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

LOCKE.

REVIEWS.

WOMAN IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

(Second Notice.)

THE great defect of Miss Fuller's book is a want of distinctness. We can easily discover that her chief concern is to help remove the evils which afflict society; but we cannot discover any hints of the means by which they may be removed. She is sufficiently learned, sufficiently vigorous, and sufficiently earnest, but not sufficiently plain and direct. We have too much of the Scandinavian mythology and the Greek tragedy, and too little of what the book professes to deal with—woman in the nineteenth century. The most direct writing is on a topic that no virtuous woman can treat justly, because she must of necessity be imperfectly informed; it is exceedingly painful to read a portion of her work, which we feel must have been painfully produced; and though we cannot but respect her for her courage in printing it, we regret that she should have felt herself bound to do so, since no good can possibly result from it. There are a thousand existing evils in society which a woman may freely censure, and a thousand topics of pervading interest which she may freely discuss, with profit to her sex, without verging towards those that the innocent had better not know the existence of. We wish that Miss Fuller had loosened the fables of her arrows, and let them fly at the practices which are, indeed, the direct causes of the lewdness which she deplures, instead of treating of the lewdness itself, which she can only know by hearsay, and of course but imperfectly comprehend.

The only way in which any good can be rendered to society, is by making woman more womanly and man more manly. To make sailors of women and milliners of men, is to have imperfect sailors and imperfect milliners. The advocates of woman's rights who are for putting men and women on a level, point to France as a proof that women are capable of performing all the duties of men; but they would hardly be willing to accept of the morals or the politics of France, which they must do if they adopt her practices. The difference between the sexes in this country is all in favor of the women: the law of courtesy grants them every thing, and the law of the land gives them more than they could ask. The privilege of voting is one which they could not exercise if it were granted, and it is the only privilege that is withheld from them. No change can bring them any good, or at least no greater privileges than what they enjoy at present. Men labor for little else than to make women happy; the cream of every enjoyment is skimmed for their express use, while the sour milk is drunk by their lords; the instincts of the mass can be trusted more safely than the speculations of any individual. Men and women fall naturally into their proper spheres when let alone, and there can be no

need of any violent revolutions to displace them from their true positions. The restraints which Miss Fuller complains of as hindering women from becoming blacksmiths, sailors, and soldiers, are the restraints which Nature has imposed, and which can never be overcome. As we have already said, the mind of woman is not endowed with the elements of command, because she cannot originate. There are no other restraints to her doing so, but her own weaknesses. Miss Fuller glories in the "triumphs of female authorship"; but we know of no woman who can claim the merit of originality. And we have no peculiar "signs of the times" in any work which has appeared from a woman's hand. In the Arts, where the creative faculties are tested, women have done nothing. Drawing and painting are considered a necessary part of every woman's education, but the world has produced no famous woman-artist of any kind; yet their way of life peculiarly fits them for artistic employment. There are no restraints upon woman in any civilized country, to prevent her becoming an architect; yet we have never heard of but one architectural work, and that a very recent one, produced by a female. All women are instructed in the rudiments of music, yet we have no female composers.

The employments of women are distinct from those of men, and the more perfect that society becomes, the more distinct they will grow. Therefore, instead of its being a cause of complaint that women are compelled to be women, it should be hailed as a sign, indeed, of the incoming of better times.

We believe that Miss Fuller admits the truth of our argument in the following passage, although we are not sure that we comprehend her meaning:

"The especial genius of woman I believe to be electrical in movement, imitative in function, spiritual in tendency. She excels not so easily in classification, or recreation, as in an instinctive seizure of causes, and a simple breathing out of what she receives that has the singleness of life, rather than the selecting and energizing of art."

Among all the "signs of the times" which Miss Fuller takes note of, there is none so encouraging as the following:

"A woman of excellent sense said it might seem childish, but to her one of the most favorable signs of the times was, that ladies had been persuaded to give up corsets."

It is a most favorable sign indeed, and the next generation of men will be all the better for it. But we should be glad to see the candy saloons and worsted warehouses of Broadway disappear along with the corset stores.

Miss Fuller has a great passion for heroines. Among all the females that she has selected for emulation, not one has been taken from the pure feminine creations of Walter Scott. To combat a postulate of Spinoza, she has extracted a long poem from W. E. Channing, a character of a woman from the tragedy of Festus, and a monstrosity—Mother Perpetua, from Eugene Sue. We see no need of a resort to fiction, while there are Catherines, Elizabeths, and Isabellas in abundance.

There are many admirable little episodes in the book, which ever and anon appear, like springs of sweet water

bubbling out of a sterile soil, and charm us by their sparkles and music. There are too few of passages like the following:

"Only in a clean body can the soul do its message fitly. The praises of cold water seem to me an excellent sign of the age. They denote a tendency to the true in life. We are now to have, as a remedy for ill, not opium, or opium, or any quack medicine, but plenty of air and water, with due attention to warmth and freedom in dress, and simplicity in diet. Every day we observe signs that the natural feelings on these subjects are about to be reinstated, and the body to claim care as the abode and organ of the soul."

These passages are of greater import than Miss Fuller seems to be aware of, or she would dwell longer upon them, and draw more profitable reflections from them than she has done. The well-being of the body is the great end of all moral teaching, and if this truth were most distinctly comprehended, the moral preacher would not so often preach to so little purpose. It is the too frequent way with moral philosophers and religious teachers, to exalt the dignity of the soul, by treating its habitation, the body, with contemptuous neglect, and it is a very rare thing to find a healthy soul shrined in a gaudy tabernacle. God has affixed the several penalties against any abuse of the body, not only in the natural laws, but in his revealed laws; yet in the days of ignorance and superstition, as well as in these days of knowledge and refinement, men have thought they were doing God a service by mortifying and lacerating the form which He had created in his own image. The most pale, unhealthy, decrepit, and consumptive men in the country, are the denizens of theological seminaries, who waste their vital energies in the vain illusion of studying God's will. They should be, if they rightly interpreted His will, the rosiest, healthiest, happiest men in the world. Man's first offence, which brought death into the world, was a wrong done to his own body; he ate forbidden fruit. Whether the Mosaic cause of the fall be typical or literal, the lesson which it teaches is the same. It was a violence done to his own body that brought suffering upon man, and caused his expulsion from Eden. If we are to be restored to Paradise, the body must be restored to its pristine dignity and beauty, by abstaining from the forbidden fruit which destroys it. Shall we neglect the study of God's law, then, for the laws of health? By no means: the law of God is the law of health. Paul preached nothing to Agrippa, but righteousness, temperance, and judgment.

There are some things in Miss Fuller's book, which startle us by their strange sound, and set us a-thinking what they can possibly mean; for instance: "if there were more Marys there would be more virgin mothers;" and some others, equally enigmatical. Miss Fuller is of opinion that the ideal of woman is expressed to a greater height and depth in German literature, than elsewhere, and gives the themes of three ballads, as instances; one of which is as follows, a legend of Drachenfels.

"A youth is sitting with the maid he loves on the shore of an isle, her fairy kingdom, then perfumed by the blossoming grape vines, which draped its bowers. They are happy; all blossoms with them, and life promises its richest wine. A boat approaches on the tide; it pauses at their feet. It brings, perhaps, some joyous message, fresh dew for their flowers, fresh light on the wave. No! it is the usual check on such great happiness. The father of the Count departs for the crusade; will his son join with him, or remain to rule their domain, and wed her whom he loves? Neither of the affianced pair hesitates a moment. 'I must go with my father.' 'Thou must go with thy father.' It was one thought, one word. 'I will be here again,' he said, 'when these blossoms have turned to purple grapes.' 'I hope so,' she said, while the prophetic sense said 'no.' And there she waited, and the grapes ripened and were gathered into the vintage, and he came not. Year after year passed thus, and no tidings; yet still she waited. He, meanwhile, was in a Moslem prison. Long he languished there without hope, till at last, his patron saint appeared in a vision and announced his release, but only on condition of his joining the monastic order for the service of the saint. And so his release was effected, and a safe voyage home given. And once more he sets sail upon the Rhine. The maiden still watching beneath the vines, sees at last the object of all this partial love approach. Approach, but not to touch the strand, to which she with outstretched

arms had rushed. He dares not trust himself to land; but in low heart and broken tones, tells her of Heaven's will; and that he, in obedience to his vision, is now on the way to a convent, on the river bank, there to pass the rest of his earthly life, in the service of the shrine. And then he turns his boat, and floats away from her and hope of any happiness in this world, but urged, as he believes, by the breath of Heaven. The maiden stands appalled, but she dares not murmur, and cannot hesitate long. She also bids them prepare her boat. She follows her lost love to the convent gate, requests an interview with the abbot, and devotes her Elysian isle, where vines had ripened their ruby fruit in vain for her, to the service of the monastery, where her love was to serve. Then, passing over to the nunnery opposite, she takes the veil, and meets her betrothed at the altar; and for a life-long union, if not the one they had hoped in earlier years."

We have marked several passages for quotation, which our limits which will not allow us to make. Miss Fuller writes vigorously, but womanly; she has gathered together the materials for a very profitable book; but they are so loosely arranged, and so pervaded with threads of error, that as a whole we doubt whether the work will be productive of much either of good or of evil. It will, however, have one good effect. It will cause her to be more generally known than she has been; for although the reading public have been familiar with her name since the first appearance of the "Dial," they have had but an imperfect conception of the exact quality of her mind.

GLOSSARY OF ECCLESIASTICAL ORNAMENT AND COSTUME. Compiled and illustrated from ancient authorities and examples, by A. Welby Pugin, architect. London, 1844. Imported by Wiley and Putnam, New York.

The art of book-making has been carried to the highest reach of elegance in the superbly illuminated volume before us. Gold and color can do no more, with the aid of manipulative skill alone, in making a beautiful book. Invention, of course, is not looked for in a work like this, which, brilliant as it appears, derives its main value from its sober truthfulness. It reflects, as in a mirror, the best specimens of mediæval ecclesiastical ornament to be found in Europe, explained and illustrated by the pen of the accomplished author, and by extracts from the works of Deorandus, Georgius, Bona, Catalani, Gerbert, Martene, Molanus, Thiers, Mabillon, Ducange, etc.

The plates are 73 in number, and are altogether the most brilliant examples of this style of illustration that we have ever seen; the letter-press forms over 200 pages, which are copiously illustrated with wood cuts, worthy to accompany the other ornaments of this superb volume.

Welby Pugin has done more to revive a love of mediæval art, than any other man of his time; he is a devout Catholic, as every genuine enthusiast in ecclesiastical architecture must be, and is sustained in his labors to revive the dead forms of a departed age, by an ardent religious faith. He is the true apostle of Gothic architecture, and his churches are the only specimens of religious structures that seem to be invested with that feeling of sincerity, which so charms us in the old cathedrals, that have been erected in Europe or America during the last two centuries. But even his churches do not preserve the genuine character of the ecclesiastical buildings of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, when the, so called, Gothic style reached its highest point of expression. Rudeness of execution and a poverty of invention, or a meagreness of details in imitation, distinguished the Gothic style as much as profuseness of ornament, and grandeur of feeling; we cannot in a refined age imitate the barbarisms of a semi-civilized one, and our attempts at Gothic architecture must therefore be tame and lifeless when compared with the examples of this religious enthusiasm which still remains. When religious zeal burnt heretics at the stake, and girded a sword upon the thigh of a bishop, it was unavoidable that the same violent feeling should lavish the wealth of an empire upon the decorations of a house of worship, and

that more thought should be given to the nimbus of a saint than to the glory of God. But in these days of colporteurs and Bible Societies, when christians go to Jerusalem to convert the Musselman and not to slay him, it is a feeling closely verging upon the ludicrous, which animates men, in striving to revive the forms and symbols of worship which belonged to an age whose enlightenment was thick darkness, when compared with ours. But if these things appear absurd, even among Papists and Episcopalians, who do at least preserve the creeds, though they have long since abandoned the practices of their fathers, how doubly absurd must they appear in the dissenters who repudiate all creeds, practices, forms, ceremonies and vestments, which they do not invent themselves. Man, however, is an imitative animal, at best, but in the present age he is pre-eminently so, and he can do nothing, not even build a church, without a precedent. Some potent voice seems to have arrested us in our march by a command of "about, face!" and we all stand looking backwards, as though we were nothing of ourselves or had nothing to look forward to. The last twenty years has been elaborately wasted in attempts to revive dead things. Even in the drawing rooms of our humblest citizens, we are startled by the appearance of *fautaises*, copied after examples brought from the boudoirs of Louis Quatorze's Mistresses, and there is scarce a house in town which has not an article of furniture imitated from some portion of a Gothic cathedral; the tunicle of a priest of the fourteenth century is faithfully copied in a dandy's *robe de chambre*; and a fire poker is fashioned after the pastoral staff of a bishop. Were it not for the terrible necessities which compel mankind in all ages to be true to themselves in some things, we should have nothing to show as evidence that we had not dwindled into apes who had no power to originate or invent; but we have railroads, canals and stores; and comfortable houses for day laborers, monstrous hotels and snug little chapels of ease, where pious ladies may exhibit their elegant dresses, and their wearied husbands enjoy a quiet nap of a warm Sunday afternoon, as proof that we do not depend upon the past for everything.

