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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.

HINTS ON THE RE-ORGANIZATION OF THE NAVY. New York: Wiley and Putnam.

A SUBJECT of greater importance to the people of the United States, or one about which they appear to care less, than the re-organization of the Navy, could hardly be selected to form the topic of a pamphlet.

"It is admitted very generally by those acquainted with the subject," says the writer before us, "that the Navy of the United States is defective in its organization; that the laws, rules, and regulations by which it is governed require remodelling, although complaints from the Navy may not have reached the public ear in tones sufficiently loud to attract attention. Grievances, nevertheless, exist."

And from this promising paragraph we hoped to find something in the remainder of the "hints," which would expose the gross wrongs of our naval system, and suggest some means for their removal. But, the author, though evidently belonging to the service, seems not to be aware that there are any other wrongs in the Navy but such as the civil department of it suffer, from inadequate pay and the want of a definite rank. This has been the general complaint of all the officers in the service, ever since the last war; the service is going to kingdom come for the want of a higher grade of officers, say those who have reached the highest, while those still in the line of promotion complain of insufficient pay, and the slowness with which they go up.

But it is not of the slightest consequence to the nation, whether an assistant surgeon in the Navy eats his meals in the cock-pit with the midshipmen, or in the ward-room with the lieutenants and purser; nor whether he receive twelve hundred and fifty or fifteen hundred dollars a year; yet, it is to reform such abuses as these that the author has published his "hints;" he had a right to do so, but he will get nothing but his labor for his pains.

One of the complaints of the secretary of the Navy, in his report to Congress is, that "the Oregon had to proceed to sea recently with a citizen surgeon," which our author thinks a good reason for reform. There are a good many merchant-ships leaving our harbor every day, for distant ports, with no other surgical aid than such as the captain and his mates can render, with the assistance of a few exceedingly brief directions contained on the lid of his medicine chest; yet we believe that our merchant-ships lose as few men by disease as our national vessels.

The only persons of whom our author seems to have any knowledge in the Navy, are those that wear epaulettes. He does not appear to know that there are such beings as sailors on board of our national ships. Not a word is said in their behalf, not a whisper breathed, that they have any wrongs to be redressed.

"Instances can be cited of commanding officers so far forgetting their own dignity and what is due to others, as to profanely curse in loud tones on the quarter-deck surgeons and other civil officers of the Navy. Such instances are rare, it is true; but they have occurred, and may occur again."

This is very curious. It would be hard to cite an instance of a commanding officer who had not so far forgot his own dignity as to curse in loud tones the sailors under his command; and we must confess to that degree of simplicity as not to perceive any very marked difference between a sailor and a surgeon, so far as usefulness on ship board and the dignity of humanity are concerned.

The following particulars in regard to midshipmen are well worth the consideration of the people, not one in a hundred of whom know, probably, what they have to contribute towards the education and support of the children and nephews of prominent politicians.

"Midshipmen are admitted into the Navy between the ages of fourteen and sixteen. All the qualification required to obtain an appointment, is political influence, or the favor of those in power. By law or regulation no degree of primary education is requisite. It is usual, however, for those appointed to be more or less instructed in the simple elements, or at least the rudiments of a common English education. To remedy this deficiency in some measure, 'twenty-two' professors of mathematics are maintained in the Navy, at a salary of $1,200 a year each, or in other words, it costs the government $26,400 annually, to instruct 356 midshipmen in those elementary branches of mathematics deemed sufficient to enable them to read Bowditch's system of navigation: in round numbers, preceptors' fees amount to upwards of $74 annually for every midshipman in the Navy, a sum sufficient to pay the annual cost of a collegiate course. Besides professors of mathematics, the government provides three teachers of languages. In addition to all this, every midshipman receives in pay from $300 to $473 yearly, and has little or nothing to offer in return, except the promise or prospect of some day being capable of performing the duty of a lieutenant; or in other words, he is paid while receiving his professional education at the cost of the government."

No sooner does a youngster of sixteen receive an appointment in the service, than his fortune is made; he is booked for the highest rank and the highest pay in the service, wholly irrespective of merit; by the time he reaches the age of forty-five he will receive a better salary than the vice president of the Union, and yet he need never fire a shot, or spend a quarter of his time on ship board. Although it is requisite that the sea-going officers of the service should enter it at an early age, that they may make themselves perfectly familiar with their duties; yet the chief director of the service; the one who holds sole control of the navy, and may do what he likes with the ships and officers in it, is generally a country attorney, who has never seen blue water, and who could not tell a cat-head from a bulk-head to save himself from perdition. That there should be errors and abuses in a service so governed is a matter of course.

To gain employment in any of the civil departments of the government, some fitness for the office which you may fill is considered necessary; not so with the Navy. Our author says, very pertinently,—

"Unfortunately for the country, owing to peculiar notions and usages, the highest qualifications are advanced no more rapidly than the most marked stolidity; advancement is regulated by the miller's rule, 'first come, first served,' as promotions to fill vacancies in the superior grades are made from the first on the list of the next grade below.

"The career of a military seaman is a glorious career. He surely rises, though very slowly, in dignity and consideration, and last, though not least, his pecuniary reward increases from $300 to $4500 annually, as he passes from the foot of the list of midshipmen to the head of the list of captains, which he does in from thirty-five to forty years."

We have known some peculiar cases of unfitness in the service, where the officers went up side by side with the best fellows in it. We happened once to witness an instance where the commander of one of our national vessels would not allow one of his lieutenants to have charge of a vessel in the night time, because he was afraid to trust the ship in his keeping. Yet this incompetent officer will, in a few years, be

himself a commander. Such gross favoritism cannot be shown in the British service.

"Before an officer obtains a lieutenant's commission in Her Majesty's Navy, he must have passed *five* examinations; but in the Navy of the United States, he is required to pass but *one*; to prepare for which, six months' study is usually enough to ensure success."

"Which method," our author pointedly asks, "is likely to produce the most efficient lieutenants, the British or the American?" and, "supposing the two systems to be followed out as they now exist in the two nations, is it not probable that the officers of the British Navy, as a body, will be superior, in professional attainments, to those of the Navy of the United States?"

There are two important questions to be asked in regard to the Navy, and no aims at reform in this department of national expenditure can amount to any good, unless they be considered. First, is there any necessity for a Navy at all, when there is neither a war, nor a prospect of one; and secondly, if a Navy is necessary, why should the citizens of the country, who enter the lowest ranks of the service, be debarred from rising in it, by good conduct, bravery, and genius?

There are few people, who never been on board of our national ships, that have any idea of the degraded condition of the seamen that serve in them. For the three years that they enlist, they are as much cut off from the privileges of freemen, as though they had never stepped foot on American soil. Their commander may flog them on their naked backs, as often as he may be in humor to do so, which is sometimes of very frequent recurrence; and if they should look sour under their punishment, they will be in danger of suspension, not from duty, but from the yard-arm. The law limits the cruelty of a commander to twelve lashes with a cat on the bare back of a sailor, for any one offence; but an angry man, with unlimited authority, pays but little regard to law; and we have known an officer to inflict three dozen lashes on the back of one of his men, under the pretence that he had committed three offences. But abuses like these do not appear to have come under the notice of the author of this book, for among all his hints for re-organizing the Navy, he hints nothing about bettering the condition of the right arm of the service, or putting the citizens of the union who serve as seamen on board of our national ships, on a level with those who enter it with a warrant in their pocket.

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THE NATURAL BOUNDARIES OF EMPIRES, AND A NEW VIEW OF COLONIZATION. By John Finch, Esq., Corresponding Member of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, and of the Natural History Societies of Montreal, New York, New Brunswick, Delaware, etc. London: Longmans, 1844. Imported by Wiley & Putnam.

SYDNEY SMITH, or somebody else, said once that the present was an age of *persiflage*. We can hardly open a book on any subject, which does not contain a dash of satire. The gravest lessons are now taught in a vein of humor, and all our philosophers are professed jokers. There seems to be nothing serious but fun, and nothing funny which is not serious. The favorite jest book of the day is the Comic Blackstone; and the legitimate successors of Addison and Johnson, are the contributors to Punch. Upon our own side of the water, we have, as yet, no didactic humorists; our sermons contain as little humor as they well can; and our humorous writers would run little danger of being mistaken for preachers. Our jokes are nothing but jokes, and none of our political writers have yet aimed at enlightening the people, or enlivening their essays, by witticisms in disguise. We certainly had no expectation of meeting anything punchy in a philosophical essay on the natural boundaries of empires; but the corresponding member of the Natural History Societies of Montreal, New York, New Brunswick, etc., is not free from the contagion of the age. There is irony in every page of his book; it reads like the papers in Punch, or the preface to Martin Chuzzlewit; but it contains more of the philosophy of history than we ever before saw compressed into so small a space. The author must be an old man, for he was a correspondent of Madison's, and he appears to have distilled this volume from the studies of a life-time. His knowledge of American affairs is very exact and minute, and his national prejudices are nothing. He seems to have entirely forgotten the place where he was born, for he shows no partiality for any particular part of the globe; and though an Englishman, he makes no boast of British glory. He mentions the fact, incidentally, that there are three millions of slaves in the United States, but he has no more prejudices against the south than Mr. Calhoun, or father Ritchie. His book is of great value to America, now, when we are striving to change the boundaries of the empire, and we hope that some of our publishers will undertake its republication. A copy of it should be placed in the hands of every member of Congress, and a large one, like a pulpit bible, should be nailed to the desk of the Secretary of State, from which he should be required to read a chapter every morning.

Much of the book is of that scrappy, anecdotical character, which so well suits the taste of a people, whose favorite reading is found in magazines.

"Many persons," says Mr. Finch, "imagine that walnuts were created, because the nut is good to eat, but they are quite mistaken; they hang in profusion from the trees because they exhibit the true model for the hull of a ship. If you examine attentively the shell of a walnut, you perceive that one extremity is sharp, exhibiting all the qualities of a beautiful prow, while the other end expands with all the dignity and proportions of a Dutch galliot."

He is a profound lover of the ocean, like most of his countrymen, whom we never suspected of so strong an attachment as he makes them have.

"An Englishman who resides in the interior of the country, and is not able to visit the ocean or the sea once a year, always expires of ennui, although the learned physicians who attend him give the disease a different name."

Unlike the majority of British writers, he draws as many of his illustrations from the United States, as from the states of Europe.

"The most philosophical treaty of peace in relation to boundaries ever recorded in history, was that between the States of North Carolina and Tennessee. Their boundary being undetermined, they agreed that the highest ridge of the Appalachian chain should form the boundary line. Commissioners were appointed to take the altitude of the several ranges, and the highest being ascertained, both parties acquiesced in the result. In other parts of the world, rather than have made such a treaty, they would have covered every hill with wounded, and they would have filled every valley with slain."

Here is a prophecy which cannot be very far from being fulfilled. Massachusetts and South Carolina are doing what they can to bring it about.

"America is arranged almost in natural divisions. It is probable that, at some future day, the New England States, throwing off the weight of the federal yoke, may once more become free. Thus, on the surface of the earth, man finds it impossible to change the decree of that Almighty Power, whose will governs the Universe."

When Mr. Finch composed his book, we had not raised the cry of Polk, Dallas and Texas.

"Make room there! make room! come, arrange yourselves in the boxes, and take your seats in the pit, and those who cannot find room elsewhere, may go into the gallery, and we will see the spectacle which the world now exhibits. There are going to pass before us on the stage, in triumphal procession, the various conquering nations, with their banners displayed, and bearing the insignia of war, and with their unhappy captives at their feet. See! the lamps afford a brilliant light, the curtain is about to rise. Keep silent, and do not speak a word.

