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REVIEWS.

A Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities. Edited by William Smith, Ph. D., and illustrated by numerous engravings on wood. Third American edition, carefully revised, and containing numerous additional articles relative to the Botany, Mineralogy, and Zoology of the Ancients. By Charles Anthon, LL. D. New York: Harper and Brothers.

This invaluable work is designed to supersede, and must entirely supersede the compilations of Potter and Adams. In order to facilitate this design, there is appended an Index Raisonné, in which the whole subject (of Greek and Roman Antiquities) is classified under appropriate heads, so that, by means of the Index, the book, although retaining the advantages of a dictionary, may be made to answer readily all the college purposes of a text-book. In every respect this work is the most valuable of its class—or rather it is a class by itself. It includes all the recent discoveries of the Germans, and has all the fulness and accuracy for which the German scholars are noted. Dr. Anthon has enriched the American edition by a fund of information on scientific topics, distinguishing his own matter by asterisks. He has also introduced some most obvious improvements in form and *method*, of which latter he is a master at all points. He is not only the best scholar in America—but perhaps the most absolutely accurate one in the world. Independently of the high opinion we cannot help entertaining of his erudition and acumen, we would stand by his decision in any mere matter of classical *fact*, in preference to that of any man in Europe, or elsewhere. His books are universally circulated, and universally approved, except by those who have an obvious interest in decrying them. Dr. Anthon would, no doubt, have given more satisfaction, in certain quarters, had he thought more of his own merely literary reputation, and kept his eye less steadily fixed on the true purpose of compilations such as he has undertaken—the purpose *of making a useful book*. His talents, nevertheless, have long ago placed him in a position at which he is left free to pursue this good purpose, in his own manner, and without fear of doing injury to his reputation as an original writer, in the opinion of any one having sense enough to understand that there is a point at which originality ceases to be a virtue. We presume he is by no means ambitious of the fame of a mere *littérateur*.

Michelet's History of France, from the Earliest Period to the Present Time. D. Appleton & Co. 200 Broadway.

One of the great merits of this unique history consists of a vein of intense national feeling that pervades the entire work, and colors its whole materials with the hues of Gaul. The reader very soon becomes infected with the heat of the historian, and forgets that there is any other country than France. M. Michelet talks, it is true, of a noble generalization—an abstract idea of home but little dependent on the senses, which will conduct him by a new effort to the idea of a universal country, a new city of Providence. But it is an effort which he has yet to make, and an idea yet to be realised. His sole idea of a country in his history, is France; his sole idea of France is Paris. In this he is a genuine Frenchman—a Parisian of Paris; and his history is all the better for it. It is what it professes to be—a history of France—not a history of French kings, warriors, and statesmen, but of French people, from the cobbler in his stall to the king on his throne; the sports, the superstitions, and the trades of the people as well as their wars and robberies, which other historians have considered the only acts of a people worthy of notice. He not only gives us the history of the people, but the fields and shops in which they labored, the cities in which they dwelt, their persons, habits, and local traditions. While the novelist strives to give his tale the appearance of history, by solemn generalizations and pedantic descriptions, M. Michelet adopts the true novelesque style in his history, rapid, brilliant, and minute. He is the most picturesque, imaginative, and familiar of historians. There is a picture in every page, and something to startle the thoughts in every sentence. As he skims over the surface of the country every thing arrests his eye—towers, churches, castles, fairs, orchards, battles, canals, artists, rivers, ships, herds and cottages. His is the history of a country, not of a country's rulers.

We make a few extracts from the description of the wine countries, "Lyonnais, Burgundy and Champagne; a vinous, joyous zone, fraught with poetry, eloquence, and elegant and ingenious literature."

"There is none of the amenity of Burgundy in the dry and sombre districts of Autun and Morvan. To know the true Burgundy, the Burgundy of cheering smiles and of the grape, you must ascend the Saône by Chalons, then turn, through the Côte d'Or, to the plateau of Dijon, and follow the current towards Auxerre—a goodly land, where vine-leaves adorn the arms of the cities, where all are brothers or cousins, a land of hearty livers and of merry Christmases.

"Burgundy is a land of orators: of lofty and solemn eloquence. From the upper part of this province, from the district which gives rise to the Seine—from Dijon, and from Monthar—issued the voices which have most resounded through France, those of St. Bernard, of Bossuet, and of Buffon. But the sentimentality characteristic of Burgundy, is observable in other quarters—more graceful in the north, more brilliant in the south. Not far from Semur were born the good Madame de Chantal, and her grand-daughter, Madame de Sevigné; at Macon, Lamartine, the poet of the religious and lowly-minded; and at Charolles, Edgar Quinet, the poet of history and of humanity.

"Burgundy seems still to be allied to its wines: the spirit of Beaune and of Macon mounts to the head like that of Rhenish. Burgundian eloquence trenches on the rhetorical; and the amplitude of its literary style is not ill typified in the exuberant charms of the women of Vermanton and Auxerre. Flesh and blood reign here: inflation, as well, and vulgar sentimentality: in proof, I need only cite Crebillon, Longepierre, and Sedaine. Something more sombre and severe is required to constitute the core of France.

"'Tis a sad fall to step from Burgundy into Champagne, and to leave its smiling slopes for low and chalky plains. Not to speak of the desert of Champagne-Pouilleuse, (the lousy,) the country is almost universally flat, pale, and of a chillingly prosaic aspect. The cattle are sorry: the plants and minerals present no variety. Dull rivers drag their chalky streams between banks poorly shaded by young or stunted poplars. The houses young too, and frail at their birth, endeavour to protect their fragile existence, by hooding themselves under as many slates as possible, or, at least, poor wooden slates: but beneath this false glazing and its paint, washed off by the rain, the chalk betrays itself, pale, dirty, and misery stricken.

"Such houses cannot make fine cities. Chalons looks hardly more lively than the plains around it. Troyes is almost as ugly as it is industrious. The striking width of the streets of Reims makes its low houses appear lower still, and creates a gloomy impression—Reims, formerly the city of citizens and of priests, and twin sister of Tours, a sugarish city, with a tinge of devotion, manufacturing rosaries and gingerbread, excellent common cloth, an excellent small wine, and the seat both of fairs and of pilgrimages.

"Champagne was the land of good stories, of droll anecdotes of the noble kn ght, the simple and unsuspicious husband, of Monsieur, the parson, and his servant lass. The genius for tale-telling, which prevails in Champagne and in Flanders, expanded into long poems and fine histories. Chrétien de Troyes, and Guyot de Provins, begin the list of our romance poets. The great lords of the country wrote their own actions—witness Villehardouin, Joinville, and the cardinal de Retz, who have themselves a rated to us the history of the Crusades and of the Fronde. History and satire are the vocation of the Champenois. While Count Thibaut had his poems painted on the walls of his palace of Provins, surrounded by roses from the East, the grocers of Troyes scrawled on their counters the allegorical and satirical histories of Renard and Isengrin. The most pungent pamphlet in our language—the satire of Menippée—is mostly due to some lawyers of this city.

"In this viny and literary zone, the mind of man has gone on increasing in distinctness and sobriety of thought. We have signalised three stages of this progress—the fire and intellectual intoxication of the south, the eloquence and rhetoric of Burgundy, and the grace and irony of Champagne. This is the last and most delicate fruit which France has borne. On these white plains and hungry slopes ripens the light wine of the north, full of caprice and sudden sallies. Scarcely does it owe anything to the soil; it is the child of labor and society. And here also grew that *trifling thing* (La Fontaine), profound, nevertheless, and at once ironical and dreamy, that discovered and exhausted the domain of fable."

"The jeering spirit of the north of France displays itself in the popular *fetes*. In Champagne and other parts we find the *roi de l'ognon*, (a citizen chosen to deliver two prisoners, &c.): the *roi de l'étouf*—king of the ball (Dupin, Deux-Sevres); the *roi des Arbalétriers*, with his knights; the *roi des guelfs*, king of the poor; the *roi des rosiers*, king of the roses, or king of the gardeners, still kept up in Normandy, Burgundy, Champagne, &c. At Paris, the *fete des sous diacres*, or *diacressouls*, tipsy priests, who elected a bishop of unreason, offered him incense of burnt leather, sang obscene songs, and turned the altar into a table. At Evreux, on the first of May, St. Vital's day, was the *fete des cornards*, cuckold's holiday, when they crowned each other with leaves; the priests wore their surplices the wrong side outward, and threw bran in each other's eyes; the bell-ringers pelted each other with *casse-museaux*—hard biscuits. At Beauvais, a girl and child were promenaded round the town, taken to mass, and the burden of the chorus was *hi-han!* At Reims, the canons promenaded in two files, each dragging a herring, and stepping on the herring dragged by the one before him. At Bouchain was the *fete du preaud des dourdis*, of the captain of the careless: at Chalons-sur-Saone, of the *guillardons*, the brave boys; at Paris, of the *enfans sans souci*, sons of mirth; of the *regiment de la calotte*, the fool's-cap company; and of the *confrérie de l'aloyau*, the brotherhood of beef-eaters! At Dijon, the procession of the *mère folle*, mother madcap. At Harfleur, on Shrove Tuesday, the *fete de la scie*, the saw fete, (a saw figures in the arms of the president Cousse Brisac.) The magistrates kiss the teeth of the saw. Two monks carry the *baton fleuri* (uprights of the saw). Then the *baton fleuri* is taken to a husband, who beats his wife. The *Chevalerie d'Honfleur* has existed since the conquest of William."

A Plain System of Elocution, or Logical and Musical Reading and Declamation, with Exercises in Prose and Verse, &c., &c. By G. Vandenhoff, Professor of Elocution in the City of New York. Second edition. C. Shepard, 191 Broadway. 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 327.

We must defer to another time a full notice of the merits of this very excellent work. We are happy to learn that a second edition has been called for, because it shows a just appreciation in the public of a work of unpretending utility, and because it is a pretty good assurance that a certain number of persons have been benefitted by its use. It is a rare thing to find a good reader, yet no person who is not afflicted by a malformation of his organs, can have a good excuse for reading badly. The directions in Mr. Vanderhoff's book are so simple, so easy of comprehension, and may be so readily practised, that there should be no mercy shown, hereafter, to any slovenly or inelegant reader, who has the means to possess himself of a copy of this excellent system.

Shelley's Grave and other Poems. By John Tomlin.

A very neat and unpretending volume, containing much of the truest poetry. We have space only to give an extract from the leading piece of the collection:

What a silence fills the sky
As they build that altar high,—
Silence wraps the deep;
Night is solemn, earth is still,
Echo, on the lonely hill,
Yields herself to sleep.

With a never-ceasing strain
Murmurs drowsily the main;
And the sea-birds there,
Have a chaunt o'er him that died
In his beauty and his pride,
Child of Genius—child of Care!

