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133 BROADWAY, by  
Jones Bacco.

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 society, is nothing but ignorance, or something worse.

LOCKE.

## REVIEWS.

UNDINE AND SINTRAM. No. 3 of Wiley & Putnam's Library of Choice Reading.

The Undine of Fouqué is too widely known and universally admired to require a word of commendation at this day, but Sintram and his Companions, by the same author, is comparatively unknown to American readers. It appears from the author's preface, that the tale was immediately suggested by Albrecht Durer's wood-cut of "The Knight, Death, and Satan," and that the wild harmonies of Ole Bull had some influence in shaping it forth. A story so begot and so brought forth, must needs be wild, mysterious, and startling. An aura like a witch-element pervades the pages, and as we turn over the leaves a sensation of terror is imbibed, seemingly, at our fingers' ends. The tale opens with the following wild and startling chapter:—

"In the Castle of Drontheim there were many knights assembled to hold council on the affairs of the kingdom; and after their debate, they remained till past midnight carousing together around the huge stone table in the vaulted hall. A rising storm drove the snow wildly against the rattling windows, all the thick oak doors groaned, the massive locks shook, the castle clock slowly and heavily struck the hour of one.

"At that instant a boy, pale as death, with disordered hair and closed eyes, rushed into the hall, uttering a wild scream of terror. He stopped behind the richly carved seat of the mighty Biorn, clung to the knight with both his hands, and shrieked in a piercing voice, 'My knightly father! Death and another are closely pursuing me.'

"An awful stillness reigned suddenly in the whole assembly, broken only by the agonized shrieks of the boy. But one of Biorn's numerous retainers, an old esquire, known by the name of Rolf the Good, advanced toward the terrified child, took him in his arms, and half chanted this prayer: 'Oh, Father! help Thy servant! I believe, and yet I cannot believe.' The boy, as if in a dream, at once loosened his hold of the knight; and the good Rolf bore him from the hall unresisting, yet still shedding hot tears, and murmuring confused sounds.

"The lords and knights looked at one another in mute amazement, until the mighty Biorn said, in a fierce but scornfully-deriding tone, 'Do not suffer yourselves to be disturbed by the appearance of that strange being. He is my only son; and has been in this state since he was five years old: he is now twelve. I am, therefore, accustomed to see him so, though, at the first, I too was disquieted by it. The attack comes upon him only once in the year, and always at this same time. But forgive me for having spent so many words on my poor Sintram, and let us pass on to some worthier subject for our discourse.'

"Again there was a silence during some minutes. Then a solitary voice began here and there to attempt renewing their former conversation, but with no success. Two of the youngest and most joyous spirits began a drinking song; but the storm howled and raged so wildly without, that their mirth was soon checked. And now they all sat silent and motionless in the lofty hall; the lamp flickered under the vaulted roof; the whole party of knights looked like pale, lifeless images, dressed up in gigantic armour.

"Then arose the chaplain of the castle of Drontheim, the only priest among the knightly throng, and said, 'Sir Biorn, our eyes and thoughts have all been directed to you and your son in a wonderful manner; but so it has been ordered by the providence of God. You perceive that we cannot withdraw them, and you would do well to tell us exactly what you know concerning the fearful state in which we have seen your boy. Perchance, such a solemn narration, as I look forward to, might be of much use to our disturbed minds.'

"Biorn cast a look of displeasure on the priest, and answered, 'You are more concerned in the history, than either you or I could desire. Excuse me, if I am unwilling to trouble these light-hearted warriors with such a fearful tale.'

"But the chaplain approached nearer to the knight, and said, in a

firm yet very mild tone, 'Sir knight, up to this moment it rested with you to relate, or not to relate it; but now that you have so strangely hinted at the share which I have had in your son's calamity, I must positively request that you will repeat word for word how every thing came to pass. My honour demands such an explanation, and that will weigh with you as much as with me.'

"In stern compliance, Biorn bowed his haughty head, and began the following narration:—'This time seven years, I was keeping Christmas-feast with my assembled followers. We have many venerable old customs which have descended to us by inheritance from our forefathers; as, for instance, that of placing a gilded boar's head on the table, and making thirteen knightly vows of daring and wondrous deeds. Our chaplain there, who in those days used frequently to visit me, was never a friend to keeping up such traditions of the ancient heathen world. Men of his sort were not much in favour in those olden times.'

"My excellent predecessors,' interrupted the chaplain, 'were infinitely more concerned in obtaining the favor of God, than that of the world, and they were not unsuccessful in their aim. By that means they converted your ancestors; and if I can in like manner be of service to you, even your jeering will not vex me.'

"With looks yet darker, and an involuntary shudder, the knight resumed: 'Yes, yes; I know all your promises and threats concerning an invisible Power; and how they are meant to persuade us to part more readily with whatever of this world's goods we may possess. There was a time when such belonged to me! Occasionally a strange fancy seizes me, and I feel as if ages had passed over me since then, and as if I were alone the survivor, so fearfully is every thing changed. But now I recall to mind, that the greater part of this noble company knew me in my days of happiness, and have seen my wife, my lovely Verena.'

"He pressed his hands on his eyes, and many thought that he wept. The tempest was now lulled; the soft light of the moon shone through the windows, and her beams played on his wild features. Suddenly he started up, so that his heavy armour rattled with a fearful sound, and he cried out in a thundering voice, 'Shall I turn monk, because she has become a nun? No, crafty priest: your webs are too thin to catch flies of my sort.'

"I have nothing to do with webs,' said the chaplain. 'In all openness and sincerity have I put heaven and hell before you during the space of six years; and you gave full consent to the step which the holy Verena took. But what all that has to do with your son's sufferings, I have yet to learn; and I wait for your further narration.'

"You may wait long enough for that,' said Biorn with a sneer. 'Sonnet shall —'

"Swear not!" said the chaplain in a loud commanding tone; and his eyes flashed almost fearfully.

"Hurra," cried Biorn in wild affright; 'hurra! Death and his companion are let loose!' and he dashed madly out of the chamber, and down the steps. The loud wild notes of his horn were heard summoning his retainers, and presently the clatter of horses' feet gave token of their departure.

"The knights retired silent and shuddering; while the chaplain remained alone at the huge stone table, engaged in earnest prayer."

HUMAN MAGNETISM: Its Claim to Dispassionate Inquiry. Being an Attempt to show the Utility of its Application for the Relief of Human Suffering. By W. Newham, Esq., M. R. S. L., author of the "Reciprocal Influence of Body and Mind," etc. New York: Wiley and Putnam.

This is a work of vast importance and high merit, but one of which (on account of its extent of thesis) it is almost impossible to speak otherwise than cursorily, or at random, within the limits of a weekly paper.

The title explains the subject in its generality. The origin of the work is thus stated in an Introductory Chapter:

"About twelve months since I was asked by some friends to write a paper against mesmerism—and I was furnished with materials by a highly esteemed quondam pupil, which proved incontrovertibly that under some circumstances the operator might be duped—that hundreds of enlightened persons might equally be deceived—and certainly went far to show that the pretended science was wholly a delusion, a system of fraud and jugglery by which the imaginations of the credulous were held in thralldom through the arts of the designing. Perhaps in some evil hour I assented to the proposition thus made—but on reflection I found that the facts before me only led to the direct proof that certain phenomena might be counterfeited; and the existence of counterfeited coin is rather a proof that there is somewhere the genuine standard gold to be imitated."

Now the fallacy here is obvious, and lies in a mere variation of what the logicians style "begging the question."

Counterfeit coin is said to prove the existence of genuine—but this is no more than the truism that there can be no counterfeit where there is no genuine—just as there can be no badness where there is no goodness—the considerations being purely relative; but, because there can be no counterfeit where there is no original, does it in any manner follow that any undemonstrated original exists? In seeing a piece of gold we know it to be counterfeit by comparison with coins admitted to be genuine; but were no coin admitted to be genuine, how should we establish the counterfeit, and what right should we have to talk of counterfeits at all? Now in the case of mesmerism our author is merely *begging the admission*.

Such reasoning as this has an ominous look in the very first page of a scientific work—and accordingly we were not surprised to find Mr. Newnham's treatise illogical throughout. Not that we do not thoroughly coincide with him in his general views—but that we attain (for the most part) his conclusions by different, and we hope more legitimate routes than his own. In some important points—his ideas of prevision, for example, and the curative effects of magnetism—we radically disagree—and most especially do we disagree with him in his (implied) disparagement of the work of Chauncey Hare Townshend, which we regard as one of the most truly profound and philosophical works of the day—a work to be valued properly only in a day to come.

We hope, however, that nothing here said by us will influence a single individual to neglect a perusal of the book of Mr. Newnham. It should be read, as a vast store-house of suggestive facts, by all who pretend to keep pace with modern philosophy.

In saying above that we disagree with the author in some of his ideas of the curative effects of magnetism, we are not to be understood as disputing, in any degree, the prodigious importance of the mesmeric influence in surgical cases:—that limbs, for example, have been amputated without pain through such influence, is what we feel to be fact. In instances such as that of Miss Martineau, however, we equally feel the weakness of attributing the cure to magnetism. Those who wish to examine all sides of a question would do well to dip into some medical works of authority before forming an opinion on such topics. In the case of Miss Martineau we beg leave to refer to the "London Lancet," for March, 1845, page 265 of the edition published by Burgess & Stringer.

A HISTORY OF THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS, compiled from its standing records, and other authentic sources, by William R. Wagstaff, M. D. Part I. New York and London. Wiley & Putnam. 1845.

This is an attempt to give a History of the Society of Friends, in a form adapted to popular tastes, although we infer from the author's preface, that he designed it with a view to instruct the members of the Society rather than the public at large. The present volume relates solely to the history of the sect in Europe; the author intimates that in a second part he will give a full account of the trials and privations to which the Society were subjected in this western world. The book is distinguished by the external beauty peculiar to all the publications of Messrs. Wiley & Putnam.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE, for March. New American edition. Leonard Scott & Co., 142 Fulton street.

In addition to many articles of great interest, this number of Blackwood contains another of North's specimens of British Critics, in which Dryden is dismissed after a most uncom-

fortable handling, and Pope is genially and reverently dealt with. It is in the very happiest vein of "Crusty Christopher;" who herein manifests as little crustiness as ever did any critical professor.

REPUBLICAN OF THE LONDON LANCET. Editor, Thomas Wakely, M. P., Sub-editor, Henry Bennet, M. D. New American series. Published monthly at five dollars per annum, by Burgess & Stringer: New York.

MESSRS. B. & S. have issued the numbers of the re-published "Lancet" for January, February, and March, 1845. Their edition is unabridged, and embodies, beyond a doubt, the most authentic and valuable medical and surgical information to be found, periodically, in any work in the world. The reputation of "The Lancet" is higher than that of any other similar journal. Not merely to physicians is the work indispensable, but to all persons who wish to keep up with the facts of the day. Most assuredly facts concerning human vitality are not less important, nor of less general interest than others.

THE PALAIS ROYAL. A Historical Romance. By John H. Mancus, author of "Henri Quatre," &c. New York: Wm. H. Colyer.

SOME of Mr. Mancus's novels have been very naturally mistaken for those of James, to whom, both in manner and in his material generally, he bears even too remarkable a resemblance. "The Palais Royal" is founded upon events in the lives of Mazarin and De Retz, and is a novel of far more than ordinary interest and value. Its great defect is the total lack of originality.

A LETTER to the Boston Association of Congregational Ministers, touching certain matters of their Theology. By Theodore Parker, Minister of the Second Church in Roxbury. Boston: Little and Brown. 1845.

