

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

---

WE have just finished the perusal in manuscript of a volume of poems by an old contributor to the KNICKERBOCKER, and from which we are permitted to make a few extracts in advance of their publication. The originality with which subjects already trite are treated, and the passionate as well as poetical power displayed in others will recommend them to the reader. Take the following for example:

'Give me your tender cares, your dear caresses,  
Your bright approving smile, frank as a brother;  
Give me your *mind*, whose graceful wisdom blesses:  
But ah! your love, give that unto another.

'So my heart argues in its tranquil moments,  
Laved in the dream-like bliss you have inspired;  
Then comes a pain, filling my soul in torrents,  
Like some green hill to a Vesuvius fired

'In its most verdant hour. Oh! scathing lava!  
Oh! cruel, pelting hail! oh! torture hideous!  
As to some laboring ship the ruthless 'Ha! ha!'  
Of the weird Storm-King, in his reign malicious.

'Tell me, ye powers of Heaven, whose loved control,  
Like the sweet south-breeze on a wind-harp playing,  
Wakes soothing music, tell me of a goal,  
A tranquil haven, where the billows swaying,

'My wearied soul, riven, tempest-tossed, forlorn,  
May sink to ripples as of moon-lit streams,  
And keep the peering sun-beams of the morn  
In cooling shadows veiled; for in soft dreams,

'Lulled by the ebbing tide, my hope would wander!  
And let kind angels dimly at the helm  
Be visible; oh! let their watch be fonder  
Than a young mother's; let their sway o'erwhelm

'All power of retrospect, all future longing:  
Swathed like a captive warrior let the sinews  
Of my imperious soul be bound; and dawning  
O'er the cleft furrows of my path, 'mid dews

'Which soften where they fall, let cheerful star-light  
Keep the mild moon sweet company; so, haply,  
Some constant beam from out my heavy night,  
Cleaving the dark, may light my life-path calmly.'

The following short description of a rain-bow, from a piece entitled, 'A Summer Afternoon,' we think possesses great beauty:

'A PHANTOM drapery 'twixt sky and earth,  
Of blending tints, spans in impulsive birth  
The entranced view. A heavenly arch it forms:  
Is it suspended by some seraph's arms?

'Ethereal Rainbow! daughter of the shower!  
Thy beauty lends enchantment to the hour!  
The seraph arm grows weary, now is furled  
The gleam in dreamy vapor from the world!'

We next extract from another rural piece:

'Why do n't you come?' said the flower to the bee.  
'Waking to-day with a heart light and free,  
I turned to the sun, and bent to the breeze,  
And listened to the birds that sang in the trees,  
And to every gay wooer I yielded a smile,  
But ah! it was only the time to beguile.  
Why, why do n't you come?'

'A light winging sound and musical hum  
Brings a glad answer: the bright bee has come!  
Fluttering and glowing the flower droops her head,  
While her low-breathed sighs a sweet perfume shed;  
The bee heard the call! was he truant the while?  
Ah! no; it was only the time to beguile;  
At least, since he's come.  
'Tis thus she interprets his musical hum.'

The following will find a response in our own — in many a heart. In refutation of the supposition (which 'the bard has sung') that the soul watches and waits for a particular love:

'The wild bud yields its sweetness to the bee;  
The sun woos not his votive flower in vain;  
The breeze is welcomed by each waving tree,  
'The bard has sung,' but oh! how false a strain!

'Ask of the night, whose silence lends an ear  
To the wild 'plaining of the nightingale;  
Ask of the listening woods, where, low and clear,  
Murmurs the river down you darkling vale;

'Ask of the little brook, whose bosom pure  
Mirrors the loving branches, drooping low  
To woo its freshness; ask the skies, which lure  
The trembling vapors from the melting snow;

'Ask of the fresh, young heart in girlhood's morn,  
Where, slumbering like the music in a shell,  
Love's echoes lie. No light-winged hope the dawn  
Has yet betrayed of love's unconscious spell.

