

henceforth there are any punishments or fines to be incurred, questions to be asked or answers to be given, that they may take them all upon themselves.

The Cadi, much amused with what he heard, gave the desired certificate, and added a present to Abul Cassim. Behold in this tale to what misfortunes the avaricious subject themselves!

T O A H U M M I N G - B I R D .

BY H. W. ROCKWELL.

I.

BRIGHT stranger from the South! who with the cool
 Light airs of Summer visitest the sweet
 Soft twilight that o'erspreads the shaded pool,
 And the young river-flowers that faint with heat:
 Welcome art thou to the cold North again,
 With thy dark glossy hood, and emerald wings;
 And pleasant be thy way along the glen,
 Where the brown wood-thrush in the thicket sings,
 Or where to prostrate trees the nodding wild flower clings.

II.

Thy silver beak, which late from Southern flowers
 Sipped God's good bounty, here, where green leaves meet
 And shed their coolness through the long sweet hours
 Of the bright noontide, shalt find blooms as sweet;
 The juicy clover in the meadow-grass
 Shall give thee honey from its crimson cells,
 And thou shalt take, where curling eddies pass,
 Thy supper in the dewy mountain-bells,
 When the meek evening-wind amid the forest swells.

III.

Waters shall catch thine image; thy green wings
 Fanning with music the sweet forest airs,
 Shall bear thee where the reddening wood-rose springs
 Amid the moss and sunshine. Thou shalt fare
 Upon the glossy seeds when they are ripe
 On their long stems, beside the streamlet's bed,
 And on thy scarlet jacket thou shalt wipe
 Thy shining bill when thou hast freely fed
 Upon the river-plum and mountain-cherry red.

IV.

Welcome thou art unto my lattice; here
 In safety thou may'st smooth thy velvet hood,
 And sip the summer-sweets without a fear,
 With the sweet winds thy gentle sisterhood.
 Ay! thou art welcome; nor would I in vain
 Take lesson from thine own meek history;
 But when the hazy summer comes again
 To these wide woods, may'st thou no stranger be
 Among those friends which are my best society.

Utica, August, 1843.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

THE POLITICIANS, A COMEDY; in Five Acts. By CORNELIUS MATHEWS. pp. 118. New-York: Printed for the Author.

POEMS ON MAN, IN HIS VARIOUS ASPECTS UNDER THE AMERICAN REPUBLIC. By CORNELIUS MATHEWS. In one volume. pp. 112. New-York: Printed for the Author, and for sale at WILEY AND PUTNAM'S and other metropolitan Book-stores.

THE CAREER OF PUFFER HOPKINS. Published in the 'serial form,' from the office of the 'BROTHER JONATHAN.'

In a notice some four years since in these pages of the 'Motley Book'* by the author of the above-named productions, we expressed our conviction, and gave the grounds for our belief, that Mr. MATHEWS had mistaken his vocation; that he exhibited a mind capacious enough of vague dreams and dim similitudes of humor, but that there was no naturalness in his descriptions, and no distinctness in his pictures; that his observation of men and things was cursory and superficial, and that his style was of such a character that the reader was often led to doubt whether he always affixed any very precise idea to the language which he employed. We excepted from these remarks, we remember, a serious sketch or two of the writer, 'The Potters'-Field,' and 'The Unburied Bones,' as evincing a degree of spirit and pathos, which justified us in counselling him, if he must needs write, to confine his literary efforts to that species of composition. Since the period to which we have referred, Mr. MATHEWS has continued to write and print, with great industry and perseverance, what he must have considered works of humor and satire; but we are sorry to be compelled to add, without exhibiting the slightest improvement. Like MICHAEL CASSIO, Mr. MATHEWS, when he sits down to pen, ink, and paper, 'sees a mass of objects, but nothing *distinctly*.' He has a large grasp of small things, without selection and without cohesion; his ideas, if they may be *called* ideas, are often diffuse, pointless, and apparently aimless; and it is impossible for any intelligent reader to resist the conclusion that his 'wit's diseased,' in one sense, at least. Let us take, as an illustration of the justice of our animadversions, the 'Comedy' whose title stands first at the head of this notice. From the strutting boldness of the language in the preface, the reader is led to conclude, evidently with the author, that an 'American dramatist' has at last arisen, who is to present the proof that 'America contains within itself material quite adequate for any class of literary productions;' that there is 'no lack of materials for comedy in our country and among ourselves;' and that here we have a dramatic attempt which is to furnish 'countenance to the cause of true National Literature.' In consonance with Mr. MATHEWS's own opinions of his 'Comedy,' is his modest request that nobody should 'interfere with his privileges as its author, or prevent him from deriving such emoluments from its representation as are equitably his due.' Probability rather

* See the KNICKERBOCKER for December, 1853.