"Liberal Christianity," according to the showing of Mr. Parker, does not differ very materially from the liberalism exercised by the followers of St. Ignatius. We shall not be surprised, after reading Mr. Parker's Letter, to hear next that the ruined nunnery in Charleston has been rebuilt and converted into an inquisition on the conservative principle of the good old times; or that some of our liberal friends have been indulging in the old fashioned pastime of an *auto da fe*. If the "Boston Association" should ever condescend to make replies to the string of questions which Mr. Parker has put to them, (and we do not see how they can avoid doing so,) we hope to have the privilege of reading them.

LECTURE ON IMMIGRATION AND THE RIGHT OF NATURALIZATION. By Thomas L. Nichols. New York: Burgess, Stringer, & Co. 1845.

A very earnest appeal in behalf of the right of foreigners to naturalization in our country.

THE TAKING OF NABOTH'S VINEYARD, by David Lee Child. New York: S. W. Benedict & Co., 16 Spruce street. 1845.

The name of the author of this pamphlet will remove all doubts as to the meaning of Naboth's Vineyard. Every body will understand that Naboth is Mexico, and the Vineyard TEXAS.

NEW ORLEANS AS I FOUND IT. By H. Didimus. New York: Harper and Brothers.

This is the title of one of the freshest, most piquant, and altogether most agreeable volumes which have been written by an American—for an American we take the author to be:—the name given is a pseudonym, of course. Professedly, his design is that of sketching some incidents of a first visit to New Orleans in the winter of 1835-36; but these incidents are in fact but a nucleus for very amusing gossip of all kinds, intermingled not unfrequently with some matter of

far loftier pretension than gossip. The book is that of a thoughtful, polished and well-informed man. We are promised a continuation.

**LOOK TO THE END; or The Bennetts Abroad.** By Mrs. Ellis, author of the *Women of England*. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The fine abilities of Mrs. Ellis have been long appreciated, and we need say nothing about them in general. In "The Bennetts Abroad" she has imagined a plain English family emerging from the utmost common-places of a London life into all that is beautiful in continental travel. The elder members of the party serve only as make-weights to the true design, which is that of depicting the influence to be exercised over a youthful and highly sensitive mind by the beautiful in itself—and with this object a lovely girl is supposed to be the youngest member of the family. The danger to be apprehended from too habitual an indulgence even in the sentiment of Beauty—that is of physical Beauty—is imagined to be counteracted by encouraging an appreciation of moral loveliness.

In all this there is much to be disputed—but no one can dispute the interest which is excited in the reader's mind by the author's endeavor to develop her theory.

**LE LIVRE DES PETITS ENFANTS, ou recueil de facet mis à la portée du premier âge. Avec Vocabulaire. Nouvelle édition, revue et augmentée.** New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1845.

A very admirable little book, well adapted for the use of children in making their initiatory steps towards a knowledge of the French tongue. The Vocabulary contains literal meanings of all the words introduced in the reading, including the verbs in all their inflections.

**EXAMINATION of a Reply to Hints on the Reorganization of the Navy.** Wiley & Putnam.

The lieutenants of the navy receive some home thrusts in this well-written pamphlet, in which the author stoutly and rightly reasserts the claims of surgeons, as well as of all other officers, to a definite rank in the service. We find the following amusing account of the uses to which a jackass and a precedent may be put.

"For many years, and probably even now, it was common in Chili to entrust the making of butter to a jackass trotting round a circle. With the cream contained in dried skins tied to his back; and when some Americans introduced a churn to the notice of the people, they admitted it was quite ingenious, but inasmuch as it was not the custom of the country to use such a machine, as there was no precedent there for its use, they preferred the assistance of the jackass and the old-fashioned way of making butter."

**DON FRAGA AND HIS TWO DAUGHTERS; an Historical Romance of the Middle Ages.** By Agnes Strickland. Boston: Saxton & K. B. For sale by Judd & Taylor, 2 Astor House.

This tale is published in an exceedingly neat pocket volume, and sold at the low price of 25 cents.

**ALNWICK CASTLE, WITH OTHER POEMS.** By Fitz-Greene Halleck. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The merits of Mr. Halleck have been long definitely settled, at least so far as regards the poems now before us. We have only to wish that in writing a new poem he would give us an opportunity of praising him anew.

**THE BOOK OF THE ARMY: comprising a general Military History of the United States from the period of the Revolution to the present time, with particular accounts of all the Celebrated Battles. Compiled from the best authorities. By John Frost, L. L. D. Professor of Belles Lettres in the High-School of Philadelphia.** New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Mr. Frost has been long known as one of our best Belles Lettres scholars, and one of our most judicious and indefatigable compilers. There are many of his books, however, which are entitled to high consideration for as much of ori-

ginality as is consistent with history—for thoughtful comment—and for a very careful bringing up of the historic material to the latest dates, from the most authentic records. Of this class of his books, the "Book of the Army" is one. Its object is thoroughly detailed in its title. We may add that it is designed as a pendant to the "Book of the Navy," lately published by the same author.

**ELEMENTS OF ESTHETICS, prepared for the use of Schools and Colleges, by W. S. W. Ruschenberger, M. D., Surgeon in the U. S. Navy, &c. With plates.** Philadelphia: Grigg & Elliott.

This is one of Dr. Ruschenberger's "First Books of Natural History." They are re-arrangements from the valuable text of Milne Edwards and Achille Comté.

**KEEPING HOUSE AND HOUSE-KEEPING. A Story of Domestic Life.** Edited by Mrs. S. J. Hale. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This is an ingeniously conceived and well managed narrative of ordinary life—without any thing of that pure nambly-pamby, or rather pure drivel which we have been ashamed to see applauded, of late days, on the ground, forthwith, of being natural or truthful. Mrs. Hale is a woman of great force of thought and remarkable purity of style. She writes invariably well.

**THE BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER, AND ADMINISTRATION OF THE SACRAMENTS; and other Rites and Cereimonies of the Church in the U. S. of America; together with the Psalter, or Psalms of David.** New York: Harper & Brothers.

This is a truly beautiful stereotyped edition of the standard Episcopal Prayer-Book. We have only to speak of its mechanical execution, which is every thing that can be desired. The paper is luxurious—the type bold and clear—the binding exceedingly durable and neat.

**HISTORY OF FRANCE, from the earliest period down to the present time; by M. Michelet. Translated by G. H. Smith.** D. Appleton and Co. 300 Broadway.

The second number of this standard work, containing 100 pages of closely printed matter, in double columns, from clear type on handsome paper, has just been issued at the low price of twenty-five cents. This number reaches to the close of the twelfth century. It is one of the best and cheapest historical works that have been republished in many years.

**PLAGIARISM—IMITATION—POSTSCRIPT TO MR. POL'S REPLY TO THE LETTER OF OUTIS.**

It should not be supposed that I feel myself individually aggrieved in the letter of Outis. He has praised me even more than he has blamed. In replying to him, my design has been to place fairly and distinctly before the literary public certain principles of criticism for which I have been long contending, and which, through sheer misrepresentation, were in danger of being misunderstood.

Having brought the subject, in this view, to a close in the last Journal, I now feel at liberty to add a few words of postscript, by way of freeing myself of any suspicion of malevolence or discourtesy. The thesis of my argument, in general, has been the definition of the grounds on which a charge of plagiarism may be based, and of the species of ratiocination by which it is to be established: this is all. It will be seen by any one who shall take the trouble to read what I have written, that I make no charge of moral delinquency against either Mr. Longfellow, Mr. Aldrich, or Mr. Hood:—indeed, lest in the heat of argument, I may have uttered any words which may admit of being tortured into such an interpretation, I here fully disclaim them upon the spot.

In fact, the one strong point of defence for his friends has been unaccountably neglected by Outis. To attempt the re-

butting of a charge of plagiarism by the broad assertion that no such thing as plagiarism exists, is a soticism, and no more—but there would have been nothing of unreason in rebutting the charge as urged either against Mr. Longfellow, Mr. Aldrich, or Mr. Hood, by the proposition that no true poet can be guilty of a meanness—that the converse of the proposition is a contradiction in terms.

Should there be found any one willing to dispute with me this point, I would decline the disputation on the ground that my arguments are no arguments to him.

It appears to me that what seems to be the gross inconsistency of plagiarism as perpetrated by a poet, is very easily thus resolved:—the poetic sentiment (even without reference to the poetic power) implies a peculiarly, perhaps an abnormally keen appreciation of the beautiful, with a longing for its assimilation, or absorption, into the poetic identity. What the poet intensely admires, becomes thus, in very fact, although only partially, a portion of his own intellect. It has a secondary origination within his own soul—an origination altogether apart, although springing, from its primary origination from without. The poet is thus possessed by another's thought, and cannot be said to take of it, possession. But, in either view, he thoroughly feels it as his own—and this feeling is counteracted only by the sensible presence of its true, palpable origin in the volume from which he has derived it—an origin which, in the long lapse of years it is almost impossible not to forget—for in the mean time the thought itself is forgotten. But the faintest association will regenerate it—it springs up with all the vigor of a new birth—its absolute originality is not even a matter of suspicion—and when the poet has written it and printed it, and on its account is charged with plagiarism, there will be no one in the world more entirely astounded than himself. Now from what I have said it will be evident that the liability to accidents of this character is in the direct ratio of the poetic sentiment—of the susceptibility to the poetic impression; and in fact all literary history demonstrates that, for the most frequent and palpable plagiarisms, we must search the works of the most eminent poets.

E. A. P.

## THOUGHTS OF A SILENT MAN.

No. 4.

In a foregoing paper I spoke of sympathy as existent between kindred souls, in a much more perfect state than the world was willing to allow. The recently published correspondence between Schiller and Goethe, affords the most beautiful exposition of this spiritual recognition that the annals of literature have ever recorded. Literary friendships, as they are called, are too often mere leagues growing out of community of interests, or attachments formed from the necessity of insatiate vanity. Inferior minds sometimes make themselves essential to superior ones, by ministering to unsuspected weakness; and a man willing to play the jackal will rarely fail in finding a lion to wait upon. A connection of this kind deserves not the name of friendship; yet the world never discriminates, and when the tie of mutual interest is severed between two such pseudo-friends, commonplace people exclaim at the instability of men of genius. No one can read the correspondence of the two minds to whom I have alluded, without feeling sensible of the nobler bond of union which true sympathy alone can weave, while the very suddenness of the recognition between them is the best proof of its genuineness.

Schiller had occasion to ask the literary aid of Goethe in behalf of a new periodical, and accordingly indites a letter of formal respect, filled with the most reverential appreciation of Goethe's Anaxism, yet containing not a single word of flattery or servility. Goethe returns a frank and hearty response, giving not a mere assent to Schiller's proposition, but

professing the genial grasp of mental companionship. In less than two months afterward we find Schiller opening his heart to his new friend, with all the confidingness of a woman. How fearlessly and unjealously does he disclose the benefits he has derived from his recently formed attachments.

"On much about which I could not obtain harmony with myself, the contemplation of your mind (for thus I must call the full impression of your ideas upon me) has kindled a new light. I needed the object—the body to many speculative ideas, and you have put me on the track of it."

Mark Goethe's somewhat oracular reply.

"Pure enjoyment and real benefits can only be reciprocal, and it will give me pleasure to unfold to you at leisure, what my intercourse with you has done for me—how I, too, regard it as an epoch in my existence—and how content I am to have gone on my way without particular encouragements, as it now appears as if we, after so unexpected a meeting, are to proceed forward together. I have always prized the honest and rare earnestness visible in all you have done and written. All that relates to me, and is in me, I will gladly impart. For as I feel very sensibly that my undertaking far exceeds the measure of the faculties of one earthly life, I would wish to repose much with you, and thereby give it not only endurance but vitality."

Now there may be something approaching to too much self-reliance in the one, and perhaps too little self-appreciation in the other; but they both write from genuine feeling. There is no courtly flattery in the younger bard, no gratified vanity in the crowned poet. There never was a more genial yielding up of the soul to sudden and secret sympathy. There was no measured routine of civilities to be trodden before they could join hands at the shrine of friendship.

