VARIOUS

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Содержание

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The LORGNETTE, the cleverest book of its kind (we were about to write, since the days of Addison, but to avoid possible disagreement say)—since IRVING and PAULDING gave us *Salmagundi*, is still coming before us at agreeable intervals, and will soon be issued in a brace of volumes illustrated by DARLEY. The Author keeps his promises, given in the following paragraphs some time ago:

"It would be very idle to pretend, my dear Fritz, that in printing my letters, I had not some hope of doing the public a trifling service. There are errors which need only to be mentioned, to be frowned upon; and there are virtues, which an approving word, even of a stranger, will encourage. Both of these objects belong to my plan; yet my strictures shall not be personal, or invidious. It will be easy, surely, to carry with me the sympathies of all sensible people, in a little harmless ridicule of the foibles of the day, without citing personal instance; and it will be vastly easier, in such Babylon as ours, to designate a

virtue, without naming its possessor! Still, you know me too well, to believe that I shall be frightened out of free, or even caustic remark, by any critique of the papers, or by any dignified frown of the literary coteries of the city.... This LORGNETTE of mine will range very much as my whim directs. In morals, it will aim to be correct; in religion, to be respectful; in literature, modest; in the arts, attentive; in fashion, observing; in society, free; in narrative, to be honest; in advice, to be sound; in satire, to be hearty; and in general character, whatever may be the critical opinions of the small littérateurs, or the hints of fashionable patrons, to be only—itself."

TENNYSON'S NEW POEM. [1]

The popularity of TENNYSON, in this country as well as in England, is greater than that of any other contemporary who writes verses in our language. We by no means agree to the justness of the common apprehension in this case. We think Bryant is a greater poet, and we might refer to others, at home and abroad, whom it delights us more to read. But it is unquestionable that Tennyson is the favorite of the hour, and every new composition of his will therefore be looked for with the most lively interest. His last work, just reprinted by TICKNOR, REED & FIELDS, of Boston, is thus described in the London *Spectator* of June 8th:

"'IN MEMORIAM.'

"Although only these words appear on the title-page of this volume of poetry, it is well known to be from the pen of Alfred Tennyson. It is also known that the inscription

[1] *In Memoriam. By Alfred Tennyson.* 1 vol. 12mo. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields. 1850.

'IN MEMORIAM

A.H.H

OBIIT MDCCCXXXIII.'

refers to Mr. Arthur Hallam, a son of the historian. It may be gleaned from the book, that the deceased was betrothed to a sister of Tennyson, while the friendship on the poet's part has 'passed the love of women.' Feeling, especially in one whose vocation it is to express sentiments, is not, indeed, always to be measured by composition; since the earnest artist turns everything to account, and when his theme is mournful it is his cue to make it as mournful as he can: but when a thought continually mingles with casual observation, or incident of daily life, or larger event that strikes attention, as though the memory of the past were ever coloring the present, and that over a period of seventeen years, it must be regarded as a singular instance of enduring friendship, as it has shown itself in a very singular literary form. There is nothing like it that we remember, except the sonnets of Petrarch; for books of sportive and ludicrous conceits are not to be received into the same category.

"The volume consists of one hundred and twenty-nine separate poems, numbered but not named, and which in the absence of a more specific designation may be called occasional; for though they generally bear a reference to the leading subject, *In Memoriam*, yet they are not connected with sufficient closeness to form a continuous piece. There is also an invocatory introduction, and a closing marriage poem, written on the wedding of one of the writer's sisters, which, strange as it may seem, serves again to introduce the memory of the departed. The intervening poems are as various as a miscellaneous collection; but the remembrance of the dead ever mingles with the thought of the living. His birth-day, his death-day, the festive rejoicings of Christmastide and the New Year, recall him; the scenes in which he was a companion, the house where he was a welcome guest, the season when the lawyer's vacation gave him leisure for a long visit, revive him to the mind. The Danube, on whose banks he died—the Severn, by whose banks he appears to have been buried—nay, the points of the compass—are associated with him. Sometimes the association is slighter still; and in a few pieces the allusion is so distant that it would not have been perceived without the clew. Such is the following (one of several poems) on the New Year.

