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N<sup>o</sup> 8.

*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.

**THE SANITARY CONDITION OF THE LABORING POPULATION OF NEW YORK.** With suggestions for its improvement. A discourse (with additions) delivered on the 20th December, 1844, at the Repository of the American Institute. By John H. Griscom, M. D., Fellow of the College of Physicians and Surgeons; Physician of the New York Hospital; late Physician of the city and eastern dispensaries. New York: Harper & Brothers, 57 Cliff street. 1845.

If any evidence were needed to prove the utter incapacity of the men into whose hands the government of this great city has fallen, to discharge the duties of their fearfully responsible station, the following extract from the preface of this important pamphlet would furnish it.

"The subject matter of the following pages was originally addressed, in the form of a letter, to the Chief Magistrate of the city. Its preparation was undertaken, principally with a view to an exposition of the true principles which should regulate the action of public bodies, in matters relating to the health of cities, in a knowledge of, or concern for, which, recent events had shown our own municipal legislature to be somewhat deficient. Appreciating fully the importance of its facts and suggestions, the Mayor transmitted the communication to a co-ordinate branch of the City Government, recommending it to their serious attention. After several weeks' deliberation upon it, the committee to whom it was referred arrived at the conclusion, embodied in the following language quoted from their report: 'Your committee do not profess to be judges of the subject, or in other words, they do not think it proper at this time, to go into such a measure,' and they recommended that the paper be returned to its author."

We do not intend to cast any peculiar blame on the Native American party, as the politicians are called who have the welfare of our citizens in their hands at present, because we believe that either of the other two parties who strove for the management of our municipal affairs would have acted in the same manner. In truth, our politicians have yet to learn their alphabet in the art of government; but the misfortune of it is, that their instructors, the people, are woefully deficient in this kind of knowledge themselves. The happiness of the people seems never to be thought of in municipal legislatures. The exact objects aimed at by our Common Council it would be difficult to ascertain. The spending of a good deal of money, and the best way of getting it from the people, seem to be the only definite notions of government that any of our boards of aldermen have had during the past twenty years. The present party in power regard the reading of some particular books in the district schools as the great point to be settled by them; and while the people are literally dying in consequence of inhaling the unhealthy miasma of filthy streets, the party that has the power to purge the atmosphere, and make the city a desirable residence, wastes all its energies in forcing a certain part of the children under their charge to take their first lessons in reading out of particular books which are repugnant to the feelings of their parents. It matters not a whit to a denizen of our streets what the city fathers have done or are doing, so long as the thoroughfares and byways are nearly impassable for filth. If it were an object to the citizens of this great metropolis, to tax themselves at the enormous rate which they were compelled to do for the sake of pure water, it is quite as much of an object to them to tax themselves for the sake of pure air; and we have no doubt that taxation would be submitted

to as cheerfully in one case as in the other. Clean streets would keep many a family in New York that now is compelled to seek for a healthier home in Brooklyn, or Jersey City, or Staten Island. Gentlemen who have moved over upon Long Island, after living many years in the city, find that they make a very great saving in their doctor's bills.

Dr. Griscom says; "A highly respectable friend, a distinguished advocate, informed me lately, that some of his children had not had a day's illness during the two years they had been at school in the country, while the others, residing at home, though in a comparatively salubrious position in the city, cost him from twenty to thirty dollars each, for medicine and medical attendance."

And yet in spite of this experience on the part of this distinguished advocate, he will continue to reside in the city, when he might by a very trifling sacrifice live in the country, and preserve his own and his children's health. We know several distinguished advocates whose families live ten or twelve miles from the City Hall, who contrive to be pretty constant in their attendance at the courts. There is very little more inconvenience, for a lawyer, in living on Staten Island, than in living in Chelsea or Union Square; while the increased vigor which they derive from daily crossing the water and breathing the pure air of the country, enables them to accomplish quite as much labor as the time lost in travelling to and from their office would do. It is an unaccountable delusion that keeps men confined in the city when business will allow of a residence in the country. Setting aside all the enjoyments of a rural home, the cheapness of it should induce a prudent man to prefer it. A tolerably respectable house in town costs from four hundred to eight hundred dollars per annum. Within ten or twelve miles of the Battery, a comfortable country house with an orchard, garden, and so forth, may be had at from one to two hundred dollars; an extra hundred dollars will cover all the expenses of travel, while the gain in health would be worth a sum which cannot be estimated in dollars and cents. Dr. Griscom very clearly proves that a city residence cannot be healthy, even in the most favorable situations; what it must be then, in the least favorable, the following appalling statement will show.

"Almost every one can recall to mind, some proof of the effects of noxious odors, of the inhalation of foul air, or of sleeping in a small confined apartment, upon his own health and feelings. These effects may have been only temporary, but they will serve to show that a prolonged continuance of them, must, in reason, produce permanently bad results upon the mental and corporeal powers. If the inhaled air (one great source of the life, health, and vigor of the animal structure) is deteriorated in quality, or diminished in quantity, below the standards necessary for a perfect decarbonization of the blood in the lungs, the blood necessarily becomes burdened with impurities, and fails to impart to the system the qualities demanded by nature for the due maintenance of health and strength. Every city resident who takes a stroll into the country can testify to the difference between the two atmospheres of the two situations;—the contrast of our out-door (to say nothing of the in-door) atmosphere, loaded with the animal and vegetable exhalations of our streets, yards, sinks, and cellars—and the air of the mountains, rivers, and grassy plains, needs no epicurean lungs to detect it. The superior corporeal activity, and the mental exhilaration imparted by it, are the *prima facie* proofs of its superiority. Compare the pale face of the city belle, or matron, after the long confinement of the winter and spring, with the same countenance in the fall, upon her return from a few weeks' tour to the Springs and Niagara, and observe whether the return of the long absent rose upon the cheek

is not accompanied with a greater elasticity of frame, and a happier and stronger tone of mind.

"Descend a few steps further, from the airy and well-lighted chamber and parlor, to the confined apartments of the pent-up court, and the damp, secluded cellar; draw a contrast between the gay inhabitant of the former, and the straitened tenant of the latter, and we may then judge of the influences of the air which they respectively respire.

"Observe, further, the vast difference in the development of frame, healthiness of countenance, and power of endurance, between the children of the farmer, and offspring of the city resident.

"The following facts show, by figures, the sad condition in which a very large number of our people may be said barely to exist.

"As a great part of the population of these places are destitute of the means of paying for medical assistance, the duty of ministering to them in hours of sickness, falls upon the Dispensary Physicians. I find, upon examining the records of their labors, the reports of the three medical charities for the year ending March, 1844, there were prescribed for at the offices, and the homes of the poor, at the

Northern Dispensary,	13,317 Patients,
Eastern "	17,107 "
New York "	22,808 "

Total, 54,282

From this number a deduction is to be made of those vaccinated, being 4305. In visiting the sick poor at their homes, however, it happens very frequently that some are prescribed for whose names are neglected to be entered, so that it is perfectly safe to estimate the number of sick persons who received aid from these charities, to be over 50,000 in one year. In the corresponding year there were admitted into the Alma House Hospital 2332 patients, and into the City Hospital about 1000, exclusive of seamen, making a total of over 53,000, without enumerating the sick poor attended by private charity."

[To be continued.]

## THE ART OF THE USE OF COLOR IN IMITATION IN PAINTING.

NO. II.

BY WILLIAM PAGE.

THERE are, as we have before stated, only three primitive colors in Nature or Art, and when any of these, or the compounds made from them, are brought into contact by being placed near or against each other, it is found that their apparent brilliancy is increased, or set off by the contrast, &c. As for instance, Red, when seen by the side of Green, appears more Red by the contact,—Green being the other two primitives combined into one color. In like manner, Yellow is affected by Purple, and Blue by Orange; so that for simple contrast, we have but to take one primitive color, no matter which, and combine the other two, to make an opposition to the first, such as all times and nations have accepted as agreeable to the eye; whereas, any two of the primitive colors, brought directly together, produces a discord, often very harsh and disagreeable in itself, but when skilfully used by the artist, becoming a great power in his hands, to drive together into a more intimate harmony the less discordant colors used.

These primitives, when all mixed together, produce Brown. This is the universal color of Nature, and the grand harmonizer of those old masters, who understood colors the best; and which Brown, many moderns have observed as making up the greater proportion of the tone of the pictures of the best colorists, and the want of which, in modern schools, as I shall show, is but another proof of that deficiency of knowledge of colors in this day, that I have more than hinted at. This Brown color, as I said, being composed of Red, Yellow, and Blue, is capable of infinite variations, as it may pass from reddish-brown to blackish-brown, or yellowish-brown, at the will of the painter; so that, if he desires to make a Red more powerful by the opposition to it of his ground or surrounding color, he has but to make it (the ground) tend in its hue, towards greenish-brown; or if he would merge it in, or harmonize it with the surrounding ground-color, he makes the aforesaid ground of a reddish-brown, for these two opposite principles of harmony and contrast, comprehend all that this external application of color can do. For, when the painter would make any one of the

primitive colors more striking to the eye, he surrounds it with a compound mostly composed of the other two, thereby forming the greatest opposition; and when he would harmonize or soften its effect to the eye, he uses least of these opposites. A few experiments made on white paper in water colors, with Red, Yellow, and Blue, will soon enable any artist to thread all the intricacies of the whole scale of color, and their possible oppositions and harmonies, as matter of mere contrast and harmony of external color. This, and what grows immediately out of this, is all the superficial knowledge of what is called the present English School of Painting, of which we Americans have taken to ourselves more than can do us good, unless we learn better where to bestow it, in its proper place, subject to higher laws, the laws of the imitation, or the reproduction of Nature's works.

It is so notorious as to cause comment to be made the world over, wherever there are to be found modern, and good old Pictures, that the new are light, or white and feeble, or glaring in color, when compared with the old, or even good copies from them. The Royal Academy Exhibitions strike all observers in this, whether they be Englishmen or Americans, as being an assemblage of bright colors and white-wash, having no type any where in Nature, but only like *itself*, or other modern exhibitions of pictures, whether on the continent of Europe, or here in America, ever the same crude, feeble, gray, garish, unharmonised patches of gaudy colors and staring whiteness. Whereas, the better works of the old Painters, particularly those who can lay claim to any knowledge of color, are uniformly found to be low in tone, rich, brown and harmonious, the flesh (the test of color in Art) in *that medium between light and dark, where only the greatest amount of color can be found*, so that, the flesh in Titian's pictures, according to the best critics, is perhaps the lowest in its local color ever painted. This has been variously accounted for by different writers, as owing to the age of the pictures, time being supposed to have sunken them to their present low scale, &c., &c., all of which is insufficient to explain satisfactorily the fact, as there are even old pictures of Titian's time, or earlier, as light and crude as any modern English or French, when, if time would have done this thing for one, it would, being no respecter of persons, have done it for all. But there can be given a clear and satisfactory solution of this problem, that shall show to common sense that instead of its having been time or accident that has made pictures which were originally bad, or indifferent, good, the painters who produced them really knew the Art which they professed and practised, more thoroughly than those who pretend to this knowledge in these days. Indeed, the old Painters had only Nature to study, from which they drew deep truths, and principles, such as could be safely trusted to, and did universally produce results, that moderns look upon as the offspring of a happier genius, than we are blessed withal; though it was the inevitable consequence of energetic mind, devoted to the analysis of those principles which alone can form a solid basis for true Art, and be learned from Nature, our true school-mistress.

Thus much of color as we had treated in this article, before we made this digression, a child of twelve years of age may learn in a few months of teaching; and this has been spun out by various authors, into more volumes than would be necessary to tell of the whole rise and fall of empires, as well as Arts, yet this is all that modern Art has learned from the wonderful works of earlier Painters, together with what Science has done for us, and the increase of knowledge.

In *that medium degree*, equally removed from the extremes of light and dark, which we mentioned in our first article, occur in nature all the most powerful colors, and no where

else, for more light must weaken, or more dark must obscure them. Thence the necessity that that most difficult of substances to be imitated, human flesh, should be placed so low in the scale of light, as to allow all the purest color to pass through its plane, or the range of light which it occupies in the picture. This, any man may see the truth of, who has endeavored conscientiously to copy nature, or even looked attentively at such copy, when it is made.