"However strong," says Schiller, "has been my desire to enter into a closer relation with you than is possible between the spirit of a writer and his most attentive reader, yet I now perceive clearly that the different paths in which you and I moved, could not have brought us together with advantage sooner than just at this time. But now I can hope that we shall travel together the rest of the way, and with greater profit, inasmuch as the last travellers who join company, have always the most to say to one another."

When we regard the character of the men and the position they occupied in the world of letters, the picture of a pure and beautiful literary friendship becomes complete, and we ure with a feeling of refreshment from the cold, hard, narrow selfishness of society to the rich development of soul in such a union. Their correspondence, which lasted ten years, and closed only with the death of Schiller, is like a many-sided mirror, reflecting every object that passes before it, in every variety of light and shade; while the pure clear atmosphere in which such souls live, and move, and have their being, gives almost magical distinctness to each image. No breath of selfishness or distrust ever rests for an instant on its bright surface. The glimpses which it affords us of Goethe's magnificent vanity (for he was a man who made even his weaknesses almost sublime) seem necessary to the proper illustration of Schiller's exquisite humility; and the hierarch of German literature never appears in so amiable a point of view as when cordially accepting and adopting his friend's close and quick-sighted criticisms.

Yet, as in my former paper, I ventured to assert that such sympathy could only grow to perfectness in persons of opposite sex, so now I dare affirm that this very correspondence is a proof of my theory. Genius assimilates, though it does not confound sex, and while it gives something of manly strength to woman, it always imparts much femininity of perfection and feeling to man, especially if it exists with a delicately organized physical structure.

Goethe, with his robust phynyx, his wide perceptive faculties, his enterprise, his towering independence of soul, his easy, graceful yet despotic exercise of mental domination, affords a perfect contrast to Schiller, who was feeble in health, self-distrustful, eminently tender in his imaginative-ness, and full of up-looking reliance upon the stronger spirit of his friend. Had they both possessed only strongly marked masculine traits of character, their union could never have been so perfect. Now it has some of the best characteristics of Platonic affection. Goethe was the strong man, self-dependent, self-subsistent, yet needing companionship; Schiller was the tender womanish nature, strong in principle, and perhaps with a latent power of self-reliance, but happier and better in its gentle dependence on a bolder nature. Advice, counsel, dictation, suggestion, and a sort of watchful guardianship, these are Goethe's duties; deference, devotion, say, the very outward ministry, for which women seem so esse-

tially fitted, comes from Schiller; it is Schiller who sends the frequent box of *biscuits*—Goethe now and then furnishes his friend a fish, snared in the free waters, but the remembrance of *household* tastes comes from the womanlike affection of the gentler spirit.

This is no mere fanciful speculation. Perfect similarity is not sympathy; each must find in the other what is wanting in itself. There need be no inferiority in mind, yet there must be differences in mental and moral qualities. Men judge of their own sex through their consciousness, and they judge of women through their imagination. Both faculties may be erring guides, but the latter is more likely to be right than the former, since it usually gives a much more exalted view of human nature. The love of a high-souled man is one of the noblest, most unselfish, and loftiest feelings of which humanity is capable. The love of woman, even of the most gentle, as well as of the highest nature, is exacting, for even as she is willing to give all, so she is not content with less than the sacrifice of all things to her. Considerateness, tenderness, the entire devotion of a life, are but as grains of incense in her eyes. She would fain give as much as she could, and therefore nothing can be offered which her love does not deserve. She may be humble in all things else, but she is always appreciating towards her own affections, and hence her utter unreasonableness in all love affairs. But her friendship is another thing. All the superiority which man's stronger nature gives him over her in love, her greater purity affords her over him in friendship. No where is there more devotion, more disinterestedness, more ready self-sacrifice, than in a woman's friendship; no where more teasing, annoying, heart-stirring pettiness of exaction than in her love; and the man who would have a full appreciation of woman's nature, as well as a full enjoyment of her sweet presence, must be her dearest friend, but never her devoted lover.

RUDOLPH HERTZMAN.

#### RURAL ARCHITECTURE.\*

"Every man's proper mansion and home, the theatre of his hospitalities, the seat of self-fruiting, the comfortablest part of his own life, the noblest part of his son's inheritance, a kind of private principality; nay, to the possessor himself an epitome of the whole world, may well deserve by these attributes, according to the degree of the master, to be decently and delightfully adorned:" says quaint old Sir Henry Wotton. And there are few who will not echo his sentiments, although it happens unfortunately, that there are few that build houses who sufficiently comprehend their own condition to know when their proper mansions are decently and delightfully adorned according to their degree; they are, therefore, obliged to call in the aid of a professional gentleman to instruct them in the selection of their seats of self-fruiting. For our own selves, we would as soon think of calling upon a broker to choose a wife for us, as to seek the aid of a professional gentleman in the matter of building a house, or adorning our grounds with trees. A man who is not capable of deciding whether a Greek temple, or a Swiss cottage, be the best adapted to his wants, and the necessities of the climate he lives in, is not worthy of a house at all, and instead of applying to an architect for the plan of a mansion, he should apply to the county officers for admission into the Alms-House. The individual who cares so little whether he spends his precious hours in a tabernacle fitted up in the style of the renaissance, or in the no style of a modern carpenter and plasterer, or who is so indifferent to the kind of trees that shall shelter him from the sun and the wind, as to pay a fee to an artist to select them for him, should never be allowed to live in a house of his own, but should occupy a back room in a boarding house, and eat such food as his

landlady might choose for him, and at such hours as she might appoint.

But there are men who can build houses, and afford to live on ornamented farms, who yet possess not the smallest degree of love for art or nature, and acknowledge themselves incompetent to decide whether the Italian style, or the gingerbread style of building be the more delightful, or whether a clump of yew trees or a grove of poplars would form the finer feature in a landscape. They are the people whose empty heads and full purses have made the fortune of many a "Capability Brown," and will make the fortunes of many more. To all such, books like those by Mr. Downing, are a real blessing. A man's house and grounds should possess some of his idiosyncracies of character, but how can they when they are the products of a hired artificer in taste? It is ten to one that a professional landscape gardener would neglect to plant a pepperidge tree in our grounds if we should employ him to decorate them, or forget to fringe our plantation of red maples with a row of dwarf cedars, or deem it of no importance that two or three sassaiars trees should be sprinkled among the pines and hemlocks, to relieve the dark foliage of these evergreens with their light and joyous verdure in summer, and their gamboge leaves in the fall. But without these leafy darlings of ours we would as soon have no grounds; and as for living in a gingerbread, crocketed, turreted cottage, we would sooner live in a tub with some Alexander or other always in our sunshine. To the nomadic tribes of our cities, who change their residences every May day, it cannot be a matter of much consequence what kind of houses serve for their temporary abodes; and it is, perhaps, fortunate for them that the houses which they inhabit are so built and furnished as to prevent anything like local attachments being formed; but to the farmer and the country gentleman whose houses are to be the theatres of their hospitalities, the comfortablest part of their whole lives, nay, the epitome to them of the whole world, it is a matter of great importance what kind of place they inhabit. Therefore, we would advise every gentleman before he employs an architect to build him a house, or an artist to decorate his grounds, to try and ascertain from himself what his wants are, and give utterance to them in his own way. It will conduce much more to his comfort to live in a house of his own devising, than to inhabit one which a stranger may model for him. In one case his house will be a part of himself, his thoughts and habits will assimilate to it, and his children will continually find something in it to remind them of their father; it will make no material difference if it be grotesque, or awkward, or misproportioned; it will be genuine; and you need never fear that you will be liked the less for it; as Sir Lucius says: "When affection guides the hand he must be a brute who would find fault with the style;" in the other case, you would never feel at home in your own house, you would feel like a stranger, where you were a master, because you would always be inhabiting another man's house; your paying for it would not make it your own, though it would give you a legal right to hold it. The old baronial castles and English manor houses, which we are so fond of reproducing in this country, derive their chief charm from their genuineness of expression; they were built by their owners, who employed no dilettanti artist to frame a design for them, but in their uncultured honesty they gave orders to have such mansions or castles built as suited their circumstances. Therefore, they have a character of their own which appears delightful in our eyes, because it seems natural and appropriate; but the moment that we attempt to adopt them to our own uses, their beauty vanishes and they

\*A treatise on the theory and practice of landscape gardening, adapted to North America, 2d edition by A. J. Downing. New York and London, Wiley and Putnam.—Cottage Residences. A series of designs for rural cottages and cottage villas, by A. J. Downing, 2d edition. New York and London, Wiley and Putnam.

appear incongruous and out of place.

An age of ignorance and semi-barbarism is much more favorable to the development of good taste than one of high culture, unless the culture be very high, because then men give expression to their honest feelings without any regard to precedents. We therefore find that the most picturesque and charming forms of artistic expression in dress and architecture, were made in those good old times when learning was at its very lowest ebb, or rather when there was no learning at all, excepting such as men received directly from nature, as Moses received his laws directly from God. People who travel much about the world, or have much commerce with books, are the least reliable of all authorities in matters of taste; because a great variety of examples and precepts must have the effect to destroy their instinctive perceptions of fitness, and fill their minds with incongruous images. We see that the greatest of English architects, Sir Christopher Wren, had less of the advantages of travel and study of foreign models than any of the slender builders who have succeeded him; yet none of them has equalled him in invention; he built St. Paul's without having seen St. Peter's, or having the advantage of Stuart and Trevett's Athens. The pyramids were erected without examples, as were the Cathedrals and Castles of the 13th century. Ictinus of Athens never saw a perfect temple until he built one himself, and the Romans invented their own arches. Therefore, if we would find a genuine style, we must seek for it in the uncontaminated period of a nation's existence, and if we entertain the hope of producing a great architect on our own continent we must look for him in our back-woods where our great sculptor has come from. Art does not produce art. Rude nature has always produced the best artists.

The Swiss chalet, the English cottage, the Italian villa, the French chateau, the Indian hut, the Chinese pagoda, the Hindoo temple, the Greek temple, the Moresque alcazar, the Turkish seraglio, the Baronial castle, the Monkish abbey, were all genuine forms of expression which had no types in nature or art: they grew out of the necessities of the people who erected them: they are, therefore, gratifying to contemplate, because, though differing so widely, they appear fit and proper. But, we should be satisfied to contemplate them, for we can never adapt them to our wants or the necessities of our climate and laws. But it is the misfortune of an upstart to have an ambition to appear different from what he is, and as it cannot be denied that we are, mainly, a nation of upstarts, we have an easy solution of the otherwise incomprehensible mystery of baronial castles, Chinese pagodas, Swiss chalets, Gothic churches, plaster priories, and English cottages, that we see scattered about the country on the tops of hills, by the side of running streams, and even in the crowded by-ways of our cities, as though the miracle of the house of Loretto had been repeated a thousand times on our continent. A barbarian and an ignoramus will consult only their own wants, and with the same disregard for precept and example which the beaver and oriole manifest in building their dam and nest, will adapt their dwellings to their necessities; but the half enlightened christian, who was born in a log hut, and has made his fortune in a narrow brick store, in the peaceful occupation of selling drugs or ten-penny nails, is troubled with ambitious longings after the way of life which some chivalrous robber led in the good old times of ignorance and barbarism; or he has been fascinated by stories of the monks of old, and he sends for an architect to build him a castle after the plan of Front de Beauf's, or a priory with an embattled roof, and a little tower into which he can scarce squeeze himself, with

loop-holes for bow-men to shoot arrows; another has a romantic taste, and has read of love in a cottage and of rural delights, and he must have an English cottage; another affects the Italian villa; and another the Turkish seraglio. Thus we have in the same degree of latitude which admits of but one style of building, the flat roofs of the tropics, the sharp gables of the north, the minarets of the east, and the low-roofed cot of the quiet vales of England. But amid all this confusion and affectation, may be found here and there, the genuine expression of honest ignorance and refined learning, which are generally alike in essentials, but only differ in execution.

