

# THE PIONEER.

FEBRUARY, 1843.

## EMBELLISHMENTS.

GENEVIEVE. By J. B. Wright; engraved by J. Andrews.

DANTE AND VIRGIL ENTERING THE DARK WOOD. From Flaxman; by J. Andrews.

DANTE AND BEATRICE MEETING. From Flaxman; by J. Andrews.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

THE HALL OF FANTASY. By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, . . . . .	49	LINKS WRITTEN IN THE BOOK OF A FRIEND. By J. G. WHITTIER, . . . . .	79	
JINGUA. By G. S. BURLEIGH, . . . . .	55	THE ARMENIAN'S DAUGHTER, . . . . .	82	
ACADEMY OF MUSIC—BEETHOVEN'S SYMPHONIES. By J. S. DWIGHT, . . . . .	56	To M. O. S. By JAMES R. LOWELL, . . . . .	80	
LENORE. By EDGAR ALLAN POE, . . . . .	60	LITERARY NOTICES.		
NEWSPAPERS. By JOHN NEAL, . . . . .	61	1. The Book of British Ballads, . . . . .	91	
SONG. By HENRY PETERS, . . . . .	65	2. Poems on Slavery, . . . . .	92	
DREAM-LOVE. By J. B. WRIGHT, . . . . .	65	3. Letters of De Quincey, . . . . .	93	
CAMPANILE DI PIASAF. By T. W. PARSONS, . . . . .	71	4. Lays of Ancient Rome, . . . . .	93	
SONG WRITING. By JAMES R. LOWELL, . . . . .	73	FOREIGN LITERARY INTELLIGENCE, . . . . .	95	

THE PIONEER is published monthly by LELAND & WHITING, 67 Washington Street, to whom all orders, subscriptions, and communications for the Editors, may be addressed, *post paid*.

TERMS.—Three dollars per annum, invariably in advance. Two copies for five dollars. The usual discount allowed to agents.

LELAND & WHITING also publish the *Religious and Literary Gem*, a Monthly Magazine, each number containing thirty-two pages royal octavo, with splendid steel engravings. Terms, \$1.50 per annum. The Pioneer and Gem will be furnished to one subscription for four dollars per annum.

## LENORE.

BY EDGAR ALLAN POE.

Alas, broken is the golden bowl !  
 The spirit flown forever !  
 Let the bell toll ! — A saintly soul  
 Glides down the Stygian river !  
 And let the burial rite be read —  
 The funeral song be sung —  
 A dirge for the most lovely dead  
 That ever died so young !  
 And, Guy De Vere,  
 Hast thou no tear ?  
 Weep now or nevermore !  
 See, on yon drear  
 And rigid bier,  
 Low lies thy love Lenore !

“ Yon heir, whose cheeks of pallid hue  
 With tears are streaming wet,  
 Sees only, through  
 Their crocodile dew,  
 A vacant coronet —  
 False friends ! ye loved her for her wealth  
 And hated her for her pride,  
 And, when she fell in feeble health,  
 Ye blessed her — that she died.  
 How shall the ritual, then, be read ?  
 The requiem how be sung  
 For her most wrong’d of all the dead  
 That ever died so young ? ”

Peccavimus !  
 But rave not thus !  
 And let the solemn song  
 Go up to God so mournfully that she may feel no wrong !  
 The sweet Lenore  
 Hath “ gone before ”  
 With young hope at her side,  
 And thou art wild  
 For the dear child  
 That should have been thy bride —  
 For her, the fair  
 And debonair,  
 That now so lowly lies —  
 The life still there  
 Upon her hair,  
 The death upon her eyes.

---

“Avaunt! — to-night  
My heart is light —  
No dirge will I upraise,  
But waft the angel on her flight  
With a *Paeon* of old days!  
Let *no* bell toll!  
Lest her sweet soul,  
Amid its hallow’d mirth,  
Should catch the note  
As it doth float  
Up from the damned earth —  
To friends above, from fiends below, th’ indignant ghost is riven —  
From grief and moan  
To a gold throne  
Beside the King of Heaven!”