The rage for Gothic architecture and ornament we think must have reached its calature in this country at this time, and we shall look for its cooling off when the cross shall be affixed to the spire of Trinity Church in Broadway. There are now in the course of erection in Brooklyn four churches in the Gothic style, so close together, that the preacher's voice may be heard from each at the same time, dedicated to four different religions, and neither of them claiming to have any affinity with the religion whose outside expression they have endeavored to copy. One of them is a Baptist, another a Unitarian, a third an Episcopalian, and the fourth, shade of Cotton Mather defend us! the church of the Pilgrims. Without any reference to the religious principle involved in Mr. Pugin's introduction on "Symbolism in Art," we make a short extract for the sake of the sound philosophy in respect to ornamental art which it contains. We would advise the genius who furnishes the ornaments of a certain "illuminated" work, to procure the book and study it, not only the letter press, but the magnificent scroll work and diapering of the plates.

¹¹ That Art has its fixed principles, any departure from which leads to inconsistency and unmeaning effect, is a truth never to be lost sight of. And if all art is subject to fixed laws, which define her province and inform her purpose; least of all is Christian Art to be regarded as exempt from rule, not merely of ecclesiastical precedent, but of philosophical and scientific principle.—Ornament, in the true and proper meaning of the word, signifies the embellishment of that which is in itself useful, in an appropriate manner. Yet by a perversion of the term, it is frequently applied to mere enrichment, which deserves no other name than that of unmeaning detail, dictated by no rule but that of individual fancy and caprice. Every ornament to deserve the name must form an appropriate meaning, and be introduced with an

intelligent purpose, and on reasonable grounds. The symbolical associations of each ornament must be understood and considered: other-wise things beautiful in themselves will be rendered absurd in their application. It is to the neglect of these principles that we may trace half the blunders and monstrosities that disgrace modern Art. Ornaments have been regarded as mere matters of whim and caprice. Accordingly, the most opposite styles have been mixed; and emblems of characters the most distinct, Christian and Pagan, ecclesiastical and civil, have been jumbled together in unutterable confusion. Only for ornament is the usual reply to an enquiry respecting the intention of views, detail and combinations, frequent in modern designs, although it is not possible for any forms or enrichments to be ornamental which are not appropriate and significant, if their utility extends no further. It has been said poetically, that, 'where use is exiled, beauty scorns to dwell,' and the sentiment is founded in truth and reason."

IMITATION—PLAGIARISM—MR. FOX'S REPLY TO THE LETTER OF OUTFIS—A LARGE ACCOUNT OF A SMALL MATTER—A VOLUMINOUS HISTORY OF THE LITTLE LONGFELLOW WAR.

In replying to the letter signed "Outfis," which appears in last Saturday's "Weekly Mirror," I find it advisable, for reasons which will be obvious as I proceed, to dismiss for the present the editorial "we."

For the "Evening Mirror" of January 14, before my editorial connection with the "Broadway Journal," I furnished a brief criticism on Professor Longfellow's "Waif."

In the course of my observations, I collated a poem called "The Death-Bed," and written by Hood, with one by Mr. Aldrich, entitled "A Death-Bed." The criticism ended thus:

We conclude our notes on the "Waif," with the observation that, although full of beauties, it is infected with a moral taint—*or* is this a mere freak of our own fancy? We shall be pleased if it be so—but there does appear, in this little volume, a very careful avoidance of all American poets who may be supposed especially to interfere with the claims of Mr. Longfellow. These men Mr. Longfellow can continuously imitate (*is* that the word!) and yet never even incidentally commend.

Much discussion ensued. A friend of Mr. Longfellow's penned a defence which had at least the merit of being thoroughly impartial; for it defended Mr. L., not only from the one-tenth of very moderate disapproval in which I had indulged, but from the nine-tenths of my enthusiastic admiration into the bargain. The fact is, if I was not convinced that in ninety-nine hundredths of all that I had written about Mr. Longfellow I was decidedly in the wrong, at least it was no fault of Mr. Longfellow's very luminous friend.

This well-intended defence was published in the "Mirror" with a few words of preface by Mr. Willis, and of postscript by myself.

Still dissatisfied, Mr. L., through a second friend, addressed to Mr. Willis an expostulatory letter, of which the Mirror printed only the following portion:—

It has been asked, perhaps, why Lowell was neglected in this collection? Might it not as well be asked why Bryant, Dana and Halleck were neglected? The answer is obvious to any one who candidly considers the character of the collection. It professed to be, according to the Poem, from the humbler poets; and it was intended to embrace pieces that were anonymous, or which were easily accessible to the general reader—the *strata* and *strays* of literature. To put anything of Lowell's, for example, into a collection of *strata* would be a particular liberty with pieces which are all collected and christened."

Not yet content, or misunderstanding the tenor of some of the wittily-put comments which accompanied the quotation, the aggrieved poet, through one of the two friends as before, or perhaps through a third, finally prevailed on the good nature of Mr. Willis to publish an explicit declaration of his disagreement with "all the disparagement of Longfellow" which had appeared in the criticism in question.

Now when we consider that many of the points of censure made by me in this *critique* were absolutely as plain as the nose upon Mr. Longfellow's face—that it was impossible to gainsay them—that we defied him and his coadjutors to say a syllable in reply to them—and that they held their tongues and not a syllable said—when we consider all this, I say, then the satire of the "all" in Mr. Willis' manifesto becomes apparent at once. Mr. Longfellow did not see it; and I presume his friends did not see it. I did. In my mind's eye

it expanded itself thus:—"My dear Sir, or Sirs, what will you have? You are an insatiable set of cormorants, it is true; but if you will only let me know what you desire, I will satisfy you, if I die for it. Be quick!—merely say what it is you wish me to admit, and (for the sake of getting rid of you) I will admit it upon the spot. Come! I will grant at once that Mr. Longfellow is Jupiter Tonans, and that his three friends are the Graces, or the Furies, whichever you please. As for a fault to be found with either of you, that is impossible, and I say so. I disagree with *all*—with every syllable of the disparagement that ever has been whispered against you up to this date, and (not to stand upon trifles) with all that ever *shall* be whispered against you henceforward, forever and forever. May I hope at length that these assurances will be sufficient?"

But if Mr. Willis really hoped anything of the kind he was mistaken.

In the meantime Mr. Briggs in this paper—in the "Broadway Journal"—did me the honor of taking me to task for what he supposed to be my insinuations against Mr. Aldrich.

My reply (in the "Mirror") prefaced by a few words from Mr. Willis, ran as follows:

Much interest has been given in our literary circles of late to the topic of plagiarism.

About a month ago a very eminent critic connected with this paper, took occasion to point out a parallelism between certain lines of Thomas Hood, and certain others which appeared in the collection of American poetry edited by Mr. Griswold. Transcribing the passages, he vented the assertion that "somebody is a thief." (He goes on below to speak for himself.)

The matter had been nearly forgotten, if not altogether so, when a "good-natured friend" of the American author (whose name had by us never been mentioned) considered it advisable to re-collate the passages, with the view of convincing the public (and himself) that no plagiarism is chargeable to the party of whom he thinks it chivalrous to be the "good-natured friend."

For our own part should we ever be guilty of an indiscretion of this kind, we deprecate all aid from our "good-natured friends"—but in the mean time it is rendered necessary that once again we give publicity to the collation of poems in question. Mr. Hood's lines ran thus:

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

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

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

But when the morn came dim and sad,
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed—she had
Another morn than ours.

Mr. Aldrich's thus:—

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

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

And here, to be sure, we might well leave a decision in the case to the verdict of common sense. But since the "Broadway Journal" insists upon the "no resemblance," we are constrained to point out especially where our supposed similarity lies. In the first place, then, the subject in both pieces is death. In the second it is the death of a woman. In the third, it is the death of a woman tranquilly dying. In the fourth, it is the death of a woman who lies tranquilly throughout the night. In the fifth it is the death of a woman whose "breathing soft and low is watched through the night" in the one instance and who "breathed the long long night away in statue-like repose" in the other. In the sixth place, in both poems this woman dies just at daybreak. In the seventh place, dying just at daybreak, this woman in both cases, steps directly into Paradise. In the eighth place all these identities of circumstance are related in identical rhythms. In the ninth place these identical rhythms are arranged in identical metres; and, in the tenth place, these identical rhythms and metres are constructed into identical stanzas.

At this point the matter rested for a fortnight, when a fourth friend of Mr. Longfellow took up the cudgels for him and

Mr. Aldrich conjointly, in another communication to the "Mirror." I copy it in full.

PLAGIARISM.

DEAR WILLIS—Fair play is a jewel, and I hope you will let us have it. I have been much amused, by some of the efforts of your critical friend, to covet Longfellow of imitation, and Aldrich and others, of plagiarism. What is plagiarism? And what constitutes a good ground for the charge? Did no two men ever think alike without stealing one from the other? or, thinking alike, did no two men ever use the same, or similar words, to convey the thoughts, and that, without any communication with each other? To deny it would be absurd. It is a thing of every day occurrence.

Some years ago, a letter was written from some part of New England, describing one of those scenes, not very common during what is called "the January thaw," when the snow, mingled with rain, and freezing as it falls, forms a perfect covering of ice upon every object. The storm clears away suddenly, and the moon comes up. The letter proceeds—"every tree and shrub, as far as the eye can reach, of pure transparent glass—a perfect garden of moving, scolding, breathing chrysalids. * * * Every tree is a diamond chandelier, with a whole constellation of stars clustering to every socket," &c. This letter was laid away where such things usually are, in a private drawer, and did not see the light for many years. But the very next autumn brought out, among the splendid annuals got up in the country, a beautiful poem from Whittier, describing the same, or rather a similar scene, in which is this line

"The trees, like chrysal chandeliers,"

was put in italics by every reviewer in the land, for the exceeding beauty of the imagery. Now the letter was written, probably about the same time with the poem, though the poem was not published till nearly a year after.—The writers were not, and never have been, acquainted with each other, and neither could possibly have seen the work of the other before writing. Now, was there any plagiarism here? Yet there are plenty of "identities." The author of the letter, when urged some years after, to have it published, consented very reluctantly, through fear that he should be charged with theft; and, very probably, the charge has been made, though I have never seen it.

May not this often occur? What is more natural? Images are not created, but suggested. And why not the same images, when the circumstances are precisely the same, to different minds? Perhaps your critic will reply, that the case is different after one of the compositions is published. How so? Does he, or you, or anybody read everything that is published? I am a great admirer, and a general reader of poetry. But, by what accident I do not know, I had never seen the beautiful lines of Hood, till your critical friend brought them to my notice in the Mirror. It is certainly possible that Aldrich had not seen them several years ago—and more than probable that Hood had not seen Aldrich's. Yet your friend affects great sympathy for both, in view of their better compunctions of conscience, for their literary piracies.