Mr. Downing has given ten designs for "cottage residences" in the second edition of his book of that name, and in his larger volume on landscape gardening and rural architecture, he has given a great many examples of rural habitations, in all manner of styles from every part of the world, but he has not given one example of an American country house. Yet we have an American style of rural architecture, as expressive and as beautiful as any in England or Italy. For although we may justly pride ourselves upon our national intelligence, we have had some ignorant classes among us, who have grown up and gone to their rest in the rural districts of the old States, without having been tainted by too close an intimacy with foreign picture books, or by foreign travel, and who have left behind them mementoes of their existence, as free from affectation as a bird's-nest, or the hive of a bee. These are the old stone farm-houses built by the Dutch, and Huguenot, and English stock on parts of Long Island, on Staten Island, in the Jerseys, and on the banks of the Hudson. Many of these ante-revolutionary edifices still remain, as remarkable specimens of architectural adaptation as are to be found in any country. They show in their details a profound ignorance of art, but in their forms and expression, they show what the highest art only can show, a simple adaptation of means to wants. A great many of them, particularly in New Jersey, have the mansard roof, a form better adapted to our climate than any other, and which, after being many years in vogue, has at length given way before the influences of Loudon's Encyclopedia. The roofs of these old houses, in nine cases out of ten, project about five feet on the side facing the south, and form a natural piazza, as purely beautiful as the Grecian portico. It is a matter of no little surprise that an artist, in giving examples of rustic houses, should shut his eyes to the only existing type of an American country mansion, and in its place recommend the foreign models that were designed for another soil, another climate, and another condition of society.

Mr. Downing's smallest book contains much valuable information, and many wholesome precepts, which entitle it to respectful consideration, but many of his examples are strangely at variance with his principles.

"The expression of purpose in architecture is conveyed by features in a building, or by its whole appearance, suggesting the end in view, or the purpose for which it is intended." *Cot. Res.* page 19. This is very good, and it would lead us to expect great simplicity and purity of thought in one of the author's designs; but in the example of his own house at Newburgh, we observe two octagonal blind towers which have puzzled us exceedingly to guess at their uses. Perhaps they may be cases for depositing fishing rods—we can conceive of no other use for such appendages.

"In expressing our architectural ideas by the medium of a certain style of language, we shall succeed best, and our efforts will afford more real delight, the more near we approach to the nature of the circumstances under which the style or circumstances originated. Thus, if we talk pure Greek and build a Grecian temple for a dwelling, we shall be little understood, or perhaps only laughed at by our

neighbors. It is not much better in the present day to recite an epic poem by building a cathedral, or a heroic one by constructing a castle for our habitation. Let us rather be more sensible, though not less graceful in our architectural utterance, and express a pleasant, every day language in an old English mansion, a rural Gothic cottage, or an Italian villa." *Cot. Res.* page 32.

We will say nothing about the unintelligibility of nearly the whole of the above, but simply enter our protest to the deductions of the author that the old English mansion, the rural gothic cottage and the Italian villa, express the every day language of American life. They do no such thing. They are as foreign to our language as the dialects of Boccaccio and Chaucer. They can never be made to express our feelings—first, because they are foreign, and secondly, because they are old.

"As an example of the violation of the unity of style, we might refer to a number of country chapels, or churches, within our knowledge, where a Grecian portico and Gothic or pointed windows occur in the same composition."

"A solecism in taste which we have several times witnessed with pain in this country, and which we will therefore caution our readers against, is the introduction of green blinds or Venetian shutters, upon a building in the pointed or English cottage style."

These solecisms in taste are the only redeeming points about these styles. They are evidences that the minds of the people are not wholly prostrated by foreign example. Windows of any kind, Gothic windows not peculiarly so, are sufficiently incongruous in a Grecian temple, but it is better to commit a solecism in taste than sit in the dark, and if nothing short of green Venetian blinds can render an English cottage endurable in our scorching summers, it would be better to pain an architect by their adoption than to be roasted or parboiled by leaving them off for the sake of avoiding a solecism. The solecism would be more easily borne than the solstice. If Baptists and Presbyterians will persist in worshipping in tabernacles copied after the temple of Jupiter Panhellenius, let them not be wholly pagans by excluding the blessed light of day from their chapels for congruity's sake.

One of the most remarkable specimens of rural architecture which we have heard of in our country, is an example given by Mr. Downing in his "Landscape Gardening" of the seat of a reverend gentleman in Westchester county, called "Pelham Priory." It has two towers with battlements, and to make the whole perfect in keeping, the flag of St. George is flaunting from the summit of one of them. "The interior is fitted up and constructed throughout with the same feeling (want of it), with harmonious wainscoting, quaint carving, massive chimney pieces, and old furniture and armor."

Perhaps the greatest amount of architectural nonsense to be found in the world may be seen in a circle of five miles, taking Boston common for a centre. The same circle will also include some of the finest examples of country houses in the Union, but they are nearly all half a century old. One of the best among them is occupied by the poet Longfellow, who with praiseworthy taste preserves the fine old mansion of which he is the owner, in its original integrity. It was once the residence of Washington. The Gothic and Grecian villas, scattered about like castles on a chess board, give the country the appearance of a large toy shop.

Prince Maximilian remarks, that when he landed in Boston he looked about in vain for some specimens of American plants, particularly the species that were cultivated in Europe, but he could find only foreign trees; it was with difficulty that he discovered some stems of the Catalpa. If he had looked for an American house he would have experienced much greater difficulty in finding one. They appear to have gone resolutely to work with the intention of copying every example out of Loudon's encyclopedia, and when they have exhausted his specimens and the ten examples in Mr. Downing's book, they will probably begin at the beginning of some French or German work and exhaust that.

Mr. Downing's works contain much to recommend them to the favorable notice of his countrymen; although their chief fault, in our estimation, is a want of indigenous feeling, they possess the charm of novelty which will recompense

for much greater faults in the eye of the majority of readers. His work on landscape gardening must long continue a text book in the United States; it contains a great amount of valuable information, and many sound precepts on the art of improving the appearance of the country; while his smaller work, on cottage residences, will be found a valuable guide in the construction of a dwelling house, whether in town or country. The engravings by which they are illustrated are among the best specimens of art that we have produced in this department.

The cost of these books is nothing, compared with the value of their contents, and being the only works of the kind which have been produced in the country, they should be found on every book table, especially in country houses, where they could not fail to create a taste for landscape decorations, which is much needed in our rural districts. In the city they will create a taste for the country, and if they have no other good effect, they will at least serve to occupy an idle hour, and while they amuse the mind, will be sure to leave some good impression on it.

## Original Poetry.

[We might guess who is the fair author of the following lines, which have been sent us in a MS. evidently disguised—but we are not satisfied with guessing, and would give the world to know. We think the "Rivulet's Dream" an exceedingly graceful and imaginative poem, and our readers will agree with us. Kate Carol will do us the justice to note that we have preferred her "sober second thought" in the concluding line.—*Eds. B. J.*]

### THE RIVULET'S DREAM.

FROM THE GERMAN OF — SOMEBODY.

A CARELESS rill was dreaming,  
One fragrant summer night;  
It dreamed a star lay gleaming  
With heavenly looks of light,  
Soft cradled on its own pure breast,  
That rose and fell, and rocked to rest,  
With boiling wave, its radiant guest,  
In silent beauty beaming;

And like a late's low sighing,  
The rill sang to the star,  
"Why earnest thou, fondly flying,  
From those blue hills afar?  
All calm and cold without thy ray,  
I slept the long dark night away—  
Ah! child of heaven! forever stay!"  
No sweet voice rose replying.

"Oh, glorious truant! listen!  
Wilt fold thy shining wings,  
That softly glance and glisten  
The while the wavelet sings?  
Wilt dwell with me? I'll give thee flowers,—  
Our way shall be through balmy bowers,  
And song and dance shall charm the hours:—  
My star-love! dost thou listen?"

"No gorgeous garden-blossom,  
In regal grace and bloom,  
May pour upon my bosom  
Its exquisite perfume;  
But I may wreath, with wild flowers rare,  
That softly breathe, thy golden hair,—  
The violet's tear shall tremble there.  
A fair though fragile blossom!"

Alas! when morning slowly  
Stole o'er the distant hill,  
From that sweet dream, so holy,  
It woke—the sorrowing rill!  
No "child of heaven" lay smiling there,—  
'Twas but a vision bright and rare,  
That blessed, as passed the star in air,  
The rivulet lone and lowly.

KATE CAROL.

## MR. HUDSON, THE NEW LECTURER ON SHAKSPEARE.

We present our readers with a sketch of this popular lecturer, as he appears in the desk, while delivering his unique remarks on the Shakspearian age. We have already awarded to Mr. Hudson the claim of a Genius. His peculiarities are very striking, and his manner provincial in the extremest degree. He might have served Mr. Halliburton as a model for Sam Slick, and if he should ever repeat his lectures in England, we have no doubt that he would be taken for the original of that happy creation. He is a yankee of the yankees, and would, as such, create a sensation in London. It is just the place for him to make his fortune in, and if he is the real yankee that we take him for, he will certainly repeat his lectures in that city. We cut from an exchange paper a brief account of his career, from which it will be seen that he is the maker of his own fortunes. It is said, or rather he says it himself, that he delivered eleven lectures in Cincinnati, and seven in Boston, before he got a full audience. He has succeeded wherever he has made an attempt to gain an audience, and we have no doubt that success will still follow him. He is one of those who compel it.



"In youth Mr. Hudson was sent to learn the blacksmith's trade, at which he labored till the age of eighteen. The individual with whom he passed these important years of his life entirely neglected his education and afforded him scarcely the means of comfort. Under such circumstances, the young apprentice was transferred from the shop of the blacksmith to that of a coachmaker, to which occupation he applied himself diligently four years more—three years as apprentice and one as a journeyman.

"Up to this time, the advantages which he enjoyed for improving his intellectual capacities were very slight, and by no means satisfactory to one who had even an ordinary degree of mental gifts. He had for some time felt the want of an education, and at length resolved to obtain it: preparing himself for a collegiate career, he entered the University in Middlebury, Vt., adjoining his native town, and graduated there in 1840.

"After his graduation, Mr. H. went to the South to engage as a teacher. He spent one year in Kentucky and subsequently two years in Huntsville, Alabama; and while occupied in this little retired town, he wrote for his own gratification, and for the purpose of occupying an ever restless mind, his lectures on Shakspeare. At first they were read before a few persons in Huntsville, some of whom were discriminating enough to appreciate their beauties, and induce Mr. H. to try his fortunes as a bona fide lecturer. Thinking to compass his desire of discharging his college debts sooner by this course than by continuing as a teacher, he went to Mobile during the winter of 1833—4, and delivered his Shakspearian discourses before an audience sufficiently large to defray his expenses. He now felt encouraged to visit a larger city; and he accordingly went to Cincinnati, where he gave two courses with much the same success as at the South.

"He was now urged by some gentlemen of Boston, whom he met in Cincinnati, to make a visit to the 'Athens of America.' He followed their advice, and his success has surpassed even his most sanguine expectation, while it has afforded him the means, to a considerable extent, of liquidating his pecuniary engagements.

"At the commencement of his college life, Mr. Hudson says, he finally resolved 'to make just as much of himself as possible;' and his subsequent course shows that thus far he has not lost sight of his determination. He is now preparing for one of the learned professions, and intends only to continue his lectures until he shall have procured the means of defraying his old arrears, and of prosecuting his future studies."



