

## THE EPICUREAN, A TALE—BY THOMAS MOORE.

By several of the London Reviews, we observe that Moore has again taken the field—we are happy to state, with his accustomed success—his book being spoken of in terms of high commendation, which the extracts furnished seem fully to warrant.

The original intention of the author is stated to have been to publish the “Epicurean” in the form of rhythmical letters from the personages introduced into the tale—which intention he was induced to abandon, from the difficulty of managing the minor details in verse, so as to render them at the same time distinct and brief. The portions written before the tale was begun anew, are appended to the the volume, under the title of “Alciphron,” and are written with great spirit and beauty—many of the passages being nearly identical, in words, as in character, with the prose descriptions of the corresponding scenes.

Not having seen the entire work, we cannot enter as largely upon its merits as we would otherwise have done, but the well-known fame of the author of “Lallah Rookh,” as well as the beautiful extracts which have come under our observation, give promise of the pleasure to be derived from this new production of the Irish Bard. The following passage will shew that he has lost nothing of the fluency of style, and exquisite versification, which distinguish the former productions of his pen :

But short that hope—for, as I flew  
Breathlessly up, the stairway grew  
Tremulous under me, while each  
Frail step, ere scarce my foot could reach  
The frailer yet I next must trust,  
Crumbled behind me into dust ;  
Leaving me, as it crush'd beneath,  
Like shipwreck'd wretch who, in dismay,  
Sees but one plank 'twixt him and death,  
And shuddering feels that one give way !  
And still I upward went—with nought  
Beneath me but that depth of shade,  
And the dark flood, from whence I caught  
Each sound the falling fragments made.  
Was it not fearful ?—still more frail  
At every step crash'd the light stair,  
While, as I mounted, e'en the rail  
That up into that murky air  
Was my sole guide, began to fail !—  
When, stretching forth an anxious hand,  
Just, as beneath my tottering stand,  
Steps, railway, all, together went,  
I touch'd a massy iron ring,  
That there—by what kind genius sent  
I know not—in the darkness hung ;  
And grasping it, as drowners cling  
To the last hold, so firm I clung,  
And through the void suspended swung.

Sudden, as if that mighty ring  
Were link'd with all the winds of heav'n,  
And, like the touching of a spring,  
My eager grasp had instant given  
Loose to all blasts that ever spread  
The shore or sea with wrecks and dead—  
Around me, gusts, gales, whirlwinds rang  
Tumultuous, and I seemed to hang  
Amidst an elemental war,  
In which wing'd tempests—of all kinds  
And strengths that winter's stormy star  
Lights through the Temple of the Winds  
In our own Athens—battled round,

Deafening me with chaotic sound.  
Nor this the worst—for, holding still  
With hands unmov'd, though shrinking oft,  
I found myself, at the wild will  
Of countless whirlwinds, caught aloft,  
And round and round, with fearful swing,  
Sweep, like a stone-shot in a sling !  
Till breathless, mazed, I had begun.—  
So ceaselessly I thus was whirled,—  
To think my limbs were chained upon  
That Wheel of the Infernal World,  
To turn which, day and night, are blowing  
Hot, withering winds that never slumber ;  
And whose sad rounds, still going, going,  
Eternity alone can number !  
And yet, ev'n then—while worse than Fear  
Iaith ever dreamt seem'd hovering near,  
Had voice but ask'd me, “is not this  
A price too dear for aught below ?”  
I should have said “for knowledge, yes—  
But for bright, glorious Woman—no.”  
At last, that whirl, when all my strength  
Had nearly fled, came to an end ;  
And, through that viewless void, at length,  
I felt the still-grasp'd ring descend  
Rapidly with me, till my feet—  
Oh, ne'er was touch of land so sweet  
To the long sea-worn exile—found  
A resting-place on the firm ground.  
At the same instant o'er me broke  
A glimmer through that gloom so chill,—  
Like day-light, when beneath the yoke  
Of tyrant darkness struggling still—  
And by th' imperfect gleam it shed,  
I saw before me a rude bed,  
Where poppies, strew'd upon a heap  
Of wither'd lotus, wooed to sleep.  
Blessing that couch—as I would bless,  
Ay, ev'n the absent tiger's lair,  
For rest in such stark weariness,—  
I crawl'd to it, and sunk down there.

## THE ANNUALS FOR 1840.

THESE beautiful volumes have, during the present season, been received even in greater variety than in former years, and in this season of gifts and compliments, are among the most tasteful *souvenirs* which can be presented as tokens of friendship or esteem. Nothing can exceed the elegance of these delightful books, which may be taken as specimens of the pro-