But, after all, wherein does the real resemblance between these two compositions consist? Mr. — I had almost named him, finds nearly a dozen points of resemblance. But when he includes rhythm, metre and stanza among the dozen, he only shows a bitter resolution to make out a case, and not a disposition to do impartial justice. Surely the critic himself who is one of our best poets, does not mean to deny that these mere externals are the common property of all bards. He does not feel it necessary to strike out a new stanza, or to invent new feet and measures, whenever he would clothe his "breathing thoughts in words that burn."

Again, it is not improbable that, within the period of time since these two writers, Hood and Aldrich, came on the stage, ten thousand females have died, and died tranquilly, and died just at day-break, and that after passing a tranquil night, and, so dying, were supposed by their friends to have passed at once to a better world, a morning in heaven. The poets are both describing an actual, and not an imaginary occurrence. And here—including those before-mentioned, which are common property—are nine of the critic's identities, which go to make up the evidence of plagiarism. The last six, it requires no stretch of the imagination to suppose, they might each have seen and noticed separately. The most of them, one other poet at least, has noticed, many years ago, in a beautiful poem on these words of the angel to the wrestling Jacob—"Let me go, for the day breaketh." Wonder if Hood ever saw that?

The few remaining "identities" are, to my mind, sufficiently disposed of by what I have already said. I confess I was not able, until the appearance of the critic's second paper, in which he brought them out specially, "marked, numbered, and labelled," to perceive the resemblance on which the grave charge of literary piracy, and moral dishonesty of the meanest kind was based. In view of all the glaring improbabilities of such a case, a critic should be very slow to make such a charge. I say glaring improbabilities, for it seems to me that no circumstantial evidence could be sufficient to secure a verdict of theft in such a case. Look at it. A man, who aspires to fame, who seeks the esteem and praise of the world, and lives upon his reputation, as his vital element, attempts to win his object—how! By stealing, in open day, the finest passages, the most beautiful thoughts (no others are worth stealing) and the rarest images of another, and claiming them as his own; and that too, when he knows that every competitor for fame, and every critical tribunal in the world, as well as the real owner, will be ready to identify the borrowed plumes in a moment, and cry him down as a thief. A madman, an idiot, if he were capable of such an achievement, might do it, but no other. A rogue may steal what he can conceal in his pocket, or his chest—but one must be utterly now compe, to steal a splendid shawl, or a magnificent plume, which had been admired by thousands for its singular

beauty, for the purpose of sporting it in Broadway. In nine hundred and ninety-nine cases of a thousand, such charges are absurd, and indicate rather the carping littleness of the critic, than the delinquency of his victim.

Pray did you ever think the worse of Dana because your friend, John Neal, charged him with pirating upon Paul Allen, and Bryant too, in his poem of "THE DRIVING RAVEN?" or of yourself, because the same friend thought he had detected you in the very act of stealing from Pickney, and Miss Francis, now Mrs. Child? Surely not. Every body knows that John Neal wishes to be supposed to have read every thing that ever was written, and never have forgotten any thing. He delights, therefore, in showing up such resemblances.

And now—for the matter of Longfellow's imitations—in what do they consist? The critic is not very specific in this charge. Of what kind are they? Are they imitations of thought? Why not call them plagiarisms then, and show them up? Or are they only verbal imitations of style? Perhaps this is one of them, in his poem on the "Sea Weed."

— "drifting, drifting, drifting
On the shifting
Currents of the restless main."

resembling, in form and collocation only, a line in a beautiful and very powerful poem of Mr. EDGAR A. POE. (Write it rather EDGAR, a Poet, and then it is right to a T.) I have not the poem before me, and have forgotten its title. But he is describing a magnificent intellect in ruins, if I remember rightly—and, speaking of the eloquence of its better days, represents it as

— "flowing, flowing, flowing
Like a river."

Is this what the critic means? Is it such imitations as this that he alludes to? If not, I am at fault, either in my reading of Longfellow, or in my general familiarity with the American Poets. If this be the kind of imitation referred to, permit me to say, the charge is too paltry for any man, who valued his reputation either as a gentleman or a scholar, to make. Who, for example, would wish to be guilty of the littleness of detracting from the uncommon merit of that remarkable poem of this same Mr. Poe's, recently published in the Mirror, from the American Review, entitled "THE RAVEN," by charging him with the paltriness of imitation? And yet, some smarting critic, who might envy the reputation he had not the genius to secure for himself, might refer to the frequent, very forcible, but rather quaint repetition, in the last two lines of many of the stanzas, as a palpable imitation of the manner of Coleridge, in several stanzas of the *Ancient Mariner*. Let me put them together.

Mr. Poe says—

"Let me see, then, what threat is, and this mystery explore,
Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore."

And again—

"It shall clasp a sainted maiden, when the angel's name Lenore—
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden, when the angel's name Lenore."

Mr. Coleridge says, (running two lines into one):

"For all averted I had killed the bird, that made the breeze to blow,
'Ah, wretch!' said they, 'the bird to sky, that made the breeze to blow.'"

And again—

"They all averted I had killed the bird, that brought the fog and mist,
'Twas right,' said they, 'such birds to sky, that bring the fog and mist.'"

I have before me an anonymous poem, which I first saw some five years ago, entitled "The Bird of the Dream." I should like to transcribe the whole—but it is too long. The author was awaked from sleep by the song of a beautiful bird, sitting on the sill of his window—the sweet notes had mingled with his dreams, and brought to his remembrance, the sweeter voice of his lost "CLARE." He says—

"And thou wert in my dream—a spirit thou didst seem—
The spirit of a friend long since departed;
Oh! she was fair and bright, but she left me one dark night—
She left me all alone, and broken-hearted.

My dream went on, and thou wast warbling too,
Mingling the harmonies of earth and heaven;
Till away—away—away—beyond the realm of day—
My angel CLARE to my embrace was given.

Sweet bird from realms of light, oh! come again to-night,
Come to my window—perch upon my chair—
Come give me back again that deep impassioned strain
That tells me thou hast seen and loved my CLARE.

Now I shall not charge Mr. Poe with Plagiarism—for, as I have said, such charges are perfectly absurd. Ten to one, he never saw this before. But let us look at the "stratagem" that may be made out between this and "THE RAVEN." First, in each case, the poet is a broken-hearted lover. Second, that lover longs for some hereafter communion with the departed. Third, there is a bird. Fourth, the bird is at the poet's window. Fifth, the bird being at the poet's window, makes a noise. Sixth, making a noise, attracts the attention of the poet; who, Seventh, was half asleep, dozing, dreaming. Eighth, the poet invites the bird to come in. Ninth, a confabulation ensues. Tenth, the bird is supposed to be a visitor from the land of spirits. Eleventh, allusion is made to the departed. Twelfth, intimation is given that the bird knew something of the departed. Thirteenth, that he knew her worth and loveliness. Fourteenth, the bird seems willing to linger with the poet. Fifteenth, there is a repetition, in the second and fourth lines, of a part, and that the emphatic part, of the first and third. Here is a round baker's-dozen (and one to spare) of identities, to offset the dozen found between Aldrich and Hood, and that too, without a word of rhyme, metre or stanza, which should never form a part of such a comparison. Moreover, this same poem contains an

example of that kind of repetition, which I have supposed the critic meant to charge upon Longfellow as one of his imitations—

"Away—away—away," &c.

I might pursue it further. But I will not. Such criticisms only make the author of them contemptible, without soiling a plume in the cap of his victim. I have selected this poem of Mr. Poe's, for illustrating my remarks, because it is recent, and must be familiar to all the lovers of true poetry hereabouts. It is remarkable for its power, beauty, and originality, (out upon the automaton owl that has presumed to croak out a miserable parody—I commend him to the tender mercies of Haynes Bayley,)* and shows more forcibly than any which I can think of, the absurdity and shallowness of this kind of criticism.

One word more,—though acquainted with Mr. Longfellow, I have never seen Mr. Aldrich, nor do I even know in what part of the country he resides; and I have no acquaintance with Mr. Poe. I have written what I have written from no personal motives, but simply because, from my earliest reading of reviews and critical notices, I have been disgusted with this wholesale mangling of victims without rhyme or reason. I scarcely remember an instance where the resemblances detected were not exceedingly far-fetched and shadowy, and only perceptible to a mind pre-disposed to suspicion, and accustomed to splitting hairs.

OUTIS.

What I admire in this letter is the gentlemanly grace of its manner, and the chivalry which has prompted its composition. What I do not admire is all the rest. In especial, I do not admire the desperation of the effort to make out a case. No gentleman should degrade himself, on any grounds, to the paltriness of *ex-parte* argument; and I shall not insult Outis at the outset, by assuming for a moment that he (Outis) is weak enough, to suppose me (Foe) silly enough, to look upon all this abominable rigmarole as anything better than a very respectable specimen of special pleading.

As a general rule in a case of this kind, I should wish to begin with the beginning, but as I have been unable, in running my eye over Outis' remarks, to discover that they have any beginning at all, I shall be pardoned for touching them in the order which suits me best.

Outis need not have put himself to the trouble of informing his readers that he has "some acquaintance with Mr. Longfellow."

It was needless also to mention that he did not know me. I thank him for his many flatteries—but of their inconsistency I complain. To speak of me in one breath as a poet, and in the next to insinuate charges of "carping littleness," is simply to put forth a flat paradox.

When a plagiarism is committed and detected, the word "littleness" and other similar words are immediately brought into play. To the words themselves I have no objection whatever; but their application might occasionally be improved.

Is it altogether impossible that a critic be instigated to the exposure of a plagiarism, or still better, of plagiarism generally wherever he meets it, by a strictly honorable and even charitable motive? Let us see. A theft of this kind is committed—for the present we will admit the possibility that a theft of this character can be committed. The chances of course are, that an established author steals from an unknown one, rather than the converse; for in proportion to the circulation of the original, is the risk of the plagiarism's detection. The person about to commit the theft, hopes for impunity altogether on the ground of the reconditeness of the source from which he thieives. But this obvious consideration is rarely borne in mind. We read a certain passage in a certain book. We meet a passage nearly similar, in another book. The first book is not at hand, and we cannot compare dates. We decide by what we fancy the probabilities of the case. The one author is a distinguished man—our sympathies are always in favor of distinction. "It is not likely," we say in our hearts "that so distinguished a personage as A. would be guilty of plagiarism from this B. of whom

* "I would be a Parody, written by a nixxy,
Not worth a penny, and sold for a guinea," &c.

nobody in the world has ever heard." We give judgment, therefore, at once against B. of whom nobody in the world has ever heard; and it is for the very reason that nobody in the world has ever heard of him, that, in ninety-nine cases out of the hundred, the judgment so precipitously given is erroneous. Now then the plagiarist has not merely committed a wrong in itself—a wrong whose incomparable meanness would deserve exposure on absolute grounds—but he, the guilty, the successful, the eminent, has fastened the degradation of his crime—the retribution which should have overtaken it in his own person—upon the guiltless, the toiling, the unfriended struggler up the mountainous path of Fame. Is not sympathy for the plagiarist, then, about as sagacious and about as generous as would be sympathy for the murderer whose exultant escape from the noose of the hangman should be the cause of an innocent man's being hung? And because I, for one, should wish to throttle the guilty with the view of letting the innocent go, could it be considered proper on the part of any "acquaintance of Mr. Loogfellow's" who came to witness the execution—could it be thought, I say either chivalrous or decorous on the part of this "acquaintance" to get up against me a charge of "carping littleness," while we stood amicably together at the foot of the gallows?

In all this I have taken it for granted that such a sin as plagiarism exists. We are informed by Outis, however, that it does not. "I shall not charge Mr. Poe with plagiarism," he says, "for, as I have said, such charges are perfectly absurd." An assertion of this kind is certainly *funny* (I am aware of no other epithet which precisely applies to it); and I have much curiosity to know if Outis is prepared to swear to its truth—holding right aloft his hand, of course, and kissing the back of D'Israeli's "Curiosities," or the "Mélanges," of Suard and André. But if the assertion is funny (and it is) it is by no means an original thing. It is precisely, in fact, what all the plagiarists and all the "acquaintances" of the plagiarists since the flood, have maintained with a very praiseworthy resolution.