We now see a good reason why good old pictures are low in tone, not dark, or black, as too many of the specimens that reach our shores are, for if their lowness of tone is truly attained, it is so deceptive as to seem to reflect more light, than the lightest picture gives out.

Such modern pictures as are an approach in lowness of tone to either nature or the works of true colorists, are liable to be what is termed *leathery*, and grow more and more so with every year after being painted; whereas the old have almost the tenderness of nature, which tenderness is the very opposite of the leathery quality; this latter quality increases by the darkening of the surface of the color, and is often increased by the changing of the oils. It is so common in the English pictures where there is an attempt to paint on a low key, that all kinds of vehicles are supposed to be better, as they seem to promise to overcome this difficulty, which they attribute to the use of Megilps, &c. &c. But it has a deeper origin. The truth is, that whenever colors are used, no matter how pure they be, in a picture, their tendency will be to change darker on the surface, thereby becoming leathery, for this is the inevitable quality of darker, and particularly the warmer colored browns, passed over lighter and left so. Now the opposite quality of the leathery is always produced by passing a lighter opaque color over a darker one. This, when known and well applied, will enable any one to rid his pictures of this quality, though the flesh be as low as that of Titian, and without which I believe that even he would have worked in vain to produce any approach to nature, such as he has made, this being the way of nature herself, and therefore the best.

Now as human flesh occurs in this medium degree between light and dark, which, we have mentioned, is composed of the three primitive colors, in such subtle arrangement as to baffle all attempts of mere eye, and hand in monkey imitation, to render them intelligibly, and must yet be given before any thing can be done worthy of our opportunities, and what has been accomplished by others in less intelligent times, let us try to follow the light which nature presents in the investigation of her works, and the analysis of her principles. For we cannot by studying the pictures of the old masters, as we can in nature, separate the layers of color used in their progress, nor learn the mode of their production, now when the hands that executed, and the minds that produced them have gone beyond the reach of our questioning, and left us nothing but the results of their labors, from which we barely learn that they alone, of all the professed disciples of Art, have understood the *language* even, in which Art must speak or remain tongue-tied, or at the best lisp, like a little child, but more like an aged man, that has reached his second childishness, and fills up the hour with his empty babble.

But I doubt not that we shall be able to show that there is yet a way to attain to what now makes them "the Divine in Art;" so conspicuous above us; and that by the simplest means, such as could not but have been suggested to reasoning minds, of sufficient self-dependence to throw aside all, that they had not themselves tested, as worthless, beginning anew in the true school of nature, as children who have the

whole Art to learn, and not taking for granted any thing but the deductions of their own reason or experience.

Now I propose to give the sketch of a process whereby a head may be painted, and though from the complicated nature of words, and particularly when used by one who has had other things than words to study, as in my case, I cannot hope to make it simple to the simple, though if it be well thought over, and applied with tolerable skill, will prove its truth in the success—at least showing its capacity for the grandest results. At all events, let no man condemn it until he can see a flaw in the reasoning, or has tested its truth or falseness, by an actual experiment—when, if he cannot produce a better picture by it, I fear not to declare that he cannot produce a good one at all.

#### WHY ARE NOT THE SCIENCES BETTER UNDERSTOOD?

UNDER this head it is proposed to make a simple inquiry, which doubtless thousands can answer with quite as little trouble, as it is to propound the question. But though thousands can give a ready answer to the inquiry, yet there are millions who cannot, and therefore, it is to them that the question may more properly be put—"why the Sciences are not better understood?" That it is a lamentable fact, that the phenomena of many of the simple and most practical things of life are not understood, no one will deny—why this is the case is the question. It cannot be that there is not sufficient interest in these phenomena; because it is well known that the understanding of the laws which explain these things are more conducive to the happiness of mankind than all other knowledge put together. In fact, civilization could not progress without it, and though thousands and thousands are applying the laws every day, yet they do not know how they do it. Every woman and child is applying some one of the laws for their comfort every day of their lives, yet, how few are they of this great mass of persons, even if the adults be taken, that can explain the reason why they are warmer in a woollen blanket than in a cotton one of equal weight?—or why a man may go into an oven, dressed in a woollen cloak, and remain there long enough to broil a beef steak, without being injured, while in any other garment he would be roasted alive—or why a white hat is cooler than a black one—or why a rough stove, gives off more heat than a polished one—or a black stove more than a tin one. Now, that these are but few of the simple questions of well-known facts of every day occurrence, cannot be doubted; but, as simple as they are, and as easily as they could be answered by any child, if once directed to the subject, there are thousands who never for a moment give their attention to the subject. But these are not the only illustrations, because there are the several branches of science, equally as applicable to phenomena around us.

The subject of heat however is applied to such practical purposes, that it is singular that it should not be more understood—and particularly the laws which would explain many of the phenomena of heat, experienced almost every minute in the day. The apparent cold of iron, on taking hold of it, or heat of wood, is so well known, that it would be superfluous to mention it; were it not equally as apparent that a great majority of persons do not know why it is so. They know that it is so, because it gives them a painful sensation on a frosty morning to pick up an iron bar, while a piece of wood that has lain beside it, and is of the same temperature, is much warmer to handle. The simple fact of wrapping up a piece of ice in a woollen blanket to preserve it, is known to every porter in the country, yet how few can tell

why it is that the blanket which is warmest in winter, will not melt ice in the summer,—or why a black or blue blanket would melt the ice when a white one would preserve it.

These things are of so common an occurrence, that it would be natural to suppose every person would know them; yet it is far from being the case. This want of knowledge on these every day matters does not speak much for the information of those who are not in possession of it. The simple operation of a pump, which every boy has worked at many a time, is apparently one of the least understood. A majority of the young men, who are exceedingly well dressed, would be apt to say, "that a pump sucks the water up from the well"—if asked for an explanation of the operation of pumping—or if a similar enquiry were to be made to a young man of considerable accomplishments in a ball room, but engaged in the liquor trade, why it is that the syphon he uses to take liquors from a cask performs the operation, he would be very likely to say by *suction*, which certainly is one of the vulgar ways of exhausting a pipe of liquor, but nevertheless is far from being the true cause for that simple operation.

All have more or less used the "sucker," as it is usually termed by boys, in raising up bricks or other smooth substances, by means of a piece of wet leather patted down on it. This simple operation is as equally one of the known laws of pneumatics as that of the atmospheric rail-road; and the laws which govern one would explain that of the other.

The pressure of fifteen pounds to the square inch of the atmosphere, may easily be conceived to be an extraordinary amount of force to be applied. The pressure on the human body to a person not acquainted with the laws of pneumatics, seems to be incredible. That there should be a pressure of about fifteen tons on the human body, makes a person of considerable good sense look a little credulous at the idea of his having to shoulder such a load as that every day; and he would very soon begin to imagine that the burdens of this life were great indeed. But if in addition to this, he were told that on a rainy day, when the "atmosphere was so heavy and thick," that two or three tons of atmospheric pressure were taken off his shoulders, he would be very likely to say, "Come—come, Mr. Philosopher, that is putting it on, and taking it off rather too thick. What! on a rainy day the atmosphere lighter than on a bright sun-shining day! See here, sir, can you tell how many beans five blue beans make, if shook up in a bag!" Now as ridiculous as all this appears, it nevertheless is true.

Many young persons have this impression on their mind, and unfortunately have such a particular desire to be accomplished gentlemen, to be familiar with the name of Signora Pico, and others of the opera—or the last new step in the Polka dance, and other amusements of the sort, that they would not know these simple every day things, because they are not fashionable.

It would be idle to attempt to illustrate this subject as fully as it would permit, as it would occupy too much space. And the cases that have been cited are only such as are of such simple use, that it is much to be wondered at, that they cannot be as thoroughly explained by any young man, as can the tune of the last new opera, the steps in a quadrille, or the latest cut of the Imperial or Moustache of some recently imported German or French Count. If this were the case, it would be a source of great credit to the young men generally; but unfortunately it cannot be done.

The love of some of the frivolities of the day, have more attractions than the useful sciences; whether it is that the

name of science conveys to the mind of the young man the idea of something very abstruse, requiring minds like those of Bacon, Galileo, Newton and Franklin, to explore their mysteries, it is difficult to say; but it is very natural to suppose that something of this kind must deter them from the enquiry, or else they would make a venture to read such works as Brewster's Optics, Arnot's Physics, and hundreds of other volumes, which would not only be more valuable to them than most reading that they could undertake, but would be equally as pleasing; for it is an absurdity to suppose that science has no pleasures, because all the phenomena in nature can be explained by her laws; and how much more gratifying it must be to any person to be able to explain the causes of these phenomena. Most truly, the satisfaction of being able to set a person right, who has stumbled into the error that ice is formed at the bottom of the river, and then rises up to the surface to be dovetailed together, would be more pleasing, as well as more to the credit of the person, than being able to correct a false step at a cotillion.

This error is not an imaginary case, but one of real occurrence, from a person who possesses as much good sense as the majority of young men, and occupies as respectable a position. But it is a case, and not unlike thousands to be met with every day, manifesting as much ignorance upon practicable subjects as to their laws as this. Not knowing these things, does not presuppose want of capacity to understand them; but a want of proper appreciation for their acquisition. In the cases mentioned there has been no attempt to select such as it is required that a person should be able to answer, because if that were the case he could easily learn by heart the usual modes of explaining their phenomena; but it has been to direct the attention to palpable cases of ignorance, not only of these things, but the application of the laws governing them. They should be known. The laws of mechanism, heat, hydraulics, hydrostatics and pneumatics, as well as of optics, and in fact all phenomena of nature, should be as well understood as that of any species of learning known. Every person can appreciate this knowledge. There is a tangible form to it, by which, through life, it can be made available in more ways than one to promote happiness. While the same may not be said of the advantages from reading the best of Scott's, or other novels and romances that can be found. They may afford some pleasure to excite the mind, and leave pleasing recollections of such characters as Ivanhoe and Rebecca; but they never can give as much pleasure as would be derived from the knowledge of these laws. Besides the pleasure of being able to explain these phenomena, it has the great advantage of leading to many useful inventions. On the subject of heat alone, there is field enough yet to exhaust the mind of some half a dozen Davy's, in applying it to the most advantage for manufacturing purposes, and that of warming houses. For it is a fact that there is double the quantity of fuel used in houses to warm them, that is required, owing to the simple circumstance of not knowing how to use it. Fuel generally is but half consumed, and even of that which is consumed, a great portion of it is lost, owing to the bad arrangement of radiation. Enquiries into this matter may be made by any one—and though a Davy or Faraday might be able to discover the mode of economising fuel sooner than a mere superficial reader of the subject, yet it does not follow that they may not turn the knowledge to good account, with a possibility of making an improvement on the mode of using fuel to generate steam, or for warming houses. In chemistry the application of its principles are so universal, that nothing is touched but is governed by its laws. The bread

that is partaken of at each meal, has to be made by as fixed laws of chemistry, as that of preparing gases—or the boiling of potatoes by equally as well known chemical laws; yet of the millions who eat of the bread and potatoes, if they were told that there was a science in boiling the potatoes, they would be likely to think it rather too "small potato" a science, for them to condescend to learn its laws. It would not be genteel to know how a potatoe was boiled, or why it changed from a nasty hard vegetable, to a delicate bread-like substance, by simply putting it into boiling water. But though it might not be genteel, it would certainly be very creditable, and perhaps detract none the less from any person's claims to gentility to be in possession of such an amount of knowledge. In fact, the elementary principles of physics should be more thoroughly studied in the schools, and forced upon the mind of the child, that he may, on coming to maturity, feel more interest in the subject. As it is now, most young men have no inclination that way. The name of science has too much of the abstruse about it to attract the attention; and the extravagant notions of gentility, which the great mass of the young men in the city have, of patronizing the operas and Pinteux—and the young and old and junior bachelor's balls, or getting a red flannel shirt on to run after an engine or hose cart, have become a serious evil to them. Their love of these amusements, without a proper cultivation of the mind, has had the tendency to lower very much the estimated intelligence among them; though in dress, and general appearance, they betray all the accomplishments of very learned gentlemen, and it is not until you put to them any of the simple questions of natural philosophy that it is discovered they are not what they appear to be, that all is not gold that glitters—and that a tailor has made the more pleasing part of them.