"Who comes there? see, in the van of conquering nations, comes Great Britain, a free representative monarchy, her swords are red with blood, her bayonets are bent and twisted in the struggle, her cannon are hot with firing repeated charges of balls. Ten empires, which once had independent sovereigns, are crushed beneath her chariot wheels; seven republics, anxious to pursue their glorious career of enterprise and fame, are chained beneath her feet. She has conquered and retains in subjection one hundred millions of people! Pass on.

"What see we next? Ah! here is a nation who profess themselves republicans, and who believe that if all the liberty which the nations of the earth ever possessed was collected and placed in a single pile, it would form an insignificant heap in comparison with that which they enjoy. These are the United States of America, who call themselves the freest of the free. And what are they about? Keep silent. They have room in their present territory for two hundred millions of people, but that is not sufficient; and they are fitting out an expedition to take possession of Oregon, and are exterminating the unfortunate Seminoles because they will not part with the hunting grounds of their fathers. Pass on!"

His acquaintance with our political affairs is as intimate as of our geographical boundaries.

"The boundaries of the United States present many phenomena that are worthy of being attentively studied. In examining these, we must remember that the people have yielded to a central government the distinctive mark, the most important prerogative of sovereign power, the right of making peace and declaring war. The frontiers of the several states must therefore, under the present form of government, be judged rather as divisional lines of one territory, than as rival jealous nations, ready to war with each other on the slightest pretexts. It may however be observed, that in most important questions brought before Congress, although every member enjoys and exercises the privilege of speech, *only three members are allowed to vote.* These are representatives of the South, the East, the West. All the artificial divisions of territory disappear before the powerful influence of natural boundaries."

Mr. Finch proposes to erect Long Island into an independent state, and we like his proposition exceedingly. The east end of Long Island reaches out towards Connecticut, and seems to be striving for a closer neighborhood with New England. It is quite impossible that the people of Sag Harbor and Sackett's Harbor should ever think alike in regard to politics. They may both vote for the same men, as they often do, but they must differ when they come to conclusions. We do not know how the project of Mr. Finch will suit our neighbors, but if they should adopt it, we should be very likely to make one amongst them.

"We have in a former page, proposed that the island of Nassau, contiguous to New York, should form an independent State. It is larger in extent than Rhode Island, and nearly as populous as Delaware. A friend here whispered in my ear, 'What trouble you are going to cause to these unfortunate people. If they are to be free, they will require a constitution, and will want a governor. Then only consider the caucuses, the political meetings of young and old men, the votes, the resolutions, the remonstrances, and counter-resolutions, and the opposite meetings of federalists and democrats, and national republicans of the old and new school.' Struck with his remark, I replied, 'I will give them a constitution, and I will be their governor.'

CONSTITUTION OF THE ISLAND OF NASSAU.

Any person who expressed a wish to subdue or to purchase any neighboring territory, or to found a colony and keep it in subjection, should be esteemed an enemy to his countrymen, for he would add to their taxes, and take away from their happiness.

The community should be entirely agricultural.

He who sowed most wheat, or Indian corn, should be esteemed a friend to his country.

He who planted a peach orchard should be a senator for life.

He who shot the fattest buck should be captain in his district for a year.

He who produced the most wine might have the pleasure of sending a cask to each of his neighbors.

He who caught the largest quantity of fish should have the privilege of keeping open-house until all were consumed.

He who raised the fattest ox should be at liberty to keep him in a beautiful paddock, and to walk round him once a day as long as he lived.

No lawyers would be necessary, for there would never be any disputes.

No physicians would be requisite, for the human race, exempt from care, would be free from disease.

There would be no robbers, for no man would attempt to steal a barn, or to run away with a cow.

All would be good, and therefore all would be happy.

The only misfortune that could possibly happen to these people would be when the sun did not ripen the peaches.

No penitentiaries should be built, for if they built one, they must build two; they must finally cover the whole face of the island with penitentiaries, and the foul sight of these receptacles of crime would disfigure the fair face of nature. Instead of the care and the money of the State being lavished on criminals, it should be bestowed in quite a different direction—in the education of the innocent and poor.

And then with their seas full of fish, their woods full of game, their orchards full of peaches, and their gardens full of roses, they might enjoy the happiest life in the world.

The chapter on the boundaries of the British Empire is very gorgeous; the vastness of English possessions are well summed up in the following verses:

"Gold is gathered in our stream,
Diamonds are found in our rock,
Pearls grow in our water,
Rubies shine in our mine.

A Meteor-fire plays with our wave,
A Cataract falls in our colony,
A Water-spout gathers in our climate,
A Sand-storm rages in our province.

Cotton grows on our bush,
Sugar ripens in our canes,
Cocoa flourishes in our groves,
Coffee is gathered from our plants.

The Mango falls in our field,
The Tamarind grows in our garden,
The Plantain clusters in our orchard,
The Pomegranate blushes in our wood.

The Cinnamon grows on our isthmus,
The Clove harbens on our peninsula,
The Pineapple lives on our island,
The Grape ripens on our continent.

The Cowry lives on our shore,
The Conch travels on our beach,
The Pholas bores on our rock,
The Trumpet-shell sounds on our sand.

The Lion wars on our plain,
The Wolf howls on our hill,
The Tiger fights in our jungle,
The Leopard hunts in our wood.

The Beaver builds in our pond,
The Moose-deer browses our moss,
The Giraffe eats our tender shrubs,
The Polar Bear warms himself on our ice.

The Kangaroo leaps on our plain,
The Spring Bok jumps on our valley,
The Antelope bounds on our upland,
The Gazelle dances on our lowland.

The Crocodile smiles in our stream,
The Brown Bear frowns in our wood,
The Hyæna laughs in our cave,
The Panther moans in our grove.

The Sloth climbs on our tree,
The Monkey chatters on our rock,
The Boa sleeps on our soil,
The Baboon lives on our fruit.

The Condor flies in our province,
The Scorpion bites in our kingdom,
The Polypus arms in our sea,
The Fire-fly shines in our garden.

The Turtle slumbers on our beach,
The Humming Bird flies in our grove,
The Ostrich walks on our sand,
The Flamingo sentries our land.

The Whale gambols in our ocean,
The Shark preys in our sea,
The painted Dolphin strives in vain
To rival the color on our flag.

The Nautilus sails on our sea,
The Blue Fish rows in company,
The Flying-Fish leaps in our water,
The Porpoise plays in our waves.

The Sturgeon leaps in our river,
The White Fish glitters in our lake,
The Muscanonge is captain in our water,
The Cat Fish lives in our brooks.

And the salmon swims up our rivers every year as far as he can, to inquire whether people who have conquered so many nations are happy and contented at home. But what are all these foreign birds, and beasts, and fishes? One little robin redbreast is worth them all combined: the note of the skylark is more pleasing to the ear than the roar of the lion; and the chirp of the household sparrow is more agreeable than the cry of the flamingo."

We fear that there is too much truth in the following:

"The time will never arrive when the human race will cease to connect the idea of political happiness with extended dominion; yet an empire too extended is unfavorable to the happiness of those over whom it is exercised. The farmer, on the Atlantic coast of North America, when rejoicing in the extension of the Confederacy to new States in the far west, forgets that it deprives him of that self-government for which his ancestors fought so bravely and so well.

"Thus the same laws apply to the boundary of nations, under whatever form of government they choose to remain.

"The liberty of a country depends very much on the same circumstance. A nation is as much deprived of liberty and self-government by extensive conquests, as the people over whom it exercises an unjust sway. Some may say, What is the use of this liberty, whose acquisition demands so much toil, and whose preservation demands such constant care?

"We reply, Liberty is invaluable. She is the parent of every good to man. Without liberty, man is like a horse that is flogged, an ox that is goaded, or an ass whose ears have been pulled to an unnatural length.

"For when the ass was first created, his ears were no longer in proportion to his size, than those of any other animal; but being of a firm

disposition, which his enemies called obstinacy, and declining on some occasions to proceed when he considered himself too heavily laden, his enemies began to pull at his ears, until by the lapse of time they have become of their present size.

The author of this work, we understand, was in this country some twenty years since, searching after *cairns* and making geological discoveries; which accounts for his intimate acquaintance with our geographical distinctions.

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ST. IGNATIUS AND HIS FIRST COMPANIONS. By the Rev. Charles Constantine Pise, D.D. Edward Dunigan, 151 Fulton street, 1845.

AMONG the nine first companions of Ignatius, four preceded him to the tomb, namely, Peter Faber, St. Francis Xavier, Claudius Jaius, and John Cordurius. The lives of these are given to the conclusion; of the others, James Layner, Alphonsus Salmeron, Nicholas Bobadilla, Simon Rodriguez, and Paschasius Broetus, the author has only given their lives down to the time when their chief was taken from them. "The principal object I had in view," says the author, "in not carrying out their history after the death of St. Ignatius, was, to exhibit the spirit which he, in person, diffused throughout the body, and thereby confute, by evidence, the vain calumny, that he was a fanatic, and his first disciples were intriguers and impostors."

The author manifests an unbecoming fear of the term "fanatic": it is only another word for earnestness. His patron would never have become a saint, if he had not first been a fanatic. We protestants are so much used to speak of Ignatius Loyala in no very devout terms, that perhaps some will be a little startled to hear him spoken of as Saint Ignatius; but Dr. Pise is, himself, of the order which Loyala founded: he was educated by its brethren. His work is, of course, the labor of a loving and reverent heart, and will commend itself by its sincerity even to those who may differ with its author about the merits of his patron.

As an example of the style in which the work is written, we give the following extract from the chapter on Saint Ignatius:—

"Wearied and much agitated from a strange and recent apparition, a noble looking cavalier, robed in the plain guise of a pilgrim, sat down to repose him on the banks of a gentle stream, not far from the village of Manreza.* The deep shadows were now falling from the neighboring hills: over the brow of Mount Serat, the dusk of the evening seemed already wreathing its sombre twilight, the waters of the lonely river rippled beneath the breath of the solitude's breeze. There, in profound contemplation, with his dark-gray eyes fixed intently upon the river, sat that wondrous stranger. His elegant mien, his broad, high forehead, his aquiline nose, his beautiful yet manly features, bespoke the high rank to which he belonged, and the magnanimous character with which he was adorned. He had recently fought, at the head of a chivalrous army, for the liberties of Spain, and had been wounded in her glorious cause, on the walls of Pampeluna. He had been confined to his bed, suffering intense pain from the extraction of the ball which had entered his leg, and the amputation of a bone which protruded from the wound. During this period of lingering and solitary illness, he had sought to relieve his tedium, and engage his mind with reading. No works of fancy or books of chivalry being within his reach, he had recourse to a volume of the Lives of the Saints, in which he beheld depicted, for the imitation of great souls, their heroic virtues, and sublime sanctity. The transition, in such a mind as his, from one species of chivalry to another, was very easy and natural; he had been trained up to that of arms and martial enthusiasm: he could without difficulty, appreciate that of peace and religious glory. As he read on, his heart opened as it were, to the divine influences of Christian heroism: his soul insensibly began to glow with an ardour more ennobling than he had before experienced; a desire to emulate the splendid moral achievements of the examples before him, an irresistible admiration of their victories over themselves and their triumphs over the world, urged forward his generous ambition; and the grace of God co-operating, meanwhile, with his natural dispositions, he determined to change the standard of war for the ensign of the cross. He had laid aside from his towering person the insignia of knight, and taken upon himself those of an humble penitent, making a pilgrimage from shrine to shrine. Over the altar of the ever-blessed Virgin he had hung the sword which was still gleaming with the lustre of valour—a bright, a splendid trophy of the grace of God. For that brave spirit that knew not how to cower before the terrors of the cannon, was stricken down in profound subjection—not to any human power—and lain prostrate, by the "violence" of the love of God. Sweet violence, indeed, that gives no pain but contrition, and demands no subjection but a calm submission to the will of Heaven. Violence which, it is true, storms the citadel of the heart, but renders it, at the same time, a voluntary captive: which sometimes achieves its object by forcing the deep and silent tear from the fountains of some Magdalen's soul, and, at other times, by casting down headlong—blind and terror-stricken—on the sword, some Saul of Tarsus. That extraordinary personage, meditating, at this twilight hour, on the banks of the Rubricato, is the immortal founder of the Society of Jesus—Ignatius of Loyola.

