon the distance that creation
Set 'twixt thy blood and mine, and keep thee there.

She shrinks behind her pride, but the next speech of De Flores drives her forth from her flimsy shelter. The speech is a very vigorous one and full of moral truth.

De F. Look but into your conscience, read me
there,
'T is a true book; you'll find me there your equal:
Pish! fly not to your birth, but settle you
In what the act has made you, you're no more now;

* This *bodily* feeling is painted with a terrible truth and distinctness of coloring in Hood's "Dream of Eugene Aram," and with no less strength by the powerful imagination of Mr. Poe, in his story of the "Tell-tale heart," on page 29 of the present number.

You must forget your parentage to me;
You are the deed's creature: by that name
You lost your first condition, and I challenge you,
As peace and innocency have turned you out,
And made you one with me.

Beat. With thee, foul villain!

De F. Yes, my fair murderess, do you urge me?

Yes, there are no bounds of caste, no grades of rank, in sin. If we may be born again in virtue, so also may we be in sin, and we bear some trace of the hideous features of our second mother to our graves.

A very striking and forcible line is put into the mouth of De Flores when he first meets Tomaso, Piracquo's brother, after the murder.

I'd fain get off, this man's not for my company,
I smell his brother's blood when I come near him.

Tom. Come hither, kind and true one; I remember,
My brother loved thee well.

De F. O, purely, dear sir!
Methinks I'm now again a killing him,
He brings it so fresh to me. (*aside.*)

In another scene between Beatrice and De Flores, she is made to say something which is full of touching pathos. She suspects her maid of having betrayed her to her husband. De Flores asks,

Who would trust a waiting-woman?

Beat. I must trust somebody.

How truly is here expressed the wilderness of bleak loneliness into which guilt drives those it possesses, forcing them, when that sweet spring of peacefulness, which bubbles up so freshly in the open confidingness of joy, is cut off, to seek a sympathy in their degradation, and in the bewildering darkness of doubt and suspicion, to *trust* some one, even though it be only with the story of their shame. In its lowest and most fallen estate, the spirit of man cannot shake off its inborn feeling of brotherhood, which whispers it to seek for that sympathy which in happier days it was perhaps too slow to grant. It is sorrow which teaches us most nearly how full of sustainment and help we may be to our fellows, and how much we in our turn stand in need of them; and that when once selfishness has rusted apart that chain which binds us so closely to man, it has also broken the supporting tie which links us with uplifting trustfulness to the all-enfolding sympathy of God.

In the last act Beatrice confesses her crime to her husband, and he cries bitterly

O, thou art all deformed!

Beat. Forget not, sir,
It for your sake was done: shall greater dangers
Make the less welcome?

Als. O, thou should'st have gone
A thousand leagues about to have avoided
This dangerous bridge of blood! here we are lost!

There is a sternly truthful naturalness in these words of Alsemero. To a soul highly wrought up, language resolves itself into its original elements, and the relations and resemblances of

things present themselves to it rather than the things themselves, so that the language of passion, in which conventionality is overwhelmed by the bursting forth of the original savage nature, is always metaphorical.*

The tragic depth of the climax of this drama can only be thoroughly felt in a perusal of the whole. We can only quote a few sentences. There is much pathos in what the broken-hearted Beatrice says to her father, as she is dying.

O, come not near me, sir, I shall defile you!
I am that of your blood was taken from you
For your better health; look no more upon it,
But cast it to the ground regardlessly,
Let the common sewer take it from distinction,
Beneath the stars, upon yon meteor
Ever hung my fate, 'mongst things corruptible;
(*Pointing to De Flores.*)
I ne'er could pluck it from him; my loathing
Was prophet to the rest, but ne'er believed:
Mine honor fell with him, and now my life.

The concluding words of the play which Alsemero addresses to his bereaved father-in-law, are fragrant with beautiful and sincere humanity.

Sir, you have yet a son's duty living,
Please you, accept it; let that your sorrow,
As it goes from your eye, go from your heart;
Man and his sorrow at the grave must part.
All we can do to comfort one another,
To stay a brother's sorrow for a brother,
To dry a child from the kind father's eyes,
Is to no purpose, it rather multiplies:
Your only smiles have power to cause re-live
The dead again, or in their rooms to give
Brother a new brother, father a child;
If these appear, all griefs are reconciled.

The dramatic power of Middleton is rather of the suggestive kind, than of that elaborately minute and finished order, which can trust wholly to its own completeness for effect. Only Shakspeare can so "on horror's head horrors accumulate," as to make the o'er-charged heart stand aghast and turn back with trembling haste from the drear abyss in which it was groping bewildered. Middleton has shown his deep knowledge of art and nature, by that strict appreciation of his own weakness, which is the hardest wisdom to gain, and which can only be the fruit of an earnest, willing, and humble study in his own heart, of those primitive laws of spirit which lie at the bottom of all hearts. It is much easier to feel our own strength than our want of it; indeed a feeling of the one blinds us to the other. Middleton is wise in choosing rather to give mysterious hints which the mind may follow out, than to strive to lead the imagination, which is most powerful in conjuring up images of horror, beyond where he could guide it with bold and unwavering certainty. With

* Coleridge's eloquent reasoning in opposition to this theory, never seemed to us at all satisfactory, and the very instances he adduces, are, to our mind, against him. See his 'Apologetic Preface,' which, however unconvincing, is certainly a magnificent specimen of acute and thorough analysis.

electric sympathy we feel the bewilderment of our guide's mind through the hand with which he leads us, and refuse to go farther, when, if left to ourselves, our very doubt would have enticed us onward.

To show our author's more graceful and delicate powers, we copy the following from another tragedy:

How near am I now to a happiness
The earth exceeds not! not another like it;
The treasures of the deep are not so precious
As the concealed comforts of a man
Locked up in woman's love. I scent the air
Of blessings when I come but near the house:
What a delicious breath marriage sends forth!
The violet-bed's not sweeter. Honest wedlock
Is like a banqueting house built in a garden
On which the spring's chaste flowers take delight
To cast their modest odors; when base lust
With all her powders, paintings, and best pride,
Is but a fair house built by a ditch side.

Now for a welcome
Able to draw men's envies upon man;
A kiss now that shall hang upon my lip
As sweet as morning dew upon a rose,
And full as long.

Another, from the same play:

O, hast thou left me, then, Bianca, utterly?
Bianca, now I miss thee! O, return,
And save the faith of woman! I ne'er felt
The loss of thee till now; 'tis an affliction
Of greater weight than youth was made to bear;
As if a punishment of after-life
Were fallen upon man here, so new it is
To flesh and blood, so strange, so insupportable!
Can'st thou forget
The dear pains my love took? how it has watched
Whole nights together, in all weathers, for thee,
Yet stood in heart more merry than the tempest
That sung about mine ears?

We shall copy a few scattered passages, and conclude.

THE SINS OF GREAT MEN.

Every sin thou commit'st shows like a flame
Upon a mountain; 'tis seen far about,
And, with a big wind made of popular breath,
The sparkles fly through cities; here one takes,
Another catches there, and in short time,
Waste all to cinders.

Our author's aptness in comparison is striking. He says of the shameful deed of a great man,

Great men are never sound men after it,
It leaves some ache or other in their names still,
Which their posterity feels at every weather.

CHARITY.

You should love those you are not tied to love;
That's the right trial of a woman's charity.

HONOR.

The fame that a man wins himself is best;
That he may call his own. Honors put to him
Make him no more a man than his clothes do,
And are as soon ta'en off.

WANT OF NOBLENES.

O, what vile prisons
Make we our bodies to our immortal souls!

SENSE OF GUILT.

Still my adulterous guilt hovers aloft,
And with her black wings beats down all my prayers
Ere they be half-way up.

PRUDENCE.

Wisely to fear is to be free from fear.

PATIENCE.