C. L. BARRITT.

### THE GREAT TOWER OF TARUDANT.

BY ROBERT OLIVER.

So Arphaxad proceeded with a step that constantly grew bolder and more vigorous. He removed the most faithful officers of the king, and supplied their places by creatures of his own—evil spirits whom his magic had clothed with the form and flesh of humanity. He issued all orders, heard all complaints, judged all causes, and in fine assumed all the royal functions, which he exercised without deigning even to consult the king. Upon the latter, indeed, he at length dared to lay a spell, under the influence of which the monarch shut himself up in the interior of his palace, and spent his whole time in studying books of magic and in practising incantations, the mode of performing which, the Egyptian had pretended to teach him; but in these he never could succeed, for the spell of the crafty magician so besotted his brain that he understood little of what he read, and remembered not one half of the purposely obscure and complicated instructions he had received.

But though reduced to this pitiable state, Abdallah yet loved, and had faith in the Egyptian, for so strongly was he charmed, that he did not perceive his own condition, but still believed himself a king, and thought that his industrious vizier merely relieved him of the toils and cares of government, that he might have leisure for loquacious and more agreeable pursuits. Neither were the people dissatisfied, for though they now never saw their king, they doubted not that his retirement was owing to his intense devotion to the affairs of the kingdom; and so long as those were well administered, they care little what passed within the palace.

Emboldened by impunity, Arphaxad allowed his ambition full play. He proclaimed his intention of building in the very centre of the city of Tarudant, a tower that should exceed in size and magnificence all that the world had ever seen. And the people shouted and applauded the undertaking, as one that would confer great glory on the nation.

Nor was their approbation lessened, when they were called upon to labor at the work, and to contribute of their gold and silver and precious stones towards its embellishment; for the Egyptian persuaded them that inconceivable benefits would flow from its erection. So, cheerfully they commenced the building, not dismayed, though a tenth part and that the fairest of their city was demolished to make room for the foundation. Cheerfully they labored, willingly they contributed of their wealth, and rapidly rose the tower. Story after story was added, each more magnificent than the other, until at length so great a height was reached, that the workmen on the top could barely be discerned from the ground.

The work went briskly on. Multitudes of supernaturally stout and active genies toiled side by side with human laborers, and architects of more than mortal craft guided the progress of the structure. Materials became scarce, and first the great wall of Tarudant, and then its chief houses and those of the provincial cities were thrown down to support them, and finally the royal palace itself was demolished, with the exception of the single apartment to which the king had of late confined himself.

Still the people were called upon, and still the people came to labor. More and more of their riches was demanded, and yet it was freely given. Higher, higher rose the tower, piercing far above the clouds, and seeming to enter the very heavens. The supply of stones was not yet sufficient. The public works which had conferred such prosperity upon Tarudant, the canals, roads, bridges, and aqueducts were despoiled, and their granite and marble added to the mighty edifice.

At length it was finished, and wonderful indeed was the work. Prodigions in breadth as well as height, superb with many-hued marbles, with the finest porphyry, the most transparent alabaster, glowing with gold and gems, and brilliant with silver, brass, and ivory. Immediately on its completion, Arphaxad dismissed the human laborers, and accompanied only by his attendant genies, of whom he had gathered an innumerable host, entered the tower and shut himself up therein.

And now the people, having nearly spent their strength, and entirely exhausted their treasure in the building of this tower, looked up at it with pride and exultation, and waited for the blessings that the Egyptian had promised should flow from it. They waited in vain. Nothing came, nothing descended. Still they waited, still in vain. They began to murmur, for they lacked bread, having neglected to till their lands while working for the magician, and having parted with every thing wherewith they might have bought bread in other countries. Their murmurs swelled to complaints and reproaches, not unmingled with curses. They called loudly upon the Egyptian, who answered not, for he was busied with his incantations in the highest story of the tower, where their mightiest shouts were heard only as the gentlest whispering of the west wind. Maddened to desperation, they at length assaulted the building, each man catching up a stone and hurling it against the great brazen gates. They flew open, and the multitude rushed in. When a fifth part had entered, the gates closed again with a tremulous roar, crushing many who were pressing for admittance.

The multitude found themselves in a vast circular hall, the floor of which was of rough rocks, and the lofty sides cased with broad plates of gold, highly burnished, but without figure or inscription. The ceiling of sculptured ivory, at a height beyond the reach of a strongly shot arrow, rested on columns of green marble, around the upper part of whose shafts immense serpents were lazily twining, their hideous heads swaying to and fro, up and down, and uttering occasionally thick hisses, accompanied by a gush of breath so pestiferous that no man could breathe it a moment and live. The eyes of these serpents glared with a vigilant ferocity, though the rest of their bodies seemed immersed in languid indolence, and from those dreadful orbs shone forth the only light which illumined the hall, a light so dim and strange, that when the people first entered, they could see nothing but their own palpitating forms.

Stupidly they stared upwards, saying not a word, for the poisonous fumes from above tainted even the air below, producing a drowsy feeling in those who inhaled it. At length, some bolder or more impatient than the rest broke the silence, shouting, "Come, here is gold, let us take it and buy bread!"

And they all rushed to the sides of the hall and attempted to tear off the golden plates; but they could not, for the

smooth surface afforded nothing to take hold of, and besides their strength was weakened by hunger and benumbed by the foul vapors they were breathing. They soon desisted, and sought to quit the tower, but there was no outlet save the brazen gates, and those defied their utmost efforts. In despair they flung themselves upon the rocky floor and remained heavily slumbering until midnight, when they were roused by the intolerable thirst produced by the hot and stifling air. They looked up, but there was no light. The serpents were asleep, and their eyes shot forth no gleams. Then amid the thick darkness, all with one voice gasped forth, "Water, water, give us water or we die!"

Suddenly laughter sounded through the tower, scornful, scendish laughter, and then again all was still. The serpents awoke, and for a moment swung their heads about uncertainly, then fixed them pointing downwards, and opening wide their mouths, hissed forth floods of waters strong and many, athwart whose rushing foam, danced with fearful glee the lurid light of their infernal eyes. Frantically the multitude drank, but not with pleasure, for the water was bitter and of a sickish warmth. It continued flowing down upon them, and rising, until it reached their knees, then their waists, and presently their armpits. They struggled, shrieked, and begged for mercy, but the water came pouring down, until it was twenty cubits deep, where the last strong swimmer sunk exhausted, and again horrible laughter pealed through the tower, mingled with the triumphant hissing of the serpents and the gentle dashing of the calming waters.

Meantime the people without the tower finding that they could not again force open the brazen gates, retired to a little hill some way off and held a consultation. It suddenly occurred to them that they yet had a king, who once was good, and wise and brave, and they were astonished that they had even for a moment forgotten him. Great indeed must have been the delusion which could blot out all remembrance of the kind and gallant Abdallah. The multitude resolved immediately to seek his protection from the evils in which they had been involved by their reliance upon the false Egyptian. "To the king! To the king!" they shouted—"he will deliver us—he will destroy the magician!"

In a body therefore they hurried to the royal palace, and there being now no guards or officers of state to prevent intrusion, they reached without difficulty the presence of the king. They found the poor monarch in a dismantled, dirty apartment, the sole remnant of his superb ancestral palace. He was reclining on a couch of ivory, adorned with brazen figures, which had once been gilded so skillfully as not to be distinguishable from pure gold. But these were now rusted over with dingy verdigris, while the ivory itself was so broken and decayed, that had it not been patched here and there with pieces of bone it would not have upheld the body of the king. Little, however, was required to uphold that body. So emaciated, so woe-begone was it, that emirs who for years had waited on the royal person, scarcely recognized their sovereign. His eyes were sunken in his head, his beard was enormously long and matted together, and his whole appearance squalid with the accumulated dust and filth of years. He was wrapped in a loose black robe fantastically striped with scarlet and purple, but so tattered and dirty that its texture and hues were scarcely discernible. Before him on the couch lay a roll of parchment inscribed with mystic characters, on which his eyes were bent with an expression of painful anxiety. At his side was an earthen vessel containing a quantity of dried fish, stale and mouldy, and at the foot of the couch a fountain of muddy water lazily weltered forth from between the jaws of a sculptured leopard.

Abdallah did not seem conscious of the approach of his subjects, but continued steadfastly gazing on the magical book. They stood for a time contemplating him, unable to speak, for their hearts were very full. At length an old Vizier, mastering his tears and sobs, with trembling voice exclaimed—

"Look up, O king, look up and behold thy faithful people who have come to thee in their great distress—have come to thee for refuge and relief."

The king feebly raising his head, with difficulty opened his mouth and replied:—"Why do ye trouble me in my studies? Seek Arphaxad the Egyptian. He will do what ye require." And sinking back upon his couch with a painful sigh, he again fixed his bleared eyes upon the parchment roll.

But the people groaned, and cried, "Alas, O King! It is from this accursed magician that all our miseries flow."

Again Abdallah looked up, and with a sadly bewildered expression demanded, "Why, what hath he done? Govern he not well and wisely?"

"Come forth, and see with thine own eyes, O king!"

They lifted the monarch to his feet, and would have led him out, but he was so feeble that he could not stand. They held him up tenderly, and one of the emirs turning to the people, said, "Run, some of you, and fetch water from the fountain that is beside the tomb of the Santon Sidi Edris—it hath virtue to heal the king's mind and give his body strength."

Swift young men started away as he spoke, and quickly came back with a jar full of water from the holy fountain. The emirs took it and washed the king, and trimmed his beard, and put upon him new garments of cloth of gold in place of the filthy black robe striped with scarlet and purple. They gave him also of the water to drink and fed him with bread and figs, so that he seemed like a new man, being wonderfully refreshed. The spell that bound him so long lost its power. He was restored to his right mind and to his wonted health; strength returned to his limbs, fire to his eyes, color to his cheeks. He stood among his emirs again like their king, and all the people shouted when they looked upon his face, for hope, long absent, began to swell their shrunken hearts.

Then a horse was brought to the king, a young horse, strong and full of fire, on which he mounted and was led to a neighboring hill, whence he could view the condition of his capital. When he beheld its desolation he was struck with such amazement that he could not speak. But at length finding his voice, he demanded, "Who hath done this? What enemy hath ravaged my city?" All the people answered, "Arphaxad the Egyptian. He hath done this." "Where is he?" asked the king. "Behold!" cried they, pointing to the tower.

Abdallah looked, and his amazement was greater than before. Putting spurs to his horse he rode forwards, followed by all the people, until he came in front of the great brazen gates of the tower, when he stopped and gazed upon the wondrous structure. Deep stillness pervaded the edifice; there was no sign of life or habitation about it, except that from the upper part there was gushing forth on every side a thick black smoke which rose in slow whiffs till they met above the tower's top, when they mingled in one vast spiral column that went steadily up till it seemed to reach the sky. There it spread into a dense cloud, that darkened the heavens and kept the blessed sunlight from ever shining on the godless fabric. Birds of gigantic size and monstrous shape, some with twenty wings and some with seven heads, but all with plumage of the brightest green, were flying about the wreathing column, now and then dashing into the smoke and soaring swiftly up into the cloud, or with their vast wings partly folded suffering themselves to sink down till they almost touched the tower. But these strange creatures made no sound, and seemed to be idly enjoying the smoke, rather than seeking after prey.

Presently the king commanded the trumpets to be sounded, and with a loud voice called upon Arphaxad to throw open the gates and come forth. Thrice he repeated this summons, and at the third time there was a peal as of thunder far up in the air. The people huddled together and looked eagerly to see what would follow. A door flew open in the middle of the tower, high above their heads, and disclosed the huge form of the Egyptian sheathed in armor of brass set with emeralds. His face could be seen only at moments, because of the smoke that swept in eddies round his head; but its expression was of wrath and disdain.

