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*Truth, whether in or out of fashion, is the measure of knowledge and the business of the understanding; whatsoever is beside that, however authorized by consent or recommended by variety, is nothing but ignorance, or something worse.*
LOCKE.

## Reviews.

CONVERSATIONS ON SOME OF THE OLD POETS. By JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. Cambridge: Published by John Owen, 1845.

A book is not worth much when its title page conveys a clear idea of its contents; for the title of a book is like a man's name, which only serves to distinguish him from other men, but gives no notion of his character. "Lowell's Conversations" which is emblazoned on the illuminated cover of this little volume, is a much better title than the longer one. They are conversations, but not exclusively on the old Poets, as the title seems to promise; for of the whole constellation of Old Poets there are but three whose names are used by the author as pegs to hang his thoughts upon. Chaucer, Chapman and Ford, form the subjects of the three Conversations of which the volume is composed. The largest space is given, as it should be, to Chaucer, as possessing the most merit and being the least known. But whoever takes up these conversations expecting to encounter such criticism as he has been used to in reviews and magazines, will doubtless lay them down with such feelings of pleasurable disappointment as one experiences who bites a seckle pear for the first time, anticipating the flavor which other pears had yielded.

It would hardly be just to say that the great charm of this book is its sincerity, for that is the great charm of all good writing, but it is nevertheless so sincere that it seems like a peculiar merit. Mr. Lowell's prose style is more his own than that of his poetry; it is more natural, clear, earnest, warm and unaffected; while it resembles the style of no other writer, it never startles you or impresses you with an idea that you have discovered something new. You seem to inhale it as you do the air—without an effort. Its sentences fall upon your mental ear like snow flakes upon water, and so noiselessly incorporate themselves into your own thoughts that you are unconscious of their increase until they begin to run over. It is the most readable style that we know, and the least cloysome; although like the air it is so light as never to weary; yet, like the air, it has a terrible force when it is blown against you. Its gentlest whisper is as indicative of strength as its most terrible blast; because they are both caused by a power which we cannot discover. They come of themselves, and so seem fuller of might than if we saw the mechanism by which they are moved; as the smallest insect that crawls contains within itself a more awe-inspiring power than the hugest steam engine that mortal hands ever framed. In the writings of most men we can discern the source of their style, we see how it was formed, what grammar aided in its construction, and what pedant moulded it, but in the writings of a man of genius, there is a breath which we have never felt before, a tone that no one beside has uttered, which we recognize as divine, because it is new. A somnambulist had one of Lowell's manuscripts put into his hands and was asked how it impressed him; he replied that it made him feel warm and comfortable. This we have no doubt will be the reply of nearly all who read these "Conversations." They will be found warm and genial, except to a few, whom they will render hot and excited; for they contain certain expressions that will fall like molten lead upon the minds of some. We have no right, surely, to object to these, for if the author saw fit to put them forth it is an affair of his own; his purpose was to publish his thoughts and not to make friends. He knows what the world is composed of, and what he has to expect from it; there is not a sentence in the volume, nor, indeed, in any thing that he has written, which seems to say, "I hope I give no offence." On the contrary, he seems to feel that offence is inevitable to all who speak the truth in the integrity of their hearts.

The conversations are between John and Philip, who have such a marvellous sympathy of tastes that we cannot easily discern, without looking, who it is that speaks. But for some reason John is not an abolitionist, while Philip is. And we may as well disburthen our mind of the feeling here, as to keep it encumbered, that Philip's anti-slavery principles are somewhat too obtrusively put forth. There are other virtues than abolitionism: why not out with them? It smacks of generous bravery to confess to an unpopular virtue, but it is more brave not to confess at all. We should doubt the charity which boasted itself; or the chastity; or piety. We see no need for an abolitionist to wear a badge, like one of Father Mathew's disciples, to let the world know he is not what he once was. If every virtue must have its order of merit, our citizens will wear more decorations than the hero of Waterloo. It is an old saw that actions speak plainer than words. No man need fear but that he will be perfectly understood; whoever hates slavery will never be mistaken for one of its friends. There are a few ideas on art which break out in different parts of the conversations which are heterodox to our apprehensions: but this may be owing to a misconception of terms rather than to any difference of principles. Where there is so much to approve and admire we are not displeased to find something to condemn, for if it were not so, we should fear that our eyes were blinded by partiality. But it is a peculiarity with us, at least we have always thought so, to have a quicker eye for the faults of those we love than for others.

There are few readers who are not familiar with Leigh Hunt's criticisms on Chaucer, and probably none more so than the author of these conversations; but we see nothing in his conversations to remind us of that daintiest of critics. Their styles and habits of thought are so dissimilar, that it could not well be otherwise. Hunt's criticisms are neat and artist like, while Lowell's are exceedingly free, and resemble criticisms as little as possible. They are loving comments, but so interspersed and enriched with other topics that they do not appear like comments upon Chaucer more than upon any thing else. We make a few extracts at random, which will hardly convey an idea of the book, which must be read entirely more than once to be justly appreciated.

THE CONSCIOUSNESS OF GENIUS.

"I do not believe that Shakspeare never thought of posterity, nor that any man was ever endowed with marvellous powers, without be

ing conscious of it, and desiring to make them felt. No man of genius was ever so fully appreciated by contemporaries as to make him forget the future. A poet must needs be before his own age to be even with posterity."

CHAUCER.

"There is in him the exuberant freshness and greenness of spring. Every thing he touches leaps into blossom. His gladness, and humor, and pathos, are irrepressible as a fountain. Dam them with a prosaic subject, and they overleap it with a sparkling cascade that turns even the hindrance to a beauty. Choke them with a tedious theological disquisition, and they bubble up forthwith, all around it, with a delightful gurgle. There is no cabalistic undine stone, or seal of Solomon that can shut them up forever. Reading him is like brushing through the dewy grass at sun-rise. Everything is new, and sparkling, and fragrant. He is of kin to Belphœbe, whose

> "'Birth was of the womb of morning dew,'
> And her conception of the morning prime."

Nothing can be more unlike Leigh Hunt than this. Hunt is forever reminding you how charming the country is, but he never takes you there. Our author says nothing about the country, but you feel all the while as though you were treading on turf. The reason is that one was bred in the town, the other in the fields. "*Reading him is like brushing through the dewy grass at sun-rise.*" The sentence makes the air redolent of clover.

BYRON.

"It was not till our own day that the poets discovered what mystical significance had been lying dormant in a capital I. It seems strange that a letter of such powerful bewitchment had not made part of the juggling wares of the Cabalists and Theurgists. Yet we find no mention of it in Rabbi Akiba or Cornelius Agrippa. Byron wrought miracles with it. I fear that the noble Stylites of modern song, who from his lonely pillar of self, drew crowds of admiring votaries to listen to the groans of his self-inflicted misery, would have been left only to feel the cold and hunger of his shelterless pinnacle in Chaucer's simpler day. Byron always reminds me of that criminal who was shut in a dungeon, the walls of which grew narrower and narrower every day, till they crushed him at last. His selfishness walled him in from the first; so that he was never open to the sweet influences of nature, and those sweeter ones which the true heart finds in life. The sides of his jail were semi-transparent, giving him a muddy view of things immediately about him; but selfishness always builds a thick roof overhead to cut off the heavenward gaze of the spirit. And how did it squeeze the very life out of him in the end! His spirit was more halt than his body. It had been well for him had he been as ashamed, or at least as conscious of one as the other. He should have been banished, like Philoletes, to some isle of Lemnos, where his lameness should not have been affective and contagious. As it was, the world fell in love with the defect. Some malicious Puck had dropped the juice of 'Love in Idleness' upon its eyes, and limping came quite into fashion."

We do not agree with Mr. Lowell in all of what follows. If we have not the sky-lark and the nightingale, we think that no Eden could be complete without the Oriole and Bobo'link. And as for the nightingale, we have an owl in this latitude which makes a midnight plaint more dismal sweet, more touching, trembling, tear-compelling, than any that we ever heard made by the poets' bird.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

"Let me read you an exquisite stanza from 'Troilus and Creseide.' It tells you how Creseide first avowed her love. There is nothing more tender in Coleridge's Genevieve.

> 'And as the early bashful nightingale
> Doth hush at first when she begins to sing,
> If chance she heareth any shepherd's tale,
> Or in the hedges any nestling,
> And then more boldly doth her voice outring;
> Creseid right so, when her first dread was spent,
> Opened her heart and gave her full love vent.'

"I know not where the nightingale is more sweetly touched upon. Shakspeare has alluded to it once or twice, but not with enthusiasm. Coleridge, in one of his early poems, has given us a high strain of music about it. Milton's sonnet is not so fine as most of his, though the opening is exquisite. Keats has written, perhaps, the best ode in the language, upon the bird. Wherever the learned fix the site of Eden, *it will never be in America, where we have neither the nightingale nor the sky lark.* Yet we have the bob-o'-link and mocking bird in rich compensation. Nor are we wholly without music at night. I have often heard the song sparrow and robin at midnight, and what solitude would be quite lonely wanting the mournful plaint of the whippoorwill."

POETRY.

"The best poetry always comes to us leading by the hand the holy associations and tear-strengthened aspirings of youth, as Volumnia brought to Coriolanus his little children, to plead reproachfully with us, to be tender and meek, and patient. The passages I love in the poets give me back an hour of childhood, and are *like a mother's voice to me. They are as solemn as the rustle of the Bible leaves in the old family prayers.* The noisy ocean of life hushes, and slides up his beach with a soothing and slumbering ripple. The earth becomes secluded and private to me as in early childhood, when it seemed but a little meadow green, guarded all round with trees for me to pick flowers in."

THE DIGNITY OF POVERTY.

"Perhaps actual want may be inconsistent with the serenity of mind which is needful to the highest and noblest exercise of the creative power, but I am not ready to allow that poverty is so. Few can dignify it like our amiable prose-poet, whose tales are an honor even to the illustrious language they are written in; but there is none for whom it has not some kind lesson. Poverty is a rare mistress for the poet. She alone can teach him what a cheap thing delight is—to be had of every man, woman, and child he meets: to be gathered from every tree, shrub, and flower; nay, to be bought of the surly northwestern wind himself, by the easily paid instalments of a cheerful unhaggling spirit. Who knows the true taste of buns but the boy who receives the annual god-send of one with election day? Who ever really went to the theatre but Kit Nubbles? Who feels what a fireside is, but the little desolate barefooted Ruths who glean the broken laths and waste splinters after the carpenters have had a full harvest? Who believes that his cup is overflowing but he who has rarely seen anything but the dry bottom! Poverty is the only seasoner of felicity. Except she be the cook, the bread is sour and heavy—the joint is overdone. As brisk exercise is the cheapest overcoat for the body, so is poverty for the heart. But it must be independent, and not of Panurge's mind—that to owe is a heroic virtue. Debt is like the ingenious mechanical executioner I have read of somewhere, which presented the appearance of a fair woman standing upon a pedestal with three steps. When the victim mounted the first, she opened her arms; at the second, she began to close them slowly around him: at the third, she locked him in her iron embrace forever. On the other hand, however, poverty has its bad side. Poverty in one hour's time shall transport a man from the warm and fruitful climate of sworn brotherhood with the world, into the bare, bleak, desert, and polar icefield of distant country-cousinship: and the world's whole duty of man towards him, becomes on a sudden the necessity of staving off asking him to dinner."

