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

LOCKE.

REVIEWS.

WOMAN IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

THIS is the title of a book now in press in this city, which will be likely to excite a good deal of remark, for and against. It is from the pen of Margaret Fuller, a woman of more powerful intellect, comprehensive thought, and thorough education, than any other American authoress, with whose productions I am acquainted. Her style is vigorous and significant, abounding with eloquent passages, and affluent in illustration; but it is sometimes rough in construction, and its meaning is not always sufficiently clear. This does not arise from affectation, or pedantic elaboration; it is the defect of a mind that has too many thoughts for its words; an excess by no means common, either in men or women. She is a contralto voice in literature: deep, rich, and strong, rather than mellifluous and clear.

The book in question is written in a free energetic spirit. It contains a few passages that will offend the fastidiousness of some readers; for they allude to subjects which men do not wish to have discussed, and which women dare not approach. But the clean-minded will not sneer; for they will see that the motive is pure, and the object is to ennoble human nature.

There is a great deal of unuttered thought and suppressed feeling, concerning the terrible discords of society, as it now exists. The passion of love, divorced from the pure and elevating sentiment, is felt to be unsatisfactory, as well as degrading. More and more earnestly rise the questions, "Is love a mockery, and marriage a sham? What is woman's true mission? What is the harmonious relation of the sexes?"

This extending murmur of the human heart, this increasing conviction that woman should be the friend, the companion, the real partner of man in all his pursuits, rather than the mere ornament of his parlor, or the servant of his senses, cannot be silenced.

The author of "Woman in the Nineteenth Century," has uttered noble aspirations on this subject, rather than definite theories. She is wise enough to see, that to purify the atmosphere will gradually affect all forms of life.

I quote a few passages at random, to give some idea of the import and tendencies of the book.

"A better comment could not be made on what is required to perfect man, and place him in that superior position for which he was designed, than by the interpretation of Bacon upon the legends of the Syren coast. When the wise Ulysses passed, says he, he caused his mariners to stop their ears with wax, knowing there was no power to resist the lure of that voluptuous song. But he, the much experienced man, who wished to be experienced in all, and use all to the service of wisdom, desired to hear the song that he might understand its meaning. Yet, distracting his own power to be firm in his better purpose, he caused himself to be bound in the mast, that he might be kept secure against his own weakness. But Orpheus passed uninterfered, so absorbed in singing hymns to the gods, that he could not even hear those sounds of degrading enchantment.

"Meanwhile not a few believe, and men themselves have expressed the opinion, that the time is come when Eurydice is to call for an Orpheus, rather than Orpheus for Eurydice: that the idea of Man,

however imperfectly brought out, has been far more so than that of Woman; that she, the other half of the same thought, the other chamber of the heart of life, needs now to take her turn in the full pulsation, and that improvement in the daughters will best aid in the reformation of the sons of this age.

"It should be remarked that, as the principle of liberty is better understood, and more nobly interpreted a broader protest is made in behalf of Woman. As men become aware that few men have had a fair chance, they are inclined to say that as women have had a fair chance.

"Without attaching importance, in themselves, to the changes demanded by the champions of woman, we hail them as signs of the times. We would have every arbitrary barrier thrown down. We would have every path laid open to woman as freely as to man. Were this done and a slight temporary fermentation allowed to subside, we should see crystallizations more pure and of more various beauty. We believe the divine energy would pervade nature to a degree unknown in the history of former ages, and that no discordant collision, but a ravishing harmony of the spheres would ensue.

"Yet, then and only then, will mankind be ripe for this, when inward and outward freedom for woman as much as for man shall be acknowledged as a right, not yielded as a concession. As the friend of the negro assumes that that one man cannot by right, hold another in bondage, so should the friend of woman assume that man cannot, by right, lay even well-meant restrictions on woman. If the negro be a soul, if the woman be a soul, apparelled in flesh, to one Master only are they accountable. There is but one law for souls, and if there is to be an interpreter of it, he must come not as man, or son of man, but as son of God.

"Were thought and feeling once so far elevated, that man should esteem himself the brother and friend, but not the lord and tutor of woman, were he really bound with her in equal worship, arrangements as to function and employment would be of no consequence. What woman needs is not as a woman to act or rule, but as a nature to grow, as an intellect to discern, as a soul to live freely and unimpeded, to unfold such powers as were given her when we left our common home. If fewer talents are given her, yet if allowed the free and full employment of these, so that she may render back to the giver his own with usury, she will not complain; nay, I dare to say she will bless and rejoice in her earthly birth-place, her earthly lot.

"Man, in the order of time, was developed first; as energy comes before harmony; power before beauty.

"Woman was therefore under his care as an elder. He might have been her guardian and teacher.

"But as human nature goes not straight forward, but by excessive action and then reaction in an undulated course, he misunderstood and abused his advantages, and became her temporal master instead of her spiritual sire.

"On himself came the punishment. He educated woman more as a servant than a daughter, and found himself a king without a queen.

"The children of this unequal union showed unequal natures, and, more and more, men seemed sons of the hand-maid, rather than princes.

"The civilized world is still in a transition state about marriage; not only in practice, but in thought. It is idle to speak with contempt of the nations where polygamy is an institution, or seraglio a custom, when practices far more debasing haunt, well nigh fill, every city and every town. And so far as union of one with one is believed to be the only pure form of marriage, a great majority of societies and individuals are still doubtful whether the earthly bond must be a meeting of souls, or only supposes a contract of convenience and utility. Were woman established in the rights of an immortal being, this could not be. She would not, in some countries, be given away by her father, with scarcely more respect than is shown by the Indian chief, who sells his daughter for a horse, and beats her if she runs away from her new home. Nor in societies where her choice is left free, would she be perverted, by the current of opinion that seizes her, into the belief that she must marry, if it be only to find a protector, and a home of her own.

"Neither would man, if he thought the connection of permanent importance, form it so lightly. He would not deem it a trifle, that he was to enter into the closest relations with another soul, which, if not eternal in themselves, must eternally affect his growth.

"Neither, did he believe woman capable of friendship, would he, by rash haste, lose the chance of finding a friend in the person who might, probably, live half a century by his side. Did love, in his mind, stretch forth into infinity, he would not miss in his chance of its revelations, that he might, the sooner, rest from his weariness by a bright fireside, and secure a sweet and graceful attendant "devoted to him alone." Were he a step higher, he would not carelessly enter into a relation where he might not be able to do the duty of a friend, as well as protector from external ill, to the other party, and have a being in his power pining for sympathy, intelligence and aid, that he could not give."

L. M. C.

ROME; as Seen by a New Yorker in 1843-4. New York and London. Wiley & Putnam, 1845. 12mo. pp. 216.

THE author of this book is WILLIAM M. GILLESPIE, whose initials were familiar to readers a year or two ago, appended to a series of traveller's letters from Europe in the Tribune. Italy attracted most of the writer's attention. There were several descriptive sketches of Venice and Florence; while Rome, in consideration of the extent and unity of the subject, was reserved for the present volume. It is an excellent book of a traveller's first visit to the imperial city; describing such objects and scenes as all have to see, methodising a great deal of miscellaneous knowledge in small compass, and valuable alike to the people who journey and those who read at home. If one wants to be in the position with respect to information and the reception of future ideas he would be in after a diligent six weeks at Rome, let him read this book. It clears away all the matter-of-fact duty of sight seeing, in a pleasant way, and prepares the way for new thought or observation. It is not the book of a classical antiquarian, or a book of personal adventure; but it tells us what a well-informed man sees about him, on first going to Rome. The philosophy of the people, and new moral and social speculations, come afterwards.

General good sense, a pains-taking eye and a careful style, are the characteristics of the volume. The subjects are conveniently arranged in groups, beginning with St. Peter's, and ending with a valuable classification of the various sights in a chapter entitled "How to see Rome." The time, it should be remarked, to which our traveller's visit was limited, is mid winter, which introduces the ceremonies of Christmas, and excludes those of Easter and the Holy Week.

Our writer sometimes carries the remark to do in Rome as the Romans do, rather too far. Thus in the chapter on Reliques, after an enumeration of various pitiable delusions, when we expect the atmosphere to be purged by a good hearty laugh from the author, he tells us that though "Democritus would laugh at all these things, and Heraclitus would weep, we travel to very little purpose if we do not learn charity to every sincere belief, however it may seem to us; remembering that our own may seem equally so to a more enlightened order of beings." This is neither sense nor benevolence. For that is no charity at all, when a man has to sink his understanding to practice the virtue. If man becomes wiser when he is an angel, so much the better. But is that any reason why he should throw away any little wisdom he has got on the earth? Let us hold on to what we have, and call ignorance ignorance and delusion delusion. In patronizing folly after our author's fashion, we are encouraging the accompanying knavery.

It is a hit in much better style at the implicit Romish idolatry, when Mr. Gillespie tells us a story of one of the attendants at the Vatican, who, learning that he was an American, showed him some idols from the Western Hemisphere, and wondered he did not fall down and worship them!

In similar unconsciousness of his good American understanding, in that affair of the apology for the reliques, is the somewhat astonishing sentence after an account of the Inquisition, which it seems (page 199) is still alive at Rome:—"After all, this is not much worse than our own Inquisition of Public Opinion." There has been too much nonsense uttered on this last subject. There is no country in the world, we believe, where there is less of this tyranny of public opinion than in the United States.

The description of the Duomo of Milan will convey a very fair impression of our writer's style in description.

THE DUOMO OF MILAN.

"The only RIVAL of ST. PETER'S is the DUOMO OF MILAN; and wonderful as is the former, I am so heretical as to find the latter far more beautiful and impressive. Imagine a white marble pyramid, miraculously sprouting, and shooting up from every part of its surface, spires, pinnacles and statues, and you will have a better idea of this most glorious Duomo, than by comparing it with any other Church. "None but itself can be its parallel." "Facile Princeps." The Cathedral of Cologne is indeed inspired by the same feeling, and is akin in some of its details, but it is only the bare single rose, while here in the more luxuriant soil and more balmy sky of Italy, the flower puts forth so many new leaves, and so doubles and re-duplicates its petals, that the luxuriant double rose of Milan can scarcely recognize its prototype in the single wild flower of Cologne.

"This mountain of marble sends out on each side clustered buttresses connected with the main structure by flying arches, which spring through mid air, and form noble bridges, which are half invisible from below, and on which angels might not disdain to tread. From the front also, six buttresses project and rise above the sloping summit of the body of the Church. All these are filled with statues, each in a niche of its own, and from each buttress rise pinnacles on pinnacles, and spire branching from spire, each crowned with statues, so that the whole church is covered with a marble population of Saints and Angels. The whole front is also embossed with sculptures in high relief, wherever the statues have left room; and these pictures carved in stone record the various scenes and events of sacred history with more distinctness and expression than could any words. Between them are fantastic faces, smiling and frowning on you like mischievous sprites; and among other whims of the sculptor is a female head, covered with a marble veil, through which you seem to see features, which in reality have never been chiselled out, but only artfully suggested to the fancy. Days might be given to the study of all these devices, and at every visit much would be found both new and beautiful. The whole building is indeed a poem written in stone.