"Who is it that makes this turmoil at my gates?" he demanded in a voice that sounded like an echo of the thunder.

"Who is it, audacious wretch? It is the king thy master. Come down, open these gates, and humbly throw thyself at his feet, if thou wouldst avoid the punishment of thy monstrous guilt."

The magician laughed scornfully. "I know not of whom you speak. I have no king, I acknowledge no master. I had forgotten the very existence of the miserable mortal who styles himself such. But if you wish the gates opened, your wish shall be granted."

So speaking, he disappeared within the tower, whose great gates suddenly flew open and let forth a flood of black and stinking water, bearing along in its impetuous flow the corpses of those who had perished in the circular hall. So mighty and swift was the flood that it swept away and

drowned many of the people, and nothing but the speed of his horse saved the king. The good steed bore him to a hill not far off, where he stopped and looked back at the terrible tower. But there was no time for delay; as the waters subsided a host of hideous black genies sallied forth, chasing and slaying the frightened multitude. A squadron of them mounted on pale horses and headed by Arphaxad himself pursued the king, who fled eastwardly towards Mount Atlas. On the edge of the desert he was overtaken, and the genies were about to seize him, when a mighty blast of wind swept down from the mountains, and passing by the monarch struck his pursuers with such force that they were all thrown upon the ground, from which none rose alive, except their leader the magician, who bruised and astonished fled fearfully back to his tower.

Returning thanks to Allah for this timely interposition, which by showing that he was under divine interposition, had wonderfully raised his spirits from the consternation produced by the dreadful scenes he had witnessed, Abdallah held on his way across the desert, though quite uncertain whether he should go, or what he should expect. But something whispered to his soul that eastward, in Mount Atlas, and there only, he would find the means to redeem his kingdom and overthrow its proud oppressor.

(To be Continued.)

## AMERICAN PROSE WRITERS.

NO. V.

HENRY T. TUCKERMAN.

As a descriptive limner and critical essayist, the fidelity and elegance of Mr. Tuckerman's pen, have procured for him a large class of admirers, even among those upon whom his vigorous independence of thought is more or less thrown away. His bold paper on Shelley, proved, by the attention it excited, that he possessed far stronger characteristics of mind, than were to be found in the Elia-like felicity of style which constituted his first claim to popularity. Unlike Washington Irving, who, by his melodious combinations of words, frequently satisfies the reader for exceeding diffuseness of ideas, Mr. Tuckerman's quiet beauty of language, and delicate imagery, often so delight the mind, that we forget for the moment, the noble thoughts which they garbed; and it is not until we have gratified our sense of harmony, that we fully discern the vigorous ideas which have been thus conveyed to the intellect. Just as in listening to the music of Bellini, we are first struck with its exceeding tenderness, and not until we have bathed our very souls in sweetness, do we realize its mighty suggestiveness.

As an essayist, Mr. Tuckerman is almost without a rival. His tales, considered merely as tales, are, we think, less successful. They abound in graphic description and in beautiful language, but they are only sketches. Actions, events, the commonplace-ism of outward life, which make up so much of the *vraisemblance* of a fate, are not his forte. Opinion, sentiment, the great truths of spirit-life, and their application to the daily wants of humanity,—these are the subjects around which his mind and heart find their true occupations. No one looks with gentler eye upon his kind; in no heart is the fountain of sympathy more generous in its outpourings. But he seeks to do good to man, not by beguiling him from himself with some well-constructed fiction, but rather by bringing him to the well-spring of truth, that he may drink and live.

"Isabel of Sicily" was evidently designed to embody the results of the author's observations during a residence upon that beautiful island. To avoid the egotism usually found in a traveller's journal, Mr. Tuckerman has woven a light web of romance, and upon that embroiders his facts, thus adopting a precisely opposite course from that of most writers. To its somewhat injudicious title, may be attributed its want of immediate popularity in this country, while running through two editions in England. They who disdain to suffer their intellect to dally with any thing but truth, are deterred from looking into a work bearing so fanciful a name, while the inveterate devourer of fiction is lamentably disappointed, because the anticipated novel is not a story of Italian passion. Yet no one can look into the book a second time, without being struck with the acuteness, the clearness of perception, and the high-toned philosophy of its accomplished author.

The "Italian Sketch-book" is free from this trifling defect of mere mechanical form, and at an earlier period of our literary history, when there were more readers and fewer writers, would have instantly secured to its author an enviable reputation. We say fewer writers, not because Mr. Tuckerman has been eclipsed among the many; but simply because writing has now become a trade, and, like all other trades, it is so overstocked, that trickery of all sorts is necessary to secure a clique of readers for each aspirant after fame, while the true author, disdaining the petty arts of the mere popularity-seekers, is often unheard amid the din of noisy declaimers.

But, as we said before, it is as the essayist, and especially the critical essayist, that Mr. Tuckerman occupies his true position.

"We confess a partiality for the essay. In the literature of our vernacular tongue it shines conspicuous, and it is environed with the most pleasing associations. The essay is to prose literature, what the sonnet is to poetry; and, as the narrow limits of the latter have enclosed some of the most beautiful poetic imagery, and finished expressions of sentiment, within the compass of versified writing, so, many of the most chaste specimens of elegant periods, and of animated and embellished prose, exist in the form of essays. \* \* \* A volume of essays subserves the purpose of a set of cabinet pictures, or a portfolio of miniature drawings; they are the *salutis in pareo* of literature; and, perused, as they generally are, in moments of respite from ordinary occupation, turned to on the spur of mental appetite, they not unfrequently prove more efficient than belles-lettres allurements of greater pretension."

Such are Mr. Tuckerman's remarks upon the essay in his beautiful paper on the "Characteristics of Lamb." He has done much towards proving his own assertions, and illustrating his own apt comparison, for not only has he written the most finished essays, but his hand has also framed the most Shakespearian sonnets ever penned on this side of the great waters. His "Rambles and Reviews" is a book to be left lying on one's table,—to be taken up in those moods of the mind, when, wearied with the petty details of common-place outer life, we seek refreshment at the well-spring of poetic truth. The sketches of Italian life and scenery are at once graphic and suggestive. They are like Claude Lorraine pictures, not only truthfully drawn and colored, but also possessing that indescribable charm of atmosphere, which seems to transport one instantly to the very scene depicted.

Yet, if we were called on to rescue any one portion of Mr. Tuckerman's prose works from destruction, we should certainly lay hold of his "Thoughts on the Poets." Never did the true spirit of poetry find a nobler exponent. If any one doubts this, let him only read the essay on Goldsmith, full of a fine discriminating sense of the truthfulness and simplicity which made "poor Goldsmith" so winning as a friend, so delightful as a writer; then let him turn to the criticism on Pope, contained in the same volume. Compare the appreciating warmth with which the critic speaks of the poet, who

"Cherished throughout his whole life an earnest faith in one better nature; who realized the universal beauty and power of Love; who rejoiced in the exercise of all those tender and noble sentiments which are so much more honorable to man than the highest triumphs of mind;"—

Compare this with his clear and critical perception of Pope,

"The bright enamel of whose rhymes is like a frozen lake, over which we glide like a skater before the wind, surrounded by a glittering landscape of snow."

The hallowed mystery of a gentle mind, diseased beyond all leech-craft,—the thrilling picture of a soul full of love and truth, o'ertaking its powers until it found only darkness in the infinite,—the melancholy image of a spirit framed but to fine issues, yet yielding its tones to the rude touch of appetite, were never more delicately and powerfully depicted than in Mr. Tuckerman's criticisms on Cowper, Shelley, and Burns. Each of those gifted minds could say

"My spirit's bark is driven

Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng  
Whose sails were never to the tempest given;"

but few, even of their most ardent admirers, could have afforded so discriminating and philosophic an extenuation of the errors which the brightness of their fame made visible to the world.

Whether he portrays characters like these, or points us to the more sparkling fancy of Moore, uttering itself in song,—the chivalric muse of Campbell, breathing its trumpet-voiced appeal in measured, but heart-thrilling tones,—the fierce and

passionate spirit of Alfieri proclaiming its powerful will in Tuscan language but in Runic verse, he ever hears the low breathed moaning of that oracle which dwells in the sanctuary of the poet's heart. Himself a true poet, in the highest and loftiest sense of the term, he knows how to interpret the dark sayings of humanity.

Should it be supposed that the interest of these essays may depend much upon the associations connected with their subject, and that therefore they afford no fair test of Mr. Tuckerman's powers, we would refer to his "Lyrical Poetry," and his "Thoughts on Music," as evidences of his poetic taste and sensibility, while, for vigor of thought, elegance of diction, and aptness of illustration, we can find nothing finer in our literature, than the "Philosophy of Travel,"\* and "New England Philosophy."\* The latter, especially, is remarkable for its close analysis of, and its unanswerable arguments against those modes of thinking and acting, which would subject the warm impulses of the generous heart to the cold dictation of the calculating head.

E.

\* Published in the Democratic Review.

### CITY AMUSEMENTS.

It is a matter of astonishment, that among all the benevolent enterprises of the day, no society has yet been formed for the purpose of inquiring into and bettering the amusements of the people. It is a subject of vast importance, and one worthy of commanding the attention of reformers and philanthropists. The school-room, the church and the press, undergo a continual supervision by legal and self-constituted committees, to see that the public mind be not corrupted by improper aliment. But the Theatre, the Circus, and other places of public amusement, are shunned, as though good people could be contaminated by breathing even their names. Yet the minds of the young are more powerfully affected in their amusements, than in their studies, and deeper impressions are made upon their hearts in the unguarded relaxation of places of recreation, than while listening to wearisome lectures or long doctrinal sermons. Unhappily, the theatre has been so managed for many years in this city, that a man or woman of delicate sensibilities could not visit it. But those who have the good of their fellow-beings at heart are not allowed to indulge in squeamish feelings; and a virtuous motive will preserve the garments of the adventurer from contagion, even in passing through the rabble rout of Comus. It is therefore a duty which good men owe to society to overlook the amusements of the people, and when they cannot abolish a pernicious amusement, they must strive to improve it.

It seems to be quite impossible to extinguish the love of dramatic representations. It is one of the earliest temptations which beset youth; and the entire management of the theatre being in the hands of unprincipled and mercenary managers, the stage has become a prolific source of corruption to our young men. But it should not be so; and it is the duty of the conservators of our morals to see that the abuses of the stage, as well as the abuses of the school-room, be abolished. It is by no means unusual to hear our preachers denounce the theatre, without ever having been inside of one; and pronounce anathemas against practices which never had an existence. Of course, those whom it is intended to benefit by such means only laugh at the ignorance of their instructors, and persevere in their wicked courses. Our city preachers and teachers should go the rounds of our public places of amusement, that they might suggest suitable remedies for their evils, if any exist. Our foreign missionaries inquire diligently into the practices of the heathen among whom they are sent, and become very learned in all the enormities of pagan worship; they could not combat successfully

with their evil influences unless they thoroughly understood their origin; neither can our domestic missionaries contend with the vices which it is their aim to overcome, unless they thoroughly understand them.