## Illustrated Works.

"Illustrated Genealogy of George Washington." Published by W. A. Colman, 263 Broadway. (See Advertisement.)

Heraldry, and Genealogy, have been slightly discouraged by many well intentioned citizens of this country, under the misapprehension that they tended to promote aristocratical distinctions, at variance with our Republican institutions, whereas they simply form symbols of a purely personal nature. The general use of heraldry, and the preservation of family records, have existed for centuries in the most jealous European Republics; and the historian and antiquary, can attest their usefulness in the elucidation of many important facts, which, without their aid, would never have been rescued from obscurity. There is a natural feeling in man, to ascertain the origin and history of his family, and the prevalence of this sentiment is shown by the universal custom in the parent state,—and as generally adopted here—of prefacing the memoirs of celebrated men with some account of their parents, and ancestors. When the public curiosity is thus conceived

worthy of satisfaction in relation to individuals of inferior merit, how much more gratifying it is to know the connexions and ancestors of the illustrious patriot, whose wisdom, courage, and energy, have nursed the infant liberties of his country in the full vigor of manly freedom and independence.

The work before us consists of the genealogical tree of the Washington family, the same as made out in the British Herald's college, for Augustine Washington, of Virginia, the father of our illustrious Patriot, and gives at one glance, their family history from the time of Richard III. up to the death of George Washington, a period exceeding 300 years. It is printed in gold and colors, with the blazonry of the Washingtons, and their alliances. As a work of art alone, it would be worthy a place in every parlor, did it not relate to one whose memory lives in the hearts of every lover of his country; and we are pleased to see that Mr. Colman has published it at a price so low as to bring it within the easy acquisition of all our citizens. (COMMUNICATED.)

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GOLDSMITH'S GEMS OF PENMANSHIP.—THIS is the most tmdosing publication on the art of Hand Writing, that we have ever seen. Mr. Goldsmith has almost elevated his art into the upper region of the fine arts. His specimens are gems of neatness, grace and beauty. It is a thousand pities that all who write, and they include nearly all of the population of our country, could not make some approach to the perfection which Mr. Goldsmith has attained in the use of the pen.

It is published by the author, at 189 Broadway.

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AN ILLUSTRATED EDITION OF BRYANT'S POEMS.—An edition of Bryant's Poems has been projected by some of the most eminent of our artists, to be illustrated by Wood Cuts, from original designs, after the manner of Hall's Book of British Ballads. Nothing of this sort has ever been attempted among us, and the project is highly honorable to the gentlemen undertaking it. We have seen one of the designs, which we consider quite as good as many of the engravings in Mr. Hall's book. If the work is to be got up in imitation of any other, the *Nickelungen Lied* offers a much finer example than the Book of British Ballads.

If it should be commenced, there can be little doubt of its receiving ample support from the public; and a fitter work for illustration could not be selected than the poems of Mr. Bryant.

## Literary and Learned Societies.

THE AMERICAN ETHNOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—A Society with the above name has been in existence in this city, for the about two years, having for its object investigations into Physical History of Man. This interesting subject is absorbing much interest in Europe, and societies have lately been formed in London and Paris, having similar objects in view. In Germany, too, the Science has received a great impulse from the philological and antiquarian researches of Gesenius, Lepsius, Bopp, Ritter, and others. We are glad to hear of the interest awakened in our own city, on this subject, and that several of our distinguished Philologists, Antiquarians, and Geographers, among whom are Mr. Schoolcraft, Mr. Bartlett, and Alexander W. Bradford, the author of an able work on American Antiquities, have united in an association to promote the various branches of knowledge embraced in these heads.

This Society has just announced the first volume of its transactions, to be published by Bartlett & Welford, Astor House. The Prospectus will be found in our advertising columns.

## The Drama.

### "OLD HEADS AND YOUNG HEARTS."

A new Comedy, by the author of "London Assurance," called "Old Heads and Young Hearts," is now having a run at our Theatres. It was popular in London, after the first night, (when it was not very warmly received,) and of course is popular here. The success of a play like this, proves the truth of our views of the state of the stage.

The author of "Old Heads and Young Hearts," may be presumed to know something about London society, and his representations of its phases should have some degree of vraisemblance. But if this Comedy represents any class of the English, it must be some one that is not composed of human beings. Even Earls and Countesses may be presumed to have some affinity with human nature, but the Earl of Pompion and his Countess are not even caricatures of any humanity that we have any knowledge of. There is a good deal of very lively dialogue, and one or two smart things, but not a particle of wit in the whole piece. All the characters say good things, without any reference to their appropriateness, and stand apart from each other without possessing any individuality. The most amusing character in the piece is a spaniel, who acts his part very naturally, and causes a good deal of merriment. The other actors should take a hint from the applause bestowed on his modest performance.

The first act opens with Littleton Coke, Esq., one of the legitimate rake-scrapes of the English stage, at his breakfast-table, in a Chintz morning gown. His valet is sitting on a stool, and Mr. Coke rises from his seat and lets us into some of the particulars of his good-for-nothing history, framed after the model of Charles Surface. Presently, Lord Charles Roebuck, son of the Earl of Pompion, comes in and informs him that his father has sent for him to marry his cousin, Lady Alice Hawthorn, and to stand for Closeborough, at the next election, but that he had fallen in love with Miss Kate Rocket, and begged that his friend would have the goodness to marry Lady Alice and go into parliament, in his stead. Mr. Coke is delighted at the proposition, as he is head over heels in debt, and Lady Alice has a fortune of five thousand a-year. While they are conversing his servant informs him that a bailiff and one of his creditors are at the door, upon which the two young men run off, and leave the valet to arrange matters with the harpies and body-snatchers, as he calls honest men who ask for their belongings. The bailiff and the creditor come in, and they prove to be a venerable clergyman, Jesse Rural, with long white hair, and Thomas Coke, Esq., M.P., the brother of the spendthrift Littleton. The valet, who has been pretty well used to bailiffs and tradesmen, never discovers from the appearance of these gentlemen, that they are not the persons he takes them for, and when they inquire for his master, salutes them with a torrent of vulgar abuse, which no bailiff even would take from a flunkey, or any body else. The two gentlemen, however, walk off with themselves, without demanding any explanation, and presently meet Littleton Coke, Esq. at the house of the Earl of Pompion, where all the dramatis personæ are assembled, and where the most remarkable scenes occur—infinitely more gross and unnatural than any thing in Mr. Cooper's "Monnikins."

The Countess of Pompion, when she first meets her son, after his long absence from abroad, sits caressing her lapdog; and without either rising to salute him, or showing the smallest mark of pleasure, asks him whether he has

brought her any *eau de Cologne*, which must be a very great rarity with a Countess, and hopes he still uses the perfume *des milles fleurs*. As soon as she goes out, he and his cousin, Lady Alice, begin to make fun of her. Littleton Coke falls in love with Lady Alice: so does his brother. She, however, only falls in love with Littleton, but flirts with Tom, who loves her to desperation, until the last scene, when he not only suddenly resigns her to his brother, but also resigns the bulk of his property to him, when a reconciliation takes place between them, which no entreaties on the part of Tom and his friends could effect before. Jesse Rural is the friend of the Coke's, but he does nothing but laugh, and get them into scrapes, and go into hysterics. A double elopement takes place, for no earthly purpose, and Lord Charles Roebuck—Charley, as they call him—cheats his father, by getting his friend returned for Closeborough, through his valet, Bob, who imposes himself in his assumed character upon the Earl, who not seeing through the very gross deception, makes a confession to him, for which there is not the slightest need, that he has a natural son, named Robert; and then the valet passes off Lord Charles in the disguise of a groom, upon his father, for this natural son, whom he had not seen for fifteen years. In the end the Valet himself proves to be the earl's son. There is an E. I. Colonel, the father of Kate Rockett, who salutes everybody in military style, and is so grossly ignorant, that he has never heard of the Battle of Hastings. Lady Alice does a thousand things that no woman, not even an abandoned one, could be guilty of; and the Earl of Pompion, Secretary of State for the Home department, is hardly a degree better than an idiot, while his son Lord Charles, is more vulgar than any tallow chandler's son possibly could be, who had enjoyed the privilege of waiting upon his father's customers. The whole piece is such a conglomeration of absurdities, that criticism would be degraded by dissecting it. It is put upon the stage with a good many modern refinements, which must give the vulgar very strange notions of high life. In the Earl of Pompion's drawing room the furniture is all burnished gold. It would take more bullion than the bank of England could furnish to make such a magnificent set out. The floor is covered with a real carpet, and no mistake, and the chandelier is real tin. In the last scene, which is laid in a tropical country, with a view of St. Paul's in the distance, Lady Alice and Miss Rockett came in after their elopement in their opera dresses, accompanied by the Countess of Pompion in a winter hat, a muff and boa. Although the drawing room is covered with a real carpet, the lawn in front of the tropical summer-house is composed of boards.

Old Heads and Young Hearts is no doubt intended for a representation of high life, and considered as such might be popular with two classes in London; those who have an itching to become acquainted with the manner in which Lords spend their time, and those who love to see the habits of the higher orders ridiculed. But there are no such classes here, and we can only account for the popularity of this piece, by attributing it to the degraded standard of dramatic taste existing in the community.

We saw this performance at the Park Theatre, where it was doubtless as well done as it could have been at either of our Theatres. Mr. Crisp, who personated Littleton Coke, is a rather slight, gentlemanly-looking person, who can hardly be classed with good actors, but he was good enough for his part. Mr. Barry, who always looks and speaks like a gentleman with some grave affair on his hands, represented the brother—a kind of Joseph Surface, without his hypocrisy—in a commendable manner; and Mr. Chippendale did his part, Jesse Rural, with his usual neatness and finish,—perhaps he overdid it a little, and laughed a little too much. But the acting was all well enough; Garrick himself could have made nothing out of such a farrago of nonsense. The play has a moral, of course, which is identical with the majority of stage morals, viz.: That the most worthless conduct will always be rewarded by a great fortune and a beautiful wife. There are two marriages at the end, for no other reason than that the last act has been reached. The parties might as well have been married in the first act, and have saved all the subsequent trouble.