CIV

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

"The following is of more direct bearing on the theme, and is moreover one of those charming pieces of domestic painting in which Tennyson excels.

LXXXVII

Witch-elms that counterchange the floor
Of this flat lawn with dusk and bright;
And thou, with all thy breadth and height

Of foliage, towering sycamore;

How often, hither wandering down,
My Arthur found your shadows fair.
And shook to all the liberal air
The dust and din and steam of town:

He brought an eye for all he saw;
He mixt in all our simple sports;
They pleased him, fresh from brawling courts
And dusky purlieus of the law.

O joy to him in this retreat,
Immantled in ambrosial dark,
To drink the cooler air, and mark
The landscape winking through the heat:

O sound to rout the brood of cares,
The sweep of scythe in morning dew,
The gust that round the garden flew,
And tumbled half the mellowing pears!

O bliss, when all in circle drawn
About him, heart and ear were fed

To hear him, as he lay and read
The Tuscan poets on the lawn:

Or in the all-golden afternoon
A guest, or happy sister, sung,
Or here she brought the harp and flung
A ballad to the brightening moon:

Nor less it pleased in livelier moods,
Beyond the bounding hill to stray.
And break the livelong summer day
With banquet in the distant woods;

Whereat we glanced from theme to theme,
Discuss'd the books to love or hate,
Or touch'd the changes of the state,
Or threaded some Socratic dream;

But if I praised the busy town,
He loved to rail against it still,
For 'ground' in yonder social mill
We rub each other's angles down.

'And merge,' he said, 'in form and loss

The picturesque of man and man.'
We talk'd: the stream beneath us ran,
The wine-flask lying couch'd in moss,

Or cool'd within the glooming wave;
And last, returning from afar,
Before the crimson-circled star
Had fallen into her father's grave.

And brushing ankle-deep in flowers,
We heard behind the woodbine vail
The milk that bubbled in the pail,
And buzzings of the honeyed hours.

"The volume is pervaded by a religious feeling, and an ardent aspiration for the advancement of society,—as may be gathered from our first quotation. These two sentiments impart elevation, faith, and resignation; so that memory, thought, and a chastened tenderness, generally predominate over deep grief. The grave character of the theme forbids much indulgence in conceits such as Tennyson sometimes falls into, and the execution is more finished than his volumes always are: there are very few prosaic lines, and few instances of that excess of naturalness which degenerates into the mawkish. The nature of the plan—which, after all, is substantially though not in form a set of sonnets on a single theme—is favorable to those pictures of common

landscape and of daily life, redeemed from triviality by genial feeling and a perception of the lurking beautiful, which are the author's distinguishing characteristic. The scheme, too, enables him appropriately to indulge in theological and metaphysical reflections; where he is not quite so excellent. Many of the pieces taken singly are happy examples of Tennyson, though not perhaps the very happiest. As a whole, there is inevitably something of sameness in the work, and the subject is unequal to its long expansion; yet its nature is such, there is so much of looseness in the plan, that it might have been doubled or trebled without incongruity. It is one of those books which depend upon individual will and feeling, rather than upon a broad subject founded in nature and tractable by the largest laws of art. Hence, though not irrespective of laws, such works depend upon instinctive felicity—felicity in the choice of topics and the mode of execution, felicity both in doing and in leaving undone: this high and perfect excellence, perhaps, *In Memoriam* has not reached, though omission and revision might lead very close to it."

ETHERIZATION.—A writer in the *Medical Times* says, "The day, perhaps, may not be far off, when we shall be able to suspend the sensibility of the nervous chords, without acting on the center of the nervous system, just as we are enabled to suspend circulation in an artery without acting on the heart."

