THE BROADWAY JOURNAL.

VOL. I. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1845. NO. 25.

Three Dollars per Annum.
Single Copies 6¼ Cents.

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Published at 135 Nassau-St.
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THE ADVENTURES OF A GENTLEMAN IN SEARCH OF A DINNER.

RELATED BY HIMSELF.

In the year eighteen hundred and something, I forget the figures, but it was the year of the cholera in New York, I became acquainted in Paris with a gentleman of my own years named Julius Bartol. Our first meeting was at a ball at the American Ambassador's, and our last at the Rocher, where we had such a dinner as the Rocher alone could produce. Bartol was a New Yorker by birth, and he gloried in being called a Knickerbocker, but his tastes, his predilections, his habits and his education were thoroughly French. He had been sent to Paris at an early age to be placed in a commercial Academy, for his father was a merchant and meant that his son should be one; but before his education was completed, old Bartol died and left him a very large estate. He abandoned the idea of business, and after spending a few years in Paris returned to New York, and married a lady with an estate equal to his own. His position in society, from his great wealth, being infinitely above my own, I had purposely avoided him after his return home, but one day as I was crossing the Park, after having suffered martyrdom in a cross-examination by two impertinent lawyers in the City Hall, I met him and he expressed so much unaffected good will towards me, that I accepted an invitation to dine with him the next day.

"You remember our dinner at the Rocher?" said Bartol.

"Remember it," I replied, "as the Hoosier said, I remember nothing else."

"Very good," said Bartol, "I am glad to hear it, I will give you a better one to-morrow; our cook is a second Vatel; but that is nothing; my wife will dine with us, and you shall know what it is to sit down with an angel. But come early and romp with my little girls before dinner; there will be but two or three friends besides."

I am no glutton, I am not even a *bon vivant*, but I have a passion for good dinners, and although I have a tolerably enthusiastic feeling for works of what are called fine art, I am not ashamed to own that no tableau ever charmed me like a well appointed table. The extent of the benefit to be derived from a picture is a momentary sensation of pleasure, but the benefits of a good table are health, life, cheerfulness, content, pleasant dreams and a lively fancy. There can be no doubt that infinite harm has been done in our day by the wickedness of business and learned men, in affecting an indifference to the table. All stoicism is false and injurious, but the stoicism of the dinner table is the most false and injurious of all. We make the most lavish and ostentatious provisions for the nurture of the mind, but leave the body to the mercies of the most ignorant and degraded parties of our household; and, as if we were afraid of enjoying good health, we heap every term of contempt upon the servant in whose integrity and skill the health of body and mind depend, namely, the cook. Perhaps much of the indifference shown towards the table, is owing to the frequency of our meals, which allowing us no time to gain an appetite, renders eating rather a nauseous duty, than a keen delight. It is surprising that among our classicists, no one has ever thought of imitating the Romans in regard to their meals. They, as is well known, ate but once a day, and then they came to their dinners with good appetites and a lively sense of the importance of the duty of eating. Dispepsia was unknown among them, and any schoolboy will talk to you of Roman firmness, of Roman courage, of Roman patriotism and a thousand other virtues, which I fear will never be honored by an American prefix. And then what arms and legs, and necks and shoulders, do sculptors and painters give to Roman soldiers and even Roman poets. To sum up the whole matter in two words, the Romans dined but once a day and conquered the world. Gen. Jackson has sometimes been called an old Roman, and one of his admirers has lately sent him the sarcophagus of Alexander Severus for his coffin; but there is as much difference between the shrunk shanks of the modern and the thews and sinews of the old Roman, as there is between the wooden coffins of the modern and the marbles once of the ancients. We must go back to the one meal system before stone coffins will seem applicable for our slender carcasses. It is the pernicious system of eating four times a day that has led to the invention of all the *salmis* and *potages*, which cause gout, dyspepsia and dropsy, by tempting us to eat when we have no inclination for the table; but eating once a day would not only lead us to attach more importance to the ethics of the table, but would save us from the frightful amount of charlatanry and empiricism, that are practiced in our kitchens, as well as in our universities and legislatures.

Do I practice what I preach? Of course I do, and I am never troubled with a disinclination for my dinner. On the contrary, I am sure of one great pleasure every day of my life, let what will happen, for I can hardly conceive of any trouble of sufficient magnitude to make a man in good health, who eats but once a day, forget his dinner. There was one thing to dampen in a degree the pleasure which I anticipated in dining with my friend Bartol. His dinner hour was three o'clock, while my own is invariably five. Therefore my appetite would lack two hours sharpness; but I obviated this difficulty by eating a lighter dinner the day before. I omitted exactly one fresh roll and a meringue, which balanced very nearly the two hours, for when one o'clock came I felt about the same degree of hunger that I usually do at three.

Let me satisfy my friend, the reader, in the outset of my adventures, that I had no mercenary motive in accepting the invitation of Bartol, for I was compelled to buy a white vest, a pair of kid gloves, a linen pocket handkerchief, and a pair of black French cassimere pantaloons, the cost of which would have paid for a good many dinners. The truth is, that I very seldom go to a dinner-party, because I have found by experience that a good dinner is very uncertain, and, therefore, I had not on hand the necessary apparel to appear in on such an occasion. But I had no fear of Bartol; I knew that his dinner would justify me in the expense of an entire suit, although it so happened that my funds were extremely low, and I had neglected to cultivate a credit at any of the tailoring establishments. After I had paid for my new clothes I had just a half

eagle and two shilling pieces in my pocket, and I had no expectation of getting more until next dividend day, a month off, unless the publisher of a certain Review should keep his promise and pay me for my essay on "Dinners in the time of the Revolution," an event which I had no right to hope for, having nothing better than an editor's word to depend upon.

As Bartol lived in the most fashionable extremity of the city I was forced to take a cab, for the streets were dusty as usual, when they are not muddy, and the cab hire was but a trifle compared with the injury which my clothes would receive from the dust. The cabman was a saucy fellow and demanded three shillings, but I had induced him to take me for two, for I was loth to break in upon my half eagle. The fellow drove off pretty briskly until he had got entirely clear of the cab stand, and then he slacked up and let his horse walk.

"Come, Sir," I said, "this will never do; drive faster."

"Are you in a hurry?" said the cabman.

"Certainly, I am," I replied.

"Well, I am not," said the cabman; "I agreed to take you for two shillings, but I shall take my own time for it; unless you give me another shilling."

"I will not give you another penny, you blackguard," I replied.

"Very well," said he, "here goes then, slow and easy. I like it and so does my hoss, Bossy. Take your time, Mister."

I felt for my watch, and missing it, remembered that I had left it at the watch-maker's to be cleaned. There was time enough, however, even at the slow pace at which I was going, to reach Bartol's by three, provided that we made no stops, and I should only miss romping with the children, which I rather preferred doing. Drag; drag; drag; I grew impatient every moment; I caught a glance at a clock in a soda shop, and it lacked ten minutes of three. "Do have the goodness, my friend," I said in a subdued voice, "to drive a little faster. I must get to Marmion-place by three."

"What did you observe?" said the driver.

"I observed that you must drive faster, or I shall be too late for dinner."

"Whoa! Whoa," said the cabman, checking his horse and coming to a dead halt. "What did you observe, Sir; there is such a noise that I couldn't hear."

"You'll repent of this, you scamp," said I, "go a-head."

"What makes you think so, Sir," he said, looking me in the face; "perhaps you'll repent of not paying me my full fare."

I saw there was no use in parleying with the scoundrel, so I swallowed the hard words that were rising in my throat and made him no reply. He whistled, "Take your time, Miss Lucy," and put his horse in motion again, but he came to a halt at the corner of fourth street, to let a couple of omnibusses go past that had started on a race from Union Square. I knew it must be three, and I fancied that the soup was put upon the table. I was fast losing all command of myself, but I was determined not to be bullied out of a shilling; the French roll and the *meringue* were too much for two hours, and my appetite was sharper than usual at five. When a man eats but once in twenty-four hours, it is very essential that his dinner should not be delayed. "I tell you how it is, Sir," I said to the cabman in a sharper tone, "if you do not drive me to Marmion-place in less than five minutes, I will make an example of you, you villain."

"Who do you call a villain, Mister?" said the enraged cabman jumping from his box. "I am no villain. I am an honest man. I work for my living; my name is Bunkum. I don't take that from nobody."