"Between the epoch of the birth of this defender of the ancient faith, and that of Martin Luther, its pest and scourge, a space of nine years occurred: the former having been born in 1491, the latter in 1482. God, whose providence could but prepare a barrier against the calamities which he foresaw were about to desolate his Church, raised up Ignatius, as a host in the company which he was destined to establish, for her defence and edification. Guipuzcoa, a province in Cantabria, was the place of his nativity. His family was noble and renowned. His father and mother were both of illustrious origin. His youthful disposition tended to the study and the feats of arms: and, having, at a maturer age, embraced the military profession, he won the applause of his country and reaped no little glory on the field. This soldier-like character he impressed on the company which he instituted. It appears in the celerity of obedience on the part of its members, in the enduring of labour, and the missionary exercises—all modeled on the exemplar of the camp. His soul, from early childhood, burned with inextinguishable ardour for renown, and human praise: which natural impetuosity, changed and chastened under holier influences, he carried with him into the ranks of religion, and infused into the breasts of his disciples. He was distinguished by grace, ease, and majesty of manners, and a singular love of elegance of dress; which qualities he afterwards hallowed, and transferred to sacred things, and made auxiliary to the discipline and spirit of his order. He possessed a sublime magnanimity in pardoning an offence, as well as in conferring a favour: an innate detestation of avarice, and—the germ of all vices—cupidity. He exhibited a lofty daring in dangerous and difficult exertions; a singular prudence in the transaction of business, and an unwearied and patient perseverance and constancy of character. In the flower of youth he displayed the maturity of age; and in the first impulse of his conversion was raised, on a sudden, to the highest grade of perfection.

"Hence the sublime ascetic character of his book of 'Spiritual Exercises,' written so soon after his retreat to Mount Serat, and his austere and penitential musings at Manreza. Hence his marvellous ecstasy, in which, wrapt in the contemplation of heavenly things, during eight days, he seemed dead to those of earth. And hence, too, that solemn vow of chastity by which he devoted himself forever to the service of God, 'following the Lamb whithersoever he went.' This perfection displayed itself in all his actions. Whether we trace him to the isle of Cyprus, on his pilgrimage to the Holy Land; whether we view him, entering—an humble palmer—upon the consecrated soil of Palestine, prostrate, in tears, at the tomb of Christ partaking of the Redeemer's agony on the mount of Olives; whether we behold him favoured with celestial visions, or wrecked on the shoals near the coast of Cyprus, or, on his return to Europe, seized upon and contumaciously treated as a spy in France;—under all circumstances, and in every condition, there was a grandeur of soul, a sanctity of motive, and an enthusiasm of virtue, which stamped him, at once, with that transcendant character, which was wonderfully developed in the course of his subsequent career.

"The 'Company' he established, was destined to labour for the salvation of men, and to propagate the greater glory of Jesus Christ. Hence the motive for his styling it the 'Society of JESUS:' deriving its name from him, who is the only true salvation of the human race, and who promised to be 'propitious to him at Rome.'"

It is among the handsomest specimens of printing that we have seen from the New York press; but the frontispiece of portraits is altogether unworthy, in point of execution, to rank with the other parts of the book.

* The singular vision here alluded to is thus described by Orlandinus, in his History of the Society of Jesus: "A very comely image appeared to him in the air, the figure of which he could not clearly discern. It was lengthy, like the form of a serpent, bright, and of various hues, and glittering with many eyes, like stars: which, while it appeared rendered him happy, and when it vanished left him sorrowful." Lib. i. 22, p. 7. The conversion of Ignatius happened in 1521. He was in his thirty-first year.

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VESTIGES OF THE NATURAL HISTORY OF CREATION. Wiley & Putnam, 1845. 12mo. pp. 291.

ONE of the chief merits of this book is its freedom from those patronising and approbatory passages with which popular writers on similar subjects intersperse their speculations. Dr. Dick is probably the worst of the whole tribe, and the author of the work before us, the best. But he is not wholly free from this wearisome fault. The only two qualities really needed in authors of books of this class, are: first, accuracy of information; and second, clearness of style. Every word, beyond what is necessary to convey a fact, is felt to be lumber; and all reflections upon the goodness and greatness of the Creator, are, to speak of them in the mildest terms, insults to the understanding of the reader. It must be taken for granted that any person who will be likely to read a work on Natural History, has already formed an idea that God is both great

and good, beyond the capacity of man to comprehend. We do not see the propriety of taxing the undevout astronomer with madness, any more than the undevout husbandman. The man who fails to see God in a butter-cup, will hardly discern him by looking at the Georgium Sidus through a telescope. Whoever can contemplate himself, without being impressed with the thought that God is all-wise and all-powerful, will never be awe-struck from a contemplation of the Heavens. The following extract from the first chapter contains a good many of these objectionable passages. What have we to do with the "tear that falls from childhood's cheek," in a work professedly scientific? The tear that falls from an old man's cheek is of precisely the same quality.

"It is remarkable of physical laws, that we see them operating on every kind of scale as to magnitude, with the same regularity and perseverance. The tear that falls from childhood's cheek is globular, through the efficacy of that same law of mutual attraction of particles which made the sun and planets round. The rapidity of Mercury is quicker than that of Saturn, for the same reason that, when we wheel a ball round by a string and make the string wind up round our fingers, the ball always flies quicker and quicker as the string is shortened. Two eddies in a stream, as has been stated, fall into a mutual revolution at the distance of a couple of inches, through the same cause which makes a pair of suns link in mutual revolution at the distance of millions of miles. There is, we might say, a sublime simplicity in this indifference of the grand regulations to the vastness or minuteness of the field of their operation. Their being uniform, too, throughout space, as far as we can scan it, and their being so unfailing in their tendency to operate, so that only the proper conditions are presented, afford to our minds matter for the gravest consideration. Nor should it escape our careful notice that the regulations on which all the laws of matter operate, are established on a rigidly accurate mathematical basis. Proportions of numbers and geometrical figures, rest at the bottom of the whole. All these considerations, when the mind is thoroughly prepared for them, tend to raise our ideas with respect to the character of physical laws, even though we do not go a single step further in the investigation. But it is impossible for an intelligent mind to stop there. We advance from law to the cause of law, and ask, what is that? Whence have come all these beautiful regulations? Here science leaves us, but only to conclude, from other grounds, that there is a First Cause to which all others are secondary and ministrative, a primitive almighty will, of which these laws are merely the mandates. That great Being, who shall say where is his dwelling-place, or what his history? Man pauses breathless at the contemplation of a subject so much above his finite faculties, and only can wonder and adore!"

A tolerable purity of style seems almost impossible with writers of this class. They cannot read the Bible to any good purpose, or they would write better. The author before us has more to recommend him on this score than many others, but he seems to be impressed with an idea that a great subject requires great swelling words. He should, in the outset, fix upon some term by which to express his idea of the Omnipotent, and dismiss the thought that he is called upon, personally, to assert the dignity of his Creator. He seeems to labor under a continual fear that his readers have not a sufficient reverence for their Creator, and he bestows upon Him a great variety of high-sounding expletives. The August Being, the Deity, the Divine Wisdom, the Divine Author, Almighty Perfection, the Great Creator, Providence, Creative Providence, Almighty Conception, Great Father, Almighty Wisdom, &c., &c., occur with variations throughout the book.

The most interesting chapter in the book is that relating to vegetable and animal generation. It is treated here with great delicacy, originality, and power, and will prove interesting even to those who differ from the author in his conclusions; as many will. The theory that man sprang from the first order of organic life, and that he passes, now, through all the conditions of fish, reptile, and bird, is fanciful in the extreme. If it were true, men of premature birth, would more nearly resemble the simia than the human race.

In the chapter on the "Mental Constitution of Animals," we find some curious statistical facts.

"Even mistakes and oversights are of regular recurrence, for it is found in the post offices of large cities, that the number of letters put in without addresses is year by year the same. Statistics has made out an equally distinct regularity in a wide range, with regard to many other things concerning the mind, and the doctrine founded upon it has lately produced a scheme which may well strike the ignorant with surprise. It was proposed to establish in London a society for ensuring the integrity of clerks, secretaries, collectors, and all such functionaries as are usually obliged to find security for money passing through their hands in the course of business. A gentleman of the highest character as an actuary spoke of the plan in the following terms: "If a thousand bankers' clerks were to club together to indemnify their securities, by the payment of one pound a year each, and if each had given security for 500*l*., it is obvious that two in each year might become defaulters to that amount, and so on, without rendering the guarantee fund insolvent. If it be tolerably well ascertained that the instances of dishonesty (yearly) among such persons amount to one in five hundred, this club would continue to exist, subject to being in debt in a bad year, to an amount which it would be able to discharge in good ones. The only question necessary to be asked previous to the formation of such a club would be,—may it not be feared that the motive to resist dishonesty would be lessened by the existence of the club, or that ready made rogues, by belonging to it, might find the means of obtaining situations which they would otherwise have been kept out of by the impossibility of obtaining security among those who know them? Suppose this be sufficiently answered by saying, that none but those who could bring satisfactory testimony to their previous good character should be allowed to join the club; that persons who may now hope that a deficiency on their parts will be made up and hushed up by the relative or friend who is security, will know very well that the club will have no motive to decline a prosecution, or to keep the secret and so on. It then only remains to ask, whether the sum demanded for the guarantee is sufficient?" The philosophical principle on which the scheme proceeds, seems to be simply this, that, amongst a given (large) number of persons of good character, there will be within a year or considerable space of time, a determinate number of instances in which moral principle and the terror of the consequences of guilt will be overcome by temptations of a determinate kind and amount, and thus occasion a periodical amount of loss which the association must make up."

It appears, from a foot note, that this proposed association has been formed in London, and is working well. A society of this kind should be immediately formed in Wall street, and in Washington.

The faults that we have discovered in this book are very few, and not of a character to detract in the least from its popularity. It is admirably calculated for the million, and being sold at a low price, it must, we think, meet with a rapid sale.

But where did the publishers of this valuable work obtain it? Was it produced by their literary dragoman? or did some obliging friend give them the manuscript? It has not the appearance of a spontaneous production; yet we can find in no part of it, any hint of its origin. It cannot have been reprinted from a foreign edition, for the publishers have the reputation of honest men, and they would, of course, have given some intimation of the fact, if such had been the case. A work of similar title has gone through two or three editions in London, but we have no right to think that this is the same. As good books are not published every day, readers have a curiosity to know where one comes from, when they meet with a new one; who produced it, what language it first made its appearance in, how long it has been before the world, and what degree of credit to attach to its statements when they are of a novel character. Publishers would confer a benefit upon the reading world by giving some intimation, when they put forth a new work, of the source whence they derived it. If Wiley & Putnam had printed in the title-page of this work, "Republished from the third London Edition," it would have been more to their credit, and not in the slightest degree detrimental to their interests. Tradesmen who deal in books, should set an example of honesty to the rest of the trading world.

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

(Second Notice.)

PASSAGES like these in a conversation on Chaucer, appear somewhat incongruous when taken by themselves, but they spring up as naturally as flowers do from a seemingly exhausted soil:

*Philip.* The Devil might listen to some preaching I have heard, without getting his appetite spoiled. There is a great deal of time and

money expended to make men believe that this one or that one will be damned, and to scare or wheedle them into good Calvinists or Episcopalians; but very little pains is taken to make them good Christians.