LEIGH HUNT

One of the most delightful books of the season will be *The Autobiography of LEIGH HUNT*, which is being reprinted by Harper & Brothers, and will very soon be given to the American public in an edition of suitable elegance. The last great race of poets and literary men, observes a writer in the London *Standard*, is now rapidly vanishing from the scene: of the splendid constellation, in the midst of which Campbell, Scott, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Shelley, Southey, Crabbe, and Byron, were conspicuous, how few remain! Moore (rapidly declining), Rogers (upward of eighty), Professor Wilson, Montgomery, and Leigh Hunt, are nearly all. It is fitting that we prize these few, as the remnants of a magnificent group, which cannot be expected very soon to be repeated.

Leigh Hunt has, for nearly half a century, occupied a prominent place in the public eye, as a politician of a peculiarly bold and decided stamp, when boldness was necessary for the utterance of the truth; and as a poet and prose-writer of a singularly-genial and amiable character. As the chief founder and critic of the *Examiner*, he would doubtless occupy a high place in literary history, but as the author of "Rimini" he is entitled to a more enduring and enviable fame. This will always stand at the head of his works: but his "Indicator," his "London Journal," his "Jar of Honey," and others, abound with the illustrations of

a most imaginative and cordial spirit.

We are glad to possess a good autobiography of Leigh Hunt. It is the first we have from a long list of celebrated men; and no one could give us such correct, discerning, and delightful insights into their usual life and true characters. Hazlitt, Lamb, Shelley, Keats, Byron, and a crowd of others become familiar to us in these pages. It was in the *Examiner* that the first compositions of Shelley and Keats were introduced to the British public; and the friendship which Mr. Hunt maintained with those poets, till their deaths, casts a sunshine over that portion of his life, which is peculiarly charming.

Perhaps the two points of this Autobiography which will most attract the attention of the reader are the author's imprisonment for a libel on the Prince Regent, and his visit to Italy. In that imprisonment of two years, he was visited by Byron, Moore, Brougham, Bentham, and several other eminent men. In the journey to Italy, which was undertaken in order to coöperate with Byron and Shelley in bringing out of the "Liberal," Hunt had the misfortune to be deprived of Shelley's friendship, by death, immediately on his arrival; and of the friendship of Byron, through incompatibilities of taste, and the jealous officiousness of Byron's friends, amongst whom Moore bore a prominent part. Mr. Hunt published a volume on the subject soon after his return to England, which occasioned him a great deal of ill-will. To this publication he now refers with expressions of much regret, and with the calmness which has been produced by time. But it

cannot be denied that he endured most mortifying and irritating provocations, which never could have taken place had Shelley lived. We are glad that he has had an opportunity of leaving a generous and forgiving record of this remarkable portion of his life; and certainly nothing can be more delightful than his present account of it:—

> "The greatest comfort I experienced," he says, "in Italy was living in the same neighborhood, and thinking, as I went about, of Boccaccio. Boccaccio's father had a house at Maiano, supposed to have been situated at the Fiesolan extremity of the hamlet. That merry-hearted writer was so fond of the place that he has not only laid the two scenes of the 'Decameron' on each side of it, with the valley which his company resorted to in the middle, but has made the two little streams which embrace Maiano, the Affrico and the Mensola, the hero and the heroine of his 'Nimphale Fiesolano.' The scene of another of his works is on the banks of the Margnone, a river a little distant; and the 'Decameron' is full of the neighboring villages. Out of the windows of one side of our house we saw the turret of the Villa Gherardi, to which, according to his biographers, his 'joyous company' resorted in the first instance. A house belonging to the Macchiavelli was near, a little to the left; and farther to the left, among the blue hills, was the white village, Settignano, where Michael Angelo was born. The house is still in possession of the family. From our windows on the other side we saw, close to us, the Fiesole of antiquity and of Milton, the site of the Boccaccio-house

before mentioned; still closer, the *Decameron's* Valley of Ladies at our feet; and we looked over toward the quarter of the Mignone and of a house of Dante, and in the distance beheld the mountains of Pistria. Lastly, from the terrace in front, Florence lay clear and cathedraled before us, with the scene of Redi's *Bacchus* rising on the other side of it, and the villa of Arcetri, famous for Galileo. Hazlitt, who came to see me there, beheld the scene around us with the admiration natural to a lover of old folios and great names, and confessed, in the language of Burns, that it was a sight to enrich the eyes.