On any other occasion I would not have cared a copper for the fellow. I could have flogged him with ease. But now I could do nothing but run, the passers-by began to gather on the side-walk, and to escape a row I opened the cab door, and jumping out began to walk very briskly towards Marmion-place, which was but a short distance off. The cabman jumped upon his box again and followed me, crying out, "pay me my fare, will you, pay me my fare." At first I said I would not pay him, but not caring to be followed by the rogue to Bartol's door, I put my hand in my pocket and reached him the two shillings. It was five minutes past three by St. Bartholomew's clock, but I hurried on and at the corner of Eighth street, encountered a spiral cloud of dust and anthracite ashes, which nearly blinded me, and made my shirt bosom look like a soot bag. I could have cried for vexation if I had not been so hungry; but I shook myself and hurried on, and reached Marmion-place precisely ten minutes past three. I shall certainly miss the soup, I said to myself, as I glanced up at a bronze door with the name of Bartol emblazoned on a silver plate. If I had known nothing of the owner, I should have said at a glance, "here lives a giver of good dinners." The house was one of the best specimens of a city residence that I had ever seen. It had a bit of green sward on one side with a small tree in the centre, the expense of which, was probably greater than an ordinary farm of three or four hundred acres; for in a city land rises in cost as it falls in real value. The house was exactly such a one as I should have expected a man of Bartol's refinement to build; large and imposing, but without anything that looked like ostentation or a love of show. I was so well satisfied with the exterior, that, bating my appetite, I was impatient to see its interior, and above all, the table. The front blinds were closed, which looked strange, as there was an umbrage screened by a woodbine and trellis-work. I pulled the bell. The door was instantly opened by a black servant, who put up his hand as I stepped upon the door-sill, and said:

"Don't come in, Sir, if you please, their's a contiguous disorder in the house."

"A what!" I exclaimed.

"A contiguous disease, Sir. Miss Agnes has been took very ill with the scarlet fever—"

"Perhaps I have mistaken the house; is this Mr. Charles Bartol's?"

"Ah! F," said Bartol, who came running through the hall. "My darling little Agnes has broken out with the scarlet fever and we are in a terrible fright. Don't come in, I am told that it is dangerous to visit when the disease is in a house. Dear little girl! I have not left her bedside a moment since she was taken, for my wife is quite distracted. God help us, but I fear the poor child will not survive. I am every moment expecting a consultation of physicians." A very faint cough was heard and Bartol darted away without saying another word, and the servant closed the door in my face. A few moments before the bronze door looked like the gates of Paradise, it now looked as gloomy as Dante's gates in the Inferno. What was to be done. I tried to think of some friend living in the neighborhood whom I could drop in upon at a family dinner; but I couldn't think of a soul. It was a good mile from any respectable restaurant, and I had neglected to order dinner as usual at my lodgings. I had never in my life been so sharp set before. The vision of Bartol's dinner which had haunted my imagination for the past twenty-four hours had caused a flood of gastric juice that called for dinner in accents not to be misunderstood.

The holy Saint Wulstan confessed that thoughts of dinner had sometimes intruded themselves upon his devotions; and another good English saint, according to Dr. Southey used often to exclaim—

"O belly, belly
You would be gormandizing now I know,
But it shall not be so
Home to your bread and water, home,
I tell ye."

How then could I, who am no saint but a poor sinner, keep my mind free from such thoughts in an extremity like this? I I turned my back upon the uppish people and with my face towards down-town began to debate in my mind whether it would be better to dine at Delmonico's, or Blancard's. I settled upon the latter, because it was the nearest, and not from any preference to its gloomy facade, which looks more like a prison than a *salle a manger* Granite is a very unsuitable material for an eating-house, unless it were one where Norfolk dumplings or some such solids are served up. The white marble Corinthian columns at the entrance of Delmonico's triangular café give a very cheerful and inviting aspect to the house, and, I have no doubt are great promoters of digestion.

As I passed by the New York hotel, and heard the tantalizing clatter of knives and plates in the dining-room, I recollected that my friend H. had recently taken up his quarters there, and driven by hunger, I walked into the office of the hotel, and inquired for him, trusting that he might invite me to dine with him. He came to me in a moment with a napkin in his hand, and begged me to wait one minute until he had finished his soup. But he said not a word about my dining with him. In a minute or two, which seemed like an hour to me, he reappeared, saying that he was deuced glad to see me for he was going out of town that afternoon, and had only time to eat a plate of soup for his dinner, and would be eternally obliged to me if I would call upon his partner in the morning and say that he had left his bank-book at the Merchant's Bank. I am afraid that I did not treat him with much courtesy, for he has never spoken to me since. But politeness in my condition was out of the question. I came out of the hotel and walked very rapidly towards Blancard's with my eyes averted from oyster cellars, and baker's shops, lest I should be tempted into them and so lose a regular dinner. Arrived at the Globe I entered its heavy looking portal and hurried through the marble hall into the dining room. What a delightful sight! what an altogether charming and cheering place it is! A perfect gem of a restaurant. There was but one unoccupied table which I took possession of, and casting my eye over the *potages* on the *Carte du jour*, began to feel the most delightful of all titillations. I knew the soups perfectly well by name and I knew also that the julien was particularly good. So I ordered that; but first a dozen of Shrewsbury oysters in the shell, with a lemon, then a filet de bœuf au champignons and a meringue and coffee; wine I never drink when I can get Croton water. This was a very moderate dinner to be sure, but I have already said that I am no glutton; the fresh rolls and the butter are particularly fine at the Globe, and the appointments of the table are so perfect that even so moderate a dinner may be eaten with entire satisfaction. I might have eaten a trifle more, a croquet or a plate of maccaroni; but I began moderately. The composure with which I spread my napkin and cut my loaf was really marvellous. The waiter had been gone just three minutes for the oysters, when a person came in and seated himself at the table opposite to me, in whose presence I could not eat my dinner in peace. It is too long a story, to tell the reasons of my antipathy to him; he had wronged me in a manner that debarred me from any other satisfaction than contempt; my dinner, though ordered, had not been touched, and being too much excited in my feelings to make any explanations to the clerk, I rose from the table immediately and walked out of the house, intending to return the next day and make an apology. Now then, there was no choice, Delmonico's was the next resource. Here the dinners were quite as good, the *carte* as extensive, and the prices as low, perhaps lower; but the company was more promiscuous and the finish was not so high. I had always had an objection to the great mirrors in the dining-room, and the monstrous bronze chandeliers, to say nothing of two unceasing harpers who are forever clanging the songs of the last opera, and worse than all the black pepper in square salt cellars. These things more than counterbalanced the white marble pillars; but I shut my eyes very heroically to all minor defects and entered the coffee room with a determination of repeating the orders that I had given at the Globe. Oysters, pôtage a la julienne, filet de bœuf au champignons, and a meringue au something. Although I never drink wine, as I have already stated, yet I sometimes drink absynthe very much diluted, and fearing that my long fast would injure my stomach, I stopped at the bar and called for a glass of that bitte stuff, which I drank and put my hand in my pocket, for the half eagle, when, O, horror! the thought of the thing makes me sick even now, I found only a shilling. I had given my half eagle to that villain cab-man by mistake. My glass of wormwood cost me a shilling, and I had not another copper to bless myself with. What could I do! A thought struck me; and a very happy thought it was; I will order the dinner and go and pawn my watch; by the time that I get back from Chatham street it will be ready and what a dinner I shall make! I varied the order by the addition of a lobster salad and hurried off. When I reached Chatham street I remembered that my watch was at the watchmaker's; never mind that, I had a gold pencil-case, but worse and worse, it was Saturday afternoon and not a pawnbroker's shop was open, What religious rascals those Jews are. Every moment my appetite was getting sharper and sharper, and I began to think of the "French and English" dining saloons, in Nassau street, where a plate of any thing may be had for a sixpence; but I hadn't the sixpence even; and Mr. Gosling, in spite of his name is too old a bird to be caught with chaff; I could not descend to ask him to give me credit for a sixpenny dinner; neither could I return to Delmonico's and request them to trust me. In passing down Nassau street I encountered the sign of Mons. Napoleon Bunel, restaurateur from Paris. If there is any thing in a name, I thought, this Napoleon among restaurateurs must be a grand place for a dinner, and if he has any of the great qualities of his namesake he will not refuse me credit for a *filet*. Hunger makes its own laws, and I had only to obey its dictates. I made a bold push therefore into the saloon of Mons. Bunel, and was charmed at once by the *coup d'œil* Madame B. a jolly looking creature wearing a lace cap and violet ribbons, sat behind the bar, in the character of *dame du Comptoir*; a large boquet of roses and a box of segars on either side of her. The floor was sanded, which I disliked, it gives one the feeling of dining in the street; the walls were painted by some unhappy artist who had made terrible work in trying to give a resemblance of trees and green fields, which rather added to the outer-doorishness of the saloon. However, I am never given to fault finding, and I had no disposition to be critical just then; so I took my seat at one of the marble slabs, and opened the yellow covered *carte* with a palpitation of the heart. A tall lusty looking *garçon* in a white jacket stood by me with his ear a little inclined towards my mouth to catch the first accents of my order. I had set my heart upon *potage a la julien* and so forth, and I gave the same order that I had given at the Globe and Delmonico's, with the addition of a fricandeau, and a Charlotte ruse, for my appetite had grown to a boundless craving. Off ran the *garçon* andI heard the confused sound of *deshuits potage julie filet debœufou champignonpommedeterr ala'maitode'*