*John.* You use plain words.

*Philip.* Plain words are best. Truth wants no vail; the chastity and beauty of her countenance are defence enough against all lewd eyes. Falsehood, only, needs to hide her face; for, that unseen, she has learned so well to mimic the gait and feign the voice of Truth, as to counterfeit her with ease and safety. Our tongue has become so courtly and polite, as well-nigh to have forgotten that it has also words befitting indignation and reproof. Some thoughts demand the utmost swell and voluptuousness of language; they should float like Aphrodite upborne on a summer ocean. For others, the words should be jagged and immitigable and abrupt as the rocks upon the shore. Let the feeling of the moment choose. If melody be needed, the chance shell of the tortoise shall become a lyre which Apollo might sigh for.

*John.* It has never been a safe thing to breathe a whisper against the church, least of all in this country, where it has no prop from the state, but is founded only on the love, or, if you will have it so, the prejudices of the people. Religion has come to be esteemed synonymous with the church; there are few minds clear enough to separate it from the building erected for its convenience and its shelter. It is this which has made our Christianity external, a task-ceremony to be gone through with, and not a principle of life itself. The church has been looked on too much in the light of a machine, which only needs a little oil, now and then, on its joints and axles, to make it run glibly and perform all its functions without grating or creaking. Nothing that we can say will be of much service. The reformers must come from her own bosom; and there are many devout souls among her priests now, who would lay down their lives to purify her. The names of infidel and heretic are the *San benitos* in which we dress offenders in the nineteenth century, and a bigoted public opinion furnishes the fagots and applies the match! The very cross itself, to which the sacred right of private judgment fled for sanctuary, has been turned into a whipping-post. Doubtless, there are nations on the earth so wicked as those who profess Christianity; and the blame may be laid in great measure at the door of the church, which has always sought temporal power, and has chosen to lean rather upon the arm of flesh than upon that of God. The church has corrupted Christianity. She has decked her person and embroidered her garments with the spoils of pagan altars, and has built her temples of blocks which paganism had squared ready to her hand. We are still Huns and Vandals, and Saxons and Celts, at heart. We have carved a cross upon our altars, but the smoke of our sacrifice goes up to Thor and Odin still. Lately I read in the newspapers a toast given at a military festival, by one of those who claim to be earthly representatives of the Prince of Peace. England and France send out the cannon and the bayonet, upon missionary enterprises, to India and Africa, and our modern Elliots and Brainerds among the red men are of the same persuasive metal.

*Philip.* Well, well, let us hope for change. There are signs of it: there has been a growling of thunder round the horizon for many days. We are like the people in countries subject to earthquakes, who crowd into churches for safety, but find that their sacred walls are as fragile as other works of human hands. Nay, the very massiveness of their architecture makes their destruction more sudden, and their fall more dangerous. You and I have become convinced of this. Both of us, having certain reforms at heart, and believing them to be of vital interest to mankind, turned first to the church as the nearest helper under God. We have been disappointed. Let us not waste our time in throwing stones at its insensible doors. As you have said, the reformers must come from within. The prejudice of position is so strong, that all her servants will unite against an exoteric assailant, melting up, if need be, the holy vessels for bullets, and using the leaves of the holy book itself for wadding. But I will never enter a church from which a prayer goes up for the prosperous only, or for the unfortunate among the oppressors, and not for the oppressed and fallen; as if God had ordained our pride of caste and our distinctions of color, and as if Christ had forgotten those that are in bonds. We are bid to imitate God: let us in this also follow his example, whose only revenge upon error is the giving success to truth, and but strive more cheerfully for the triumph of what we believe to be right. Let us, above all things, imitate him in ascribing what we see of wrong-doing to blindness and error, rather than to wilful sin. The Devil loves nothing better than the intolerance of reformers, and dreads nothing so much as their charity and patience. The scourge is better upon our backs than in our hands.

*John.* When the air grows thick and heavy, and the clouds gather in the moral atmosphere, the tall steeples of the church are apt to attract the lightning first. Its pride and love of high places are the most fatal of conductors. That small upper room, in which the disciples were first gathered, would always be safe enough.

We have given an extract on the Dignity of Poverty: we give one below on the false dignity of Death.

*John.* It is singular what ugly portraits of Death are ordinarily given us. There seems to be but little living faith in the immortality of the soul—so soon does any idea become formal and external, when diluted by the customariness of a creed. Men do not believe in the next world as they do in London or Boston; they do not launch upon the *ignotum mare* with a shadow of that prophetic belief which girded up the heart of Columbus. Most religion-mongers have baited their paradises with a bit of toasted cheese. They have templed the body with large promise of possessions in their transmortal El Dorado. Sancho Panza will not quit his chimney corner, but under promise of imaginary islands to govern. For my own part, I think it wiser to make the spirit a staff for the body, than the body for the spirit. When the vessel casts off for the voyage, and the body finds itself left behind, it may well cry out and disturb the whole vicinage with the story of its wrong.

*Philip.* I agree with you that the body is treated with quite too much ceremony and respect. Even religion has vailed its politic hat to it, till, like Christopher Sly, it is metamorphosed, in its own estimation, from a tinker to a duke. Men, who would, without compunction, kick a living beggar, will yet stand in awe of his poor carcass, after all that rendered it truly venerable has fled out of it. We agree with the old barbarian epitaph, which affirmed that the handful of dust had been Ninus; as if that which convicts us of mortality and weakness could at the same time endow us with our high prerogative of kingship over them. South, in one of his sermons, tells us of certain men whose souls are of no worth, but as salt to keep their bodies from putrifying. I fear that the soul is too often regarded in this sutler fashion. Why should men ever be afraid to die, but that they regard the spirit as secondary to that which is but its mere appendage and conveniency, its symbol, its word, its means of visibility? If the soul lose this poor mansion of hers by the sudden conflagration of disease, or by the slow decay of age, is she therefore houseless and shelterless? If she cast away this soiled and tattered garment, is she therefore naked? A child looks forward to his new suit, and dons it joyfully; we cling to our rags and foulness. We should welcome Death as one who brings us tidings of the finding of long-lost titles to a large family estate, and set out gladly to take possession, though, it may be, not without a natural tear for the humbler home we are leaving. Death always means us a kindness, though he has often a gruff way of offering it. Even if the soul never returned from that chartless and unmapped country, which I do not believe, I would take Sir John Davies's reason as a good one:

> "But, as Noah's pigeon, which returned no more,
> Did show she footing found, for all the flood;
> So, when good souls, departed through death's door,
> Come not again, it shows their dwelling good."

The realm of Death seems an enemy's country to most men, on whose shores they are loathely driven by stress of weather; to the wise man it is the desired port where he moors his bark gladly, as in some quiet haven of the Fortunate Isles; it is the golden west in which his sun sinks, and, sinking, casts back a glory upon the leaden cloud-rack which had darkly besieged his day.

After all, the body is a more expert dialectician than the soul, and buffets it, even to bewilderment, with the empty bladders of logic; but the soul can retire, from the dust and turmoil of such conflict, to the high tower of instinctive faith, and there, in hushed serenity, take comfort of the sympathizing stars. We look at death through the cheap-glazed windows of the flesh, and believe him for the monster which the flawed and crooked glass presents him. You say truly that we have wasted time in trying to coax the body into a faith in what, by its very nature, it is incapable of comprehending. Hence, a plethoric, short-winded kind of belief, that can walk at an easy pace over the smooth plain, but loses breath at the first sharp uphill of life. How idle is it to set a sensual bill of fare before the soul, acting over again the old story of the Crane and the Fox!

These Conversations cannot fail to prove a permanent addition to our national literature. For although their professed subject is one of the most hackneyed that could be chosen; yet they contain as much freshness and beauty as though it were now handled for the first time.

## AMERICAN PROSE WRITERS.

NO. 3.

### JOHN WATERS.

JOHN WATERS is well entitled to a place in the catalogue of American prose writers. Mr. Griswold has given him a niche among our poets, but he will be known better by his essays than his poems. In one respect he is like Charles Lamb; the best part of his life has been devoted to business; the Phenix bank, of which he was president many years, contains the largest amount of his writings, as the India House does of Lamb's. We are not aware that John Waters has ever appeared before the public with a book, but his individuality is as well defined, and he stands apart from other writers as distinctly as Elia did before his essays were published in a separate volume.

It would be unjust to compare him with Lamb, as we have heard done, for their style and habits of thought are quite different. In fastidiousness of tastes, a reverence for the past and a delicacy of appetite, there is considerable resemblance between these two authors, but in other respects they are widely different. A looseness of religious sentiment pervades the writings of Elia, but you discern upon a very short acquaintance with John Waters, that his religious faith is as sharply defined, and as positive as his taste in fish or wine, and that he would frown upon heterodoxy in the church as severely as he would upon a blunder in carving, whether in marble or mutton. His essays are all short, as essays should be, of the Addisonian dimensions and density of expression. His sentences are the most perfect in the language; it would be a vain task to hunt through them all for a superfluous conjunction. They are too perfect to be peculiar, for writers are distinguished from each other more by their faults than their excellencies. He is manifestly an admirer of Geoffrey Crayon, but very far from an imitator of his style. He has a finer artistic taste than the author of the Sketch Book, but a less genial love of nature, as nature. He can endure nothing that wears a slovenly aspect. His lawns must be neatly trimmed and his gardens weeded. He abhors Scuppernon wine, but can relish port in chowder. He has not written much about flowers, but we should think that his favorite was a Camelia. He is in some sort a Sam Rogers, but more particular. In pictures he is an admirer of Both and Weir. Probably Gerard Douw and Watteau are among his great artists. His humor is of the quiet kind which provokes a bland smile, but never a laugh, which would be irregular and boisterous. His piety is tender and subduing, it may cause a tear, but never a swelling of the heart. He is rather fanciful than imaginative, and the pictures which he presents to us are exhibited through a stained glass, which mellows the outlines without distorting the forms represented. His descriptions have a delicacy of finish like the carvings of Grinling Gibbons. They remind you as forcibly of nature as anything short of nature can, but they never deceive you; you know all the while that it is not a reality that affects you.

We are not familiar with any of his writings, but those that have appeared in the New York American and in the Knickerbocker. They should be collected together in a volume by themselves; for they would make a valuable addition to our national literature. We need them as models of style, in these days of rhodomontades and Macaulayisms. John Waters is a sensualist rather than a sentimentalist. Perhaps he thinks otherwise. But his sensualism is a sentiment. The greater part of his essays are purely sensual, although it is not a vulgar sensualism, but rather a spiritual appetite of the senses. He elevates a buttered muffin into a work of high art; and his fish are such exquisite creatures, that you feel while gazing upon them, that Vatel may be pardoned for falling upon his sword. There is always something to be tasted, or smelt or listened to in his essays. The mouth is more apt to water than the eyes, in his company.

John Waters is only an assumed name, as all the world knows, like that of Christopher North, Barry Cornwall, Geoffrey Crayon, and others. The real name of this pure essayist is Henry Cary. He is at present we believe a gentleman of wealth and leisure. With a keen relish for elegant literature and refined art, he appears to have had the prudence to labor diligently through his early years in acquiring a fortune, that his later life might be spent in the quiet of independent ease. Pity, pity, that many of similar taste were not endowed with similar prudence and forethought!

We give a short extract from one of his papers in the Knickerbocker containing an account of the great Hungarian pianist Lizst, who, we have reason to believe, we shall have among us during the year.