## The Fine Arts.

### THE ART UNION PICTURES.

We hear that fault is found, by some of our artists, with our notices of the Art-Union pictures. We are not surprised at this. They were not written to please them, but to inform the public, according to our ability, of the merits and defects which we think some of them possess. Every artist has a merit of his own; and the best service that can be rendered him, is to undeceive him when he thinks that he can do what nature never intended him for. It is melancholy to see what a waste of genius is often made by artists, in attempting things for which they have no qualifications. Perhaps the most purely original and characteristic all of the painters that America has produced, is Mount. He is a man of genius, and altogether unapproachable in his peculiar field of labor; but he has an uneasy hankering to obtain popularity in a line of art for which he is clearly unqualified to excel in. His small pictures of American common life, are among the finest things that we have ever produced in Art; but his large portraits are painful exhibitions of misdirected talents. At least, so his productions have impressed us; and if we speak of his works at all, we must speak what we think about them. No good can ever come of flattery or ill-natured prejudice. We have a kindly feeling towards the whole race of artists in our country, and if by a stroke of our pen we could convert them all into Raphaels and Titians, it should be done. Infinite harm has been done to Art by the indiscriminate and unmeaning praise which has been bestowed upon all who labor at the easel, among us. It is better to praise than to blame, and a great deal easier: but when we bestow the same commendations on an artist of slender abilities that we do upon a great genius, harm is done to both. We have assumed the task of serving the public—a very onerous one, for which we do not feel ourselves peculiarly fitted by any means; but seeing a vacant department of editorial labor which no one seems disposed to fill, we have undertaken to occupy it until some one better qualified shall offer.

There is a growing interest for Art manifested among us, which, for the sake of both artists and public, should not be allowed to decrease; and the press being the only channel through which a knowledge of what is done in Art can be communicated to the public, we have determined to devote a portion of our Journal to that cause. In doing so, we think that we have a right to look for aid from those who, after all, are most interested in the matter, namely—the Artists. But we shall never seek to gain their aid by personal flatteries, or by advocating the cause of any party or clique. We have a few personal friends among them, whose good will we should be exceeding sorry to lose; but if it can only be retained by a sacrifice of truth, we prefer to lose it. Perhaps our terms of dispraise may not always be expressed as gingerly as they should; but if a culprit is to be hung, it cannot be a material matter to him whether he be suspended by a

silken or a hempen cord. It has always seemed to us, that the most direct way of conveying a thought is the best. It shall be our aim never to mix up personalities with our criticisms, and generally, when we can say nothing encouraging of a work we shall prefer to be silent. The young need encouragement, and praise will be likely to do them more good than censure; but the artist of established reputation can not only afford to be told of his defects, but he requires to be, lest he get confirmed in ill habits.

We think that the artists in this city suffer much wrong from having a President of their Academy who has abandoned his profession. Mr. Morse has probably been doing more to confer renown upon himself, and benefit upon his country, by his scientific labors the past five years, than he ever did before; but when he seeks for reputation in any other field of employment than that of art, he should resign his post. His knowledge of art eminently qualified him for the chair of the President of the National Academy; but if there had been any doubt that nature never meant him for a painter, there should have been none when he relinquished his brush. No true artist ever abandoned his profession.

We have given so much space to a definition of "our position," that we have but little left for further remarks on the remaining pictures of the Art-Union.

There were several landscapes by Mr. Gignoux; two of them were in water colors, and one of the two, the Cathedral of Fribourg was a very admirable painting; the other was an indifferent picture, which we think must have been purchased by mistake. We have never seen so great a difference between the works of any artist, as we have noticed in the pictures by Mr. Gignoux. Some of them are exceedingly fine—his sketches from nature, for instance—while others are exceedingly bad, careless, and ill-considered. Mr. Gignoux has nothing to fear from dispraise, for he has merit enough to fortify his reputation against a good many volleys of censure. If an artist will trifle with his reputation by putting off hasty and ill-finished productions, he must be prepared for the consequences. The public have a right to think, when they see a picture, that it is the best the painter can do; and he will have no right to complain if he should sometimes be valued at less than his real worth. No artist can better afford to indulge in occasional carelessness than Mr. Durand; yet we have never seen a picture from his easel which had not the marks of being well considered, and finished up to the reach of his ability.

The pen-and-ink drawings by Mr. Hoppin, were the finest outlines that we have ever seen from any of our artists. It is not a style of art adapted to the expression of coarse subjects; and we think that the greatest defect of these drawings is the absence of purity and elevation of sentiment, unavoidable from the subjects illustrated. They evince talents of a very high order, which only require a different direction to produce very brilliant effects. The most successful attempts in outline, such as Flaxman's, Retsch's, and the late ones of Selous, have been of the highest class of ideal subjects, as Homer, Dante, Goethe, and Bunyan. Scott and Cooper, from whose works Mr. Hoppin has taken nearly all the subjects which we have seen of his illustrating, contain but few passages suitable to the severity of outline drawing. One, however, from the Merry Wives of Windsor, though mostly composed of the deformities of nature, Falstaff, Slender, Bardolph, &c. is finely idealised, and makes a very close approach, if it does not quite reach, the illustrations of Faust. Mr. Hoppin's forte is in painting animals. Among dogs, horses and oxen, he is perfectly at home. If he would go into partnership with some one of our best landscape painters, Cropsey for instance, they might between them produce the best pictures that we have yet seen in our Exhibitions.

## AMERICAN PROSE WRITERS.

NO. 2.

### N. P. WILLIS.

*NEW VIEWS—IMAGINATION—FANCY—FANTASY—HUMOR—WIT—SARCASM—THE PROSE STYLE OF MR. WILLIS.*

In his poetry, and in the *matter* of his prose, the author of "Melanie" and of the "Inklings of Adventure" has, beyond doubt, innumerable merits:—still, they are merits which he shares with other writers—which he possesses in common with Proctor, with Heber, and with Halleck—in common with Neele, with Hunt, with Lamb, and with Irving; his *prose style*, however, is not only a genus *per se*, but it is his own property "in fee simple impartite," and no man living has ever yet set foot upon it except himself.

Now, if any style has been long distinct—has been long markedly and universally peculiar—we must, of course, seek the source of the peculiarity not, as some persons are prone to suppose, in any physical habitude or mannerism—not in any quipping and quibbling of phrase—not in any twisting of antique conventionalities of expression—not, (to be brief,) in any mere sleight-of-pen trickeries which, at all times, may be more dexterously performed by an observant imitator than by the original quack—but in some mental idiosyncrasy, which, unimitated itself because inimitable, preserves the style which is its medium and its exponent from all danger of imitation.

In the style of Mr. Willis we easily detect this idiosyncrasy. We have no trouble in tracing it home—and when we reach it and look it fairly in the face, we recognize it on the instant.—It is Fancy.

To be sure, there is quite a tribe of Fancies—although one half of them never suspected themselves to be such until so told by the metaphysicians—but the one of which we speak has never yet been accredited among men, and we beg pardon of Mr. Willis for the liberty we take in employing the topic of his *style*, as the best possible vehicle and opportunity for the introduction of this, our *proté*, to the consideration of the literary world.

"Fancy," says the author of "Aids to Reflection" (who aided Reflection to much better purpose in his "Genevieve")—"Fancy combines—Imagination creates." This was intended, and has been received, as a distinction; but it is a distinction without a difference—without even a difference of degree. The Fancy as nearly creates as the imagination, and neither at all. Novel conceptions are merely unusual combinations. The mind of man can imagine nothing which does not exist:—if it could, it would create not only ideally, but substantially—as do the thoughts of God. It may be said—"We imagine a griffin, yet a griffin does not exist." Not the griffin certainly, but its component parts. It is no more than a collation of known limbs—features—qualities. Thus with all which claims to be new—which appears to be a *creation* of the intellect:—it is re-soluble into the old. The wildest effort of the mind cannot stand the test of the analysis.

We might make a distinction *of degree* between the fancy and the imagination, in calling the latter the former loftily employed. But experience would prove this distinction to be unsatisfactory. What we *feel* to be fancy, will be found still fanciful, whatever be the theme which engages it. No *subject* exalts it into imagination. When Moore is termed a fanciful poet, the epithet is precisely applied; he *is*. He is fanciful in "Lalla Rookh," and had he written the "Inferno,"

there he would have been fanciful still: for not only is he essentially fanciful, but he has no ability to be anything more, unless at rare intervals—by snatches—and with effort. What we say of him at this point, moreover, is equally true of all little frisky men, personally considered.

The fact seems to be that Imagination, Fancy, Fantasy, and Humor, have in common the elements, Combination, and Novelty. The Imagination is the artist of the four. From novel arrangements of old forms which present themselves to it, it selects only such as are harmonious:—the result, of course, is *beauty* itself—using the term in its most extended sense, and as inclusive of the sublime. The pure Imagination chooses, *from either beauty or deformity*, only the most combinable things hitherto uncombined;—the compound, as a general rule, partaking (in character) of sublimity or beauty, in the ratio of the respective sublimity or beauty of the things combined—which are themselves still to be considered as atomic—that is to say, as previous combinations. But, as often analogously happens in physical chemistry, so not unfrequently does it occur in this chemistry of the intellect, that the admixture of two elements will result in a something that shall have nothing of the quality of one of them—or even nothing of the qualities of either. The range of Imagination is therefore, unlimited. Its materials extend throughout the Universe. Even out of deformities it fabricates that *Beauty* which is at once its sole object and its inevitable test. But, in general, the richness or force of the matters combined—the facility of discovering combinable novelties worth combining—and the absolute "chemical combination" and proportion of the completed mass—are the particulars to be regarded in our estimate of Imagination. It is this thorough harmony of an imaginative work which so often causes it to be under-valued by the undiscriminating, through the character of *obviousness* which is superinduced. We are apt to find ourselves asking "*why is it* that these combinations have never been imagined before?"

Now, when this question *does not occur*—when the harmony of the combination is comparatively neglected, and when in addition to the element of novelty, there is introduced the sub-element of *unexpectedness*—when, for example, matters are brought into combination which not only have never been combined but whose combination strikes us *as a difficulty happily overcome*—the result then appertains to the FANCY—and is, to the majority of mankind more grateful than the purely harmonious one—although, absolutely, it is less beautiful (or grand) for the reason that *it is* less harmonious.

Carrying its errors into excess—for, however enticing, they *are* errors still, or Nature lies.—Fancy is at length found impinging upon the province of *Fantasy*. The votaries of this latter delight not only in novelty and unexpectedness of combination, but in the *avoidance* of proportion. The result is therefore abnormal, and to a healthy mind affords less of pleasure through its novelty, than of pain through its incoherence. When, proceeding a step farther, however, Fantasy seeks not merely disproportionate but incongruous or antagonistical elements, the effect is rendered more pleasurable from its greater positiveness;—there is a merry effort of Truth to shake from her that which is no property of hers;—and we laugh outright in recognizing *Humor*.

