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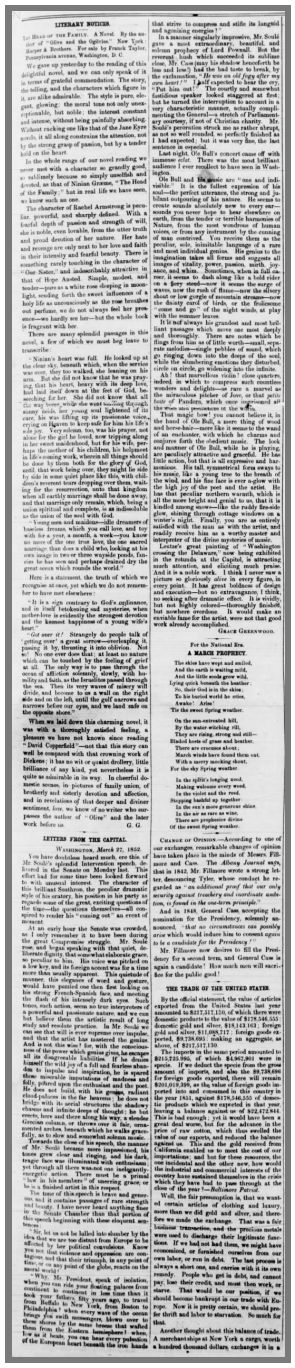

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Rose of the Family. A Novel. By the author of "Olive and the Ogilvies." New York: George A. Roorbach. For sale by French Taylor, Pennsylvania avenue, Washington, D. C.

We gave up yesterday to the reading of this delightful novel, and we can only speak of it in terms of grateful commendation. The story, the telling, and the characters which figure in it, are alike admirable. The style is pure, elegant, flowing; the moral tone not only unexceptionable, but noble; the interest constant and intense, without being painfully absorbing. Without racking one like that of the Jane Eyre novels, it still along constrains the attention, not by the strong grasp of passion, but by a tender hold on the heart.

In the whole range of our novel reading we never met with a character so grandly good, so sublimely because so simply unselfish and devoted, as that of Nanian Graeme, "The Head of the Family;" but in real life we have seen, we know such an one.

The character of Rachel Armstrong is peculiar, powerful, and sharply defined. With a fearful depth of passion and strength of will, she is noble, even lovable, from the utter truth and proud devotion of her nature. Her hate and revenge are only meet to her love and faith in their intensity and fearful beauty. There is something rarely touching in the character of "Our Nanian," and indescribably attractive in that of Hope Anstel. Simple, modest, and tender—pure as a white rose sleeping in moonlight, sending forth the sweet influences of a holy life as unconsciously as the rose breathes out perfume, we do not always feel her presence—we hardly see her—but the whole book is fragrant with her.

There are many splendid passages in this novel, a few of which we must beg leave to transcribe:

"Nanian's heart was full. He looked up at the clear sky, beneath which, when the service was over, they two walked, the leaning on his arm. She did not know that he was praying, as his heart, heavy with its deep love, had itself down at the feet of God, beseeching for her. She did not know that all the way home, while she went smiling through sunny fields, her young and lightened of its care, his was lifting up its passionate voice, crying on Heaven to keep safe for him his life's sole joy. Very solemn, too, was his prayer, not alone for the girl he loved, now tripping along in her sweet unclouded, but for his wife, perhaps the mother of his children, his helpmeet in life-coming work, wherein all things should be done by them both as in the sight of God, until that work being over, they might be ride together to a place like this, with children's sweetest tears dropping over them, waiting for the resurrection, unto that kingdom whom all earthly marriage shall be done away, and that marriage only remain, which, being a union spiritual and complete, is as indissoluble as the union of the soul with God.

"Young men and maidens—idle dreamers of lunatic dreams, which you call love, and toy with for a year, a month, a week—you know no more of the one true love, the one sacred marriage than does a child who, looking at his own image in two or three wayside ponds, fancies he has seen and perhaps dreamed sky the great ocean which rounds the world."

Here is a statement, the truth of which we recognize at once, yet which we do not remember to have met elsewhere:

"It is a sign contrary to God's ordinances, and in itself bewildering and mysterious, when mother-love is evidently the strongest devotion and the keenest happiness of a young wife's heart."

"Let sorrow it!" Strangely do people talk of 'getting over' a great sorrow—overlooking it, passing it by, thrusting it into oblivion. Not so! No one ever does that: at least no nature which can be touched by the feeling of grief at all. The only way is to pass through the storm of affliction solemnly, slowly, with humility and faith, as the Israelites passed through the Red Sea, with the waters of God's wrath to divide, and become to us a wall on the right side and on the left, until the gulf narrows and narrows before our eyes, and we land safe on the opposite shore."