Patience, my lord: why, 'tis the soul of peace;
Of all the virtues 'tis nearest kin to heaven;
*It makes men look like Gods. The best of men
That e'er wore earth about him was a sufferer
A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit,
The first true Gentleman that ever breathed.*
The stock of patience then cannot be poor,
All it desires it has; what monarch more?

'Tis the perpetual prisoner's liberty,
His walks and orchards: 'tis the bond-slave's freedom,

And makes him seem proud of each iron chain
As though he wore it more for state than pain:
It is the beggar's music, and thus sings,
Although our bodies beg, our souls are kings:
O, my dread liege it is the sap of bliss,
Rears us aloft, makes men and angels kiss.

A HAPPY MAN.

He that in his coffin is richer than before,
He that counts youth his sword, and age his staff,
He whose right hand carves his own epitaph.

Here is the sweetest description of the passage of time, expressed by an outward reference, that we recollect ever to have seen.

The moon hath through her bow scarce drawn to the head,
Like to twelve silver arrows, all the months,
Since,—

TWILIGHT.

I come, dear love,
To take my last farewell; fitting this hour,
Which nor bright day will claim, nor pitchy night,
An hour fit to part conjoined souls.

THE WORLD.

Stoop thou to the world, 't will on thy bosom tread;
It stoops to thee, if thou advance thy head.

The following is a revelation of the spiritual world, full of truth and beauty. Men whose material part predominates in them, are afraid of spirits; but a *body* walking the earth after its heavenly tenant has left it, is a more awful sight to spiritual minds.

My son was dead; whoe'er outlives his virtues
Is a dead man; for when you hear of spirits
That walk in real bodies, to the amaze
And cold astonishment of such as meet them,
— those are men of vices
Who nothing have but what is visible,
And so, by consequence, they have no souls.

THE BODY.

There's but this wall betwixt you and destruction,
When you are at strongest, and but poor thin clay.

OVER-CUNNING.

Grow not too cunning for your soul, good brother.

There is a simplicity and manly directness in our old writers of tragedy, which comes to us with the more freshness in a time so conventional as our own. In their day, if the barrier between castes was more marked than it is now, that between hearts was less so. They were seers, indeed, using reverently that rare gift of inward sight which God had blessed them with, and not daring to blaspheme the divinity of Beauty, by writing of what they had not seen and truly felt in their own hearts and lives. It is one of the refinements of a more modern school which teaches artists to *open their mouths and shut their eyes*, as children are playfully told to, and wait for some mysterious power to make them wise. They wrote from warm, beating hearts, not from a pitiful, dry pericardium of fashion, or taste "formed after the purest models." They became worthy to lead, by having too much faith in nature to follow any but her. We find in them lessons for to-day, as fresh as when they were spoken, showing us that poetry is true for ever; that the spiritual presences which haunted their lonely hours with images of beauty, and precious inward promptings to truth and love, still walk the earth, seeking communion with all who are free enough and pure enough to behold them.

In our day, the accursed hunger after gold, and the no less accursed repletion of it, which brings with it a stagnation of life, and ends in an ossification of the whole heart, have rendered us less fit for the reception and proper cherishing of the wondrous gifts of song. But that the day of poetry has gone by is no more true than that the day of the soul has gone by, for they were born, and must live and die together. The soul mounts higher and higher, and its horizon widens from age to age. Poesy also grows wiser as she grows older. Poetry can never be all written. There is more in the heart of man than any the wisest poet has ever seen there,—more in the soul than any has ever guessed. Our age may have no great poets, for there are some who have but just now gone forth into the silence, some who yet linger on the doubtful brink, and there are successions in poesy as in nature; pines spring up where oaks are cut down,—the lyrical follows the epic. But of whatever kind or degree, there will ever yet be some poets. They are needed as historians of wonderful facts which, but for them, would be unrecorded,—facts high above the grasp of the diligent recorders of outward events; and materials of history will never be wanting to them, since there is nothing so beautiful but has in it the promise of a higher beauty, nothing so true but enfolds the elements of a wider and more universal truth.



THE ROSE

1.

In his tower sate the poet
Gazing on the roaring sea,
"Take this rose," he sighed, "and throw it
Where there's none that loveth me.

2.

"On the rock the billow bursteth
And sinks back into the seas,
But in vain my spirit thirsteth
So to burst and be at ease.

3.

"Take, oh sea, the tender blossom
That hath lain against my breast,
On thy black and angry bosom
It will find a surer rest.

4.

Life is vain and love is hollow,
Ugly death stands there behind,
Hate and scorn and hunger follow
Him that toileth for his kind."

5.

Forth into the night he hurled it
And with bitter smile did mark
How the surly tempest whirled it
Swift into the hungry dark.

6.

Foam and spray drive back to leeward,
And the gale with dreary moan
Drifts the helpless blossom seaward,
Through the breakers all alone.

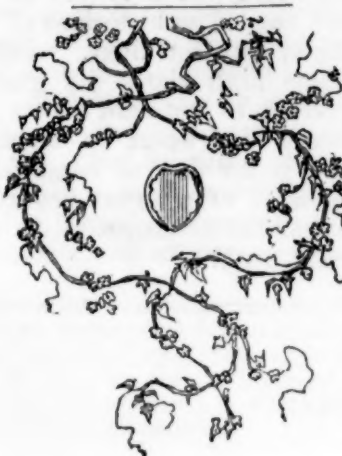


1.

Stands a maiden on the morrow,
Musing by the wave-beat strand,
Half in hope and half in sorrow
Tracing words upon the sand.

2.

"Shall I ever then behold him
Who hath been my life so long, —
Ever to this sick heart fold him, —
Be the spirit of his song?"



3

"Touch not, sea, the blessed letters
I have traced upon thy shore,
Spare his name whose spirit fetters
Mine with love forevermore!"

4

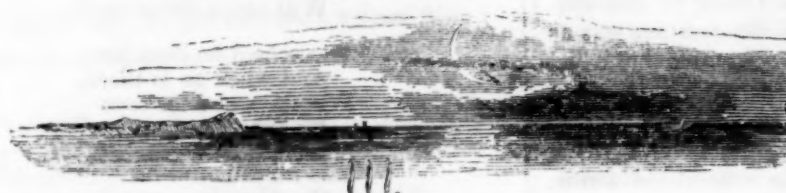
Swells the tide and overflows it,
But, with omen pure and sweet,
Brings a little rose and throws it
Humbly at the maiden's feet.

5

Full of bliss she takes the token,
And, upon her snowy breast,
Soothes the ruffled petals broken
With the ocean's fierce unrest.

6

"Love is thine, oh heart, and surely
Peace shall also be thine own,
For the heart that trusteth purely
Never long can pine alone."



1.

In his tower sits the poet,
Blisses new and strange to him
Fill his heart and overflow it
With a wonder sweet and dim.

2.

Up the beach the ocean slideth
With a whisper of delight,
And the moon in silence glideth
Through the peaceful blue of night.

3.

Rippling o'er the poet's shoulder
Flows a maiden's golden hair,
Maiden-lips with love grown bolder,
Kiss his moonlit forehead bare.

4.

"Life is joy, and love is power,
Death all fetters doth unbind,
Strength and wisdom only flower
When we toil for all our kind.

5.

"Hope is truth, — the future giveth
More than present takes away,
And the soul forever liveth
Nearer God from day to day."

6.

Not a word the maiden uttered,
Fullest hearts are slow to speak,
But a withered roseleaf fluttered
Down upon the poet's cheek.



LITERARY NOTICES.

HAWTHORNE'S HISTORICAL TALES FOR YOUTH. Two volumes. Boston: Tappan and Dennett, 1842. 2d edition.

When a man of acknowledged genius gives himself to the task of writing books for children, we know not whether to feel more surprise or grateful delight. That one whose pen always commands the loving admiration of his countrymen, should quietly turn aside from the alluring road which was leading him right onward to the height of ambition, to do a work of humble charity, whose silent consciousness must be its only reward, is a rare thing, and as purely beautiful as it is rare. But we are used to look for beautiful things from the author of "Twice Told Tales."