"My daily walk was to Fiesole, through a path skirted with wild myrtle and cyclamen; and I stopped at the door of the Doccia, and sate on the pretty melancholy platform behind it, reading, or looking down to Florence."

This is all very charming, yet hear what the author says further:

—

"Some people, when they return from Italy, say it has no wood, and some a great deal. The fact is, that many parts of it, Tuscany included, has no wood to *speak of*: it wants larger trees interspersed with the small ones, in the manner of our hedge-row elms. A tree of a reasonable height is a god-send. The olives are low and hazy-looking, like dry sallows. You have plenty of these; but to an Englishman, looking from a height, they appear little better than brushwood. Then there are no meadows, no proper green fields in June; nothing of that luxurious combination of green and russet, of grass, wild flowers, and woods, over which a lover of nature can

> stroll for hours, with a foot as fresh as the stag's; unmixed with chalk-dust, and an eternal public path, and able to lie down, if he will, and sleep in clover. In short—saving, alas! a finer sky and a drier atmosphere—we have the best part of Italy in books; and this we can enjoy in England. Give me Tuscany in Middlesex or Berkshire, and the Valley of Ladies between Jack Straw's Castle and Harrow.... To me, Italy had a certain hard taste in the mouth: its mountains were too bare, its outlines too sharp, its lanes too stony, its voices too loud, its long summer too dusty. I longed to bathe myself in the grassy balm of my native fields."

As a whole these volumes are full of interest and variety. They introduce us to numerous famous people, and leave us with a most agreeable impression of their author.

THE MORMONS

THOMAS L. KANE, of Philadelphia, distinguished himself very honorably a year or two ago by the vindication of the Mormons against calumnies to which they had been subjected in the Western States, and by appeals for their relief from the sufferings induced by unlooked-for exposure in their exodus to California. We are indebted to him for an interesting discourse upon the subject, delivered before the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. He concludes this performance with the following observations, which we believe to be altogether just. Mr. KANE is a man of sagacity and integrity, and his opportunities for the formation of a wise opinion upon this subject were such as very few have possessed:

> "I have gone over the work I assigned myself when I accepted your Committee's invitation, as fully as I could do without trespassing too largely upon your courteous patience. But I should do wrong to conclude my lecture without declaring in succinct and definite terms, the opinions I have formed and entertain of the Mormon people. The libels, of which they have been made the subject, make this a simple act of justice. Perhaps, too, my opinion, even with those who know me as you do, will better answer its end following after the narrative I have given.
>
> "I have spoken to you of a people; whose industry had made them rich, and gathered around them all the comforts,

and not a few of the luxuries of refined life; expelled by lawless force into the wilderness; seeking an untried home far away from the scenes which their previous life had endeared to them; moving onward, destitute, hunger-sickened, and sinking with disease; bearing along with them their wives and children, the aged, and the poor, and the decrepid; renewing daily on their march, the offices of devotion, the ties of family, and friendship, and charity; sharing necessities, and braving dangers together, cheerful in the midst of want and trial, and persevering until they triumphed. I have told, or tried to tell you, of men, who when menaced by famine, and in the midst of pestilence, with every energy taxed by the urgency of the hour, were building roads and bridges, laying out villages, and planting cornfields, for the stranger who might come after them, their kinsman only by a common humanity, and peradventure a common suffering,—of men, who have renewed their prosperity in the homes they have founded in the desert,—and who, in their new built city, walled round by mountains like a fortress, are extending pious hospitalities to the destitute emigrants from our frontier lines,—of men who, far removed from the restraints of law, obeyed it from choice, or found in the recesses of their religion, something not inconsistent with human laws, but far more controlling; and who are now soliciting from the government of the United States, not indemnity,—for the appeal would be hopeless, and they know it—not protection, for they now have no need of it,—but that identity of political institutions and that community of laws with the

rest of us, which was confessedly their birthright when they were driven beyond our borders.