The attempt to prove, however, by reasoning *a priori*, that plagiarism cannot exist, is too good an idea on the part of Outis not to be a plagiarism in itself. Are we mistaken?—or have we seen the following words before in Joseph Miller, where that ingenious gentleman is bent upon demonstrating that a leg of mutton is and ought to be a turnip?

"A man who aspires to fame, etc. attempts to win his object—how? By stealing, *in open day*, the finest passages, the most beautiful thoughts (no others are worth stealing) and claiming them as his own; and that too when he knows that every competitor, etc., will be ready to cry him down as a thief."

Is it possible?—is it conceivable that Outis does not here see the begging of the whole question. Why, of course, if the theft had to be committed "*in open day*" it would not be committed; and if the thief "*knew*" that every one would cry him down, he would be too excessive a fool to make even a decent thief if he indulged his thieving propensities in any respect. But he thieves at night—in the dark—and not in the open day (if he suspects it), and he does not know that he will be detected at all. Of the class of wilful plagiarists nine out of ten are authors of established reputation, who plunder recondite, neglected, or forgotten books.

I pause for the present, through want of space, but will resume the subject at some length in the next "Journal," and hope to convince our friend Outis that he has made a series of very singular mistakes.

E. A. P.

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

NO. IV.

BY WILLIAM PAGE.

No, all the outcry that has been made against imitation, and in favor of the ideal, anti-natural, is most unadulterated cant, and though propped up by the words of Reynolds, and innumerable blind followers, his works, that is, the best of them, give his theory the lie direct, being, so far as his means or knowledge extended, the merest imitations of the things before him, with certainly no exaltation of character. No one who remembers the portrait of Baron Heathfield, I think, as the defender of Gibraltar, will believe that there is any poetic license taken, in the way of elevating the character—it is the most upright and downright plain old fellow that you would meet in a day's march. And as for elevation, I have seen some of our independent beggars, who presented as much the look of tough endurance, and importance, as well as self-dependence, as this celebrated picture conveys, though I judge it through such copies as I have seen in print and elsewhere, enough generally to enable any intelligent observer to judge fairly, or favorably at least, of most English pictures. Though Sir Joshua says so much about elevating nature by true art, he did not mean in color, and I don't know that there is a line in his discourses that can be construed into such a sense, or nonsense rather; but after talking a great deal about it, he says that, after all, "in comparison with Nature, the *best colored pictures* are but faint and feeble." And indeed, the critics who condemn Titian to the lowest as a designer of form, because he has imitated the shape of the model before him, laud him to the skies because in the color he has imitated his model perfectly. And what do these wiseacres suppose that he would choose a model for—for form? Raffaele might have thought about this property, but the great Venetian had eye and mind for color, and color was his first thought, form was a secondary consideration—all things sang color to him, and a grand concert they made of it too, and a scarcely less harmonious accompaniment did he play. In fact, the color of Nature is so fair, it is so unapproachable by art, so ever charming, infinitely varied, yet so gentle and subdued, so palpably introduced in the works of God, for beauty, not utility, that we say, yes, there is no ideal in color beyond the real. This is perfect. All the contrivances of man may not attain to even the perfect imitation of this quality. But in form and expression, say the same worshippers of themselves, we only are perfect. But let them rest for the present; the time will come for their dry bones to be shaken into powder, and their dryer theories to crumble into dust with them, leaving but a heap of ashes for the winds to scatter as they list. If we take a few solid pigments representing the primary colors, together with white and black, and mix them together in all possible gradations, straining the sense to divide and subdivide them with the greatest subtlety, we may, perhaps, reach to the number of some few thousand tints sufficiently distinct to be distinguished by the eye as being different, and that is all. But if one single compound color, Orange for instance, be made by mixing two opaque colors, one Red and the other Yellow, together forming an Orange, and this be laid aside, then another Orange color be formed by painting a Yellow over a Red, and placed beside the first, a third then formed by painting a Red over a Yellow, and disposed in like manner as the other two, then another lighter Red over a darker Yellow, and again a lighter Yellow over a darker Red, we could go on, on this principle, multiplying this one infinitely, and yet always producing a distinctive

character that a nice eye would discern and enjoy. And it is by this means that Nature ekes out her unmeasured treasures, to make a fuller, richer, more varied bouquet, for the dainty eye of man. And yet we painters will do without this: we'll take a shorter way, mixing together our muddy tints, thereby making them still muddier, holding up the palette-knife, and *match* all that Nature herself did, only by her finer Art: we have no need of any such niceties—we see deeper than Nature's laws, and have a short-cut tunnel under them, whereby we reach it much more conveniently. We have no need to separate the accidental from the local, and then we will cheat all eyes into the belief that no such things exist in nature, more than in our pictures—so we will patch over what is to be taken for a piece of white drapery, with all the colors of earth and heaven, and make people see that these colors have nothing to do with the white drapery, but are only made to represent the light and shade, folds, &c.

I have repeatedly had young painters—not always young men, who have called upon me from the country and more inland cities, complain of the want of discrimination in the farmers and others, their patrons or employers, because, forsooth, the good old common sense people, when they had been plastered on to the threads of a canvass, by these aspirants after artistic honors, meekly inquired why Mr. Charcoal, the artist, had represented them as snuff-takers, as he had evidently intended to do, because he had made a broad patch of that doubtful color, beneath the organ to which that peculiar form of the weed is usually addressed. Then, I have said, Mr. C., it seems to me that he, the farmer you speak of, has decidedly the advantage of you, and that, as a critic, he has fairer pretensions than you can claim as an artist, for if you had sold your shadow to the evil one, this good critic, who never saw such a thing in his life, would never have missed it, but the patch which you introduced beneath his nose in your portrait, he didn't know the meaning of, because it did not look like a shadow as intended, but like what he mistook it for. So, when what you mean for shadow is mistook for snuff, be sure that it is not a fair representation. Your flesh must be seen *with all its qualities*, as well in the shadows as in the lights. So, when a landscape painter would represent a distant mountain, he mixes up together all the local colors of things, and the atmosphere which makes it look blue, and we have the qualities altogether producing such mountains, though intended to appear miles away, as cheat no sense but that of the painter. And such sky, upright as a wall, and hard enough to tempt an unfortunate, who had resolved on suicide, to rush headlong against it as the most solid substance he can find, to rid himself of his brains. He paints in his picture two cloaks, red cloaks for instance, such as were once in the same piece of cloth, consequently of one color, one of these cloaks is twice as far from the eye of the spectator as the other. So he mixes his blue color with the red of the cloak—the blue to represent the greater distance of this cloak from the eye than that of the other, but in reality this blue makes the cloak a different color, produced by more light between it and the eye of the spectator. The true way to paint it, indubitably is, after having by the linear perspective made the necessary difference in the size of the two objects to represent their places in the picture, to paint them of the same color, and when it has become dry, pass light over them in unequal quantities, the one being at double distance from the eye, having a double quantity of light over its local color, by which that local color will be undisturbed, and the accidental color will be kept separate from the thing itself, as it should evidently be, and a more perfect imitation than can possibly be attain-

ed by any other means known will follow. No sky ever was or can be truly represented, unless some of this using the principle existent in the thing itself be adopted, any more than the conch shell, the inside of which is by so many supposed to resemble the color of flesh, can be used as a model from which to represent that substance. The color of this shell, if you break and examine its structure, will be found a wash or transparent glaze upon a white surface, through which glaze the light illuminates the white beneath, and is reflected back to the eye, often with great brilliancy, but not sufficiently like flesh to make it deserve to be so often compared with it, much less to serve as a lesson of the mode to be adopted by the painter to imitate that more complicated substance; and yet this mode is the one most in repute at present, as the best for painting flesh, being that of finishing it by glazing a color over a white, until the tone desired is attained. What we should learn from it (the shell) is how to paint that, and how *not* to paint flesh. When rightly painted, the eye sees that there is more under than it can reach; it looks into the red beneath the colorless surface of the skin, and recognises an intense hue that is actually presented. So in all the works of Nature is this unfathomable depth, leading us on to see more and more by increased effort, and yet hiding the end ever from our reach. So does true Art, and in its smallest product can be seen its highest principles, as in the pebble on the seashore, may be found subjects of as high and sublime thought and grand association, as in the circling of the planets round their suns, or the going and returning of the comets. What art would do is only to fix some of those fleeting beauties, that, though numberless, are ever passing, and with such rapidity before our eyes, that it is long before we learn to see them; but he would stay their flight, that the eye may look upon and contemplate them at its leisure, and so, when the poor feeble artist has done his best, the world wonders at his product, and, because he has never seen these things before, it deems it a new creation, and a higher one than has before existed. Away with such flattery; let each fix what each best sees and knows, and the garden of art will again blossom with fresh beauties.

THOUGHTS OF A SILENT MAN.

No. 1.

*"Nemo est in oreum amicum hodie
Apud quem exprimeret occulta mea eorum."*

Or all the various causes which may be assigned for the superabundance of inferior authorship, so much complained of among readers, perhaps the most frequent may be found in that terrible *necessity for expression*, which in many minds is even more powerful than the "strong necessity of loving." Yet the world rarely understands this. Ambition, avarice, and above all, vanity, are regarded as propellants to literary labor, while a yearning for sympathy, a desire for repose, an irrepressible longing to claim kindred with congenial hearts, are feelings which are rarely believed in, or appreciated. The practical part of the world, who live on from day to day, governed only by the exigencies of the moment, and yielding to the expedients of the passing hour, can have no idea of such needs. They find sufficient utterance in the gossip of petty scandal, the discussion of minor political questions, or the detail of every day business. They eat, drink, sleep, and read newspapers; while the real energies of their nature are all expended in the task of gain. They live for bargaining and trading; they feel no vacancy of soul, because they have filled that temple of the living God with the tables of the money changers.

But to those who think deeply, and feel vividly, expression is a necessity of their being; they must "speak or die." Some find their utterance in the interchange of socialities, some in discoursing elegant music, some speak in the wordless tints of painting, some few work out the ideal of their souls in the enduring marble, and some send forth their thoughts, winged by poesy, to the far winds of heaven. Yet there are still left many to whom are denied all these resources. There are some who have all the elements of power within them, but have never had their lips touched with the live coal from the altar, which was to the prophet, both inspiration and expression. There are some who seem like Zacharias, to be struck dumb by the very power which brings the promise of blessing: some to whom self-distrust is an incubus upon the mind, exciting it to uneasy activity, yet deterring it from utterance.

Without putting forth any pretension to the possession of the higher order of such power, I may yet claim to know something of the discomforts attendant upon compulsory silence. I have outlived all the associates of very early life, and my unconquerable shyness of temper has prevented me from forming new ones. I have a large circle of acquaintance, and many family friends, but not one to whom I can open my inner heart. I have a competent fortune, refined tastes, and, I think, warm affections, yet I lead the life of a hermit, as far as the social sympathies are concerned. In the opinion of the world I have all the means of happiness within my reach, but all these gifts are marred by the want of a power which is so generally possessed, that, like the blessings of light and air, people scarcely value it; I mean the power of expressing my overburdened mind in words.

(Continued on page 154.)

Letter from James Given in New York, to his Cousin Hugh Hughes, of Pool Lane, Liverpool.

Dear Hughey.

Globe Hotel, March 3, 1845.

It is a whole year (mercy, how the time has flown!) since I wrote you last. I was then at "Maple Hill" with the Myrtles, with my eyes wide open to see every thing, and my heart as soft, and almost as pure, as a lump of virgin wax. It received an impression from every thing that touched it, but as I felt it growing harder and harder every day, I was resolved not to pen another line until its first impressions were either obliterated altogether, or hardened into a durable form.