The Chemistry of Animal and Vegetable Physiology. By Doctor G. T. Mulder, Professor of Chemistry in the University of Utrecht. Translated from the Dutch by P. F. H. Fromberg, First Assistant in the Laboratory of the Scotch Agricultural Chemistry Association of Scotland. With an Introduction by Prof. J. F. W. Johnson, F. R. SS. L. & E. First Authorized American Edition, with notes and corrections, by B. Silliman, Jr. Vol. I. Part I. No. 1. New York: Wiley and Putnam.

A very important work, which has attracted much attention in Europe. Its objects are fully explained in the title. The second number will be issued by the time our paper goes to press.

A Grammar of the Greek Language, principally from the German of Kuhner, with selections from Matthiae, Buttmann, Thiersch, and Rost. For the use of schools and colleges. By Charles Anthon, LL. D. New York: Harper and Brothers.

This is an enlargement of Dr. Anthon's previous grammar, and is chiefly a translation and abridgement from the various grammars of Kuhner—presenting a compend of all that is essential for the student.

The work has the novel feature of frequent reference to the Sanscrit and other cognate languages—without which reference no Greek grammar can be considered complete. This is decidedly, for American students, the best book of its class extant. It is published in the peculiarly neat and durable form which distinguishes all the classical works of its author.

Pureno-Mnemotechny; or The Art of Memory: The series of Lectures explanatory of the Principles of the System, delivered in New York and Philadelphia, in the beginning of 1844, by Francis Fauvel-Gouraud, D. E. S., of the University of France. Now first published without Alterations or Omissions, and with Considerable Additions in the Practical Application of the System. New York and London: Wiley & Putnam.

This is a large and handsome octavo of some 700 pages. As yet we have not fully read the work, and are of course unable to speak of it with decision. Its subject is certainly an important one; and if the views of M. Gouraud be carried out, they must lead to magnificent results. That his theory (we use the word in its widest sense) has been vigorously opposed, is by no means a proof of any defect in the theory itself—on the contrary it is a proof it is worthy at least very serious examination—although to be sure, it is merely a *non distributio medii* thence to infer that all vituperated books are meritorious. We confess, however, that in our rapid survey of M. Gouraud's system, we became impressed with a sense of his philosophical ability; and one thing is certain that his volume, if only for the amount of well-digested and various information it embodies, is worth double the sum demanded for it. We shall speak of it more fully hereafter.

SERIALS AND ILLUSTRATED WORKS.

Martin's Illustrated Family Bible. No. 3.

The plate accompanying the present issue of this superb work is a highly finished engraving in the line manner from a classical picture of Hagar and Ishmael. We must repeat once more the testimony that we have already borne to the merits of this edition of the Bible, which we are happy to find has been sustained by the universal opinion of the press. It is, unfortunately, quite a matter of course, to puff an illustrated edition of the scriptures, and many have by such unworthy means gained a wide circulation. But we shall never lend our columns for any such mercenary purpose, and when we pronounce Martin's edition of the Bible the most beautiful, the most complete, and the cheapest, considering its excellence, that has ever been issued in this country, we do but express our deliberate and sincere belief. There is delight in the mere contemplation of the beauty of the typography, the generous margin which surrounds the text, and in the delicate, but firm texture of the paper. Taken alto-

gether, even in these days of cheap publishing, it is a miracle of cheapness.

THE TREASURY OF HISTORY. No. 4.

This excellent publication brings Maunder's history of England down to the time of the latter end of the reign of Henry the Eighth. Among the many cheap historical publications of the day, it assumes a very favorable position.

VOYAGES ROUND THE WORLD, from the Death of Captain Cook to the Present Time; including Remarks on the Social Condition of the Inhabitants in the recently discovered Countries; their Progress in the Arts; and more especially their advancement in Religious Knowledge. New York: Harper and Brothers.

This volume is No. 172 of "*The Family Library*," and may be considered as a continuation of No. 82 (of the same "Library,") which gives an account of the various voyages round the world *prior* to the death of Captain Cook. The two volumes are very comprehensive—indeed complete—and embody a vast amount of invaluable knowledge, quite independent of that rich interest which always appertains to books of travel—especially of travel by sea. Well printed, on fine paper, in a neat duodecimo, and handsomely bound.

LIFE IN ITALY. The Improvisatore. From the Danish of Hans Christian Andersen. Translated by Mary Howitt. New York: Harper and Brothers.

This is No. 49 of the "Library of Select Novels," and embraces 125 closely printed octavo pages, in minion, double columns,—yet is sold for a shilling—a thing difficult to understand. It can scarcely be expected that this state of affairs can last; and we advise all to secure a complete set of the "Library of Select Novels." We doubt if *in the world* there exists in the same compass, for anything like the same price, the same amount of excellent light reading as will be found in the 49 numbers of this series. The Improvisatore is a peculiar work, and affects the reader with a singular sense of the new in letters:—this feeling results from our want of acquaintance with the Danish turn of thought and expression.

THOUGHTS OF A SILENT MAN.

No. 5.

THE desire, common to all men who cannot originate, of looking into the inmost nature of men of genius, (the "seers and makers," as they were styled in the older tongue,) prevails in me, I confess, with full power. Hence it was that I found myself turning from Goethe's letters to Schiller, where the great man wears the graceful dishabille of social friendship, to the picture of the same mind in the half dress which it exhibits, in "*Der Briefwechsel mit einem Kinde.*" Nothing can be in greater contrast than the same individual under the two different aspects. In his letters to Schiller, Goethe is frank, cordial, and self-disclosing, fully conscious that he is an acknowledged dictator, and therefore laying aside all outward emblems of power, while he meets Schiller on the broad ground of community of feeling and opinion. He does not elevate Schiller to an equality with himself, but descends one step from his canopied dais to meet him, and this he does so gracefully, that one scarcely notices the kingly condescension of the act. The fact was that Schiller won Goethe's respect by his manliness, his truth and his genius, while he secured his affection by the unconscious development of his tender and loving nature. Yet to gain such a regard from Goethe, it was necessary first to command his respect, and this no woman ever succeeded in obtaining.

From his earliest youth, Goethe had been as remarkable for his beauty of person as for his powers of mind. Of course he was eminently attractive to women. His wonderful mind captivated her who could only be approached through the intellect, his noble and commanding figure won the admiration of her who had an eye only for physical beauty, and his delicate and refined sentiment was irresistible to her who needed ideal ministry. From his boyhood, therefore, he had been a favorite with the sex, and we need scarcely add, that the very worship he received diminished his respect for the worshippers. A man may be made vain by the extravagant admiration of women, but it never inspires him with self-respect. He learns to doubt, if not its genuineness, at least its discrimination, and when he finds women governed, as they so usually are, in their likings and dislikings by whim, he begins to distrust the very possession of those qualities to which he is indebted for their approbation. Goethe loved to be flattered, and courted, and idolized by women, but he cared little for their opinions, except as they might influence stronger minds. He looked to his own sex for appreciation. The column erected to his fame might be wreathed with flowers by gentle hands, but he expected it to be built by the strong arm of man.

In his "Correspondence with a child," (a child, by the way, of twenty years,) which commenced a year or two after Schiller's death, Goethe shows himself as having thoroughly developed the selfism that in very early life had characterised his first love passage. When he first met Bettina Von Arnim, he had already passed his sixtieth year, his fame was established on a sure basis, and his mine of sentiment though not exhausted, yet had been so fully worked in real life, as well as for the purposes of poetry, that there were no new veins of ore to be discovered. Bettina possessed great talent, together with a temperament, which, if associated with genius would have produced grand results, but being connected with the *perceptive* instead of the *inventive* faculty, only sufficed to fill her with a restless enthusiasm and an uneasy sense of unappropriated power. Her love for Goethe, about which so much outery has been made, was a very harmless fantasy, growing out of a girlish admiration of the poet, and afterwards fostered by the vanity of both. That it was the true sentiment of love, is too absurd for belief, and that it was the effervescence of passion, is worse than absurd. It would require an exceedingly spiritualised imagination to exalt Bettina's girlishness into the utterance of that soul-born sympathy which links one with Heaven; and at the same time, none but a fancy nurtured on the loathly food of sensualism, could discover aught of evil in the exaggerated sentiments she expressed. Flattered by the privilege of familiar correspondence with the ruler of German literature, happy in his half constrained fondness towards her, proud of being the pet and plaything of the lion, Bettina appears to have given herself up to the pleasurable excitement without a single fear or a moment's calculation. She seems to have remained standing on the threshold of womanhood, unwilling to turn her back on the irresponsible enjoyments of childhood, yet occasionally glancing, half yearningly, towards the veiled shrine within the temple. If the hand of Goethe sometimes lifted that veil, it was only to afford a momentary glimpse of the flame which was there burning, and the girl was more attracted to the flowers that grew around the porch than to the mystic worship of the inner shrine.

In order to judge fairly of Bettina, we must take into view the peculiarities of the society in which she lived. In England, where conventionalism forms the strongest of all bonds, she would have been regarded as a mad woman. In our own country where so much freedom of inclination exists among her sex, she would probably have discovered much earlier, that she was no longer a child, and the affair would have had more earnestness and less unconsciousness. But in Germany, ever since the days of "Werther" and "Elective Affinities," such things are part of the social system. Their philosophers, as well as their poets, have taught the people that impressions may be regarded as precepts, and consequently a want of enthusiasm or sensibility is considered by them almost as an immorality. *We* are content with a man if he possesses a strong moral sense, but the Germans demand also that he shall have an indwelling love for the good as for the beautiful, a quick perception of its presence in outward things, and an instant recognition of its power, notwithstanding the oppression of circumstances. I, for one, am not disposed to blame them: but unfortunately, this extreme susceptibility of character makes them attach infinite importance to the slightest shades of sentiment, and, as proofs of the existence of a feeling, they feel bound to express its every gradation. The perfect development of a sentiment is not sufficient in their view: they must see the process by which the result has been obtained. They are never content with the "*piled*

up agony,"—they want to see the agglomeration of each individual pang.

This microscopic habit of looking into hearts is peculiarly German, and of course gives rise to a world of affectation. True feeling shrinks ever from the scalpel of analysis, and an emotion which will bear dissection has certainly lost vitality. Yet in a country where sensibility is regarded as eminently a virtue, it will be as certainly simulated as will be coldness and prudery among a people who claim to be moral in proportion as they are unfeeling. Not only this, but where it is not feigned and really exists, it will be heightened by fictitious means. If susceptibility be a virtue, then increased susceptibility is increased morality, and what would be elsewhere regarded as an indiscretion in Bettina, is only an evidence of her acute sensibility, and of course of her elevation of character. Almost all highly civilized communities regard the *repression* of sensibility as a moral duty, the Germans alone consider its constant exercise as the strongest test of true virtue; and there is as much evil in the code which enforces its suppression as in that which inculcates its exposition.