hotellobstersaladfricandeaudeVeauepinardmeringuesaumarsquin charlotterussevanillecafé as the order was shouted through a tin tube that communicated with the kitchen. I debated with myself one moment whether it would be better to ask Mons. Bunel to give me credit before or after eating the dinner, but I decided at once on the first as being the most honorable, although the latter would be the most certain. Accordingly I beckoned to Mons. B. who came to me with a smile on his countenance and a spotless napkin on his arm. You have a capital place here, Mons. Bunel, quite a little Rocher; *Mons.* bowed. I have ordered a bit of a dinner, some soup and a trifle or two, but I made the oddest mistake just now in giving a cabman a half eagle for a shilling, and I have not got another copper in my pocket and the banks being closed I cannot get any money before to-morrow. I suppose you will have no objections to giving me credit for my dinner?

Mons. never smiled again, at least in my presence;—he not only refused to trust me, but he refused to take my gold pencil in pawn; expressing some doubts of its being honestly come by. At that moment the waiter made his appearance with the Shrewsburys and the lemon, but they immediately disappeared again, and I was compelled to make my retreat under the searching eyes of Madame and all the guests at the tables.

What must I do? What could I do? I was completely at my wit's end. A happy thought popped into my head. The proprietor of the Franklin coffee-house knew me well. He would trust me of course. I hurried immediately down to his establishment, and looked at the larder as I passed into the dining-room. What a magnificent sight his larder is! Turkies, saddles of mutton, salmon, lobsters, *sirloins*, rounds of beef, roasting-pigs, cauliflowers and strawberries. These were a few of the objects that caught my eye, and I determined at once upon a thorough English dinner. Confound your *potages* and fricandeaus. I will have, I said, as I walked into this glorious eating-house, salmon and melted butter, a mug of ale, roast lamb and mint sauce, with potatoes and cauliflowers, then a magnificent slice of roast beef with asparagus, and bread and butter; then a rhubarb tart and Gloster cheese, and a dish of strawberries and cream. This is one of the most enticing places to a hearty eater that New-York can boast of. Every thing about it is solid and substantial,—long marble counters, old mahogany chairs, thick, heavy and comfortable, immense mirrors, pictures of game and sporting scenes; and then the host himself, bluff, red-faced, bull-necked and hearty, with immense jowls, and a mouth that seems to have been made expressly for eating; one of those plethoric apertures which one never anticipates any good thing from, notwithstanding that good things are continually going in thereat. Like certain favorites of the public who are in constant receipt of favors, but never make any bestowals in return.

[To be continued.]

MORELLA.

Αυτο καθ' αυτο μεθ' αυτου, μονοειδες αιει ον.
Itself, by itself solely, ever everlastingly, and single.

PLATO. *Sympos.*

With a feeling of deep yet most singular affection I regarded my friend Morella. Thrown by accident into her society many years ago, my soul, from our first meeting, burned with fires it had never before known; but the fires were not of Eros, and bitter and tormenting to my spirit was the gradual conviction that I could in no manner define their unusual meaning, or regulate their vague intensity. Yet we met; and fate bound us together at the altar; and I never spoke of passion, nor thought of love. She, however, shunned society, and, attaching herself to me alone, rendered me happy. It is a happiness to wonder;—it is a happiness to dream.

Morella's erudition was profound. As I hope to live, her talents were of no common order—her powers of mind were gigantic. I felt this, and, in many matters, became her pupil. I soon, however, found that, perhaps on account of her Presburg education, she placed before me a number of those mystical writings which are usually considered the mere dross of the early German literature. These, for what reason I could not imagine, were her favorite and constant study—and that, in process of time they became my own, should be attributed to the simple but effectual influence of habit and example.

In all this, if I err not, my reason had little to do. My convictions, or I forget myself, were in no manner acted upon by the ideal, nor was any tincture of the mysticism which I read, to be discovered, unless I am greatly mistaken, either in my deeds or in my thoughts. Persuaded of this, I abandoned myself implicitly to the guidance of my wife, and entered with an unflinching heart into the intricacies of her studies. And then—then, when, pouring over forbidden pages, I felt a forbidden spirit enkindling within me—would Morella place her cold hand upon my own, and rake up from the ashes of a dead philosophy some low, singular words, whose strange meaning burned themselves in upon my memory. And then, hour after hour, would I linger by her side, and dwell upon the music of her voice—until, at length, its melody was tainted with terror,—and there fell a shadow upon my soul—and I grew pale, and shuddered inwardly at those too unearthly tones. And thus, joy suddenly faded into horror, and the most beautiful became the most hideous, as Hinnon became Ge-Henna.

It is unnecessary to state the exact character of those disquisitions which, growing out of the volumes I have mentioned, formed, for so long a time, almost the sole conversation of Morella and myself. By the learned in what might be termed theological morality they will be readily conceived, and by the unlearned they would, at all events, be little understood. The wild Pantheism of Fichte; the modified Παλιγγενεσια of the Pythagoreans; and, above all, the doctrines of *Identity* as urged by Schelling, were generally the points of discussion presenting the most of beauty to the imaginative Morella. That identity which is termed personal, Mr. Locke, I think, truly defines to consist in the sameness of a rational being. And since by person we understand an intelligent essence having reason, and since there is a consciousness which always accompanies thinking, it is this which makes us all to be that which we call *ourselves*—thereby distinguishing us from other beings that think, and giving us our personal identity. But the *principium individuationis*—the notion of that identity *which at death is or is not lost forever*, was to me—at all times, a consideration of intense interest; not more from the perplexing and exciting nature of its consequences, than from the marked and agitated manner in which Morella mentioned them.

But, indeed, the time had now arrived when the mystery of my wife's manner oppressed me as a spell. I could no longer bear the touch of her wan fingers, nor the low tone of her musical language, nor the lustre of her melancholy eyes. And she knew all this, but did not upbraid; she seemed conscious of my weakness or my folly, and, smiling, called it Fate. She seemed, also, conscious of a cause, to me unknown, for the gradual alienation of my regard; but she gave me no hint or token of its nature. Yet was she woman, and pined away daily. In time, the crimson spot settled steadily upon the cheek, and the blue veins upon the pale forehead became prominent; and, one instant, my nature melted into pity, but, in the next, I met the glance of her meaning eyes, and then my soul sickened and became giddy with the giddiness of one who gazes downward into some dreary and unfathomable abyss.

Shall I then say that I longed with an earnest and consuming desire for the moment of Morella's decease? I did; but the fragile spirit clung to its tenement of clay for many days—for many weeks and irksome months—until my tortured nerves obtained the mastery over my mind, and I grew furious through delay, and, with the heart of a fiend, cursed the days, and the hours, and the bitter moments, which seemed to lengthen and lengthen as her gentle life declined—like shadows in the dying of the day.

But one autumnal evening, when the winds lay still in heaven, Morella called me to her bed-side. There was a dim mist over all the earth, and a warm glow upon the waters, and, amid the rich October leaves of the forest, a rainbow from the firmament had surely fallen.

"It is a day of days," she said, as I approached; "a day of all days either to live or die. It is a fair day for the sons of

earth and life—ah, more fair for the daughters of heaven and death!"

I kissed her forehead, and she continued:

"I am dying, yet shall I live."

"Morella!"

"The days have never been when thou couldst love me—but her whom in life thou didst abhor, in death thou shalt adore."

"Morella!"