The four faculties in question appear to me all of their class;—but when either Fancy or Humor is expressed to gain an end—is pointed at a purpose—whenever either becomes objective in place of subjective—then it becomes, also, pure Wit or Sarcasm, just as the purpose is well-intentioned or malevolent.

Having thus comfortably defined our position, we shall be the more readily understood when we repeat that the marked idiosyncrasy of the *prose style* of Mr. Willis—that the charm which has wrought for it so vast and so well-merited a popularity—is traceable, in the last result, to the brilliant FANCY with which it perpetually scintillates or glows—a fancy possessed, *not* as in the case of Moore, to the exclusion of qualities more noble—but possessed, certainly, to an extent *altogether unparalleled*, and of a kind both relatively and intrinsically the most valuable, because at once the most radiant and the most rare.

## HISTORICAL ESSAYS.

### SURRENDER OF NEW YORK TO THE DUTCH,

CURIOUS FACTS RECENTLY COME TO LIGHT REGARDING THIS EVENT, FROM THE RESEARCHES OF MR. BRODHEAD.

THE War of 1672, against Holland, commenced by Charles the Second, which all the historians attribute to the private relations between that monarch and Louis the Fourteenth, strengthened by the circumstance that his mother was a French Princess, and his sister, the Du tchess of Orleans, was not without its consequences to the colony of New York.—It is very evident, from the documents deposited in the British State Paper office, that the importance of this colony was well understood, both by the Dutch and English. Its commodious harbor, its commanding position, both with respect to Canada and New England,—its fine navigable river, the Hudson, the richness of the back country, as well as of the islands which guarded it from the sea, were always leading topics in the communications which were sent home to either country, by the official personages who at different times represented the Dutch and the English interests.

It seems that the Hollanders did not fail, on the breaking out of the war with England, to despatch a fleet to the American coast, under the command of two well-known officers, Jacob Binkes and Cornelius Evertsen de Jonge, assisted by three captains of the Dutch army, Anthony Colve, Nicholas Boes, and Abraham Frederick Van Zye. This force was the result of the union of two small fleets off Martinique, one of which, previously under the command of Evertsen, had sailed for Virginia, and there captured and sunk a number of English and French vessels, men-of-war and merchantmen, after some hard-fought battles. Coming north to New York, they sailed up the bay, anchored at Staten Island, and with the first fair wind, stood for the city,—formed a line-of-battle off the present Battery, and took the fort. The manner of its surrender is the point we propose to discuss, and if we shall be allowed to do so, it is because the enlightened liberality of the State of New York has obtained from abroad, the interesting documents which throw new light upon the subject; and because its faithful and able agent, J. R. Brodhead, Esq., has dragged from the obscurity of nearly two hundred years, papers and documents which had hitherto escaped the researches and the knowledge of our most esteemed historians. Smith, in his history of New York, when speaking of the surrender, says: "A few Dutch ships arrived the year after, (1673) on the 30th of July, under Staten Island, at the distance of a few miles from the City of New York. John Manning, a captain of an independent Company, had at that time the command of the fort, and by a message sent down to the squadron, treacherously made his peace with the enemy. On that very day the Dutch ships came up, moored under the fort, landed their men and entered the garrison, without *giving or receiving a shot.*

Dunlap, in his history of New York, follows the statement of Smith. Mr. Bancroft, in his later work, also states that the city was given up "without a blow." Holmes, in his valuable American Annals, adopts the same opinion. "On the arrival," says he, "of the invading squadron, the commander of the Fort sent a messenger and made his peace with the enemy. Not a shot was given or returned."

But the case is still further made up, by the formal record, in Smith's History of New York, of the proceedings of a Court Martial, at which charges were exhibited against the commander of the Fort, upon his return from England, where he went on a visit. To these charges he pleaded guilty, and his sword was broken over his head, either before his own house, at Coenties Slip, or at the City Hall; each place being mentioned as the locality of his degradation. We will briefly notice the charges, when we have given such a narrative of the surrender as appears fully ascertained, by the documents of the New York agency. If these alone were to be the ground-work of a new history, the name of Manning would assume a very different rank, in our annals. The surrender would be attributable to some of those common occurrences which make up the accidents of war; or to the natural consequences of a previous peace: of skill and boldness on the one side, and of an accidental want of preparation on the other,—where bravery cannot furnish the want of the munitions of war, or supply the defects of decayed and useless defences.

The facts in favor of this view of the subject appear to be these: After the successes of Evertsen, on the coast of Virginia, and his meeting with his friend Binkes, off the Mauritius, with four men-of-war, the commanders sailed for New York. We can well imagine their desire to recapture this valuable colony, founded by their countrymen, and still dear to the government of the mother country. It appears, that among their captures was a country sloop, commanded by one Samuel Davis,—and on his being applied to for information as to the state of the defences at New York, he told them, doubtless with the idea of preventing the expedition, that the English Governor, Lovelace, could raise five thousand men, easily, in three hours, for the protection of the city,—and that there were one hundred and fifty-five pieces of ordnance in the fort, which could be effectively used against an enemy. This story, according to some of the accounts, would have deterred them from the enterprise, if another prisoner, of the name of Hopkins, and who is styled a professor in one of the papers, had not flatly contradicted the master of the sloop. He informed the Dutch Commodores that there were but sixty or eighty men in the fort,—that it would take several days to raise even three or four hundred men for its defence, and that the cannons were so badly mounted that a shot or two would shake them out of their carriages. On hearing this, to use the words of our authority, "the cry was for New York." The squadron stood for New York, accordingly, and soon arrived at Sandy Hook. It then moved up to Staten Island and cast anchor, waiting for a fair wind to get up to town. They did not hesitate to make up their supplies of fresh meat, from the cattle and sheep of the Governor, as we learn from a letter which he despatched to Governor Winthrop, at Boston, and in which he expressed a hope that he would be able to do something decisive towards regaining the city. According to his account, the squadron consisted, first, of ten sail, which were afterwards increased to sixteen. Another letter, written by a Mr. Palmos, of New London, estimates the force at twenty ships and one galliot. The most interesting testimony to which we have had access, however, is that of one Isaac Arundell, of Southhold. His "relation" of the events was taken down at Boston, within a few days after the capture. He was in the fort at the time, and was an eye-witness of what he relates.

On the 28th of July, O. S., said the narrator, the Dutch fleet, consisting of twelve sail of men-of-war and twelve prizes, came in at Sandy Hook, and that day came up to Staten Island, where, having a contrary wind, they tarried until the 30th. Many of the Long Island Dutch people went on board the vessels, and we cannot doubt they were pleased enough to see the flag of their country once more upon the bay. They gave information as to the state of the fort, and no doubt informed the Commodore that they had not long previously refused to contribute any more for its repairs when solicited for that purpose by the Governor. They informed their countrymen of its actual condition, and of the absence of the Governor and the principal citizens. On the 30th, by the aid of a fair wind the fleet sailed up to the city and anchored before the fort, the order of battle being in the form of "a half moon." At this juncture Captain Manning went on board in person, and demanded the reason of their visit. The reply was that they intended to take the place, that it was their own, and they would have their own.

Manning then asked for time to make ready his preparations for a fight, but he was allowed only half an hour. When this brief space was past, the Dutch Commodore at that time in command, (for it appears after the most approved models of antiquity, they relieved each other every eight days, and hoisted their broad pennants alternately,) fired his broadside and the rest after him. Hereupon, continues Arundell, the fort fired upon them again, and shot the "General's ship through and through." Although by his account the fort held out four hours, against this superior force, but little damage was done the garrison. One man only was killed, and that happened in consequence of his mounting the walls sword in hand, and there flourishing it in defiance of the Dutch. His head was taken off by a cannon ball. The fort did not surrender until all the ammunition was expended, a circumstance which is highly favorable to the presumption of Captain Manning's integrity. When the last cannon cartridge was gone, and not till then, was the flag struck.

Under cover of the smoke six hundred troops were landed near what was then called the Governor's Orchard. Another person who was present stated that but four hundred men had muskets, the rest were armed with pistols, swords, and half pikes, and in our opinion were, most probably, seamen. These troops were in Broadway approaching the fort at the time the flag was struck, which so far leads to the supposition that it was intended to carry it by storm. A corporal in the fort who is authority for this last statement, says the gate was opened and the garrison marched forth with their arms, which they laid down in token of their surrender. They were then ordered into the fort and confined in the church which stood within the walls. Captain Manning was permitted to wear his sword, a permission only usual when it has been gallantly used.

Another circumstance connected with this event, appears to weigh strongly against the supposition that Captain Manning was a traitor to his country. His house was plundered of its contents, as well as that of the Governor and Captain Deleval, a noted loyalist in high favor with the government. It is said by one who was present, that Captain Manning and a Dr. Taylor opened the gate themselves, and that even then the soldiers wished to resist, but were ordered not to do so.

During this attack, the neighboring Long Islanders could afford no assistance, for they had not two rounds of ammunition among them all.

Thus ended the assault, and such was its consequence. It appears that the conquerors were overjoyed with their success, and dispatched a messenger to Holland with the news. A proclamation was issued, establishing a new order of things. Anthony Colve was commissioned as Governor by the commodores, the people took the oath, and the late Governor Lovelace himself visited the Dutch squadron under assurance of safety, and came ashore to the fort in the commander's pinnace, with the Dutch flag flying.

A small expedition was sent up to Albany, and that place also surrendered, unconditionally.

Many other singular and interesting facts are preserved in relation to this interesting event, to which the future historian of New York will now have access for the first time. Many long received erroes will be corrected, and we shall be able to know with certainty what is authentic and reliable in our colonial annals.

By the treaty of Westminster the following year, New York was restored to the English, and Eustatia and Surinam remained with the Dutch.

Commodore Binks fell in battle in 1677, at the capture of Tobago by the Count D'Estrades. Evertsen returned to Europe after a series of triumphs in the New World, and reposes at Middleburgh under a tomb which perpetuates his services.

As late as 1818, an oration was delivered in that town in honor of his memory, and funds were raised to restore the memorial of his valor, which time had not altogether spared.

If then we trusted to these documents alone, we should assert that the fort did not surrender until after a cannonade of four hours, that it returned the fire with effect, and the want of ammunition was the reason of its holding out no longer.

We now return to the subsequent career of Captain Manning. It is quite certain that he not only went to England, and was unmolested there, but was in favor with the Duke of York. It was on his return to this city that he was arrested and tried on the charge, to which we have alluded.