First impressions, you must know, my dear Hughey, are always wrong; therefore the reports of a transient visitor to any country, and to this one in particular, should be received with great distrust. Going from one country to another is like going from the sunshine into a darkened room. You think at first that it contains nothing. By degrees you perceive here a table, there a chair, a sofa, a mantel clock, a bookcase, a mirror, a picture, and a young lady; until at last you find that it is a well furnished room, like any other one. This I must confess to you was exactly my case, when I first landed in New York. I could see nothing the first few days, but I soon began to recover my sight, and then things wore a familiar look to me, and every morning I got up with changed impressions of the country, the people, the laws, the climate, the fruits, the flowers, the habits, the every thing. Every day I feel myself less an Englishman; and if not more a Yankee, at least more a man of the world. Once I thought that England was the universe, and Pool lane the best place in it; but all that is changed, and I can now honestly declare, that I believe there are as good places in England as Pool lane, and much better places in the universe than England. Something has bewitched me—the blue skies, perhaps, or perhaps you will say, the blue eyes. But I will not tell you now. But I will tell you one thing now: towards you, dear Hughey, I am still unchanged, and I still think, in truth I know, that there is not another so good a fellow, so true a friend, so companionable a companion, in or out of England, as yourself. Take my honest word for it, and make no doubt of it. This of course you will not tell; but do oblige me and say nothing about the rest, for fear that somebody in Bold street, no matter who, should think that I am estranged.

I believe that I mentioned in one of my first letters something about Franklin Myrtle, a young American artist with whom I had become intimate, who has half a dozen sisters and so forth. He is a capital good fellow and a promising artist; some of his sketches are the best I have ever seen, of the kind. I will give you a specimen, or at least he shall, for he is at my elbow, and he says that he will add something as a tail piece to my letter, if I will spare him a blank inch or two.

To-day is the last of the Tyler dynasty. You are probably so ignorant as not to know what that is, and I have not room to tell you fully, but I will another time. You must know that the people of this country, or the Whigs rather, four years ago, made themselves a President, somewhat after the manner of Frankenstein, who no sooner began to feel his strength than he made use of it to destroy his makers. Frank, you must know, was one of those who helped to make him, and of course he feels very sore on the subject. He calls him a Flibbertigibbet, and tells the most amusing stories of his pranks and grimaces. But to-day he goes out of power. The strong hand of Destiny is upon him, and Frank says he is boxed for eternity. He says that an idea has struck him, and begs that I will let him put it down before it escapes him. So I give him the pen.



THE LAST OF TYLER.

In my next I will tell you all that I intended to do in this. You may show the specimen in Bold street, but nothing more.

Ever yours,

JAMES GIVEN.

P.S. Direct your letters care of F. Myrtle, New York.

No person of proper feeling can peruse the works of a distinguished author or authoress (the latter is a very absurd word, to be sure, but for that very reason the more necessary,) without an instantaneous desire to make his (or her) personal acquaintance—provided always that the said author (or authoress) has not committed himself (or herself) to the extent of perpetrating criticisms full of "carping littleness" upon the last "Sonnet to the Katy-Did," or the next to the last "Sonnet to the Katy-Did'nt," composed by the person of proper feeling aforesaid—for, in such a case as we have imagined, the identical "proper feeling" of which we speak, would of course induce the person to get as far away from the critic as possible. But, as a general rule, we are always inquisitive about the physical appearance of a celebrated author; and it is but a sort of corollary from this proposition, that if we are prevented by unhappy circumstances, from beholding the author himself, we still entertain a longing to see his portrait. If we cannot see this, we get his autograph if possible—but if this again is not to be discovered, we then regard ourselves as unfortunate beings and subject to an especial dispensation on the part of Providence.

It is with a view of ministering to this very commendable curiosity that we furnish our readers, this week, with the subjoined engraving.—It either is, or ought to be, an accurate portrait of one of the most distinguished of American authoresses. We are not quite sure that we have ever seen a more striking likeness, and we presume it will be recognized at once by all who have ever met the original. We might pick out, perhaps, a few material points of variation, and we would do so upon the spot, were it not for fear of offending the artist, who is an exceedingly sensitive person. But for this, we would say, for example, that the nose is a little—a very little too Grecian.—That the "fine phrenzy" of the eyes has not been preserved so decidedly as it should be—that the chin has too shrewish a character—that the little finger of the left hand is too straight (or perhaps a little too crooked)—that the table is too round—the feather of the pen too feathery—and the ink (as far as we can judge of it through a metal ink-stand,) too blue. We forbear to give the name of the original, because, in the case of the ladies, an editor must be cautious how he deals in personalities—and we cannot be sure of not having an invitation to Hoboken forthwith. The name, however, is a point of no consequence. The portrait will be recognized the world over—if not, the fault will lie in that rather unusual acidity of expression worn at present by the fair lady, who happens to be engaged in a perusal of one of our criticisms upon her antepenultimate ode "To the Universe."



PORTRAIT OF A DISTINGUISHED AUTHORESS.

(Continued from page 152.)

I cannot talk. An unfortunate impediment in my speech, which is always increased by any nervous excitement, is one obstacle; but another, and more insuperable one, is my unconquerable shyness and self-distrust. I enjoy society with my whole heart. I listen to brilliant conversation, (for I number among my friends some of the best talkers I ever heard), and *within my own mind* I take full part in it. Ready rejoinders, sparkling repartees, unanswerable arguments, profound reflections, high-toned moralizing, and all the varied forms of spoken eloquence, are wrought out in the chambers of mine imagery. Sometimes I delude myself with the belief that I have really contributed my proportion of amusement to the social circle. My fancies are so vivid that it often seems to me as if I had actually uttered all the fine things which have been passing through my mind. I have often pleased myself with such a belief, and have experienced for a moment, all the satisfaction of a man who has acted well his part in society, until some trivial recollection has brought me back to the consciousness that mine had been only an "imaginary conversation," a sort of vivification of birth-strangled ideas.

How can one like me, find expression? My mind is too active for continued silence; it hives up stores of knowledge, it accumulates masses of facts, it fashions images of beauty, it works out conceptions of goodness and greatness. Why then must it be ever dumb, when it would utter the oracles of nature and truth? I am resolved. I will take my humble pen, and surrounded by my books, those quiet friends, whose silence is so suggestive,—I will imprison in written words the busy fancies which so disturb my peace. Crude and ill arranged as my ideas may seem, they will perhaps give out glimpses of something better to come. There is more in me than I can now utter, but a true word was never yet spoken in vain, and it may be that some one will become the happier for having picked up a rough-hewn thought from my quarry.

I do not flatter myself that mine is an unusual case, or that I possess the genius which demands freedom. There is no condition of life to which the history of human nature does not afford numberless parallels, and one of the grand mistakes which make the wretchedness of mortals, is the belief in a peculiar destiny of suffering. Therefore I know that thousands have felt as I do, and could doubtless have expressed their feelings better. As for *genius*, that is a gift of God, vouchsafed, once in an age, to the world. Men of talents may be counted by hundreds, men of learning by thousands, but men of genius must still be numbered by tens, although the world is six thousand years old. Besides, Genius comes with a commission from the Most High; it cannot be silent even if it would.

But I am wearied of ceaseless commune in the shyness of my own heart, wearied of perpetual activity and unbroken silence. I would fain speak, aye, speak without feeling the eye of ridicule scorching my cheek,—without having my ear pained by the half inarticulate sounds that fall from my stammering lips,—without feeling in every vein the throb of that terrible silence which always follows any attempt at vocal utterance.

It may be that old age is creeping upon me apace, and that I grow garrulous as I grow grey. It may be that I am mistaken in thinking I have any thing to say. If so, I shall soon learn my error, for nothing is so severe a trial of one's crude fancies as the sight of them in print. We all have our imaginings, but when the "soul of our thoughts" first appears before us in actual form and type, we feel very much as if we looked upon an apparition from the world of shadows, and like the witch of Endor, we are terrified before the spectre we have ourselves called forth.

RUDOLPH HERTZMAN.

Original Poetry.

THE GHOST-SEER.

Ye who, passing graves by night,
Glance not to the left nor right
Lest a spirit should arise,
Cold and white, to freeze your eyes,
Some weak phantom, which your doubt
Shapes upon the dark without
From the dark within, a goose
At the spirit's deathlessness,
Which ye entertain with fear
In your self-built dungeon here,
Where ye dance and shake your chain
As if freedom would be pain,—
Ye without a shudder meet
In the city's noon-day street,
Spirits sadder and more dread
Than from out the clay have fled:
Spirits buried dark and deep
In a grave where never sleep,
The cool dew of Paradise,
Drops upon their burning eyes,
Buried, beyond hope of light,
In the body's haunted night!

See ye not that woman pale?
Where are bloodhounds on her trail,
Bloodhounds two, all grout and lean,
For the soul their scent is keen,
Want and Sin, and Sin is last,
They have followed far and fast;
Want gave tongue, and, at her howl,
Sin awakened with a growl,
'Twas the World and the World's law
Let them slip and cried, Hurrah!
Ah, poor girl! she had a right
To a blessing from the light,
Till deeds in sky and earth
God gave to her at her birth,
But, before they were enjoyed,
Poverty had made them void,
And had drunk the sunshine up
From all nature's ample cup,
Leaving her a firstborn's share
In the drops of darkness there,
Often, on the sidewalk bleak,
Hungry, all alone, and weak,
She has seen, in night and storm,
Rooms o'erflow with bright warm,
Which, outside the window glass
Doubtful all the cold, alas!
Till each ray that on her fell
Stabbed her like an icicle,
And she almost loved the wall
Of the bloodhounds on her trail,
Till the floor becomes her tier
She shall feel their pastings near,
Close upon her very heels,
'Spite of all the din of wheels;
Shivering on her pallet floor,
She shall hear them at the door
Whine and scratch to be let in,
Sister bloodhounds, Want and Sin!

Hark! that rattle of a dress
Stiff with lavish coolness!
Here comes one whose cheek would blush
But to have her garment brush
'Gainst the girl whose fingers thin
Wave the weary brocade in,
Who bent backward from her toil
Lest her tears the silk might soil,
And, in midnight chill and morn,
Stitched her life into the work.
Little doth the weaver heed
Of the heart-break in the breed,
A hymn by her side
Skulks, downlooking—it is Pride.
He digs for her in the earth,
Where lie all her claims of birth,
With his foul paws rooting o'er
Some long-buried ancestor
Who, most like, a statue won
By the ill deeds he had done.
Round her heart and round her brain
Wealth hath linked a golden chain,
Which doth close and closer press
Heart and brain to narrowness.
Every morn and every night
She must bare that bosom white,
Which so thrillingly doth rise
'Neath its proud embroidery,
What its mere leave lets men know
How much whiter 'tis than snow,—
She must bare it, and, unseen,
Suckle that hyena lean!—
Ah! the fountain's angel shrinks,
And forsakes it while he drinks!

There walks Judas, he who sold
Yesterday his Lord for gold,
Sold God's presence in his hair,
For a proud step in the Mart;
He hath dealt in flesh and blood,
At the Bank his name is good,
At the Bank, and only there,
'Tis a marketable ware.
In his eyes that stealthy gleam
Was not learned of sky or stream,

But it has the cold, hard glint,
Of new dollars from the Mint.
Often now your spirit's eyes
Look through that poor clay disguise
Which has thickened, day by day,
Till it keeps all life away,
And his soul in pitchy gloom
Gropes about its narrow tomb,
From whose dank and slimy walls,
Drop by drop, the horror falls,
Look! a serpent tank and cold
Hugs his spirit, fold on fold,
From his heart, all day and night,
It doth suck God's blessed light,
Drink it will, and drink it must,
Till the cup holds naught but dust;
All day long he hears it hiss,
Writhing in its fiendish bliss;
All night long he sees its eyes
Flicker with strange ecstasies,
As the spirit ebbs away
Into the absorbing day.