But great as is your admiration while you are below, you find when you mount to the roof, that you had not yet seen the title of its splendour. A winding staircase conducts you up, and you see that the same lavish and tasteful labor is given to the most secluded and seldom seen portions, as to the most conspicuous. The artists seem to have been deeply impressed with the feeling that nothing was too good for the service of the Divinity, to whom their labors were consecrated. The slabs which cover the roof, and on which you walk, are of fine marble. The backs of the statues, which can be seen only with particular pains, are found to be as highly finished as the fronts. The rich ornaments are in the most out-of-the-way corners, and everything shows that the workmen felt themselves engaged in a true labor of love. Every part of the roof seems perfectly alive with statues. Each of the spires and pinnacles, and each of their branches, bears a colossal statue. Among the rest is placed one by Canova, and the fact that it passes unnoticed among the rest, is a sufficient proof of the great merit of all. The inhabitants of this city of marble Saints are now nearly seven thousand in number, and when the designs are fully carried out, ten thousand marble statues, each different, and each of itself a model, will people this noblest of Cathedrals. The readers of Wordsworth will remember his fine allusion, in his poem on "The Eclipse of the Sun on Lake Lugano," to the darkness shading, as with sorrow, the faces of these Saints and Cherubs."

The chapter entitled a Roman Dining House and Cafe, is one of the most interesting in the volume, both because it contains details which are new, having been plucked from the writer's experience, and because, as he himself remarks, though every man may not be an Antiquarian, a Poet, or an Historian, yet we all agree in our reverence for a good dinner.

The Fountains of Rome will attract the New-York reader's attention.

"Every square in Rome—every public edifice—almost every private garden—is made cheerful and picturesque by the gush of water from Fountains decorated with sculpture and statuary. None are more graceful than the two in front of St. Peter's (in which the jet falls into the vase, from the sides of which it streams in a circular sheet into a second vase, and from it again into a marble basin), but the others are so ingeniously varied in form and ornaments, that no two are alike, although I find forty-four engraved in "a selection of the principal fountains of the renowned city of Rome," published there in 1775. In one, a broad sheet of water pours down from a high aperture; in another the nymph empties the stream from her pitcher; in a third, dolphins pour it from their mouths; and in one of those which are always running from the walls for common use (the "free hydrants" of Rome), the water flows from the boughs of a marble oak which a marble porter is holding in his arms. In one Piazza the fountain is shaped like a boat, of which the main jet represents the mast; in another, four graceful youths support the basin on their heads; and in a third, a Triton sits on a shell supported by four dolphins, and holds over his head a conch, from which spouts up the water. The Piazza Navona contains three fountains, and in the principal one an Egyptian obelisk stands on a mass of rock, pierced with caverns on every side, and having chained it to four river gods, representing the Danube, the Ganges, the Nile, and the Rio de la Plata; so that the four quarters of the globe are thus made tributary to the imperial city. The Fontana Pacchiana rises like the front of a church on the Janiculum hill, overlooking all Rome, and three torrents rush

through its central arches, and fall into a large basin, from which they roll down the hill, turning mills and supplying reservoirs. Over the *Fountain dell'acqua Felice* rises an Ionic arcade, in the central niche of which stands Moses striking the rock at his feet, from which the water gushes out, and Aaron and Gideon figure in the *baso-reliefs* on the other side. At the *Quattro Fontane* (known to our countrymen in Rome as the location of the American Consulate), two broad streets cross each other at right angles, and when you stand at their intersection your view is terminated in three directions by Egyptian obelisks, one on *Monte Citorio*, a second at the *Trinita de' Monti*, and a third before *Santa Maria Maggiore*. At each of the four corners of the streets the angles of the houses were cut away, and fountains are there constructed, with figures recumbent under sculptured trees, and other emblematic decorations.

"But the *Fountain of Trevi* is the finest in all Rome, and therefore in all the world. In front of a palace adorned with Corinthian columns and pilasters, huge masses of rocks are piled up, so natural in shape and arrangement, that they seem to have been broken by an earthquake, and then worn by the rush of water into their present form. From every niche and crevice, to the right and to the left, upward and downward, gush out torrents of water, in the most copious variety, and finally fall into a capacious white marble basin. In the midst of the rocks, and under a niche in the palace, a colossal statue of Neptune stands on a car, to which are harnessed two sea-horses, held by Tritons. The god of the Ocean majestically extends his right arm, as if about to rebuke the boiling waves with his famous "Quæ ego—" On each side of the niche which he occupies are statues of *Salubrity* and *Abundance*, with appropriate *baso-reliefs*. All the necessities thus combine to heighten the admiration of the visitor to the fountain of *Trevi*.

"But should we be satisfied to admire, when we can emulate? The rear of our New York City Hall offers an excellent site for a similar work. It is now an eyesore; but we may make it an ornament to the city by arranging artistically before it, rough masses of rock (pleasant reminders, in the crowded city, of rural scenes), and pouring over them our Croton river, which should gush naturally from irregular openings as if it were just bursting up from its source. We may then employ our American sculptors to decorate the building in a style worthy of our future destinies, and in a grand central niche erect a statue, not of the false god, Neptune, but of the true man, Washington; and thus make this one of his long-desired Monuments."

The rear of the City Hall is, indeed, an eye-sore, but we can suggest a better remedy for it than the construction of a fountain. The fountain needs a white back-ground for relief, to harmonize with the water—so the brown stone of the rear, economically contrived like the lining of a sailor's vest, would be only rendered more fatally conspicuous by the fountain. Let the City Hall be completed by the extension of wings and a new rear on Chambers street, preserving a court or quadrangle in the centre. The depth is now out of proportion with the width of the front. The order of architecture, too, requires extent of surface to set it forth—a long succession of windows, arches, and colonnades. The City Hall, with this addition, would offer something to feed the eye along the line of Broadway. The only view, the front one, is now exclusively enjoyed by the cab-men, an attorney hastily crossing the walk to be in time for a motion, and the stationary fat cattle who are occasionally exhibited at the steps.

The typographical execution of the work, we should add, is distinguished for its beauty and accuracy—rare merits in these days of anti-copyright slovenliness.

LETTERS FROM A LANDSCAPE PAINTER.—By the author of *Essays for Summer Hours*. Boston, James Munroe, & Co., 1845.

There are many commendable things in this little volume, and many that are very far from being either commendable or excusable. The author has done himself an injury by substituting his profession in the place of his proper name. The letters of a Landscape Painter must provoke a critical examination of their merits as the production of an artist; and we have a right to expect in them fine descriptions of landscapes, and fine criticisms on art. But on these points Mr. Lanman, the author of the "Letters," is least capable. His remarks on painters are generally very inaccurate, or wholly unmeaning, and his descriptions of scenery are cold and colorless—they have neither outlines nor fillings up. He indulges continually in that style called by an English critic, the *treble X*. Every picture that he sees is the very best that he has ever seen, and moreover the best, as he verily be-

lieves, that anybody has ever seen. This is not the way in which men who have seen much usually express themselves; neither is it the manner of a cautious deliberate observer, who knows how ridiculously a critic appears who commits himself by giving a decided opinion upon a subject of which he is not himself a master. For instance: after quoting some very common blank verses by Lewis L. Noble, Mr. Lanman asks, "Can anything be more completely exquisite than the few lines that I have marked? Is there anything in Dana, Bryant, or Longfellow, that can eclipse them? or in the very best of England's modern poets? There may be, but I have never been able to discern them, although I almost know by heart the poetry of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Wilson, Cowper, Goldsmith, Beattie, Shelly, Scott, Rogers, Campbell, and Mrs. Hemans." In speaking of Huntington, the painter, he says "the shepherd boy of the Campagna, which we think is equal to Murillo's beggar boy, was painted in the incredible short period of four hours. If this fact and this picture do not prove Huntington to be a wonderful genius, we do not know what could do so."

Neither do we. But still we do not think that the "shepherd boy" proves Mr. Huntington a genius. It bears no more resemblance to Murillo's beggar boy than it does to the *Logos* of Leonardo da Vinci; and, we do not see what right Mr. Lanman has to institute a comparison between these pictures, for we believe he has seen but one of them; and being a painter himself he must know that any picture painted in four hours must be a daub, as the "shepherd boy" is; and a very disagreeable one too. It is, probably, all that the painter meant to make it, a sketch, which he would hardly care to see exhibited as a test of his wonderful genius. In a laudation of Durand he describes one of his large landscapes, and says "the great triumph of this picture is in the water." Nearly all who have seen the painting referred to, feel that its great defect is the water, which has a hard basaltic appearance, and is, in fact, inferior in this respect to all of his landscapes. The remarks on Page and Inman are the purest rigmorole; although Mr. Lanman is hardly chargeable with their folly, since he does but echo the words of other writers more pretending than himself. Inferior artists find themselves unequal to coping with nature, they leave out of their representations, therefore, the parts which they cannot imitate, and call their daubs an elevation of nature,—the grand style: they paint the most exaggerated and meaningless faces, and call them an intellectualisation: they give a caricature of humanity, and it is a representation of the soul. The errors afloat on this subject, which we have imbibed from the English, have spoilt many a good artist, and kept him in rags and poverty, when he might have earned reputation and wealth by following his instincts. Every man has a character of his own; his spiritual being impresses itself upon his carcass, as it does in a great measure upon his clothes. We can distinguish any of our intimate friends by their gait, when walking, without seeing their faces; our very intimate friends we recognize by the manner of wearing their hats, or swinging their arms; or the tread of their feet. If, then, a man's mind impresses itself upon his merely accidental habiliments, how much more does it give its own character to his face, which is always the companion of his soul, and whose flexibility is such that the slightest emotion of his spirit is moulded upon it. The only thing to be aimed at in giving a copy of a man's face is truth; any departure from the exact lineaments of a man's countenance must cause a false impression of his character; to paint his forehead too high is as great a wrong to him as to paint it too low. Some artists give all their women red cheeks and scarlet lips,

and yet there is not one in a thousand that has either, the consequence is that women so misrepresented look as though they were rouged. A New York artist, now in Europe, once painted the portrait of a young lady for her lover, who said when he saw it that it gave him a disagreeable feeling, he could not tell why, but it reminded him of a courtesan. Somebody remarked to him that it was probably the color in the cheeks, and he exclaimed "that's it!" But this is what they call idealizing. Some painters give their portraits a smirking expression, which every body feels at the first glance is a lie, because no one could sit with a smiling face for a picture; and a smile is no more the natural look of any person than a frown. Inman's portrait of Nicholas Biddle has this fault, and a very great one it is in such a man's face. The only true expression of any one's countenance is in perfect repose. People lately deceased always look more familiar than when alive, excepting after a wasting disease, because the features then settle into the habitual, not the accidental mould, which they have received from the mind. It is this state of perfect repose which gives the appearance of historical dignity to Vandyke's portraits, and it is the want of it that gives to the portraits of Sir Thomas Lawrence, and the English school of portraiture, the character of affectation, which makes his lords and ladies look more like green-room heroes and heroines than real nobilities.

Mr. Lanman has carried his theory of ideal perfection to a very absurd excess in his present volume, as we will convince him: we are not much acquainted with his works on canvass, but we have no doubt that he practices the same principles with his brush as with his pen. Perhaps a word of timely advice may open his eyes to his false theory, and lead him to do better hereafter. One of his letters is called a week in a fishing smack, and it professes to give six days' experience in a vessel of that description. Part of the time was spent in Nantucket, an out-of-the-way place, sufficiently quaint, and not requiring the smallest degree of idealizing to make any account of it tolerably interesting to a stranger.

