

OUR TABLE.

THE WORKS OF THE LATE EDGAR A. POE, WITH NOTICES OF HIS LIFE AND GENIUS, BY N. P. WILLIS, J. R. LOWELL, AND R. W. GRISWOLD—2 VOLS.

This is one of the most attractive works which we have seen for a long time. A melancholy interest is attached to the memory of the highly gifted, but unfortunate man, whose character and genius these volumes reveal. The poetry of Mr. Poe, is not of that trashy and ephemeral kind, which constitutes so large a portion of the literature of the day. Of "rhymes without reason, sonnets without rhymes," we have had too many; but how rare are the manifestations of the true poetic mind—of that genius which "claims kindred with the very workings of nature herself," which alone "can give to its creatures the divine power of winning love and veneration;" to whose eye, "the veil of the spiritual world is ever rent asunder, that it may perceive the ministers of good and evil, who throng continually around it."

"When we say," wrote Mr. Lowell, some years ago, "that Mr. Poe has genius, we do not mean to say that he has produced evidence of the highest. But to say that he possesses it at all, is to say that he needs only zeal, industry, and reverence for the trust reposed in him, to achieve the proudest triumphs and the greenest laurels. If we may believe the Longinuses and Aristotles of our newspapers, we have quite too many geniuses of the loftiest order, to render a place among them at all desirable, whether for its hardness of attainment or its seclusion. The highest part of our Parnassus is, according to these gentlemen, by far the most thickly settled portion of the country, a circumstance which must make it an uncomfortable residence for individuals of a poetical temperament, if love of solitude be; as immemorial tradition asserts, a necessary part of their idiosyncrasy."

It is worthy of regret, that the private character of Mr. Poe, has been so frequently and wantonly assailed. He had many enemies. He hated the critics, and they consequently hated him. His contempt, real, or pretended, of "the paltry mankind," or more paltry commendations of compensation, has fastened on his name an obloquy, as cruel and unmerited as it is dark. This, however, only effects his writings, by throwing over them a stronger and a sadder interest than they

would otherwise possess. How fitted to excite compassion is the closing lines of

THE RAVEN:

"And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting,
still is sitting,
On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming, of a demon's
that is dreaming,
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming, throws
his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow, that lies
floating on the floor,
Shall be lifted—never more!"

How mournful is the following:

"Ah, broken is the golden bowl! the spirit flown
forever!
Let the bell toll!—a saintly soul floats on the
Stygian river;
And, Guy de Vere, hast thou no tear!—Weep now,
or never more!
See on yon drear and rigid bier low lies thy
love, Lenore!
Come! let the burial rite be read—the funeral
song be sung!
An Anthem for the queenliest dead, that ever
died so young,
A dirge for her, the doubly dead, in that she
died so young."

We have not room at present for further extracts, but refer our readers to the book itself, which may be obtained from Mr. LAY, of Notre Dame street. To the prose productions of Mr. Poe, we have not alluded, since it is our intention to make them the subject of a more extended article, upon a future occasion. The typography of these volumes is superior, and the first contains a finely executed portrait of the poet, from an original, in the possession of Dr. Griswold.

THE MISCELLANEOUS WORKS OF THE REV. J. T. HEADLEY—2 VOLS.; SOLD BY R. W. LAY, NOTRE DAME STREET.

Mr. HEADLEY is a pleasing and instructive writer. We wish his works were more extensively circulated than they are, among Canadian readers. His style is certainly by no means unexceptionable;