"I said I would give you the opinion I formed of the Mormons: you may deduce it for yourselves from these facts. But I will add that I have not yet heard the single charge against them as a community, against their habitual purity of life, their integrity of dealing, their toleration of religious differences in opinion, their regard for the laws, or their devotion to the constitutional government under which we live, that I do not from my own observation, or the testimony of others, know to be unfounded."

Original Poetry

THE BRIDE'S REVERIE

BY MRS. M.E. HEWITT

Lonely to-night, oh, loved one! is our dwelling,
And lone and wearily hath gone the day;
For thou, whose presence like a flood is swelling
With joy my life-tide—thou art far away.

And wearily for me will go the morrow,
While for thy voice, thy smile, I vainly yearn;
Oh, from fond thought some comfort I will borrow,
To wile away the hours till thou return!

I will remember that first, sweet revealing
Wherewith thy love o'er my tranced being stole;
I, like the Pythoness enraptured, feeling
The god divine pervading all my soul.

I will remember each fond aspiration
In secret milled with thy cherished name,
Till from thy lips, in wildering modulation,
Those words of ecstasy "I love thee!" came.

And I will think of all our blest communing,
And all thy low-breathed words of tenderness;
Thy voice to me its melody attuning
Till every tone seemed fraught with a caress.

And feel thee near me, while in thought repeating
The treasured memories thou alone dost share
Hark! with hushed breath and pulses wildly beating
I hear thy footstep bounding o'er the stair!

And I no longer to my heart am telling
The weary weight of loneliness it bore;
For thou, whose love makes heaven within our dwelling,
Thou art returned, and all is joy once more.

TO ——. By Mrs. R.B.K

Oh how I loved thee! how I blessed the hour,
When first thy lips, wak'ning my trusting heart,
Like some soft southern gale upon a flower,
Into a blooming hope, murmured "we ne'er will part."

Never to part! alas! the lingering sound
Thro' the sad echoes of pale Memory's cave,
Startles once more the hope my young soul found,
Into bright hues, but, only for the grave ...

Must we then part! ah, till this heavy hour,
Fraught with the leaden weight of sorrowing years,
I could have stemmed grief's tide like some light shower,
Where shows a rainbow hope to quell all idle fears.

But the dim phantoms of o'er shadowed pleasures,
Gleaming thro' gathering mists that cloud my heart,
Lend but a transient ray, those fragile treasures—
And heavier darkness falls to gloom the thought "We part!"

JUNE 22, 1850.

Original Correspondence

RAMBLES IN THE PENINSULA

NO. II

GRENADA, May 26, 1850

My Dear Friend—My companion, Mr. Ronalds, left this morning in the diligence for Madrid, and I am, therefore, for the first time since I have been in Europe *alone*—the only citizen of the United States at present in this ancient Moorish city: *alone*, I may almost say, in the midst of paradise. Yet the beauties of nature will not compensate for the solitude of the heart, which is continually yearning after sympathy; we wish for something beyond the pleasures of the eye, and I would that you were with me. I would take you up to me Alhambra, and descant to you for hours upon its perfections and its romantic history. To me this wondrous pile has become *familiar*; I have seen it at all hours of the day, and have visited it in the enchantment of moonlight; and never will pass from my memory the pleasant