Mr. Lanman goes "strolling about the town," as he says, "studying the great and solemn drama of life while playfully acting a subordinate part myself." What Mr. Lanman saw in the town he does not tell us, nor how the great and solemn drama of life was performed in that remote part of the world. Perhaps the inhabitants were not aware who it was that was playfully acting a subordinate part among them. *Playfully*, if you please, Messieurs, only *playfully*, not really acting a subordinate part. Oh, no!

"This morning, as it happened," continues Mr. Lanman, "I went into the public grave yard, (there are half a dozen public grave-yards in Nantucket,) and spent an hour in conning over the rude inscriptions to the memory of the departed, (to whose memory should they have been made, but to the departed?) In that city of the dead, I saw a number of the living walking to and fro, but there was one who attracted my particular attention. He was a seaman of noble presence, seated upon an unmarked mound, with his feet resting upon a smaller one beside it, his head reclined upon one hand, while the other was occasionally passed across his face, as if wiping away a tear. I hailed him with a few kind questions, (rather, obtrusive, we think,) and my answer was the following brief tale. 'Yes, sir, four years ago I shipped aboard that whaler yonder, (all the grave-yards in Nantucket are so situated that no whaler can be seen from either of them,) leaving behind me in a sweet little cottage of my own, a dear, first-rate mother, a good wife, and an only boy. They were all in the enjoyment of good health, and happy; and when we were under sail, and I saw from the mast head,

how kindly they waved their handkerchiefs beside my door, (there is not a house on the island so situated that such a performance could be witnessed from the mast-head of a ship under a sail,) I too was happy, even in my hour of grief. Since that time, I have circumnavigated the globe, and every rare curiosity I could obtain, was intended for my darling ones at home. Last Saturday our ship returned. And while yet a league from port, I was again at the mast-head, looking with an anxious heart towards my nest on the shore. (Two leagues from port there happens to be a sand-bar, which prevents a ship from approaching nearer until her cargo is discharged into lighters, which generally occupies eight or ten days; and the only "nests" upon the shore are those that the gulls build in the cliff.) I saw that the blinds were closed, and that all around was very still; but they were only gone a visiting, thought I, and rejoiced at heart. (He had no need to think about the matter at all, for the pilot must have been on board some hours, and he had only to inquire after his wife and family, to hear all the particulars.) I landed, flew to my dwelling, and found it locked. (The first man he met would have told him that his house was shut up, and recommended him to go to one of his uncles or cousins, and saved him from flying to his cottage.) The flagging in my yard attracted my notice, and I thought it strange that the rank grass had been suffered to grow over it so thickly. The old minister passed by my gate, and running to him with extended hand, I inquired for my family. 'Oh, Mr. B.,' said he, 'you must bless the Lord, he gave them to you, and he hath taken them away.' And as the thought stole into my brain, my suffering, sir, was intense, and I longed to die. And there they are, my wife and darling child, and a step or two beyond, my dear old mother. Peace to their memories. As for me, I am a victim to blight and desolation, and that sacred song, which my mother used to be so fond of singing on Sabbath evenings long ago; that song I can understand now:

'I would not live slow; I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
The few hard mornings that dawn on us here,
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.'

(This Song was written by Bishop Onderdonk of Pennsylvania, and we are inclined to think that the seaman with a noble presence who was a victim to blight and desolation, was mistaken in thinking that he had heard his "first-rate mother" sing it long ago. It was probably some other song, or some other person. So, too, we think there must be some mistake about the old minister, as all the ministers in Nantucket for the last ten years have been quite young men.) In a few days I mean to deliver up my property to the seaman's Friend Society, and then launching upon the deep once more, become, and forever, a wanderer from my native land. Such is the simple story I heard in the Nantucket grave-yard, and I have pondered much upon the world of woe which must be hidden in the breast of that old mariner. May the tale not have been recorded in vain!"

We join in this last aspiration very heartily. May it not. Of course no such tale was ever told to Mr. Lanman, and of course he never "pondered much" about it, or he would not have written it. It is not only physically, but morally impossible. But it is exactly in accordance with Mr. Lanman's principles in art, and precisely the kind of writing which we should expect from a man who could pen such dreadful nonsense as this: "Painting as he does, with great rapidity, we find that his (Inman's) drawing is seldom as correct as it should be. He manifests a refined and exalted taste in the arrangement of his portraits, and generally in his miscellaneous designs. But, after all, he has painted some poor pictures,

and this is an evidence of the fact, that he is a man of uncommon genius, and not talent. There is a wonderful spirit in his heads, and, unlike his rival, Page, he portrays the mind, which, after all, is a greater triumph of art, and far more important in a portrait, than the mere shell of humanity as delineated by Page."

The first letter in the collection is the best, it has the most unequivocal marks of being honestly written, and introduces us to a scene which needed none of the embellishments of fancy. Peter Hummel, the vagabond bark-gatherer, is very happily sketched, and evidently from nature; the draughts of fishes appear almost miraculous, but we do not pretend to question their truth. The letter from Burlington is also in good taste, inasmuch as it treats of facts, and gives us scraps of information which we do not find floating in the current of daily news. There is almost too great a disposition to glorify the gentlemen whose names are mentioned, but as nothing but good, and what is true is said of them, of course nobody will take offence. Mr. Peck may not be ambitious of distinction, as a "giver of glorious dinners," and probably he will be as much surprised as any of his friends to see himself compared to Roscoe, whom Mr. Lanman evidently knows nothing about, except what he gathered from the Sketch-Book, or he would not call him a merchant of the first-rank. If any gentleman in Burlington can be compared with Roscoe, it is Mr. Marsh, who does, in fact, occupy a position very similar to that which Roscoe filled in Liverpool, being a lawyer, a legislator, a lecturer, an author, an amateur in art, and the possessor of the best collection of books in the place.

One of the unpleasant things about Mr. Lanman's book is its didacticism; he seems to labor under an impression that he is especially called upon to extract a solemn reflection out of every incident, and to find a sermon in every stone that he stumbles upon. But serious and solemn reflections are just the things that the world can best afford to do without at the present day. It is preeminently an enquiring age; nothing is so much needed as facts; mankind are beginning to perceive that nothing finds its way to the heart so readily as a truth, and if those who have an opportunity to go about, and a desire to make a book, would honestly set down a plain account of what they see, rather than what they think, the fruit of their labors would be much better received by the world.

We would recommend Mr. Bryant's letters from the South as a model for all young travellers who have a design of publishing a book, or else the Irish Sketch-Book of Mr. Michael Angelo Titmarsh; but the first will be found a safer model, for the style of Mr. Titmarsh is altogether inimitable, and his humor not a thing to be thought of by any one besides himself.

The most commendable thing in the Letters of a Landscape Painter, is the excellence of their aim. The author models himself after the best masters to be found, and his presumptions are evidence that he feels himself capable of doing something. He goes a-trouting, like Izaak Walton, and makes nothing of sleeping in the open air, with a vagabond hunter for his companion; he foots it across mountains with a rifle on his back with the spirit of Kit North; he goes out in a fishing smack to Nantucket, as Walter Scott went to the Hebrides, and wherever he stops, he contrives to fall into good rather than flashy company. All these signs are favorable for a young amateur, and did we not dislike affectation of all kinds, and affectations of piety the most of all, we would not give it as our opinion that he says his prayers too often; or rather that he says he says them. There are some

things which a man might as well keep to himself, and the frequency with which he says his prayers is the chief of them. It is an act so purely personal, that we see no necessity for trumpeting it, and the command of our Savior is so explicit in respect of that act which no christian is supposed to neglect, that we do not see why it should be so often disregarded.

We understand that Mr. Lanman is quite a young man, and that he has abandoned both painting and writing for trade; of course he knows best himself, whether he acts wisely in so doing. He will probably not make a worse merchant for having painted pictures and published books. Men of his age have done much worse things than either, and succeeded well in business after all. It is not likely that this will be the last time that we shall hear from him, but when he comes out again it will be in a better shape than he appears in now. Young authors, like other young men, have their wild oats to sow, and the sooner they get rid of them the better, and the ranker the crop the greater the hope of improvement.

PLACES WORTH VISITING.

MONSIEUR EDOUARD'S SILHOUETTE ROOMS.

BY MRS. L. M. CHILD.

Among the places worth visiting, you might have enumerated the room of Monsieur Edouard, No. 285 Broadway. At the first glance, his gallery has a singular effect on the eye. It reminded me of the democratic procession, by torchlight, where horses, men, and temples of liberty, in the intense brilliancy of Drummond lights, went stalking by as black shadows on the opposite walls.

Of these silhouette likenesses, he has some fifty thousand Americans, and three times that number of Europeans. On examination, one is struck with the wonderful expression imparted to these cuttings; the life-like delineation of the various passions. The first feeling is that of regret, that such an eye for form, such a decided love of art, should not have been employed on the more beautiful and enduring material of marble. It would have been so, had not the artist's father made the common mistake, of insisting that his son should not walk in the path for which nature had designed him. Belonging to the genteel classes, he naturally considered military distinction more honorable than artistic fame. So modelling and drawing were forbidden, and all his seven sons became officers in Bonaparte's army. One only survived his numerous campaigns; and he escaped through more perils than a truly brave man ever likes to boast of to the public.

Like most Frenchmen, M. Edouard is an enthusiastic admirer of Napoleon. He shakes his head mournfully, whenever he alludes to his downfall. On such occasions, I never intrude my peace principles upon him; not considering the soil very favorable to such a growth. Nor do I jar upon his proud recollections of military success and national renown, by telling him with what peculiar satisfaction I always listen to the words in the Lament for Bonaparte, "He has fought his last battle. No sound shall awake him to glory again." The remains of his armies belong to the moral sentiment of a warlike past. I trust they were the final efflorescence of the "might gives right" principle.

But from the turbulent scenes of war, M. Edouard has brought some pleasant and refreshing recollections. While one of the commissioners of the army, he was distinguished for his moderation and forbearance toward those from whom he was ordered to raise forced supplies of provisions for the

army. Unlike most others in the same office, he never abused his power to fill his own purse. He took only such articles as were absolutely necessary, and for these he was careful to give receipts, the value of which were allowed by the government to the people, when the expenses of the war were paid by general taxation. The honesty and kindness thus manifested, were so highly appreciated by the emperor Francis II., that he presented M. Edouart with a magnificent gold box, with a hundred diamonds round the edge of the cover, four large and brilliant diamonds in the corners, and the letter F closely set in diamonds in the centre.

The cutting of silhouette likenesses was at first merely taken up for amusement, to relieve the loneliness caused by the death of his wife, to whom he was strongly attached. His early love of Art returned upon him, till this employment became an absorbing passion. The common prejudice against profile-cutting, as a merely mechanical process, annoyed him considerably. But people soon became aware that there was a life and expression about his cuttings, which raised them altogether above mere mechanical accuracy, and rendered them worthy to be dignified with the name of Art. In the gallery, at his room, the two men playing at chess, the husband and wife quarrelling, and John's funny story to the cook, are remarkable instances of an almost speaking expression conveyed in mere outline.

M. Edouart obtained great popularity in England and Scotland, and has a very curious profile collection of the distinguished men and women, whose likenesses he took there. There is Sir Walter Scott, in his room at Abbotsford; and Hannah More in her study at Barley Wood, with a likeness of her table, and the favorite silver inkstand, from which she wrote all her works. He speaks with much pleasure of his visit to the good old lady, who was then eighty-four years old. She gave him a small cake that had been sent her, saying that she never ate anything with shortening in it, and never drank anything but water. A field of grain was waving before the open window; pointing to it with a smile, she said, in tones of youthful enthusiasm, "Look, Monsieur Edouart, look on that golden sea."