"Our nice travelling chariot, with all its trunks, cases, pockets, down-cushions, and delightful appliances, that we had thought such a purchase two days before at Frankfort, gave out just as we approached Heidelberg. One of the axletrees heated, the wheel refused to turn round, and for two hours we were standing in the road, surrounded by peasantry that the postillion had assembled together, endeavoring to get the wheel off, pouring cold water upon it, and talking to us and about us in an unknown tongue; for although my friend and myself mustered five modern languages, *German* unfortunately was not one of them, and we knew nothing whatever of the *patois* of these honest people.

After consultation with a mechanic at Heidelberg, and finding that the defect was not to be remedied there without great delay, we resolved upon a partial repair, and to return as best we might to Frankfort and seek redress from the warranty of the party of whom we had bought the vehicle. We paid our visit to the incomparable ruins of the castle, and then proceeded to retrace our steps; and examining our wheels at every post-house, reached the *Hotel d'Angleterre* at Frankfort at the close of day in August last.

It is always depressing to be turned back upon one's path; and these reclamations and bargainings for redress are the most uncomfortable things in the world; so that M. and I looked blank at one another as we entered again the streets of that busy mart. We determined to say nothing of the matter until morning, and I longed heartily for some refreshment that should banish it altogether from my mind in the mean time.

'Is there no music in Frankfort to-night?' I inquired.

'I beg your pardon,' was the reply; 'there is, the *finest*. Monsieur Lizst, the pianist, performs this evening at the theatre.'

'Is it far from this?'

'Quite the contrary, fortunately, for the performances must have begun.'

'Show me the way.'

In a few minutes I had passed through the boxes into the pit of a small theatre. It was well filled, and yet the number of performers and amateurs on the stage seemed hardly less than that of the audience. The entertainment had opened, and was continued for some time with alternate instrumental and vocal music. The latter was composed of those strong *brassy*, male voices, that satisfy the ear by their correctness and force, perhaps, but make no approach toward the heart.

There was then a pause of some minutes, and a movement of expectation throughout the house; and presently a pale-faced, light-complexioned, loosely-constructed, middle-aged person made his way through the artists and assistants, saluted the audience in a shambling and *gauche* manner, and seated himself without notes at a piano that was near the front of the stage.

Until he reached the side of this instrument, he seemed like *part of a man*, wanting support and confidence; but as he took his place, the existence became complete, and joy passed over his countenance as he laid his hand upon the keys. It was one of the faces of Thorwaldsen, an express indication of the deep interior spirit; and expectation rose high when the piano breathed as it were under his touch. He ran through a delicious voluntary, that there might be no doubt of the exactness of each note, and we all felt the perfection of his *fingering*; clear, distinct, round, precious, full—a shower of pearls upon a table of porphyry.

It was now all stillness, the intense stillness of watchfulness, throughout the house; for his performance was to commence; and although the moment if measured by a clock might have been short, no doubt, we divided time by a different metre; and a wild waste had in our imagination extended itself around him, when he calmly raised his hands to their utmost height, and with blow after blow upon the instrument with his whole force, successively planted large columnar masses of sound over the extended plain, and a scene like that of the Giant's Causeway rose like enchantment before our astonished and delighted senses. Hardly had he sketched the vision before us, when a storm began such as I have seldom witnessed. The instrument raised, hailed, thundered, moaned, whistled, shrieked round those basaltic columns, in every cry that the tempest can utter in its wildest paroxysms of wrath. It was almost too powerful and ungoverned at the last; and

at the instant that this thought entered into the mind, the wind lulled, the elements were spent, the calm came; the brooks and water-courses took up their song of exultation; the air was refreshed, the birds chirped, the sun put forth, and the 'young leaf lifted its green head.'

We now accompanied him through a small valley with precipitous banks, such as one finds in Piedmont, where the large leafed tree grows beside the mossy rock, and the vine tries vainly to envelope both, and shade and light and repose are the glory of the earth. Young clouds were forming on the upper heights, destined to paint the skies of Italy, and struggled hard in their ascent at every jutting rock and leafy buttress to remain adhering to their native cliffs, against the repeated bidding of the sun; as if preferring even to the cerulean heaven, a world so verdant and so fair! We were thus borne along by the strain through countless beauties of rock and sky and foliage to a grotto, by the side of which was a fountain that seemed one of the Eyes of the Earth, so large and darkly-brilliant was it, so deep and so serene; reflecting on its *retina* with magical distinctness every surrounding object, whether distant or near. Here we listened for some moments to the voices rather than the songs of birds, when the music by degrees again diminished, and then fluttered and then ceased.

It was not immediately that the audience gave forth their demonstrations of rapturous applause; and as I looked round, I saw on all sides that 'eyes, in tears, both smiled and wept.' I walked home almost upon air, and every pulsation on the way was a throb of gratitude to HIM, who for our solace and delight hath 'planted the ear,' and opened all hearts to the inspiration of the truly gifted master of this wonderful art.

Thus far, dear editor, is the extract, which would never have been offered to your regard, but that being some days afterward in the society of an accomplished lady, herself no mean musician, and describing to her the effect produced on my mind by this remarkable performance, she surprized me by saying that she had been present at it, and that the same imagery had passed with slight variation before her as she listened, that I have here endeavored faintly to preserve.

I was charmed at the assurance, for it confirmed me in the belief that this was not the mere flitting of the rainbow spirit across the imagination, rearing in its passage a fabric of happiness—beautiful at times as a palace of the Genii, and, alas! as illusory—but a substantive and truthful joy, to be recalled at will; to be remembered in solitude; to be dwelt upon for the enrichment of the soul; and—may I entertain the hope!—in some degree perhaps even *to be imparted*."

JOHN WATERS.

## CHRONOLOGY.

### THE ORIGIN OF MANHATTAN, HELL GATE, ETC.

IT is characteristic of the American people to look forward, and indulge in anticipations of the future—probably because the most brilliant prospects attract the mind in contemplating the rise and development of the nation. We have nothing to allege against so natural a trait. Hope beckons on the course of nations, as well as of ambitious and noble-minded individuals. But we propose, just now, to cast a moment's retrospect, and to look back—it is not a very long vista, at most—to the verge of our early history on the continent. The time is not very remote, when ships came doubtingly out of the Atlantic mists on our coasts, from the leading ports of Europe, and, after a furtive recognition of the "wild men," found here, dropped anchor in our roadsteads, and the mouths of our larger rivers. Wonder sat depicted in the countenances of every master and mate of a vessel, who got into a pinnace to land, and kept his two eyes on a restless stretch for new objects, and he moved his tiller with adroit ease, from one side to the other.

It may be doubted, indeed, whether Shakspeare did not draw the scenes of his "Tempest" from the first narratives of wondering voyagers, who came to America, and who were prone to see on every cliff a "Caliban," or something worse, or more fantastic, in the shape of an Indian. Bear in mind, gentle reader, that the Scandinavians saw here the "Unipedes"—that singular race of the human family who went, with somewhat of the nervous emphasis of a Kangaroo, on one foot. This was certainly an improvement on the ancient notion of the people of Kathay, as reported by the veritable Joseph Barberat and Marco Polo, who affirmed, that all other nations besides themselves, had but one eye. To have but one leg was the greater wonder of the two.

Be these questions as they may, and there is room for historiographers and physiologists to say a great deal on both sides, it is just two hundred and thirty-six years—not a whit more, since the first ship of the bold and adventurous Hollander first cast anchor in the noble bay which is now called New York. The area of Broadway, from which we issue this sheet, like some other spots hereabout, was then occupied by the scattered wigwams of a gaunt, fierce-looking race of men, with piercing black eyes, and black hair, who walked about with bows and arrows, and called themselves Manhattans. We humor orthography, by letting the word stand, as our Dutch ancestors wrote it, albeit, we could easily prove that they retrenched some of the true original, and gave it a twist to suit their own notions of the laws of recording sound.

Manhattan, (with this salvo,) was the name for a noted whirlpool in the vicinity, which the Dutch called Hellegat, and which *we*, taking the same right to twist *it* that the Dutch did to twist *Man-a-hat-tan-uk*, call Hellgate. It is only our Eastern neighbors, by the way, who have ever been noted, especially in their discussions on theology, for steering clear of so hard a place, or eschewing it, at least from a choice in their terminology, that call this remarkable pass Hurlgate. By the ancient Manhattanese, it was simply described, as a place of violent, or bad whirling waters, just indeed, what it is. And as it is by far the most striking and characteristic geographical trait in the vicinity of New York, they called the island, on its *west*, Manhattan Island, while that on its east, was Metóacs, [Long Island.] These sons of the forest were no deep philosophers, and did not set themselves down to consider why and wherefore all things should be done. They smoked their pipes, and never once thought of philology, or ethnography, or any other word, that might help men, two hundred and thirty-six years afterwards, to trace ties of affinities, physical or moral. They were content to call themselves the people of Manhattan Island—that is to say, the people of the whirlpool. Here is both good history and sound philology, and should the reader like it, we may, perchance, tell him, hereafter, who these ancient Manhattanese were, and how they danced, and roved, and whooped, and cut all sorts of savage antics, on the very spots where theatres, and churches, and exchanges, and great hotels are now erected,—aye, they were not afraid to worship the devil himself, on the identical place where the most "tried" bishops, now rule or abide.

E. R. S.

### SINGULAR ANECDOTE OF A CAT.

During a hard snow storm last winter, a kitten with a broken leg hopped into the hall door of a gentleman's house in Brooklyn, and began a piteous mewing. He ordered one of the servants to throw the kitten into the street, when his little daughter, a lovely child of eight years, caught it in her arms and begged to be allowed to keep it and nurse it. The father refused, but the child begged so earnestly that he at last allowed her to keep it.

The child nursed her pet until it got well, and the cat, unlike the majority of its species, returned all the fondness of its gentle nurse.

A few weeks since the little girl took sick and was confined to her bed, and it was almost impossible to keep the cat away from her. As the child grew sicker the cat grew more troublesome, by mewing and constantly jumping upon the bed where she lay. It was impossible to drive her out of the room, until at last, the child being near her end, the cat stretched herself out near the bed and appeared to be dying; it was taken into an adjoining room and put upon a rug. "Take care of my poor kitten," said the little girl, as she saw them take it away.

In a few hours the child died, and when they went into the adjoining room the cat lay dead upon the rug.

We gave last week a column or two to the peculiarities of Mr. Willis as a prose writer: we present the public this week with a full-length portrait of that popular author, together with one of his popular coadjutor, which represents them at their favorite Mirror. We have represented them in this manner, because their names are so identified with the Mirror, that, without it, no likeness of them could be considered perfect. The Brigadier, for a similar reason, is represented in his epaulettes. For the last twenty years he has been known to the New York public, as the Colonel, or the General. At his Benefit, the other night, we observed that he was called in the bills, George P. Morris, Esq. It was the first time that we ever saw those mysterious letters, E.S.Q. attached to his name. We did what we could for his benefit then, and we hope that our endeavors now will be in some manner beneficial to him.

The names of Morris and Willis have been too long associated together to admit of their being parted in an illustration.

## "MI BOY," AND "THE BRIGADIER."

"Hereafter both Editors will devote all their time exclusively to the Mirror."

Prospectus of the New Mirror.

## Original Poetry.

### NOW IS ALWAYS BEST.

Deraser river of the Past,
Flowing into darkness slowly,
Many a blossom I have cast
On thy waters, now made holy
By an idle melancholy;
Give me but a leaflet back,
Though quite wilted, ere thy track
Shall be lost in midnight wholly!
Give me one, I ask no more,
Though it be but from the store
Of some childish, by-gone folly!

Ah me! in a heavy mood,
Such as I to-night am bearing,
Any thing that's past is good;
All the present is but caring,
All the future more despairing,
And the past is sweet alone,
Where, although the sun be gone,
Half the sky is warm with wearing
His last kiss, and in the East
A faint glow, of light the least,
Tells that moon-rise is preparing.