When we laid down this charming novel, it was with a thoroughly satisfied feeling, a pleasure we have not known since reading "David Copperfield"—not that this story can well be compared with that crowning work of Dickens: it has no wit or quaint drollery, little brilliance of any kind, yet nevertheless it is quite as admirable in its way. In cheerful domestic scenes, in pictures of family union, of brotherly and sisterly devotion and affection, and in revelations of that deeper and dearer sentiment, love, we know of no writer who surpasses the author of "Olive" and the later work before us.

G. G.

LETTERS FROM THE CAPITAL.

No. I.

Washington, March 27, 1852.

You have doubtless heard much, ere this, of Mr Soulé's splendid Intervention speech, delivered in the Senate on Monday last. This effort had for some time been looked forward to by the Democracy with the highest hopes. His brilliant Southern, the peculiar dramatic style of his oratory, his position in his party as regards some of the great, exciting questions of the time—the questions themselves—all conspired to render his "coming out" an event of moment.

At an early hour the Senate was crowded, as I only remember it to have been during the great Compromise struggle. Mr. Soulé rose, and began speaking with that quiet, deliberate dignity that some what elaborate grace, so peculiar to him. His voice was pitched on a key which his foreign accent was for a time more than usually apparent. This quietude of manner there was every reason to suppose would have passed on thro' first to last. Even on his strong French-Spanish face, and mocking the flash of his intensely dark eyes. Such tones, such action, seem no true interpreters of a powerful and passionate nature; and we can but believe these the artistic result of long study and constant practice. In Mr. Soulé we can see that will is ever supreme over impulse, and that the artist has mastered the genius. And is not this wise? for, with the consciousness of supreme which genius gives, he escapes all its dangerous exhibition. If he denies himself the joy of a full and fearless abandon to impulse and inspiration, he is spared those miserable impulses which, when indulged, fitfully, pollute upon the enthusiast and the man. He does not build, with his grasps, radiant cloud-palaces in the far heavens; he does not bridge with its aerial structures the shadowy chasms and infinite deeps of thought: he but erects, here and there along his way, a slender Grecian column, or throws over it fair, ornamented arches, beneath which he walks graceful, slow and somewhat solemn music.

Towards the close of his speech, the manner of Mr. Soulé became more impassioned, his tones grew clear and ringing, and his dark, tragic face was illuminated with a powerful and yet through all there was not one indignantly energetic action. There must be a grand "how is his numbers" of uttering grace, or he is a finished artist in this respect.

The tone of this speech is brave and generous, and it contains passages of rare strength and beauty. I have never heard anything finer in the Senate Chamber than that portion of the speech beginning with these eloquent sentences:

"Sir, let us not be lulled into slumber by the idea that we are too distant from Europe to be affected by her political convulsions. Have you not that violence and expression are contagious, and that their triumph, in any point of time, or in any point of the globe, excite in the moral world?"

"Why, Mr. President, speak of isolation, when you can ride your floating palaces from the continent to continent in less time than it took your fathers, fifty years ago, to travel from Philadelphia to New York, from Boston to Providence? when every wave of the ocean brings the news by messengers, blown over to them from the Eastern hemisphere? when, few as it leads, you can hear every pulsation of the European heart beneath the iron hands that strive to compress and stifle its tangled and agonizing energies?"

In a manner singularly impressive, Mr. Soulé gave a most extraordinary, beautiful, and solemn prophecy of Lord Ferrand. At the close of this, he sat down, and as he did so, Mr. Cass rose: his shadow henceforth be less and less! had the last taste to break, by the exclamation, "He was an old fogy after my own heart!" I half expected to hear the cry, "Put him out!" The courtly and somewhat fastidious speaker looked staggered at first, but he turned the interruption to account in a very characteristic manner, actually complimenting the General—a stretch of Parliamentary courtesy, if not of Christian charity. Mr. Soulé's peroration struck me as rather abrupt, as not so well rounded, so perfectly finished as the rest of the speech, as it was very fine the last sentence in especial.

Last night Ole Bull's concert came off with immense eclat. There was the most brilliant audience I ever recollect to have seen in Washington.

Ole Bull and his music are "one and indivisible." It is the fullest expression of his soul—the perfect utterance, the strong and jubilant outpouring of his nature. He seems to create sounds absolutely new to every ear—sounds you never hope to hear elsewhere on earth, from the tender or terrible harmonies of Nature, from the most wondrous of human voices, or from any instrument by the cunning hand of mortal man. They are the result of a peculiar, sole, inimitable language of a rare and most individual genius. His genius to the imagination takes all forms and suggests all images of vitality, power, passion, mirth, joy-ance, and whim. Sometimes, when in full career, it seems to dash along like a bold rider on a fiery steed—now it seems the surge of waves, now the rush of flame—now the silvery shout or low gurgle of mountain streams—now the chirpy carol of birds, or the frolicsome "come and go" of the night winds at play with the summer leaves.