It has too long been a vulgar error, more deadly than any which the wise Sir Thomas Browne rooted out, that no elderly male or female (of good character) could be too stupid to write a book for children. While the quantity of a child's imagination was as yet hypothetical, it was ingeniously supposed that it had none at all, and, while romance was sternly outlawed from the nursery, pedantic commonplace and mathematical morality, inculcated till dulness and virtue grew in the childish mind to be convertible terms, reigned paramount there. Even that mysterious representation of a supposed female with a helmet (whether Minerva or Joan of Arc was problematical) who directed the gaze of a very curly headed neophyte to where in the proud temple of fame, upon a neighboring eminence, sat the "good boy," studiously perusing Worcester's First Lessons, while below, the "naughty boy" lay idly under a tree (probably a birch, prophetic as Dodonian oak to the initiated) — even this was banished by the blighting progress of improvement. Nay, that enticing portraiture of the tree of knowledge, laden with ruddy apples (which sad experience afterwards detected as crabs) and wickedly suggestive of orchards and green fields, which erewhile fronted the title-page of spelling-books, with the cabalistic word "frontispiece" engraven thereunder, was torn out. As if learning, with which the fancy and imagination (most active in those unmatter-of-fact days) were forbidden to meddle, could be anything better than irksome and disgusting. Thank heaven, that the tales of Joseph and his brethren, of Ruth, and of the Prodigal Son were still open in the Holy Book — perpetual springs where the thirsty young soul might drink in this Sahara of sandy platitudes! Better give a child Jack Sheppard to read, than let its imagination, the pure spring of all religious feeling and aspiration, and all the fair benignities of its nature, pine for lack of food. Better leave a child to mere nature than make it a cyclopædia of barren commonplaces. Better (to quote *once* more Lord Brougham's hackneyed phrase) let the school-master be forever abroad, or anywhere else, than have him haunt his young martyrs on the playground, turning their game of ball into a lesson in gravity, and their "hop-sotch" ground into a geometrical diagram.

Formerly, the mind was reached through the body, and many a hapless urchin had good cause to wish himself at all points physically the cherub which the partiality of maternal fondness had often metaphorically designated him. This was far better than reaching the body through the soul, and making it precise and patternlike, when it should have revelled in that healthy boisterousness which it was the aim and end of elaborate Goodyism and Mrs. Barbauldism to repress. We copy here "the description of a good boy," being the twenty-third lesson in the "Youth's Instructor," a manual printed at Boston in 1762. The enticing garb of verse in which our great-grandfathers arrayed their instruction, will amuse our readers.

"The boy that is good
Does mind book well,
And if he can't read,
Will strive for to spell.

"His school he does love,
And when he is there,
For plays and for toys
No time can he spare.

"His mind is full bent
On what he is taught,
He sits in his school
As one full of thought.

"Though not as a mope
Who quakes out of fear
The whip or the rod
May fall to his share.

"But like a good lad
Who aims to be wise,
He thinks on his book
And not on his toys.

"His mien will be grave,
Yet if you would know,
He plays with an air,
When a dunce dare not so.

"His aim is to learn,
His task is his play,
And when he has learned,
He smiles and looks gay."

Compare this with the following instructive parable. "LESSON xxxiv. The FABLE of a stubborn boy. In VERSE."

"A boy that once to school was sent
On plays and toys was so much bent,
That all the art of man, they say"—

(Mark the happily implied doubt in this "they say," as if the author could not bring himself to believe that the existence of such a boy was anything more than traditional.)

"Could not once make him say great A.
His friends that saw him in these fits,
Cried out, for shame, leave off thy tricks;
Be not so dull, make it thy play
To learn thy book: come, say great A.
The dunce then gaped, but did no more,
Great A was then a great eyesore.

The next boys jog him; sure, say they,
'Tis not so hard to say great A.
No, no, but here 's the case, says he,
If I cry A I must cry B,
And so go on to C and D,
And that won't do, but still there 's Jod
Lurks in the way with X Y Zed,
And so no end I find there 'll be
If I but once learn A B C."

(Here the astounding intelligence bursts upon us that the boy's blockishness was but that of another Brutus, and that he knew the alphabet as well as the best of them. His motives are matter of serious conjecture, which we leave to the historical societies.)

"But as things stand, I will not do it,
Tho' sure I am one day to rue it.
At this cross rate the dunce went on
Till one at length a means thought on."

(We are left in doubt as to who thought of the happy expedient, but imagine, from the inventive faculty he displays, it could have been no other than our poet. What the plant was, is also left in sublime vagueness, which finds a parallel in Milton's famous "dreaded name of Demogorgon.")

"A plant, says he, grows near the wood,"

(What Homeric minuteness! not *in* the wood, but *near* it.)

"That will not fail to do him good,
And cure his fits while in the bud.
This plant, adds he, will cure his sight,
And with a touch make him grow bright,
At eyes and nose 't will purge the skull
And drain off all that makes him dull."

But a better day has dawned. We have the charming "Rollo" series, and now Mr. Hawthorne is making our New England history as delightful to the children as he has already to the parents. We hope he will not let his labors for the youthful deprive us of his instructions for the more mature, for we all need him, old as well as young. Like a true genius, he has made his own heart the centre from which all his artistic power has emanated, and found his materials around his very door. He has woven the softening halo of romance around the iron visages of the puritans, and intertwined the gentle flowers of love and poesy with the self-inflicted crown of thorns which encircled their gloomy and sallow brows. He has painted the old New England character in true, but soft and harmonious, colors, and illustrated the gentle and more graceful elements of it by the retired simplicity of his life. May the tears which his own tender and exquisite pathos draw from us, be all that we shall ever be called on to shed for him!

LA FONTAINE'S FABLES. Boston: Tappan and Dennett.

We are glad that Mr. Wright has published this cheap edition of his faithful and terse translation, for it can now be put within the reach of all, and give instructive delight to many a poor little child whose means of intellectual enjoyment are limited to the scanty superfluity which is left from the hard earnings of its parents, after the wants of life are supplied.

The wood cuts are exceedingly well reduced by Hartwell from the wonderful originals of Grandville, the Hogarth of the brute creation, and painter of low

life among animals; and though the finer touches of character in the faces are necessarily lost, those in the attitudes are faithfully preserved.

NATURE, A PARABLE: A POEM IN SEVEN BOOKS.
By the Rev. John Brande Morris, M. A., Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. 16mo. pp. 367. J. G. F. and J. Rivington, London, 1842.

The famous "Tracts for the times" have wrought a convulsion in England, and in the church establishment there, some quiverings of which have not been unfelt in this country. The aim of Puseyism, so far as we understand it, is to create a life under those outward forms* of the service, which, merely as forms, are but ribs of death,—to bring back the old poetic romance of belief which took a sorrowful leave of the church when the painter and sculptor were locked out of it, and to unite once more religion and beauty, whom God had joined, but whom man had striven to put asunder. The Puritans went too far in their iconoclasm. In breaking the form and image, they too often shattered the substance and spirit also, and we cannot but think that there was as much image-worship, and perhaps more pride, in their own adoration of close-cropt plainness as in that bowing of the knee to paintings and statues which they so fiercely warred upon with tongue and sword. Those divine shadowings forth of the Maid-mother, and those venerable effigies of holy saints and martyrs, who, in their dim Gothic oratories, with clasped hands and lifted eyes, continued unchanged their silent, marble supplication for generation after generation of the fleshly worshippers below,—these were not meant by the Roman Church (however ignorance and superstition may have perverted their first pure intent) as objects of worship. They were not put there as means whereby the spirit might reach the pure, eternal source of all spirit, but rather as material types by which the bodily senses might also be led upward and be no longer a clog and hindrance to their heavenward inmate. They were but the illuminations of the missal, the outward emblems and mottos of a spiritual, inward meaning. We cannot venerate an establishment like that of the English Church, but we sympathize with those of its members who (if we rightly understand their object, from a very superficial glance) are striving to bring back the old simple faith in its outward observances; for we are well assured that *belief* in anything is better food for the soul than the dry husks of an uninterested acquiescence, or a concealed, *blasé* unbelief. To attain their end, they have argued and persuaded in prose, they have gone back to the early fathers, (as if to revivify the dead body of their ritual by touching it with the bones of the buried prophets,) and they have enlisted the golden mouth of poesy in their cause.