Charles X. and his court were at Edinburgh, while he was there. He took all their likenesses, and the exiled monarch was so much pleased with them, that he presented him with a valuable diamond ring. The likeness of the king was cut on paper folded in two, and one of the duplicates was afterwards carefully corrected. By some accident, this fell upon the floor, and M. Edouart, seeing it, exclaimed, "*Ah, viola un roi tombe; et encore celui qui este corrigé.*" (Ah, see a king has fallen; and one that was corrected too.) The dethroned monarch, with a sad smile, replied emphatically, "*Un roi tombe, et corrige en verite.*" (A king fallen, and corrected indeed). The artist, of course, felt somewhat embarrassed at having made a thoughtless exclamation, which brought up such unpleasant reminiscences; particularly as he himself was well known to have been one of Bonaparte's officers. But the unfortunate royal family were all polite enough to take it very good naturedly.

While in Edinburgh, the attention of George Combe, the celebrated phrenologist and physiologist, was attracted by M. Edouart's head, which bears a very striking resemblance to the busts of Socrates. He was very desirous to have a cast of it taken in plaster; but this request was refused, from a fear that the wet lime might possibly do some injury to his eyes. To evade Mr. Combe's opportunities, he often playfully replied, "Wait till I am dead—wait till I am dead; and then I promise you that you shall have my skull."

This led to a funny adventure. Not long after, M. Edouart was taken ill at Glasgow, and it was supposed that he would

die of an internal tumor. Being a foreigner, his friends thought it necessary to inquire whether he had any particular directions to give concerning his burial. "Yes," said he, "I wish you to have a strong box made, pack me in it, and write on the outside, 'To the University of Edinburgh, with Monsieur Edouart's compliments.'" The physician remonstrated in vain. His friends gathered round his bedside, and earnestly represented how very unpleasant it would be to his sons, should they at any future time visit the University, and have their father's bones pointed out to them. Still he persisted that his body should be sent to Edinburgh, with Monsieur Edouart's compliments. But notwithstanding this philosophic coolness, the continued expostulations, acting on nerves weakened by illness, did make an unpleasant impression. The doctor proposed to apply some leeches, one day; but previous to this operation, the patient had taken opium freely, to allay violent internal pain. The mental hallucination produced thereby, took its coloring partly from recent conversations. There was ever in his brain a whirling vision of dissecting knives, skulls and skeletons. In the midst of this fantasy, he fell asleep. When he awoke, the room was very light, and full of people. Two or three doctors stood near him, and kneeling across his body was a man with his shirt sleeves rolled up, and his hands covered with blood. With a loud shriek, and eyes almost starting from their sockets, the dying man sprung up, plunged forward with desperate strength, and yelling, "I'm not dead yet!" he pitched the man over the foot of the bed, and sent him with his bowl of blood and leeches, rolling over the floor. This violent exertion, which he could have made only under the stimulus of intense terror, saved his life. The inward tumor broke, and he once more breathed freely. It is a favorite story of his; and he usually begins with the question, "Did I ever tell you how I saved my life by giving my body for dissection?" But to enjoy it fully, one should hear him tell it in his own animated and dramatic style, with his lively French gestures. He has been in all parts of the world, and seen all sorts of people, and it is as good as a well acted comedy, to hear him tell his adventures.

The introduction of daguerreotype injures his business as it does miniatures and pencilled likenesses. But a Frenchman is like a cat, who always falls on her feet, throw her as you will. Instead of grumbling about modern inventions, he very philosophically began to take daguerreotypes himself; and whatever he undertakes, he never rests till he does it in the most perfect manner. At his room people can have their choice between daguerreotypes and silhouettes. Among the variety of curious workmanship there, are several animals covered with their own hair, which are remarkably full of life and expression. Altogether, it is a very agreeable place to look into.

L. N. C.

THE NEW YORK GALLERY OF THE FINE ARTS

This is not a free exhibition, as it should be to render much service to the community; but it is next door to one. The price of life membership is but one dollar, which will entitle the subscriber to a free admission forever. Single admissions are twenty-five cents, which is too high in proportion. We have not the least doubt that if the price of admission were reduced to sixpence, the number of visitors would be increased more than four fold. The object in establishing a Gallery of Art being the good of the people, every inducement that can possibly be held out to them to make it a place of resort, should be adopted. The rich and well educated stand in little need of any such aids to refinement, but to the poor and ignorant, a public gallery of pictures is a real blessing, and it is for their aid that such places are, or should be es-

established. A picture need not be didactic like the picture-stories of Hogarth, to do good. Nature affixes no morals to any of her productions, yet her perfections and beauty impress the heart more sensibly than the wisdom of Solomon. Go to the ant, thou sluggard, and behold the lilies of the valley, are important directions which the artist should ever bear in mind, and aim in his works to imitate nature in representing a perfect and beautiful object without giving himself any trouble about the point or moral of it. If every field flower had its medicinal qualities inscribed upon its petals, we should take as little pleasure in wandering through the fields as in going into an apothecary's shop. Whatever is beautiful speaks audibly enough to the heart and the understanding; all that we want is somebody to make us feel its beauty; the moral of it will come out of itself. Perhaps these remarks will prepare the way for us to say, that we dislike exceedingly Cole's allegorical landscapes in the New York Gallery. The pictures in themselves are truly beautiful, but the plan of them is against nature. Their beauty is marred by being seen together. We perceive directly that we are imposed upon. Instead of looking upon beautiful landscapes, we discern that they are sermons in green paint; essays in gilt frames. The charm of nature is destroyed, the moment that the discovery is made; and we turn from them in disgust, without knowing the cause of it.

But this is not the only defect of these pictures; they are landscapes, and nothing else, while they affect a moral character which landscapes can never have. The men in them are not seen at all when they are viewed at a proper distance, and if seen they are subordinates, not principals, as they should be, in a performance which professes to point a moral. The first of the series represents a wild scene of green trees and so forth; meant to typify the beginning of empire; the sun is just rising from the sea, which symbolises the mind rising from the darkness of ignorance; a mass of heavy paint which obscures a good part of the canvass represents the mists of error fleeing before the rising sun of intelligence. This first picture has the least artistic merit of the series, and at once lets us into the secret of the allegory, and destroys all the pleasure that the others would give if looked upon as mere pictures. There can be nothing better than nature. Man cannot be wiser than God. It is idle, then, to think of improving on his manner of teaching. No landscape can ever teach a profitable lesson, when nature is caricatured or exaggerated. Her simplicity is the divinest wisdom. Let any one test the truth of our principle by looking at this "savage state" painting, and then turning to the little piece by the same artist at the opposite end of the gallery, numbered 65, and interpreting honestly the effect which each has upon his feelings. This last picture is one of Mr. Cole's earlier works, painted when he seemed to love nature more than newspaper applause, or bank notes; it has more real merit than all of his allegorical pictures together; the pure morning sky, the still lake, the cool shadows of the dark woods, the feeling of nature over all, are unsurpassed by any landscape that has been painted in this country. A sensation of country air lingers in our memory for a whole day after seeing it; and we cannot but think that many of the subjects in Mr. Willis' Japonica-don, would be tempted into habits of early rising by seeing in this little picture how lovely the morning sky looks a half hour before sunrise.

The last picture of the five, by Mr. Cole, representing the Course of Empire, is worth all the others of the series. It should, indeed, be exhibited by itself, without any hint being given of its allegorical character, that it might be enjoyed without any uncomfortable feeling of its didacticism.

There is another bit of Nature in the gallery, of a character entirely different from the Nature which Mr. Cole loves to depict; the "Truant Gamblers," by Mount. It is one of his best pictures; probably the very best. The color is better than in many of his paintings, but the expression is unapproachable. The surly farmer with the switch in his hand, and a world of ill-nature, which mankind have agreed to dignify with the name of prudent industry, concentrated in his features, will bear a comparison with the finest things in Hogarth. The contrast between the happy abandonment of the boys, whose whole souls are given up to their game, and the small ferocity of the farmer, who will have nobody at play, because he is at work, is a happy stroke of genius. If the gallery contained no other picture than this, it would still be one of the places best worth visiting in New York.

SOME SECRETS OF THE MAGAZINE PRISON-HOUSE.

The want of an International Copy-Right Law, by rendering it nearly impossible to obtain anything from the booksellers in the way of remuneration for literary labor, has had the effect of forcing many of our very best writers into the service of the Magazines and Reviews, which with a pertinacity that does them credit, keep up in a certain or uncertain degree the good old saying, that even in the thankless field of Letters the laborer is worthy of his hire. How—by dint of what dogged instinct of the honest and proper, these journals have contrived to persist in their paying practices, in the very teeth of the opposition got up by the Fosters and Leonard Scotts, who furnish for eight dollars any four of the British periodicals for a year, is a point we have had much difficulty in settling to our satisfaction, and we have been forced to settle it, at last, upon no more reasonable ground than that of a still lingering *esprit de patrie*. That Magazines can live, and not only live but thrive, and not only thrive but afford to disburse money for original contributions, are facts which can only be solved, under the circumstances, by the really fanciful but still agreeable supposition, that there is somewhere still existing an ember not altogether quenched among the fires of good feeling for letters and literary men, that once animated the American bosom.

It would not do (perhaps this is the idea) to let our poor devil authors absolutely starve, while we grow fat, in a literary sense, on the good things of which we unblushingly pick the pocket of all Europe: it would not be exactly the thing *comme il faut*, to permit a positive atrocity of this kind: and hence we have Magazines, and hence we have a portion of the public who subscribe to these Magazines (through sheer pity), and hence we have Magazine publishers (who sometimes take upon themselves the duplicate title of "editor and proprietor,")—publishers, we say, who, under certain conditions of good conduct, occasional puffs, and decent subserviency at all times, make it a point of conscience to encourage the poor devil author with a dollar or two, more or less as he behaves himself properly and abstains from the indecent habit of turning up his nose.

We hope, however, that we are not so prejudiced or so vindictive as to insinuate that what certainly does look like illiberality on the part of them (the Magazine publishers) is really an illiberality chargeable to *them*. In fact, it will be seen at once, that what we have said has a tendency directly the reverse of any such accusation. These publishers pay *something*—other publishers nothing at all. Here certainly is a difference—although a mathematician might contend that the difference might be infinitesimally small. Still, these Magazine editors and proprietors pay (that is the word), and

with your true poor-devil author the smallest favors are sure to be thankfully received. No: the illiberality lies at the door of the demagogue-ridden public, who suffer their anointed delegates (or perhaps anointed—which is it?) to insult the common sense of them (the public) by making orations in our national halls on the beauty and convenience of robbing the Literary Europe on the highway, and on the gross absurdity in especial of admitting so unprincipled a principle, that a man has any right and title either to his own brains or the flimsy material that he chooses to spin out of them, like a confounded caterpillar as he is. If anything of this gossamer character stands in need of protection, why we have our hands full at once with the silk-worms and the *morus multicaulis*.

But if we cannot, under the circumstances, complain of the absolute illiberality of the Magazine publishers (since pay they do), there is at least one particular in which we have against them good grounds of accusation. Why (since pay they must) do they not pay with a good grace, and promptly.