Who is he that skulls afraid
Of the trust he has betrayed,
Shuddering if perchance a gleam
Of old nobleness should stream
Through the pent, unwholesome room,
Where his shrank soul cowers in gloom,
Spirit sad beyond the rest
By more instinct for the Best?
'Tis a poet, who was sent
For a bad world's punishment,
By compelling it to see
Golden glimpses of To Be,
By compelling it to hear
Songs that prove the angels near;
Who was sent to be the tongue
Of the weak and spirit-wrong,
Whence the fiery-winged Despair
In men's shrinking eyes might flare,
'Tis our hope doth fashion us
To have use or glorious;
He who might have been a lark
Of Truth's morning, from the dark
Raining down melodious hope
Of a freer, broader scope,
Aspirations, prophecies,
Of the spirit's full exultation,
Chose to be a bird of night,
Which, with eyes refusing light,
Hooted from some hollow tree
Of the world's misery,
'Tis his punishment to hear
Flutterings of pinions near,
And his own vain wings to feel
Drooping downward to his feet,
All their grace and import lost,
Burdening his weary ghost:
Ever walking by his side
He must see his angel guide,
Who at intervals doth turn
Looks on him so sadly stern,
With such ever-new surprise
Of hushed anguish in her eyes,
That it seems the light of day
From around him drinks away,
Or drops blunted from the wall
Bull around him by his fall.
Then the mountains, whose white peaks
Catch the morning's earliest streaks,
He must see, where prophets sit,
Turning East their faces lit,
Whence, with footsteps beautiful,
To the earth, yet dim and dull,
They the gladness bring
Of the sunlight's hastening.
Never can those hills of bliss
Be o'erclimbed by feet of his!

But enough! Oh, do not dare
From the nest its mask to tear,
Which, although it moves about
Like a human form without,
Hath a soul within, I ween,
Of the vulture's shape and mien.

JAMES R. LOWELL.

LITERARY NOTICES.

A LECTURE ON THE FENOLIC ACID VEGETATION. Read at the Organization of the American Agricultural Association, at the University in the City of New York, on Monday, the 10th February, 1844. By W. A. Seeley, Esq. Wiley & Putnam.

Mr. Seeley's lecture is too purely technical for popular reading, and we were not surprised to see, in a morning paper that gives a good portion of its columns to agricultural knowledge, some exceedingly disparaging remarks in regard to it. Probably the critic had in his mind Milton's lines in *Comus*,

"How charming is divine philosophy!
Not harsh and crabbed as vain fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feast of nectared sweets,"

and was disappointed in not finding the "philosophy of vegetation" as smooth and flashy as a review by Macaulay. A purely scientific essay

should not read too smoothly, lest it slip over the tongue without making any impression upon the mind. A few jagged points may help to make a principle stick to the memory. Mr. Seeley's lecture is not written in the pleasing style of Dumas it is true, nor with the copiousness of detail and illustration which we find in the lectures of Davy, but he has crowded as many facts into his lecture as we remember to have seen in the same space. We extract one sentence, merely to show how unacceptable truth itself may be made by conveying it in an unseemly shape; and as a caution to those who would have their thoughts disseminated to put them into a vehicle that is not too clumsy to carry them.

"While one special energy of electro-chemical force exhibits healthy life maintaining literally a successful conflict between its own vital, and its co-existent chemical forces, ruling, unless excess, its materials to an æsthetic condition, yet, by reason of that conflict, deeming it ultimately to assured divorce in death; we find another, the independent chemistry of the broad and illimitable field of inorganic nature, often, even during the decline of its forces by disease, or the infirmities of age, but ever in death, seizing upon those elements, and subjecting them, through septic agencies, to disembodiment, for the purpose of another, and a future, again æsthetic existence."

Mothers' Lessons for Little Girls and Boys. By a Lady of Boston. *Little Stories for Little Folks.* From the German. Boston. Published by W. D. Ticknor & Co., 1843.

We have seldom met with two better books for the hands of children than these beautiful little volumes from the press of Ticknor and Co. of Boston. It has been a too frequent fault with children's books that they have been badly got up, but these volumes are sufficiently elegant for the most fastidious amateur in bibliography. The engravings are not quite as good as they should be, but they are free from the blotches and distortions which disfigure the majority of books of this class.

The Gambler's Mirror, Vol. 1, No. 1. Boston, Redding & Co., 1843. *Gambling unmasked, or the Reformed Gambler,* designed as a warning to the young of this country. New-York, Burgess, Stringer, & Co., 1844. *An Essay of the Arts and Miseries of Gambling, Second Edition, improved.* Boston, Redding & Co., 1843.

These books have already obtained a wide popularity, and we trust a profitable circulation. They detail the personal experience of their author, Mr. J. H. Green, who is doing essential service to the cause of humanity by his labors in a field which has long remained without the husbandman, though it has been many years white for the harvest.— There are few besides those who suffer from gambling who know to what a fearful extent the vice prevails among us; at the west, where society has not been put into a strait-jacket, it shows itself openly and fearlessly, and the mischief it produces may only be faintly imagined from the bare reports of its effects, such as the extensive execution of half a dozen "Sportsmen" at Vicksburg a few years since, that reach us in the newspapers. Occasionally in New York we hear of a defaulting clerk, or a bankrupt merchant, whose ruin has been produced by this dreadful vice, but the greater part of the misery and crime which are caused by it are attributed to other causes. Every father who has a son just entering upon business should put one of Mr. Green's books in his hand, and every merchant when he first receives a new clerk into his employment should see that he has a copy of the "Miseries of Gambling."

The Last of the Plantagenets, a Tragic Drama in three acts. By Caroline M. Keble. Founded on the romance of that name by William Beesline of Turret house, South Lambeth, England. New-York, 1844.

The gentle author of this "Tragic Drama" has given her book to the world from a very amiable motive, namely, a desire to counteract the prejudices which Shakspeare's delineation of Richard the Third has created in the minds of mankind. But her intention is better than her gift. Horace Walpole labored zealously and learnedly in the same cause, in his "Historic Doubts," but Shakspeare's Richard still keeps possession of men's minds, and the world will never forgive him for his tyrannies, or forget that he murdered the infants in the Tower. The blood of the innocent will always make an immortal outcry against those who shed it. The author of the "Tragic Drama" has taken a great chronological liberty with the last of the Plantagenets, in making him kneel before the bust of Shakspeare, which we are less willing to forgive, since we learn from a note to her epilogue that she is descended from a great dramatic poet; no less than "glorious John." She also informs us that she has a relative who has a monument in Westminster Abbey. "A genealogical tree in the author's family," Westminister Abbey. "A descent from the Poet Dryden, who married Lady Elizabeth Howard, daughter of the Earl of Berkshire." How fine and natural the allusion to "the Poet Dryden who married," &c.— Whatever doubts may be entertained of the descent from the husband of the daughter of the earl of Berkshire, there can be none in the

would that the descent from the Poet Dryden to the author of the "Last of the Plantagenets" is not only very real, but very great.

The Knickerbocker, March, 1845. John Allen, 129 Nassau St.

This comfortable old Magazine contains several very capital papers, a beautiful poem from Albert Pike, a quaint one from John Waters which would be beautiful if it were not quaint; and some amusing bits in the editor's table. The fun about the Pennsylvanian's gun-firing on the payment of their State debt interest, is very PUNCHY. We are sure that our good natured friend the editor will pardon us, if not thank us, for hinting to him, as gently as a lamb, that he makes use of the adjectives forceful and matterful too often for his readers' pleasure; we like adjectives ending in ful extremely well, as armful, mouthful, pocketful, &c.; but matterful sounds less agreeably than full of matter.

The Saturday Emporium. March 1st, 1845. Ward & Co., Ann St., New-York.

This is an admirable paper, one better adapted to the uses of the poor we have never stumbled upon in the course of our Newspaper experience, since it can be put to more uses than one; after it has enlightened the intellect, refreshed the spirit and warmed the heart, it may be made to warm the body by using it as a counterpane for the bed. It is large enough, stout enough, and white enough. Neither does it contain any of those heavy articles which papers of this class often do that would be likely to bruise the limbs if used in the way which we have recommended, nor any of the peppyish ones that would be likely to cause too deep a slumber, nor any of those grotesque ones which would cause nightmares, nor yet any of those very light articles which would keep it from lying gently upon a sleeper.—However, it was not our intention to pronounce a panegyric, though we hardly know of a case in which we could do it with a clearer conscience, but to vindicate ourselves from a vile aspersion upon our critical honesty which the paper contained last Saturday, is a notice of our review of Bulwer's Minor Poems published by Farmer and Dagers, and edited by C. Donald Macleod. So far from having any "private pique" to "gratify," we have no private feelings of any kind, but pure good will, towards every person whose name is connected with the book, excepting Bulwer, for whom we entertain no very profound admiration. Mr. Macleod will acquit us of the smallest tinge of personal unkindness towards himself, for we only know him by his writings which have heretofore impressed us with a very high opinion of his abilities; and for the publisher of the "Minor Poems," we certainly have none but the kindest feelings. Do not, we beseech of you, Messieurs of the Emporium, accuse us of making attacks upon people when we simply utter our opinions and fortify them with reasons.

The Foreign Quarterly Review. No. LXVIII for January, 1845. American edition, Leonard Scott & Co., 112 Fulton St.

For American readers the Foreign Quarterly is becoming the most popular of all the British Reviews: it contains few papers of merely a local interest, and gives a better view of continental literature than any other work that we are acquainted with. The present number contains sound, valuable papers, but the most interesting one is on Bettina Brentano.

Blackwood's Magazine. February. New American Edition. New-York.—Published by Leonard Scott & Co., 112 Fulton St.

This is the sprightliest and most valuable number of Blackwood that has been issued the year past. North's specimens of the British Critics is in the true vein of the professor. It is miraculous how he preserves the peculiarities of his early years.

The Fine Arts.

A NEW picture by Chapman has been exhibited at the the rooms of the Art Union in Broadway, the last fortnight, representing Rachel, mourning for her first born, and refusing to be comforted. To our perceptions it is the best of Chapman's paintings; and we were pleased to learn that it found a private purchaser at a liberal price. When such works can find purchasers other artists need not despair of finding a market for their paintings. We do not allude to it for the purpose of criticism, for we are not sure that it is within the circumference of propriety to make a public criticism on private property; but to chronicle the fact of a historical painting being bought as soon as it was exhibited. A gentleman well known for his liberality to artists was the purchaser.

We have recently inspected the portraits of a horse and a Shetland pony, painted by Mr. T. Hicks, for John H. Hicks, Esq. of this city, which struck us as the finest specimen of animal portraiture that we have ever seen from an American artist. The animals, though in high keeping, had nothing of that unnatural glossiness of hide which is so disagreeable in the majority of pictures of this class. The interior of the stable would do credit to any American artist with whose works we are acquainted. Mr. Hicks adheres to the integrity of nature in his portraits, and we should judge from the few pictures of his execution that we have seen that he is a hard student and a close observer of nature. If he do not in a few years stand at the head of his profession in this country, we shall be disappointed in our expectations.

The granite buildings on the corner of Chambers-street and Broadway, is a huge ecclesiastical, for hatching artists. On every floor of that capacious building may be found a half dozen of painters or sculptors, who are just bursting from the chrysalis of obscurity and preparing to spread their butterfly wings and soar into the summer sky of Fame. The best of them will be found highest up. There is Elliot, the most promising of our young portrait painters, in the room which Page used to occupy, and opposite to him are Crosey, Gignoux and Cafferty, the most promising among our landscape painters. They are, in truth, more than promising, for they have already fulfilled the promises which they gave when they first made themselves known to the public.

MONSIEUR EDGAR'S SILHOUETTES.—The works of this gentleman deserve to be classed among works of fine-art. His mere profile cuttings, perhaps, do not; although even his scissored portraits better deserve it than many portraits on canvass, which have that distinction awarded to them. Mons. Edouart has an epic composition in his rooms in Broadway, representing the temptation of Saint Anthony, which gave a different idea of his genius from what we had found before we saw it. He has lately adopted an ingenious plan of grouping his subjects, after cutting them, and then re-producing them in miniature by the Daguerreotype. So that a gentleman may have his whole family put into a convenient shape to carry in his vest pocket. A visit to his room is worth more than his charge for a portrait.

THE CONCERT ROOM.

THE NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The third Concert of the third season took place at the Apollo Saloon on Saturday, March 1st, when, as usual, there was a perfect crowd, an intolerable heat, and no ventilation. Since the room has been hung with the bar-room drapery, it seems impossible to breathe with freedom or comfort; added to which the sound is entirely destroyed, and the decorations are in the worst possible taste. We should be glad to see the room as it was.