The object of the volume before us, is to point out in nature the reality of those physical types made use of in Scripture, and in the forms of church worship, to interpret spiritual mysteries. It is a Church-of-England exposition of the Swedenborgian doctrine of correspondences. Dr. Johnson kicked his foot against a stone in answer to the deniers of the existence of mat-

* "Forms are like barrels, only of value when they are full."—*Guesses at Truth*.

ter, and a foolish old philosopher (a word which means one who makes a puzzle of simple things) endured martyrdom for this immaterial theory, by suffering himself to be run over by a chariot which he contended was but a type or spiritual appearance. But to *prove* the existence of matter does not *account* for its existence. Indeed the utmost of proof is only as to its *hardness* and capability of impressing matter, for it is no less an existence, whether it be called a sign or a reality. Poets from the first, have been unconsciously accounting for it by metaphorically showing that every fact which we discern in spirit has its index or "marginal finger" in matter. To them everything in matter is a metaphor for something in spirit, and the great universe itself an allegory expanded into numberless cantos.

The attempt of Mr. Morris, then, is to render this semi-conscious belief into a philosophical system. Philosophy should always be the groundwork of poetry, but whether poetry can be made a fit vehicle for it, may well be doubted. The pyramidal form has long been known as the true one for grouping in art, and as the most enduring in architecture, but in order to this, our first postulate is that it do not stand upon its apex. So is it of poetry and philosophy; poetry is the plant, philosophy is the soil which feeds its roots, and we do not take the safest method of insuring the growth of the one by heaping it wholly over with the other.* The book before us contains many beautiful and even poetical passages, but it might be more fitly called a dictionary of correspondences in verse, than a poem. The feeling manifested in it has sometimes reminded us of Very's sonnets, but it is not of so wide and generous a scope, and is rather pietistic than pious.

We copy one or two of the passages which most pleased us in the first part of the book, — for we must confess that we have not yet read it through, it being almost too cataloguish (if we may use so harsh a term) for continuous reading.

"Nature is not untongued with accents meek,
What time, escaping from the unseasoned mirth
Of this world's drunkards, he in sadness roams
Along some lonelier path; about are strewed
Gentle forget-me-nots to call to mind
The countless spirits who may interpose
In his behalf and claim return of love:
The wild rose breathes its fragrantcy abroad
As if 't was made to cheer him, and the bell
That bends its head beneath the hawthorn rows
Hath semblance of a brotherhood with him
Who under sorrows kneels in hidden prayer.
In everything is nature, like a home
Fraught with the offices of sister's ready love."

In the following, the death of a botanical friend is alluded to.

—— "lilies grew
Within the room of one I dearly loved,
And dearly love with freshness unimpaired
By winter's outward air. For friends are friends,
And friendship is a habit of the soul
Which death with flimsy veil may intercept
So only as to make it energise

* Sir James Mackintosh, in his *History of Ethical Philosophy*, says that men too often forget the distinction between *philosophical poetry* and *versified philosophy*.

By faith not otherwise than distance doth,
Or other temporary foe to love.

And so the change which death to saints supplies
May be with kindred circumstance of life
Attended. They are haply looking back
Upon the childhood of existence here
As we may look upon our infancy
And feel whereto its lessons bent their way.
Haply to him the vegetable world
Is opened into a transcendent scheme,
And he is marvelling how men can walk
Unawed among prophetic presences,
Or harshly breaking symbols delicate." —

The metre of the poem seems to be founded on the blank verse of Milton, and his parenthetic style (or *trick*, as it might be called,) has been caught by our author to such a degree as renders him often obscure and tiresome. The spirit of the book is good, though there is too decided a leaning toward asceticism, both spiritual and bodily. There is less bigotry than was to have been expected, indeed there is scarce any, except what must necessarily result from a firm belief in the principles of that church of which the author is a member. If not a highly poetical book, it is at least a very interesting one on a highly poetical subject.

THE SALEM BELLE: A TALE OF 1692. Boston: Tappan & Dennett. 16mo. pages 238.

This little novel is, we are informed, the production of a young merchant of this city, whose first attempt in the art of book-making it appears to be. It is disfigured by several strange anachronisms, not the least remarkable of which, are the introduction of lightning conductors some twenty or thirty years prior to the birth of Franklin, and of a Virginian negro slave, who, nearly a century before the Declaration of American Independence, "professed to be a thorough democrat, and insisted that all men were born free and equal." These, however, do not probably mar the interest of the book to the general reader.

The story is one of love, and is pleasingly told. The main interest turns upon the famous witchcraft delusion of 1692, and the danger incurred by the heroine, who becomes involved in the persecution levelled at every one suspected of dealing in the black art, and is rescued by her lover, and carried off to Virginia, on the day previous to that appointed for her death on the scaffold.

THE CAREER OF PUFFER HOPKINS. By Cornelius Mathews. Author of the *Motley Book*, &c. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 319 pages.

The author of this book is a resident, and we believe a native, of the city of New York. He is a member of the legal profession, and is still quite young, though his name has been for some years on the list of our prominent authors. His first publication was the *Motley Book*, which was issued in numbers in 1838, and of which three editions have since been disposed of. In the succeeding year appeared *Behemoth, a Legend of the Mound Builders*, a story, or rather a prose poem, the scenes and characters of which were drawn from the ancient and extinct inhabitants of the Mississippi Valley. In 1841-2, Mr. Mathews in conjunction with Mr. Evert A.

Daykinck commenced the publication of *Arcturus*, a Journal of Books and Opinions, which was continued for two years with eminent ability, if not with great success. In its pages, *Wakondah*, a poem by Mr. Mathews, first appeared, which has since been issued in a separate and very beautiful form.

During the past year, Mr. Mathews has been chiefly engaged in ardently and ably advocating the passage of an international copyright law. His services in this great cause will long be remembered with gratitude by all who have at heart the welfare of American literature.

Puffer Hopkins was commenced in *Arcturus*, and was unfinished when that periodical closed its existence. It is now offered to the public, completed, and in two different forms. The Brother Jonathan has issued the largest and more popular edition of the work in one of its extras, and Appleton and Co. have published another edition of the same in the usual book form, with several embellishments by an English artist.

Of the merits of the work we have not room to speak otherwise than very generally. The story is interesting and pathetic, but somewhat involved and obscure, and interrupted by scenes and incidents which in no way assist in arriving at the conclusion. The characters are in general vigorously and acutely delineated, though if some of them are correct representations of the personages who parade the streets and frequent the garrets and oyster-houses of the commercial metropolis, we feel inclined to think that our good city of Boston is blessed or cursed, as the case may be, with a very provincial monotony in respect to population.

The style of Mr. Mathews reminds us constantly of that of Dickens, by its frequent, unexpected and quaint turns of humor, and by the genial love for, and sympathy with nature and humanity that glows throughout his pages. He has evidently, however, a more scholastic mind than the author of *Oliver Twist*, and inclines rather more to the sarcastic and the melancholy.

The evidence of intellectual power and of just and noble feeling, which the book in common with all that Mr. Mathews has yet written, affords, leads us to look with high expectation to his future literary career. He is destined, we trust, to achieve a brilliant reputation, and what is far better, to perform worthy and enduring service to his country and her literature.

AMERICAN NOTES, FOR GENERAL CIRCULATION.
By Charles Dickens.

