

the stage—the gentlemen of the “sock and buskin,” are the best judges of that. We speak of it as a work for the closet exclusively,—and we are altogether deceived, if it does not afford an hour or two’s most agreeable reading. Of one thing we feel strongly assured, without absolutely knowing the fact, that the author has revealed in the performance itself, the possession of higher capabilities than those he has thought proper to exert. He states in his preface, that it was the composition of “a few leisure hours,”—and, if so, we are confident if he would repeat the effort, and bestow “many” leisure hours upon a new work, he would be amply rewarded for his labor—in the public approbation. We intended to have made some quotations from the book, as specimens of the style—but forbear doing so, on reflection,—because, of all descriptions of writing, the Drama is best judged of as a *whole*; and least appreciated, if its parts be separately considered. In the execution of his task, the author has faithfully observed the dramatic unities as they are called, of time, place and action. His female characters appear to us to be well sustained; and we were almost as much interested in the bustling, scolding, maternally-affectionate Mrs. Roundtree, as in her sprightly yet sentimental daughter,—or, in the noble, high-souled Miss Worthington. Such characters as General Fairweather and Major Roundtree, are often seen in society. We do not say that their portraits have been drawn from actual originals—but we think, that no intelligent reader could study them, without perceiving a strong resemblance to living models. It is probable, that in sketching *Supine*, the author had Dr. Pangloss in his mind’s eye,—but we well remember to have seen some pedantic schoolmasters in our own country, very much like him. Upon the whole, we hope the author will pluck up literary courage, if indeed he lacks it, and delight the public again with some kindred display of his powers.

In conclusion—we take the liberty of remarking, with some reluctance and delicacy, that we hope no one will be so uncharitable, as to suppose that the foregoing brief notice of a new native literary work, has been, in any respect, biassed or influenced by the accidental circumstance, that the pamphlet itself issues from our press. When we are mean enough to sacrifice the free and independent expression of our sentiments—it shall be for *something*,—but not for the contemptible consideration of a very small job—which might have been done elsewhere,—and which, no matter where done, should have received the same notice at our hands. As printer and editor, we stand altogether upon different grounds.

CEREMONY, EXPERIENCE AND LIFE.

Ceremony is the language of respect—and the rule is ‘*De non existentibus et non apparentibus eadem est ratio;*’ respect which is not expressed is thought not to exist. Experience teaches us that a certain degree of ceremony and etiquette is to be kept up, even between near relatives and intimate friends.

Life is a tassellated pavement—dovetailed mosaic—here black acre and there white acre,—clouds to-day, sunshine to-morrow;—it is a series of lessons.

Petersburg, Va.

c. c.

TO THE AMARANTH.

BY MRS. SEBA SMITH.

Thou art not of earth, thou beautiful thing,
With thy changeless form and hue—
For thou in thy heart hast ever borne
A drop of that living dew
That nourished thee, when earth was young,
And the music of Eden around thee rung.

Thou art not of earth: no change is thine—
No touch of death or decay;
And the airs that fann’d thee in Paradise,
Seem over thy leaves to play;
And they whisper still of fadeless bowers,
Where never shall wither the blooming flowers.

Thou art not of earth: thou changest not
When the wintry blast is high,
Tho’ thy scattered leaves are wildly toss’d
On the wind as it rushes by;
For even then, in that hour of dread,
Not a hue of beauty hath left the dead.

I deem that Eve, when in sorrow forced
From her Eden home to part,
Must have sadly look’d on those fadeless bowers,
And she clasp’d thee to her heart—
And thou in thy exile still dost tell
Of a changeless home where the good shall dwell.

“MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN.”*

[Selected.]

Oh! man is like the leaves of spring
The time of many flowers,
When all at once, the glowing sun
A brighter lustre pours.

Like them, youth’s passing flowers delight
This child even of a day,
Whom Heaven, through good and ill, hath left
Darkling to grope his way.

The fates grim-low’ring near him stand,
Whose life is but a breath;
One points to peevish, cheerless age,
And one to gloomy death.

Short lived the fruit of lusty youth!
’Tis like the sunny ray,
That warms the teeming earth—and then
Full quickly fades away.

And when youth’s gladsome hours have fled,
And flowers all withered are,
To die, is better than to live,
Yea! surely, better far.

Oh! many, many are the woes
The heart of man that tear,—
Domestic sorrows, and the pangs
Which poverty must bear.

One longs for children:—childless still
This man of sorrow dies:
No child to bear him to the grave,—
No child to close his eyes.

’Mid heart-corroding, fell disease,
Another’s life is spent:
Oh! lives not one whom angry Heaven
Hath not much sorrow sent!

* Burns.