## "SO LET IT BE"

to —

PERHAPS you think it right and just,  
Since you are bound by nearer ties,  
To greet me with that careless tone,  
With those serene and silent eyes.

So let it be! I only know,  
If I were in your place to-night,  
I would not grieve your spirit so,  
For all God's worlds of life and light!

I could not turn, as you have done,  
From every memory of the past;  
I could not fling, from soul and brow,  
The shade that Feeling should have cast.

Oh! think how it must deepen all  
The pangs of wild remorse and pride,  
To feel, that you can coldly see  
The grief, I vainly strive to hide!

The happy star, who fills her urn  
With glory from the God of Day,  
Can never miss the smile he lends  
The wild-flower withering fast away!

The fair, fond girl, who at your side,  
Within your soul's dear light, doth live,  
Could hardly have the heart to chide  
The ray that Friendship well might give.

But if you deem it right and just,  
Blessed as you are in your glad lot,  
To greet me with that heartless tone,  
So let it be! I blame you not!

VIOLET VANE.

## BERENICE.

*Dicebant mihi sodales, si sepulchrum amicos victorem, curas meae aliquantulum fore levatas.—Elysæus.*

MISERY is manifold. The wretchedness of earth is multi-form. Overreaching the wide horizon as the rainbow, its hues are as various as the hues of that arch,—as distinct too, yet as intimately blended. Overreaching the wide horizon as the rainbow! How is it that from beauty I have derived a type of unloveliness!—from the covenant of peace a simile of sorrow? But as, in ethics, evil is a consequence of good, so, in fact, out of joy is sorrow born. Either the memory of past bliss is the anguish of to-day, or the agonies which *are* have their origin in the ecstasies which *might have been*.

My baptismal name is Egeus; that of my family I will not mention. Yet there are no towers in the land more time-honored than my gloomy, gray, hereditary halls. Our line has been called a race of visionaries; and in many striking particulars—in the character of the family mansion—in the frescos of the chief saloon—in the tapestries of the dormitories—in the chiselling of some buttresses in the armory—but more especially in the gallery of antique paintings—in the fashion of the library chamber—and, lastly, in the very peculiar nature of the library's contents, there is more than sufficient evidence to warrant the belief.

The recollection of my earliest years are connected with that chamber, and with its volumes—of which latter I will say no more. Here died my mother. Herein was I born. But it is mere idleness to say that I had not lived before—that the soul has no previous existence. You deny it!—let us not argue the matter. Convinced myself, I seek not to convince. There is, however, a remembrance of aerial forms—of spiritual and meaning eyes—of sounds, musical yet sad—a remembrance which will not be excluded; a memory like a shadow, vague, variable, indefinite, unsteady; and like a shadow, too, in the impossibility of my getting rid of it while the sunlight of my reason shall exist.

In that chamber was I born. Thus awaking from the long night of what seemed, but was not, nonentity, at once into the very regions of fairy-land—into a palace of imagination—into the wild dominions of monastic thought and erudi-

tion—it is not singular that I gazed around me with a startled and ardent eye—that I loitered away my boyhood in books, and dissipated my youth in reverie; but it is singular that as years rolled away, and the noon of manhood found me still in the mansion of my fathers—it is wonderful what stagnation there fell upon the springs of my life—wonderful how total an inversion took place in the character of my commonest thought. The realities of the world affected me as visions, and as visions only, while the wild ideas of the land of dreams became, in turn,—not the material of my everyday existence—but in very deed that existence utterly and solely in itself.

Berenice and I were cousins, and we grew up together in my paternal halls. Yet differently we grew—I ill of health and buried in gloom—she agile, graceful, and overflowing with energy—hers the ramble on the hill-side—mine the studies of the cloister—I living within my own heart, and addicted body and soul to the most intense and painful meditation—she roaming carelessly through life with no thought of the shadows in her path, or the silent flight of the raven-winged hours. Berenice!—I call upon her name—Berenice!—and from the gray ruins of memory a thousand tumultuous recollections are startled at the sound! Ah! vividly is her image before me now, as in the early days of her light-heartedness and joy! Oh! gorgeous yet fantastic beauty! Oh! sylph amid the shrubberies of Arnhem!—Oh! Naiad among its fountains!—and then—then all is mystery and terror, and a tale which should not be told. Disease—a fatal disease—fell like the simoom upon her frame, and, even while I gazed upon her, the spirit of change swept over her, pervading her mind, her habits, and her character, and, in a manner the most subtle and terrible, disturbing even the identity of her person! Alas! the destroyer came and went, and the victim—where was she? I knew her not—or knew her no longer as Berenice.

Among the numerous train of maladies superinduced by that fatal and primary one which effected a revolution of so horrible a kind in the moral and physical being of my cousin, may be mentioned as the most distressing and obstinate in its nature, a species of epilepsy not unfrequently terminating in *trance* itself—trance very nearly resembling positive dissolution, and from which her manner of recovery was, in most instances, startlingly abrupt. In the mean time my own disease—for I have been told that I should call it by no other appellation—my own disease, then, grew rapidly upon me, and assumed finally a monomaniac character of a novel and extraordinary form—hourly and momentarily gaining vigor—and at length obtaining over me the most incomprehensible ascendancy. This monomania, if I must so term it, consisted in a morbid irritability of those properties of the mind in metaphysical science termed the *attentive*. It is more than probable that I am not understood; but I fear, indeed, that it is in no manner possible to convey to the mind of the merely general reader, an adequate idea of that nervous *intensity of interest* with which, in my case, the powers of meditation (not to speak technically) busied and buried themselves, in the contemplation of even the most ordinary objects of the universe.

To muse for long unwearied hours with my attention riveted to some frivolous device on the margin, or in the typography of a book; to become absorbed for the better part of a summer's day in a quaint shadow falling aslant upon the tapestry, or upon the floor; to lose myself for an entire night in watching the steady flame of a lamp, or the embers of a fire; to dream away whole days over the perfume of a flower; to repeat monotonously some common word, until the sound, by dint of frequent repetition, ceased to convey any idea whatever to the mind; to lose all sense of motion or physical existence, by means of absolute bodily quiescence long and obstinately persevered in;—such were a few of the most common and least pernicious vagaries induced by a condition of the mental faculties, not, indeed, altogether unparalleled, but certainly bidding defiance to anything like analysis or explanation.

Yet let me not be misapprehended.—The undue, earnest, and morbid attention thus excited by objects in their own nature frivolous, must not be confounded in character with that ruminating propensity common to all mankind, and more especially indulged in by persons of ardent imagination. It was not even, as might be at first supposed, an extreme condition, or exaggeration of such propensity, but primarily

and essentially distinct and different. In the one instance, the dreamer, or enthusiast, being interested by an object usually not frivolous, imperceptibly loses sight of this object in a wilderness of deductions and suggestions issuing therefrom, until, at the conclusion of a day dream often replete with luxury, he finds the *incitamentum* or first cause of his musings entirely vanished and forgotten. In my case the primary object was invariably frivolous, although assuming, through the medium of my distempered vision, a refracted and unreal importance. Few deductions, if any, were made; and those few pertinaciously returning in upon the original object as a centre. The meditations were never pleasurable; and, at the termination of the reverie, the first cause, so far from being out of sight, had attained that supernaturally exaggerated interest which was the prevailing feature of the disease. In a word, the powers of mind more particularly exercised were, with me, as I have said before, the *attentive*, and are, with the day-dreamer, the *speculative*.

My books, at this epoch, if they did not actually serve to irritate the disorder, partook, it will be perceived, largely, in their imaginative and inconsequential nature, of the characteristic qualities of the disorder itself. I well remember, among others, the treatise of the noble Italian Celsus Secundus Curio "*de Amplitudine Beati Regni Dei*;" St. Austin's great work, the "*City of God*;" and Tertullian's "*de Carne Christi*," in which the paradoxical sentence "*Mortuus est Dei filius; incredibile est quia ineptum est: et sepultus resurrexit; certum est quia impossibile est*" occupied my undivided time, for many weeks of laborious and fruitless investigation.

Thus it will appear that, shaken from its balance only by trivial things, my reason bore resemblance to that ocean-crag spoken of by Ptolemy Hephestion, which steadily resisting the attacks of human violence, and the fiercer fury of the waters and the winds, trembled only to the touch of the flower called Asphodel. And although, to a careless thinker, it might appear a matter beyond doubt, that the alteration produced by her unhappy malady, in the moral condition of Berenice, would afford me many objects for the exercise of that intense and abnormal meditation whose nature I have been at some trouble in explaining, yet such was not in any degree the case. In the lucid intervals of my infirmity, her calamity, indeed, gave me pain, and, taking deeply to heart that total wreck of her fair and gentle life, I did not fail to ponder frequently and bitterly upon the wonder-working means by which so strange a revolution had been so suddenly brought to pass. But these reflections partook not of the idiosyncrasy of my disease, and where such as would have occurred, under similar circumstances, to the ordinary mass of mankind. True to its own character, my disorder revelled in the less important but more startling changes wrought in the physical frame of Berenice—in the singular and most appalling distortion of her personal identity.

During the brightest days of her unparalleled beauty, most surely I had never loved her. In the strange anomaly of my existence, feelings with me, had never been of the heart, and my passions always were of the mind. Through the gray of the early morning—among the trellised shadows of the forest at noon-day—and in the silence of my library at night, she had flitted by my eyes, and I had seen her—not as the living and breathing Berenice, but as the Berenice of a dream—not as a being of the earth, earthy, but as the abstraction of such a being—not as a thing to admire, but to analyze—not as an object of love, but as the theme of the most abstruse although desultory speculation. And now—now I shuddered in her presence, and grew pale at her approach; yet bitterly lamenting her fallen and desolate condition, I called to mind that she had loved me long, and, in an evil moment, I spoke to her of marriage.

And at length the period of our nuptials was approaching, when, upon an afternoon in the winter of the year,—one of those unseasonably warm, calm, and misty days which are the nurse of the beautiful Haleyon,\*—I sat, (and sat, as I thought, alone,) in the inner apartment of the library. But uplifting my eyes I saw that Berenice stood before me.

Was it my own excited imagination—or the misty influence of the atmosphere—or the uncertain twilight of the chamber—or the gray draperies which fell around her figure—that caused in it so vacillating and indistinct an outline?

I could not tell. She spoke no word, and I—not for worlds could I have uttered a syllable. An icy chill ran through my frame: a sense of insufferable anxiety oppressed me: a consuming curiosity pervaded my soul; and sinking back upon the chair, I remained for some time breathless and motionless, with my eyes riveted upon her person. Alas! its emaciation was excessive, and not one vestige of the former being, lurked in any single line of the contour. My burning glances at length fell upon the face.

The forehead was high, and very pale, and singularly placid; and the once jetty hair fell partially over it, and overshadowed the hollow temples with innumerable ringlets now of a vivid yellow, and jarring discordantly, in their fantastic character, with the reigning melancholy of the countenance. The eyes were lifeless, and lustreless, and seemingly pupil-less, and I shrank involuntarily from their glassy stare to the contemplation of the thin and shrunken lips. They parted; and in a smile of peculiar meaning, the teeth of the changed Berenice disclosed themselves slowly to my view. Would to God that I had never beheld them, or that, having done so, I had died!