Were we in an ill humor at this moment, we could a tale unfold which would erect the hair on the head of Shylock. A young author, struggling with Despair itself in the shape of a ghastly poverty, which has no alleviation—no sympathy from an every-day world, that cannot understand his necessities, and that would pretend not to understand them if it comprehended them ever so well—this young author is politely requested to compose an article, for which he will "be handsomely paid." Ecstasied, he neglects perhaps for a month the sole employment which affords him the chance of a livelihood, and having starved through the month (he and his family) completes at length the month of starvation and the article, and despatches the latter (with a broad hint about the former) to the pursy "editor" and bottle-nosed "proprietor" who has condescended to honor him (the poor devil) with his patronage. A month (starving still), and no reply. Another month—still none. Two months more—still none. A second letter, modestly hinting that the article may not have reached its destination—still no reply. At the expiration of six additional months, personal application is made at the "editor and proprietor's" office. Call again. The poor devil goes out, and does not fail to call again. Still call again;—and call again is the word for three or four months more. His patience exhausted, the article is demanded. No—he can't have it—(the truth is, it was too good to be given up so easily)—"it is in print," and "contributions of this character are never paid for (it is a *rule* we have) under six months after publication. Call in six months after the issue of your affair, and your money is ready for you—for we are business men, ourselves—prompt." With this the poor devil is satisfied, and makes up his mind that the "editor and proprietor" is a gentleman, and that of course he (the poor devil) will wait as requested. And it is supposable that he would have waited if he could—but Death in the meantime would not. He dies, and by the good luck of his decease (which came by starvation) the fat "editor and proprietor" is fatter henceforward and for ever to the amount of five and twenty dollars, very cleverly saved, to be spent generously in canvas-backs and champagne.

There are two things which we hope the reader will not do, as he runs over this article: first, we hope that he will not believe that we write from any personal experience of our own, for we have only the reports of actual sufferers to depend upon, and second, that he will not make any personal application of our remarks to any Magazine publisher now living, it being well known that they are all as remarkable for their generosity and urbanity, as for their intelligence, and appreciation of Genius.

Original Poetry.

REMEMBERED MUSIC.

A FRAGMENT.

Thick rushing, like an ocean vast
Of blooms the fair psalms shaking,
The notes crowd heavily and fast
As surfs, one plunging while the last
Draws seaward from its foamy breaking.

Or in low murmurs they began,
Rising and rising momentarily,
As, o'er a harp Eolian
A stifled breeze, until they ran
Up to a sudden ecstasy.

And then, like minute-drops of rain
Ringing in water silverly,
They lingering dropt and dropt again,
Till it was almost like a pain
To listen when the next would be.

JAMES R. LOWELL.

THE REVELATION.

BY E. H.

Twilight over earth was stealing,
And my spirit's wing was furled,
Musing on a dim revealing,
Of a purer, brighter world.

The old book I had been reading,
Brimfull was of holy thought,
Far away through darkness leading,
With a mystic meaning fraught.

Truth it seemed yet changing ever,
Seeking what that truth might be;
Long I strove with vain endeavor,
To unveil its mystery.

Sitting by the open casement,
With the old book in my hand,
Outward looking—with amazement,
There I saw a figure stand.

Shadowy it was and glimmered,
Like a billow's snowy crest,
And the moonlight through it shimmered,
With a beautiful unrest.

Like a shining one descending,
Struggling in the wind's embrace,
Seemed she now—now dimly blending
With the shadows in their race.

Bending with a waving motion,
She upon the yellow sand
Drew a rainbow based on ocean;
Ocean without sea or land.

But the sand I saw not—only,
On the sand the bended bow,
And within it—dim and lonely,
Swung a meteor—to and fro.

Swinging—swinging—like a plummet,
"Till the maiden rose and saith,
"Lo!" and on the glowing summit,
Wrote in golden letters FAITH.

Then the meteor ceased its motion,
Upward rose with deathless ray,
And the rainbow and the ocean,
Faded from my sight away.

Then the silver maiden speaketh,
But with voice so soft and low,
That no word the silence breaketh,
Though their import well I know.

Thus the darkness shall be shivered—
And the crooked be made straight,
And thy soul shall be delivered
If thou faithful watch and wait.

HORACE GREELEY.

We have been importuned to follow up our portraits of "Mi Boy" and the "Brigadier," with the portraits of the other prominent editors of the New York press; and we shall endeavor to do so lest we be accused of partiality towards our friends of the Mirror. We present our readers this week with a full length portrait of the Editor of the Tribune, which will be recognized directly by all who know him.

Horace Greeley is so widely known by his Tribune, that we could hardly hope to add anything to the knowledge of the people by giving either an analysis of his genius or a history of his life. It is well known that a few years since he was a journeyman printer in New York, and that he is now the editor and proprietor of a leading daily paper. He first made himself known as the editor of the New Yorker, a very respectable semi-literary weekly newspaper, but he has become famous as the editor of the Tribune. Perhaps no paper in the country has exercised a more extended or a healthier influence upon the public morals. No ordinary man could by the mere force of industry and integrity gain the position of a leading editor, in a political party, at a time like the present, when intelligence is so universally diffused, and men are so exacting of those who labor for them. We may, therefore, safely designate Mr. Greeley as a remarkable man; if not a genius. The gravest charges that have ever been made against him are, that he eats bran bread and is in favor of Fourierism. The Fourierism we believe he has never denied, but the bran bread is a more questionable matter. We can testify to his eating boiled chicken not long since, and he has confessed that he was partial to good things provided they were not too good. It is a singular fact that the world will forgive anything in a man sooner than self-denial, and we have no doubt that the suspicion of eating bran-bread has gained Mr. Greeley more enemies than his eating up the substance of a dozen widows and orphans in luxurious dinners, could have done.



Mr. Greeley owes his eminence mainly to his pen; people listen to his speeches because they have read his writings. His style is admirably adapted for his uses, but would hardly wear well in a book. He is a disciple of Cobbett, and of course prides himself on grammatical correctness; but he is an admirer of Macaulay, and is of course given to flashiness of expression. His coloring is so hot, that his style can never be elevated, because he starts from the top of a subject at the outset. He has yet to learn the advantage of a low tone in his composition. We have rarely seen a piece of writing from his pen which did not contain the adjectives thrilling, burning or splendid; sometimes these are varied by the use of glorious or brilliant. We take up this morning's paper, and the first sentence which our eye rests upon is the following paragraph: "The address of Cassius M. Clay to the People of Kentucky, which was given in our last, must electrify every generous and manly heart. In compactness and force of argument, in fertility and copiousness of illustration, in the burning eloquence of Truth and Conviction, this Address has rarely if ever been exceeded."

We have been very careful not to caricature Mr. Greeley in our drawing, but it was quite impossible to give the elevated expression of his countenance in this style of engraving.

THE GREAT TOWER OF TARUDANT.

BY ROBERT OLIVER.

Two meanings have our lightest fantasies—
One of the flesh, and 't' the spirit one.—Lowell.

There was sorrow and lamentation in the city of Tarudant. Wailing voices in her pleasant palaces, and gloomy faces in her crowded streets. The king of Tarudant was dead. The good old king who had reigned so long, that greybearded men remembered not his accession: the good old king who had reigned so well, that no heart in his dominions felt lighter for his death. Seventy days they mourned him, seventy days and nights, in the city and throughout the kingdom. Very sincere was their mourning, but it could not last forever. Even the best-beloved monarch can be forgotten when the hand of another opens to grasp the descending sceptre. So, on the seventy-first day, grief gave place to joy, tears to smiles, and groans of woe to shouts of gladness and congratulation.

The son of the king, his youngest and only remaining son, had ascended the vacant throne, and thereupon was the sorrow of the people turned to merriment. And well might they rejoice! For ages the kingdom had not been blessed with a more promising sovereign. While yet his father lived, Prince Abdallah had won all hearts by his kindness, his generosity, the grace and beauty of his person, and the valor he displayed in repelling the inroads of the neighboring infidel tribes—of the Berbers from the mountains and the Tauricks from the desert. Nor was he lacking in graver merits. The age and infirmities of the late king had during the last years of his reign thrown much of the burden of government upon the shoulders of his son, and wisely and strongly was that burden borne. Right well therefore might the people rejoice!

His sanguine hopes were for a time fulfilled. Under the wise and benignant rules of the young king, Tarudant eminently prospered, notwithstanding its limited extent and the comparative barrenness of the regions adjoining the great Sahara. Commerce and population flowed in upon the capital, while peace and plenty spread their blessings over the provinces. The rich without fear enjoyed their wealth, the poor labored without oppression. Virtue was rewarded and encouraged, crime punished and repressed. Learning and the arts were cultivated and their professors liberally patronized. The wild infidel tribes were scourged back to their remotest haunts, and the bounds of the kingdom enlarged on all sides. Secure and flourishing at home and honored abroad, the subjects of Abdallah were enthusiastic in his praise, and with one voice declared that as vicious monarchs were known to transmit their evil propensities to their children who succeeded them, so had the late good king yielded his virtues, tenfold augmented, to his son and successor.

Unfortunately, this happiness was not of long duration. Among the multitude of poets and artists, of astrologers, magicians and other sages who thronged the splendid court of Tarudant, there was an Egyptian of whom no one knew more, than that in the second year of the king's reign he had entered the city from the west, riding on a miserable camel, unattended even by a boy, and had taken up his residence in one of the vast colleges which the magnificent Abdallah had erected for the entertainment of men of learning. He gave out that he was a magician of great skill and power, and every morning repaired to the royal palace, where until high noon he might be seen squatted at the base of a pillar, with numerous small parchment rolls lying about him, and in his hand a staff formed of three brazen serpents wreathed together. He spoke to no one, but he looked in the face of each passer by, with an expression that besought employment, as plainly as words themselves could have done. In the afternoon he walked about the city, silent as ever, but wistfully glancing at each door and window as if momentarily expecting a call for his magical services.

Still, for a long time he found nothing to do. And in truth he was not a very prepossessing magician. In person he was short, even to dwarfishness, with a hump, though not a large one, on his back; his features were coarse and ill-arranged, and there was something repulsive, almost disgusting, in his manners and whole appearance. Neither were these bodily defects concealed or softened by ingenious or splendid habiliments. He wore only a single green garment, tattered and dirty, which reached from his head to his heels, and was bound about his waist by a rope of camel's hair.

Who, therefore, could believe that a man so wretchedly formed, so shabbily attired, was in possession of supernatural knowledge and power? That he could unveil the future and control the world of spirits? Why, if he could perceive the destined course of events, point out hidden treasures, or subject the genius to his will, surely he might clothe himself in fine raiment, and surround himself with all earthly enjoyments. Yet he was evidently poor, depending for his very bread on the bounty of the king, and seemed depressed in spirit almost to unhappiness. No, no, he was certainly no magician. Besides he was too young to know much, not having a grey hair in his beard. Thus reasoned the people of Tarudant with an ebullition of common sense, such as they seldom displayed when magic or magicians were concerned.

Altogether there was little prospect that Arphaxad, for by this Chaldean name was the Egyptian known, would ever become distinguished or popular. But with all his defects he was at least gifted with two virtues, patience and perseverance. He persisted in his morning attendance at the palace and his afternoon perambulations of the streets, regardless alike of the silent sneers of the courtiers or the audible scoffs of the populace. A year passed on, and then another. In the third year a change occurred in his condition and appearance. He found employment, at first among the lowest of the people and in the most unimportant branches of his art. He did what was required of him with skill and success. He was again employed, again and again. His reputation spread, and at length began to rise. From casting nativities for tailors' children and pointing out hidden springs for well-diggers, he was called to read the stars for emirs and make love-potions for prince's daughters. His fame finally reached the royal ears, and he was summoned to the presence of the king.