This book has been too widely read to need any elaborate criticism on our part. There are one or two points in it, however, on which we wish to say a word. The book has been loudly complained of as *superficial*, and as vilifying our country and its institutions. We do not think that it can fairly be called superficial, (in a derogatory sense,) because it was not intended to be deep. Mr. Dickens's philosophy has always been rather of the eyes and heart, than of that higher and more comprehensive kind, with which the inner eye and the soul have to do. Such a traveller as De Tocqueville is properly expected to give a philosophical analysis of our govern-

ment and its operations, and philosophical conjecture as to its ultimate tendencies and results. But we could not rightly expect from Mr. Dickens anything more than the necessarily cursory observations of one who has shown himself to be the keenest and shrewdest observer of his time.

To judge from the tone of a large share of the criticisms on this lively *jeu d'esprit*, (for such it may be rightly called,) it would seem that our people imagined that, because they had admired Mr. Dickens's other works, he had no right to do anything but admire everything of theirs in turn. The Americans are the only nation who appear to think that they can say what they please of others, and that others have no right to say what they please of them. Mr. Dickens's remarks on *slavery* seem to have raised the greatest storm of indignation, and yet the greatest part of his chapter on this system, which (call it crime or misfortune,) is surely the darkest blot on our national character, consisted only of quotations from our own newspapers. If the eyes and mouths of our own countrymen are to be forever sealed on a question which more nearly concerns their interest and honor than any other, they should thank God for what little light they are permitted to gain from an intelligent foreigner, whose vivid exposure of the abuses of his own system of government give him the better right to strike at those of our own. A man of genius, like Dickens, is a citizen of the world, and belongs as much to America as to England. If our narrowness and cowardice in this matter are not outgrown, we might as well publish expurgated editions of Shakspeare, and all others who satirize and revolt at tyranny, (as all great minds must,) — nay, of the Declaration of Independence itself.

The greatest and deepest fault we have to find with the book is the too frequent eulogy of brandy and water, and ill-concealed satire of the temperance reform — a reform which has been and is doing incalculable good throughout the land; which is spreading peace and innocence where only degradation skulked before, and which is ensuring stability to our freedom, by teaching men to set free and respect *themselves*, without which they can have no true reverence for anything.

THE RIGHTS OF CONSCIENCE AND OF PROPERTY;
or the true issue of the Convent question. By
George Ticknor Curtis. 8vo. pp. 39. Boston:
C. C. Little and J. Brown. 1842.

Mr. Curtis is already favorably known to the legal portion of the community, by his valuable contributions on the subject of Maritime Law. He certainly deserves the gratitude of every thinking mind for this timely, able, and eloquent plea in favor of justice, freedom, and religious toleration. It argues a dignity and boldness of character of a high order, thus to advance as the champion of a right against which the popular voice has been so long clamorous. We hope that its circulation will be as extensive, and its appreciation as grateful as it so truly deserves; for all that is required, in order to secure liberty and regard of both public and private right, is that the mind of the many should be disabused of its too easily acquired and fostered prejudices.

SPARKS'S LIFE OF WASHINGTON. Abridged by the author. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 330 and 344. Boston: Tappan and Dennett. 1842.

Of the merits of the original of this work we need say nothing. It has already become established as the only biography of Washington. Of the abridgment it is enough to state that it is done by Mr. Sparks himself, to prove that it is accurate and comprehensive. This, as well as the other publications of the same house, which we have seen, is well and handsomely printed, and in every way creditable to their taste and enterprise.

"AMERICAN CRIMINAL TRIALS," by P. W. Chandler, editor of the Law Reporter, has been received in England with extraordinary favor: perhaps no American book, since Irving ceased to publish, has been noticed more extensively or in terms of higher commendation. The London Spectator gave it two extended notices, the last of which styles the work "an able and interesting volume," and says "the autumnal leisure having enabled us to peruse it with attention, we propose to notice it more fully, as well for the merit of its execution, as for the curious picture of old colonial manners it presents, and the suggestions it offers to the students of history and human nature. The plan and execution of the *American Criminal Trials* are rather peculiar. They are not a mere servile copy or dry abridgment of existing reports, where the only merit of the compiler consists in calling public attention to certain proceedings and facilitating their perusal by collecting the scattered records into a series; nor are they merely a skilful and elaborate description of singular trials, suppressing what is formal or subordinate and bringing out the more striking points. Although skilful in his treatment and often graphic in his effects, Mr. Chandler has generally chosen such American criminal trials as throw a light upon American colonial history, or exhibit the phases of public opinion—it may be of public madness. Hence there is frequently an interest over and above that of the facts of the trials themselves, from the public events with which they were connected, or the singular and criminal public delusion which they record."

The *London Examiner* says "it is extremely well done: the author's style is clear and simple; his habit of patient investigation sits easily upon him; and none of the graphic or more striking points seem to have escaped his notice. We trust he will be encouraged to proceed with his scheme, which deserves welcome from both countries."

The *Monthly Review* also notices the work very favorably, and the *Law Magazine* devotes to it a leading article of nearly thirty pages.

Tappan and Dennett, of this city, have in press and will publish in the course of this month, a "History of the Hawaiian or Sandwich Islands," by James J. Jarvis, member of the American Oriental Society, and formerly editor of the Sandwich Islands Gazette. It will give an account of the ancient manners and customs, poetry, &c., of the people of the islands; of their early traditions—of the discovery by the Spaniards in the sixteenth century, and of the re-discovery by captain Cook, with many particulars not before published, respecting his unfortunate death by the hands of the natives. It will also include a life of Talyehameha the Great, — the civil and political history of the group, and the introduction and progress of Christianity and civilization unto the present year.

It will be issued in one volume, large octavo, in beautiful style, with steel plates of scenery, portrait, and a map, and with numerous wood illustrations of the finest description.

E. P. Peabody, 13 West street, Boston, will soon publish the first American edition of the celebrated "Confessions" of St. Augustine. The translation adopted in this edition was made in England in the seventeenth century, but whether it is that of the Roman Catholic Sir Tobias Mathews, in 1624, or the Protestant Rev. W. Watts, D. D., in 1650, we are unable to say. We believe, however, that it has been slightly revised, and in some parts the recent version of Rev. E. B. Pusey, D. D., Oxford, 1841, has been substituted for the older translation.

Little and Brown, of this city, will in a few days publish a work in two volumes, 12mo., entitled "Life in Mexico during a residence of two years in that country. By Mme. C— De La B—." There is a preface to it by William H. Prescott, the distinguished historian of Ferdinand and Isabella, who says —

"The present work is the result of observations made during a two years' residence in Mexico, by a lady, whose position there, made her intimately acquainted with its society, and opened to her the best sources of information in regard to whatever could interest an enlightened foreigner. It consists of letters written to the members of her own family, and *really*, not intended originally, — however incredible the assertion, — for publication. Feeling a regret that such rich stores of instruction and amusement, from which I have so much profited, myself, should be reserved for the eyes of a few friends, only, I strongly recommended that they should be given to the world. This is now done, with a few such alterations and omissions as were necessary in a private correspondence; and although the work would derive more credit from the author's own name, than from anything which I can say, yet as she declines prefixing it, I feel much pleasure in making this statement by way of introduction to the public."

We present our readers, in the present number, with two splendid steel engravings by one of the most eminent of American engravers, Joseph Andrews, who is engaged to supply us with a succession of others of equal value.

The plate entitled "Circe Going to the Sea-Side to meet Ulysses," is from one of Flaxman's famous illustrations of Homer. The passage referred to, is in the beginning of the twelfth book of the Odyssey.

"Two Hundred Years Ago" is a representation of a street in London in the seventeenth century.

The Illustrations of the Rose were designed by our accomplished friend, Hammatt Billings, and engraved by J. G. Chandler.

