

If E. A. P. of Baltimore—whose lines about *Heaven*, though he professes to regard them as altogether superior to any thing in the whole range of American poetry, save two or three trifles referred to, are, though nonsense, rather exquisite nonsense—would but do himself justice, might make a beautiful and perhaps a magnificent poem. There is a good deal here to justify such a hope.

Dim vales and shadowy floods,
And cloudy-looking woods,
Whose forms we can't discover,
For the tears that—drip all over.

The moonlight

—————falls
Over hamlets, over halls,
Wherever they may be,
O'er the strange woods, o'er the sea—
O'er spirits on the wing,
O'er every drowsy thing—
And buries them up quite,
In a labyrinth of light,
And then how deep !—*Oh deep !*
Is the passion of their sleep !

He should have signed it Bah ! We have no room for others.