The Bishop of London is reported to have made, recently, a visit in disguise, in company with other benevolent men, to the lowest haunts of the metropolis; that, by seeing the actual condition of the lower orders, he might be able to act intelligently in his endeavors to reform them. This is the only way in which any good can be done by moral reformers. Let those who declaim against theatres go to the theatres, and learn with their own eyes what it is that is offensive in dramatic representations. Many, we have no doubt, would be struck with the fine morality of the plays, the purity of the dialogue, the correct deportment of the actors, and the forcible lessons of life which the stage presents even in its lowest and most degraded condition; and they would doubtless be astonished that an amusement of so refined a nature, and so capable of conveying moral impressions, should suffer from the denunciations of religious men. But let them leave the stage, and turn to the filthy coffee-rooms and punch-rooms of the lobbies, where abandoned men and women mingle freely together, where every inducement to licentiousness and debauchery is held out to the young, as if on purpose to counteract any good impression which the stage may have made,—and they would no longer wonder that the Theatre was denounced by the professedly virtuous; but they might well wonder why these filthy holes should be appended to the theatre, while the lecture-room, the concert-room, and all other places of amusement, are free from them. The reason is very obvious. In the time of Charles the Second, the stage, in common with every other department of art, was highly immoral; and religious preachers of every denomination, but mainly puritans, launched their loudest invectives against it, as well they might; and the feeling against the stage with us has been inherited from these puritans, and exists now among their descendants as rankly as with them, even when the cause which gave it birth has ceased to exist for nearly a century. None of the indecent plays of Charles the Second's time have been represented in our theatres for fifty years past; but the literature of that period, which was tinctured with the same moral qualities that disgraced the stage, is still preserved in our libraries, and we have no doubt that every clergyman's bookcase in the city contains more objectionable reading than is presented on the stage during a year. The truth is, that the greater number of acting plays are as moral and prosy as an afternoon sermon; for before a play can be put upon the English stage it must be approved by the Chamberlain, who blots out every coarse expression and every scene of doubtful morality; and as we produce no plays of our own, we present only those that the English licensers have pronounced fit for the people.

But we still keep up the hereditary cry against the immoralities of the stage; and one state in the Union forbids by law any dramatic representation within her borders, when the stage has become almost as moral as the pulpit. Indeed, a good moral is an essential part of every stage performance, without which no play can be successful. No other species of amusement demands this; yet the stage is still called immoral, religious people are forbidden to frequent the theatre, and only the reckless and abandoned have courage to visit it, and it is to suit their tastes, because they form the chief supporters of the stage, that the objectionable places which we have hinted at have an existence. But let the theatre be visited by respectable people, men of refined tastes and good morals, and the punch-rooms and coffee-rooms



would soon be abolished, and the people would have what they continually seek—a place of amusement where they might derive some moral profit, while indulging in the relaxation from the cares of business which is necessary to preserve a healthy tone in the moral and physical system.

The upper classes, as the rich are called, feel the want of a place of public amusement, though they have a thousand resources which the poor lack, and they are striving to establish an Italian opera house for their peculiar enjoyment; and one of our morning papers, that holds the theatre in such abhorrence as to exclude all dramatic advertisements from its columns, professes to be in ecstasies with the measure. But the Italian opera, in its very highest condition, is only the recreation of Sybarites; it appeals only to the animal sensations, but makes no aim at the heart, which the lowest order of dramatic entertainments professes to do. If half the exertions which are bestowed in attempts to establish an Italian opera in this city, were made in behalf of the theatre to establish it on a proper basis, a place of amusement would be furnished for the people which would be acceptable and profitable to all classes. An Italian opera never can succeed in this city. If it cannot in London and Paris without the aid of government or government officials, how can it be supported here, where its patrons are fewer and its expenses higher?

Horace Walpole, in one of his letters to Sir Horace Mann, writes,—

"We have got another opera, which is liked; there was to have been a vast elephant, but the just Directors, desiring to give the audience the full weight of one for their money, made it so heavy that at the Prova it broke through the stage. It was to have carried twenty soldiers, with Monticelli on a throne in the middle. There is a new subscription begun for next year, thirty subscribers at two hundred pounds each. Would you believe that I am one? You need not believe it quite, for I am but half an one; Mr. Conway and I take a share between us."

This was in the last century, to be sure, but it is by similar means that the Italian Opera is supported now in London; and unless the much talked-of "upper ten thousand" are willing to subscribe in this munificent manner for the amusement of each other, which we doubt exceedingly, an Italian opera can never flourish among us.

## The Fine Arts.

### THE PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS.

CONSIDERING that this institution has only been in operation thirty-nine years, it has succeeded in accumulating an amount of bad pictures that would seem almost incredible, were it not that sincere conviction may be purchased for a quarter of a dollar. There seems to have existed a kind of chemical affinity, by which all the worst specimens of Art which came within the sphere of its attraction were drawn irresistibly toward it. If this hypothesis be a correct one, we can only wish that its power of enticement had extended to some more northerly cities. Institutions of this kind seem to be the threads around which all the bad taste hitherto held in solution in general society hastens to crystallize itself. They are the ravens sent by Providence to supply mediocrity with bread in the shape of patronage.

We hardly know where to begin noticing some few of the many atrocities perpetrated here in the holy name of Art; but perhaps the fairest way of settling the precedence will be by the amount of canvass which each artist has expended. Perhaps, were we to take the aggregate amount of Mr. Solly's canvasses, we should find that he had displayed more of this liberal enthusiasm than any other gentleman whose "works" are here exhibited, but we doubt not but

he will be willing to yield the foremost place to Mr. West, both because he (Mr. W.) was president of the Royal Academy, and because he has sacrificed by far the largest single canvass upon the altar of professional ambition. "West's celebrated picture of DEATH ON THE PALE HORSE," as it is styled in the panegyric catalogue, is painted upon a canvass twenty-five feet long by fourteen and a half feet wide, being almost as large as the foressail of a pilot boat, and if in such matters, badness may be estimated by the acre, we should not hesitate to pronounce it the worst picture in the world. It would be hard to say whether it be more wanting in the imaginative or the mechanical qualities of a true painting. In both these respects it is below criticism, and it were only a waste of time to point out its most striking absurdities. We cannot help noticing, however, the originality displayed both in the conception and execution of the flash of lightning in the left of the picture. The impression conveyed by such electric displays to the mind of ordinary mortals, is that of extreme swiftness, but precisely the reverse effect seems to have been produced upon the President of a Royal Academy. The lightning in the present case wanders deliberately down and ends in a viscid drop, so that its general appearance is like what would be produced by the melting and running down of a ball of molasses candy which had been reduced to that extremity upon a street-stall by a sudden change of weather. We cannot help imagining the exultation which must have been felt in England when this monstrosity was fairly rolled up and shipped to this country. It might almost seem that its being sent hither was the result of a plot to give British tourists an additional subject of merriment. Yet this trumpery has been carted about the country in every direction and exhibited, with the connivances of those who should have known better, as a miracle of Art. Editors of newspapers, who are supposed *ex officio* to know every thing, pay for their tickets to such sickening shows with half a column of flummery, and the mass of the people forever after use this picture as a standard in measuring other pictures which have no President's name attached to them. In this way incalculable injury is done to the cause of true Art.

Allston's "Dead man restored to life," we have never been able to admire. It displays none of that artist's fine qualities. The coloring is hard and niggardly, the grouping inefficient, and the whole looks more like an attempt to paint a *large* picture than a *great* one. Haydon's picture of "Christ's entry into Jerusalem," which hangs on another side of the room, is more in Allston's style of coloring than his own picture. It is chiefly interesting for the portraits it contains. We confess that we think a great crowd of people to be hardly a fit subject for the painter, unless, indeed, it be at such a distance as to preclude any attempt at individualizing particular heads. If the Artist paints all the heads with equal care it will either seem unnatural, because the eye could not take them all in at one moment, as in this picture, or it will deprive the figures of all motion and life. In Haydon's pictures all the heads in the foreground look too large.

Among many pictures which are disgraceful as works of Art, there is one which is positively disgusting. We allude to No. 48 in the "North Gallery." The subject is stated in the catalogue as "Time flogging Cupid." It is, of course, by a French Artist, and, as we turned away from it, we could not help wishing most fervently that the mythology of the Greeks had made Cupid a cherub, and thus precluded him from becoming the subject of such an exposure.

One of the worst pictures in the exhibition is by Opie, R. A. The subject is from Gil Blas. If pictures may be estimated in the same way that puns were by Lamb, who con-

sidered that badness was one of the postulates for excellence, this may be ranked as *facile princeps* in Art. If there can be anything worse, it must be Mr. Sully's copy of the same painting. We can conceive of no object which Mr. S. could have had in selecting this for imitation, unless it might have been a desire to excuse in some measure the outrages of American daubers by multiplying the specimens of one perpetrated by an Englishman.

The Directors of the Academy have learned one artifice from the picture dealers, and have given to the most flagrant violations of artistic proprieties the names of the different Great Masters, selected apparently at random. They seem to have entertained a peculiar spite against Salvatore Rosa, the greater number being ascribed to him. Time would fail us to enumerate particularly all the wretched spoiled canvasses which the "Academy" have sanctioned either by their purchase or acceptance. There are a few good pictures here, chiefly by Flemish artists, but a foreign visitor would be led to imagine that there were but two or three American painters, of the works of some of whom the Academy had succeeded in making almost complete collections, and who compared very favorably with the great foreign masters, specimens of whose productions may be found hung side by side with theirs. We think that Mr. Peale showed a truly patriotic forbearance in placing his works in a Museum of his own, where may be seen some ten score of portraits all with a dab of light like a sprinkling of flour on the apex of their heads. When a visitor pays his money at the door of that institution, he knows what he has to expect. If he does not like the pictures he may look at the mastodon. At the Academy, if the paintings are not to his taste, he may look at—at—at—Mr. Pettrick's statue of Goethe's Mephistophiles!

We have confined ourselves in this notice chiefly to the bad pictures in this exhibition, partly because they form by far the largest proportion, and partly because we think that most of them disgrace the walls where they hang. We are indignant that the public taste should continue any longer to be miseducated by such examples. If we are to have Academies of Art, let them be useful in one of two ways. Either let them quicken the artistic perceptions of the mass of the people by collecting good foreign pictures, or good copies of them; or let them (and this is better) encourage American Art by purchasing and paying liberally for good pictures by native artists, especially if the Artists be unknown. Such institutions should lead the public taste in some measure, and the purchase of a picture by them should precede the verdict of popular taste, and not follow it. America can now point to Artists of whom Italy or Greece in their best days might have been proud. Why need we make a collection of tasteless failures with foreign names attached to them, while we might give employment and perhaps bread to such men as Page and Powers?

The collection of pictures we have been noticing is the more disgraceful to Philadelphia, because there is a great deal of refined taste and judgment there, as well as liberal and judicious patronage. The piece of statuary by Powers and the picture by Leutze which we mentioned in our last, are both for a gentleman of Philadelphia whose private collection is as honorable to his taste as to his munificence.

#### THE PARDONING GOVERNOR.

We have often seen notices of pardons by the late Governor of Pennsylvania, but we had no suspicion of the extent to which he had strained his mercy, until we saw the offi-

cial statement of the exact number of convicts whom he set free before their term of confinement expired. The whole number of pardons granted by Governor Porter is eight hundred, of these, fifty-five were granted before trial. Among the pardoned were several murderers, counterfeiters, burglars, horse thieves, bigamists, incendiaries, and fraudulent voters. A fearful list of freedmen. Of what use are laws that must be executed by lawless men? These eight hundred rogues whom Governor Porter set free, the great part of them beyond doubt to rob and murder again, had been convicted at great expense to the state; and the neighborhoods which they had infested, had no doubt looked upon themselves as happily rid of dangerous members: but the expense must all be incurred again by the state, and throats must be cut, and houses fired again, because the governor, one weak-minded or dishonest man to whom the people gave power over their lives and fortunes, chose to have it so. Another Governor is the very opposite of Governor Porter, either very honest or very hard hearted, and will grant no pardons under any circumstances, and convicts who had been accidentally condemned must suffer years of confinement, because the Governor (the one man again) will have it so.

What absurdity to talk of justice, when the execution of the law depends upon the whim of an individual! If one Governor may pardon eight hundred convicts, why may not some other Governor hereafter make a general jail delivery and pardon all convicts. If Governor Porter may pardon fifty-five indicted criminals before trial, what is there to prevent some other Governor releasing all offenders before trial? Nothing could more plainly show the folly of the majority of the whole people making a law, and then giving one man the power to render it null, than the exposure of Governor Porter's suspicious mercy. The Americans are strangely reckless of power: having it in their own hands, and having never felt the want of it themselves, nor suffered much from its abuse by others, they give it away as though it were little worth. They give it to their rulers as though their rulers were angels, and could not use it improperly. They are credulous to a degree passing belief. It never seems to have occurred to the people of the United States, that their executive officers could do wrong; to think so would be a reflection upon the people themselves, for the officers, are they not taken from the people? But the conduct of Governor Porter of Pennsylvania has caused a suspicion in some minds that the State Executive enjoys too much power, and a proposition has already been introduced into the Pennsylvania legislature requiring the consent of the Senate to a pardon by the Governor. In the most democratic state in the Union, Massachusetts, the advice and consent of the Governor's council is necessary to a pardon.