FOREIGN LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

ON the fourth of February, 1842, the manuscripts and copyright of the works of M. De Chateaubriand were sold at Paris by auction to M. Delandine de St. Esprit for the sum of thirty thousand dollars. It is difficult to conjecture the motives of the above named gentleman for making this purchase, as he is neither bookseller nor publisher. He is descended from one of the most ancient families of France, and during the latter years of Napoleon's reign, was distinguished for his attachment to the Bourbons, and rendered their cause important services while Napoleon was marching to Paris on his return from Elba. He is author of a work which has been translated into English under the title of "A Narrative of Operations of the Royalist Armies in the Interior of France, in 1815."

There was lately published in London "A New History of England, from the earliest period to the close of the year 1832, in seven vols.," written by Rev. Henry Walter, F. R. S., "in which men and events are considered on Christian principles."

We have long been of opinion that all history should be investigated and written according to such principles. The annals of the world hitherto have been but a record of the least instructive kind of events, or rather of those, a knowledge and admiration of which are decidedly pernicious. To those who believe in the superintendence of a deity, history, as heretofore written, has been a labyrinth which in itself contained no clue.

In July last, an extensive and varied assortment of armor and arms was sold at auction in London, among which were several curious specimens of mail and chain armor. One suit was said to have belonged to the famous Turkish Sultan Bajazet: it was chiefly composed of rings and was a fine example of the construction of *mailles*, or flattened rings. The metal of it was so soft as to yield to a slight pressure of the finger. It is said to be a most curious and valuable suit; the breast-plate is formed of large *laminae*, extending across the person, engraved with what seems to be Persian or Arabic characters, and damasked in gold and silver. The head-pieces of this and other suits in the collection were fitted with the nasal which was in use in England in the time of the conquest. The suit which belonged to Bajazet was bought for the tower collection at a price between six and seven hundred dollars.

A society was recently formed in Ireland, entitled the Irish Archæological Society, whose object is to collect and print for the use of its members, rare or hitherto unpublished works and documents, illustrative of the history, literature and antiquities of Ireland. Each member pays an admission fee of three pounds sterling and a subscription of one pound per annum. They have already published among other works —

"The Circuit of Ireland, by Muirheartach Mac Neill, Prince of Aileach: a poem written, A. D. 942, by Cormacan Eigeas, Chief Poet of the North of Ireland. Edited, with a translation and notes by John O'Donovan."

"A Brief Description of Ireland in 1589, by Robert Payne."

"The Annals of Ireland, by James Grace of Kilkenny."

"The Book of Obits and Martyrology of the Cathedral of the Holy Trinity, commonly called Christ Church, Dublin."

"The Battle of Moira, from an ancient manuscript in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin."

"A Treatise of Ireland, by J. Dimmok, from a manuscript in the British Museum."

"The Annals of Multifernan, from a manuscript in the Library of Trinity College."

"A Statute passed at a Parliament held at Kilkenny, A. D. 1367."

"An Account of the Tribes and Customs of the District of Hy-Many, commonly called O'Kelly's country, in the counties of Galway and Roscommon."

"The Battle of Carn Chonail, between Guaire, king of Aidhue, and Dermot, king of Ireland, A. D. 648. From a very ancient manuscript."

An English journal of high authority states that it has been recently ascertained that the Berbers, or aboriginal tribes in the vicinity of Tangiers in the empire of Morocco, speak a dialect of the Celtic language.

Dr. Macpherson, who served with the expedition to China, in 1840 and 1841, has just sent home a most interesting work, detailing the events of which he was there an eye witness. It is proceeding rapidly through the press, and will be published with the least possible delay. It is entitled, "Two years in China."

Some recent calculations by a respectable English writer, Mr. Charles Bray, author of "the Philosophy of Necessity, &c.," exhibit, in a startling light, the evils and dangers of the present social condition of Great Britain.

The population of England, Scotland and Wales, amounts to eighteen millions, among whom are about twelve millions of laborers and operatives.

The income of Great Britain is about fifteen hundred millions of dollars. Of this, the national revenue absorbs nearly two hundred and fifty millions. Of the remainder, four hundred and fifty millions, or rather less than one third of the whole, is allotted to the laborer. This allows only one hundred and fifty dollars a year, or about three dollars a week, for each family of the average number of four persons!

The general result of Mr. Bray's statistical investigations on this subject is, that there are in Great Britain (exclusive of Ireland,) 41,000 families, numbering 284,000 persons whose incomes will maintain them without labor; and 3,440,000 families with 16,800,000 persons, living on the product of their daily labor. Of paupers, criminals, and vagrants, there are nearly two millions, or one ninth part of the population!

The most fearful aspect of this state of things is, that it is rapidly and irresistibly augmenting.

Robert Cadell, bookseller, Edinburgh, is now publishing four distinct editions of the Waverley Novels, one of which is in forty-eight volumes, and two editions of Scott's Poetry: likewise two editions of his Prose Writings — three of his Tales of a Grandfather, and two of his Life by Lockhart.

The thirteenth edition of Thomas Brown's Philosophy of the Human Mind, has lately been issued by William Tait, Edinburgh.

Among the new periodicals announced is "The Library Circular," a valuable directory to readers and book clubs — a guide to new books, to be continued monthly. It is said to be ably conducted.

FISHER'S COLONIAL MAGAZINE, for November, published by Fisher, Son, and Co., Newgate street, London, contains several very interesting articles, and much new and valuable information respecting the British Colonial Possessions.

On the First of January, 1843, will be published the

first number of a New Tale of English Life and Manners, by Charles Dickens, to be completed in twenty numbers.

The subject of Bulwer's forthcoming novel, "The Last of the Barons," is from English history, and the work delineates the characters and illustrates the manners of the English court, during one of its most important eras.

The following are some of the most important works recently published in Great Britain:

NARRATIVE OF VARIOUS JOURNEYS IN BELOCHISTAN, AFGHANISTAN, AND THE PUNJAB; including a residence in those countries from 1826 to 1838. By Charles Masson. Bentley. 3 vols. 8vo., with numerous plates, &c.

This is described as "a book of surpassing ability and of extraordinary interest. In historical notices, sketches of the chiefs, and personal adventure with the various tribes—in general portraiture of scenes and manners, and striking antiquarian research—there is spirit, life, and movement in almost every page. Mr. Masson acted for years as a government agent beyond the Indus. His knowledge of Afghanistan was well known to European literati, and is now proved to the world, by the publication of this important work."

SOCRATES, A TRAGEDY: By Francis Barham, which appeared originally in the pages of *Heraud's Monthly Magazine*, has been published in a separate form.

"**CONTRIBUTIONS OF S. T. COLERIDGE TO THE REVIVAL OF CATHOLIC TRUTHS,**" an article constituting the July number of the *Christian Miscellany*, published at Leeds, England, is said to be a very interesting collection of passages from the works of the great poet and philosopher. "Nothing can be more striking than these passages, viewed as the discovery of an original mind, purified by affliction from many errors and trials, arriving late in life at a serious consideration of religious questions, and laboring in the truth, after many perplexities and wanderings. From a writer, of so sad a life and experience, a perfectly harmonious and unobjectionable system of theology and religious ethics was not to be expected; but there is not a single passage in the little collection before us which may not be read, and, with a little deduction, acquiesced in with profit. It is quite a compendium, though of course a partial one, of Coleridge's religious views."

A VISIT TO ITALY, IN 1841. By Mrs. Trollope. 2 vols. 8vo. Illustrated. Bentley.

"**THE CONCILIATOR OF MANASSEH BEN ISRAEL,**" a reconciliation of the apparent contradictions of Holy Scripture. Translated by E. H. Lindo.