The programme was as follows:

PART I.	
Sinfonia Eroica (No. 5.)	Beethoven.
Movements 1 Allegro con brio.	
" 2 Marcia funebre. Adagio.	
" 3 Scherzo. Allegro vivace.	
" 4 Finale. Allegro molto.	
Rondo. Finale del Furioso.	Donizetti.
" Che d'Alia Gojja."	Madame Arnould.
Sinfonia Concertante (No. 2.)	Lindpaintner.
Flute, oboe, clarionette, horn and bassoon.	
Messrs. Kyle, Weiss, Groneveldt, Reiff, and Troesj.	
PART II.	
Descriptive Overture. The Naiads, (Die Najsaden.)	
First time in America.	W. Sierudale Bennett.
Grand Air—Grace. Robert le Diable. Mad. Arnould, Meyerbeer.	
Dialogo Brillante—flute and clarionette.	Bochas.
Messrs. J. A. Kyle and T. W. Groneveldt.	
Grosse Fest Overture and Sieges Marsch (first time.) F. Ries.	
Componert for das Niederheinische Musick fest in Colon 1832.	
Director, Mr. Louis Wiegner.	

The symphony Eroica, of Beethoven, is so well known to all who visit these classical Concerts, that a particular description will not be necessary. The design is said to have been conceived in honor of Napoleon, when first Consul, but before it was completed, the first Consul had become Emperor, and Beethoven in the deepest indignation vowed that he would never dedicate one of his works to such a renegade from his principles. The first movement is supposed to vindicate the indomitable firmness of the conqueror's mind; the second movement is a dead march; the third, the return from the funeral, and the fourth, a sort of musical history of the times, being a collection of revolutionary airs, worked one into the other.

Of the performance of this great work, we can with justice say that it was executed with great precision; each point was taken up with perfect exactness, and grand effects were frequently produced; but to us the performance appeared hard and mechanical. The conductor never deviated from the exact time at which he started—on, on, on! without pause, without breath—firm, unyielding, and untiring in its motion, his hand seemed a sort of human Metemorse that was wound up to go, just so. Too strict attention to mere time, may produce correctness in performance, but something more is wanted to delineate faithfully the mind of the composer. We believe that Mr. Weigers will make an able conductor, but on this occasion he has attended less to the intellect than to the mechanism of the art.

Madame Arnoult sang one of Donizetti's mawkish arias, which coming directly after Beethoven, was as grateful to the ear as tepid water to the palate after a draught of Burgundy.

We cannot refrain from asking of the Board of Government why such an incongruous mixture of style is allowed to appear at such a concert. We have asked this question repeatedly before, and have at various times received assurances that there would be a change for the better. We placed but little faith in such assurances, but even that little was thrown away; for it seems that for the mere chance of catching a few dollars in extra tickets from some of the "upper ten thousand," they would insert anything in their programme. After the comparative failure of Castellan, and the positive and unmistakable failures of Valtellus and Signora Amalia Ricci, we did think that the "Government" would learn wisdom, and have done with the Donizetti, Merliani, Riccio, and a host of other's. But experience is never considered of importance until it is bought dearly.

Madame Arnoult executes most of her passages with exceeding delicacy and precision; her voice, however, is weak and incapable of producing any great effect. Her style is so evidently that of an amateur, that we fear a long time must elapse before she can do herself credit before the public.

The Instrumental Quintet was a truly admirable performance, in every way worthy of its intrinsic beauty. We have really no choice among those admirable artists, Messrs. Kyle, Weiss, Grunewaldt, Trojli and Reiff. We were kept in a continual round of admiration from its commencement to its close, and we can only say now, that so perfect an instrumental performance was never before heard in this country.

The second part commenced with Sterndale Bennett's descriptive overture of the Nalada. It is a remarkable composition in every respect. Its conception indicates a fancy at once brilliantly imaginative and highly refined, and the instrumentation displays an intimate knowledge and familiar acquaintance with the particular genius of the different instruments. Bennett was a pupil of Mendelssohn, and his compositions bear somewhat of the impress of that great master's mind. We do not by any means assert that Sterndale Bennett is a copyist, but all his works have a tinge of the intellectual beauty which is the characteristic of the writings of Mendelssohn. In his instrumentation this similarity is singularly striking; he treats passages as Mendelssohn would have treated them; many of his combinations smack of his great model, but his conception is his own, and one of more singular and attractive beauty we have rarely heard. Its reputation in Europe is second only to the Midsummer Night's Dream and Fingal's Cave. We were by no means pleased with the performance of this work, for it was exceedingly unequal. Some passages were given with great delicacy, while others were crowded and indistinct. Another rehearsal or two would have made both the conductor and the band more familiar with the intention of the composer, and also more at ease with each other.

Madame Arnoult sang a portion of a scena from *les Huguenots*, by Meyerbeer, we regret to say very badly indeed. Not only was she continually out of tune to a painful degree, but she failed in several passages, particularly two chromatic passages, which were very bad in taste, but still worse in execution. With every wish to be lenient to one who has so recently adopted the profession, we are yet compelled to speak the truth of all alike.

The Instrumental Dialogue for flute and clarionette, was played in most exquisite style by Messrs Kyle and Grunewaldt. Mr. Kyle played with more brilliancy, precision and feeling than upon any former occasion within our remembrance. He only requires emulation to render him always equal to that evening's performance. He has certainly few rivals, and no superiors in this country, but he lacks somewhat of the true artistic enthusiasm which will lead one always to endeavor to excel himself. Mr. Grunewaldt's solo was spoiled by the band, and he showed them their fault with an emphasis that must have astonished them, and which they are not likely soon to forget.

The concluding overture by Ries, is a brilliant and effective composition, and had it not been so late would doubtless have been encored. It was admirably performed; the wind instruments, as usual, distinguished themselves greatly.

We consider Mr. Weiger's debut as a Philharmonic conductor highly successful. It is true that we cannot award all praise, but what we do say we say most cordially, and with infinite satisfaction we congratulate him upon his highly creditable wielding of the baton.

The next concert will take place on the 15th of April.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

From *A. Fial*, 196 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, and *W. Dubois*, 315 Broadway, New York.

"Twelve Nouvelles Vocalisées, pour Mezzo-Soprano, dédiées à S. A. R. Madame La Duchesse de Nemours, par Marco Bordogni."—In two books.

"Abd-el-Kader Quick Step," for the piano forte, composed by J. C. Viereck.

"The Reproach" (*Il Rimprovero*), duettino, words translated from Metastasio, by B. S. Barclay. The music by F. Floino.

"Le Tremolo, sur un Theme de Beethoven, pour le Piano Forte, composée par Henri Herz."

MARCO BORDOGNI has for many years been considered universally one of the finest singing masters in the world. He numbers among his pupils many of the most distinguished artists of the French capital. His consummate skill has gained for him the professorship of singing at the Paris Conservatoire, and also the honorable distinction of *Chevalier de l'Ordre Royal de la Légion d'Honneur*. Every work from his pen must be looked upon as a vocal standard and as a gift of price for futurity. The one before us is intended for the use of those who possess a mezzo soprano quality of voice. On looking through the books it will be perceived that a very extensive range is given to this voice, a scale of two octaves and a note, from A below to B above. Many of our so-called soprano voices do not possess such a compass. The exercises are not for beginners; they are intended to follow after the usual routine of preliminary practice has been gone through. They are initiated to form the style, to render the ear firm under the most rapid and delicate changes of key; to impart emphasis and expression; to perfect the use of the shake, the *sforzando*, the vibrato; to cultivate the portamento, but to denude it of its abuses by imparting to it dignity, emphasis and passion.

The twelve exercises display several styles, of which we shall discourse in order. No. 1 is a very beautiful *larghetto* movement in C, semibreve time. The passages are mostly to be sung legato, with many parts of marked emphasis. The key changes to its dominant and to E flat. The latter change is direct, and requires much steadiness of ear, particularly as it returns to the original key. No. 2 is a somewhat pastoral movement in A flat, twelve-eight time. The second part of this is in D flat changing to F minor and ending in E flat, from which it returns to the original. This is a fine exercise both for the ear and for the time. No. 3 is a *larghetto* movement in B minor, six-eight time. This is also calculated to give great delicacy to the ear, for the harmonies are always changing. The intervals are often great, and always difficult, requiring the utmost precision to render them justly. No. 4 is an elegant *andante* in A flat two-four time, changing to an *allegro*, followed by *allegro* *tempo*. This is a very difficult, brilliant, and instructive exercise, partaking of every quality of the grand scena excepting the recitation. No. 5 is an *allegro spiritoso* in G, semibreve time. The movement is almost entirely in triplets, and the concluding cadence is one of great difficulty, requiring the finest ear and most delicate intonation to execute it, being a triplet passage in semitones, for an octave and a half. No. 6 is an *allegro moderato* in G, common time, of a bold character, containing many passages of difficulty; tied notes, syncopations, extended intervals, &c., &c. Such is a description of the first book; and we are sure that the pupil who shall have the perseverance to achieve its contents, will be marvellously improved in intonation, execution and style, and other difficulties which occur in music.

Abd-el-Kader Quick Step in B flat two-four time. The first movement is brisk and martial, but like ten thousand other marches. In the first bar of the fifth line, the second note in the bass should be E natural. The trio is in E flat, and quite devoid of originality, but still the piece is an inoffensive composition, and likely from its facility of execution, to meet with a ready sale. It has a clever vignette title-page, representing the beau ideal of an Arab chief.

The Reproach.—Duettino. In F minor, common time. It is an agitato movement, full of passionate energy, and breathing the heart's despair in every phrase. The syncopated passage at "My Heart beats not for thee," is very effective, and the introduction to its relative major, is exceedingly happy. The subject is afterwards repeated in F major, and is carried on to the end in perfect unity of design. It is a

very clever composition, and although the accompaniment is here and there somewhat heavy and labored, it is as a whole a very musician-like work, and one which we can very cordially recommend to the public.

There are a few corrections necessary in a revised edition. The seventh note, in fourth bar, third line of accompaniment, should be E flat; third bar, third line, in page four, the D in the right hand should be E flat. The word or is omitted from the second voice part, bar six, third line, page five. In the first bar of the last symphony the B in the right hand should be C.

Le Tremolo.—This is one of Herz's recent pianoforte pieces, and abounds with the composer's peculiarities.

BERTINI'S GREAT METHOD FOR THE PIANO-FORTE.—Every teacher of every grade in the profession, has felt for years the want of a Piano-Forte instruction book, which should contain in its single compass matter sufficient for many months' consideration and practice;—beginning at the beginning, and leading the pupil on by easy stages pretty far into the mystery—preserving at the same time a strict and pure school. This end has been obtained by Bertini, as far as we can judge, from a somewhat hasty glance at its contents. Next week we shall present our readers with a review of the whole work as published by E. H. Wade and W. H. Oakes, 197 Washington street, Boston. Meanwhile let the author speak for himself.

"My intention in publishing this new method, has been to facilitate the study of the Piano-Forte; and I have tried as much as is in my power to furnish a progressive work, in which the young pianists might, assisted by the experience of their master, find all the elements of instruction.

"A great number of elementary works—many of them written, too, by men of talent and very good sense in some respects—have the disadvantage that they are rather a collection of popular airs, than a series of lessons connected and graduated so as to develop the musical knowledge and mechanism of beginners. I wanted to avoid this fault, and have, therefore, written especially for this work a series of melodies and exercises, instead of resorting to popular melodies, romances, waltzes, &c., &c., which are commonly annexed to instruction books.

"It has hitherto but too often been forgotten, that an instruction book is intended for a grammar, and not merely for a book of amusement; and hence the false system which made elementary works consist entirely of little airs which the memory can easily retain. This custom perverts the taste of the pupil; it prevents their mind and ear from making themselves familiar with the different harmonic combinations, and it fills their heads with musical trivialities, which more and more drawing them away from the works of true art, ultimately incapacitate them from understanding the works of great masters.

"It is very important to have the first studies of children directed by a skilful master; for, on the principles imbibed in the first lessons always depends the future success of an artist—faults then acquired and confirmed by long practice, will never be lost.