These are to be found in Smith's History, and are substantially as follows:

1. That on the approach of the enemy, he did not put the fort in a state of defence.

On this, we remark, that the evidence in the papers brought from England by our agent, shows that the Governor himself had failed to raise money for that purpose. How Captain Manning could do it without means, a d also in the absence of the Governor, is more than we can explain.

2. That he went on board to treat with the enemy treacherously.

The eye witnesses declare that he went on board to ask the meaning of their visit, and to get time to prepare for action.

3. That he suffered the fleet to move without firing a gun.

This may or may not have been unavoidable, considering the state of his battery, the weight of his metal, and the range of his guns.

4. That he permitted the enemy to land without the least opposition.

The witnesses, some of them his own men, declare, that he fought till his last cartridge was expended, after hulling the commodore's ship repeatedly.

5. That he struck his flag before the enemy were in sight of the garrison.

This appears very doubtful, from the evidence we have seen. It is very certain that against the column of six hundred, approaching through Broadway, he could, with his handful of men, have made no effectual resistance.

6. That he surrendered the garrison without articles of capitulation.

So did the garrison at Albany subsequently surrender without articles. And if he did so surrender, he was the principal sufferer, for his house was pillaged. We cannot reconcile this fact with treachery and selfishness.

The character of the Dutch commodores, argues against the received opinion. They were gallant and honorable men, and had they made a private arrangement with Manning, we cannot account for the necessity of a cannonade of four hours upon the fort, nor find any excuse for the plunder of the principal houses of the town, which is never permitted except after a desperate resistance, and as some reward for the valor of the assailants.

Among the records at the Secretary of State's office at Albany, which our agent has brought from Holland, are copies of the original papers of Binkes and Evertsen in relation to this affair. We hope an early translation of them will enable us to obtain further light on this subject.

One thing we admit, that the idea of treachery was prevalent among many distinguished persons at the time, and in the instructions given by the Duke of York to Sir Edmund Andros, his governor, there was a special command not to molest any of the Dutch inhabitants under a pretence of their having dealt treacherously with their countrymen at the surrender, and not to proceed against any of the English, who had made themselves liable, any further than to forfeit their estates.

That the States General contemplated a permanent occupancy of the colony is evident from another fact brought to light by the agency—that they passed a secret resolution on the 15th of December, 1673, after the receipt of the gratifying news of the surrender, appointing Joris Andringa, who was secretary of the fleet, Governor and Commander of the province.

The whole affair presents a singular aspect. If Captain Manning had made a defence, upon the testimony which we have quoted, and which was taken at different places without collusion or inducement to mi-representation, he would probably have been acquitted. We have no facts on the other side whatever, beyond the report of Manning's having confessed himself guilty. There may have been reasons of a private character on the one hand, and state reasons on the other, to have made it important for some explanation of the surrender to the Dutch. There might have been some danger of a loss of the grant to the Duke, if he had not sufficiently defended his territory against the enemy.

At all events we have said enough to place the whole matter in a new light, and there for the present we leave it.

S. D. W. B.

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"Calling Spirits from the vasty Deep."—The editor of one of our weekly papers informs the public that he has "invoked the aid of some of the first artists in Europe" to decorate his paper; probably Tony Johannot, and Gavarni. Nothing can be more easy than to invoke the aid of such men as these; it must remind everybody of the modest boast of Owen Glendower:

> "I can call spirits from the the vasty deep."
> "But will they come?" said Hotspur,

If these artists should happen to answer the invocation, we shall probably invoke them ourselves; and include the names of Ary Scheffer, Selous, Maclise, and a few others.

## Architecture.

### THE INTERIOR OF TRINITY CHURCH.

To the Editor of the Broadway Journal.

Sir,—In a paragraph in your introductory article, you say that "you will devote a good part of your columns to the interests of American Art:" and having read in your prospectus that "you hope that a free channel being opened, through which true-hearted men may let loose their thoughts," &c. &c., I am encouraged to draw upon your liberality in offering for insertion in your *unique* and promising Journal, a few "loose thoughts" by way of criticism upon the architecture of Trinity Church—the greatest work, I believe, now going on in this country.

My design is to take up the different departments of this structure *seriatim*; and as it would occupy too much space to discuss them all in one article, I will content myself for the present by reviewing the interior of the building, viz. the Plaster Work of the Arches, Mouldings, &c., there being here most room for criticism—and the blunders most palpable. Although differences of opinion may and do exist, in reference to the design and proportions of a style of Architecture, there can be no difference of opinion where the fundamental rules and first principles of *Architectural Geometry* and Perspective have been transgressed.

At the present it is not my intention to censure either the Architect who planned, or the operative who executed, this work. My only desire being to call the attention of the public, in a manner as free from technicalities as I can, to the fact, that the work is really blundered; and that in its present state it ought not to be allowed to go down to future ages as a memorial of the perfection of Art in America in the middle of the Nineteenth Century.

But to our subject. Let the spectator upon entering the church, take a view of the intermediate ribs springing from the intersections in the main aisle, and then cast his eye upon the horizontal moulding, running across the church—and see if there be any symmetry or proportion betwixt these mouldings. Attend particularly to the intersections; for although they have been pared and patched to make them fit, still the incongruity is very striking to one accustomed to works of this description; and sufficiently so to a common observer. But I shall be better understood after I explain the cause of the mistake.

The intersections of the mouldings to which I refer, it will be observed, occur betwixt a straight line and curved lines of mouldings; and the rule in such a case is to *rake* the curved line; or in other words, to diminish the column of the curved mouldings, by geometrical calculation, to the necessary dimensions, calculating upon the angle of intersection, so that the square of the straight mouldings shall coincide, or intersect, with the oblique end of the curved moulding. And the practice is to construct the curved mouldings upon a smaller scale, in proportion to the radius of the curve. For this end it is the duty of the Architect, in drawing his plans and specifications, to give a scale of the exact dimensions of the model, or "Profile," as it is technically called, by which the different mouldings are to be constructed; which, as any man having the least knowledge of Perspective or Geometry, will at once perceive, must be varied in size in a proportion diminishing as the curve increases, or as it departs from a right angle. It is surely easily seen that a moulding or a curved line, rising archwise, can no more intersect with the square side of a straight moulding of the same size, than that the perpendicular of a triangle can be of the same length with the hypothenuse—and thus to the eye of an observer, the curved mouldings in general, and the intermediate ribs in particular, appear to be lying on their sides; leaving in perspective a most unnatural proportion to the straight mouldings. The truth of the matter is, and I challenge contradiction and discussion, for I am in a situation to prove what I now state, *that the mouldings, whether straight or* CURVED, *were all formed by the* SAME SIZE *of a model or profile*; indicating an ignorance of Geometry and Perspective, leaving Architecture altogether out of view, truly astonishing in the present age, and in the very centre of the seat of the Arts and Sciences in the Western world, and in, as some think, the brightest star in our bright constellation—the Orion of New York—which, Mr. Editor, you have very happily adopted for the title of your Journal.

It may be insisted on by those ignorant of the laws of Perspective, that in this way the horizontal line will appear to the eye, as it really is in fact, larger than the curved line. No such thing: the very face of the smaller moulding being curved, makes it appear larger to the eye of the observer than it would be if projected in a straight line, whilst the exactness of the intersection of the mouldings makes the whole construction harmonise with the spectator's ideas of perspective, whether to the eye of a painter or a sculptor. And this shows how beautifully the laws of perspective, belonging to the Fine Arts, harmonise with the truths of geometrical science.

The truth is, and there is no use in withholding it, that the architect appears to be ignorant of geometry. And it is a fact, that in order to get those incongruous mouldings to intersect as nearly as possible, the curved mouldings had all to be pared or scooped off, beginning several feet from the intersections, in order to bring them to the necessary diminution of column. Whereas, the whole imperfect work ought to have been pulled down immediately upon the error being discovered, and reconstructed upon correct scientific *data*. As it stands, it is a monstrosity and an eyesore.

But I believe that I have exceeded all reasonable bounds in this article. I have other strictures in reserve, in reference to other portions of the building, which I feel would not have been required had free scope been given to the talents of native architects.

In your remarks under the title of "Monuments to Mr. Clay," in the second number of your Journal, you state that "Gothic churches are out of character in the nineteenth century." They may be so, but still I must respectfully differ with you in opinion, for I have never seen any other style or order of architecture so apt to enwrap the mind with solemn and devotional thought; still I acknowledge that where the laws of geometry and perspective are outraged, it has a very contrary effect.

Yours, respectfully, OPERATIVE.

[We give place to the above communication, depending entirely upon the internal evidence of its correctness. We have never seen the interior of Trinity Church, but have taken it for granted that it could not be more perfect than the outside, which has errors enough. Stucco in any shape in the interior of such a structure is sufficiently out of character, but the architect must not be blamed in this respect, unless it were so finished by his recommendation. Any structure of the so-called Gothic order, must of necessity be an incongruous work, unless it be an exact copy, and then it must be unfit. Trinity Church is a very showy building, and it seems to satisfy the sentiment of the promenaders in Broadway very well; and it is also a very good object for the Wall street Brokers to contemplate, as they hurry to and from "the board," reminding them, by its tall spire, to look up, occasionally. But considered as a work of architectural expression, as a house of worship, and as consuming money which should be devoted to religious purposes, it reflects but little credit upon those who have had the responsibility of its erection.—Ed.]

## Original Poetry.

### THE WREATH.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLER.)

BY MARIA LOWELL.

She gathered many little flowers,
The child, in sunny meadows fair;
A lady slept from forest bowers,
Of beauty wondrous rare.

Before the child she stands so still,
And binds a garland in her hair;
"It blooms not now, but bloom it will;
Oh, wear it ever there!"

And when the child hath grown in years,
And walks the holy moon beneath,
And weepeth sweet and tender tears,—
Then buds the little wreath.

And when her dear and true bridegroom
Doth fold her closely to her heart,
Ah! then the flower's perfected bloom
From every bud did start.

And when a lovely child she bore,
Rocked on her breast with mother's care,
The green and blossomed garland wore
A golden fruitage rare.

And when her love was sunken where
The grave doth hold its sight of grief,
Then showed upon her careless hair
The faded autumn leaf.

Soon she lies white within the tomb,
And soon her rightful wreath she gains;
Such golden fruit and starry bloom
We see not on our plains.

### BEATRICE.

Thou gentle one, that in thy sweet youth ever
Hast kept the glad heart nature gave to thee
Untouched by any stain, and wholly free
From passion's fire, whose poisoned flame will sever
Beauty and joy, which thus disparted, never
Again on earth may re-united be,
Art not some spiritual visitant to me,
All gentleness and grace, without endeavor,
Moving like Heaven's screened star at night!
Thy features glowing with the radiant gleam
Of happy thoughts, and innocent delight!
Such will I think, for thou dost ever seem,
Unto my better and enraptured sight,
The incarnation of an angel's dream!