The *Monthly Magazine*, in a notice of this work, says. "Mr. Lindo has done himself much credit, and rendered much service to literature, by this able translation. Manasseh, of whom the present volume contains an etching, by Rembrandt, was a Portuguese Jew, born at Lisbon in the year 1605, and was the most learned and voluminous author among the Israelites of his age. He was a particular friend of Hugo Grotius, and was greatly admired by Cromwell, who, after perusing his Plea for the Jews, granted them some considerable political privileges in this country. He was likewise dear to Moses Mendelssohn, who translated some of his works into German. When of late the Jews of Damascus were accused of offering human sacrifices, the *Times* newspaper printed four columns of Manasseh, in which he shows the falseness of such charges, which have often been brought against the Hebrews, by the jealousy of the Christians. One of the best of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, (the 'Prioress,' if we remember rightly,) is founded on this tradition." There is an old Scotch ballad, of striking merit,

founded upon the same prejudice, in the first volume of Percy's *Reliques*, p. 38. It is called the "Jew's Daughter." The tale in Chaucer is a favorite with Wordsworth, who has modernized it with exquisite fidelity to the simple pathos and picturesque primitiveness of the original.

An illustrated work, entitled "Sketches of Palestine," by Mr. Roberts, published by John Murray, Albemarle street, London, is thus spoken of by Dr. Robinson, author of the celebrated *Biblical Researches in Palestine*. "I cannot refrain from expressing to you the very high sense I entertain of the value of the work. I have seen, perhaps, most, if not all, the works which have been published professing to be views in the Holy Land, and have seen them only to be disappointed. It is, therefore, with the greatest pleasure that I can testify to the accuracy of Mr. Roberts's 'Sketches,' so far as laid before the public, as exhibiting the very counterpart of the scenes and objects themselves, in perfect truthfulness of outline, coloring, and expression. While beholding his views of Jerusalem, and the objects in and around it, I seem to be transported really to the very spot, and drink in again the vivid impressions which I once received from the reality. I shall take great pleasure in making known the very high merit of this work to my countrymen."

SIR MICHAEL PAULETT, a New Novel. By Miss Ellen Pickering, author of *Nan Darrell*, the *Fright*, &c.

ATHELWOLD: A TRAGEDY. By William Smith.

The *London Examiner* says of this work, "This tragedy is genuine. It has the broad and true mark; like the Saxon nature of the men through whom it speaks to us, it is cast in a mingled mould of strength and sweetness. The characteristic of that Saxon age was a war of mind and will against affections resolute as both, and it is this which gives power and beauty to the tragedy of Athelwold."

THE MODERN HISTORY AND CONDITION OF EGYPT; its Climate, Diseases, and Capabilities; comprising the proceedings of Mohammed Ali Pasha, from 1829 to 1842, with illustrations of Scripture History, the Fulfilment of Prophecy, and the Progress of Civilization in the East. 2 vols, with numerous illustrations. Smith, Elder, and Co., 65, Cornhill, London.

HINTS AND DIRECTIONS FOR AUTHORS, in Writing, Printing, and Publishing their Works; detailing every requisite information on the subject. Price 1s. 6d. sterling. Mr. Bull, 19, Holles street.

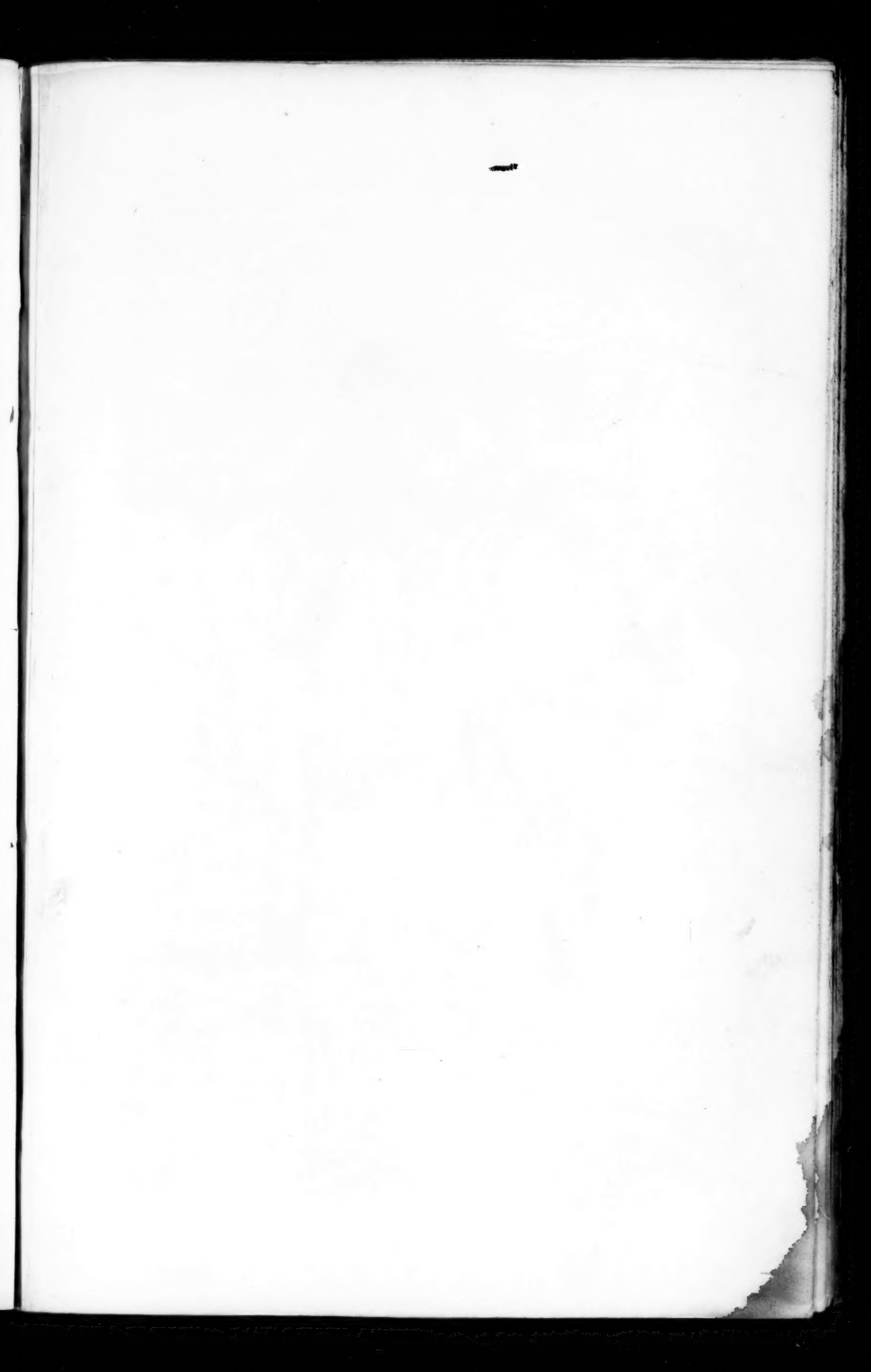
THE POEMS OF ROBERT NICOLL, late editor of the *Leeds Times*, with a Memoir of the Author. Wm. Tait, Edinburgh.

We quote the following from a notice in the *London Examiner*, "'I have written my heart in my poems,' he wrote to a friend. This is the truth; and the poems will live because of it. It is a genuine man's heart—keen, austere, strong, and impassioned, yet full of love. In such a life as this of Robert Nicoll, we discover the best part of the influence of Burns."

Ebenezer Elliott, the Corn Law Rhymer, says of Nicoll, "unstained and pure, at the age of twenty-three, died Scotland's second Burns."

THE LITERARY LADIES OF ENGLAND. By Mrs. Elwood. 2 vols. 8vo. Colburn, 13, Great Marlborough street, London.

NARRATIVE OF THE EXPEDITION TO CHINA, from the Commencement of the War to the present period, with the Sketches of the Manners and Customs of the Chinese. By J. E. Bingham, First Lieutenant of H. M. S. *Modeste*. Colburn.