We can make direct rules of conduct, based upon the immutable laws of duty to God and justice to man, but we can make no such regulation for the emotions. We have no right to make sensibility a duty. To some few it may be an unconditional privilege,—to many it is a penance, willingly endured for the sake of some concomitant blessing—to most of us it is a *clinging curse*. The dry, hard, unsympathising individual, who is virtuous from calculation, and treads his narrow path without ever looking down upon the flowers beneath his feet, or upward to the stars above his head, may often perform his duties in life better than the tender, susceptible being, who is ever stepping aside in kindness, or at least forgetting to keep a steady eye to the distant goal. If the world were made up of persons who think and feel, rather than act, (and such are persons of susceptibility,) how many more projects of good would be conceived, but how few would ever be accomplished! God be praised, that sensibility is not a duty. The curse would be too heavy for frail humanity if we had all been called to endure the burden of sensibility as well as the weight of labor. We are doomed to eat our bread in the sweat of our *brow*, not in the sweat of our *hearts*; and how comparatively merciful is the dispensation, those only know who have felt the double curse of a grief-worn spirit in a toil-worn frame.

Yet while we regard Bettina as only very German in her girlishness, we have less respect for the sexagenarian coquetry of Goethe. He evidently likes the passionate tone of her letters, he rather encourages her little petulant jealousies. Sometimes he checks her vehemence, but in such a manner that he approves, even while he seems to chide. Sometimes he praises her descriptive powers, sometimes sends her back her own sentiments embalmed in his verse, and sometimes calls forth all the vividness and warmth of devotion, by his eloquent appreciation. Had this affection grown up when Goethe was twenty years younger, it would have been numbered among the many similar testimonies to his attractiveness which he was always proud to remember. But coming as it did, when he had already attained to old age, it had an importance in his eyes which called forth especial indulgence. The man whom Ninon honored with her favors after she had counted her eightieth year, would probably have been less fortunate had he been her lover forty years earlier.

Compared with Goethe, Bettina was indeed a child, but the poet had not read the human heart in vain, and he well knew the probable result of such waste of devotion. The danger was not to virtue, not to good name,—it was the heart's unsullied purity that was risked. There was no outward wrong; no sacrifice was duty; but was it nothing to accept that first outpouring of tenderness? nothing to have awakened the first blush of the soul? Nothing to have stolen the dewy freshness of the heart's first fruits? How easy would it have been for Goethe to have directed aright all the overflowing fullness of Bettina's nature, to have guided her enthusiasm, repressed her passionateness, weeded out her jealousy, and, in short, to have raised her above the blind idolatry which made her to bow down before the priest, instead of worshipping the divinity at whose shrine he ministered! But the fact was, that in spite of all his greatness of mind, Goethe was fully sensible of the pleasures of gratified vanity. He valued Bettina's adoration, as any other man would have done, and perhaps, in expecting him to have repelled the votary who brought such costly gifts, we ask more stoic virtue than falls to the lot of even the highest humanity.

Nothing is more evident in this singular correspondence, than the difference between the hopeful fervor of youth and the back-looking yearning of age. It is the same difference as that which exists between the newly gathered blossom, and the spectral rose which the chemist's almost magical skill can bring out from the flower. Goethe could call up the faded and ghastly image from the crucible of memory, but the fresh garland which Bettina offered, must be consumed in the mystic process.

RUDOLPH HERTZMAN.

A RARE COLLECTION OF POLYGLOTT BIBLES.

We had the pleasure of inspecting, a few days since, a rare collection of Polyglott Bibles, which has been made in Europe, at a great expense, by Bartlett and Welford, the well-known booksellers of this city, for John Carter Brown, Esq., of Providence, one of the most liberal patrons of literature and learning in the United States. His father, the late Hon. Nicholas Brown, the founder of Brown University, was one of the most munificent patrons of learning, as well as one of the greatest philanthropists, that our country has produced. There is hardly less credit due to the intelligent booksellers through whose agency this collection has been made, than to the liberal patron of literature for whose use they are intended.

The most remarkable in this remarkable collection, as a literary and Biblical curiosity, is undoubtedly the splendid and truly celebrated work usually called the *Complutensian Polyglott*, from the place where it was printed. It occupies six folio volumes. The first four comprise the Old Testament, with the Hebrew, Latin, and Greek in distinct columns, the Chaldee paraphrase and Latin interpretation being at the bottom of the page. The fifth volume contains the Greek Testament, with the Vulgate Latin version and a Concordance. The sixth, a Hebrew and Chaldaic vocabulary, with other philological treatises. The accomplished author of the history of Ferdinand and Isabella, thus speaks of this great work:

"In the midst of his pressing duties, Cardinal Ximenes found time for the execution of another work, which would alone have been sufficient to render his name immortal in the republic of letters. This was his famous Bible, the Complutensian Polyglott. It was on the plan, first conceived by Origen, of exhibiting in one view, the Scriptures in their various languages. It was a work of surpassing difficulty, demanding an extensive and critical acquaintance with the most ancient, and consequently the rarest manuscripts. The character and station of the Cardinal afforded him, it is true, uncommon facilities. The precious edition of the Vatican was thrown open to him, especially under Leo X., whose munificent spirit delighted in the undertaking. He obtained copies, in like manner, of whatever was of value in the other libraries of Italy, and, indeed, of Europe generally; and Spain supplied him with editions of the Old Testament of great antiquity, which has been treasured up by the banished Israelites."

The conduct of the work was entrusted to nine scholars, well skilled in the ancient tongues. After the labors of the day, these learned sages were accustomed to meet, in order to settle the doubts and difficulties which had arisen in the course of their researches, and, in short, to compare the result of their observations. Ximenes was an excellent Biblical critic, frequently presided, and took a prominent part in these deliberations. "Lose no time, my friends," he would say, "in the prosecution of our glorious work, lest in the casualties of life, you should lose your patron, or I have to lament the loss of those whose services are of more price in my eyes than wealth and worldly honors."

The difficulties of the undertaking were sensibly increased by those of the printing. The art was then in its infancy, and there were no types in Spain, if indeed in any part of Europe, in the oriental character. Ximenes, however, careful to have the whole executed under his own eye, imported

artists from Germany, and had types cast in the various languages required in his foundries at Alcala. The Cardinal declared to his friends when the work was completed, "that of all the acts which distinguished his administration, there was none, however arduous, better entitled to their congratulation than this."

This work was commenced in 1502, and completed in 1517. It cost Cardinal Ximenes 50,000 ducats, besides which 4000 gold crowns were spent in procuring seven MSS. received too late for use. It is indeed a treasure to have in one's possession a work like this, published by the great Prime-Minister of Spain, under the especial patronage of its sovereigns, Ferdinand and Isabella, aided, too, by that patron of literature, Pope Leo the Tenth.

Three copies of this Bible were printed on vellum. One is in the Royal Library at Madrid, another in the Royal Library at Turin; the third, supposed to have belonged to Cardinal Ximenes—passed through several hands, and was sold at auction in Paris in 1817 for £676 3s. 4d., about $3350.

The second Polyglott in this collection is that known as the *Antwerp Polyglott*, in eight folio volumes. It is in four languages, viz: Hebrew, Chaldee, Greek and Latin, with a Chaldee paraphrase of part of the Old Testament, which Cardinal Ximenes suppressed in the Complutensian; also a Syriac version of the New Testament, and copious lexicons and grammers of each language. Five hundred copies only of this Bible were printed, the greater part of which were lost in a voyage to Spain. It was published at Amsterdam between 1569 and 1572.

The third in order is the *Paris Polyglott* in seven languages, viz: Hebrew, Samaritan, Chaldee, Greek, Syriac, Latin and Arabic. It was commenced in 1628, and finished in 1645, and occupies ten very large folio volumes. The Samaritan Pentateuch was first printed in this Polyglott, from MSS. brought into Europe between 1610 and 1630 under the care of the learned Morinus.

The fourth, is the Polyglott of Elias Hutter, published at Nuremberg in 1599, in three volumes. This is in six languages, Hebrew, Chaldee, Greek, Latin, the German version of Luther, and the Sclavonic version of Wittemberg. The Old Testament was never completed, and extends to the end of Ruth. It was a work of great value to the Biblical critic, and is as rare as either of the larger Polyglotts. Hutter also published the New Testament in twelve languages, viz: Syriac, Hebrew, Greek, Italian, Spanish, French, Latin, German, Bohemian, Danish, and Polish. All these several translations are presented to the eye at once on opposite pages.

The last of the great Bibles in this collection is the National Polyglott of England, by Brian Walton, published in London in 1657. Nine languages are used in this edition: yet there is no *one* book in the whole Bible printed in so many. In the New Testament the four Evangelists are in *six* languages; the other books in *five*. Every sheet of this Bible exhibits at one view, 1st. The Hebrew text with the Latin version of *Montanus*. 2d. The same in the Vulgate Latin. 3d. The Greek version of the Septuagint, with a Latin translation and the various readings of the Alexandrian MSS. 4th. The Syriac version and Latin translation. 5th. The Targum and Chaldee paraphrase of Onkelos with a Latin translation. 6th. The Hebrew-Samaritan text and the Samaritan version, with a Latin translation. 7th. The Arabic version and Latin translation. The New Testament parts contain, besides others, the Perzic and Ethiopic versions.

Bishop Walton was assisted in this great work by several scholars well versed in the Oriental languages. "It was published," says Dr. Horne, "under the patronage of Oliver Cromwell, who dying before it was finished, Bishop Walton cancelled two leaves of the preface, in which he had made honorable mention of his patron; and others were printed containing compliments to Charles II., and some pretty severe invectives against the republicans. Hence, has arisen the distinction between *republican* and *loyal* copies. Biblical critics all agree in opinion, that the London Polyglott of Walton is unquestionably the most valuable of either of the great Polyglotts of France, Holland or Spain. It has the advantage of being printed later than either, and contains the most important part of them all. Dr. Horne, Dibdin and other writers on Bibliography, give short accounts of these several Bibles, but fuller particulars may be found in Dr. Clarke's Bib. Dic., and the Memoirs of Bishop Walton.

An important work accompanies these Polyglotts, which was prepared and published to aid the student in a more critical study of the various languages in which they appear. This is *Castell's Lexicon Heptaglotton*, in 2 vols., folio, 1669, containing all the words in the Hebrew, Chaldee, Syriac, Samaritan, Ethiopic, Arabic, and Persian found in the great polyglott Bibles. "This," says the learned Dr. Clarke, "is probably the greatest and most perfect work of the kind ever performed by human industry and learning. Dr. Castell expended both his fortune and his life in this immense undertaking. It is true, he had help from several learned men, among whom were Bishop Beveridge and Dr. Lightfoot. He labored at this work for seventeen years, during which time he maintained in his own house, at his own cost, *seven Englishmen*, and *seven foreigners*, as writers, all of whom died before the work was finished. The names of those respectable drudges, I have been unable to find." After spending 90,000 dollars on the work, he was obliged to solicit aid from Charles II. This produced a letter from the king in 1660, to all the archbishops, bishops, and nobility of the realm, recommending the work, and earnestly soliciting pecuniary assistance in behalf of its distinguished and embarrassed author. "Three years after, the archbishop of Canterbury directed a letter to the clergy on the subject, which was followed by others from twenty-nine English and Irish prelates, entreating the public not to permit this great man to sink under his labors and pecuniary embarrassments, brought on him by a work which he had undertaken for the honor of God, the promotion of religion and learning, and consequent the good of mankind."