"I repeat that I am dying. But within me is a pledge of that affection—ah, how little!—which thou didst feel for me, Morella. And when my spirit departs shall the child live—thy child and mine, Morella's. But thy days shall be days of sorrow—that sorrow which is the most lasting of impressions, as the cypress is the most enduring of trees. For the hours of thy happiness are over; and joy is not gathered twice in a life, as the roses of Pæstum twice in a year. Thou shalt no longer, then, play the Teian with time, but, being ignorant of the myrtle and the vine, thou shalt bear about with thee thy shroud on earth, as do the Moslemin at Mecca."

"Morella!" I cried, "Morella! how knowest thou this?"—but she turned away her face upon the pillow, and, a slight tremor coming over her limbs, she thus died, and I heard her voice no more.

Yet, as she had foretold, her child—to which in dying she had given birth, and which breathed not until the mother breathed no more—her child, a daughter, lived. And she grew strangely in stature and intellect, and was the perfect resemblance of her who had departed, and I loved her with a love more fervent than I had believed it possible to feel for any denizen of earth.

But, ere long, the heaven of this pure affection became darkened, and gloom, and horror, and grief, swept over it in clouds. I said the child grew strangely in stature and intelligence.—Strange indeed was her rapid increase in bodily size—but terriable, oh! terrible were the tumultuous thoughts which crowded upon me while watching the development of her mental being. Could it be otherwise, when I daily discovered in the conceptions of the child the adult powers and faculties of the woman!—when the lessons of experience fell from the lips of infancy! and when the wisdom or the passions of maturity I found hourly gleaming from its full and speculative eye? When, I say, all this became evident to my appalled senses—when I could no longer hide it from my soul, nor throw it off from those perceptions which trembled to receive it—is it to be wondered at that suspicions, of a nature fearful and exciting, crept in upon my spirit, or that my thoughts fell back aghast upon the wild tales and thrilling theories of the entombed Morella? I snatched from the scrutiny of the world a being whom destiny compelled me to adore, and in the rigorous seclusion of my home, watched with an agonizing anxiety over all which concerned the beloved.

And, as years rolled away, and I gazed, day after day, upon her holy, and mild, and eloquent face, and poured over her maturing form, day after day did I discover new points of resemblance in the child to her mother, the melancholy and the dead. And, hourly, grew darker these shadows of similitude, and more full, and more definite, and more perplexing, and more hideously terrible in their aspect. For that her smile was like her mother's I could bear; but then I shuddered at its too perfect *identity*—that her eyes were like Morella's I could endure; but then they too often looked down into the depths of my soul with Morella's own intense and bewildering meaning. And in the contour of the high forehead, and in the ringlets of the silken hair, and in the wan fingers which buried themselves therein, and in the sad musical tones of her speech, and above all—oh, above all—in the phrases and expressions of the dead on the lips of the loved and the living, I found food for consuming thought and horror—for a worm that would not die.

Thus passed away two lustra of her life, and, as yet, my daughter remained nameless upon the earth. "My child" and "my love" were the designations usually prompted by a father's affection, and the rigid seclusion of her days precluded all other intercourse. Morella's name died with her at her death. Of the mother I had never spoken to the daughter;—it was impossible to speak. Indeed, during the brief period of her existence the latter had received no impressions from the outward world save such as might have been afforded by the narrow limits of her privacy. But at length the ceremony of baptism presented to my mind, in its unnerved and agitated condition, a present deliverance from the terrors of my destiny. And at the baptismal fount I hesitated for a name. And many titles of the wise and beautiful, of old and modern times, of my own and foreign lands, came thronging to my lips, with many, many fair titles of the gentle, and the happy, and the good. What prompted me, then, to disturb the memory of the buried dead? What demon urged me to breathe that sound, which, in its very recollection was wont to make ebb the purple blood in torrents from the temples to the heart? What fiend spoke from the recesses of my soul, when, amid those dim aisles, and in the silence of the night, I whispered within the ears of the holy man the syllables—Morella! What more than fiend convulsed the features of my child, and overspread them with hues of death, as starting at that scarcely audible sound, she turned her glassy eyes from the earth to heaven, and, falling prostrate on the black slabs of our ancestral vault, responded—"I am here!"

Distinct, coldly, calmly distinct, fell those few simple sounds within my ear, and thence, like molten lead, rolled hissingly into my brain. Years—years may pass away, but the memory of that epoch—never! Nor was I indeed ignorant of the flowers and the vine—but the hemlock and the cypress overshadowed me night and day. And I kept no reckoning of time or place, and the stars of my fate faded from heaven, and therefore the earth grew dark, and its figures passed by me, like flitting shadows, and among them all I beheld only—Morella. The winds of the firmament breathed but one sound within my ears, and the ripples upon the sea murmured evermore—Morella. But she died; and with my own hands I bore her to the tomb; and I laughed with a long and bitter laugh as I found no traces of the first, in the charnel where I laid the second—Morella.

A Holiday on the Hudson.—Last Monday was a red-letter day in the lives of four or five hundred happy souls, who made a trip in the new steamer Niagara to West Point. The sun was bright, the breeze fresh, the waters blue, and the new boat for the time was the flower of the river. She should be called the *Flor-del-rio*. Nothing could be more inappropriate for such a joyous craft than to call her a floating palace. There never was half the light and graceful elegance in any palace that ever was built. The Niagara is a day boat, and her cabin forms one spacious saloon two hundred and seventy feet in length, without any of those stifling encumbrances, called berths, which give to night boats the appearance of soldiers barracks. All the appointments of the boat are quite perfect as a matter of course, and she presents, in her interior, the appearance of a picture gallery, so profusely are her pannels decorated with prettily executed paintings. Besides a capital band of music on the upper deck, there was piano-forte playing in the ladies cabin; and several amateur musicians very obligingly sang duets and solos. But even without the music there was no lack of harmony. The boat arrived at West Point about two in the afternoon, and gave an opportunity for a ramble over that romantic and interesting region, to those who were in search of the picturesque; but others availed themselves of a chance to witness an examination of a class of cadets in chemistry. Among the dignitaries who wore gold lace on the occasion, was Gen. Scott, his big burly figure being considerably increased in its proportions, by epaulettes and other gilt appliances. Mr. Weir was also among the examiners, and he sat leaning his head upon his hand, looking very fat and contented. The steamer left the dock at three, and soon after a sumptuous repast was served up, of unusual elegance for a floating palace. A good many bottles of champagne were emptied, but no toasts or set speeches marred the joyousness of the occasion. Then there were music and singing again, and afterwards cotillions and the Polka. Before reaching the dock, Mr. Embury of Brooklyn, was put into a velvet rocking-chair and proclaimed chairman of a meeting, which passed some grateful resolutions in which not one half the good nature was expressed that was felt. We remember the last one only, which we are sure everybody else must also remember.

"*Resolved*, That the Steamer Niagara will be as distinguished in the waters of the east, as the great Cataract whose name she bears is among the waters of the west."

[The two noble poems subjoined have already appeared in print—although we are unable to say in what work they originated. They are the composition of one of our most justly distinguished poetesses—Miss ANNE CHARLOTTE LYNCH. We have no excuse to offer for copying them in the "Journal"—except that we have been profoundly impressed with their excellence. In modulation and force of rhythm—in dignity and loftiness of sentiment—and in terse energy of expression—they equal if they do not excel any thing of the same character written by an American.—EDS. B. J.]

THE IDEAL.

"La vie est un sommeil, l'amour en est le rêve."

A SAD, sweet dream! It fell upon my soul
When song and thought first woke their echoes there,
Swaying my spirit to its wild control,
And with the shadow of a fond despair,
Darkening the fountain of my young life's stream,
It haunts me still and yet I know 'tis but a dream.

Whence art thou, shadowy presence, that canst hide
From my charmed sight the glorious things of earth?
A mirage o'er life's desert dost thou glide?
Or with those glimmerings of a former birth,
A "trailing cloud of glory," hast thou come
From some bright world afar, our unremembered home?

I know thou dwell'st not in this dull, cold Real,
I know thy home is in some brighter sphere,
I know I shall not meet thee, my Ideal,
In the dark wanderings that await me here;
Why comes thy gentle image then, to me,
Wasting my night of life in one long dream of thee?

The city's peopled solitude, the glare
Of festal halls, moonlight, and music's tone,
All breathe the sad refrain—*thou art not there;*
And even with nature I am still alone;
With joy I see her summer bloom depart:
I love stern winter's reign—'tis winter in my heart.

And if I sigh upon my brow to see
The deep'ning shadow of Time's restless wing,
'Tis for the youth I might not give to thee,
The vanished brightness of my first sweet spring;
That I might give thee not the joyous form
Unworn by tears and cares, unblighted by the storm.