The shutting of a door disturbed me, and, looking up, I found that my cousin had departed from the chamber. But from the disordered chamber of my brain, had not, alas! departed, and would not be driven away, the white and ghastly spectrum of the teeth. Not a speck on their surface—not a shade on their enamel—not an indentation in their edges—but what that brief period of her smile had sufficed to brand in upon my memory. I saw them now even more unequivocally than I beheld them then. The teeth!—the teeth!—they were here, and there, and every where, and visibly and palpably before me; long, narrow, and excessively white, with the pale lips writhing about them, as in the very moment of their first terrible development. Then came the full fury of my monomania, and I struggled in vain against its strange and irresistible influence. In the multiplied objects of the external world I had no thoughts but for the teeth. For these I longed with a phrenzied desire. All other matters and all different interests became absorbed in their single contemplation. They—they alone were present to the mental eye, and they, in their sole individuality, became the essence of my mental life. I held them in every light. I turned them in every attitude. I surveyed their characteristics. I dwelt upon their peculiarities. I pondered upon their conformation. I mused upon the alteration in their nature. I shuddered as I assigned to them in imagination a sensitive and sentient power, and even when unassisted by the lips, a capability of moral expression. Of Mad'selle Sallé it has been well said, "*que tous ses pas etaient des sentiments*," and of Berenice I more seriously believed *que tous ses dents etaient des idées*. Des idées!—ah here was the idiotic thought that destroyed me! Des idées!—ah therefore it was that I coveted them so madly! I felt that their possession could alone ever restore me to peace, in giving me back to reason.

And the evening closed in upon me thus—and then the darkness came, and tarried, and went—and the day again dawned—and the mists of a second night were now gathering around—and still I sat motionless in that solitary room, and still I sat buried in meditation, and still the phantasms of the teeth maintained its terrible ascendancy as, with the most vivid and hideous distinctness, it floated about amid the changing lights and shadows of the chamber. At length there broke in upon my dreams a cry as of horror and dismay; and thereunto, after a pause, succeeded the sound of troubled voices, intermingled with many low moanings of sorrow, or of pain. I arose from my seat, and, throwing open one of the doors of the library, saw standing out in the antechamber a servant maiden, all in tears, who told me that Berenice was—no more. She had been seized with epilepsy in the early morning, and now, at the closing in of the night, the grave was ready for its tenant, and all the preparations for the burial were completed.

I found myself sitting in the library, and again sitting there alone. It seemed that I had newly awakened from a confused and exciting dream. I knew that it was now midnight, and I was well aware that since the setting of the sun Berenice had been interred. But of that dreary period which intervened I had no positive—at least no definite comprehen-

\* For as Jove, during the winter season, gives twice seven days of warmth, men have called this element temperate time the nurse of the beautiful Haleyon.—Seneca.

sion. Yet its memory was replete with horror—horror more horrible from being vague, and terror more terrible from ambiguity. It was a fearful page in the record of my existence, written all over with dim, and hideous, and unintelligible recollections. I strived to decypher them, but in vain; while ever and anon, like the spirit of a departed sound, the shrill and piercing shriek of a female voice seemed to be ringing in my ears. I had done a deed—what was it? I asked myself the question aloud, and the whispering echoes of the chamber answered me, "what was it?"

On the table beside me burned a lamp, and near it lay a little box. It was of no remarkable character, and I had seen it frequently before, for it was the property of the family physician; but how came it there, upon my table, and why did I shudder in regarding it? These things were in no manner to be accounted for, and my eyes at length dropped to the open pages of a book, and to a sentence underscored therein. The words were the singular but simple ones of the poet Ebn Zaiat. "*Dicebant mihi sodales si sepulchrum amice visitarem, curas meas aliquantulum fore levatas.*" Why then, as I perused them, did the hairs of my head erect themselves on end, and the blood of my body become congealed within my veins?

There came a light tap at the library door, and pale as the tenant of a tomb, a menial entered upon tiptoe. His looks were wild with terror, and he spoke to me in a voice tremulous, husky, and very low. What said he?—some broken sentences I heard. He told of a wild cry disturbing the silence of the night—of the gathering together of the household—of a search in the direction of the sound;—and then his tones grew thrillingly distinct as he whispered me of a violated grave—of a disfigured body enshrouded, yet still breathing, still palpitating, still alive!

He pointed to my garments;—they were muddy and clotted with gore. I spoke not, and he took me gently by the hand;—it was indented with the impress of human nails. He directed my attention to some object against the wall;—I looked at it for some minutes;—it was a spade. With a shriek I bounded to the table, and grasped the box that lay upon it. But I could not force it open; and in my tremor it slipped from my hands, and fell heavily, and burst into pieces; and from it, with a rattling sound, there rolled out some instruments of dental surgery, intermingled with thirty-two small, white and ivory-looking substances that were scattered to and fro about the floor.

EDGAR A. POE.

PROSPECTS OF THE DRAMA.—MRS. MOWATT'S COMEDY.—So deeply have we felt interested in the question of Fashion's success or failure, that we have been to see it every night since its first production; making careful note of its merits and defects as they were more and more distinctly developed in the gradually perfected representation of the play.

We are enabled, however, to say but little either in contradiction or in amplification of our last week's remarks—which were based it will be remembered, upon the original MS. of the fair authoress, and upon the slightly modified performance of the first night. In what we then said we made all reasonable allowances for inadvertences at the outset—lapses of memory in the actors—embarrassments in scene-shifting—in a word for general hesitation and want of *finish*. The comedy now, however, must be understood as having all its capabilities fairly brought out, and the result of the perfect work is before us.

In one respect, perhaps, we have done Mrs. Mowatt unintentional injustice. We are not quite sure, upon reflection, that her entire thesis is not an original one. We can call to mind no drama, just now, in which the design can be properly stated as the satirizing of fashion as fashion. Fashionable follies, indeed, as a class of folly in general, have been frequently made the subject of dramatic ridicule—but the distinction is obvious—although certainly too nice a one to be of any practical avail to the authoress of the new comedy. Abstractly we may admit some pretension to originality of plan—but, in the representation, this shadow of originality

vanishes. We cannot, if we would, separate the *dramatis personae* from the moral they illustrate; and the characters overpower the moral. We see before us only personages with whom we have been familiar time out of mind;—when we look at Mrs. Tiffany, for example, and hear her speak, we think of Mrs. Malaprop in spite of ourselves, and in vain endeavour to think of anything else. The whole conduct and language of the comedy, too, have about them the unmistakable flavor of the green-room. We doubt if a single point either in the one or the other, is not a household thing with every play-goer. Not a joke is any less old than the hills—but this conventionality is more markedly noticeable in the sentiments, so called. When, for instance, Gertrude in quitting the stage, is made to say, "if she fail in a certain scheme she will be the first woman who was ever at a loss for a stratagem," we are affected with a really painful sense of the antique. Such things are only to be ranked with the stage "properties," and are inexpressibly wearisome and distasteful to every one who hears them. And that they are sure to elicit what appears to be applause, demonstrates exactly nothing at all. People at these points put their hands together, and strike their canes against the floor for the reason that they feel these actions to be required of them as a matter of course, and that it would be ill-breeding not to comply with the requisition. All the talk put into the mouth of Mr. Truman, too, about "when honesty shall be found among lawyers, patriotism among statesmen," etc. etc. must be included in the same category. The error of the dramatist lies in not estimating at its true value the absolutely certain "approbation" of the audience in such cases—an approbation which is as pure a conventionality as are the "sentiments" themselves. In general it may be boldly asserted that the clapping of hands and the rattling of canes are no tokens of the success of any play—such success as the dramatist should desire:—let him watch the countenances of his audience, and remodel his points by these. Better still—let him "look into his own heart and write"—again better still (if he have the capacity) let him work out his purposes *a priori* from the infallible principles of a Natural Art.

We are delighted to find, in the reception of Mrs. Mowatt's comedy, the clearest indications of a revival of the American drama—that is to say of an earnest disposition to see it revived. That the drama, in general, can go down, is the most untenable of all untenable ideas. Dramatic art is, or should be, a concentration of all that which is entitled to the appellation of Art. When sculpture shall fail, and painting shall fail, and poetry, and music;—when men shall no longer take pleasure in eloquence, and in grace of motion, and in the beauty of woman, and in truthful representations of character, and in the consciousness of sympathy in their enjoyment of each and all, then and not till then, may we look for that to sink into insignificance, which, and which alone, affords opportunity for the conglomeration of these infinite and imperishable sources of delight.

There is not the least danger, then, that the drama shall fail. By the spirit of imitation evolved from its own nature and to a certain extent an inevitable consequence of it, it has been kept absolutely stationary for a hundred years, while its sister arts have rapidly flitted by and left it out of sight. Each progressive step of every other art seems to drive back the drama to the exact extent of that step—just as, physically, the objects by the way-side seem to be receding from the traveller in a coach. And the practical effect, in both cases, is equivalent:—but yet, in fact, the drama has not receded; on the contrary it has very slightly advanced in one or two of the plays of Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer. The appa-

rent recession or degradation, however, will, in the end, work out its own glorious recompense. The extent—the excess of the seeming declension will put the right intellects upon the serious analysis of its causes. The first noticeable result of this analysis will be a sudden indisposition on the part of all thinking men to commit themselves any farther in the attempt to keep up the present mad—mad because false—enthusiasm about “Shakespeare and the musical glasses.” Quite willing, of course, to give this indisputably great man the fullest credit for what he has done—we shall begin to ask our own understandings why it is that there is so very—very much which he has utterly failed to accomplish.

When we arrive at this epoch, we are safe. The next step may be the electrification of all mankind by the representation of a play that may be neither tragedy, comedy, farce, opera, pantomime, melodrama, or spectacle, as we now comprehend these terms, but which may retain some portion of the idiosyncratic excellences of each, while it introduces a new class of excellence as yet unnamed because as yet undreamed-of in the world. As an absolutely necessary condition of its existence this play may usher in a thorough remodification of the theatrical *paysage*.

This step being fairly taken, the drama will be at once side by side with the more definitive and less comprehensive arts which have outstripped it by a century:—and now not merely will it outstrip them in turn, but devour them altogether. The drama will be all in all.

We cannot conclude these random observations without again recurring to the effective manner in which “Fashion” has been brought forward at the Park. Whatever the management and an excellent company could do for the comedy, has been done. Many obvious improvements have been adopted since the first representation, and a very becoming deference has been manifested, on the part of the fair authoress and of Mr. Simpson, to every thing wearing the aspect of public opinion—in especial to every reasonable hint from the press. We are proud, indeed, to find that many even of our own ill-considered suggestions, have received an attention which was scarcely their due.

In “Fashion” nearly all the Park company have won new laurels. Mr. Chippeendale did wonders. Mr. Crisp was, perhaps, a little too gentlemanly in the Count—he has *subdued* the part, we think, a trifle too much:—there is a true grace of manner of which he finds it difficult to divest himself, and which occasionally interferes with his conceptions. Miss Ellis did for Gertrude all that any mortal had a right to expect. Millineate could scarcely have been better represented. Mrs. Knight as Prudence is exceedingly comic. Mr. and Mrs. Barry do invariably well—and of Mr. Fisher we forgot say in our last paper that he was one of the strongest points of the play. As for Miss Horne—it is but rank heresy to imagine that there could be any difference of opinion respecting her. She sets at naught all criticism in winning all hearts. There is about her lovely countenance a radiant earnestness of expression which is sure to play a Cretan trick with the judgment of every person who beholds it.

### THE MAGAZINES.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.—The April number of “Graham” has in its Table of Contents some very well known names—those of Mrs. Osgood, for example, Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Embury, Mrs. Sara Smith, “Fanny Forrester,” Grund, Landor, Robert Morris, and several others. Mrs. Osgood contributes the best poem she has yet written—a more exquisitely graceful thing (*Grace* is Mrs. Osgood's queenhood in which she reigns triumphant) we have rarely if ever seen. Mr. Robert Morris, also, has a sweet poem of great pathos, called “The Tellers.”

The best prose papers, we think, are those of Grund and Landor—although, in general, the contributions are either good in themselves, or meritorious in their adaptation to the tone and purpose of the Magazine. With a less objectionable form, “Graham's Magazine” would have long ago taken a station with the most elevated and influential journals.