In the collection of Mr. Brown are ten other polyglott Bibles, and versions of the Scriptures, of less note, though of considerable importance to the biblical student.

There is also a copy of the celebrated *Babylonian Talmud*, in 12 volumes, folio, the whole in Hebrew text. This consists of the ancient Talmud, and the commentaries on the same by various Rabinical writers from the earliest period.

It may be well to add that the whole of the books alluded to are sumptuously bound in *Russia* or *Morocco*, and in the most elegant and costly manner. The binding was executed by Mr. Walker and Mr. Daniel McLeod, and surpasses any thing of the kind we have seen in New York.

ANASTATIC PRINTING.

It is admitted by every one that of late there has been a rather singular invention, called Anastatic Printing, and that this invention may possibly lead, in the course of time, to some rather remarkable results—among which the one chiefly insisted upon, is the abolition of the ordinary stereotyping process:—but this seems to be the amount, in America at least, of distinct understanding on this subject.

"There is no exquisite beauty," says Bacon, "without some strangeness in the proportions." The philosopher had reference, here, to beauty in its common acceptation—but the remark is equally applicable to all the forms of beauty—that is to say, to every thing which arouses profound interest in the heart or intellect of man. In every such thing, strangeness—in other words *novelty*—will be found a principal element; and so universal is this law that it has no exception even in the case of this principal element itself. Nothing, unless it be novel—*not even novelty itself*—will be the source of very intense excitement among men. Thus the *ennuyé* who travels in the hope of dissipating his *ennui* by the perpetual succession of novelties, will invariably be disappointed in the end. He receives the impression of novelty so continuously that it is at length no novelty to receive it. And the man, in general, of the nineteenth century—more especially of our own particular epoch of it—is very much in the predicament of the traveller in question. We are so habituated to new inventions, that we no longer get from newness the vivid interest which should appertain to the new—and no example could be adduced more distinctly showing that the *mere* importance of a novelty will not suffice to gain for it universal attention, than we find in the invention of *Anastatic Printing*. It excites not one fiftieth part of the comment which was excited by the comparatively frivolous invention of Sennefelder;—but he lived in the good old days when a novelty was a novel. Nevertheless, while Lithography opened the way for a very agreeable pastime, it is the province of Anastatic Printing to revolutionize the world.

By means of this discovery any thing written, drawn, or printed, can be made to stereotype itself, with absolute accuracy, in five minutes.

Let us take, for example, a page of this Journal; supposing only one side of the leaf to have printing on it. We dampen the leaf with a certain acid diluted, and then place it between two leaves of blotting-paper to absorb superfluous moisture. We then place the printed side in contact with a zinc plate that lies on the table. The acid in the interspaces between the letters, immediately corrodes the zinc, but the acid on the letters themselves, has no such effect, having been neutralized by the ink. Removing the leaf at the end of five minutes, we find a reversed copy, in slight relief, of the printing on the page—in other words, we have a stereotype plate, from which we can print a vast number of absolute fac-similes of the original printed page—which latter has not been at all injured in the process—that is to say, we can still produce from it (or from any impression of the stereotype plate) new stereotype plates *ad libitum*. Any engraving, or any pen and ink drawing, or any MS. can be stereotyped in precisely the same manner.

The *facts* of this invention are established. The process is in successful operation both in London and Paris. We have seen several specimens of printing done from the plates described, and have now lying before us a leaf (from the London Art-Union) covered with drawing, MS., letter-press, and impressions from wood-cuts—the whole printed from the Anastatic stereotypes, and warranted by the Art-Union to be absolute *fac-similes* of the originals.

The process can scarcely be regarded as a *new* invention—and appears to be rather the modification and successful application of two or three previously ascertained principles—those of etching, electography, lithography, etc. It follows from this that there will be much difficulty in establishing or maintaining a right of patent, and the probability is that the benefits of the process will soon be thrown open to the world. As to the secret—it can only be a secret in name.

That the discovery (if we may so call it) has been made, can excite no surprise in any thinking person—the only matter for surprise is, that it has not been made many years ago. The obviousness of the process, however, in no degree lessens its importance. Indeed its inevitable results enkindle the imagination, and embarrass the understanding.

Every one will perceive, at once, that the ordinary process of stereotyping will be abolished. Through this ordinary process, a publisher, to be sure, is enabled to keep on hand the means of producing edition after edition of any work the certainty of whose sale will justify the cost of stereotyping—which is trifling *in comparison* with that of re-setting the matter. But still, *positively*, this cost (of stereotyping) is great. Moreover, there cannot always be certainty about sales. Publishers frequently are forced to re-set works which they have neglected to stereotype, thinking them unworthy the expense; and many excellent works are not published at all, because small editions do not pay, and the anticipated sales will not warrant the cost of stereotype. *Some* of these difficulties will be at once remedied by the Anastatic Printing, and *all* will be remedied in a brief time. A publisher has only to print as many copies as are immediately demanded. He need print no more than a dozen, indeed, unless he feels perfectly confident of success. Preserving *one* copy, he can from this, at no other cost than that of the zinc, produce with any desirable rapidity, as many impressions as he may think proper. Some idea of the advantages thus accruing may be gleaned from the fact that in several of the London publishing warehouses there is deposited in stereotype plates alone, property to the amount of a million sterling.

The next view of the case, in point of obviousness, is, that if necessary, a hundred thousand impressions per hour, or even infinitely more, can be taken of any newspaper, or similar publication. As many presses can be put in operation as the occasion may require:—indeed there can be no limit to the number of copies producible, provided we have no limit to the number of presses.

The tendency of all this to cheapen information, to diffuse knowledge and amusement, and to bring before the public the very class of works which are most valuable, but least in circulation on account of unsaleability—is what need scarcely be suggested to any one. But benefits such as these are merely the immediate and most obvious—by no means the most important.

For some years, perhaps, the strong spirit of conventionality—of conservatism—will induce authors in general to have recourse, as usual, to the setting of type. A printed book, *now*, is more sightly, and more legible than any MS. and for some years the idea will not be overthrown that this state of things is one of necessity. But by degrees it will be remembered that, while MS. was a *necessity*, men wrote after such fashion that no books printed in modern times have surpassed their MSS. either in accuracy or in beauty. This consideration will lead to the cultivation of a neat and distinct style of handwriting—for authors will perceive the immense advantage of giving their own MSS. directly to the public without the expensive interference of the type-setter, and the often ruinous intervention of the publisher. All that a man of letters need do, will be to pay some attention to legibility of MS. arrange his pages to suit himself, and stereotype them instantaneously, as arranged. He may intersperse them with his own drawings, or with anything to please his own fancy, in the certainty of being fairly brought before his readers, with all the freshness of his original conception about him.

And at this point we are arrested by a consideration of infinite moment, although of a seemingly shadowy character.

The cultivation of accuracy in MS., thus enforced, will tend with an irresistible impetus to every species of improvement in *style*—more especially in the points of concision and distinctness—and this again, in a degree even more noticeable, to precision of thought, and luminous arrangement of matter. There is a very peculiar and easily intelligible reciprocal influence between the thing written and the manner of writing—but the latter has the predominant influence of the two. The more remote effect on philosophy at large, which will inevitably result from improvement of style and thought in the points of concision, distinctness, and accuracy, need only be suggested to be conceived.

As a consequence of attention being directed to neatness and beauty of MS. the antique profession of the scribe will be revived, affording abundant employment to women—their delicacy of organization fitting them peculiarly for such tasks. The female amanuensis, indeed, will occupy very nearly the position of the present male type-setter, whose industry will be diverted perforce into other channels.

These considerations are of vital importance—but there is yet one beyond them all. The value of every book is a compound of its literary value and its physical or mechanical value as the product of physical labor applied to the physical material. But at present the latter value immensely predominates, even in the works of the most esteemed authors. It will be seen, however, that the new condition of things will at once give the ascendancy to the literary value, and thus *by* their literary values will books come to be estimated among men. The wealthy gentleman of elegant leisure will lose the vantage ground now afforded him, and will be forced to tilt on terms of equality with the poor devil author. At present the literary world is a species of anomalous Congress, in which the majority of the members are constrained to listen in silence while all the eloquence proceeds from a privileged few. In the new *régime*, the humblest will speak as often and as freely as the most exalted, and will be sure of receiving just that amount of attention which the intrinsic merit of their speeches may deserve.

From what we have said it will be evident that the discovery of Anastatic Printing will not only not obviate the necessity of copy-right laws, and of an International Law in especial, but will render this necessity more imperative and more apparent. It has been shown that in depressing the value of the *physique* of a book, the invention will proportionally elevate the value of its *morale*, and since it is the latter value alone which the copy-right laws are needed to protect, the necessity of the protection will be only the more urgent and more obvious than ever.

Original Poetry.

LOVE'S REPLY.

I'll tell you something chanced to me,
(A quaint and simple story,)
Before I crossed, with beating heart,
Old ocean's gloom and glory.

Around me came three graceful girls,
Their farewell whisper breathing,—
Julie,—with light and lovely curls,
Her snowy shoulders wreathing;

And proud Georgine,—with stately mien,
And glance of calm hauteur,
Who moves—a Grace,—and looks—a queen,
All passionless and pure;

And Kate, whose low, melodious tone
Is tuned by Truth and Feeling,
Whose shy yet wistful *eyes* talk on,
When Fear her *lips* is sealing.

"From what far country, shall I write?"
I asked, with pride elated,
"From what rare monument of art
Shall be my letters dated?"

Julie tossed back her locks of light,
With girlish grace and glee,—
"To me from glorious Venice write,
Queen-city of the Sea!"

"And thou, Georgine?" Her dark eyes flashed,—
"Ah! date to me your lines
From some proud palace, where the pomp
Of olden Honor shines!"

But Kate,—the darling of my soul,
My bright, yet bashful flower,
In whose dear heart some new, pure leaf,
Seems to unfold each hour,—

Kate turned her shy, sweet looks from mine,
Lest I her blush should see,
And said—so only Love could hear—
"Write from your *heart* to *me*!"

FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

SPRING.

She has come and brought her flowers,
Loving, child-like, happy Spring!
Smiling out through sudden showers,
Lo! the Peri plumes her wing!

She has come—the wood-bird, listening,
Knows her step and warbles low;
Every cloud and wave is glistening,
Where her light feet go.

Every leaf with love she blesses;
Even the little violet's heart
Throbs beneath her dear caresses,
While its purple petals part.

In the skies, a changeful glory,—
In the woodlands, bloom and glee,—
All things tell a joyous story:—
What has Spring brought *me*?

Hope—her promise-buds revealing!
Joy, with light and dazzling wing!
Fresh and ardent founts of Feeling!
These should come with sportive Spring.

When she came of old, she found me
Gay as any bird she knew;
Hope her wild-flowers showered around me,
Friends were fond and true.