Governor Porter must be a singularly weak-headed man, or the courts in Pennsylvania must be strangely corrupt, to allow of eight hundred men being sent wrongfully to prison. We flatter ourselves that we are governed by our own laws, but we are mainly governed by the whims of one man to whom we give power to render null and void all our laws. An elective monarchy is certainly an improvement upon an hereditary monarchy, but it is only an improvement, and a slight one too; our people are almost as far from believing that all power rests with them, and that they have power to govern themselves, as the subjects of Nicholas or Queen Victoria.

We do not condemn governor Porter; he may have been moved by merciful considerations in setting the rogues free that the court had condemned to imprisonment; but he or the judiciary of the state must have been strangely wanting in honesty or capacity, or so great a number of men could not have been convicted unjustly, or unjustly set at liberty.

## Original Poetry.

## GABRIELLE.

How I loved thee, dearly loved thee,  
None can tell,  
But the heart that still adores thee,  
Gabrielle!

Thou hast left me, ay deceived me,  
Know I well;  
But I never can forget thee,  
Gabrielle.

In the quiet midnight hour  
Thou art nigh;  
In my dreams thy gentle power  
Fliteth by;  
And upon my fevered brain  
Thy holy spell  
Cometh like an olden strain  
We loved so well.

Though unknown and unregretted  
I may fade,  
I shall never cease to love thee,  
Faithless maid;  
For my pathway, lone and dreary,  
Through life's cell,  
By thy smile was made less dreary,  
Gabrielle.

On my grave, when I am gone,  
Drop a tear  
For the heart with anguish torn  
Now with'ring here;  
When departed, think of him  
Who loved so well,  
And if then thine eyes should dim,  
Gabrielle!

For that tear thy spirit lover,  
Fleet and fast,  
Round thy footsteps e'er shall hover  
Till the last;  
And with music's sweetest numbers,  
Holy swell,  
Angels bright shall guard thy slumbers,  
Gabrielle.

February, 1844.

S. A. W.

## THE WIFE OF LOT.

"And the sun was risen upon the earth when Lot entered Zoar."  
"But his wife looked back from behind him, and she became a pillar of salt."  
GENESIS.

"Arise, and flee hence, and turn not back!"  
The angel to the godly patriarch said—  
"Tarry thou not for kindred, herd, nor flock!"  
And Lot arose and forth the city fled

Onward to Zoar. And clinging to his side  
Were they on whom as yet no blemish lay,  
And the true wife—the true, and oh! how tried!  
With impeding footsteps followed on the way.

Alas for her, sad mother! whose torn heart  
Felt love's strong chain to those her being bind;  
Yet gave to them, her being's other part—  
To them, the doomed, that she had left behind.

And Lot sped onward, while the sandy plain  
Gleam'd 'neath their hurrying feet. But Sarah turned—  
And lo! on Sodom fell the fiery rain,  
And the far mountains heaved, and wildly burned,

And from their summits fiercely hurled their blaze,  
As hurle high Jove his thunderbolts in ire;  
Lighting the roofs, till 'neath her frenzied gaze  
The city flamed like one vast funeral pyre.

And oh! the agony that rent her breast,  
While from her eyes the heart's warm torrent burst—  
To know the forms her arms maternal pressed,  
Were ashes there beneath you pile accursed.

"Alas!" she wildly cried, "here would I die!  
Mine eyes may look no more on all I cherish!  
Too much for life henceforth were memory!  
Since they are saved, with these, oh! let me perish!"

Oh! mourning mother! long upon the plain  
She stood—her watch in tearful anguish keeping;  
Till the warm blood congealed within each vein,  
And all to stone she turned with bitter weeping.

MARY E. HEWITT.

## THE LECTURE ROOM.

## MR. HUDSON'S LECTURE ON HAMLET.

THE new lecturer on Shakspeare had been gazetted from Boston as something of a lion, in which respect we cannot help considering that he had been very ill classified. His eye, manner, eagerness, and especially the avidity with which he pounces upon a truth as if he would tear out the very heart of the mystery, characterize him as belonging to the ornithological part of creation—a hawk or vulture, rather than a lion. He has none of the paces of the lion, nothing of the roar loud and continuous, or low and dulcet—for your lion, your literary lion, as wisely remarked by Bottom, is very apt to degenerate into the sucking dove.

Mr. Hudson was expected to make a sensation. He had made a sensation in Boston—would the canes and gloves of New York respond? This is, as a question, by no means necessarily to be answered in the affirmative. Civilization and intelligence, we are told, are always proportioned to the density of the population, and New York being huge and metropolitan, it must be considered that what is a thirty-two pounder in the provinces is a mere pop-gun here, by the sheer force of mathematical accumulation. Hence it follows that New York can bear a celebrity from any other part of the country, with great equanimity, while the reverse movement has frequently called to mind the frog in the fable. Whatever Mr. Hudson may be elsewhere, in New York he is simply a man, a cultivated man, originally of strong mind and vigorous perception, with these rare natural faculties strengthened by judicious reading. Here let him appear what he is, and he will be welcome. Anything extrinsic is "leather and prunella." There are one or two points of manner about Mr. Hudson that, we might as well state it at once, however telling they may be elsewhere, can be dispensed with to advantage here. Such are some of the unutterable chokings, the ineffable grins, and the foolish apology which preceded the lecture. His own laugh at one point betrayed him—at a peculiarly abdominal utterance of the word *practical*, during which he tied up his own muscles to relax those of the company. If the thing is to be done in this way, let it be so advertised. Shakspeare through a horse collar might draw upon the Park audiences, but the divines, the lawyers, the literateurs, who graced the Society Library on Monday evening, can dispense with the wriggings and grins with which Mr. Hudson, like the early Methodists, delivers his conceptions. We are not at all disparaging Mr. Hudson, which we should be, on the contrary, if we took these painful and ludicrous twistings for any thing natural or harmonious with the mind within.

In our view of a lecture on Shakspeare, we are about to pay Mr. Hudson a high and deserved compliment, by saying that his lecture, in tone and thought, might have been written by

the poet Dana. There was the same inward depth and command of the outer world, the same profound constructiveness and freedom from mere dogmatism. The separate thoughts may not have been original—that is, uttered for the first time, a very shabby definition of originality, by the way) but there was the innate strength of mind to grasp and mould them into one consistent whole. The thinking was of the right manly sort, stopping at no half-way house of decencies, but going forth right to the end of the journey, fall who might by the way. Many a bleeding victim was left by Mr. Hudson prostrate on the path. Poor Dr. Paley with his plausible morals, an army of pretenders, who seem rather than are, and a score of politicians. The latter received their death wound from a gun resting on the shoulder of Polonius. We shall not readily forget the miserable demagogue whose secret is to find out the tendencies of the mass, and put himself in the van—"a trick requiring only long legs, a short head, and no heart at all." This was one of Mr. Hudson's points which told well, and by the way, seeing how much he himself gains from this harmless stage effect, he might have spared the poor actors the girl he put in, in the Ophelia scene—other sayings were as good, but the rapid succession of short, close, sinewy sentences, have driven them from our memory. We remember one happy illustration, referring to the noisy pretenders, and the silence of true greatness. "We hear the crackling of burning straw, but not the rays of the sun in heaven." These are words that savor not at all of the mountebank. The pointed antithetical character of the politician, would have done honor to Butler and the best of the old Character Writers. The analysis of the character of Hamlet was ingenious, and if not convincing, it was at least well defended by a numerous light infantry of brilliant truths. The ground taken was that Hamlet feigned insanity, and so closely that he was subject to all the laws of the real melancholy. The most that can be done with Hamlet is to take some theory as a nucleus, like the thread of the sugar manufacturer, for the crystallization of a whole world of truth and philosophy. The sarcasm with which that "code of Chesterfieldianism," the instructions to Laertes, was toppled over, was righteously expended, and the depth of feeling for Ophelia, was an earnest to us of what we may expect in the lecturer's development of the great Shakspearian female life.

#### THE CONCERT ROOM.

"MUSICAL CRITICISM."—Under this head, the editor of the Evening Mirror, comments with much indignation upon some remarks made by us a week or two ago, upon a young vocalist: he also informs us that we have been most shockingly mangled by the Brooklyn Daily Advertiser. Now this we are really sorry for, as we both respect and esteem its excellent editor, Dr. Northall, for many reasons.

We have not seen his remarks, but we are acquainted with their import, and we feel ourselves compelled to say, that considering the very near relationship in which the doctor stands to the young lady in question, those remarks, though perfectly natural, were impolitic and in bad taste.

In answer to the editor of the Mirror, we must reiterate what we have before said, that his musical opinions are of no value; they would not even serve as make weight to a doubting mind. His criticisms, as criticisms, are without meaning: being a mere string of strained similes, far-fetched images, irrelevant rhapsodies, which, though expressed by a strange mixture of quaintness and bombast, flippancy and earnestness, bear no internal evidence that they spring

either from a knowledge or a love of the subject in discussion.

The editor of the Mirror has earned, by his after supper lucubrations, the honorable title of Operatic Puffer; he has worked hard for the distinction and has justly gained it, but what benefit his labors have conferred upon the cause of music it would be impossible to discover. He has endeavored to foster a false standard of taste, by exalting (O power of imagination!) merely good talent into superior genius; he has encouraged negligence and slovenliness in every department, by indiscriminate commendation. This may be called good nature, but it is not justice, and such a course of conduct cannot command the respect of any one.

Our course must of necessity be entirely opposite to this. We do not write to elevate the individual at the expense of the Art, but we are striving to raise the Art by preserving it and its professors in a course of integrity.

Our remarks upon Miss Northall, are designated by the editor of the Mirror, as injudicious, flippant, and ill-natured. This is a charge he is by no means justified in making. We might, with equal justice, accuse him of dishonorable motives in writing up Pico at the expense of Borghese; or we might say that he puffed up the Opera concern, day after day, for the sole purpose of gaining the artists' gratuitous services at a "complimentary concert." We do not say this, but he has given us a right to do so, by wilfully misconstruing our intentions. We have done him the justice to believe him honest in his intentions, and we have a right to expect the same consideration from him.

We have always endeavored to assist the young, but we conscientiously believe, that confirming them in their faults, whatever they may be, by indiscriminate and fulsome flattery, such as "one of a brilliant constellation of talent," &c., &c., is not an act of friendship, but on the contrary, an unkind and wilful deviation from the truth, entailing upon the author well merited contempt for his mendacity, and upon the subject, a long account of falsely raised expectations, and a sad history of blighted hopes. Under this conviction, we have chosen the sterner course; we may wound and offend—though never intentionally, at first, but we shall soon be understood, and we do not fear the result.

GRATUITOUS SERVICES AT CHARITABLE CONCERTS.—We have neither space nor time this week, to enter upon this subject as largely as we could wish. We will simply define the duty the professor owes to the public, when once his name is announced in the bills as a gratuitous performer. Having allowed the beneficiary the attraction of his name (however small that attraction may prove to be) he should consider that he has made an engagement which he is bound in honor to fulfil, not only to the letter, but in the spirit. How very rarely such obligations are observed, we well know. We will mention two of recent occurrence, illustrating forcibly how the letter and the spirit of such engagements are observed.