He obeyed the summons with the confidence that ever attends the prosperous and popular. He was no longer the desponding and shabby looking personage of a year ago. He had changed with his fortunes. His vestment, though still green in color, was of fine texture and fashionable make; his demeanor was haughty, and wonderful to tell! his stature was enlarged and his countenance endued with a striking, though somewhat disdainful beauty. Attended by pages and running footmen facefully clad, he rode to the palace gates on a large he-ass of the famous Damascus breed, black as night, except where here and there a white spot, shaped like a star, broke the dusk of its velvet hide.

The glittering courtiers stared with amazement as Arphaxad strode through the great hall of the palace, preceded by an emir of rank who was marshalling him to the royal presence. They could recognize the former object of their scorn only by the staff of twisted serpents which he yet retained, and which had been so well polished that it looked like solid gold.

"Can this be the hump-backed Egyptian that used to sit at the base of yonder pillar?" eagerly enquired one, with his eyes and mouth opened to their fullest extent.

"So it seems," replied another, more philosophical, or less inquisitive, who carelessly glanced, with a yawn, at the passing magician, and then resumed the contemplation of his own pearl-embroidered slippers.

"By the beard of the prophet!" exclaimed a third, whose elaborate apparel but indifferently concealed his ungainly proportions, and insignificant stature, "the dog is a true magician after all! See, he has got rid of his hump, and if my eyes be not enchanted, he is half a cubit taller than he was a year ago. I must make his acquaintance."

"His acquaintance would profit thee but little, Cidi Hamet," said a gigantic officer of the royal guard, looking down with good humored contempt upon the last speaker, "thou art entirely beneath the reach of magic. Solomon himself, could not straighten thy limbs, or stretch thy body to the proper height of men."

Cidi Hamet winced at the rude sarcasm of the soldier, but ventured no other reply, than a forced laugh of indifference.

"I do not see what the king can want of this shallow Egyptian, when so many better men are waiting his commands," muttered an astrologer from Fez, who had been idly kicking his heels in the royal ante-chambers, every day, for the last seven years.

"His tree of life is blossoming like the rose bushes of Hadramut—his fortune is rising like a young palm-tree, we had better make haste and sit in its shade," chanted a poet from Granada, whose intolerable couplets were held in such general dread, that even in the great hall of the palace, he could always be sure of an undisturbed solitude, so dear to

the pensive poetic soul, and who, in the absence of other listeners, inflicted his verses upon himself with a persevering endurance that would have done honor to an Indian fakir.

"Allah il Allah! Fate transcends the finite, and destiny pervades with comprehensive perception the unessential ether, but the inextinguishable flame that heretofore envelops the substantial, cannot be quenched by the volition of that which is palpable," solemnly enunciated a philosopher from Samarcand, who for six months past had daily entertained the people of Tarudant, with discourses of such profundity, that no one had yet been able to understand a syllable of them, and who consequently, was held in high esteem, and surrounded by a very numerous school of disciples.

"God is great! There is no god but God!" shouted a derise from Persia, whose flaming beard and wise looking face always commanded respect, but who had never been known to utter any thing more oracular than the above indisputable truth—perhaps from a deep consciousness of the vanity of all earthly wisdom.

While these and similar remarks circulated through the ante-chamber, the Egyptian magician entered the royal presence and was soon engaged in close conference with the king—a conference that continued till night, and through the night, and far into the succeeding day. It was at length finished and Arphaxad departed, bearing with him a rich robe of honor, such as was granted only to the highest favorites. The wondering courtiers remarked, as they obsequiously made way for him, that even since he entered the palace, a touch of more imperious beauty had been added to his face, and his commanding form rose more loftily than ever.

From this time forth, rapid was the elevation, and eminent the prosperity of the magician. He was made first an emir, then a vizier, and finally, grand-vizier. In all these posts, he distinguished himself by his sagacity, energy, and activity. He so wisely counselled the king, and so ably executed the royal commands, that the kingdom of Tarudant flourished as no kingdom ever did, save when Solomon reigned in Israel. The magical power of the Egyptian grew more potent as he himself increased in dignity and its consequent wealth; for the success of his principal incantations, depended mainly on the employment of certain rare and costly ingredients, which none could procure but the rich and powerful; and with these at his command, he was enabled to enslave numerous mighty genies, by whose aid the most stupendous labors were performed. The provinces were covered with vast works—aqueducts, canals, reservoirs, and water-wheels, intended to correct the sterility of the soil and facilitate cultivation—roads, bridges, and caravanserais, for the accommodation of commerce and travel. The cities were filled with superb edifices, erected alike for ornament and use—with palaces, mosques, colleges, libraries, khans, bazaars, and baths. Nor was the defence of the kingdom less cared for than its splendor and convenience. Strong towers rose on every hill-top, and impregnable castles guarded every mountain-pass. Each city was surrounded by a treble wall of prodigious height and thickness, and the capital, Tarudant itself, was encompassed with a mound of stone, so high that its shadow covered a third part of the city, and so broad, that its summit sustained trees sufficient to form a considerable forest.

Great armies were also raised, in whose ranks genies mingled with men, and conquests were made upon all sides, except towards the east, where the mighty chain of Mount Atlas reared its white tops to heaven, presenting so formidable an aspect, that even the charm-guarded warriors of the Egyptian shrank from attempting to pass the desert which lay between the mountains and the eastern border of the kingdom.

Protected by the mighty fortifications, guarded by the invincible armies, and aided by the vast and cunningly contrived works of the magician, the people of Tarudant waxed rich and numerous, for so great and wide-spread became the renown of king Abdallah, and his sage vizier, that multitudes from other nations, bringing with them their gold, and silver, and precious stones, and costliest goods, flocked into the kingdom, eager to sit in the shade of its protection, and to bask in the sunshine of its prosperity. They came, not only from the neighboring Fez, Tâsilet, and Morocco, but from Granada, and Egypt, and even from remote Persia and India. So the kingdom overflowed with wealth and population. Caravans bearing rich burdens animated its plains with endless processions. Buyers and sellers crowded the capa-

cious bazaars. From morn till eve, the air resounded with the din and clangor of innumerable work-shops—from eve till morn, the darkness was cheered by the blaze of festivity, and the shouts of sport and merriment. Unceasing were the praises bestowed by the happy and grateful people on the good king and his wise vizier, whose administration had produced such wonderfully beneficial results.

But magicians, and especially Egyptian magicians, though excellent servants, are very bad roasters. And whether it be from an aspiring nature, or from habits of imperious command, acquired in the exercise of their dominion over spirits, they ever seek to obtain unlimited control of all with whom they are brought into contact. He who had worked such marvels in the kingdom of Tarudant, began to be mightily elated by the success that attended his efforts, and the praises that were lavished upon his achievements. His stature, already great, increased and increased, until it was fairly gigantic; and the haughty beauty of his face became so imposing, that at length it was almost fearful to look upon. His green garment grew more and more vivid in its hue, and the Damascus ass on which he invariably rode, augmented to a size proportioned to that of its master.

Long ago the magician had taken up his abode in the royal palace, so as to be ever at the king's right hand. He constructed for himself apartments more spacious and splendid than even those of the monarch, from which they were separated only by a long narrow court, planted with fig trees. Here he dwelt in great pomp, surrounded by a guard of black genies, armed with highly polished brazen swords, who held themselves always in readiness to execute his least command.

Day by day, something was added to this state and to the number of these guards. And day by day, the magician became more haughty and domineering. Favored by the king, and popular with the people, there was nothing to check his ambition, except the feeble opposition of a few superannuated viziers, who gravely shook their gray heads, and muttered their doubt "whether any good would come of all this." But as such had been, for years, their invariable reception of every thing new, no one paid any attention to their sage warnings, and they were merely laughed at as men behind the age.

(To be continued.)

THE CONCERT ROOM.

GRATUITOUS SERVICES AT CHARITABLE CONCERTS.—Our attention has often been called to this subject, and we have frequently determined to discuss it in all its bearings. We have been hitherto prevented from fulfilling our intentions, but we will do so now, for it is high time to understand in what relation the professor, the beneficiary and the public, stand towards each other, under such circumstances.

Every high-minded man must be an advocate of the cause of charity. It is a sacred, a holy cause, and one to which every one should willingly contribute his mite. But we were always of opinion that professional people have ever been too highly taxed. They are applied to upon every trivial occasion; benefits, charities, hospitals, churches, compliments, in short, every week brings forth some necessity for their valuable services. They are supposed to possess souls overflowing with the milk of human kindness, and stuffed to repletion with the most extended philanthropy; for every sect, of every denomination, from the Catholic to the Jew, appeals to their sympathy and their benevolence. This may seem all very natural to those who do not reflect upon the subject, who think it is only giving up one evening to the service of charity, which certainly cannot hurt them, it costs them nothing. This is a false and fatal conclusion. It costs them in fact ten times more than it does those who are known to the wealthy, and who are by the world deemed liberal. Supposing a charitable subscription were opened, and application made to a professor of music, surely, five dollars would be considered a liberal donation. Contrast this small amount with the sum, in a measure demanded, in the services of a professor. We will mention two instances,

one of them Madame Otto. Within the last six months, this lady, whose kindness and disinterested nature is well known, has given away in gratuitous services, no less a sum than *five hundred dollars*. Mrs. Edward Loder has in the like manner, during the short time she has been in this country, given away in charity not less than *fifteen hundred dollars*, and on some occasions has been compelled to relinquish lucrative engagements which offered, after having allowed her name to be announced in a Benefit bill. These are *facts* to which every professor in the city will bear witness. Nor does the loss end here; dresses must be bought, gloves, shoes, and coach hire provided for, and lessons must be missed in order that rehearsals may be attended. And yet, for all these sacrifices of time and money, what consideration do they meet with in the community when they apply for assistance at a concert for *their* benefit? If we look through the lists of concerts for the two past years, we shall not find more than six concerts given by *resident professors*, and most of these were positive failures. One of these, given by a gentleman universally esteemed for his readiness to do any act of kindness when called upon, and which held out every attraction of novelty and excellence, did not yield him sufficient to pay one half of the lessons he was compelled to miss in order to get it up.

It is a fact which we grieve to state, that every effort of this kind made by a *resident professor*, is utterly discountenanced by the citizens; the encouragement so lavishly bestowed upon *Ethiopian sercnaders* and *wandering families*, is determinedly withheld from the laborious and worthy resident. What encouragement have they then to be liberal, when their liberality meets with no return?

We believe that the position of Professors of Music, with regard to charitable societies, is this: *that at such concerts where their abilities and attractions are necessary to raise funds for said societies, that some proportion of the gains should go to those who earned them at a sacrifice of time and money.*

For several months in the year, professors of music are almost without employment—a portion of the year dead to them, as regards income. The winter season is their barvest time alone. Time is short, and *time is to them money*, or in other words provision for the coming summer, and every non-remunerating engagement is a positive and irreparable loss.

Under such circumstances, too much should not be asked, when in return nothing is given.

In our next we shall treat of the *duties* of professors towards the public, after having *gratuitously* allowed them to appear as performers upon particular occasions. Under this head we shall particularly notice the benefit of the Transfiguration Church on Sunday evening last.