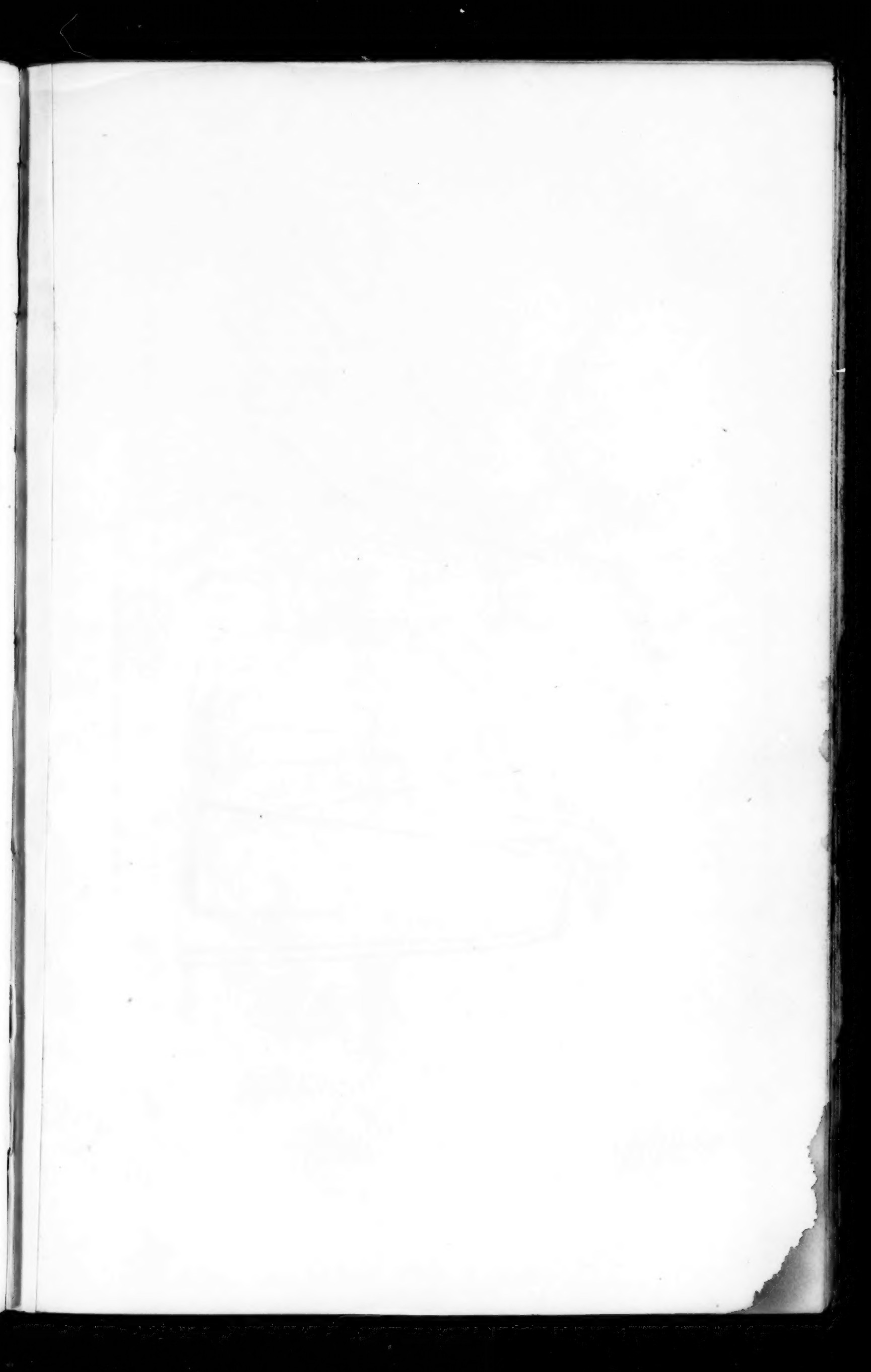
I. B. Wright.

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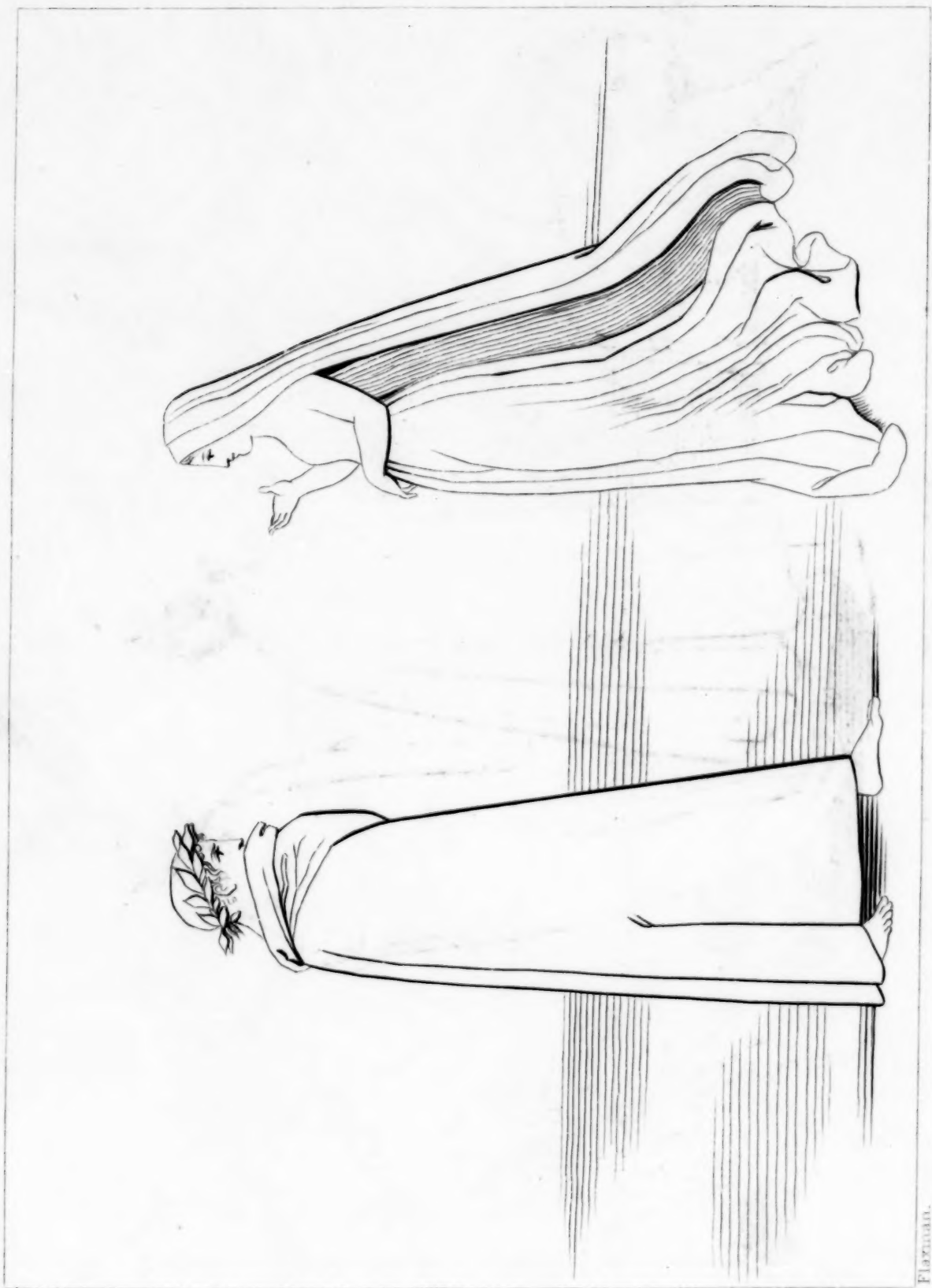
Etched by J. Andrews.

Genevieve.

The Pioneer, Feb. 1843



VIRGIL AND BEATRICE MEETING.



As thus she spoke in accents soft and slow,

DANTE AND VIRGIL, ENTERING THE DARK WOOD.



I spoke, the Bard in silence sped before.