J. A.

## THE FALSE RINGLET.

BY HARRY FRANCO.

THERE arrived at the Quarantine ground, a few years ago, in one of the London packets, a young Englishman, named Cuthbert Daunton, who had been sent here to settle a disputed account, by a mercantile firm of which his brother was a partner. It was early in May, the ship had been a long while on her passage, and the young Englishman thought he had lighted in Paradise when the ship sailed up the Narrows, and the beautiful shores of Long Island and New Jersey, and the green hills of Staten Island, with their white cottages, were revealed to his sight. The day was bright and warm, the atmosphere so transparent that distant objects only appeared distant from their diminished size, and the waters of the bay sparkled in the sun. The distant city seemed to him an island of palaces rising out of the sea, and so impatient was he to behold its wonders, that he could not wait for the ship to be towed up by a steamer, but hired some boatmen to pull him up to the city in a cutter. He landed at the Battery, and although the objects which had appeared to him like palaces at a distance proved to be nothing better than brick stores and dwelling houses, he saw enough of novelty and beauty to prevent a feeling of disappointment. He walked across the Battery, and entered the sunny side of Broadway at the Bowling Green. It was noon, and that noble avenue was crowded with life. Fine equipages and beautiful women passed and repassed him, until he was quite bewildered. It was true that he had been used all his life to the bustle and crowds of London; but here was something different. There was more show, glare, sunshine and freedom. And then the contrast to life on ship-board was so great, that the scene would have seemed to him brilliant, even though it had been less so than what he had been accustomed to at home. At first he only saw a great crowd of fine ladies, of beautiful children, and prancing horses: then he began to distinguish individuals, and at last he could select a single object, and survey its outline without confusion.

He had not wandered far when he encountered a young lady who completely absorbed his attention, and drew his thoughts from himself, such was her exceeding loveliness of person. Her manner was graceful beyond that of any woman he had ever seen; her dress simple but elegant, her feet bewitching, and her complexion exceedingly fair. As he walked behind her, his eyes were fascinated by a long ringlet of chesnut-colored hair, which the motion of her head kept dancing up and down her white neck, as though it were striving to kiss the beautiful shoulder over which it was suspended. So completely was he captivated by this lock of glossy hair, that every time it moved it seemed to make a dent in his heart. He followed this young lady a long distance and at last saw her enter a large brick house, the number of which he immediately noted in his pocket book.

When he returned to the ship, his fellow passengers asked him where he had been and what he had seen. He replied that he had been in Paradise and had seen an Angel. They laughed at him, but he resented their merriment. He was very much in love, and felt very solemn, as young lovers often do. The thought that he might never again behold the fair being who had bewitched him, made him feel sad and ill humored. Before going to a hotel, he called upon a friend of his brother, to whom he brought letters, and this gentleman, hearing that he had not engaged lodgings, recommended him to a private boarding house in Broadway.

His delight was unbounded when he discovered that it was the same house into which he had seen his unknown beauty enter. Perhaps she was one of its inmates. Fortunately for him there was but one room vacant, which he immediately secured. When the boarders assembled at supper, he looked anxiously round the table, but he saw no one who resembled the owner of the Chesnut Curl. He was afraid that she had only been an accidental visitor, and that he would never see her again. But the next day at dinner she made her appearance at table directly opposite to where he sat. He was so agitated at the sight of her, that he could not eat; and his embarrassment was greatly increased by his imagining that the boarders perceived his nervousness, and guessed the cause. He only looked at the young lady once, so fearful was he of attracting attention, and then he saw that same shining ringlet, resting, as if conscious of its happiness, on that fair neck, which he would have given his life, almost, to have encircled with his arm. In the evening the boarders were assembled in the drawing room, and among them appeared the beauty. She was more fascinating now than ever. Her dress seemed more becoming, and

she was more free in her manners. Somebody requested her to sing, and as she accompanied herself on the piano, Daunton's passion became a fever. Her voice had a melting tenderness that made his heart swell as though it would burst. After her song was done she laughed and chatted pleasantly with the gentlemen about her, and her silent admirer felt as though he could have strangled them, for presuming to talk with her so freely. So selfish is love. Without ever having spoken to her or ascertained whether or not she cared a button about him, he had the audacity to look upon her as his own peculiar property. He heard her called Miss Gilston, and he asked one of the boarders with whom he had become acquainted, who she was. He was told that she was the niece of a Canton merchant in South street. The next evening he had the happiness to be introduced to her; and he sat by her side and talked with her until he was satisfied that she was not only the most beautiful, but the most intellectual woman in the world. And yet she hardly did anything but smile at what he said to her. But there was such a world of meaning in her monosyllables!

Daunton was a warm hearted youth, as may be well imagined, and notwithstanding that he was exceedingly prudent and wary in business affairs, when his feelings were touched, he was blind and impetuous. Scarcely a week had passed since he landed at the Battery, and he was the accepted lover of Miss Gilston. In another week they were married. It was a run-away match. When he asked the young lady about her parents, she let fall the lids of her beautiful eyes and wept. Was she an orphan? Her sobs prevented a reply; he saw that it was a painful subject to her, and interpreted her silence into an affirmative reply. He pressed her to his heart, and while he sympathized with her grief, he felt a secret pleasure in believing that she had no one to share with him in her affections. He had seen her uncle once or twice on 'Change, but had not been introduced to him. He knew him from the resemblance which she bore to him. He was a hearty looking florid complexioned old gentleman, but there was something in his manner which caused Daunton to fear him. He was apprehensive that national prejudices, or some other feeling, might lead the old gentleman to oppose the match, if he made a formal proposal for the hand of his niece, so he very prudently determined to get married first, and ask permission afterwards. The young lady herself acceded to his wishes with a readiness which made her doubly dear to him.

Nothing in the world can be easier than for two young persons who are favorably disposed towards each other, to run away from a boarding house and get married. A clergyman or a magistrate is always at hand, willing to perform the ceremony for a very trifling consideration. In truth, the very ease with which such an affair can be conducted, deprives it of one half its charms, and renders run-away matches much less frequent than they would be if they were more difficult. But Daunton had scarcely a spark of romance in his nature, that being a feeling which requires a lively imagination rather than strong passions. He abounded in the latter, but he had very little of the former. An imaginative person can be content with a very small substance, if it does but cast a large shadow, while strong passions require something that can be grasped and felt, rather than thought of.

Daunton had left London with an expectation of being admitted into his brother's firm on his return, and as he possessed a moderate fortune which had been left to him by an uncle a few years before, he felt himself at full liberty to enter into a matrimonial engagement, without asking counsel of his friends. He had enjoyed but few opportunities of mingling in the society of ladies at home, but he considered himself a very competent judge of their character. His brother had married a woman some five years older than himself, a prudent excellent person, with a small fortune, but dull and homely; and Daunton enjoyed the thought highly, of introducing to his family such a perfect miracle of loveliness as his affianced bride. The night before his marriage he wrote to his mother, and told her if he was as sure of meeting an angel at the portal of death as he was at the flower-wreathed portal of wedlock, he would not care how short a time he tarried in this world.

A fellow boarder with whom he had formed an intimacy, was his confidant, while a young lady, a boarder also in the same fashionable establishment, was the confidant of Miss Gilston. These two confidants, like the seconds in a duel, arranged the business part of the affair for the principals.

This was the programme.

The marriage to take place in the morning at a fashionable church in a fashionable square.

The two confidants to be bridesmaid and groomsman.

After the ceremony, the newly married couple to take possession of a suite of apartments in a fashionable hotel.

The next morning go to West Point and spend a couple of days, to give time for the uncle's wrath to evaporate, for he was to be informed of the marriage as soon as they left the city.

Afterwards, to return, receive the congratulations of their friends, and be happy.

Daunton's business would not allow him to be absent a longer time, and he was too much of a merchant ever to allow his passions to interfere with his commercial arrangements. Furthermore he was impatient to get through with his business engagements, that he might return home and exhibit his beautiful bride to his friends. The morning of his marriage, as he was hurrying through Wall street to dispatch a letter before the ceremony took place, he met the bluff old captain of the packet in which he had crossed the ocean.

"Hallo, Daunton," cried the old sailor, "you are reeling off your log-line at a rapid rate this hot morning."

"Ah, Captain," replied Daunton, "I am the happiest fellow in the world. I wouldn't change places with George the Fourth. (it was during that king's reign that these events took place,) there is not a merchant in Threadneedle street rich enough to buy an hour of my time. Good bye."

"Keep an eye to leeward my fine fellow," said the Captain, but the happy youth was out of hearing before the words were uttered.

Beautiful as Miss Gilston had appeared to Daunton when he first saw her, when she met him in her bridal dress, he thought that she had never looked beautiful before. And when the little party returned from church to the hotel, he insisted on sending for a miniature painter to take her portrait, lest she should never appear so lovely again. His bride was flattered by the request, and without thinking of the many sittings requisite for a portrait, the boarding house friend obligingly went in search of a painter.

"My love," said the happy husband, "the first time that I saw you, you wore a long ringlet down your neck; I shall never forget it, and I wish that you had worn it to-day."

"O my!" said she; "Martel dressed my hair this morning, but if it will please you, my love, I will put on that lock of hair." And going to her dressing bureau she took out a little paste-board box from which she drew the identical chesnut curl which had made so many indentations upon the soft heart of her lover as it had bobbed up and down her

neck, and began to fasten it with a hair-pin of the same colour behind her ear.

"O heavens!" exclaimed the astonished bridegroom, "put it away, put it away. I beg you will never let me see it again."

It was the same sunny, riant curl; it had the same gloss; the same tone; the same crisp cork-screwish-look, as though it were made on purpose to worm itself into a tender heart. What was the matter, and where was the difference? We must leave this question to be answered by the philosophers. The fact was, that when Daunton discovered that the bewitching lock of hair, instead of growing behind his wife's ear, had been fixed there by a pin, there was such a sudden revolution of his feelings, that instead of giving him excessive delight, as it had always done before, the sight of it gave him a dizziness in his head.

If Daunton had been a romantic man, the sentiment of the thing would have satisfied him as well in one case as in the other. But he was a matter-of-fact person.

When his friend returned with the artist, the bridegroom had altered his mind, and thought that another time would be better. His wife resented this as an insult, and burst into tears. A little scene followed, the two friends withdrew, the curtain fell; and the next morning the lovers started on their two days' jaunt. On their return, they found the bride's uncle waiting for them in one of the private parlors of the hotel. Daunton felt quite relieved when he perceived that the old gentleman was in a pleasant humor. He rather chid them for their imprudent haste, but comforted them by reminding them that they had got plenty of time to repent in. Drawing Daunton into a corner of the room, he said: "It would have been better for you to have consulted with me in the matter first, because I could have made some arrangements which would have been of benefit to you hereafter. From what I have learned about you since this affair came to my knowledge, I can assure you that I am very proud of your alliance. I should have been happy to have had the privilege of giving Bell away—her name was Isabella—and as her mother and I have not been on good terms for a year or two back, it would have been a proper occasion for a reconciliation."