Do not look so glad and bright,
Loving, laughing, joyous Spring!
Weep awhile amid thy light,
Frolic Ariel, fold thy wing!

Weep for *me*! my heart is breaking;
'Neath thy blue eyes' careless smile!
Mine, with hidden tears are aching,—
Weep with me awhile!

No! the winter of the spirit
Melts not in the breath of Spring;
Birds and flowers her joy inherit:
Let *them* gaily bloom and sing!

Sing and bloom for those who never
Wronged their own hearts, pure and free:
Let her smile on field and river—
Spring comes not to *me*!

VIOLET VANE.

A PRESENTATION AT A LITERARY SOIREE.

THE AMERICAN AUTHORS' UNION.

"THE AMERICAN AUTHORS' UNION—The remarks of Arcanus in regard to the rapacity of publishers who are fattening on the heart's blood of authors, have met the favorable attention of several authors of this city, who desire an interview with him, for the purpose of concerting measures to carry his views into immediate execution. A note addressed to O K, appointing time and place of meeting, will receive prompt attention from SEVERAL AUTHORS."

Advertisement in the Sun.

I WILL confess myself, at the threshold of my narrative, an American author, but not a member of the "American Authors' Union," which is not an *e pluribus unum*. My obligations of secresy to the members will not allow me to make a revelation of my own or of their names, even though other motives did not compel me to observe a strict incognito. It will be enough for my readers to know that "publishers are fattening on the heart's blood" of such as I and my associates, to see the propriety of withholding names. The note addressed to O K, which stands for *all concerned*, was taken from the Sun office by one of "several authors," in a mask. As the courageous member of the union who had undertaken the perilous task of fetching the note of Arcanus, turned the corner of Fulton street, with the mystericus missive in his hand, he narrowly escaped the fangs of an emissary from Cliff street, and near Ann street, as he ran panting through the crowd, came near falling into the merciless clutches of a pale looking gentleman with greedy black eyes, who had scented him from Broadway. But his mask, his haste, the crowd in the streets, a pea-nut waggon on the side-walk, a new caricature with its crowd of admirers, an apple-stall, a stream of water from a hydrant, a heap of mud on the crossing, and a little bare-footed girl begging for a penny, all helped to favor the escape of the "one of many authors," who in his fright burst into a dining-saloon, not with any intent of dining, for he had already eaten his daily three dough-nuts, and drank his eleemosynary glass of water at a cheap bakery in Gold street, but because he knew that no publisher would dream of hunting for an author in a dining-saloon. As he threw himself upon a bench, and tore the mask from his face, his heart beat terribly, his face was paler than death, but a sudden flush overspread his wan cheeks and his lofty brow, as he exultingly exclaimed, (to himself be it observed for he had the organ of caution too largely developed to betray himself by exclaiming aloud,) "no rapacious publisher shall fatten on this heart's blood!"

Driven to the verge of despair by the exciting odor of a sirloin steak which was inhumanly placed on a table near him, with dreadful apprehensions of some rapacious publisher watching for him in the street, grasping his cloak firmly in his hand, and assuming a look of fierce contempt for all around him, he again sallied into the perilous highway. He looked cautiously into Ann street. He threaded the suspicious crowds of Nassau street, until he reached ——: here he stopped at the door of a wild and fantastic looking building, numbered —, and casting a hurried glance around him, he suddenly disappeared. I had watched him narrowly, and followed close upon his heels without being perceived by him, and darting through the door which he had entered, at the head of a high flight of stairs, another door opened, and I suddenly found myself in the presence of SEVERAL AUTHORS.

As he entered they all exclaimed "Arcanus!".

Depositing his hat and cloak solemnly upon a bench he drew the letter from his pocket, and read as follows.—But before I give the contents of the letter, it will be better to record a debate which occurred among the authors present.

Mr. Dennis Deccus, a young American author, of a very common genius, one whom every body had heard of, but nobody had read, had spoken indignantly against publishers, and had made effective use of the thrilling fact that they were fattening on the heart's blood of authors.

"I do not speak on my own account, gentlemen; nobody who knows me will accuse me of harboring in my breast the shadow of a selfish feeling, but the cause of American literature calls out to me in trumpet-tones that cannot be withstood: I am not selfish, gentlemen, I am not vain, I am not proud, I am not presumptuous, nor am I desirous of notoriety; but I am anxious to sell a large edition of my collected works for the benefit of my country. Walter Scott sold large editions of his works from mere selfishness, so has Dickens, and so have others; yet I, gentlemen, who am only desirous of elevating the better life of my country, cannot sell one paltry edition of my works, owing to the rapacity of publishers who are fattening on the heart's blood of American authors."

Here another of the union jumped up very hastily, and said he disagreed with the gentleman in every thing that he had stated. "I will bet you my life," he exclaimed, passionately, "that I will demonstrate to the entire and perfect satisfaction of the gentleman himself that he is an ass and a fool. Not but that I have the highest opinion of the gentleman's talents, abilities, acquirements and genius; but I conceive that the interests of American literature are superior to so small a matter as the courtesies of life and my own regard for that gentleman, who, as a gentleman, a scholar, a poet, a man of the world, and an author in general, and above all an American author, and above and beyond all other considerations, one of several authors, I esteem highly and reverence deeply. But to be extremely short and concise, plain and curt, I must insist, I do insist, and I shall continue to insist, for the honor of American literature, that Mr. Dennis De cus, is a fool, and, as I said before, do say now, and mean to say hereafter, an ass. In the very first sentence of the gentleman's speech, he made use of one false emphasis; two false pronunciations; three mixed metaphors; four low expressions, and five false facts, besides one gross mistake, which was neither one of these, but an error which partakes of the whole, namely a ——."

"I would make one observation, gentlemen," said Mr. Janson Mintstick, rising with a quiet grace, "I have belonged to a great many societies in my time, indeed, I may say several societies, but I must confess, and I do it with a good deal of hesitation and reluctance, that I have never before heard a more ungentlemanly and unprovoked attack than that which one of these gentlemen has made on the other."

"Do you mean me?" said Mr. Deccus with an angry scowl.

"I do not sir."

"Do you mean me?" demanded the other gentleman.

"I do not sir. Are you satisfied gentlemen?"

"Perfectly."

"Perfectly."

"I did not mean either of you, personally, but as an American author of the Author's Union. I trust that I have given no offence to any gentleman present, and I have no intention of making any insinuations against any author, but it appears to me very remarkable that in a discussion on American literature, and American authors, my name should not be mentioned, as every one must know that I have laid the corner stone of a national literature."

A pale author now stood up, a remarkable contrast to the last speaker, who was short, fat, smiling, and glossy in his whole appearance.

Every one seemed to experience a chilly feeling, as the pale author spoke, and I perceived before he sat down that he held

an icicle in his hand which a person near me said was his stylus. "His verses," whispered the same person, "are as smooth, as clear, as glittering, but as cold as ice."

The pale author looked very coldly at every body, but said not a word.

"What is the meaning of his strange conduct," I asked, surely he does not belong to the *genus irritabile?*"

"He surely does," replied my friend, "but with all the petulance of the tribe, and with the jealousy of a Turk, he lacks the passion necessary for abuse; so he makes use of the destructive powers which nature has given him, and freezes those whom he cannot strike. But he does sometimes strike, though always with the icicle which he carries in his hand."

"I would sooner be stung by a hornet," said I, "than to be stabbed with an icicle."

The icy poet having taken his seat with his face towards the north pole, another member rose with a joyous spring upon his feet, and looking round upon the audience with a countenance as warm and cheering as the sun, immediately put every body in a laughing humor, so that even the author with the frozen stylus smiled grimly without perceiving what he did.

"For myself, I make no complaint," said the cheerful author who was a poet, "but I claim the privilege which I hope will not be denied me, of complaining in behalf of a much injured and suffering race; if my heart's blood has sufficient nutriment to fatten any human being, I will gladly part with it, even though it be to a publisher, for a publisher is a human being, and—"

"That I deny," exclaimed a dozen voices together, among which the voice of Mr. Deccus was heard above all.

"I grant you the liberty to deny it," continued the poet in the same pleasant tone, "but *I* deny your denial."

"Observe sir," said another author whom I had not noticed before, "observe sir, my view of the case is peculiar. Without intending any discourtesy to any gentleman present, I will merely say, you observe I say it myself, that I differ from the whole of you. My friend Drivel, the American Hogg, and my friend Deccus, the American Boz, and my friend—whose name I forget at this moment, the American MacKenzie, you observe, are well aware that the one great, leading, pervading, absorbing idea with us at the South is, that the race to which the gentleman alluded is"—

"Perhaps the gentleman will wait until I say what race I meant," said the poet. "I will save him any further alarm by stating plainly that I meant the race of authors."

"That is another matter," replied the author in a subdued tone, "observe I am an author myself, an American author, one of many authors, and as you will observe, I make it a point to fatten myself on the heart's blood of publishers, instead of allowing them to fatten on mine. It is a principle with me to compel publishers to pay me something, though it be but a shilling, for whatever I may do for them. You will observe that—"

Here the door was opened by an alarmed author with a bundle of papers under his arm, whose entrance created a visible panic among the authors assembled.

"I do not wish to frighten you, gentlemen," he said, "but I met a publisher as I came along, and I have a suspicion that he is watching for some of you. Look out for your heart's blood. At this intelligence, every body turned pale, excepting the pale poet, who was already as pale and as cold as he could be.

The author who last entered, seemed less apprehensive for himself than for an author present, his friend, Mr. Deccus, whom he clasped in his arms and vowed to protect while there was life in his body. The "several authors" were beginning to rush out, when the friend of Mr. Deccus begged them to stay a moment longer, and hear him read a review of his friend's works which he had prepared for the Hong Kong Gazette, there being a great curiosity in China to know something about Deccus. It being the chief business of "several authors" to review each other, they all stopped without further urging, for the heart's blood is only another name for a review. The review was read, which we shall give hereafter, with the letter of Areanus, and the Union having resolved itself into a branch of the famous society for promoting mutual admiration, they stealthily withdrew to preserve their heart's blood from rapacious publishers.

ESTELLE.

Yes, leave me freely, leave me!
I do not wish thy stay—
I'll be happier and better
When thou art far away.
The chains now woven round me
Are bitter and severe,
And my heart turns coldly from thee,
Though still I call thee dear.

Our meetings bring no pleasure,
Our partings give no pain,
And I tremble with heart sickness
To hear thy step again:
I would speak the words that free me,
But something in thine eye
Makes the sad and timid accents
In fearful silence die.

Yet wherefore should I fear thee?
I have no cause for fear;
But my words and looks are altered
Whenever thou art near;
The world with careless seeming
Speaks praise or blame of thee,
And know not that they utter
Unwelcome sounds to me.

And with the vows of passion
Why linger at my side,
With thy smiles of half-forced kindness
By thy blighting gaze belied?
For thy words of praise are mocking,
And thy glance is glad and cold,
When a flush of silent anger
Reveals thy jests have told.