When was ever joy like thine,
Whose memory, even, is juvenescent!
Then my blood was more than wine,
Then I slumbered like a peasant,
Then my hope was like a crescent
That could never come to full,
Then, if ever, life looked dull,
Dulness must for once be pleasant,
Then my heart so lightly beat
That the sunshine seemed more sweet
Even for being evanescent.

Idle fancies! would I change
The hard present, with its swinking,
With its hopes of broader range,
Past and Future strangely linking
By their privilege of thinking,—
Would I change it for their Old,
Which, for all its cups of gold,
Gives us but poor dregs for drinking!
Would I change it for the past?
Make ease first, and labor last?
Out on such unmanly shrinking!

Mine the Present! That is best,
Let what will have gone before it;
Here my heart shall build her nest,
With green leaves to rustle o'er it;
When there's sunshine, she shall store it
As the moss does, 'gainst the hour
When the clouds come into power,
And from her own garners pour it
All around, until the sun
Come again, ere half's outrun,
And with tenfold grace restore it.

After both are over and gone,
What care I for sun or shower?
While there's earth to stand upon,
Spite of both the heart can flower;
In herself is all her power;
Fancy, too, can build a home
Higher than where change can come,
And the soul hath still her dower
Of high faith and purpose vast,
Where, though earth in night be cast,
She waits firm as in a tower.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

### AN EPIGRAM,

*On Certain Conservatives.*

In olden days men's ears were docked
For thinking, and for other crimes;
And now, some worthies overstocked
With these commodities are shocked
At the false mercy of the times,
Which spoils their chance of being shortened
In their own feature most important.

## The Fine Arts.

Horace Kneeland, the sculptor, has in his studio in the Granite Building corner of Chambers street and Broadway, two remarkably fine busts, which for integrity of expression are equal to any that we have seen by Powers. They are of Professor Mapes and Captain Ericeson: the first is in marble. Mr. Kneeland only requires to be more extensively known to be more fully employed. He should go to Rome, for the name of it; for his countrymen cannot bring themselves to believe that an American can attain to anything like respectability in Art without breathing the atmosphere of Italy. Powers owes much of his reputation to the commendation of the Italians. This is hardly a matter of reproach to his countrymen; for we have so few works of Art amongst us, that we are not capable of judging of the relative merit of an artist, when compared with the great masters in Art. It takes a long while for common observers to appreciate any work of Art that is merely natural and simple. If the Theseus or Antinous were set up at the corner of one of our streets, we doubt whether it would attract many admirers.

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The American Art-Union have selected for the subject of their next engraving, a picture by Durand, in the possession of Mr. Paulding, representing the capture of Major Andre.

## The Drama.

A good natured friend, who seems to labor under a very erroneous impression, that we have an idea of setting the North River on fire, has entirely misunderstood the meaning of our initial remarks on the Theatres. We desire first to disabuse his mind in respect to the incendiary motives with which he has charged us, and next, to assure him that we only meant that our remarks on the Theatre should apply to the consideration in which the Theatre has always been held by that portion of the community in England and America, whom the world call religious. The Theatre has long held an anomalous position among Englishmen. There is very little difference between Great Britain and America, in this respect, and our remarks are meant for both countries. The critic of the Mirror, asked the other day, "*Are our Theatres worthy of support?*" But that is not the important question. Why are they not? is the great question. We said that the Theatre had not been a reputable profession since the time of Queen Elizabeth. This our friend disputes. But we cannot fix upon any point when it has been so considered. It was not in Dryden's time; it was not in Addison's; it was not in Garrick's; it was not in Sheridan's. Assuredly, it has not been since. In Garrick's time, the Church of Scotland expelled one of its ministers for writing a tragedy; an earl disowned his daughter for marrying a player, who was in other respects, an estimable man. There is not a clergyman in New York, who would dare to be seen in one of our Theatres, with his family. Yet clergymen go with their families to the Concert-room, and other places of purely idle amusement, without fear of reproach. In France, where the Drama is a national amusement, and the Theatres are partly supported from the public treasury, actors were long denied christian burial, and even Moliere, was refused this sacred rite by a churlish priest. There is a reason for the odium which attaches to the Theatre, and it is worth inquiring into. It is a very easy thing, but not always safe, to charge those with ignorance who happen to differ with you in opinion; or charge one with putting a match to *the North River*, when he only walked down to the shore to bathe his hands. We

thought that our friend's magazine of mischief was stored with harder missiles than these cheap witticisms.

We cut the following seemingly just remarks on the drama from an essay on Landscape Painting in a late English publication.

"It will be acknowledged at once that, of all modes of rendering an imitation of an event, the stage possesses the greatest power. It has the advantage of uniting the concentrated capabilities of painting, poetry, and music. Instead of being limited, like painting, to the representation of one moment of time, and these incidents out of the many which took place only in such moment, the mind is prepared by a continued run of events, for the developement of some grand burst of tragedy—the poetry uttered by the choicest language of passion, the picture formed of living man, under the highest emotion, and relieved upon a back ground of music, rushing in harmonious surges, or gliding through thrilling melodies, from one appropriate and sustaining character of pathos to another, as the subject may demand."

The difficulties of dramatic representation are owing to these very causes which the author considers its advantage. Poetry, music, and painting are entirely distinct arts, and can lend no aid to each other. If Ole Bul had been surrounded by a panorama of Niagara Falls in his late performance, wherein he aimed at conveying by sound, an idea of the cataract, he could never have succeeded in impressing his audience with an idea of the real scene—the eye would have been continually breaking in upon the abstraction of the ear. But the greatest disadvantage in dramatic representation, arises from the necessity of employing real men as actors, while all around them is artificial. The incongruity arising from this necessity will always prevent a perfect illusion, in a dramatic performance. The Greeks, by giving to the persons of their drama, the appearance of artificial men and women by covering their faces with masks, and rejecting all attempts at scenic illusion, produced effects of terror and mirth, which the modern stage, with all its aids, has never been able to accomplish. The Greek women were certainly not more effeminate than the delicate ladies of our own time; yet we hear of no swoonings at our Theatres, such as took place in the time of Æschylus; when, as Miss Barrett says,

"The women swooned to see so awful."

Garrick played Hamlet in a bob-wig and laced coat, and produced an impression which none of his successors have been able to do, with all the aids of black velvet and glass beads. It would really be less offensive to good taste to see Hamlet personated by a player in a coat and pantaloons, than in the dress in which he is now presented. This being a thinking age, and a searching age, two thirds of any audience must feel the absurdity of dressing a Danish prince of the supposed time of Hamlet, in the fancy gear which actors generally wear. We have seen actresses personate Ophelia with tropical flowers in their hair in the mad scene. There is no reason why the stage should not be as perfect in its representations of nature and society as any other department of art. Macready wears a dress in Macbeth which all the wealth of Scotland could not have purchased in the days o the Thane of Cawdor. The barbarisms committed by Macbeth and his wife, are utterly repugnant to the refinement of their apparel. In the banquet scene the tables are generally set out with dishes of pine-apples and oranges; in a climate where carraways and pippins have never been heard of.

## OPERAS AND CONCERTS.

After a short, but highly successful, musical season, we are likely, it seems, to be left entirely to our own resources for our musical entertainments. The English Opera company have left us for the South, after having coined dollars by the thousands; and the Italian company, it is currently reported, is bound under engagement to proceed at once to New Orleans. This last item, however, we look upon as mere hear-say, or probably a lure thrown out by the friends of the artists to accelerate the in-coming of subscriptions for another season. But, whether it be true or not, there cannot be a doubt but that the absence of Pico and Borghese will prove a terrible blow to the amusement of the "Upper Ten Thousand." Into what channel the intensely concentrated enthusiasm of this discriminating class will flow, it is impossible to predict; but we believe that the turning of a hair would transfer this variable stream to the Park theatre, now that the mere bipeds have been driven forth to seek their bread, and are judiciously succeeded by the more sagacious, whose wants are carefully attended to, particularly the food.

We greatly distrust this violent and sudden excitement about the Italian Opera. It is not the expression of a discriminating and healthy public appreciation, but it is rather the fussy clamor of a set or clique, with no further end in view than the passing away of idle hours, combined with affected display of dress and fashion. We are by no means opposed to the establishing of an Italian opera here, but we have little faith in it as a means of aiding the cause of music, or of musical taste. We shall probably discuss this subject more fully in a future number.

Borghese and Pico have had their *benefits* in the fullest sense of the word. On each occasion the house was crowded in every part. Hundreds of dollars were expended upon bushel baskets of flowers, and Borghese circulated among the audience an envious imitation of the Carrier's New Year's address, in which her *patrons* (oh! artistical degradation!) were lauded with the usual amount of flummery. We look upon this as altogether a very notable piece of absurdity, even exceeding the usual limits assigned to a beneficiary.

The success of the English Opera at the Park Theatre has been more to our satisfaction, for the reason that its efforts are more beneficial to the mass. The circle of its influence is more extended, and the solace of its charms falls upon a class which needs most greatly this softening and refining amusement.

Music is a *necessity* to the rich, for custom has made it so, and heavy-footed time has strengthened the custom; but music is a *luxury* to the poor—whose luxuries are few—and that which will tend however remotely to ameliorate the condition, or sweeten the labor of those who struggle with the world, should always demand our earliest attention and warmest advocacy.

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Madame Arnoult's Concert.—This lady made her first appearance before a New York audience on Friday the 17th inst. at the Tabernacle. The weather was very much against her: it stormed all the day, and persisted in wearing an appearance of gloom and discomfort, long after the hour appointed for the commencement of the concert. The audience assembled, in number eight or nine hundred, was possibly the most fashionable ever seen in the Tabernacle. We noticed the heads of most of the sterling families in the city,—proving how warm an interest is taken in the best circles, in the good cause of this worthy lady.

Madame Pico, Signora Borghese, Signori Antognini, Sanquirico, Tomasi, with Messrs. Etienne and J. A. Kyle, assisted on this occasion, and, as the bills state, gave their services to Madame Arnoult.

The fair beneficiary comes before us in a doubtful light—doubtful, we mean, as regards her liability to suffer our criticism. She has hitherto exercised her vocal abilities for the amusement of her friends. She now comes before the public to redeem the fortunes of her husband, but whether or not she has finally adopted music as her profession, we are not informed. We will, however, make a few remarks upon her

capacity, as evidenced upon this occasion. She has a light soprano voice of good compass, but of moderate power. Her intonation is generally good, her execution is very neat and rapid, her voice being very flexible, while her enunciation is distinct. Yet with all these good points, she has much to learn, ere she can become an efficient public performer. There is a want of a decided style, a want of emphasis and energy—in short, a want of those essentials which, though trifling to name, are of the utmost consequence to a public singer. However, with good care and judicious advice, Madame Arnoult will, ere long, have little to fear. May she go on and prosper.

Most of the other artists are too well known to the public to need our comment upon the present occasion. We will however say, that Mr. Kyle's solo on the flute, was played most charmingly,—with taste, brilliancy and expression.

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General Morris's Complimentary Concert.—This generous testimony to Mr. Morris as a man and worthy citizen, fully equalled, in its results, the expectations of the friendly projectors. We are told that he netted some two thousand dollars. He was called out between the parts, and responded to the call in a few words neatly turned;—he would have said more, but his heart rose to his throat, and his honeyed words were distilled into tears, and he retired.

Some of our contemporaries have shown a disposition to question the claims of the General to a Complimentary Benefit. But those who gave their services on the occasion should be allowed to be the best judges. Those who attended the concert certainly got the worth of their money; and let the General's claims have been what they might, he need feel under no obligations to his audience. The silly custom of throwing bouquets at ladies on the stage, should never be practised by an audience pretending to the smallest degree of refinement. If the money which these kind of compliments cost was enclosed to the beneficiary, it would no doubt be infinitely more acceptable than in the shape of faded camelias.