The most interesting feature in this number, to merely literary people, is the Critical Biography of General Morris, whose worst fault is that he has a habit of making too many and too devoted friends, who now and then do him injury by permitting their personal feelings to appear above the current of their critical opinion. We really believe that but for this fault in the General he would have attained even a higher rank in the literary world than he actually possesses. The dogged determination to praise him at all hazards will, for example, in this very Biography induce very many persons to perpetrate injustice not against the biographer (whom we should not care to see abused) but against the poet himself. Moreover the nature of that merit which is peculiarly General Morris' own, has a tendency to increase the evil effect on which we comment—for this merit is that of rich and vigorous simplicity—a quality of all others in the world the least likely to be estimated at its full value. The world are too apt to think the critic guilty of exaggeration in praising with enthusiasm that which (however effective) appears to be easy of execution—and simplicity has always this air. Yet of one thousand persons who should attempt to compose anything in the manner of the following truly admirable stanzas, nine hundred and ninety-nine would fail miserably in the undertaking.

#### THE STAR OF LOVE.

The star of love now shines above,  
Cool zephyrs crisp the sea;  
Among the leaves the wind-harp weaves  
Its serenade for thee.  
The star, the breeze, the wave, the trees,  
Their ministry unite,  
But all are dear all thou appear  
To decorate the night.

The light of noon streams from the moon,  
Though with a milder ray;  
O'er hill and grove, like woman's love,  
It cheers us on the way.  
Thus all that's bright, the moon, the night,  
The heavens, the earth, the sea,  
Ereft their powers to bless the hours  
We dedicate to thee.

We regard this little song—“Where Hudson's Wave”—“Woodman spare that Tree”—and “Near the Lake where droops the Willow”, as undeniably four of the truest and sweetest poems (independently of their idiosyncratic merit as songs) ever published in America, and we are delighted to know that both the intellect and the popular sentiment of the country sustain us in the opinion.

The picture of the General is wretched in every respect except as a mechanical engraving. As a drawing it is unworthy of a school-boy—who ever saw feet such as these!—and the willow is of a species unknown to Gods, men, and columns. As a composition it is detestable—stiff and ill arranged. As a portrait it is a falsehood—conveying not even the most remote idea of the man. This face is impassive—with no expression beyond the absence of all—that of the General is beaming with sensibility.

The other engravings of the number are admirable indeed—the “View of Tullulah Falls” is especially so, and has seldom been excelled.

THE LADY'S BOOK.—There is an indication of durability about the *Lady's Book* which is not to be mistaken—an air of quietude—of simplicity—and therefore of strength. Mr. Godey was the pioneer in this species of literature, and his work has the vigor which is always inseparable from originality of any kind. We do not mean to say, and we do not suppose that Mr. Godey means to assert, that the “*Lady's Book*” belongs to a high order of literature, but of its kind it is as nearly perfect as can well be. It addresses itself principally to ladies, and addresses them as ladies wish to be addressed. The secret of its wonderful, because long-continued success, is *fact*.

The April number is not unusually good, but is a fair specimen of the general conduct of the Magazine. Miss Leslie continues the “*Blossoms and Mayfields*,” Mrs. Hale has “*The Gold Pen*”—a poem; Mrs. Embury contributes “*Intimate Friends*,” Mrs. Mowatt (we think) furnishes “*The Mercenary Marriage*,” and also “*A Sketch of*

Joseph Bonaparte"—both very excellent magazine articles. The "Intercepted Letter" by Mrs. Selis Smith, is a well written plate illustration. Miss Gould has a brief poem of much force and originality of expression—and there is not a bad paper in the number; which we fancy is saying a very great deal. The most valuable contribution is from Girard, who writes from Antwerp an amusing letter chiefly of theatrical gossip.

There are three engravings, inclusive of a colored fashion-plate. The best of them is the first—*The Intercepted Letter*, done by Dick, from a drawing by Miss Corbould. We have had an opportunity of seeing some eighteen or twenty proof impressions from plates prepared by Mr. Godey for his forth-coming numbers, and can assure our readers (our fair ones especially,) that many of these engravings are truly excellent—fully equal to any in our best annuals. This is what all have a right to expect—good pictures, or none.

THE MONTHLY ROSA.—A periodical sustained by the present and former members of the Albany Female Academy. Albany, S. H. Pease and W. C. Little. We have received the April number of this magazine. It is a tastefully arranged and well printed journal of no little literary merit.

THE LADIES' GARLAND, AND CABINET OF THE DAUGHTERS OF TEMPERANCE.—This is a weekly Journal, whose purpose is explained in the title. The first number, as yet, is the only one issued, and it promises well. The publishers are Messrs. Fletty & Reed, New York.

THE KNICKERBOCKER for April contains several good articles, two or three very good ones, and one very good one. We will let the readers of the magazine find them out for themselves. We do not remember that we ever looked at the editor's table without finding something to laugh at; and very rarely any thing to *gosh* at. Mr. C. should not sneer at our "Operative," but if he can gainsay the technical objections which were pointed out against the mouldings in the interior of Trinity Church, he is heartily welcome. The height of the steeple has very little bearing on the imperfect drawings and decorations. If the strictures of our "Operative" had not been "highly technical," they would have been highly nonsensical. That the steeple is highly beautiful, no one will deny, but it may contain blemishes notwithstanding, which an unprofessional eye may not be able to distinguish.

#### MAGNIFICENT BOOKS.

Two or three copies of the "Travels in the Interior of North America, by Maximilian Prince of Wied," have been received by our foreign-book-sellers. It is one of the most superbly illustrated volumes of modern times. The letter-press is copiously illustrated by fine wood cuts, but the real illustrations consist of a portfolio of eighty-one colored plates, of imperial folio size. The engravings are executed in line, and colored, from pictures by M. Bodmer, an accomplished artist who travelled in company with the Prince. This great work was published simultaneously in England, France and Germany. The English plates are said to be superior in coloring to the others, and are sold at a less price.

Prince Maximilian landed in Boston in July, 1832, and after spending few days in that city he proceeded west, stopping a short time in New York and Philadelphia, and making a prolonged visit to the German-Moravian settlement at Bethlehem in Pennsylvania, where M. Bodmer began to exercise his pencil. The greater part of the plates are representations of Indian life; they have all the truthfulness of the sketches by Mr. Catlin, but in a style of art greatly superior to his drawings. Many of the landscapes are beautiful pictures, which have the appearance of original water-color paintings. The subscription price of the work in Paris was 300 francs; but a great many copies must have been sold to defray the cost of publication even at that price.

The travels of the Prince would doubtless be much better known, had they been published in a less magnificent manner. It must be gratifying to an author to see his book elegantly illustrated, but it would be better for his reputation that it should be published without pictures, than to have them of so high a character as to overshadow his book altogether. Those who are able to purchase works like this of Prince Maximilian's are the kind of people who do the least to give currency to an author's name. One of the plates gives a full-length portrait of the Prince, whose appearance corresponds very much with the idea which we conceived of him from reading his travels. He is, apparently, a good-natured gentleman of about forty-five years, with an honest Dutch face, light hair, broad shoulders, and five feet in sta-

ture. He wears a shooting jacket, has a gun in his hand, a cap on his head, and gold-mounted spectacles on his nose. Surrounded by wild-looking Indians, as he is represented, the Prince has a remarkably tame but good-fellow look.

His stay in New York was too brief to allow him to make many comments upon our city; but he did not fail to notice that "it has one remarkably fine street called Broadway, which has an uninterrupted line of shops but little inferior to those of London or Paris."

Bartlett & Welford have a copy or two of Catlin's Indian Portfolio, consisting of 25 colored lithographed plates, in the highest style of art. As portraits they are, perhaps, more valuable than the drawings of Mr. Bodmer which accompany the travels of Prince Maximilian, but they cannot be ranked together as artistic productions. One of the most touching and apparently most truthful of the sketches, although from the nature of the subject it must be a purely imaginative painting, is the representation of a wounded buffalo attacked by a herd of white wolves. The time is not very distant when these illustrated works will possess a deeper interest than they do at present—when they will be almost the only vestiges left of the original inhabitants of our soil. An English magazine, in noticing Mr. Catlin's Portfolio, expresses a fear that mankind will reward him with little more than empty praise for his labors. But we trust that he will receive from his own countrymen something more than empty praise, though as yet he has had from them but a small quantity of even that easily bestowed commodity.

#### THE CONCERT ROOM.

SIGNOR RAPETTI'S CONCERT.—This gentleman's annual concert came off at Falmo's theatre on Saturday evening last. Signora Pico, Madame Otto, Signor Antognini, Sanquirico and De Begnis sang, Md'le Desjardines danced, and the Beneficence played.

It would be useless to go through the whole programme, as we have noticed most of the pieces before, this season. Pico and Sanquirico sang the duette from *Elisur d'Amore* most admirably. De Begnis sang better than we ever heard him. His style was unexceptionable, and he was most justly and warmly applauded.

We have again the unpleasant duty of condemning the performance of Madame Otto. The piece chosen by her in the second act, was Zerlina's song from *Fra Diavolo*, while preparing to retire to rest. The scene was duly arranged, and Madame Otto in costume, introduced the song by a few words. All the action of the scene was gone through, and it ended by the lady falling upon her knees and singing the prayer to the virgin, at which point the curtain fell. But long before this there was a general move throughout the house—ladies bonneting and shawling and hurrying from their places, so absurd was the whole affair. The song is certainly beautiful and effective, taken in connection with the incident of the scene, but given alone it is trifling and ineffective in the extreme. Added to which Madame Otto's peculiar style of singing and awkward action were by no means calculated to increase its importance. There was no applause at the conclusion although much mirth was evinced by the audience at this very novel exhibition.

The house was very thinly attended.

#### MR. COLEMAN'S PATENT DISPUTED.

There has been so much fuss made about the *Æolian Attachment*, said to be invented by Mr. Coleman, that we are sure the public will feel an interest in all that relates to it. We have received many communications respecting this invention, in which we are informed that there are several instruments in this city, in Philadelphia, and in Baltimore, which have had attachments of the same description for many years. We are waiting replies to some questions, before stating the facts to the public; and we beg all those who are acquainted with the merits of the question to assist us with their knowledge.

In the mean time we publish the following statement from the Savannah Republican of March 15. It will be perceived that a Mr. Coburn claims priority of invention, and that his Euphonia is a far more perfect instrument than the *Æolian Attachment*. This question is one of deep interest to those who have invested money in purchasing the patent right. We of course gave no credence to the exaggerated and ridiculous reports relative to the immense sums obtained by Mr. Coleman for his right, both here and in Europe. They are in every way, we believe, newspaper puff, put forth with the sole object of deception. The mark has, however, been overshot, and the

people are now scarcely inclined to credit even the simple truth. We were told many months since that Mr. Coleman was to be paid a certain proportion upon every instrument sold, and under such an arrangement we doubt very much if he has received the amount in cents which he is said to have received in dollars.

We shall resume this subject as soon as we are prepared to do so, and shall for the present leave the Savannah Republicans to open the case.

"As early as 1829, Mr. Moses Cozuan, a professor of music, a gentleman of much mechanical ingenuity, and a resident of Savannah, invented an instrument on the precise principle of Coleman's Eolian Attachment, which he called the Euphonia. During that and the following years, he constructed several instruments on the same principle, though differing in form, size and elegance of finish. One of these instruments is now in this city. We have examined it minutely, and are fully of the opinion that while the general principle is the same as Coleman's, the tone is decidedly superior. Indeed we feel assured that it supplies every defect (and there are not a few) in Coleman's invention. Mr. Cozuan's instrument is strictly Eolian—Coleman's is not.—Mr. Cozuan's, even when filled with air to its utmost tension, gives all the softness and swell of the real Eolian sound—in this Coleman's instrument entirely fails, for when subjected to the full force it has only the harsh and monotonous tones of the organ. Early in the month of November, 1829, Mr. Cozuan exhibited his invention to crowded audiences in Savannah, of which fact many persons now living can testify. In the Savannah Georgian, of November 4th, 1829, we find a flattering notice of the exhibition. That paper, after speaking in terms of praise of the instrument, says: "With the principle of the invention we do not profess to be acquainted. The sound, however, is produced by the action of wind through a double bellows worked by the alternate motion of the feet; the notes being produced by keys struck or pressed by the fingers, as in the piano."