And when the hearts I should be proud to win,
Breathe, in those tones that woman holds so dear,
Words of impassioned homage unto mine,
Coldly and harsh they fall upon my ear,
And as I listen to the fervent vow
My weary heart replies, "*Alas, it is not thou!*"

Depart, O shadow! fatal dream, depart!
Go, I conjure thee, leave me this poor life,
And I will meet with firm, heroic heart,
Its threat'ning storms and its tumultuous strife,
And with the poet-seer will see thee stand
To welcome my approach to thine own Spirit-land.

And when the thoughts within my spirit glow
That would out-pour themselves in words of fire,
If some kind influence bade the music flow
Like that which woke the notes of Memnon's lyre,
Thou, sunlight of my life, wak'st not the lay
And song within my heart unuttered dies away.

THE IDEAL FOUND.

I've met thee, whom I dared not hope to meet
Save in th' enchanted land of my day dreams:
Yes, in this common world, this waking state,
Thy living presence on my vision beams,
Life's dream embodied in reality!
And in thine eyes I read indifference to me!

Yes, in those star-like eyes I read my fate,
My horoscope is written in their gaze:
My "house of life" henceforth is desolate;
But the dark aspect my firm heart surveys,
Nor faints nor falters even for *thy* sake,—
'Tis calm and nerved and strong—no, no, it shall not break.

For I am of that mood that will defy;
That does not cower before the gathering storm;
That face to face will meet its destiny,
And undismayed confront its darkest form.
Wild energies awaken in this strife,
This conflict of the soul with the grim phantom Life.

But ah! if thou hadst loved me! had I been
All to thy dreams that to mine own thou art,
Had those dark eyes beamed eloquent on mine,
Pressed for one moment to that noble heart
In the full consciousness of faith unspoken,
Life could have given no more—then had my proud heart broken!

The Alpine glacier from its height may mock
The clouds and lightnings of the winter sky,
And from the tempest and the thunder's shock
Gather new strength to lift its summit high;
But kissed by sunbeams of the summer day
It bows its icy crest and weeps itself away.

Thou know'st the fable of the Grecian maid
Wooed by the veiled immortal from the skies,
How in his full perfections, once she prayed,
That he would stand before her longing eyes,
And how that brightness, too intense to bless,
Consumed her o'er-wrought heart with its divine excess.

To me there is a meaning in the tale.
I have not prayed to meet thee: I can brook
That thou shouldst wear to me that icy veil;
I can give back thy cold and careless look;
Yet shrined within my heart still thou shalt seem,
What there thou ever wert—a beautiful, bright dream!

A JUST VIEW OF A BAD HABIT.

We find the following very sensible remarks, in a late number of the Charleston Mercury, and we copy them to give currency to such excellent sentiments. But we must resist the imputation of the last sentence. We think that New York is the debtor in this case.

A NEW IMAGE OF WAR.—Among the men of former times, hunting was termed "the image of war"—especially the pursuit of wild boars, lions and other ferocious beasts. It had some claim to the distinction. It combined violent exercise, personal peril, the submission to privation and the distinctions, of success, skill and courage. In our day there is enough said about "campaigns," "battles," "victories," "defeats," "glory" and all that, to make a stranger think we were engaged incessantly in the business of knocking each other's brains out—that a bloody and desolating civil war was waged from year's end to year's end. What sort of fight and what sort of victory it is, we need not explain. But the dialect is perfectly devilish, and its use is, we are persuaded, of most demoralizing consequence. Those of the opposite party we call the "enemy;" when we put them out of office, we call them the "vanquished,"—and contrary to the laws of modern war, we proceed to treat them as criminals. Dismissing them from office is known by the terms "slaughtering," "guillotining," "cutting off heads," and simillar bloody-minded phrases.

Now aside from the bad taste of using such murderous language, it can hardly fail that this habitual dressing up of our party contests in the phraseology of war and crime, does tend insensibly to embitter them; to deprive the elections of their peaceable character, and to deepen in personal feeling the differences of opinion on public measures. In our dialect too, the offices of the country are the "spoil" of the successful party, and they are seized upon as the plunder of the "enemy." All this vile phraseology and much of the equally vile practices connected with it, we owe to New York.

Now, who could expect, after reading the above, to find what follows from the pen of the same writer in the same column of the same paper. It will require no very extraordinary gift in this case, for the Editor of the Mercury to see himself as others see him, if he will be at the trouble of reading both his articles at the same sitting.

The South awoke—with one hand she *strangled* one Presidential candidate, and with the other, she drew that *old sword*, (the proud spirit of the South) before whose *keen edge*, no foes or party, since the foundation of the government had ever been able to stand. She *triumphed* in the Presidential election. The *struggle* came on in Congress. She *triumphed* again in spite of foes and traitors, South and North. Flushed with her recent *victories*, there she stands, with stern defiance on her brow, and her yet unsheathed and *dripping sword* in her hand. Before heaven! *she shall not sheath it*, until she is safe, and safe forever. Texas shall be hers, in spite of a *world in arms*; and to crown her redemption, the fetters of unjust taxation shall be torn from her free limbs. She will no longer endure to be the mock and ribald scoff of fools and fanatics, or the impassive and plundered victim, of mean, venal and dastard monopolists. She will vindicate her rightful station amongst the people of the earth; and whilst fearing none, command the respect and peace of all.

We do not remember ever having seen so much belligerent bluster, and warlike word-spilling as this, in any New York political Journal, even the day before an election. If the South is really indebted to New York for her coinage of hot words, she uses them with a degree of liberality that her teacher never indulged in.

THE HEART OF MAN.

SUGGESTED BY A FRAGMENT OF F. SIELER.

A strange, unsounded, glorious thing,
The heart of man hath ever been,
Where light and gloom alternate spring
With many a changing shade between.

There earnest love and frantic hate
Have their deep fountains, side by side;
There sweetest hopes and feelings mate
With basest fear, with rankling pride.

Like some strong harp whose thousand strings
Vibrate to every passing tone,
Now with deep passion-notes it rings,
Now melts in sorrow's gentlest moan.

The magic of a kindling eye,
The music of a gentle voice,
May thrill its chords with agony
Or bid its noblest powers rejoice.

A word, a look, a tone, that falls
On memory's fount, seal'd up for years.
All the bright, glowing past recalls,
Its passionate hopes, its vows, its tears.

Shape after shape of glorious light,
It summons from that living tomb,
With forms whose aspects, once all bright,
Are shadowed now by softest gloom.

The kindling eye, the open brow,
The sunny smile of youth are there;
The faces dimmed by sorrow now,
The hopeless glance of pale despair.

O heart of man! O heart of man!
What magic of the spirit's lore,
What heav'n-enkindled glance may scan
Thy fountains, hidden evermore?

No *Earthly* wisdom may avail;
No eye but His who set the springs
In the heart's depths, can pierce the veil
That o'er their silent workings clings.

ULRIC HORN.

Hellgate, L. I.

THORWALDSEN'S STATUE OF BYRON.

We copy the annexed account of this interesting work of Art from the London Art-Union, which does not, however, tell the whole story respecting it. The English boast a good deal of their liberality in money affairs, and not without some cause, while the one-string of slander on which they never cease playing, when alluding to this country, is our worship of the almighty dollar. But we do not remember having met with any anecdote of American manners so thoroughly characteristic of a mean and stingy nature as the statement which we find in some of the London papers respecting the monument to Lord Byron.

It must be remembered that he was a lord, and his personal friends were among the better classes, in every respect, of English society.

It appears that soon after Byron's death, some of his friends and admirers set about a subscription, for the purpose of placing a statue to his memory in Westminster Abbey; and when they had gained all the money they could, they offered the amount to Chantrey, and asked him to make the statue. But the sum was so small that he refused to accept it, as he said it would not half pay him for his labor; the admirers of the noble poet applied next to Thorwaldsen, who with great dignity of feeling told them that he could not afford to work for nothing, and he would therefore accept the money, although it was too small to be considered pay, and would give the statue out of respect to the poet, whom he had known personally and loved.