At the benefit concert at the Transfiguration Church, Madame Pico was announced to sing. She did not appear. What was to compensate for the absence of the chief attraction? Was not this violating the letter of the engagement. A most exquisite septet by Hummel was to be performed, Mr. W. A. King taking the piano-forte. Mr. King could get no perfect rehearsal of the piece, but he was assured that the persons appointed to play it, had played it frequently before. He was compelled to be satisfied. In the evening, when the time came for its performance, there was no one to play the horn part. There were two horn players pre-

sent, Messrs. Whoening and Nidda, both efficient, we suppose, or their reputation is false. They both refused steadily, the former, mark this well! knowing it well, having played it before, and seemed quite indifferent to the painful situation in which Mr. King was placed. All this time the Director was hurrying the performance on, saying in an audible voice, "go on, go on—never mind, play it without the horn,—we can't stay here all night." Mr. King, however, very justly refused, and finally Mr. Groenvelt, much to his honor as a man and a musician, undertook to play as much of the horn part as possible upon the clarionette. The piece was hurried on by the conductor, Signor Rapetti, in a very indecent manner, his impatience to retire being evident to the audience. The septett was beautifully played, under all these disadvantages, and was beyond a doubt the only worthy performance of the evening. Even if the gentlemen hornplayers were not engaged to play in the septett, under the circumstances, their feelings both as men and as musicians should have induced them, for the honor of their art, to afford their necessary aid. But to some men *art* has no other signification than *cash*.

The violation of the spirit of the agreement rests either with the performers or the conductor.

The second instance occurred only last Saturday evening, at the Benefit Concert of the Italian Opera. After allowing the names to appear in the advertisements, in the large posters and small programmes, (*a cheap way to gain notoriety*) when the audience was assembled, excuses were sent from *Madame Arnoult*, *Miss Northall*, *Signor De Begnis* and *Valtellina*. Being in fact the sum total of the "brilliant constellation," as the Mirror would say. These excuses were received by the audience with derision and contempt as they deserved, and we should be glad if the public would mark their just disgust at such conduct upon their next public performance.

Madame Otto, Miss De Luce, and a Miss Sobieski, and Signor Sanquirico, appeared, we understand, but of their performances we cannot speak, as the customary compliment of tickets was withheld from us.

## The Drama.

**OLYMPIC THEATRE.**—A new Burlesque, entitled "Joe Miller and his men," was produced at this theatre last week. It is a travesty upon the celebrated *melodrama* of the Miller and his Men. The incidents are identically the same, but the dialogue is done into doggerel, full of point, wit, and humor. The actors throughout make a signal failure in their conception of the *genius* of burlesque. Instead of acting burlesque with an intensity of seriousness, and thus heightening the absurdity, they render nonsense still more nonsensical, and thus miss the point entirely.

The scenery throughout the evening was extremely beautiful. Mr. Beugough has the eye and the feeling of a true artist, with an admirable power of elaborating his ideas. The piece was of course put upon the stage in excellent style, but it will not succeed.

The Leader of the Orchestra should content himself with playing the music set down for him, and cease indulging in such very questionable "fun."

**CRATHAM THEATRE.**—This establishment re-opened on Monday last. During the recess it has been entirely repainted, newly decorated, and a new stage has also been laid down. It is now, certainly, the most elegant theatre in the city.

We hate imposition in every way—playing an old piece (the *Vagrant*) with a new name, is a gross imposition. "True Blue" is a nautical, patriotic, not-to-be-believed drama, Americanised from the English, in which one Yankee tar does battle with an incalculable number of Britishers, and whips them all to nothing. Sundry very equivocal speeches are made, which had much better be omitted.

Mr. Freer is not at home as the *Salter*. Mr. Winans is very droll, but somewhat too broad in his acting. Miss Orville, who has a fine

voice and is an elegant dresser, was encored in a very pretty song, "When the moon on the lake is beaming," and received a shower of bouquets from her admirers.

"The Devil in Paris" is postponed for the present.

## NEW ILLUSTRATED WORKS.

**THE DEVOTIONAL FAMILY BIBLE**, by the Rev. Alexander Fletcher, A. M., author of the *Guide to Family Devotion*, *Scripture History*, &c., containing the Old and New Testaments, with explanatory notes, practical observations, copious marginal references, &c., every part embellished with a highly finished engraving on steel, including views of the principal places mentioned in Scripture, from drawings taken on the spot. New York, R. Martin & Co., 26 John street. Part 1st. Price 25 cents.

We believe this to be the cheapest and most elegant edition of the Bible which has been published in this country. The paper and letterpress are both of the highest order, and the embellishments, though copied from pictures which are almost universally known, are executed in a style of art to make them acceptable, even to those who already possess copies of them from other sources. The views to be given in future numbers, from drawings by Catherwood and Bartlett, will constitute the chief pictorial value of this splendid edition of the Bible. We have always regarded any efforts of the imagination, whether executed by the pen or pencil, as sadly out of place on the page of Holy Writ, and we should, therefore, look with as little favor upon the *Moses*, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, in this initial number, as upon the devotional reflections appended to each page, by the Reverend editor. The majority of Bible readers think differently, we believe, and to them the reflections and the embellishments of this edition, will be alike acceptable, while the real illustrations, the actual views of Bible-scenes, will be acceptable to all. Our remarks are intended to apply solely to the principle of Scriptural illustrations, and not to the merits of those referred to, which are of the highest excellence *per se*, and quite beyond the reach of criticism at this day.

We cannot claim any particular national credit for the excellence of this work, for the greater part of it is of foreign manufacture. It is not, however, a whit the less valuable on that account. The paper is manufactured in this country, expressly for the work, and several of the forth-coming designs will be from the burin of Smalls, who stands at the very head of landscape engravers of the present day. Altogether, it is a work of great beauty, and we trust that the enterprising publishers will find a profitable sale for it, as we have little doubt of their doing.

The Apocrypha, we understand, will be published in a separate part, but uniform with the others, so that subscribers may take it, or not, at their discretion.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

**A REPLY TO PART OF THE BISHOP'S STATEMENT.** By John Jay, one of the counsel originally employed by the presenting Bishop. Stanford & Swords, 129 Broadway.

We have no expectation that Mr. Jay's pamphlet will be the last which the unhappy trial of Bishop Onderdonk will call forth, but it is the last one that we shall notice in our Journal. The Bishop and his friends appear to have acted with little wisdom in giving notoriety to the particulars of his singular case. It is greatly to be lamented that the public mind should have been so disturbed by the controversies growing out of this trial; it was a matter which concerned the Episcopal Church alone, and the seemingly deep interest which the public have evinced in regard to it, arises from a pure love of gossip, heightened by the supposed immoralities which were to be revealed. The harm done to the community by filling the minds of the young with filthy details of scandalous transactions, and exciting their passions by the bitter personalities of men who are looked upon as heralds of peace, is greater, we fear, than the good which many Bishops will be likely to effect in many years.

Mr. Jay's pamphlet was called out by a rather direct insinuation against him, in one of the Bishop's communications to the public, which he could not well let go unnoticed. His reply is temperate, respectful and dignified. He has certainly succeeded in freeing himself from any charge of improper conduct or motives in the part he took towards procuring the presentment of the Bishop; or in procuring witnesses after the presentment had been made. It seems to be a difficult matter, according to Mr. Jay's Statement, to please the Bishop and his friends. They complain as loudly against those who neglected to make charges against him as against those who did. Considering the vastage ground which Mr. Jay occupies, we cannot

but commend the forbearance and christianlike spirit which induced the exceedingly moderate and forgiving tone of his reply. It would have been better for all parties, if all who have felt themselves bound to come before the public with their views and facts had manifested the same spirit.

**THE ASS.** A Satire pronounced as a Valedictory Poem before the New York Society of Literature, at its Second Anniversary, January 22, 1845. By Alfred Wheeler. C. Shepard, 131 Broadway.

"In presenting the following Poem," says Mr. Wheeler in his preface, "the author regrets that neither time nor opportunity has been afforded for such corrections and additions as would, in his humble judgment, add much to its merit." Mr. Wheeler has done himself an injustice by putting forth his Satire without first making the additions hinted at, for which, we suppose, the "New York Society of Literature" must be held accountable. All the satirical parts of Mr. Wheeler's "Satire" appear to have been left out, for we have not been able to discover anything that bears a resemblance to satire in a very careful reading which we gave it: and the "personal friends" who urged its publication before the necessary additions could be made which its title calls for, showed but little discretion in their friendship for the satirist. The freedom of the press has got an end to satire. When men have the privilege to abuse wrong-doers in plain prose, there is no inducement to insinuate abuse against them under the cover of assumed names in rhyme. The open blackguardism in which editors of newspapers and their correspondents indulge, makes all satire in rhyme appear extremely weak and unpalatable. But the vices of the age which are every day held up to derision in all manner of ways, cannot possess much zest when slightly alluded to in ten-syllable verses, after the manner of the satirists of the last century.

Mr. Wheeler satirizes the stage in the following verses, which we extract as a specimen of his manner:

"Now turn we, in our plaudits of the age,  
To scan the beauties of the modern stage.  
I mean not living beauties, who amuse  
Themselves and us with prauds, chaff, and ruse;  
But the refinement and legitimacy  
Which make the drama now so rich and nice.  
Time was when men of genius there were needed,  
To act the parts which else would pass unheeded;  
But now, 'twill atone if they're almost fools—  
Besides, they make the most efficient tools.  
These tragedy and comedy are scarce,  
For both are blended in the vulgar farce;  
And once, 'twas thought, that they who judged the play,  
Around the boxes sat in bright array—  
That honor we've accorded to the pit,  
With whom all jest and bombast pass for wit;  
And as they like the mimic rage or tears,  
So they reward with honors or with cheers.  
The best of every play is never seen—  
That which is hid from us behind the scenes;  
When Hamlet and the Ghost sit late-a-eate,  
Or Richard dead becomes interperate;  
Or when Othello rants at Desdemona  
Because she didn't die the way he'd shown her."

It is some time since we read the Rosciad, but we think we may safely aver that it contains nothing like this.

The "New York Society of Literature" has made us acquainted with this new satirist, and the satirist has introduced us for the first time to an acquaintance with the "New York Society of Literature." We shall of course hear from the society and the satirist again.

**MY OWN STORY; OR THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A CHILD.** By Mary Howitt. D. Appleton & Co., 200 Broadway.

This volume completes the series of "Tales for the People and their Children," written by Mrs. Howitt. It is womanly, gentle, and gossiping; full of little pathetic episodes, and sketches of in-door humble life. Those who have read the other books of the series, will of course read this; and in reading it will hardly fail to derive as much profit and enjoyment as the others have imparted.

**THE COLUMBIAN LADY'S AND GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE** for March. Dred Post, 2 Astor House.

The pictorial illustrations of this number of the *Columbian* are a mezzotint by Sadd, from Hilton's picture of the Raising of Lazarus, and a line engraving by Jewett and Rolph, from a design by J. L. Morton of General Putnam's Escape at Horse Neck. There is a plate of ladies' fashions for March, neatly colored, which we suppose is not considered an illustration, it being chiefly valuable for the information it contains, and not for any novel ideas on the æsthetics of dress. One of the best papers in the Magazine is by Mr. Tuckerman, forming No. 5 of a series called "Thoughts on the Poets." The subject of the present paper is Gray, for whom Mr. Tuckerman evinces a strong fellow-feeling, and a very thorough appreciation of his character and genius.

**Douglas's Illustrated Edition of the Holy Bible**, according to the Douay and Rheims Versions.

Nos. 21, 22, and 23, of this finely illustrated edition of the Roman Catholic version of the Scriptures, contain three elegantly designed and engraved family records for births, deaths, and marriages. The scroll work shows a better taste and a higher degree of knowledge in this kind of design, than we have before seen in an American publication.

**Observations on the best means of Preserving the Teeth.** By M. Levett, Dentist, 244 Broadway.

A neat little pamphlet, with very plain and simple directions for keeping the teeth in order.

**THE DOMINA.** By G. F. E. James, Farmer and Diggers, 20 ANN ST.

This, we believe, is *Cour de Leon*, one of Mr. James's popular novels; it will probably be found quite equal, under its new title, to a new novel by the same author.

**TWENTY-FOURTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE BLOOMINGDALE ASYLUM FOR THE INSANE, FOR THE YEAR 1845.**

The condition of the inmates of this well known Institution are so pleasantly set forth in this report, that the term unfortunate hardly seems applicable to them. The following short extract in regard to their social condition at the Asylum sounds very unlike an account of the inmates.