"So much for Mr. Cozuan's invention of the Eolian attachment, which is the basis of Coleman's instrument. We come now to its application to the piano forte. This was also made by our fellow citizen in 1832, with complete success, and in such a manner that each could be played separately or both together. By a peculiarity in the construction and management of the bellows, the most delicate expression could be given to the notes. The crescendo, diminuendo, sforzando, and every variety of effect, from the softest breathing notes of the Eolian harp to the full swell of the diapason, could be given at will, while the instrument combined many other advantages over Coleman's, which we do not deem advisable to detail at present. The works of this instrument are still in the possession of Mr. Cozuan to attest the truth of this statement, which can also be substantiated by many living witnesses.

"Mr. C. did not, for reasons with which the public has no concern, apply at the time for a patent. Indeed he is a most unassuming gentleman, who was probably not fully aware of the magnitude of his invention, or its identity with Coleman's, until recently meeting with a gentleman who had seen both instruments, and who significantly remarked, that Coleman was making a fortune out of his (Mr. Cozuan's) old invention of 1832!! This led to an investigation, which has already gone far to prove the identity of the inventions in more senses than one. Had application been made in 1832, the skill and genius of our fellow citizen, might have been rewarded as have been those of Coleman since. However, the time has not yet passed, and we are happy to know that this invention and the proofs relative thereto, will be submitted to the Commissioner of Patents before the expiration of the two years, which are necessary to elapse before the original inventor is debarred the advantages gained by a previous patent. We do not wish to see Mr. Coleman's patent annulled unless it be proved that he is a Copyist; but we do wish to see Mr. Cozuan placed on a perfect equality with him; because we feel assured that there is no comparison between the inventions in detail, though they are identical in principle.

"We are happy to know that Mr. Cozuan has nearly completed a specimen of his invention, and applied it to one of Chickering's fine pianos, with which it is his intention to leave for Washington in a few days, to lay the whole matter before the proper authorities. We heartily wish him that success which his modesty and his merit so richly deserve."

#### IMPORTANT ADDITION TO THE PIANO-FORTE.

##### MR. WALKER'S HARMONIC ATTACHMENT.

THE theory of Harmonics is as old as the hills, therefore no merit is claimed upon the score of originality. The beautiful effects developed in the production of harmonics have also been well known for thousands of years, consequently no claim is made in discovery. Accident will frequently lead to the discovery of an important action in nature, but talent, ingenuity, and perseverance are required in a high degree to apply such action to the familiar uses of our every day life. Mr. Walker, in applying his machinery to the piano-forte, has undoubtedly been a follower of other men's thoughts. The idea of producing harmonic tones upon that instrument is by no means of recent date, and very many practical men have tried it, but not one of them has been fortunate enough to succeed sufficiently well to become impressed with the importance of the subject.

Mr. Walker has succeeded, and his success has had the effect of calling forth claimants to the invention—men who have tried and failed, now wish to claim the honor of the thought. The manifest ab-

surdity of this is self-evident. All charges of piracy should be treated with the contempt they merit, unless they contain statements of facts, developing the principle of construction and the method of application of the thing said to be pirated; then if the identities are satisfactorily proved, they must of course be defended upon the principle of Oath—that there is no such thing as plagiarism. Mr. Loud of Philadelphia comes out boldly and lays claim to Mr. Walker's invention. But before we can place implicit reliance upon his assertions, he must bring forth proofs to support his case; let him prove identities. But even if he can do this, we fear that he will reap no further reward than the honor of the first thought, for the law can hardly be expected to protect the rights of one who has himself voluntarily resigned them; for Mr. Loud in his letter, distinctly states, that he "tried the experiment himself in 1833—that it was successful, but that it was found to be of no value—for, although, in the hands of a fine extempore player it might be made use of, yet to the ordinary performer it was entirely useless." This, to say the least, is candid in the extreme, and proves all that Mr. Walker desires; their inventions must, indeed, have been entirely dissimilar, for while the one is declared by the inventor to be entirely useless, the other is acknowledged on all hands to be a great acquisition to the piano, and capable of being used effectually by a performer of very moderate power—while in the hands of a master it becomes a means of positive fascination. We have but little acquaintance with either party, but in order to do equal justice, we will gladly publish such statements as shall set the matter fairly before the public.

Of Mr. Walker's Harmonic Attachment we shall speak more fully in our next number. That it will give many beautiful effects to, and add largely to the capabilities of the instrument, we assure our readers, and advise them to give their earliest attention to the subject.

#### STODART & DUNHAM'S PIANO-FORTE MANUFACTORY.

We resume this subject from last week. We then conducted our readers over the lumber yard to the veneer room and to the drying room. Before proceeding farther, we may as well correct an error in our statement of last week, which arose from our unassisted guessing at the value of an article of which we know but little, save in its polished state. The value of the stock of veneers in the factory of Messrs. Stodart & Dunham, instead of being some thousand and odd dollars, is estimated at nearly four times that amount.

The Case Room. After the wood has been thoroughly seasoned and dried, it is sent to the Case Room. It will of course be understood, that every department of this interesting manufacture is going on simultaneously, but we prefer tracing it in its regular progress from the beginning to the finishing. The mere shell without the bottom is formed of heavy and well-seasoned material. The exquisite and minute workmanship required to form the round corners, is worthy of particular attention. It is then veneered and glued on to the bottom, and to insure its perfect adhesion, as soon as it is glued it is surrounded by screws of immense power, and thus held in many vices until it is thoroughly dry and set. The bottom is several inches in thickness, and formed of three pieces. In order to render it somewhat sonorous, it is made hollow. The upper and lower parts are each formed of three pieces laid at angles with the case, to prevent yielding, and the interior is formed of cross-bars laid at intervals crosswise, in a line with the vibration of the strings. These undergo the same operation of screwing, to insure unyielding firmness. The blocks are then placed in the interior, such as the angle block, the lower back block, the braces, the rest-pin block, &c., &c., all of which go through the operation of a powerful screwing. Even these unseen portions of the instruments are finished up with the most surprising care.

Probably the cabinet work of this factory has never been excelled in this country. The veneers are laid on with such a nicety that it is impossible to tell where the one begins or the other ends. After all the blocks, which constitute the strength of the instrument, have been laid in the interior with mathematical precision in regard to the equal resistance of every part, it is certain that no pull could be brought to bear upon it of sufficient power to cause the frame to start the breadth of even a hair. The case is then sent up stairs into the

Varnishing Room. Here the veneers receive their first coat of varnish, and the colors of the wood begin to show. Coat after coat is then laid on, until the wood is so saturated that the varnish rises above the level. The wood, after each separate coat, is either dried in the drying room, or if the wood requires to be darkened, in the full power of the sun. When the wood has been dried after the last coat, an instrument is used with which the varnish is scraped off to a level with the wood. It is then capable of receiving the highest degree of polish, which is imparted solely by the friction of the palm of the hand. The labor of this operation, as may be imagined, is immense.

(To be Continued.)

## MISCELLANY.

The Governor's room in the City-Hall, has recently been painted and newly carpeted, and it will soon be decorated with two new portraits, a full length of Governor Boock, and a half-length of Mayor Harper. We have not heard the name of the artist who is to paint the Governor, but we trust that some New York artist will be selected by the city authorities, that we may be saved from a repetition of the disgraceful maneuvering which was practised in the affair of Governor Seward's portrait. It has been the custom for the city to refer the choice of an artist to the Governor himself, when he has been requested to sit, or stand for his portrait. But Governor Seward, from some inscrutable motives, declined making a selection, and referred the matter back to the Common Council. The city authorities refused to appoint an artist, and again requested the Governor to select one. The Governor was still unwilling, and appointed a committee of five of his political friends in this city, to whom he entrusted the privilege of appointing a painter to do his portrait. A new difficulty sprung up with the committee, for instead of the five gentlemen not being able to make a selection, each one had his favorite artist. They took a room at the Astor House, the New York Hotel not being in existence at that time, and sent circulars to the artists of their acquaintance, requesting them to send specimens of their work to the committee-room. This was very much in the manner of the pedant who exhibited a brick as a specimen of his house. How many specimen-bricks were sent to the committee we have never heard, but they were unable to agree upon an artist, and at last they concluded to employ five, each member of the committee making his own selection. Each artist so nominated, was to paint a portrait of the Governor, and the choice of one, to be handed down to posterity, was to be decided by some sort of hocus-pocus, the particulars of which we have forgotten. Only two of the artists named, Inman and Harding, consented to paint the Governor on such conditions. When the portraits were done, the same difficulties of choice existed that had so bothered the committee before; they paid both artists for their work, and tossed up a copper to decide which one should be placed in the City Hall. Whether the copper fell "head's up or tail's up," we are not precisely informed, but the choice fell upon Inman's picture, and we have now the full-length portrait of a country-attorney-looking-personage, standing in a highly-satisfied-with-himself position, with a glove in his hand, as though he were just starting for a village tea-party, to be passed down, or up, to future generations as a likeness of one of the Governors of the Empire State for two terms. We fear that our descendants will have but an indifferent opinion of their ancestors, when they come to see the representations of the best specimens of humanity which we could find among us for our governors, as represented on the canvasses which are labelled "Seward" and "Van Buren," in the City Hall. Fortunately, however, the substantial humanly looking form of Governor Marcy comes between these dignitaries, to rescue our age from an imputation of pettiness.

The only person to blame in the matter of Governor Seward's portrait, was the governor himself. He should have designated an artist among the painters of New York, to paint his portrait. If he had no preference, he should have taken the names of four or five of the most eminent, and drawn one of them by lot. But to avoid such difficulties in getting an artist to paint our future governors, we trust that the Corporation will establish a good precedent by selecting an artist themselves. We can see no possible objection in their doing so.

**A NEW NAME FOR THE NATION.**—The committee appointed by the New York Historical Society, consisting of David Dudley Field, Henry R. Schoolcraft, and Charles Fenne Hoffman, "upon the subject of the irrelevant appellation at present used for the country," made their report on Tuesday evening last, in which they recommend, with many sound arguments, that "ALLEGANTA" be adopted by the nation as its distinctive name hereafter. The subject is of greater importance than our people generally think it to be, and we hope that the report of the committee will meet with the consideration which the subject and the gentlemen making it are entitled to.

The London papers are paying compliments to the "Hon. John Harper, Mayor of New York," who sent "a large deal case" to the Lord Mayor of London, "containing an arm-chair made in that city by order of its literary inhabitants to be presented to Miss Jane Porter, the English Authoress." Doubtless the "Hon. John Harper" and the "literary inhabitants" of New York, will be sufficiently rewarded for the cost of the "Arm-Chair" by seeing themselves noticed in this distinguished manner in a London paper.

Mr. I. T. HART, (of Lexington, Ky.) who won so much reputation by his bust of General Jackson, has nearly completed one of Mr. Clay, which the friends of the latter pronounce of very great excellence. Mr. Hart, in mechanical skill, is the equal of the late Mr. Clevinger, and perhaps surpasses him in his sense of the ideal.

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(Signed) R. THOMAS HENNING.

New York, March 14, 1843.

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(Signed)

JULIA LAWRENCE.

March 25, 1843.

From JACOB LE ROY, Esq., (Lafayette Place.)

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