'Ask all that's beautiful, and pure, and sweet,  
If to the voice of any genial air,  
Let but the note be love, which comes to meet,  
Soft and insidious, the music there,

'Some deep responsive chord will not be stirred  
To gushing rapture at the thrilling tone,  
The latent frown awaked, its torrent poured  
In wild exuberance toward the radiant throne

'Where sits the beckoning Cupid. What if all  
Love's maddening ecstasy in one glad thrill  
Should live and perish, and the spirit fall  
Back to the common level, can it chill

'The fresh, bright, blooming Hope which that dear dream  
Sweetly unfolded? The white dove may pine  
To find the sparkling water's luring gleam  
Upon the fountain's brim, her destined shrine,

'Has waked a quenchless thirst; but lo! she droops  
Her willing wings, nor knows but she has quaffed  
Love's fountain dry. She falters not, nor stoops  
To other springs, and seeks no other draught.'

Is there not a new idea conveyed in the following lines on Solitude?

'THE mind at ease may find a charm  
In solitude's repose and calm;  
The stolid soul, from fancy free,  
May brook its insipidity.

'Here Fashion's sated votary  
May find a joy, an ecstasy,  
In throwing off the cumbrous dress  
Which swathes her spirit's artlessness.

'And Science, Learning, Grief, and Love  
May deem its sweets all sweets above:  
Ambition here may dream its dream;  
Chagrin here find a Lethe stream;

'Here Hope may spread her glowing wings,  
Philosophy here find the springs  
Of all the joys the bosom throng,  
Which Solitude's rapt shades prolong.

'But, Solitude! thy deep control  
Binds not *all* powers that sway the soul;  
Thou canst not aid, and ne'er restrained,  
*Love's longing for the unattained!*'

THE DUSSELDORF GALLERY. — A recent visit to this admirable collection of paintings has afforded us so much pleasure, that we desire to call the attention of our readers to it again. The room formerly occupied by the American Art Union is now filled with these fine pictures, which no one should fail to see.

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — We have bent on a new snapper this month, gentle reader. Our friend and publisher, Mr. SAMUEL HUESTON, who has been 'cavorting' among the mountains of Lake George, and eating lake trout to repletion, at SHERRILL'S famous Lake-House, brings with him such abundant health and spirits, that we gladly resign the editorial chair to him for the nonce. So now we can pack up our carpet-bag for the West — razors, brushes, six shirts, two white waistcoats, half-a-gallon of bay-rum, one portable boot-jack, (to fold up,) thirty-two pairs of stockings, one pound of sealing-wax, the family breast-pin, one cravat and a half, ditto trowsers, one thousand segars, eleven tooth-brushes, one small mosquito-net, and the 'Editor's Table.'

Gentlemen and ladies, editorially we make you acquainted with Mr. HUESTON.

(HUESTON *speaks*.) 'The reader will no doubt be gratified to learn that since the beginning of our new volume, the circulation of the KNICKER-BOCKER has increased ten ——'

That will never do, HUESTON. Try again; dip into the easy, button-holding, colloquial, L. G. C. style.

(HUESTON *speaks*.) 'The sun was just gilding the spires of Hoboken, when a jaded pair of horses might have been seen rapidly approaching the Albany steamboat.'

Never do, sir. G. P. R. J. Once more.

(HUESTON *speaks*.) 'There is nothing in America that exercises a more delightful spell over my imagination than the power of a great steamboat, as it leaves the crowded wharf, and glides majestically upon the broad bosom of the Hudson.'

No go, Mr. HUESTON. W. I. Try again.

(HUESTON *speaks*.) 'There was the old steamboat lying at the wharf: the old steamboat, with its old rotten timbers, its mysterious machinery, with, here and there, an iron limb bound up in cloths, as if it had been in some battle, where every body had come off second best. There were the wretched passengers on the upper-deck, and the wretched emigrants on the lower-deck; there were the wretched news-boys, darting about like blue-bottle flies; there were the wretched firemen, and the wretched orange-women; there was the dark, slimy water below, suggestive of suicides, and the white plume of steam above, suggestive of an unlimited number of coroner's inquests. Then the old steamboat pawed the water, and struggled to get free; and then she relapsed again, and gave it up. Then the wretched captain said, 'Let go;,' and with a shriek, a gasp, and a snort, her wheels revolved, the hawser splashed in the dock, and the old steamboat sluggishly cut the slimy waters, and struggled up the river.'

C. D., Mr. HUESTON; and in his worst style. Try once more.

(HUESTON *speaks*.) 'We laughed 'somedele' at our friend and publisher, Mr. HUESTON, yesterday, 'we did.' Being a man of 'weak nerves,' he took it into his head to evacuate the city on the glorious Fourth of July, by taking a 'passage' on the 'Rip Van Winkle.' To be sure of a 'good berth,'