THORWALDSEN'S STATUE OF LORD BYRON.—This monument, of which so much has been said and written, will at length find a resting-place in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge, after having remained upwards of twelve years in the cellars of the custom-house, during the whole of which period it has been more or less—as well from its own particular history, as from the great name to which it is dedicated—an object of public solicitude, which of late has increased in consequence of the death of two individuals, the name of one of whom is associated more nearly with it than is usual in his position, while that of the other will be remembered with various feelings in connexion with the monument of Byron—we mean the decease of the amiable sculptor himself, and of the late Dean of Westminster. An extract of a letter from Stockholm, which appeared in a German paper, among other matters in reference to Thorwaldsen, stated that his executors reclaimed the statue of Byron, and at the same time some improbable statements appeared in our own newspapers in reference to the work. It was hoped that on the death of Dean Ireland the objection to its admission to Westminster Abbey might be set aside, but his successor is unwilling to impugn his decision by a reversal. These events have perhaps had the effect of causing a destination to be determined upon for the work; at least they have been the means of reviving throughout Europe the circumstances of its execution and exclusion from Westminster Abbey. The monument is temporarily deposited in the studio of Sir Richard Westmacott, and is the property of a body of subscribers, friends and admirers of Byron, by whom the commission was offered to Chantrey, who declined it in consequence of the inadequacy of the amount subscribed. It was then proposed to Thorwaldsen, who at once undertook it, agreeing to receive the sum collected. Many statements have been current as to whether Thorwaldsen did or did not receive remuneration for the work. It is mentioned as a fact that he received the subscription, and set about the monument in admiration of the poet, and in gratitude to his country, for he bore in mind that, while almost despairing, and yet a young artist, he was about to return to his own country from want of employment in Italy—the first commission he received was from the late Mr. Hope. The statue is life-sized, and represents the poet seated on the fragment of a ruined temple, with his left foot resting on the broken shaft of a column, while on the left, low down, is a skull, and above that the Athenian owl. The head seems to have been worked out from the portrait by Briggs; with the addition of age. In a posthumous work of this kind, had the artist perfectly succeeded, his work had been a miracle of Art: the defects, therefore, are not his, but those of circumstances. The forehead is heavy, and wants the refined modelling which distinguished the head of Byron, nor is the mouth moulded into that expression of which even years could not deprive it; the hands are also somewhat coarse, and by no means worthy of the compliment paid to those of Byron by Ali Pacha. The attire of the figure is a frock-coat, over which is thrown a cloak; in the left

hand is a volume superscribed "Childe Harold," and the right holds a pencil or style up to the mouth, as if he were busied in composition. As regards the destination of this statue, it is deeply to be regretted that the monument of Byron has not found a resting-place in the metropolis.

REVIEWS.

An Essay on the Philosophy of Medical Science, by Elisha Bartlett, M. D., &c.—Philadelphia, Lea & Blanchard, 1844.

The Principles of the Chrono-thermal System of Medicine; with Fallacies of the Faculty. By Samuel Dickinson, M.D., &c. With introduction and notes, by William Turner, M. D., &c.—New-York, J. S. Redfield, Clinton Hall, 1845.

These are two books diametrically opposite in their aims, yet both significant signs in the Medical World; it is on this account that we bring them together, that we may expound their meaning, for the benefit of our readers who happen to be uninitiated in the mysteries of Esculapius' worship. Dr. Bartlett, by way of preliminaries to dispose the good-natured reader to a favorable judgment of his cause, devotes a few chapters of his book to demonstrating what constitutes a correct mode of observing and reasoning, or, in one word, of philosophizing in exact sciences; and having thus built a ladder, to step upon, he drags his reader up the heights of Medical science, showing him all the while, how firmly and securely, and how philosophically he ascends to the *possible* in the knowledge of the healing art. Doubtless, the unsuspecting, and not very keen-sighted reader, will believe, on laying down Dr. Bartlett's book, that he has drank deeply at the very source of truth. But for ourselves who have dabbled in those matters upon which the learned doctor is so eloquent, we can declare that we rose from the intellectual repast which the doctor cooked up, with a hungry stomach, for the quantity we have consumed proved but a few grains of truth in a bushel of chaff. Yet, we are free to confess that the doctor is an excellent cook in his way, indeed, there are not many such in his profession. There is both mechanical and intellectual legerdemain, the doctor's work is an evidence of the latter; he is a schoolman who has learned to muster his words in a phalanx, as a drill-sergeant does his men, but without the aid of scholastic glasses he is incapable of looking upon nature, and marking her workings. The aim of the book is to teach how to philosophize in medicine, but it strikes us, taking the doctrines he favors as an evidence, that he has not learnt the art himself; for he talks grandiloquently of such nonsense as a correct nosology, the bug-bear of inflammation, and believes in the means of reducing it by bleeding—things that have a foundation only in the brains of professors and their dupes, but not in nature. He condemns hypotheses, but insists that naked facts should make up the science. He forgets that it is as easy for those who are not fit for the task, and these are numerous, to make wrong experiments, and call them *naked facts*, as it is for another set of persons equally unfit for their undertaking, to make incorrect hypotheses and call them *true explanations* of nature's mysteries. The alchemists have collected numerous so-called facts, but they did not know what to make of them, for they experimented *foolishly*, and they might have gone on still longer putting wrong questions to nature, and remain as ignorant as ever. It was left for the intellect of Lavoisier, Guy Lussac and others, who could at a glance surmise correctly nature's purposes, to question her accordingly; and thus they were enabled to raise the structure of exact sciences.

The fact is, that it is permitted but to few to make correct hypotheses and have them verified by experience; but those few cannot teach others to do the same; nor will they stop to give us an account of the mental processes that led them to their discoveries. There is a larger class of minds that, when discoveries are made and interpreted, can logically, step by step, verify and enlarge the experience of others, but who would never discover anything themselves; and there is another class of men still more numerous, who can write upon the correct manner of making discoveries, and collecting facts: but yet these last are not the persons to be employed for the purposes of the art they teach; they are mere self-satisfied and self-glorifying schoolmen. Dr. Bartlett's book sufficiently justifies us in making the above observations; his aim seems to have been to raise the credit of the old school of medicine, which of late, has lost so much in public estimation. With those who cannot see for themselves, he will undoubtedly succeed; but there will be yet a few left, cunning enough to see through the legerdemain of his logic, and who will persist in mistrusting the learning of the faculty. The author of this book is a striking illustration of that calibre of mind that can spend itself in petty details with great *gusto* and considerable credit; but is incapable by summing them up, to rise to generalities, and seize upon the secrets of nature. Unfortunately for mankind, we had too many such men in the profession, and it is they especially, more even than the intrinsic difficulty of the subject, who contributed so much to swell the lumbering trash of medical libraries. Yes, it is these men of details, and of specialities, who split a hair with the greatest delicacy, who mole-like cannot see beyond the mole-cast they make, that give force to Condillac's saying when applied to medicine, "that man never has so much to say of a subject, as when he knows the least of it." A different spirit we find in Dr. Dickinson's lectures. In commencing his observations, he was fully impressed with the idea that details, different as they may appear, merge in each other, that they may be lost in unity,—this being an all-pervading law of nature; and so his results are as grand as they are just in conception. We can speak here, with the assurance of personal experience, for in our own studies we have come to similar though not identical results, long before we ever heard of the Fallacies of the Faculty. His views may be briefly stated to consist in unity of disease, in variety of symptoms, the intermittent fever being the type of all the suffering that flesh is heir to. The nervous system in general, and the brain in particular, is the citadel from which life issues, and which disease assails. An equilibrium of temperature throughout the body is, in his opinion, absolutely essential to health; and any derangement of it, causes as well as accompanies disease; the evident indication in the cure therefore is, to restore it to its due degree by appropriate appliances. Thus periodicity of recurrence of disease and variability of temperature are the landmarks by which the physician is to be guided in his treatment.

The doctor advocates his views with great force of reasoning and abundance of wit and fancy; so much so, that the book is exceedingly attractive even to an unprofessional reader. With unsparing severity he points out many of the learned follies of the faculty, and with the most satisfactory proof he confutes the unphilosophical and murderous practice of bloodletting in all its forms.

Much as we admire the common-sense views of Dr. Dickinson, yet we are not entirely satisfied with him, for he has overlooked some things and underrated others. His views do not enable us to look upon the economy of the human system, as complete in all points; perhaps he gives us only what he sees himself, and what is the most essential in the removal of diseases. Be it as it may, he deserves our gratitude for what he has done. It requires great moral courage to speak against the follies of mis-called science, and especially among the most conservative of all classes of men. Medicine never will be thor-

oughly reformed till men of common sense and decided talent, whose minds are stored with a variety of information, bring their ability to bear upon medical practices and theories, with no other aim than to advance Truth. The love of professional lucre too often stands in the way of truth—and it is asking too much from human nature to expect immolation of *self* on the altar of truth, at the hands of the medical profession—and especially when it is so crowded that a cunning dunce often stands a better chance of success than a man of modest talent and uprightness. It should be impressed upon the minds of men that what was said of poets is applicable to physicians with double force: Physicians are born, not made. Many who have received their doctorate find on their coming into the daylight of experience, that instead of the doctor's they have been crowned with the fool's-cap.