VARIETIES.

CHEAP POSTAGE.

It is truly astonishing to see with what pertinacity our legislators cling to old abuses, and with what eagerness they adopt new ones. The people have year after year petitioned and begged for a reform in our Post Office system without the least success; some of the keenest intellects in the country have demonstrated time after time that a reduction in the rates of postage would cause an increase in the revenue of that department of the Government, without being able to convince the functionary at the head of the bureau, or a majority of the members of Congress. But the President recommends the annexation of a foreign territory by joint resolution of Congress, and his hint is acted upon with indecent

haste, notwithstanding that the people declare themselves opposed to the measure. But we discern a glimpse of morning breaking out from this darkness. The joint resolution will not pass both houses, and the cheap postage has already passed one and may pass the other. We hope so. There is no need of argument upon the subject at this day, for no project has ever had more lavished upon it, while nothing has appeared against it.

We believe that one of the most important actors in this business has been Mr. James W. Hale, of this city, whose enterprise and courage in establishing a private express between New York, Boston and Philadelphia, first opened the eyes of the gentlemen who are called the government to the danger they incurred of having a rival Post Office department, unless they submitted to a reform of the present scandalous system of taxing the nation, which results in good to nobody. The rates of postage fixed by the bill which has just passed the Senate, we believe to be too high; and the consequence will be that the private expresses will continue to carry letters at a less rate than the government. But, we trust that the bill will become a law, notwithstanding. It is of great importance in many points of view, but most so as encouraging the people to persevere in petitioning Congress, and in writing to members individually, in behalf of any measure which they would have carried. We hope to see an international copyright bill passed at the next session by these means.

But while we congratulate the people on the achievement of their wishes in the passage of the postage reform bill, we must not forget those spirited individuals who have labored so strenuously the last two or three years to bring it about. The *New World* has contained some admirable papers on the subject, which we have understood were from the pen of Barnabas Bates. The *Tribune* has also been untiring and indefatigable in the cause, and from its great circulation, and influence among politicians, must have done much towards bringing our representatives to their senses. The entire press, we believe, has favored the measure, but our Congressional Pharoshs hardened their hearts against all argument, until Mr. Hale began to demonstrate to them that, if let alone a little longer, the people would adopt him for their Post Master General, and not trouble them any more upon the subject.

Mr. Hale has, at this time, no less than ninety-six branch offices, and nearly three hundred assistants; during the past year he has paid twenty thousand dollars for conductors and office expresses, and twenty-five hundred dollars in defending himself in suits brought against him by Government. Judges Betts and Conkling of New York, and Sprague of Massachusetts, District Judges of the U. S., and Mr. Justice Story of the Supreme Court, are in favor of private mails, or at least believe them to be legal, while Judges Randall of Pennsylvania, and Heath, of Maryland, decide otherwise.

If the bill that has passed the Senate should become a law, the private mails will probably be abolished; but the carrying of letters between the principal cities on the Atlantic coast would be a very profitable business at a penny each, and if the Supreme Court should decide that the Constitution does not prohibit private mails, the establishment of Mr. Hale's will continue to do as large a business as it does now. That the Post Office system is on the whole injurious to the welfare of the country we have no doubt; and we look upon the bill just passed by the Senate as an indication of its entire abolition at no very distant day.

APPROPOS DES BOTTES.—Speaking of letters, reminds us to remind our readers that the indefatigable manager of the U. S. City Despatch Post Office, has engaged two or three hundred extra carriers to distribute Valentines; so that all will be delivered in time that may be sent.

THEFTS OF AMERICAN AUTHORS.

"SOMEBODY is a thief," said the critic of the *Mirror* a few days since, when commenting on Longfellow's "Waif." The occasion of the remark was a comparison of the following lines by Hood—

We watched her breathing through the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seemed to speak,
So slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half our powers
To eke her being out.

Our very hope belied our fears;
Our fears our hopes belied;
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came dim and sad,
And dull with early showers,
Her quiet eye-lids closed:—she had
Another worn than ours.

with these stanzas by Mr. Aldrich—

Her sufferings ended with the day,
Yet lived she at its close,
And breathed the long, long night away
In statue-like repose.

But when the sun in all its state
Illumed the eastern skies,
She passed through Glory's morning gate,
And walked in paradise.

We can discover no resemblance between these verses, sufficient to warrant the charge of plagiarism, excepting the measure and the subject, which are certainly not peculiar to Hood; the thoughts are by no means identical. We are very sure that the *Mirror* would not be guilty of accusing any one of a literary theft without good reason, but we do not perceive the warrant for the accusation in this case. Mr. Aldrich is the last man in the world to be guilty of so disreputable an artifice, and certainly would never have committed a theft of this kind, which would have been certain to meet with instant detection. The truth is, that his lines appeared in the *New World* in 1840; and two years afterward, when Hood's lines first appeared, he copied them himself into the same paper, of which he had become an assistant editor. There is certainly a curious coincidence of feeling between the verses of Mr. Aldrich, and those of Hood; but such things are very common in all the poets, from Homer downwards. There is no such thing as originality of sentiment; expression is all that any poet can claim as his own. There is hardly a name in Mr. Griswold's catalogue of American poets, less obnoxious to the charge of plagiarism than that of James Aldrich.

Charges of plagiarism are very frequently made, and often with good reason, against our popular authors, but we doubt whether any man, with a reputation worth having, would knowingly commit himself in this manner. The greatest writers have always been the greatest plagiarists, or at least they have been most frequently accused of this sin. But we believe that no author who can claim anything as his own ever suffered in his reputation from having used the thoughts of other writers. The "Rover" of last week contains a very grave charge against Longfellow of passing off in *Graham's Magazine* a ballad of Motherwell's as a translation from the German, which, if true, would lead us to distrust everything that came from his pen. But the best way in such cases, is to hunt up the proof, before so serious a charge is made against an author whose reputation belongs not to himself alone, but to his country.

The charge of plagiarism against Mrs. Ellet—which we think should have been called "an unblushing charge of plagiarism" rather than "a charge of unblushing plagiarism"

—is thus noticed in the *Southern Chronicle*, published at Columbia, S. C., where Mrs. Ellet resides. The numerous friends of Mrs. Ellet needed no explanation, and it seems marvellous, that any person connected with the press should honestly have mistaken the matter.

"Still another, and a more injurious wrong, is sometimes done, of which authors have to suffer the inconvenience. A newspaper copies a tale, which is part, or wholly a translation from some foreign language, and leaves out the acknowledgment, publishing it as original. For example, a story that appeared a few months since in the *Democratic Review*, entitled 'BLANK JAZZES'—a translation from the French—we saw republished in one of the city papers, without the acknowledgment that it had been in the *Review*, and with the translator's name paraded in staring capitals as the author of the tale: Thus, for the sake of saving the printer a couple of minute's work, a positive wrong is done, and an innocent person subjected to the charge of plagiarism, which is, perhaps, re-echoed by the very paper whose culpable neglect occasioned it! We sincerely hope, for the sake of honor, and truth, and justice, if not of courtesy, that such doings may not be repeated. A word to the wise, we trust, will be sufficient."

THE MAGAZINES.

We have received No. 1. of the *Aristidean*, a Magazine of Reviews, Politics, and Light Literature, for March, 1845, edited by Thomas Dunn English, and published by Lane & Co., 304 Broadway. Price five dollars per annum.

The plan of this new Magazine is altogether admirable; we can conceive of nothing better in the form of a magazine, than a monthly miscellany that "combines the solidity of the *Review* and the lightness of the Magazine, with the political cast of the newspaper." And then "the politics of the *Aristidean* is democratic," "it sustains the abolition of the death punishment," "it advocates equal rights," "it labors to be just." All these good things we pick out of the publisher's advertisement. They are true, of course. Nothing can be finer, nothing better suited to the wants of the public, but, we fear, nothing less likely to be accomplished. However, it is an important point to have a good aim, and Mr. English is certainly entitled to the consideration of the public for his good intentions, even though he should fall somewhat short of the mark he aims at. The first article in the *Aristidean*, advocates the annexation of Texas to the United States; a measure, to our perception, as little savoring of the spirit of *Aristides* as any that could be proposed. The next article is a drinking song as little *Aristidean* as the paper on Texas.

The last stanza runs thus—

"Old Sampson and Caesar—
Each man was a rascal—
Tossed off, with a will, rosy wine;
While Ovid, the young, he
With Cato and Pompey,
Drank three bottles each when they'd dine.
So we tread in the steps of the famous in rhyme—
The jolly old Cocks of the gone-away time."

What puzzles us most in this article is the difficulty of classing it; whether with "the solidity of the review," or, "the lightness of the magazine." We don't know which. Article III. is a notice of George Jones's *Ancient America*, the fairest specimen of an elegant book that we have seen in many a day. The notice is funny enough, and it has a little vignette by Darley, worthy of Punch. This article might have been written by *Aristides* himself without casting a shadow upon his reputation. The "Moose Trap," "Hell and the MacLure," and the article on Bishop Onderdonk, are not exactly in the ordinary magazine strain. Nobody will accuse the *Aristidean* of namby-pambyism, let them accuse it of what other sins they may. Mr. English has had the courage to project a magazine different from the prevailing fashion in such publications, and we trust that he will receive the support that he deserves; probably he would ask for nothing more himself.

Magazine literature is the only literature that can flourish among us until we have an international copyright law; we therefore look with an eye of favor upon every new candidate that appears among us; and instead of taking them as they come out, and weighing them in the balance with *Biskwood's Magazine*, as our reading public are in the habit of doing, they should be received kindly, at least, and where we have no patronage to bestow, we should withhold our disparagements. A book, by itself, is getting every day rarer and rarer in our literature, and there being no other channel than the Magazine for our thoughts to flow in, the Magazine should be cherished until a better day dawn upon us.

LITERARY NOTICES.

A PLEA FOR WOMAN, being a Vindication of the Importance and extent of her natural sphere of action. By Mrs. Hugo Reid; with an Introduction by Mrs. C. M. Kirkland. New York: Farmer & Duggan, 30 Ann street.

The introduction to this book, by the accomplished author of *Forest Life*, is one of the most felicitous essays that we have seen from her pen, although it is not in her peculiar vein. Her recommendation of the work, is a guarantee of its claims to notice. "Woman's Rights" is a subject that we have never seen the propriety of handling with the kind of inconsiderate flippancy in which it is generally done. The motto of this little work is suggestive of all the wisdom belonging to the subject:

"Can man be free if woman be a slave?"

Assuredly not. In all ages, the relative rights of men and women have been the same; when we think of the Hindoo widow throwing herself upon the funeral pyre of her husband, we must not forget the condition of the husband himself when alive, nor the men who suffer by the wrongs of the wife. It appears to us that the surest way for women to gain their rights—always supposing that they do not enjoy them—is to train up their children properly, and they will see that their mothers suffer no wrong. When women dissipate their days and nights in idle amusements, and squander their incomes in dress, while their sons are entrusted to the keeping of hired servants, or sent away from home to distant schools, they must not blame men that they have no clearer perception of what is due to women. It is true that men make the laws by which women are governed, but the women make the men who govern them.

HUNT'S MERCHANTS' MAGAZINE for February.