"I would therefore make it the duty of parents, and those who have the charge of pupils, to act, in this respect, with circumspection, and to consult artists before concluding about the choice of a teacher.

"I hope I have succeeded in composing a solid work, which will force the pupil to exert himself, and familiarise him with all the difficulties of *tonalité*, *figuring* and *rhythm*.

"I have graduated all my lessons from the natural key up to those most charged with chromatic signs. I have often observed, in pupils who had already obtained a certain proficiency, a difficulty in reading music with accidentals; and I doubt not this want of readiness is to be ascribed to the timidity and excessive reserve of the old instruction books.

"My course of piano-forte instruction, if followed from the beginning to the end, will offer one advantage, which I hope will be appreciated. It furnishes elements of study for more than a year, without making it necessary to have recourse to a multitude of little pieces, almost all of them carelessly written and badly fingered.

To Accordion Players.—We call the attention of professional and amateur performers on this instrument, to the admirable improvements made upon it by Mr. Dumsday, Professor of Music, 55 Christie street. This instrument has hitherto been considered very imperfect from the want of the harmonies necessary to enable the performer to modulate into various keys—even the simplest melody could only be accompanied by the tonic and the dominant. But Mr. Dumsday's invention, by applying keys to the bottom of the instrument, entirely remedies this defect and supplies chords sufficient for every ordinary purpose. Mr. Dumsday can apply this addition to any accordion which has the chromometer scale at a reasonable rate. The importance of this invention will be at once appreciated by every one acquainted with the instrument, and we cordially recommend all who are learning it, or wish to learn it, to call on Mr. Dumsday, who will give practical evidence of the superior advantages of this invention over all others now in use.

MUSICAL ITEMS.

NEW ORLEANS.—Messdames Borghese and Ricci, with Signor Petrozzi, Tonnai, and Coodi, have, contrary to the reports recently in circulation here, succeeded in securing the American Theatre in New Orleans, and were expected to open on the 3d of March.

Ole Bal is drawing crowded houses there also. About the magnitude of his success accounts differ greatly.

The Swiss Bell Ringers have surprised the people into an extensive enthusiasm. They are very highly spoken of.

Mr. Barton, the artist, arrived here lately; he had a very narrow escape from shipwreck, and reports that to his presence of mind and hearty assistance, the captain acknowledges the safe arrival of the vessel to be mainly attributed.

THE MISSIE SLOAN attracted a large audience at the Philharmonic concert, Philadelphia, last week. These very talented young ladies will ere long reap a rich harvest, to which their talents and perseverance fully entitle them.

HOME NEWS.—The Park Theatre will open on the 10th inst. As far as we can learn, the business will begin with Booth, and Anderson and the Seguis will follow in succession.

Why does not Simpson start with a dash, by bringing out *Antigone*, the tragedy by Sophocles, with Mendelssohn's music! It would create a great sensation.

They talk of building an Opera-house up town! We maintain that this is news, for many people will naturally believe that after so much talk, something is doing. But we inform them, that they talk.

Mr. George Leder has been very sick, but is fast recovering. Mr. W. A. King has left Grace Church, and taken the organist's situation at St. Peter's Church, in Barclay street. This is a great loss to the one, and a great gain to the other.

Miss Watson is, we understand, to be the first Soprano in St. Peter's choir.

It is rumored that Mr. Beams will succeed Mr. King at Grace Church. Mitchell will produce next week, a new burlesque upon a popular Opera. It will, we hear, be admirably produced.

A correspondent requests us to offer ten cents reward to any body who will give any good public reason why Mr. Brough should have a complimentary benefit! The gentleman has retired from the profession, and has become a merchant. "How then," writes our correspondent, "do you account for Mr. Brough, while denying his profession, receiving any paltry engagement which may offer here, besides flying round to all the small towns and giving small concerts. If Mr. Brough is a musician, let him acknowledge it, and not deny a profession which is an honor to any man who understands it; but if Mr. B. is not in the profession, let him cease from trusting himself into engagements, to the injury of those who are compelled to live upon their professional talents." A friend at our elbow suggests that the complimentary concert is given as a public and private tribute to his good taste in retiring from the profession. If our correspondent is satisfied with the guess, we shall be glad to hand from him to our highly talented friend, those ten cents.

We invite our readers to go this evening to the concert of the German Benevolent Society, at the Tabernacle, and are sure of redeeming our word in promising them a delightful treat. We seldom have seen a programme richer or happier in its choice. Beethoven, Weber, Mendelssohn, by the orchestra of the Philharmonic Society, Fico, Grawfeld, Scharfenberg, and several other eminent artists, will make the honors. But the most interesting feature, from its novelty and intrinsic merit, will undoubtedly be the Song-Union, composed of our principal German citizens, who have volunteered their services, owing to the charitable purposes of the concert. For the introduction of the German Manner Chor in America, we are indebted to Mr. Charles Perabean, whose principal object in leaving an enviable position in Germany, was to attain this object, and we do not doubt in the least of the success of his undertaking, as he possesses in an eminent degree, both the qualities of the leader and of the professor. Com.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BROADWAY JOURNAL.

My Dear Sir:—The following case, in the opinion of many of your subscribers, loudly calls for some censor's correcting rod.

There is in this city a certain young gentleman, who has this winter, for the first time, been introduced to society; or as Seneca would have it, "has left the society of boys to enjoy that of philosophers;" or as an anxious mamma would say of her lad of 'sweet sixteen,' "just been brought out." He is a young man of fine talents, of good appearance, of an easy, agreeable, and manly address, and is very learned for one so early in life; he is a gentleman, and particularly distinguished for a straight-forward, independent manner of expressing his opinions. He has been before the town only seven weeks, and yet so man's society was ever more eagerly courted than his, from the half-starved author shivering in his fifth-story garret, to the rosy-nosed publisher, who, by "turning to commodity" the brains of these same starving authors, is enabled to enjoy a luxuriously furnished mansion, and "fare sumptuously every day."

But with all my friend's good and shining qualities, he has one bad failing, that I fear will cause him to fall in the estimation of very many of his best friends;—by friends I do not mean associates who eat his meat and drink his wine, but those, who admiring his many good qualities, wish well of him, and ever speak well of him behind his back. His failing is this:—he has become so indoctrinated with opposition to Texas, that whenever he hears the most distant allusion to the subject, or any thing else that by association of ideas, brings it to mind, he seizes the opportunity to let the company know that he is opposed to the measure. No matter what the company, at occasion, or place, if he but hear an allusion to Texas, he must, *à la* Toby-like, mount his ever-saddled nag, and frisk away for the enter-

tainment of his auditory, though all the laugh I ever saw him raise was at him. He takes vast delight in exhibiting this beast of his, although to my mind he is one of the most hideously deformed animals imaginable.

Last Saturday when he made his seventh appearance in public, while conversing upon a subject having no connection with annexation, he took occasion to break off in the middle of a sentence, and abruptly tell the company, many of whom were his elders, and far his superiors in information and talents, and withal many of them warm friends of the measure, "that the people declare themselves opposed to the measure," and that "he discerns a glimpse of morning breaking out from the darkness," for the joint resolution will not pass both houses." A few minutes afterwards, when the company were considering the literary merits of a young man, who had at some former time said something in favor of Texas, he volunteered to tell us—though we were not discussing the merits or demerits of annexation, but, as said before, speaking of a young man who had sometimes, to somebody, said something in its favor—"that the measure avowed as little of justice as any that could be proposed."

Now, Mr. Editor, I do not find fault with his opinions, nor for expressing them at proper times and places; but would it not look better of him to let off his extra steam in a political meeting, and give vent to his spleen through the columns of some political journal? I pray you, my dear sir, to ask him, when he attends a literary meeting, or you, my dear sir, to ask him, when he attends a literary meeting, or philosophical disquisition, or convivial party, or any mixed company, to have sufficient common civility to keep his politics at home. Many who are exceedingly fond of his company will feel themselves compelled to forego that pleasure if he always carries in his pocket, and at every opportunity offensively thrusts under their noses, a phial of this unsavory partizan stuff. I pray you, Mr. Editor, take your pen behind your ear, and shake it at this friend of mine, and thereby perhaps make others flutter who are in a similar predicament.

HORACE.

MR. WEBSTER AND HIS FRIENDS.—There have been a variety of statements in the newspapers the past month or two, respecting a magnificent donation said to have been made to Daniel Webster, to induce him to return to the Senate. The facts are; that certain gentlemen, feeling that the welfare of the country demanded his presence in the Senate, and knowing that his private affairs were not in a condition which would admit of his return to public life, without making a greater sacrifice than his duty to his family would permit, opened a subscription, among a very limited number of course, with the object of raising a hundred thousand dollars, to be invested for his benefit. About sixty thousand dollars were subscribed in Boston, and the remainder in New York. This has been, or will be invested so as to produce seven per cent. The income to be given to Mr. Webster during his life, and continued to Mrs. Webster during hers, after which the principal is to revert to the original donors, or their heirs. We believe this to be a tribute to genius, without a parallel, in the history of our own or any other country. It matters not what the object of the donors may be. As an acknowledgment of the greatness of the recipient, it is alike unequivocal and honorable to him, whether their motives be mercenary or patriotic. For our own part, we think the transaction reflects the highest honor on all parties concerned, and we wish we had more such men, who could command such friends we should not care a straw what principles they professed.

In a late lecture on the "Poets and Poetry of America," delivered before an audience made up chiefly of editors and their connections, I took occasion to speak what I know to be the truth, and I endeavored so to speak it that there should be no chance of misunderstanding what it was I intended to say. I told these gentlemen to their teeth that, with a very few noble exceptions, they had been engaged for many years in a system of indiscriminate laudation of American books—a system which, more than any other one thing in the world, had tended to the depression of that "American Literature" whose elevation it was designed to effect. I said this, and very much more of a similar tendency, with as thorough a distinctness as I could command. Could I, at the moment, have invented any terms more explicit, wherewith to express my contempt of our general editorial course of corruption and puffery, I should have employed them beyond the shadow of a doubt;—and should I think of anything more expressive hereafter, I will endeavour either to find or to make an opportunity for its introduction to the public.

And what, for all this, had I to anticipate? In a very few cases, the open, and, in several, the silent approval of the more chivalrous portion of the press;—but in a majority of instances, I should have been weak indeed to look for anything but abuse. To the Willises—the O'Sullivans—the Duyckincks—to the choice and magnanimous few who spoke promptly in my praise, and who have since taken my hand with a more cordial and more impressive grasp than ever—to these I return, of course, my acknowledgements, for that they have rendered me my due. To my willises I return also such thanks as they deserve, inasmuch as without what they have done me the honor to say, there would have been much of point wanting in the compliments of my friends. Had I, indeed, from the former, received any less equivocal tokens of disapprobation, I should at this moment have been looking about me to discover what sad blunder I had committed.

I am most sincere in what I say. I think these, my opponents, for their good will,—manifested, of course, after their own fashion. No doubt they mean me well—if they could only be brought to believe it; and I shall expect more reasonable things from them hereafter. In the mean time, I await patiently the period when they shall have fairly made an end of what they have to say—when they shall have sufficiently exalted themselves in their own opinion—and when, especially, they shall have brought me over to that precise view of the question which it is their endeavor to have me adopt.

E. A. F.

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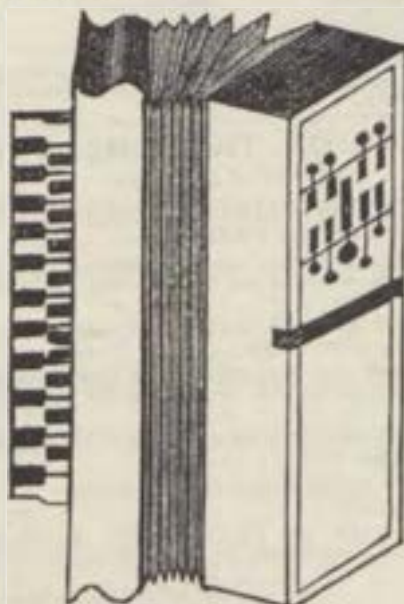
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