Looking upon the state of the medical profession in these times, we cannot but see omens of great good to come. It is so divided by different sects holding more or less correct views, that each must modify the other; and here and there a brave opponent arises who challenges them all; and a suspicious public begins to be aroused from its stupidity, and thinks that the evil is not in her body, but in that of the doctors—all this ferment of opinion may clarify man's judgment upon the subject, and some genius may arise who will select the truth that gives partial currency to the pretensions of each system, and render a lasting benefit to mankind. Perhaps his name may be Andrew Sniadecki, who some time ago developed his theory of organic beings, and whose death Poland was made too soon to lament, or he upon whomever his cloak has fallen. We mention the distinguished Pole, because in the whole range of our medical reading, we find none who applies, in a more simple and beautiful diction, such a rigorous method of reasoning to such a vast fund of information; so much so that medicine in his hands almost becomes one of the exact sciences.

PLATO CONTRA ATHEOS.—Plato against the Atheists: or the Tenth Book of the Dialogue on Laws, accompanied with Critical Notes, and followed by Extended Dissertations on some of the Main Points of the Platonic Philosophy and Theology, especially as compared with the Holy Scriptures, by Taylor Lewis, LL. D., Professor of the Greek Language and Literature, in the University in the city of New York.—New York, Harper & Brothers.

The Laws of Plato were probably the work of his old age—of his extreme senility—and although Dr. Lewis insists upon this point, as one tending to make us think more favorably of the composition, on the ground of its embodying the philosopher's most matured and best settled opinions—we cannot help regarding the question as disputable. As a dramatic work, all admit it to be inferior to the Republic. There are but three interlocutors—Clinias, a Cretan; Megillus, a Spartan; and a stranger, who is spoken of only as the Athenian—but, who is the Socrates of the colloquy; the two first, being merely listeners, or speaking but for the purpose of foils. The nine first books are occupied with legislative schemes given at length, with preambles, and arguments in support of both preambles and schemes. The tenth book (now published) deals with laws enacted against violators of religion—that is to say, public worship—it being taken for granted that State and Church can never properly exist apart. The greater portion—indeed nearly the whole of the book, however, is taken up with an exordium, investigating the reasons for the laws—the latter in fact occupying only a few of the concluding pages.

The argument is directed first, against those who deny the Divine existence—secondly, against those who deny a Providence while admitting the existence of a God—thirdly, against those who, admitting both, yet maintain that the Deity is easily propitiated by sinners.

Clinias opens the first branch of this argument, by asserting that the existence of God is readily shown by the universality of man's belief in his existence, as well as by the evidences of design in natural phenomena.

This ease of demonstration the Athenian denies; declaring, however, that whatever difficulty there is, is not innate in the subject, but springs from the perverseness of the Ionic Atheists in imposing upon the world the ideas of chance, nature, art, etc., and in the refutation of these ideas the reasoner discusses at length the nature of soul as involving, necessarily, self-motion. Thence, he deduces the priority in time of soul to body—thence, again, of the properties of soul to the properties of body. The inference is, that Art is the mother of Nature—that law, will, thought, or design, must have been before qualities, such as hardness, weight—etc, etc.

The intention here is to refute the particular opinion of the Atheist, that religion had no better foundation than conventionality, since belief in the existence of God is the production of human law—which, again, is a product of Art—Art itself being regarded as the offspring of Nature.

The question of *motion* is examined very minutely—and all kinds of motion are divided into motion by impulse, and, that which moves something else by commencing motion in itself; the latter species being psyche, or soul.

In the next place, occurs the question whether one or more souls are at work in the Universe. It is decided that there are two—the soul of good and the soul of evil.

The second grand division of the subject is the investigation of the arguments which deny a Providence. The Athenian maintains a minute, special interference with human affairs, chiefly on the ground that the whole is composed of its parts, and that to neglect the smallest portion is to neglect the whole.

In entering the third division of his theme, the speaker opposes the arguments of those who maintain that the Deity is easily appeased, by adverting to the pre-supposed antagonism between good and evil. Where a conflict is continually going on, he says, the least neutrality or supineness—that is to say, the least mercy shown to sin, would be treason against the cause of the Right throughout the Universe.

The offenders against religion are divided into six classes, or rather grades. The book ends with a specification of penalties, and *a law, in especial against private rites and churches.*

Such is a fair, although very succinct synopsis of a work comparatively little known, although very frequently made the subject of converse.

No one can doubt the purity and nobility of the Platonian soul, or the ingenuity of the Platonian intellect. But if the question be put to-day, what is the value of the Platonian philosophy, the proper answer is—"exactly nothing at all." We do not believe that any good purpose is answered by popularizing his dreams; on the contrary we do believe that they have a strong tendency to ill—intellectually of course.

We could wish that Dr. Lewis (however excusable may be his evident enthusiasm for his favorite) had less frequently interspersed his comments with such passages as the following:

"Then surely should Plato be studied, if for no other purpose, as a matter of curiosity, to see if there may not possibly be some other philosophy than THIS NOISY BACONIANISM ABOUT WHICH THERE IS KEPT UP SUCH AN EVERLASTING DIN, or that still more noisy because more empty transcendentalism which some would present as its only antidote.

* * * * Especially will this be the case at a time when physical *science*, in league with a subtle pantheism, is everywhere substituting ITS JARGON of laws and elements, nebular star-dust, and vital forces, and magnetic fluids, for the recognition of a personal God and an ever wakeful, ever energizing special Providence."

For our own parts we vastly prefer even the noise of Bacon, the laws of Combe, or the nebular star-dust of Nichols to what Dr. Lewis will insist upon terming "the clear, simple,

common-sense philosophy of Plato,"—but these things are perhaps merely matters of taste. It would be as well, however, to bear in mind the aphoristic sentence of Leibnitz—"*La plupart des sectes ont raison en beaucoup de ce qu'elles avancent, mais non pas en ce qu'elles nient.*"

We regret that it has been thought advisable to give the Greek text unaccompanied with a translation. The object, so far as we can comprehend the annotator, seems to have been the placing of the doctrines of Plato more immediately within the reach *of the public*. For this end we should have had a paraphrase, at least.

HARPER'S ILLUMINATED AND ILLUSTRATED EDITION OF SHAKESPEARE. Nos. 55 & 56: Containing parts of "As You Like It," and "Midsummer Night's Dream." Price 25cts.

We have already expressed a favorable opinion of this truly beautiful edition of Shakespeare; but the present issue comes to us with so liberal an enrichment of wood cuts, that we cannot refrain from expressing once more our opinion of its cheapness and beauty. Here are twenty-nine spirited wood cuts, from good designs, printed with great clearness and beauty in ink of unusual brilliancy and on fine paper, accompanying a play by Shakespeare, and sold for the inconsiderable price of 25 cents. The cover to this edition of Shakespeare is a very handsome design by Catherwood, a thousand times superior to the hideous thing designed by R. W. Weir, N. A. A more thoroughly contemptible affair, exhibiting not only an utter poverty of imagination, but the most meagre acquirements in art, was never put off upon the public, than the cover which was first published by Mr. Hewitt, when this edition of Shakespeare was issued by him. Thanks to the liberality and discernment of the present publishers, we are no longer annoyed by the apparition of the *Weir sisters*, and the figure of Shakespeare in a canoe, on the cover of these plays. It is a disgrace to American Art, that we have never been able to produce the shadow of an ornamental design, and nothing can more plainly prove the entire inadequacy of the system of instruction adopted by our National Academy than the wretched abortions which the artists who write N. A. at the end of their names, have produced in their attempts at ornamental drawings. They prove beyond a question that they have not been grounded in the A. B. C. of art. Now that the academy has got an artist for its President, we have hopes that something better may be produced.

Mr. Verplanck is doubtless very competent to edit Shakespeare, but we have noticed some very strange readings in one or two of the earlier issues of the edition, which must have been owing either to gross carelessness, or something worse.

We take a few passages only for example. Where it is material, we *point* according to copy,

"Is execution done on Cawdor: or not
Those in commission yet return'd?"

This should be:

Is execution done on Cawdor? *Are* not
Those in commission yet return'd?

"Send forth great largess to your offices,"

Should be:

Send forth great largess to your officers.