But it is in the grandest and most brilliant passages which move one most deeply and thoroughly. There are notes which he flings from him as of little worth—small, separate melodies—single pebbles of sound, which go ringing down into the deeps of the soul, while the slumbering emotions they disturbed, circle on circle, go widening into the infinite.

Ah! that marvellous violin! close quarters, indeed, in which to compress such countless wonders and delights—as rare a marvel as the miraculous pitcher of Jove, or that petit boite of Pandora, which once possessed all the woes and pleasures in the world.

That magic bow! you cannot believe it, in the hand of Ole Bull, a mere thing of wood and horse-hair—more like it seems to the wand of some enchanter, by the aid of which he conjures forth the strangest music. The look and manner of Ole Bull, while he is playing, are peculiarly attractive and graceful. He has little action, but that is all expressive and harmonious. His tall, symmetrical form sways to his music, like a young tree to the breath of the wind, and his face is ever aglow with the high joy of the poet and the artist. He has that peculiar northern warmth, which is all the more bright and genial to us that it is kindled among snows—like the ruddy fire-side glow, shining through cottage windows on a winter's night. Finally, you are so entirely satisfied with the man as with the artist, and readily receive him as a worthy master and interpreter of the divine mysteries of music.

Ole Bull, I hear, is about to visit Washington, crossing the Delaware,' now being exhibited in the rotunda at the Capitol, is attracting much attention, and eliciting much praise. And it is a noble work. I think I never saw a picture so gloriously alive in every figure, in every point. It has great boldness of design and execution—but no extravagance, I think, no seeking after dramatic effect. It is vividly, but not highly colored—thoroughly finished, but nowhere overdone. It would make an enviable base for the artist, were not that good work already accomplished.

Grace Greenwood.

For the National Era.

A MARCH PROPHECY.

The skies have wept and smiled,
And the earth is waiting mild,
And the little seeds grow wild,
Lying quick beneath the heather
So, their God is in the skies.
To his buried world he cries,
Awake! Arise!
'Tis the sweet Spring weather.

On the sun-entreated hill,
By the water-wishing rill,
They are rising, strong and still—
Hushed hosts of grass and heather.
There are crocuses about,
March winds have found them out,
With a merry marching shout.
For the day Spring weather.

In the sylph's longing soul,
Making welcome every word,
In the violet and the rose,
Stepping humbly up together
In the sun's more generous shine.
In the air we cannot see,
There are prophecies divine
Of the sweet Spring weather.

Change of Opinion.—According to one of our exchanges, remarkable changes of opinion have taken place in the minds of Messrs. Fillmore and Cass. The Albany Journal says, that in 1842, Mr. Fillmore wrote a strong letter denouncing Tyler, whose conduct he regarded as "an additional proof that our only security against treachery and corrupt ambition, is found in the one-term principle."

And in 1848, General Cass accepting the nomination for the Presidency, solemnly announced, 'that no circumstances can possibly arise which would induce him to consent again to be a candidate for the Presidency.'

Mr. Fillmore now desires to fill the Presidency for a second term, and General Cass is again a candidate! How much men will sacrifice for the public good!

The Trade of the United States.

By the official statement, the value of articles exported from the United States last year amounted to $217,517,110, of which there were domestic products to the value of $178,546,555 domestic gold and silver, $18,113,161; foreign gold and silver, $11,098,717; foreign goods reported, $9,758,681; making an aggregate as above, of $217,517,130.

The imports in the same period amounted to $215,725,986, of which $4,907,861 were in specie, leaving a balance of trade against the country, if exports and imports be the $2,758,456 of foreign goods exported, there will remain $210,910,389, as the value of foreign goods imported into and consumed in this country in the year 1851, against $178,546,555 of domestic products which we exported in that year, leaving a balance against us of $32,172,844. This is bad enough; yet it would have been a great deal worse, but for the advance in the price of raw cotton, which thus swelled the value of our exports, and reduced the balance against us. This and the gold received from California enabled us to meet the cost of our importations; and but for these resources, the financial and the other new, how would the industrial and commercial interests of this country have been affected by the drain to the extent which they have had to pass through at the close of the year?—Baltimore Patriot.

Well, the fair presumption is that we want of certain articles of clothing and luxury, more than we did gold and silver, and therefore we made the exchange. That was a fair business transaction, and the precious metals were used to discharge their legitimate functions. If we had not had them, we might have consumed, or furnished ourselves from our own labor, or run in debt. The last process is always a short one, and carries with it its own remedy. People who get in debt, and cannot pay, lose their credit, and must then work, or starve. That would be our position, if we should become bankrupt in our trade with Europe. Now it is pretty certain, we should pay for thrift and labor to starvation. So much for that.

Another thought about this balance of trade. A merchant ships at New York a cargo, worth a hundred thousand dollars, exchanges it in a

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