No binding words oppress me,
Thou hast no actual power,
But my haughty pride lies silent
When thy frowns upon me lower;
When absent, I could crush thee
With scorn beneath my feet;
But my heart grows still before thee,
And scarcely seems to beat.

I writhe beneath the magic
Of thy voice's silvery tone,
While my own grows hoarse and broken
With a dread I dare not own.
I meet thy hand's warm pressure,
That gives thy heart the lie—
For there's hatred in thy bosom
And madness in thine eye.

The wild winds of the ocean
I thought thou well mightst still,

Ere thou hadst bowed my spirit
Beneath thy changeless will;
And I struggle in the fetters
That bind mine every thought,
While I wear the gentle seeming
And the glances that are sought.

O God! wilt thou not free me
From this wild and fearful spell,
And teach my soul to sever
From one once loved so well?
I care not though the parting
Some bitter pangs may wake—
No! not if, in the effort,
My breaking heart should break!

MARY L. LAWSON.

THE MAGAZINES.

THE AMERICAN REVIEW for April announces that a body of the whig senators, including Messrs. Webster, Berrien, Mangum, Evans, Morehead, Crittenden, Archer, John M. Clayton, and several others, "have voluntarily consulted respecting its establishment, and pledged themselves to support it by monthly contributions—each engaging his attention for a month assigned." With assistance of such character Mr. Colton cannot fail in securing a very eminent position for the Review, which, we are happy to know, is in other respects securely established.

The first paper (in the number for April) we sincerely regret to see—nor can we see its necessity in any respect. Its subject is "The Last Chief Executive."

The paper on Thiers' Revolution is somewhat too long for a Magazine article of so *solid* a character, but neither its discrimination nor its vigor can be doubted. "About Birds" and "Waltoniana" are both very amusing, and "How shall life be made the most of?" is full of admirable suggestion. "The Commercial Intercourse with Eastern Asia" is one of the most valuable (if not the most valuable) of all. With the exception of "Some Words with a Mummy" which had the misfortune to be written by "one of us," there is only one really bad article in the number—but that one is ineffable, and how the good taste of Mr. Colton could have admitted it, is a mystery. It is entitled "Sir Oracle," and seems to have been composed in a fit of spleen, amounting almost to mania, by some microscopical *litterateur* whose last effusion has been maltreated by the critics. We might, in fact, ascertain the author by finding out who, of late, has written the stupidest book. The gentleman thinks that all critics are "asses," and declares that "Greek shall meet Greek," ending with something about the Kilkenny cats. But it is impossible, without an extract, to convey any idea of the pitiable drivel of this essay. Here is a specimen. The author (who calls himself *Nosmetipsi*) is ridiculing the critical pretensions of some body whom he met at Washington. A conversation occupying three or four pages of "The American Review!" is detailed at length as follows—the writer pledging his word that he is "strictly faithful" in the account:

N. "Well, don't you think Crittenden, Rives, Preston, and Buchanan are strong men?" C. "I guess they *are!* Ain't it fun to hear them great speakers!" N. "Oh, capital! There's Colonel Benton, too, a gentleman, and a great egotist." C. "Yes, sir; he's great any how." N. "He's the great author of the 'Gobl Humbug.'" C. "So he is—a great author, very great, indeed." N. "But there's another Colonel, who has run for Lieutenant-General in the Loco army, but who is willing to serve as kettle-drum Major, or even to march in the 'rank and file.' *He* is a great man; and, like a true soldier, has shown a deep attachment to the *colors*." C. "Yes, he likes the colors, I tell ye, and he'll die by 'em." N. "But don't you think Wright, and Van Buren, and Tyler, and Polk are great men?" C. "Ye-s, sir, all of 'em; very great men." N. "The first, is the great Magician; the second, the Little Magician; the fourth, the Great Unknown." C. "Just what I've often said, sir." N. "It seems to me, that we have more great men than we need. Isn't it a pity some three or four of them—for instance, Calhoun, Benton, and Van Buren—had not been born in other countries, to diffuse the blessings of 'progressive democracy?'" C. "I think it is now, a very great pity, very great, indeed. We could supply the world with Presidents, not to mention Vice-Presidents and Governors." N. "Yes, indeed. What a pity, too, that here and there one of our great men indulges too freely in unnatural excitements, instead of remaining strictly 'aquæ potatoe!' You understand me?" "Oh, yes," said he, with great gravity, but eyeing us very closely. "Oh, certingly. Though I can't say I like to see men such *very 'queer potatoes.'* The greatest men, though, are always a *leetle* queer. But, queer or not, the men we've named ain't *small* potatoes, are they?" N. "No, sir, I consider them all to be large ones." C. "That they are, the thumpin'est kind of big ones, or else *I* don't know nothing about it." After a pause of about a minute, with a violent, but invisible and noiseless inward cachination, we said, "From your very remarkable taste and knowledge, I should hope you are a Loco—that is—a Democrat." C. "I ain't nothin' else, I guess." "That shows your judgment. All great men are Locos, 'except six.'" C. "So I think. I s'pose you're a Loco, of course?" N. "I'm almost afraid to say, for fear you'd tell on me, if we should be beaten." C. "Indeed, I wouldn't, friend. I'm dark as a wolf's mouth." N. "Well, now, don't mention it. I'm a WHIG, sir—a Whig now and always, here and everywhere." C. "The d—l, you are! Now, who'd have thought it? Well, 'many men c. many minds.' I'm not a very strong Democrat, myself. Henry Clay's a great man, very great, very great, indeed." N. "Yes, sir, too great for us to criticise, or for his country to appreciate. Good day, sir." C. "Why now, you ain't a-going a'ready? Take another cigar." N. "I thank you, sir. I have had sufficient enjoyment in 'smoking' the *bêped*." And thus we parted,—he apparently pondering over the occult meaning of our last remark: and we thoroughly diverted at the *ex cathedrâ* decisions of the fellow, who found his bliss not in his real ignorance, but in the dubious conceit that he was wise.

Now this is seriously intended as *satire* on criticism in general. The whole article will put the reader in mind of the scratching, biting, kicking and squalling of a very fat little booby while getting flogged. For our own part, had we been editor of even the "Paul Pry," we should have rejected "Sir Oracle" as too undignified, and immensely too stupid for its columns. Such things seriously injure in degrading a Magazine.

THE SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER, for April, has its usual array of good papers, and among them we notice in especial—"A brief Vindication of the Government and People of the United States from the Accusations brought against them by the Author of '*Letters and Notes on the Manners, Customs and Conditions of the North American Indians. Written during eight years' travel among the wildest tribes of Indians in North America. By George Catlin.*'" Mr. Catlin's book was published in 1841. The Vindication, etc. is, we think, from the pen of one of the ablest men in Virginia, and we have only to regret its terminating sentence.

The review of Miss Barrett will be well received by the unpoetical alone. The critic merely shows that her poetry is no poetry *to him*. She is unquestionably, in spite of her numerous faults, the most glorious woman of her age—the queen of all female poets.

"The Carolinas During the Revolution," is the title of another very valuable article, the paternity of which we are quite at a loss to designate. There is also an original letter from *Baron Von Washington*, containing some interesting particulars respecting the Washington family.

The poetry of the Messenger is not at all times equal to its prose—but in the present number we observe some very effective stanzas (The Child's Grave) by Mrs. Jane Taylor Worthington—also a sweet poem by Miss Mary G. Wells. The Critical Notices are brief, and to the point—although in many particulars we disagree radically with the opinions of the critic. We should be inclined, for example, to think far more highly than he, of the "Vestiges of Creation." If not written by Dr. Nichol, this work is at least worthy that great man.

THE DEMOCRATIC REVIEW has a characteristic article by Hawthorne,—a semi-critical essay in which he has prolonged the lives, to the present day, of all the dead authors of the cen-

tury, giving their imagined peculiarities in their dotage, and sent all the living writers to the tomb, giving the imaginary obituaries which their decease would have elicited. There are several other good papers in the magazine, the best of which are an admirable disquisition on plagiarism, an essay on Hawthorne, and an article on Marshal Ney. The embellishment is a well executed portrait of General Cass.

Hunt's Merchant's Magazine contains the full amount of valuable statistical matter which we have been accustomed to find in its pages, but it contains one article, the spirit of which should, in some form, always be found in a work intended, like this, for the eye of the merchant. It is a review of Dymond's essays, but is called "Morals for Merchants," which would be a startling term to those who did not know that the laws of the State, by interposing their authority between individuals in the adjustment of private claims, have created a mercantile immorality, and given rise to what are called debts of honor, which are generally the most dishonorable of all obligations, but which, being placed beyond the cognizance of statute law, are taken in charge by the law of honor. It is a subject of great astonishment that men will not learn from this anomalous class of debts, that if all debts were made debts of honor, there would be fewer debts unpaid than there are now. The present number of the Merchants' Magazine, contains an announcement, as a rare occurrence, that two merchants who had been legally released from their business obligations, had recently paid their debts with interest. What more need be said for the morals of a profession, when one of its members is publicly applauded for a simple act of honesty which the lowest gambler feels himself bound to perform. It is but a year or two since men who could not pay their debts, were shut up in prison, and now that we have left that barbarous practice behind us, so strange and unnatural does it seem, that we can hardly believe that the stuccoed temple in the Park has contained within its walls thousands of human beings, who were shut up in killing confinement, for no other cause than an inability to pay their debts.

THE ANTIGONE AT PALMO'S.

Our readers are aware that the "Antigone" of Sophocles has been lately brought out at Berlin, at Paris, and at London. In the two former cities the success might be called *decided*, in the usual theatrical acceptation of the term—that is to say, the house was sufficiently full every night, and the nights of representation were sufficiently numerous to remunerate the management. At London there was less enthusiasm (whether true or false) and the announcement that the tragedy was there "performed with extraordinary success" must be swallowed *cum grano salis*:—the phrase, indeed, is by far too strong for either the Berlin or Parisian attempt.

A thing of this kind is always a mere "*attempt*," and must necessarily so be—on account of its anomaly. We shall not pretend to enter into a discussion of the merits of "Antigone" as "Antigone" was written by Sophocles and performed at Athens—we shall not do this for the simple reason that *that* "Antigone" is a matter about which we moderns happen to know nothing—the proof being, that no two of the scholiasts agree in any one point respecting it. Of the "Antigone" *as we have it*, there is really very little to say—although of that little the Germans, as usual—Augustus William Schlegel in particular—have contrived to make a very great deal of elocution. The tragedy, in all the elements of tragedy (as we, the moderns, comprehend it) is vastly inferior to any one of the dramas of Æschylus—and, perhaps, any play of Euripides would have been more acceptable to a modern audience. But, apart from all this, there is about the "Antigone," as well as about all the ancient plays, an insufferable *baldness*, or platitude, the inevitable result of inexperience in Art—but a baldness, nevertheless, which pedantry would force us to believe the result of a studied and supremely artistic simplicity alone. Simplicity is, indeed, a very lofty and very effective feature in all true Art—but *not* the simplicity which we see in the Greek drama. The simplicity of the Greek sculpture is every thing that can be desired, because here the art in itself is simplicity in itself, and in its elements. The Greek sculptor chiselled his forms from what he saw before him every day, in a beauty far nearer to perfection than any work of any Cleomenes in the world. But in the drama, the *direct*—the straight forward, un-German Greek had no Nature so directly presented, from which to copy his conceptions. He did what he could—but that was exceedingly little worth. The profound sense of one or two tragic, or rather melo-dramatic elements (such as the idea of inexorable Destiny)—this sense, gleaming at intervals from out the darkness of the ancient stage, serves, in the imperfection of its development, to show not the dramatic ability, but the dramatic inability of the ancients. In a word, the simple arts spring into perfection, at their origin. The complex as inevitably demand the long and painfully progressive experience of ages.