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## PLACES WORTH VISITING.

The sights best worth seeing in New York, may be visited free of cost. This is an important fact, which strangers, in particular, are not aware of, and they waste a good deal of time and money in sight-seeing, with but little pleasure, or profit to themselves, for the lack of a suitable guide to the places really worth visiting.

The upper part of the city, particularly in the avenues west of Broadway, has always something new to attract a stranger, and even a citizen, in the shape of an Italian villa, or a Gothic church. These architectural exhalations are continually rising from the earth i this part of the town, and if they are not always elegant, they are always novel. It is a well known fact in natural history, that where an oak forest is cut down, a pine forest springs up in its place. The soil of Manhattan Island possesses some peculiarity akin to that on which oaken forests grow. Wherever an old Dutch house is pulled down, a Gothic church is almost certain to spring up in its place. It is our intention to give engravings of all these new churches and villas; but our arrangements for that purpose are not yet entirely completed to our satisfaction.

One of the most enchanting places, at this season, is Thorburn's flower depot, in John street; apart from his picture gallery, which alone is worth visiting, his bow-window, formed of the purest plate glass, is the great point of attraction. Here may be seen the latest chrysanthemums, and the earliest hyacinths; a rare cactus of some kind is always in bloom, and the whitest of camelias here open their delicate petals; here, too, of a forenoon, may be seen every day, a collection of bouquets, which will be exhibited in the evening by some young lady, to an exclusive circle only. Mr. Thorburn must be a benevolent hearted man, to make so precious an exhibition for the benefit of the public, without charging them any thing in return. A churl would not do so good natured an act.

The Daguerrian galleries are very attractive places, and we do not know of a more agreeable room to while away an idle hour in, than the Plumbe establishment, on the corner of Barclay street. The rooms are well fitted up, the proprietors gentlemanly and obliging, and their collection of authentic portraits of people whom one would like to know, very extensive. The workmen in this establishment are artists, who will not allow an imperfect likeness to leave their hands.

Mr. Coleman has a fine collection of curious books, which he is always happy to exhibit to the public free of cost. His windows have a crowd about them in all weathers, and we have seen many a pedestrian forget the rain, while looking in at them; but the best things are to be seen inside. In the upper part of his establishment he has fitted up a secluded little nook, away from all noise and dust, which seems always to be filled with sunshine, where a loiterer may spend an entire day for a shilling. Here will be found some very curious pictures, and a few very fine ones; among them are an original by Hans Holbein, a landscape, by Ruysdael, and a dying gladiator, by David. The walls are filled to excess with works worth looking at; and there are but a few not worthy of a place in a permanent gallery of art.

Bartlett & Welford's shop, in the Astor House, is another seductive place for the lover of rarities in the shape of books. Some of the finest illustrated works ever published, may be here inspected free of charge, and purchased at prices greatly below their first cost. These gentlemen are among the few instances of traders in literature, who know something of the articles they deal in. The senior partner is a good scholar, and an accomplished ethnologist. Besides the fine collection of old books to be found here, may be seen all the late French and English publications that have any thing to recommend them in the shape of illustrations.

The rooms of the American Art-Union, is another cheap place of exhibition. Here may be found many works in sculpture and painting, the productions of our young artists who have not yet become sufficiently well-known to attract visitors to their studios; and who avail themselves of the opportunities afforded them by this excellent institution, to make themselves known to the world. Among the works now exhibited there, is an exceedingly fine landscape by Cafferty, a young artist who promises to rise very high in his profession.

We shall resume this subject next week, and point out many other places well worth visiting.

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## ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINES.

Godey's Magazine and Lady's Book, Edited by Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, Morton M'Michael and Louis A. Godey, presents an imposing array of Editors; but when taken in consideration with the list of contributors, they are truly formidable. No less than ten ladies and six gentlemen, besides the editors, have helped to fill the forty-six pages of this magazine. Probably a much greater number of writers than was ever employed on a single number of any of the great Reviews. But the great marvel is that so many writers should have been able to produce so small an amount of readable matter. The only article in the Magazine that will ever be read a second time, except by the writers of them, is the New Arabian Nights' Tale by Mr. Poe. The idea of this tale is a very happy one, and it afforded the author a wide scope for displaying his exact knowledge and lively imagina-

tion; two qualities that we rarely find united in the same person. Scheherazade tells a new story, more wondrous than any that she had related before, a continuation of Sinbad's adventures, wherein are related some of the modern discoveries in science, which startle the king more than any of the doings of the Genii. At last, when the narrator tells of women who wear artificial humps on their backs, he grows impatient, and believing that his Queen is imposing upon his credulity, orders her to be bow-strung. There are four engravings, two in mezzotint, and two in line, one of them an old design of Corbould's from a worn-out plate, and the other a very sweetly tinted picture of a sleeping child.

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Graham's Magazine of Literature and Art, Edited by the proprietor, Geo. R. Graham, has but five ladies and thirteen gentlemen, for contributors to the February number. It has three engravings, in line, and a something which is called a portrait of Edgar A. Poe. It is poor as a work of art, and something much worse as a portrait. It is a gross wrong to Mr. Poe, and a fraud upon the purchasers of the Magazine. It bears no more resemblance to that gentleman than to any other of Mr. Graham's contributors. But if it were much worse that it is, which is hardly conceivable, it would be amply compensated by the fine sketch of Mr. Poe's genius, by Lowell, which accompanies it. The other engravings, excepting two wretched wood cuts, are very commendable specimens of art; that of the Blackfeet Indians, is the best that we have ever seen in this Magazine. There are some remarks on domestic architecture, which, not being attributed to any Contributor, we suppose are from the Editor's pen; we have rarely seen so many mistakes crowded into so small a space. The writer thinks that Gothic Architecture is best adapted to our use, because, "its dim religious light accords best with a christian people." A plenty of light we should think accorded best with christian feelings; and a plenty of windows, and large ones too, is one of the marked characteristics of the so-called Gothic style of Architecture. It was only in Pagan Temples, that a dim religious light was considered necessary.

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The Columbian Lady's and Gentleman's Magazine, Edited by John Inman and Robert A. West, contains four engravings of which we have already given an opinion. The plate of fashions for February presents some very curious figures, particularly the gentleman in a pink cravat, light green coat, dove colored trowsers and yellow kids. A fashion plate, to be of any value, should be as exact as a table of logarithms. By what process Mr. Post gets his fashions for February three months in advance, we do not know, but we think it would be rather unsafe for any of the ladies and gentlemen in the upper circles to have their dresses made in the style of his plate, without further advices from Paris. Trifles light as air, are to the fashionable confirmation strong enough, when coming from Paris; but we have doubts whether the firmans of Mr. Post have much weight in the fashionable world. The contributors to this number, are seven ladies and seven gentlemen. We see many names in both lists of great reputation, but it was our sole design in this notice, to speak of these periodicals, in reference to their decorations, and we are not therefore prepared to pronounce judgment upon the merit of their papers.

These three magazines are so nearly alike, that if the covers were changed, it would not be easy to distinguish one from the other. They all have nearly the same contributors and the same embellishers. There are two of Chapman's designs in the Columbian, and one in Graham; and both have engravings from the same hands. Magazines of this class are peculiar to the United States. Nothing like them can be found in either England or France, saving La Belle Assemblee, which, if published now, must have a very limited circulation. They tell a humiliating story for the public taste, and our attainments in art. Illustrated periodicals in England, France and Germany, are very abundant and very cheap. But it would be difficult to find one in either country so poor in artistic design as either of these magazines. The only method of illustration that has been employed for many a year in Europe, in periodicals, has been by wood cuts. And it is the only style of art that can be fitly employed with letter press. In the infancy of the art, copper plates were employed from necessity; but since the art of wood engraving has reached the perfection which has distinguished it for the last twenty years, it has gradually superseded all other kinds of illustration; and steel engravings in a printed book are beginning to wear as incongruous an appearance as the gilding in old missals.

These three magazines give us twelve plate engravings, without an original thought, or a subject of the least interest, excepting the view of Dr. Rose's Villa, in Graham. They must have cost a good deal of money, and we have no doubt that the half of it expended in the encouragement of wood engraving from original designs, would have procured illustrations which would have given double the satisfaction that these smooth inanities will do. Once let the public get a taste of good wood cuts, and these trifles will soon vanish. We trust that the undertaking of our artists, to get out an illustrated edition of Bryant's Poems, which we gave a hint of in our last number, will give the world an evidence that we can do something worth having in this important department of art.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

The Life and Correspondence of Thomas Arnold, D.D. late Head Master of Rugby School, and Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford. By Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, M. A. *First American from the third London Edition.* D. Appleton & Co. 1845. 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 516.

Dr. Arnold was one of the very few men whose death was felt to be a loss to the world; and the full record of his life contained in this valuable volume, must of course be gratefully received by all who have any knowledge of his writings. The work by which he is best known in this country, is his Introduction to the Study of Modern History. His writings were very numerous, but those most widely known, are the Lectures on Modern History, which are incomplete—and a History of Rome in three volumes, ending at the second Punic War.

The publishers have done the public a service in reprinting this book; and we hope to see the practice followed by other publishers, which they have here introduced, of giving the edition from which the work is republished.

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Oneota, or the Red Race of America—their History, Tradition, Customs, Poetry, Picture-Writing, &c., in Extracts from Notes, Journals, and other unpublished writings, by Henry R. Schoolcraft. Nos. 1 to 4. Burgess, Stringer & Co. Price 25 cents.

The first time that we saw Mr. Schoolcraft personally, was at Michilimackinac, surrounded by a company of noble looking fellows, of the race whose history is so fully elucidated in the work before us. His name is so familiarly connected with Indian tradition and customs, that any work on these subjects, bearing his name, must meet with a favorable reception from his countrymen. Oneota is a work of very miscellaneous character, but all its miscellanies tend to the elucidation of one subject. It is well printed and properly illustrated, not with unmeaning pictures of effeminate looking Indians, in fancy costumes, but with actual transcripts of their picture-writing—which prove one thing very clearly—that Art, in her first rugged attempts at delineating nature, and in her last effeminate endeavor at the same object, stands at about the same distance from the object aimed at. There is abundant reading in these numbers for the mere idler in literature, as well as for the student in Ethnology and Archæology.

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The Southern Quarterly Review. No. XII. Charleston, S. C.

This is a very respectable looking periodical, hardly if at all inferior to the North American, or any of the foreign Quarterlies, in its externals. It must have been very quietly conducted, for we do not remember ever having heard it spoken of, or of seeing it in any of our bookstores or reading rooms. It professes to advocate Southern interests, but it is conducted by a New England man, Mr. Whitaker, the son of a Unitarian clergyman, who preached, once, in New Bedford. Any literary publication that narrows itself down to so small a compass as South Carolina prejudices must, of course, be exceedingly narrow in its moral dimensions. But we do not find anything very exclusive in this number, excepting an article on Annexation—which, being written by a professed admirer of Mr. Calhoun, is, of course, strongly impregnated with the flavor of his prejudices. The longest article in the Review is devoted to the writings of Cornelius Matthews. While the reviewer complains in no moderate terms of the hardships of American authors, arising from lack of sympathy among their own countrymen, he does not, himself, appear to be aware that there are any other American writers beside the subject of his paper and Judge Longstreet. He hints at Halleck and Jack Downing, but makes no mention of any other American author. While talking about home, his eyes are stretched across the water. Probably he does not consider the Northern States as a part of the Union. He denies the quality of humor to any American author, and appears to be profoundly ignorant of the existence of Washington Irving, Hawthorn, Joseph Neal, Paulding, Holmes, Sands, and a score or two more. In speaking of Mr. Matthews' merits, he makes him run the gauntlet through a host of tall men from the time of Homer down to Dickens; as a poet, he

measures him with the Greeks; as a dramatist, with Fletcher, Congreve, and Shakspeare; as a humorist, with Hogarth; as a novelist, with Fielding, Smollet, Scott, and Dickens. This is a rather severe trial, but the reviewer entertains a high opinion of the genius of Mr. Matthews, notwithstanding the cruel test that he tries him by. The article is written in a very grave and solemn tone, but it contains two witticisms, though they are of a rather ponderous character: he calls the English John Ox, and the Irish Sans Potato. Without quarrelling with him for emasculating the national emblem of the English, we must object to the new name for the Irish—it should be Sans-everything-but-Potato, if *sans* anything.

