

moment, interchange a few dulcet words, tell each other 'how sweetly pretty you look to-night,' and present for a moment a lovely picture of child-like simplicity and utter guilelessness—to the respective cavaliers and observers in general.

HERE the ms. ends abruptly.

THE DYING STUDENT.

I.

LET him look out upon Earth's fair domain,
And feast his spirit mid its time-worn hills,
Feeling the fresh blood flow through every vein
As the new sight his weary bosom thrills:
Oh! let him gaze beyond that shoreless sea,
Whither his spirit fain would take its flight,
To wander in those far-off depths, and be
Where the pure sky hath hung her robe of light.

II.

Oh! let him gaze upon Earth's jewelled sky,
And breathe Spring's earliest, sweetest breath again;
And once more follow with a ravished eye
Faces and forms of loved ones, loved in vain!
To catch the inspiring sound of Music's voice,
To hear the solemn chant of Ocean's roar;
To linger at the threshold of his joys,
And feel Earth's sunshine on his head once more.

III.

Life's solemn lights are dimly burning now,
And feeble shadows o'er his vision fall;
Still, one brief hour is his, and in its flow
Moments are years, and in those years his all!
Rouse him from death, without one brief delay,
And call his spirit back from Time's dark tide;
He lingers yet, as on the verge of day,
And Hope and Heaven his heart's pure home divide.

IV.

His spirit freshens at the glorious sight,
And far away his eager eyes are turning,
To those bright paths in yonder sky of light,
Where Heaven's imperial stars are brightly burning.
Back flows the life-blood to his swelling heart,
And thence again with impulse free and strong;
Old memories gather round him and depart,
Phalanx to phalanx joined, and throng to throng!

V.

Dim grow the visions that o'erreach his brain,
And shadowy forms seem floating in his eye;
Tears fall around him, as the soul's bright rain,
Poured from the heart for one too young to die.
Stars are now hovering o'er the brink of day,
And sun-light fingers on each tower and hill;
But prayer hath passed from silent lips away,
The heart hath shed its sorrow—and is still!

New-York, August, 1843.

EDMUND BREWSTER GREEN.

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

DONNA FLORIDA: A TALE. By the Author of 'Atlantis,' 'Southern Passages and Pictures,' etc.
Charleston: BURGESS AND JAMES.

'THE poem,' says the author of this miniature pamphlet-volume, 'of which the four first cantos (he means the *first four*, no doubt) are here submitted to the reader, was chiefly the work of the writer's youth.' He does not claim, however, that this fact forms any sufficient excuse for giving it to the public at this late day; but offers rather the natural tenacity 'with which the mind treasures up, and seeks to preserve, the performances which revive its early associations.' We have run through these cantos with some attention. The story does not strike us as possessing either great originality or interest. The verse itself is after the model of 'Don Juan,' then recently published, and rife in the literary world; but like the thousand-and-one imitations which we have encountered of that most facile and felicitous composition, its 'laborious ease' cannot be concealed. With BYRON, the play of fancy and of words was equally unconstrained, in this species of versification; but all his imitators have evidently been stretched upon Procrustean beds; and with all the seeming *abandon* of their manner, and the smirk of their 'varnished faces,' it has yet been but too evident that their situation was any thing but comfortable. In 'Donna Florida' however there is a good degree of cleverness. There are many thoughts interspersed throughout its cantos which the reader will encounter with surprise and remember with pleasure. Nevertheless we are compelled to say, that where the stanzas are most original, they are the least to our liking. We enter our protest against the writer's frequent habit of saying a plain thing in an involved, roundabout way, as well as against numerous words and similes which he employs. 'You can call a hat,' says Mr. YELLOWFLUSH, a 'glossy four-and-nine' or a 'swart sombrero;' but in the long run praps it's as well to call it *a hat*. It *is* a hat; and where's the use o' mystifying?' Would it not, for example, be 'as well' also, and quite as natural, to write 'half of the rest,' as 'the subdivision of the remaining moiety?' Or in saying that old jokes were laughed at, to express it in less magniloquent phrase than

'Old jokes found revived expansion?'

Where does Mr. SIMMS find authority for such a word as '*voicing*?'—'the voicings of a bird?' In any dictionary of the English language? Guess not! As little do we admire the simile which makes a lady's eye the 'polar light in love's astrology,' or which represents it as

— 'peering beneath her forehead like a star,
Bestowing a sweet glory on the sky.'

All these are 'affectations, look you;' and are in our judgment even worse sins against
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