To the Greeks, beyond doubt, their drama *seemed* perfection—and this fact is absurdly urged as proof of their drama's perfection in itself. It need only be said, in reply, that their art and their sense of art must have been necessarily on a level.

The idea of reproducing a Greek play before a modern audience, is the idea of a pedant and nothing beyond—that is to say, if the producer dreams of creating in the modern audience any *real* interest in the play. Of adventitious interest there will be of course, some little. Many persons will be curious to understand the mode in which the Greeks wrote dramas and performed them—but, alas! no person should go to Palmo's for such understanding. Others again will like it to be imagined that they have a scholastic taste, and could discourse learnedly on certain classical themes, if there were occasion. Others enjoy a good joke—and to all such we recommend the "Antigone" at Dinneford's theatre, which we take it for granted is fifty or sixty feet in diameter—none of the Greek theatres being more than six or seven hundred.

We overheard Mr. Mitchell on the first night of the representation, plotting direful schemes in the way of burlesque—but we would suggest to him that such trouble is altogether superfluous. We are serious in saying that if, before the performance had taken place at Palmo's, he had brought out the *very* "Antigone" brought out at Palmo's, with the understanding that it was meant for a burlesque on the play as produced at London or Berlin, it would have been received (as all his capital parodies *are* received) with shouts of rapturous laughter. The only modification he need have made, would have been the substitution of Holland for Vandenhoff, and De Bar for Miss Clarendon. The latter, with Mr. V., (who is beyond doubt, a capital elocutionist) did all that could be done for the play—but what, in the name of common sense, *was* there to be done?

We are really ashamed of having wasted so much space in commenting on this piece of folly. Had the "Antigone" been produced with all classical appliances—a monstrous folly still it would have been—but of the numerous schoolboys who were present on the opening night, there was *not*

one who could have failed to laugh in his sleeve, at the medley of anachronisms—solecisms—*sotticisms*—which rendered the whole affair an unintentional burlesque. On the first night, there was a very respectable attendance—on the second (very naturally) there were not a hundred paying spectators in the house.

The most singular feature in the performance is, undoubtedly, the accompanying music. Mendelssohn must have been inspired when he conceived the plan: it was a bold and lofty flight, and one not to be carried out by an ordinary mind. He had many difficulties to contend with; his own natural style must be abandoned, and the cramped and unmelodious system of the Greek uniscinous singing adopted. To preserve that distinctive character, and still render the music acceptable to modern ears, must have taxed the utmost ingenuity of the composer. But he has succeeded to a marvel—the music is Greek thought adapted into German. The choruses are sung by male voices only; they are in a great measure sung in unison, but where they are harmonised, the harmonies seem to be the natural result of the inflections of the voice. The subject of every chorus is simple, unadorned and majestic; partaking of the varied character of the words; serious and reflective, grave and prophetic, spirited and triumphant, religious sentiment mingled with the overpowering awe which ever accompanies benighted superstition.

We purpose speaking of this music in a separate paper, and shall therefore only make at present a few remarks upon its performance.

The only excuse that can be offered for the miserable way in which the chorusses were executed, is the want of sufficient time to study them. But this excuse is, after all, no excuse to the public; they did not urge the manager to produce the tragedy in an imperfect state; on the contrary, they expected to witness a representation as near perfection as the means employed would admit; but instead of this, a large number of men are paraded upon the stage, scarcely one third of them singing correctly, while the other two thirds either do not sing at all, or vamp the words and music. The semi-chorus *Oh Eros!* one of the most beautiful compositions in the tragedy, was entirely ruined by the wretched manner in which it was executed. Indeed, the whole of the musical arrangements reflect but little credit upon Mr. Loder's reputation as an energetic and skillful conductor. He certainly did all that a man could do, under the circumstances; but these circumstances had no right to exist. He should either have demanded sufficient time, or have refused to lend the guarantee of his well known fame to a performance which must disappoint the public expectation.

ITALIAN OPERA.

A word or two about Sig. de Begnis' plan for an Italian Opera next fall. First and foremost, we see by the daily papers he intends to engage a reinforcement of several first rate singers from Italy, to unite with the Fico and others already in this city—this is good, and we wish him success, of which there is little doubt, as the commissariat department is to be entirely reformed, without which, Italian Opera in this country must necessarily be short-lived. The sinews of war will be properly applied, and this, more than any thing else, will produce harmony, which is, after all, the heart and soul of music, and without which a healthy *circulation* of good feeling among the corps Operatique cannot exist.

We hear that Madame Fico and Sanquirico, are warm coadjutors in the Signor's reformed system: but that Valtellina talks of leaving this country—well, then, if the Signor carries out his design of producing the Don Giovanni and Marriage de Figaro, of Mozart, we must needs have another Baritone or Basso: indeed, if Valtellina were to remain among us, we doubt whether he would perform in any but Donizetti's Operas, and would not give to any modern composer, good, bad or indifferent, the preference to Mozart. For our own parts we would forego the Basso Serio, rather than the Don Giovanni and Marriage de Figaro, which last, requires a stronger cast than any Opera hitherto produced here. The plan altogether is entitled to the patronage of the cognoscenti, who may be sure that if any one can produce the above chefs d'œuvres, it is De Begnis, for he has done the same in London, Edinburgh, Liverpool, Dublin, and many other cities. "I Capuleti e Montechi," one of Bellini's best Operas (and well suited for Madame Fico,) and "Don Pasquale," are among the Operas in contemplation.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

First Lessons for the Piano-forte—being a selection of beautiful and easy airs by Rossini, Auber, Herold, Labarre and Bellini. Arranged and fingered by J. B. Duvernay. *In Four Books. The first Book* contains two beautiful and spirited Melodies in C, by Auber, from Gustavus, we believe. They are carefully and copiously fingered, which renders them acceptable to young players. *Book two*, contains also two Airs: one by Auber, the other from the *Pré Aux Clerc*, by the lamented Herold, which cannot fail to prove highly attractive.—They are carefully fingered. *Book three.* The two Airs in this book are by Rossini and Auber; the one we think from Guilliame Tell, and the other the Cachucha. The latter is so easily arranged, that the merest child could play it with pleasure to itself. It is also copiously fingered. *Book four*, contains themes by Labarre and Bellini; the one is a very chaste and flowing Air, and the other is the famous Suoni *la Tromba* from I. Puritani. This book will certainly be a favorite with our young friends.

We can recommend these books to our readers, as admirably calculated to please and improve the beginner in music. One of the most distinctive points in a good teacher is the art he displays in amusing the student, while dragging him through the elementary portion of the study. These little pieces will prove of considerable value both to the teacher and the pupil, and will meet with a steady and extensive sale.

African Quadrilles, selected from the most admired Negro Melodies, and arranged for the Piano-forte by J. C Scherpf, Professor of the piano and guitar. Mr. Scherpf has rendered the popular airs *Lucy Neal, Lucy Long, De Ole Gray Goose, Cynthia Sue, and Ole Aunt Sally*, into very dancible tunes. As quadrilles they are really very pleasing, and the arrangement is quite easy of execution. There are certain crudities which we forbear to notice upon the present occasion.

Bohemian Waltzes—arranged for the Piano-forte, from favorite airs of Balfe's celebrated Opera of the Bohemian Girl, and dedicated to Mrs. S. A. P. Bull, by J. C. Scherpf.

We must protest against the absurdity of turning operatic themes into waltzes: it is an outrage upon the composer, who sees his ideas destroyed by change of time, accent and sentiment. However, as the public *will* that composers shall be hashed up to satisfy its morbid appetite, we have to submit, and in the present instance, we must compliment Mr. Scherpf, who acts as *chef de cuisine*, for the clever way in which he has disguised the form and preserved the flavor.

We met and we parted for ever,—a ballad, arranged and dedicated to his friend Mr. A. B. Rich, by E. Howe, Jr. This ballad is simple and unpretending in its character: it may be called pretty, but it is so trifling as to offer no point for criticism, the more so as it is said to be arranged and not composed. The words are extremely sweet and pathetic. We do not know who is the author, but we met with them many years since in an English Magazine.

The whole of the above pieces of music are published by F. Riley, and for sale at his Music Store 297 Broadway.

We have received a large parcel of Music from Mr. G. P. Reed of Boston; also, a parcel from Firth, Hall & Pond, Broadway, and some new publications from J. F. Atwill, Broadway.

STODART & DUNHAM'S PIANO FORTE MANUFACTORY

In noticing this establishment, we are only carrying out a design which we have contemplated several years. We have commenced our series of notices at the factory of Stodart & Dunham, for the simple reason that it is not only one of the largest, but also one of the best conducted establishments in the city, and that every opportunity was afforded us of observation in every department, to enable us to become perfectly familiar with the subject of which we were about to treat. Every Piano Forte Manufactory must, of course, possess in a larger or smaller degree, all the departments which we have already mentioned, besides those which we have yet to mention, but, as we had to begin somewhere, we selected, without any party intention, or feeling of undue preference, that one which afforded us the largest facilities of

observation. Our other friends will please, therefore, to patiently "hide their time," in full assurance that even-handed justice will be done to them.

But to proceed with our description. The next room we enter after passing from the Veneer room is the

Sounding Board Room, or as it is technically called the Belly-man's Room. Here the interior of the instrument is inserted. The sounding board is fitted, the scale is fixed, the pins inserted, ready for stringing, and when strung, the action is put in and the instrument is ready to pass into the hands of the finisher. We do not exaggerate when we state, that to render even comparative justice to our subject, a whole number of our journal would scarcely afford a sufficient space. There are so many points of interest, minute in themselves, and still so beautiful in their mechanical fitness, that it is with great difficulty that we refrain from describing them.

The key-board is also made in this room, and its manufacture is exceedingly interesting, being made of many pieces of wood firmly glued together, forming one solid block. It will doubtless have been observed by all those who have examined the action of the piano, that the keys are not all straight; some having a slight, while others have a considerable inclination from the straight line. The mathematical exactness with which these curvatures are obtained, is secured by a correct diagram, from which the solid key-board is marked out. The ivories, after having been duly cut to the exact size, are then glued firmly on, and when perfectly dry and secure, each key is separately sawed off from the solid board. Then comes the process of boring and poising the weight, to ensure the just balance and necessary lever. This is a very important portion of the manufacture, as may well be imagined, for the slightest error in the calculation would be fatal to the action of the individual key in relation to the whole.