hours I have spent within its sacred precincts; I shall remember them and those who shared them with me—forever. A few days since we made up a party and rode out to the famous town of Santa Fe, in the delightful Vega, about eight miles away. We were all dressed in the gay costume of Andalusia, and presented, as you may imagine, a picturesque appearance; my companions were lively fellows, and we had a great deal of sport on the way. Santa Fe is now a dilapidated place, but its associations make it well deserving a visit. It was built by Ferdinand, during the memorable siege of Grenada; it was here that Boabdil signed the capitulation of his city; and it was from this spot, too, that Columbus was dispatched on his mission of discovering a new world. The rich and fertile Vega, as we rode with the speed of the wind over it, seemed to me like a fairy land—so luxuriant the vegetation—so rich the meadows and fields of waving grain—so exquisite the variety of cottages, and villages, and groves, dotting so vast a plain—so pure and transparent the atmosphere, that the most distant objects are as clearly defined as those nearest us. Imagine so lovely a landscape—thirty miles in length by twenty-five in width, surrounded by tremendous mountains,—those of the Sierra Nevada, rising back of Grenada to the height of thirteen thousand feet above the level of the sea, their summits covered by a dazzling mantle of snow: imagine this, and you will have some faint idea of this beautiful Eden of Spain. It is worth a long pilgrimage to gaze but for one moment upon it, particularly from the Torre de la Vela of the Alhambra, whence I have beheld

it, both in the bright, gay sunshine, and through the solemnly beautiful night, illumined by the stars and moon.

The walks and gardens of Grenada are exceedingly beautiful. The principal promenade is called (and very appropriately) El Salon. It is of considerable extent—about eighty feet in width, with regular lines of lofty elms on either side, the bending branches of which nearly meet in an arch overhead. At both extremities of this charming avenue is a large and handsome fountain of ever-flowing water. The ground of the walk is hard —slightly curved; and as smooth and clean as the floor of a ball-room, where convenient seats of stone, tastefully arranged beneath the shade of the spreading trees, seem to invite one to meditation and repose. Outside of this lovely promenade, are blooming gardens, teeming with roses and other flowers, which fill the air with fragrance, while through them on one side runs the river Darre, and on the other the Xenie—gentle streams, whose waters unite their melodious rippling to the chorus of nightingales, ever singing above their pleasant banks. But description is tiresome, especially when one is attempting to present something beyond his power, so I shall not fatigue you with it any longer: besides, a worthy English curate, now my only companion in this wretched hotel, is boring me so incessantly with conversation that I find it difficult to collect any thoughts to put on paper. I wish he was already in heaven, as, surely, he well deserves to be.

It was my intention to have gone from this place to Almeria on

horseback, but as R. has left for Madrid, I shall return to Malaga, probably, in the diligence to-night. It leaves at 12 o'clock, under an escort of six cavalry, which on this road is indispensably necessary. From Malaga I shall take steamer for Valencia and Barcelona, and according to my present calculations, will reach Paris about the first of June next. F—— wants me to go to Italy —I do not know exactly what course to take, as traveling in Italy during the summer season is not considered healthy. I should like to remain in France a month or so, in order to improve myself in their language: as for Spanish, I speak it with fluency and ease already, and it is certainly one of the most beautiful languages in the world.

Yours, JOHN E. WARREN.

THE SUMMER NIGHT

We are in the midst of July—in the midst of summer—of the most genial and pure-aired summer that we have had for years. How beautifully RICHTER, translated by our Longfellow, of kindred genius, describes the holy time! "The summer alone might elevate us. God what a season! In sooth, I often know not whether to stay in the city, or go forth into the fields, so alike is it everywhere and beautiful. If we go outside the city gate, the very beggars gladden our hearts, for they are no longer cold; and the post-boys who can pass the whole night on horseback, and the shepherds asleep in the open air. We need no gloomy house. We make a chamber out of every bush, and therefore have my good industrious bees before us, and the most gorgeous butterflies. In the gardens on the hills sit schoolboys, and in the open air look out words in the dictionary. On account of the game-laws there is no shooting now, and every thing in bush and furrow, and on green branches, can enjoy itself right heartily and safely. In all directions come travelers along the roads; they have their carriages for the most part thrown back—the horses have branches stuck in their saddles, and the drivers roses in their mouths. The shadows of the clouds go trailing along,—the birds fly between them up and down, and journeymen mechanics wander cheerily on with their bundles, and want no work. Even when it rains we love to stand out of doors, and breathe in the