We omitted, by accident, to mention this excellent periodical in our last week's Review. The present number contains some admirable articles, and a good many valuable tables. One of the most amusing papers that we have read in a long while, is an article on the last Census. It is written in all seriousness, but it reveals a series of blunders, and perverted facts, in the census returns, more laughable than any thing which Punch has uttered during the past year: it proves very plainly that the census is not worth a copper, and that its returns are more likely to be wrong than right. Yet, after all, it is no doubt as correct as any census ever was, or ever will be.

THE MONTHLY ROSE. Vol. I. No. 2. A periodical sustained by the present members of the Albany Female Academy. Albany: E. H. Pease and W. C. Little.

A neat little pamphlet of sixteen pages, containing some prettily written essays and verses, of such a character as might be looked for from the pens of well educated young ladies. Among the contributors we notice the initials of M. G., which we have seen appended to some poetry of an elevated character in the *Knickerbocker* and in the *New World*.

GUANO: its Origin, Properties, and Uses—showing its importance to the Farmers of the United States as a cheap and valuable Manure, with directions for using it. New York: Wiley and Putnam, 1845.

This pamphlet contains a condensed and well arranged summary of all the facts in regard to the subject on which it treats. To every cultivator of the soil, from the proprietor of a pot of mignonette to the planter of a sugar estate, it is a subject of vast interest. We could enter upon the topic *con amore*, but that its nature renders it unfit for extended notice in our columns. The publishers of this pamphlet have done a great service to the American public in importing from England every work on the cultivation of the soil, which has been published in that country. Among their collection of agricultural and horticultural books, are some of the most costly and elegantly illustrated works which have issued from the British press. They have done much towards rendering agriculture a favorite pursuit among liberal minds, by showing that it is not only the most useful of the Arts, for an Art it is, or nothing, but one of the most elegant.

THE ENGLISH REVIEW. No. 6240, for January, 1845. American Edition. Leonard Scott & Co., 113 Fulton street.

Since English Reviews must be republished in this country, our own writers and publishers being precluded from undertaking the publication of American works of this class, by the absence of a copyright law, we are glad that the enterprise has fallen in such good hands as the publishers of the London, Edinburgh, Foreign, and Westminster. A greater amount of good reading, for so small a sum as these works cost, was never before afforded to the public.

The January number of the *Edinburgh* contains seven articles, the most important being on the progress of Scientific Agriculture. The article on Charles Churchill, will be found, perhaps, the best reading for a literary gossip.

BITS OF NEWS.

SCHOOL FOR THE ARTS OF DESIGN.—The Mechanic's Institute of this city have established an Evening School for the Arts of Design, as applied to the mechanic Arts, and their success is fully equal to the most sanguine expectations of the friends of the project. In addition to a well selected assortment of casts from the Antique, they have imported from France, copies of the best specimens of scroll work and arabesque ornament. T. Cummings, Paul R. Duggan, and the President of the Institute, act as teachers, and the pupils have produced some drawings which would not disgrace the exhibition of the National Academy of Design. The benefits to result from this course are already well understood, and we may fairly hope, that at no distant period of time, our mechanical products will equal the classical beauty of those of France, where the Arts of Design form part of a common school education. Classes have also been formed in mechanical drawing, mathematics as applied to the mechanic Arts, Chemistry, &c., &c. The Conversational meetings of the Institute are also very useful to its members, and under its present spirited organization, it is certainly worthy the support of our citizens generally.

The Common Council have unanimously resolved to allow the use of the building in the Park, known as the Rotunda, to the New York Gallery of the Fine Arts, at an annual rent of one dollar. We are heartily rejoiced at this manifestation of right feeling in the representatives of the people, which we trust will be followed by other evidence of an appreciation of the importance of Art. We think that the interests of the people would have been better served by a removal of the building, but if it is to stand, it could not be put to a better use than that to which it is happily appropriated.

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

Madame Pico has been very successful in Boston. Sanquirico has also there created a favorable impression.

Mr. Henry Phillips is in Mobile. He has been very generally successful through the country. He returns here in the fall, but we doubt if he will have anything to do with concert-giving in this, to him, unsympathizing city. We have heard rumors relative to his ulterior views, but the time is not ripe enough to gossip thereupon.

Frazer and the Seguirens open this week at Savannah.

The Campanologists or Swiss Bell Ringers are in Columbus. Their performance has attracted universal admiration.

We understand that the nabobs of the "Up-Town Hotel" have determined to build an Opera House on the corner of Second Street. Having thus determined, the only thing which remains to be done is to take up the shares. They are fixed at the low price of \$500, and are expected to yield a great per centage in time.

We have heard, however, of another project, which, according to the account of our informant, is to be positively carried into operation: purchase of the property having been made, with agreements signed and sealed. The property here alluded to is that generally known as Nible's Garden, on the site of which it is proposed that a splendid Opera House, Concert Room and Hotel shall be built. The situation is undoubtedly superior to that chosen by the Up-Town Hotel people.

In addition to the great attractions mentioned in our last, Mr. Loder's Grand Classical Concert will contain yet another. A French gentleman now in this city, a friend of Henri Vieuxtemps, and therefore friendly to every thing classical, observing Mr. Loder's announcement, presented to him a MS. composition of M. Vieuxtemps. It is an offertorium consisting of a duet for soprano voice and viola, with chorus and full orchestral accompaniments. The solo parts will be, we believe, performed by Mrs. Edward Loder and Signor Raspetti.

This composition has only been performed once in Europe, at the opening of the church of St. Bernacle in Verviers, Belgium, on which occasion its extraordinary beauty drew forth, at its close, and in spite of the solemnity of the occasion, a tumultuous burst of applause.

The Siamans have been very successful in Philadelphia. These talented young ladies are beginning to be justly appreciated.

CORRESPONDENCE.

For the Broadway Journal.

"With all our boasting of American genius, we have not yet been able to design a pattern for a cap ribbon."

The author of the above extract from the article on the Illuminated Bible, in the Journal of the 5th Inst., does not appear to be well posted up on that subject.

A friend of the writer, seven years ago, imported cap and bonnet ribbons made after his own designs in this country, and at the present time samples of the most beautiful styles recently imported and sold here, also from original designs of Americans, not artists, but merchants, can be showed to the editor if desired.

The writer sends this correction, because he supposed the author of the above article would have no objection to be corrected in a matter which, although of little moment in itself, reflects upon the taste and ingenuity of a class of men who are supposed by the literary portion of the community, to have no ideas beyond those engendered and fostered by the *slightly dollar*.

S. A. W.

[We give place to the above communication with great pleasure, for we are happy to learn that our dealers in fancy goods are not so dependent upon the inventive genius of Frenchmen as we had supposed. If our merchants, without an artificial education, are able to make pleasing combinations of colors in a style of goods, whose sole value depends upon their power to gratify the eye, it is sufficient proof that with a proper education, our ornamental artists might furnish all the designs requisite to place our manufactures on a basis which the most stringent tariff could never do.—Ed.]

To the Editor of the Broadway Journal.

Mr. Editor—While reading the fifth number of your paper, I was much struck by an article entitled, *Barbarities of the Theatre*. Since then it has been forcibly recalled to my memory, by an accident which I myself witnessed at the Chatham theatre, only last week. A young lady, Miss Orville, came forward to sing a song. She was clad in a full dress of some light material. The symphony was scarcely finished, when a draught of air blew her dress towards the footlights; it was immediately in flames, but the leader of the orchestra, with a promptitude which reflects great credit upon his humanity, leaped over and struck the dress with his bow; this attracted the young lady's attention, who with admirable presence of mind, though with difficulty, extinguished the flames. The pit greeted the accident with a shout of laughter, which was immediately drowned by a hearty burst of applause from other parts of the house.

But for her coolness and self-possession in so fearful a situation, Miss Orville might have met with a fate similar to that of the unfortunate Miss Clara Webster. I do trust, Mr. Editor, that you will, for the sake of humanity, wield your powerful pen in the endeavor to correct this waston negligence on the part of managers.

I remain, your obedient servant,

New York, Feb. 5, 1845.

A READER.

To the Editor of the Broadway Journal.

Dear Mr. Editor,

I'm surprised that you print our letters; we only wrote to you for advice. I am sure I shall never get over seeing my name in a newspaper. It is dreadful. Who knows but somebody will think that I am a writer! I should be mortified to death if they did. I never heard of such a thing as printing a lady's letter: if you do it again I shall not like it at all, and my brother will stop the paper. But there is one thing that I would like to know. The boys are forever talking about *Japonica-dom*,—and I can't for the life of me find out what it means. What is it? I think it must be the people who wear japanned leather: is it not? It seems to me that the young men now-a-days do a good many ridiculous things; among the other strange words which the boys use, is *tricity* this and *tricity* that. It is positively dreadful. The other night when I took William to do for speaking so freely about brandy and water, he replied to me, "Don't bother me with your *sust-tricity*." I am sure I was never more shocked in my life. It's dreadful. Please answer my queries without printing my letter, but to prevent exposure, I sign myself only

YOUR FRIEND.

P. S. The punning gentleman has lately begun upon *commdrums*, and be called upon us in the midst of the snow storm, to tell us that a bonnet is not a bonnet when it becomes a lady. Such dreadful trash! Of course nobody laughed but the gentleman himself. Do you think that *commdrums* are as immoral as puns? I mean to ask Dr. Slopoken.

MENDELSSOHN'S LOBGESANG.

MR. GEORGE LODER respectfully announces to the public of New York that his CLASSICAL CONCERT will take place at the Apollo Rooms, on February 23d, 1845. (Washington's Birthday,) when will be produced, for the first time in America, the

LOBGESANG, OR HYMN OF PRAISE,

Symphonic Cantata, for Grand Orchestra and Choir. The solo parts by MRS. E. LODER, MISS WATSON and SIGNOR ANTONINI.

To be followed by a Miscellaneous Concert, in which the first vocal and instrumental talent of the city will appear.

The subscription list still remains open at the store of Messrs. Scharfenberg and Louis, 361 Broadway, near Franklin street, or at the residence of Mr. Loder, 97 Crosby street.

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DISEASES OF THE TEETH.

Washington, D. C., May, 1844.

THE neglect of the Teeth is the cause of much suffering and regret, and should not be disregarded by the most thoughtless.

The undersigned having received the benefit of Dr. A. G. Bigelow's professional skill, and believing him well qualified in the science of Dental Surgery, and an accomplished and skillful operator, we most cheerfully certify to the ease and safety with which Dr. B. performs the various and important operations, so essential to the usefulness, durability, and beauty of the Teeth.

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It is the aim of this Review—discarding all national and sectarian influence—to harmonize in a kindlier acquaintance the different sections of the country; to set forth more clearly the inexhaustible resources of our territory; to elevate the morals of the people; to withstand pusillanimity at home, and indignities abroad; to promote American science, and diffuse throughout the land a higher order of taste in letters and the Arts. Though established ostensibly on partisan grounds, the Review proposes to itself no mere party triumph—but the moral, social and literary welfare of the commonwealth.

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"Earnestly approving of the plan of such a national organ, long needed and of manifold importance, the undersigned agree to contribute for its pages, from time to time, such communications as may be requisite to set forth, and defend the doctrines held by the united Whig Party of the Union.—Geo. F. Marsh, D. D. Barnard, J. E. Ingersoll, E. Jay Morris, T. L. Clingman, J. McPherson Berrien, Daniel Webster, Robert C. Winthrop, Thomas Butler King, Hamilton Fish, J. P. Kennedy, J. Colamer, John J. Martin, Wm. S. Archer, Rufus Choate, Alexander H. Stephens."

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