The number of instruments completed and in the course of completion, is truly surprising; we will not hazard a guess, but every room exhibits a large number in every stage, and the aggregate amount must be of immense value.

The Action Room, which opens into the one of which we have been treating, exhibits, probably, the most interesting process of the whole establishment. Here the hammers, hammer-butts, flanges, levers, and dampers are made. These we shall not attempt to describe, for they are composed of so many small pieces, distinguished by such hard technical names, and dependent each upon the other for complete and simultaneous action, that we being somewhat mystified ourselves, can scarcely hope to be able to place a lucid explanation before our readers. The construction of the hammers is very beautiful as a piece of mechanism, and is highly interesting when explained as clearly as it was to us, by our friend Adam Stodart, whose intimate knowledge of the minutest portion of the instrument must be the result of many, many years' practical experience. The improvements in the mechanical action of this portion of the instrument within our memory, is very marked. We shall not attempt to describe the ancient plan, as the explanation must be purely technical, but we can say truly, that it was clumsy, ill-contrived and inadequate to the purpose; while the modern improvements are perfectly adapted, and have worked an entire change in the interior arrangements, not only as regards the action, but also in the touch and tone.

We have now gone through the whole of the prominent department in the manufacture of Piano-fortes, with the exception of the finishing, flyfinishing, and regulating rooms. There are many minor departments, which are equally interesting. These we shall notice in a future number.

Our description of the manufacture of Piano-fortes, must be taken generally, for, although there are few establishments in the country as extensive as this, the principles are, of course, universal in the business. Each maker has his peculiar method, resulting from experience, of arriving at the desired end, but the end *of all* is the same, whatever means may be taken to insure it.

When we have placed our Piano complete before the public, we shall proceed to discuss the excellences which Messrs. Stodart and Dunham have succeeded in imparting to the instruments which bear their name; and shall also notice other dealers, whose instruments we can conscientiously recommend to our readers.

THE FINE ARTS.

The exhibition of the National Academy will be opened about the 20th inst.; it is said that there will be an unusually large collection of good pictures; we hope that report speaks true.

We hear that Inman is expected home in the Great Western, although his friends say that he could find employment in England if he were to remain there.

Cole has two very beautiful landscapes at the rooms of the Art-Union in Broadway, which are considered equal to any that he has produced. They are called the Old World and the New. The New World is the best of the two, as it could not fail to be; it represents a river scene in Autumn; the sun has just gone down behind a range of purple hills in the distance, and the sky glows with peculiar brilliancy. The clouds which lie above the horizon like bars of gold, are, perhaps, a little heavy, but there is atmosphere enough for them to float in, notwithstanding, which is more than can be said of all his pictures. Indeed, the atmospheric efforts in the landscape are superior to any of his paintings that we have seen. The other picture, "the old world," has a ruined tower, and a vast reach of silent, treeless hills, over which the eye wanders until the sight is lost in the distance. The perspective of this picture is especially good; and it is pervaded with a good sentiment of decay, which harmonises well with the name. It is probably a view in the Island of Sicily, which appears to have taken a deep hold upon the mind of the painter, whose reminiscences of that classical soil have been very numerous the past three years.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The Mess. Appletons have ready "The Farmer's and Emigrant's Hand-Book" by Josiah T. Marshall—1 vol. 12mo. illustrated—(We shall notice it in our next); they are also preparing Dr. Arnold's Lectures on Modern History, with an Introduction and Notes by Henry Reed, of the Pennsylvania University—also a new edition of Cary's Dante, forming one of their Cabinet edition of Standard Poets—also a new Standard Edition of the Book of Common Prayer of the P. E. Church (finely illustrated)—also Wordsworth's Poetical works (illustrated) uniform with their previous edition of Hemans—also Leibig's Familiar Letters on Chemistry (second series)—also the English Dictionary of Alexander Reid.—Michelet's History of the Roman Republic, translated by Victor G. Benn, A. B.—a volume of Poems by Wm. W. Lord, of Princeton N. J.—Saul, a dramatic Mystery by Arthur Cleaveland Coe (announced some time since, by mistake, as in press by some other house)—and The History of Germany by F. Kolrausch, Chief of the Board of Education of the Kingdom of Hanover and late Professor of History in the Polytechnic School, translated by James D. Haas—a very important work to appear in 5 monthly parts, forming a portion of Appleton's Historical Library.

Mess. Carey & Hart, of Philadelphia, will publish next week a new and very cheap edition of the Waverly Novels—the whole in five volumes for two dollars and a half—in the course of the month, a new edition of "The Modern Essayists"—Macaulay—Allison—Wilson and Sidney Smith—each complete in a single volume. Carlyle, in a fifth volume, will appear *next* month. The same enterprising publishers have also in press "The Literary Men of the Time of George the Third" by Lord Brougham, and Thierry's Historical Studies and Meravingian Era.

"The Library of Choice Reading," issued by Mess. Wiley and Putnam, is received everywhere with approbation. The selections are eminently judicious. The first number of the *American series*, will be put to press in a few days.

"The London Lancet."—Burgess Stringer & Co. have just issued their re-print of the April number. It is full of valuable matter. No medical periodical equals The Lancet.

THE LATE LAMAN BLANCHARD.—This popular English essayist is so well known on our side the Atlantic, by his satirical sketches, which have formed one of the chief features of our light republishing magazines for the past ten years, that a sketch of him must be an acceptable bit of biography for magazine readers. We give the following condensed account of his life and labors from the last number of the New Monthly Magazine:—

"Samuel Laman Blanchard was born at Great Yarmouth, in Norfolk, on the 15th of May, 1803, the only boy of seven children. His father was in respectable circumstances, and removed to London when his son was about five years old; here he received his education at St. Olave's school, Southwark, and became distinguished when a youth for an exquisite appreciation of the English poets.

"Mr. Blanchard married in 1824, Miss Anne Gates, a young lady of considerable personal attractions and good family. His first literary undertaking was a small volume of poems, published in the year 1828, called 'Lyric Offerings,' a collection that exhibited unquestionable evidence of high poetical talent. Indeed, as a poet, Laman Blanchard deserves to be placed in a front rank; for some of the lyrical pieces he has since produced possess the highest merit. This work made him favorably known. He began to write for one or two periodicals, and

as at this time he had been appointed Secretary to the Zoological Society, he had sufficient employment for his leisure in cultivating his literary talents. The secretaryship was given up in 1831, and almost immediately afterwards he was engaged in editing both the *Monthly Magazine* and *La Belle Assemblée*. This employment brought him in connexion with literary men of different parties, among whom his sociality exercised an irresistible influence. He rose rapidly in the estimation of his more influential friends, and was selected to assist in establishing a new evening paper called *The True Sun*, in which he wrote for nearly two years with remarkable liveliness and spirit, and from which he withdrew a little before it ceased to exist. He was soon engaged upon other papers. *The Constitutional* and *The Shipping Gazette*, he tried in vain to establish, but there was no hope in a struggle with such competitors as already possessed the field. He was also editor of *The Courier*—this was when the Whigs were in office, and he fought their battles with great energy and talent.

"We next find him editor of the *Court Journal*. Here he was rather out of his element. Fashionable Literature was of much too light a texture for him to manufacture successfully: nevertheless, he endeavoured to to meet the wants of such a journal, and for a long time continued to write graceful trifles in a style that charmed his elegant readers, and made them believe that a second Addison had been created for their entertainment. After a year or two, he left the *Court Journal* for more congenial employment.—He became a constant contributor to the *New Monthly Magazine*, edited George Cruikshank's *Omnibus*, was engaged on the *Examiner*, and furnished occasional papers for several other publications both political and literary. He was always occupied, and in such a variety of ways as must have been destructive to the hopes his friends entertained of a true developement of his genius.—Now engaged upon a leader for a newspaper—now upon a paper for a magazine—a poem for an annual, or a review for one of the principal journals. The only volume which was completely his own was his first; but there were two works to which he contributed materials; these were 'The Literary Remains of L. E. L.' in two volumes, to which he contributed the 'Life;' and Dr. Maginn's posthumous work, 'John Manesty, the Liverpool Merchant,' in three volumes, of which he wrote occasional chapters."

The United States Hotel.—This very fine establishment has been leased by Mr. Johnson, who is already well known to the travelling public. The lessee has reduced the prices, a very important feature in a first class hotel.

A Prolific Authoress.—The late Mrs. Hofland, author of "The Son of a Genius," wrote seventy different works, besides contributions to magazines and periodicals, the gross sale of which, estimated from the returns of the publishers, has been about 300,000 copies, not including the translations into German and French, nor those sold in America where her works have been as popular as at home. Mrs. Hofland visited Paris in the summer of 1843, and soon after published her last work, "Emily's Record of a Trip to Paris." She died at Richmond on the 9th of November last, of inflammation in the brain, brought on by a fall about a fortnight before.

A remarkable partiality for mud.—"The Hon. James Harper" in declining an invitation of the Native Americans of Philadelphia to pay them a visit recently, informed them that he had not spent two days out of the city since his election to the Mayoralty.

The Columbus (Mississippi) Democrat publishes some very beautiful lines written by Mrs. Sarah B. Danbridge, a grand-daughter of Patrick Henry. Their subject is "Buonaparte's Retreat across the Rhine." The Democrat also announces that "she has left many fugitive pieces among her acquaintances, the most of which have been carefully collected by one of her relations, who is now preparing them (with a biographical notice) for publication."

Notices to Correspondents.—*Many thanks to R. S. N., of Cin.—also to H. H. W.—we shall attend to his request, for our own sake, as well as for the sake of auld lang syne. The communication of X we are obliged to decline, not for its lack of merit, for we enjoyed the reading of it exceedingly, but because it has already appeared in another paper.*

An eastern paper thinks we have broken our neutrality, because we incidentally mentioned a fact to illustrate a principle; but we have made no declaration of neutrality. On the contrary, we hold ourselves free to discuss any measure of public interest without regard to political predilections.

R. C. has strangely misinterpreted our whole course, as well as made two or three very gross misstatements, which, we must believe, were unintentional—although we cannot conceive how a person, even of his lively imagination, should have built up such a solid looking superstructure of falsehoods upon such an exceedingly slender foundation. He spells us backwards and cross-wise, every way but straight forward, and imputes to us motives and designs which we never dreamed of or uttered. R. C. like many other innocent people who have but one idea, is quite harmless as an enemy, but very dangerous as a friend; a blind man will never shoot anybody at a distance, though when you come near him he may knock you down with his fist. The next time that he intends to do us a service, we should be glad to have timely notice of his designs, that we may guard against his favors. We shall reply in another place, to the paper in which he has made his misrepresentation.

JOHN DOUGLAS, PRINTER, 62 ANN STREET.