quickening influence, and the wet does the herdsman harm no more. And is it night, so sit we only in a cooler shadow, from which we plainly discern the daylight on the northern horizon and on the sweet warm stars of heaven. Wheresoever I look, there do I find my beloved blue on the flax in blossoms, on the corn-flowers, and the godlike endless heaven into which I would fain spring as into a stream. And now, if we turn homeward again, we find indeed but fresh delight. The street is a true nursery, for in the evening after supper, the little ones, though they have but a few clothes upon them, are again let out into the open air, and not driven under the bed-quilt as in winter. We sup by daylight, and hardly know where the candlesticks are. In the bed-chamber the windows are open day and night, and likewise most of the doors, without danger. The oldest women stand by the window without a chill, and sew. Flowers lie about everywhere—by the ink-stand—on the lawyer's papers—on the justice's table, and the tradesman's counter. The children make a great noise, and one hears bowling of ninepin alleys half the night through our walks up and down the street; and talks aloud, and sees the stars shoot in the high heaven. The foreign musicians, who wend their way homeward toward midnight, go fiddling along the street to their quarters, and the whole neighborhood runs to the window. The extra posts arrive later, and the horses neigh. One lies by the noise in the window and droops asleep. The post-horns awake him and the whole starry heaven hath spread itself open. O God! what a joyous life on this little earth."

Emma is from the German, and signifies a nurse; Caroline, from the Latin—noble minded; George, from the Greek-a farmer; Martha, from Hebrew—bitterness; the beautiful and common Mary is Hebrew, and means a drop of salt water—a tear; Sophia, from Greek—wisdom; Susan, from Hebrew—a lily; Thomas, from Hebrew—a twin; and Robert, from German—famous in council.

Authors and Books

Mr. James and Copyright.—It appears that the visit of Mr. G.P.R. James, with which we are presently to be honored, is not, after all, solely for the "gratification of the natural curiosity" of the author of the book with so many titles, as some time ago he advised one of his correspondents here. The London *News* observes incidentally: "The long-vexed question of an international copyright with our transatlantic cousins shows symptoms of rising to a speedy crisis. Up to a recent period the Yankees had all the advantage of the defective state of the law. They could steal freely from our literary richness; whereas, not only had they little of their own to be robbed of, but their handful of authors took very good care to secure English publishers, and, therefore, English copyrights, for their works. This defense, however, a recent law decision has wrested from the Coopers and Irvings of the States; so that English booksellers have now a perfect right to treat American authors as American booksellers have long been in the habit of serving English authors. And there is something just in this *lex talionis*. If Dickens, may be reprinted and sold for a shilling in New York, why may not Cooper be reprinted and sold for a shilling in London? At all events, the reprisal system will possibly incline our Yankee neighbors to listen to reason, and to favor *the embassy which Mr. James, the novelist, is to undertake to the States, with a view of making*

preliminary arrangements for a full and satisfactory code directed against all future international literary free-booting."

Albert Smith and "Protection."—The *Spectator*, misled by a statement in the Morning Post, to the effect that a Mr. Albert Smith was present, by invitation, at a Protectionist meeting at Wallingford, made some caustic remarks on the supposed adhesion of the witty novelist to the cause of dear bread. The latter, astounded thereby, sends the *Spectator* a note, in which he says:

"The Sphinx, at which you pleasantly affirm I came home laughing from Egypt, never propounded a darker puzzle to any of its victims than you have to me. From last week's *Spectator* I learn, for the first time, that I was at a Protection meeting at Wallingford on some particular day, and that I wept at the prices of 1845. Allow me to assure you that I never was at Wallingford in my life: nor, indeed, did I ever attend a public meeting anywhere. I have not the slightest notion what the prices —I presume of corn—were in 1845; and I should never think of expressing an opinion, in any way, upon politics, except against that school which abuses respectability and philanthropizes mischievous rift-raff."