"On one evening of each week a party assembles in the family parlor, for the purpose of social intercourse. The officers and from fifteen to twenty of the patients, both ladies and gentlemen, are generally present. The ordinary refreshments of evening parties, are served on these occasions. Balls are occasionally given, at which a greater number of the patients assemble than at the parties. At the last entertainment of this description there were about thirty of each sex, which does not materially differ from the number ordinarily in attendance. The festivities of the evening afforded very general satisfaction. There was cheerfulness without extreme hilarity, gaiety without boisterousness, and a pervading disposition to participate in the enjoyment—to please and to be pleased.

## MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Mr. George Loder's Grand Classical Concert, which takes place at the Apollo Saloon this evening, Feb. 25d. It will be without doubt the finest concert of the season, and every lover of music should consider it a duty to attend.

A host of talent is at present in New Orleans. Ole Bull, the Seguin, Frazer, with Van Praag, Borghese, and Pérozzi, Henry Phillips, the Slomans, and a Madame Hammerskold (who both as pianist and vocalist is spoken of by the New Orleans papers as something very great), and some others.

Mr. Henry Phillips is said to have made a very profitable speculation of his tour through the States. He will return here in the spring, give a few concerts, perhaps, and return to England to be present at the various Grand Musical Festivals, which would all be imperfect without him.

We have one item of news which will, we are sure, be highly acceptable to our musical friends. The French Opera will be here about July. That most charming person and sweet singer, Mademoiselle Calve, will be the leading vocalist. Grand Opera will be performed, such as Meyerbeer's *Robert le Diable*, *Les Huguenots*, *Auber's Gustave*, *Herold's Zampa*, &c. &c. It is, however, said, and we regret to hear it, that Mons. and Madame Lecocq will not be of the company. We may be able to report something more definite in a week or two. The performance will be, we believe, at the Park theatre.

## THE BROADWAY CARNIVAL.

During the last week this famous thoroughfare presented an appearance of gaiety, which few streets in any city of the world could have equalled. If Boz had been looking from the windows of the Carlton House, he would have received a very different impression of the Broadway temperament, from what he did when he made his notes in regard to that avenue. He would have had no occasion to lament the absence of organ grinders or ballad singers, for his ears would have been filled with the merriest chimes of bells that he ever listened to. The bells that clanged in the ears of Toby Veck were

dumb bells, compared with the lively jingling little rattlers that filled the air with music in Broadway, the last week. All the world, but especially the dressed-up part of it, the women and children, treated itself to a sleigh ride. Why should it not? It was less expensive than walking. A glorious ride in a scarlet sleigh, emblazoned with fanciful devices, covered with buffalo robes and drawn by twenty milk-white horses, each one wearing gay trappings of little bells, cost only sixpence. Whole shoals of infants and nursery maids dashed along in the highest glee, shouting and clapping their hands from the very farthest verge of up-towndom, somewhere in the neighborhood of the Croton reservoir, down to the bowling-green, where they were whirled round in a style to break the heart of a Jehu for envy. The sleighing was not only very fine, and the weather very tempting, but people knew that it was the last for the season, and so they went to work to make the most of it; and really we cannot conceive how more could have been made out of it.

Where all the bells came from, all the fine sleighs, all the buffalo robes, all the prancing horses, all the fine ladies, all the feathers, all the satins, all the red-cheeked children, all the pretty nurses, all the laughter, the good humor, the sunshine, the men, the bustle, and the merriment, we cannot pretend to guess. In the dull month of February, they were miraculous. Let no foreign traveller ever give his impressions of New York, until he has seen sleighing in Broadway. There is nothing like it for fun and jollity in the world. The Carnival is a Connecticut fast-day in comparison.

**NOTICES TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.**—We have the pleasure of announcing to our readers, that hereafter, EDGAR A. POE and HENRY C. WATSON, will be associated with the Editorial department of our Journal. Mr. WATSON, will have entire control of the Musical department of the paper, and will give to it the full benefit of his well known abilities.

The illustration which we had intended for this week's paper, a highly popular subject, which would have pleased all, and offended none, unfortunately was spoiled in the cutting, and we have none other to take the place which we had intended it should occupy. We shall guard against such accidents in future.

A very good natured gentleman, an editor himself, called at our office to tell Mr. Busco, that he thought we had faults. We have not heard of a more sensible thing since we commenced our editorial career. To relieve this gentleman's mind from any anxious doubts that he may entertain in regard to our perfections, we hasten to assure him that we have faults, very great ones too, which he has probably never discovered, though we endeavor to hide them, so that others shall not see them. This may be hypocrisy, but we are not aware that anybody has laid this fault at our door. However, we believe that this gentleman considered it a fault in us, that we find fault with others. This would be a very serious fault if it were done in mere wantonness, or from ill nature, but when fault is found professionally, there should be no more blame attached to the finder, than to a physician who informs a patient that his liver is diseased. We have never troubled ourselves to hunt up mistakes, but aimed solely to point out errors of principle in the works which we have noticed, and by this rule we shall always be guided. Personalities will always be avoided in our columns, but the perpetrator of a false principle in literature or art, must, of course, be made the object at which the battering-ram of criticism is directed. But this can be done with a sole view to demolish the principle, without any intent of injuring the person.

We published, a month ago, an account of a new discovery in the art of reproducing engravings, and called attention to a specimen produced by the new process, which we had received from London, and hung up in our office. The Mirror of Tuesday evening, reprints the article, and gives credit for it to the Britannian, and at the same time states that a specimen had been published by the Art-Union of this city. The article in the Mirror appeared first in the Art-Union, a monthly Magazine, published in London, in which Magazine the specimen alluded to first appeared. The American Art-Union of this city has not published any specimen, as a matter of course. We make this explanation simply because the American Art-Union has some twenty-five hundred subscribers, who might be looking for their copy of the "specimen," and attach blame to the officers of the institution for neglecting to send it to them. The Art-Union, the London Art-Union, and the American Art-Union, are three very distinct affairs, but a similarity of names leads to very frequent mistakes by our press, when alluding to them.

The "Crossing's Scepter," is very much to our mind, and creditable to the author's heart and talents; but parts of it are so marred by mere neglect, that we cannot publish it in its present state, although strongly tempted to do so.

The editor of the Philadelphia Sun has misunderstood our remarks on the Magazines; we certainly bear them no ill will, and do not see how they can possibly interfere with our own circulation. We thought that we paid them a very high compliment in saying that they were the best, about the only patrons of our native writers. We are extremely happy to learn that GRAHAM paid COOPER fifteen hundred dollars in arrears for the month, and that GUNBY keeps almost as many ladies in his pay as the Grand Turk; but we have heard of writers, whose articles are certainly equal to any thing of COOPER'S that we have seen in Graham, to whom that magnificent publisher pays nothing.

## 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 22d, 1844. (Washington's Birthday,) when will be produced, for the first time in America, the

### LOBGESANG, OR HYMN OF PRAISE,

Allegro Maestoso e Vivace—Allegretto Agitato—Adagio

Chorus—"All men, all things, praise the Lord."  
Sole—"Praise ye the Lord," Mrs. E. Loder.  
Sole—"Sing ye praise, all ye redeemed," Sig. Antognini.  
Chorus—"All ye that cried unto the Lord," Mrs. E. Loder, and Miss E. Watson.  
Duetto—"I waited for the Lord," Mrs. E. Loder, and Miss E. Watson.  
Sole—"The arrows of death are closing," Sig. Antognini.  
Chorus—"The Night is departing," Mrs. E. Loder and Sig. Antognini.  
Duetto—"I sing of thy loving kindness," Mrs. E. Loder and Sig. Antognini.

Grand Chorus—"The Nations offer to the Lord."  
PART II.  
Overture—"Zauberflote," Mozart.  
New Canonetta—"La Veglia," (canzone del Conte Pepoli) Jules Benollet. Miss De Luca.

OFFERTORIUM.  
For Voice and Violin Solo, Mrs. E. Loder and Sig. Rajetti.  
Chorus and Orchestra, composed by Vauxtemp, for the opening of the church of St. Renade, Verviers, Belgium.

New Song—"The Soldier's Glory," composed and sung by Sig. Antognini.  
Aria—"Cujus animus," Mr. Salmanski. Rosini.  
Overture—"Des Deux Journees," Cherubini.

DIRECTOR MR. GEORGE LODER.  
Tickets for sale at the various Music Stores.  
TICKETS ONE DOLLAR—Family Tickets, to admit five persons, Three Dollars.

## FAMILY GROUPS

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A collection of 150,000 likenesses with autographs 49, enfold, preserved in books and large groupings of distinguished characters, are testimonials of his unrivalled skill. Those who wish to leave mementos to posterity should not lose the present opportunity. A call at his exhibition room (free) will satisfy all that these works are entirely unique and capable of resisting the destructive influences of time.—His Fire-side Groups, representing the members of families united, which union must be of short duration, separations occurring by marriage, change of location and demise, can be faithfully preserved in the works of Mons. Edouard, thus affording mementos to those remaining, of time past, and to posterity, of ancestors long since departed.

Mons. E. leaves for Europe in a short time. An early visit from patrons at No. 255 Broadway, near Granite Buildings, is solicited and will receive immediate attention, or attendance at the family residence if required.

## DISBROW'S RIDING SCHOOL,

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16 Lessons . . . . . \$15 00	1 Month . . . . . \$22 00
10 " . . . . . 10 00	30 Rides . . . . . 10 00
4 " . . . . . 6 00	50 " . . . . . 6 00
Single Lessons . . . . . 2 00	Single Rides . . . . . 0 75
Road " . . . . . 2 00	

N. B.—Highly trained and quiet Horses for the Road or Parade, to let.  
Evening Class.

12 Lessons . . . . . \$9 00 30 Rides . . . . . \$10 00  
Single " . . . . . 1 00 Single Ride . . . . . 0 75

- RULES:
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  - One hour allowed for each Lesson or Ride in the School.
  - One hour and a half for a Lesson on the Road.
  - Hours for Ladies, from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M.
  - Hours for Gentlemen, from 3 to 4, and from 7 to 9 1/2 P. M.
  - No Gentlemen admitted during the hours appropriated to Ladies.
  - A card of address is requested previous to commencing.
  - N. B. Gentlemen keeping their horses at this establishment, will have the privilege of riding them in the School gratis.

## 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 thoughtful.

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.

Hon. J. W. M. Berrien, Geo. Hon. John R. Dawson, La.  
Joshua Herrick, Me. John H. Lumpkin, Geo.  
James Irvin, Pa. J. Thompson, Miss.  
Dr. A. G. Bigelow's Office and Residence, 103 Liberty st., New York.

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From the *Courier and Enquirer*, July 27, 1844.

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It is the aim of this Review—disarding 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 intemperance abroad; to promote American science, and diffuse throughout the land a higher order of taste in letters and the Arts. Though established ostensibly on party grounds, the Review proposes to itself no mere party triumph—but the moral, social and literary welfare of the commonwealth.

The following is from the original Prospectus issued at Washington by the Whig Members of the Twenty-Seventh Congress:

"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. P. Marsh, D. D. Barnard, J. R. Ingersoll, E. Jay Morris, T. L. Clagman, J. McPherson Barnes, Daniel Webster, Robert C. Winthrop, Thomas Butler King, Hamilton Fish, J. P. Kennedy, J. Collins, John J. Hardin, Wm. S. Archer, Rufus Choate, Alexander H. Stephens."

In addition to these, a number of writers have been enlisted for its various other departments, so that every number, besides strong political articles, will contain about 50 pages of *Literary Miscellany* in History, Biography, Criticism, Fiction, Poetry, Statistics, Science and the Arts, three or four Engravings of the most finished—the likenesses of men eminent in the present or past age, will be given in the course of the year. No pains will be spared, or means left unemployed, to make it the first of American periodicals.

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Office of MERCHANTS' MAGAZINE, January 1st, 1845.

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