"Bell's mother!" ejaculated the youth, aghast.

Yes!

The explanation was soon made. Bell was his natural daughter, but had passed for his niece for the express purpose of doing what she had so successfully accomplished—getting a husband.

Daunton stood for a moment, stunned, sick, delirious. But he soon broke out into a torrent of reproaches upon his guilty wife, who sat trembling upon a sofa. His sense of honor was exacting to fastidiousness. It wounded him to the soul to reflect that his wife, the being whom he had so blindly loved, had been guilty of falsehood. But she was his wife, and still beautiful, though she appeared so to him no longer. As for her father, he looked upon him with the most abhorrent feelings, and would never speak to him again.

Daunton was not a man to disguise his feelings, and thenceforth his tender affections to his wife were changed to cold civilities. She had been educated at a fashionable boarding school, and all her brilliant accomplishments proved to be a superficial knowledge of music and a smattering of French and Italian. Her sole pleasure was in dress; and nothing but the most extravagant compliments to her beauty, could keep her in good humor. She never got them from her husband, of course, and she sought them elsewhere.

Daunton was thoroughly wretched. His business was nearly closed; his wife's extravagance had involved him in debt; he was anxious to return to London, and he abhorred the thought of taking her with him, and he could not leave her behind. One evening he had been detained longer than usual at his business, and when he went to his apartment he found it in great confusion and his wife gone. He waited all night for her return, but she did not come. Grossly as she had deceived him in regard to her parentage, he had never for a moment suspected her fidelity; and the thought of her proving untrue, gave him a feeling of agony which he had never experienced before. In the morning a note was brought to him, informing him that the writer had taken his lady under his protection, and advising him not to trouble himself to look after her, as he had taken proper steps to prevent her retreat from being discovered.

Daunton suffered a terrible pang for a few moments, but it was soon over, and he was himself again. Once more he felt light hearted and happy. He had lived a century in six months. His business was closed, and he was ready to return to his friends, with a fund of experience which he little dreamed of ever possessing when he left home. The same packet in which he had crossed the Atlantic, was on the point of sailing again. He jumped on board of her to secure a berth, and met the old captain on the quarter deck.

"Hah! Daunton!" exclaimed the Falstaff-looking sailor, "are you as happy now as when I met you that hot morning in Wall street?"

"Oh, a vast deal more so!" replied the wifeless husband; "then I thought I was happy—now I know that I am."

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## CITY CHIT-CHAT.

The daily conversation of a great city is a matter of nearly as much consequence as its daily food; and the source whence it is derived is hardly less difficult to discover. There must always be a sweet morsel for the public tongue; and happy is the man or woman who escapes being rolled under it. Last year at this time there was but one question asked by any body; "*can* there be a church without a Bishop?" Now this question is dropped, and we hear nothing on every side but "the Bishop." Naughty people say to each other, "you are as bad as a Bishop." Any stranger dropping among us now would think that he had lighted upon a community of polemics. The office of a Bishop is the most dangerous dignity that can be conferred upon a mortal. There are more notoriously bad bishops on record than of any other class of officials whether in church or state. The great bugbear of our infancy was Bishop Bruno, whom Southey has immortalized; and ever since we had a feeling for art we have had a grudge against the Bishops of Cologne, who wasted the money in unprofitable wars which should have been expended in finishing their Cathedral.

"A man of the world," who had an ambition to share with *the* Bishop in his large portion of public attention, has given him a fraternal embrace, and is now fairly in for a share of public sentiment. It is amusing to look back upon any dead subject of public conversation, and analyse its claims to public attention. Who, now, cares two straws about William Morgan, Sam Patch, or Mary Rogers? And yet each of these individuals in turn formed the exclusive topic of public conversation. In a few days the Bishop will be let fall; and we shall hear of him no more, until some novelist half a century hence shall make him the hero of a novel! What humbugs we are and what humbugs we pursue. They say that Lizzt, and Thalbergh and Taglioni, are coming over here. If they do, nothing else will be talked of for a time. The whale must have a tub to divert itself with, and perhaps a more innocent one could not be thrown to it than

a pianist or a dancer. Boz was the greatest "go," as he would himself say, that we have ever had among us; and perhaps the uncertainty of popular favor was more forcibly illustrated in his case than in any other. As the city must have its topic of conversation, so must the nation; and it is marvellous how utterly worthless any subject will appear the moment it is dropped. Texas is the national topic of conversation, now; and truly it is a subject of such vast dimensions that we can hardly believe that it ever will seem less. But it must obey the laws of nature like all other matters, and next year we shall marvel that we were so excited about so trifling an affair. Our memory does not carry us back to the time of the Missouri question, but we remember very distinctly that an editor of a paper used, on the anniversary of the vote on that question, to publish the names in large black letters of all the northern men who voted in favor of it; and that he vowed to signalize the event by publishing the black list, as he called it, as often as the day returned. But the editor still publishes his paper, though it is a good many years since he has published his black list. Doubtless he thinks it was a very silly thing ever to have done so. Outward events are mere accidents; it is the inward feeling which is alone of any consequence. Whether Texas be annexed or not is a matter of less importance to us, than the desire to have it.

## THE MAGAZINES.

The Democratic Review for January, contains, as we have already noticed, an admirable paper on the social inequalities of our condition, under the head of "What is the Reason?" which the editor felt himself called upon to assure his readers, in a note, contained some things which did not exactly correspond with his own views. In that case, he should either have stricken them out or made a more particular allusion to them, that his readers might know what his own views on an important topic are. There are, besides, a long paper on the Sheik of Alexandria and his slaves, translated by Mr. Spring, the author of Giafar Al Barmeki, from the German of Hauff; and a short paper on periodical reading, by Mrs. Clavers, which is the least readable of all her writings that we have seen. It appears to have been written for the express purpose of introducing the pun contained in the following paragraph:

"If we have misunderstood this matter—if we have been conjuring up bogbears and spectres, let it be shown by argument and examples. If this be fairly proved, we shall be quite willing to see the ghosts of our imagination laid, like other unreal mockeries—in the *Red*-Sea."

The other papers, consisting of the Ghost of New-York by Cornelius Matthews, New England Philosophy, by H. T. Tuckerman. Family Flattery, by the Author of a Marriage of Convenience, and a Biography of Henry A. Muhlenburg, we have not found time to read.

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The Columbian Magazine for February, Vol. III. No. 2. We have only time to glance at the illustrations of Mr. Post's magazine; two of them are from pictures by Chapman, and are much more effective as engravings than as paintings. The first is a view of the birth-place of Washington, engraved by Rawdon, Wright, Hatch, and Smillie; and the other the Desertion of Sergeant Champ, by R. Hinshelwood. They are both exceedingly fine engravings, and would show well by the side of many which are imported from abroad as *chef d' œuvres* in English illustrated works.

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The American Review, a whig Journal of politics, Literature and Science, No 1, January 1845.

We think that the proprietor of this New Monthly Magazine made a very capital mistake in giving it a partisan name. It must have the tendency to array against it in the outset of its career the very persons whom its object should have been to conciliate, namely, its political opponents. It might have been as thoroughly and decidedly whig in its principles as it pleased to be without making any formal announcement of the fact. It may by this means gain a small degree of support from the party whose organ it professes to be, but then it can make no converts from the opposite party because they will never touch it. The papers are all fairly written, and we have no doubt that the known talents of the Editor will secure for it a profitable circulation. But we think that the political part of it requires a little more nerve to make it of efficient service to the party. The two portraits with which it is ornamented are the very finest specimens of that kind of Art that we have ever seen in any American work. That of Mr. Clay is the only good portrait of him that we have ever seen.

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Hunt's Merchant's Magazine, No. 67, for January.—The age of this Magazine tells the whole story of its excellence. Nothing short of real merit could have kept it in existence more than a year; for it is chiefly patronized by those who are best able to judge of its value, and who are habitually used to laying out their money with a view to getting its full worth. The contents of the present number consist of six original articles—a monthly commercial chronicle, Mercantile Law department, and a number of valuable statistical tables.

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The Golden Rule, a weekly gazette, devoted to odd fellowship, literature and general intelligence. Vol. 1, No. 1, new series—New York, Saturday, January 4, 1845. Published every Saturday morning, by Houel and Macoy, 128 Fulton st., Sun Buildings. A very neat paper, nearly the size of our own.

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Wiley & Putnam's News Letter for January.—This admirable Literary Gazette, in miniature, is one of the most useful of our monthly periodicals; and what is better, the cheapest paper ever published. It can be had for the asking. Some periodidals would be dear at the same rate. The News Letter is of great service to all classes who have any thing to do with books, whether as readers, writers, or teachers; besides containing a good many interesting scraps for people in general. If a price were put upon it, we have no doubt that its circulation would be greatly increased. The publishers should remember the case of the man who stood all day on old London Bridge, trying to sell a guinea for a sixpence, without finding a purchaser. Dr. Johnson said, a good while ago, in reference to giving away books, that people were very apt to consider things as good for nothing which cost nothing.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Conspiracy against the late Bishop of New York, by James C. Richmond. Price 12 1-2 cents. Burgess & Stringer.

Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation, attributed to the author of the Architecture of the Heavens. 1 vol. 12mo. Price 55 cents. Wiley & Putnam.

A Letter to a Friend, in Reply to a recent Pamphlet from the Missionaries of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, at Constantinople. By the Right Rev. Horatio Southgate. Appleton & Co. Price 12 1-2 cents.

St. Ignatius and his Companions. By the Rev. Charles Constantine Pise, D. D. author of "History of the Church," "Father Rowland," &c New York: published by Edward Dunigan, 151 Fulton street. 1845.

## THE CONCERT ROOM.

### PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

The second Concert of the third season of this Society took place on Saturday evening last at the Apollo Saloon. The arrangements for seating the visitors were so excellent, that though the audience were quite as numerous as at the first concert, when numbers had to stand all the evening, scarcely a dozen persons were without seats on this occasion. It is truly a pleasing reflection, when we think of the success of this admirable Society, for we are compelled to believe that the cause of true music is gaining a large number of advocates among the best classes of society, and the public at large. The "profession" have always been accused of giving breath to an unlimited quantity of *cant* respecting *classical music*; they have been charged with envy, malice, and prejudice, because they have set up as their standard of excellence, the great German writers, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Mendelssohn, and others, in opposition to the more popular and pleasing, though less sterling Italian composers, Bellini, Donizetti, Mazliani, and others. That the profession have been misjudged, we fearlessly assert, and we will also say, that the public have shown but little wisdom in setting up their opinion against the opinion of those who, from education, study, and practice, must be the most capable of judging of the merits of the various styles. But though the public pretend to despise the opinion of the profession, yet, in the case of this Society, they condescendingly consented to be *led* by it in the first instance, and have gladly followed it ever since.