R.H. Stoddard is preparing for the press of Ticknor, Reed & Fields, a collection of his Poems, to include most of those he has contributed to the periodicals since the appearance of his "Footprints," two years ago. The book will be welcomed by the lovers of genuine poetry. Mr. Stoddard is a young man

of unquestionable genius, and we have been pleased to observe that there is a decided improvement from time to time in his compositions, indicating the industry and wise direction of his studies, in refinement of taste, elegance of finish, and a rapid and vigorous expansion of his imagination. His masterpiece, thus far, is The *Castle in the Air*, fitly praised by our neighbor of the *Albion*, as one of the finest productions of the present time. We do not know of any poet at home or abroad to whose fame it would not have added new luster. In the July number of the *Knickerbocker* we find the following "Dirge," which is not unworthy of him:

There's a new grave in the old church-yard,
Another mound in the snow;
And a maid whose soul was whiter far,
Sleeps in her shroud below.

The winds of March are piping loud,
And the snow comes down for hours;
But by-and-by the April rains
Will bring the sweet May flowers.

The sweet May flowers will cover her grave
Made green by the April rain;
But blight will lie on our memories.
And our tears will fall in vain!

Inedited Correspondence of Goethe and Schiller.—By many friends of German literature it will be remembered that Goethe, during his life, carefully preserved a particular portion of his papers and letters, which he in 1827 transferred to the government of Weimar, on the condition that the box in which they were contained should not be opened until the present year. The 17th of May was the date fixed upon, and in accordance with the will of the deceased poet, his heirs and those of his brother poet Schiller were on that day judicially summoned to Weimar to witness the opening of the case. Of Schiller's descendants there were present on the occasion, his eldest son and eldest daughter, and the widow of Ernst von Schiller. Goethe was represented by his daughter-in-law and his two grandsons, Wolfgang and Walther, who came from Vienna, their present place of residence, for the purpose. Schiller's eldest son is chief inspector of forests in Wurtemberg. Madame de Junot and Frau von Goethe were also present. The box on being opened was found to contain a full correspondence between Schiller and Goethe, ready arranged for the press. A codicil in Goethe's will provides for their publication. Most of the letters, all of Schiller's in fact, are autograph.

The Countess Ossoli, (Margaret Fuller,) we learn from the *Tribune*, will be in New York about the 20th of the present month. Her work on Italy will be given to the press immediately after her arrival.

Dr. Hoefer against Dr. Layard.—Dr. Hoefer, a well-known *savant* in France and Germany, has astonished the Parisians by the publication of a work in which he boldly denies the authenticity of the ruins of Nineveh. Even admitting, he says, that the ruins of Nineveh remain, it is impossible that they can be in the place which Dr. Layard has explored; and, moreover, the Assyrian-like sculptures and inscriptions found in the supposed Nineveh, were the work of a later, and a different people, who had the affectation of imitating Assyrian taste.

Both Rogers and Wilson, it is said, have declined the laureateship. Referring to the office, the *Daily News* has a very prosy simile: "A dog, of any sense or self-respect, with a tin-kettle tied to his tail, acutely feels the misery and degradation of the music he is compelled to make. What the tin-kettle is to the dog, the yearly Ode is to the muse. The board, if you please, but not the annoyance and irritation of the jangle."

Mr. George H. Boker is at present engaged in preparing for the stage his new play of "The Betrothal." A correspondent who has seen it in manuscript, and for whose critical opinion we have a very high respect, pronounces it superior, both in action, combination and development of character, and general management of the plot, to any of his previous dramatic writings. It will probably be brought out next fall, not only in this city and Philadelphia, but in London, where his tragedy of "Calaynos" had such a successful run. We believe Mr. Boker will yet demonstrate that the art of dramatic writing is not lost, nor likely

to be while we retain the language of Shakspeare, Jonson and Fletcher.

Bayard Taylor will deliver the poem before the societies of Harvard College on the 18th inst. Among his predecessors have been Charles Sprague, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Edward Everett, W.C. Bryant, George Bancroft, Frederick H. Hedge, and some dozen others of the first rank in letters.

John G. Whittier, we are sorry to learn, has been for some time in ill health. He is living quietly upon his farm in Haverhill, on the Merrimack.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.