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The Waif—A Collection of Poems.
Poems by James R. Lowell.
Voices of the Night, by Longfellow. Cambridge: Published by James Owen. 1845.

To catch the eye is as desirable and almost as indispensable in bookselling as in other branches of trade. Nor do we object to successful experiment of the kind where the fair promise thus volunteered is kept "to the hope." Such is the case with the three volumes mentioned above. The are bound in illuminated paper covers, and have altogether more tempting exteriors than any specimens of American book-making we have seen. Something at once cheeerful and mysterious, radiates from the bright arabesque designs that glow like the missals of old. A more dainty and appropriate style for works of elegant literature can scarcely be imagined, and we hope Mr. Owen will persevere in fatuishing readers of taste with volumes equally delightful. One advantage of this kind of binding is, that it is easily replaced by more substantial when defaced; an especial convenience to those who adopt uniform covers in arranging their libraries. As regards the contents of the volumes, it is almost superfluous to speak. "The Waif" is a collection of fugitive pieces, most of which are familiar to the lovers of poetry—such as the "Lament of the Irish Emigrant," Horace Smith's "Ode to the Flowers," and other gems by Shelley, Hood, and so-me of the old poets. Longfellow, the compiler, has annexed a beautiful poem of his own. This author's "Voices of the Night" will be very acceptable to his admirers in its new and elegant dress, and Mr. Lowell's volume not less so to those who sympathize with his muse.

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Dunigan's Illustrated Edition of the Bible, according to the Douay and Rheimish Versions—Nos. 15 and 16.

The illustration given with these two numbers, is an exceedingly neat border, with a Vignette to a Parent's Register. The illustrations of the past numbers have all been from celebrated pictures. If the remainder should contain as many illustrations from good pictures, the work would be worth having for the illustrations alone.

## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Silas Jones, Esq., the author of an Introduction to the Study of Legal Science, has a new work on Conveyancing, nearly ready for the press.

We are informed that Mr. Griswold will read the introduction to his new work on the Prose Writers of America, before the New York Historical Society, next month.

Alexander W. Bradford, the author of American Antiquities, has a work nearly ready for publication, on the Manners and Customs of the Ancient Mexicans.

Park Benjamin and Henry C. Watson, have issued proposals for publishing a new weekly paper, to be called "The Musical Gazette and Register of the Fine Arts."

Lea & Blanchard, we are informed, are going to issue illustrated editions of Bryant's, Longfellow's, Halleck's and Dana's Poems.

## VARIETIES.

### THE MEANNESSES OF ENGLISH LIFE.

English travellers choose to express a good deal of horror for our crying sins, for which, perhaps, we have no right to complain. Our stabbing of members of State Legislatures, repudiating millions of debts, keeping three millions of fellow beings in bondage, and other offences of like magnitude, have all something grandiose and immense about them, which must give our enemies a magnificent idea of the national character. Great crimes are never perpetrated by paltry characters. Among all the affairs laid to our door by our British friends, meanness has never been enumerated. But if we are to believe one half of what the English tell of themselves, they are the meanest people in the world in their social relations. A year or two ago the Literary Gazette contained a series of papers under the head of "London one Lie," in which the paltry practices of the Cockneys were set forth, representing a littleness of character which could not be paralleled in any part of our Union.

The practices of respectable tradesmen and royal servants, as exposed in the following dialogue, would make our smallest shopkeepers and lowest menials blush if charged with. Yet they are freely acknowledged by London tradesmen of high respectability, without causing any great astonishment.

Bless me, here is another illustration of my exposures! *Candles*; and brought *very properly* to trial before that worthy and sagacious police magistrate, Mr. Hard-Wick. I have thought of candles; but this information before him beats even my information on the frauds.

*Pri. and Phi.* What is it? what is it?

*Aunt M.* A gentleman's under butler has been taken before his worship, having been detected in selling boxes of candles, whole and half-burnt, to a chandler in St. Martin's Lane. Their first price was 2s. 2d. or 2s. 4d.; and the butler re-sold them at 9d. or 10d. per lb.

*Phi.* Yes, yes, but they had been half-burnt?

*Aunt M.* Many no doubt had been lighted, which is in itself a common deception, as you may notice in hundreds of London shop-windows; but they are lighted by the shop-keepers themselves.

*Pri.* Surely they would lose by that!

*Aunt M.* Not a farthing in 20 lbs. The wick is merely blackened and the other end is pared off into the melting-pots, and they are exhibited as best wax candles from the royal palaces or some other almost royal residence.

*Phi.* I have seen the royal candle-ends with my own eyes delivered at the shop doors, from boxes with royal arms.

*Aunt M.* And so have I; but that is all to aid imposition. The candles so vamped are of inferior materials; the inner part being one of several mixtures, which I shall hereafter explain to you, and only the outer casing of wax. I have found them so little combined, that I could push the interior small compound, 1-4 of an inch in diameter, out of its real wax wrapper, and make the latter like the tube of a —

*Phi.* Pea-shooter.

*Aunt M.* Exactly! And then the parings! Do you know there are but three houses in the wax trade who supply royalty; and in these economic days, they receive back the mass of the fragments (not the far gone bits), and pay half price for it to re-melt; and as for scraping the ends to fit them for chandeliers and candlesticks, the lord steward would speedily dismiss the officer or menial who dared to venture on such a perquisite. Whenever you see such, be aware they are unacquainted with a palace.

*Pri.* Did Mr. Hard-Wick find this out?

*Aunt M.* No, my dear; but when the master chandler came before him respecting the charge against his servant for purchasing the butler's wax, he frankly told the magistrate about some of the practices of the trade, which he at last deemed worthy of public exposure. He said he was sorry to say that many persons who called themselves respectable oilmen and wax-chandlers encouraged servants to rob their masters, and mentioned the names of several *highly respectable tradesmen* who did so. As they, however, did, he was obliged to do the same, and had been in the habit of doing so ever since he was an apprentice. He could assure gentlemen that if they would take these affairs into their own hands, they would save from 50 to 75 per cent in oil and candles alone. He was now prepared to state a case in which a butler had robbed his master to the amount of 75 per cent upon the article of sperm oil alone. After some farther agreeable chat, he repeated that if he did not buy from servants, like the rest, he might shut up shop directly, as he should be ruined were he not to comply with the custom of the trade.

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### LETTER FROM AN ANXIOUS FATHER.

To the Editor of the Broadway Journal.

Sir,—I am the father of two young men, still in their minority, whom I have educated for the profession of a Merchant. They have always paid implicit attention to my requests, and it has ever been one of the chief sources of my happiness to look forward to the time when they should be safely established in the business for which I have trained them. But latterly their conduct has given me many anxious moments. Instead of spending their evenings at home in improving conversation or study, as I would have them do; they rarely remain an hour in the house after dark. Their time is wholly employed in waiting upon young ladies of their acquaintance to balls, parties, and concerts. It is a source of pride to me, I must confess, to know that they are sought after, and that the education which I have given them, makes their company desirable, but I fear that their minds will be too much engrossed with frivolous matters, and that all my hopes of their respectability hereafter, will be disappointed. What makes the case worse, is the fact that my wife and sisters secretly encourage them in setting my authority at defiance, by telling them that I was, at their age, one of the wildest young men about town, and a very great

hand with the ladies. This is excessively mortifying to me, because I cannot deny it, for the date of my marriage, at a very early age, is put upon the family record. But it appears to me that times have changed, and that young men are not so prudent as they were before I was married. I have written this note to you, hoping that you will suggest some plan for inducing young gentlemen to remain contentedly at home with their own family. I tell my sons that I would ask for no greater happiness than to change places with them, and be allowed the privilege of spending a quiet evening with my parents, who have long been, as I trust, in Heaven. The only reply they make is, that they have no doubt of having the same feelings when they reach my age. But I do doubt it, for it is very evident that the young men of the present day cannot compare with the youths of the last century.

Your obedient servant.

GEORGE S. PRUDENCE.

P. S. You will confer a favor on all parents, by showing up the evil influences of the whole brood of writers of the Charles O'Malley school, who, I fear, together with a very Harry Lorrequer-ish young gentleman, from Dublin, with whom my boys have formed an intimacy, are doing much to give them an appetite for frolicking and high life.

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To the Editor of the Broadway Journal:

*Dear Sir,*

Generally speaking, "advice gratis" is anything but acceptable, but the example of Buonaparte in this respect is not unworthy of imitation. You will recollect he ascertained the opinions of his friends, and then followed his own inclination. As Sir Giles Overreach says, "Learn any thing from any creature—e'en from the devil himself—that can make thee great." But I am forgetting the object of this letter—touching the "Broadway Journal." As one of a considerable circle of social friends, I am requested to express their admiration and approval of your hebdomadal—of the high and manly tone of your articles—of your enlarged and liberal views on various subjects—the candor and elaborateness of your reviews, and in fact the general style and character of the work. Now there is one feature of the publication which they condemn, and that is the *wood cuts*. True, you have had but one, and a very beautiful specimen of the art it was, but you promise more. They say that they disfigure the work, and are unworthy of the "Broadway Journal"—that the space they will occupy might be more profitably filled with reading matter, and the expense more wisely applied to something of more real value.

I am further directed to say, that this advice is perfectly gratuitous, and it is hoped you will receive it in that spirit, with which it is proffered. Trusting it may not prove intrusive, I am, in their behalf and my own,

ONE OF A NUMBER OF SUBSCRIBERS.

We are infinitely obliged by the kind advice contained in the above. We determined to give wood engravings in our paper with the sole view of giving encouragement to this art among us; but we necessarily incur a considerable expense in doing so, and it would better suit our interests to abandon the design. But we think it the only legitimate method of illustrating printed matter. It partakes of the quality of typography, and creates no incongruous feelings as the smoothness and delicacy of steel and lithographic engravings must do. Besides, it admits of a breadth and boldness of expression which can be given by no other method of pictorial illustration. Generally, we think that pictures should be kept apart from printed matter. They interfere with each other, and instead of helping to illustrate an idea, their mixed methods of conveying a thought tend to obscure it. In portraits, however, and architectural descriptions, drawings are necessary to convey correct ideas. In works of the imagination pictures always destroy the idea which the poet creates. Whoever has looked through a Byron Gallery, a Waverley Gallery, or a Shakspeare Gallery, must have felt this. It would be just as rational to give a pictorial illustration of Haydn's Surprise, as of the Midsummer Night's Dream.

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NOTICE TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—*Many thanks to our Hartford Correspondent for his valuable suggestions.*

*The communication of "E. G. S." will appear in our next number.*

*"G. H." will find a communication at our publishing office.*

*The Tale by "F. S." is declined.*

*"Matthew Truman" shall have a hearing next week.*

*We shall give another wood-cut illustration in our next number, of a very peculiar character—representing a "Suspended Bishop."*

## Prospectus of the Broadway Journal.

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