The programme was as follows:

PART I.

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| Symphony No. 3. | *Haydn.* |
| 1. Adagio cantabile e vivace Assai. | |
| 2. Andante. | |
| 3. Minuetto and Trio, Allegro Molto. | |
| 4. Finale, Allegro di Molto. | |
| *Grand Scena* from Der Freischutz; Mrs. Edward Loder. | *C. M. Weber.* |
| *Concertino*, Clarionet—1st. time; Mr. W. T. Grenevelt. | *C. M. Weber.* |

PART II.

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| *Overture* to Jessonda—1st. time. | *L. Spohr.* |
| *Aria* Del per questo istante, from the Opera of La Clemenza di Tito; Mrs. E. Loder. | *Mozart.* |
| *Quartetto in Canone*, from the Opera of Fidelio; Mrs. E. Loder, Miss De Luce, Messrs. Munson and Massett. | *Beethoven.* |
| *Descriptive Overture*—Le Vampyr (1st. time.) | *H. Marschner.* |
| Conductor, Mr. U. C. Hill. | |

The Symphony is the second work by Haydn, ever performed by this Society. We have, from the first, urged the committee to place some of his delicious compositions before the public, being perfectly aware that their exquisitely simple beauty would win upon the hearts of the people by an irresistible fascination. But year after year passed by, and our suggestions were unattended to, but at last he is brought forward, and though under every disadvantage, the people having become accustomed to the wonderful works of Beethoven, Spohr, and Mendelssohn, yet how fresh and lovely his creations seem: to us they have ever a flavor of Spring: they are associated in our minds with the perfume of violets, the bursting forth of buds, the blossoming of odorous May: they seem to us as the voice of Nature, chanting forth songs of praise and gladness: their sentiment is Love and Hope, and their feeling, youth! fresh, vernal, unsophisticated youth!

Of the four movements of symphony No. 3, the andante is certainly the favorite; the subject is simple and familiar to every one, under the name of Haydn's Surprise. It is a short theme of some sixteen bars, carried on through all the movement, but so exquisitely varied that the ear is positively surfeited with its sweetness. This movement was loudly applauded and seemed to give much satisfaction. The great fault in the other movements is that they are too short. Before the mind can take note of their construction or appreciate their beauties, lo! they have ceased. With the last movement this was particularly the case.

An apology was made for Mrs. E. Loder, as she was laboring under the effects of a severe cold. From Christmas day up to the 3d inst. she entirely lost her voice, and only one day before the concert was she able to sing the songs of her compass. Mrs. E. Loder has gained a very enviable reputation in this city; among Musicians and true connoisseurs of the art, she is looked upon as the only classical singer in the country. Her pure and unsophisticated style, correct intonation, smooth and flowing execution, perfect shake and pure taste, the results of a first rate education, render her admirably suited to maintain the position to which she has been raised by public opinion. Her execution of the difficult scena from Der Freyschutz called forth repeated bursts of applause. The band accompanied this scena and indeed all the solos, in a very slovenly and unartist-like manner. It was evident to every one that they had either not rehearsed them or they were determined not to play them well. In either case it is a slur upon themselves—a blot upon their reputation.

Weber's concertino for the clarinet, was performed in a most masterly manner by Mr. Grenevelt. His tone is sweet yet rich and full; his execution is delicate and finished in the highest degree; his style is chaste, pure and impassioned, and his expression is that of a man who feels the power of music in his heart.

Spohr's overture is a miracle of beauty, even when contrasted with his other great compositions. He is a model in every way; in thought, construction and instrumentation. We will not attempt to describe it, for we have already exceeded our prescribed limits; we will only say that it was encored by a few determined spirits, and rapturously and *unanimously* applauded on its repetition.

Mozart's *Del per questo istante* was exquisitely sung by Mrs. E. Loder and warmly applauded. It was very badly accompanied.

Beethoven's Quartette was an injudicious selection, it being out of its situation, by no means an effective composition. It was very badly sung. Miss De Luce, though possessing naturally, a very fine voice, was too much under the influence of fear to do herself justice; Mr. Munson is in no way calculated to sing the style of music, and the compass and quality of voice required to do it justice is not possessed by Mr. Massett.

Marschner's Overture, Der Vampyr, is a grand, spirited and effective composition, and was played in admirable style.

To Mr. U. C. Hill is due the credit of this admirable Concert. He is in truth most wonderfully improved in his method of conducting. The performance of Jessonda was equal to any previous performance. Mr. Hill seemed to be imbued with the spirit of the composer, and by judiciously subduing some portion of the orchestra to allow the points in the other instruments to appear, he produced to perfection the Author's idea. We sincerely congratulate him on his success.

Messrs. J. A. Kyle, Wiese, Grenevelt, Reiff and Treaji, also demand our warm commendation for their admirable performance throughout the concert.

## Varieties.

Fashion.—We have noticed recently in Broadway, several gentlemen wearing a kind of short cloak, rather profusely decorated with gimp and frogs; and with most preposterously long sleeves, slashed up to the bend of the elbow. It is a very singular dress, and seems to have been copied almost exactly from the fashion which prevailed in England during the reign of Henry VII. The dandies in those days shaved their beards close, but wore their hair very long;—their caps were enormously large, and ornamented with feathers of various colors, the stem of each one being profusely decorated with pearls and jewels. Our dandies have rejected all these showy ornaments, and are beginning to let their beards grow, which is an indication of greater refinement. But the long hanging sleeves have a very suspicious squinting at some greater enormity to be introduced by-and-bye.

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The Broadway Journal.—Last Saturday, January 4, brought into the world of publishment—as Mr. Willis would say—the first number of a new weekly entitled the Broadway Journal; and we have rarely known a better first appearance. The articles are somewhat too long, but they are vigorously written and the choice of subjects is good. Criticism appears to be the staple, and it is sharp enough, without being captious or ill-natured. A striking feature of the number is the best wood engraving we ever saw in any paper, daily or weekly. It represents a lady in the fashion of the day: the texture and folds of the dress are presented with a truth and delicacy which we thought unattainable upon wood. It reminds one much of that famous copper-plate engraving known as "the white satin dress."

We copy the above from the Commercial Advertiser, not for the sake of what it says of our Journal, though we value highly the good opinion of so respectable an authority, but for the sake of the commendation bestowed on the engraving in our first number. We were determined, if possible, to

give an instance of art in this important department, equal to what we see in French and German works, and by chance we stumbled upon an American artist, recently returned from Paris, who produced the cut alluded to above. The design was one of Gavarni's. With hardly a degree of exaggeration, it offered the keenest satire upon the wicked absurdities of fashion that could have been given. For lack of good ink and a suitable press, the impression in our paper gives but a very imperfect idea of the beauty of the cut. It is a singular fact, but good ink for wood engravings cannot be procured in this country. We shall exert ourselves to give good cuts hereafter, and trust to make our Journal in this particular greatly superior to anything ever seen here of home production. The public do not seem to appreciate excellence in works of this class, but they will come round as good examples are presented to them.

## DISHONORABLE AFFAIRS.

We give the account of two bloodless duels, which have taken place at the South during the present week. In the daily papers, we find them recorded under the head of *affairs of honor*; but it strikes us, that such *affairs* would become less frequent, if the press would alter this kind of heading for the one that we have given above. A bloodless duel is much more to be deplored than a bloody one, for it holds out a hope to cowards that they may engage in such affairs with impunity. Between natives at the North, a duel is of rare occurrence: why they should be more frequent at the South, we never could well understand. Perhaps it is owing to their domestic institutions. The most tragic termination of a duel that we have heard of in some time, occurred in this neighborhood not long since. A foreign gentleman conceiving himself to have been insulted by his friend, sent him a challenge, which was accepted, and when the parties assembled in Hoboken, the challenger fainted dead away. All concerned except the timid gentleman were in great fume, and a scene occurred something like that between Acres and Sir Lucius O'Trigger. But the Sir Lucius in this case, insisted that his friend should either fight, or submit to be spat upon. Another challenge was then sent, the parties were promptly on the ground, the challenger stepped forward, the pistol was put in his hand; when away he went again in a swoon. It might have been only a *feint*. But the poor gentleman was given up as a hopeless case, and the duel was indefinitely postponed.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 14, 1845.

The duel between Mr. Cingham and Mr. Yancey, came off yesterday afternoon, about three miles from Bladensburg. The weapons were pistols—distance ten paces. Lieut. Huger, a son of Senator Huger of South Carolina, it was said was Mr. Yancey's second, and a Mr. Charles L. Jones, a son of Gen. Walter Jones of this city, is reported to have been Mr. Clingham's second. I have heard the names of a number of gentlemen who were present as their "friends," but I need not make their names public. Several Policemen arrived on the ground just as they were about to fire.

Had it not been for this, which hurried the operation, it might have ended more fatally. The word was "Ready—Fire, one, two, three." Both fired in haste on account of the arrival of the Police—blazing away at the word "Fire" in place of waiting for "one," "two," and three." Mr. Yancey fired by raising his pistol, Mr. Clingham by dropping his. Mr. C.'s ball struck the "vacant air" and Mr. Y.'s hit the ground.

The seconds then interferred. Mr. C. said he meant nothing personal to any Member of the House; and Mr. Y. withdrew his remarks or they fell to the ground like his ball, and struck nobody. So the gentlemen, who were not so before they fired, were so afterward, and the matter was amicably settled. Thus ends this foolish piece of business.

A hostile meeting was had between Mr. THOMAS BUTLER KING and Mr. CHAS. SPAULDING, on Monday, the 6th instant, at Amelia Island. Weapons, pistols—distance, ten paces.—Two shots were passed without effect, when, at the intervention of friends, the affair was adjusted, and the parties exchanged friendly salutations.

The difficulty originated from some circumstances connected with the recent canvass of the two gentlemen while candidates for Congress before the people of this District. [Sav. Republican.

*NOTICES TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—Our next number will contain a very superior engraving from an original design by one of the most promising artists in the country, of a highly humorous, and at the same time, truthful character; illustrative of some of our literary magnates.*

*G. W. E. will find a communication addressed to him at our publisher's office.*

*The verses by G. H. will not do for our columns.*

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*To be Published every Saturday.*

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Efficient aid has already been secured in the services of some of the best writers in the country; but it is hoped that a free channel being opened through which true-hearted men may "let loose their thoughts," will be the means of drawing out some of the slumbering talent amongst us which has not yet been seen afloat on the surface of our periodical literature.

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