"*We* would spend it in some words upon that business,"

Should be:

Would spend it in some words upon that business—[Without the "*We*"—Macbeth was not then *king*.]

"The curtain'd sleep,"

Should be:

The curtain'd sleeper.

"Thy very stones,"

We think should be:

The very stones.

"And *all-thing* unbecoming,"

Should be:

And all things unbecoming.

"To be thus is nothing,
But to be safely thus;"

A more weighty point than a comma is wanted after "nothing."

"To make them kings, the seeds of Banquo kings!"

Same after "kings"—and "seeds" should be *seed*.

"*Now*, go to the door,"

Should be:

Now to the door.

"To pray for this good man,"

Should be:

To pray for *that* good man.

"Whom we to gain our peace, have sent to peace,"

Should be:

Whom *we*, to gain our *place*, have sent to peace.

—"the feast is sold,
That is not often vouch'd while 'tis a making;
'Tis given with welcome."

A comma after "vouch'd" and another after "making," *in the room of* the semicolon there, would have given the true reading—which is turned into nonsense by the false pointing in this new edition.

"If trembling I inhabit then,"

Should be:

If trembling I *inhibit* then.

"tell me if your art
Can tell so much)

Where is the *other mark* of the parenthesis?

"and with him,
To leave no rubs nor blotches in the work,)

Where is the *other mark* of this parenthesis?

But this is painful work: we will therefore end it, for the present, by a short notice of something that, in itself, is enough to injure the whole edition in which it occurs,—we mean, in the opinion of Shakespeare's "lovers."

The play is Twelfth Night. In the first interview between Olivia and Viola, Olivia, after Viola has said, "Good madam, let me see your face," is made to reply, "Have you any commission from your lord to negociate with my face? You are now out of your text: but we will draw the curtain, and show you the picture. Look you, sir; *such a one I was this present:* is't not well done?" [*Unveiling.*]

Now, which looks most like Shakespeare, *that*, or *this*:

"Look you, Sir: Such a one *as* I was, this presents.
Is't not well done?"—[*Unveiling.*]

The word "as," the comma after "was," and the additional *s* to the word "present," make all the difference.

A PILGRIMAGE TO TREVES, through the Valley of the Meuse and the Forest of Ardennes in the year 1844. Harper & Brothers, 1845.

We have here another new book from the pen of an American, and a very modest and entertaining one it is. The author, a son of the Rev. Dr. Anthon of this city, says that, having determined to "attempt the production of a book," he took up his residence in Spa to carry on its manufacture, for three sensible reasons; first because it is a pleasant place to live in; secondly because it is a fashionable watering place which being deserted at that time afforded him excellent accommodations; and thirdly because it is in the vicinity of Liege and Brussels, from which cities he could obtain all the books of which he stood in need. We like this manner of producing a book, and we only regret that all authors cannot, like Mr. Anthon, select their cities of refuge when the fit of production comes over them. But there have been many books produced in garrets and prisons and other places very far from being pleasant, which

will be read with delight, and have power to make any place pleasant when the "Pilgrimage to Treves" will have been utterly forgotten.

We do not mean to underrate Mr. Anthon's work because it was produced under circumstances so exceedingly agreeable. There are but few young gentlemen of his years and opportunities who ever think of producing a book at all, or if they should make the attempt, would succeed as well as he has done.

The author begins his book with Charlemagne and Aix-la-Chapelle and serves up anew several bits of history which do not possess much novelty to recommend them. The "Pilgrimage" is not commenced until we reach the middle of the book, when the interest of the work begins. The author set out from Dinant on the 4th of September to join the pilgrims who were flocking in immense numbers to Treves to witness the exhibition of the sacred robe of Christ which happens to be in possession of the church of that city. Mr. Anthon informs us, however, that he does not himself attach any importance to relics, and very conclusively argues that the chances are a considerable many to nothing that Christ never had the sacred robe of Treves on his back.

In some of his descriptions he is sufficiently exact, but in others he is exceedingly vague and uncertain: for instance, in speaking of Hardenne, a seat of the King of the Belgians, he says it is "furnished in a style of simple elegance," which must be interpreted according to the reader's own ideas of what constitutes simple elegance. Probably some readers if made acquainted with the realities of Hardenne would say that it was furnished in a style of the most superb and thrilling magnificence, for we saw in one of our morning papers, a day or two since, an allusion to a new Broadway Omnibus which was styled "a truly palacial carriage," and every newspaper reader knows that all the steamboats in our waters are "floating palaces."

The sacred tunic was presented to Treves by the Empress Helena, she having procured it in Palestine three hundred years after the crucifixion.

"Since the exposition which took place in the year 1512, the Tunic has been publicly displayed nine times, seven times at Treves and twice at Ehrenbreitstein, to which place it had been transported on account of the risk of destruction or plunder to which it was exposed during the war which distracted Germany. The last exposition occurred in 1810, and lasted 19 days. The number of strangers who visited Treves during this time amounted to 227,000. According to the belief of some, miraculous cures were wrought by the sight and touch of the relic. It is said that many paralytics, and other persons so sick or infirm that they had to be carried before it, afterward walked without assistance.

"Those who dread the predominance of the Roman Catholic faith, and look with anxiety on the signs which seem to indicate that she is about to resume much of her ancient dominion, will be struck by the fact that the exposition of the sacred Robe in the year 1844 has attracted a greater host of pilgrims than on any previous occasion. The number of strangers who visited Treves from the 17th of August to the 6th of October amounted to upward of 450,000!"

The sacred robe is deposited in a chamber of the Cathedral, where it is kept except on occasions of exhibition.

"The crowd of pilgrims entering the great portal on the right in regular procession, two and two, reached the central nave where they separated into two files, one on each side of it. Advancing in this order, marshalled by officers with scarfs of red and yellow, the colours of Treves, they travelled the whole length of the choir, and arrived at its upper end, where the two files again united at the foot of an elevated platform of variegated marble, ascended on each side by a broad flight of steps, and decorated for the occasion with flowering plants. In the centre of this platform, directly in front of the treasure chamber, from which it had been taken, was displayed the revered object of their pilgrimage, spread out on a glass case, and decked with white satin and blue drapery trimmed with gold. The people mounted the platform by the right-hand staircase, and passed in front of the relic, where they were permitted to pause for an instant, while they gave to one of the attending priests some small object, such as a medal, a rosary, or a representation of the Robe, embroidered on silk, or engraved on paper. The priest touched these to the Tunic, and having thus, in the opinion of the orthodox, extracted some of its virtues, restored them to their owners, who then descended the flight of steps on the left, and quitted the Cathedral by a side door. Upon a table were seen the offerings of the pilgrims, an immense pile of copper coins, testifying at once to the multitude of the donors and to their individual poverty.

I am not ashamed to confess that, as I stood upon this elevation, and surveyed the whole scene which was passing, I felt deeply moved. The spectacle which the interior of that venerable edifice then presented might indeed excuse a moment's credulity. On one side the pilgrims were pressing forward with faces of eager expectation, chastened by religious awe, while the solemn melody of the organ conspired to elevate the thoughts all from earth; and as they descended, it was easy to read on their countenances the joy and gratitude with which they were filled.

The Roman Catholics seize eagerly on examples of the emotion which so impressive a ceremony can hardly fail to excite, as proofs of a peculiar and divine influence which the relic exerts on the stubborn hearts of heretics. A chronicler of the exposition relates, for instance, with considerable naivete, that an Israelitish woman, on seeing it, burst into tears, and immediately made an offering of four thalers, which, in his opinion, is a very strong testimony to the authenticity and virtue of the Robe."

There are a few more pages, but properly, the pilgrimage ends here.

NEW WORKS LATELY RECEIVED.

Satanstoe, or the Littlepage Manuscripts. A Tale of the Colony: by J. Fenimore Cooper. In 2 vols. New-York: Burgess, Stringer & Co.

Satanstoe appears to be the first of a series of three tales written to illustrate a principle, the principle of anti-rentism, which Mr. Cooper considers a greater disgrace to the State of New-York than repudiation to Mississippi. We have but little faith in stories that are written to illustrate any other principle than the principle of human nature, and we doubt whether Satanstoe will be read with much interest by any class excepting those who have read the author's other productions, for the sake of the story. It appears that Satanstoe is a neck of land somewhere in Westchester county, its precise locality we are not acquainted with, but it is probably in the neighborhood of Devilshoof. Of the merits of the work we are unable to speak at present. We give the concluding paragraph of the author's preface, for the sake of its manly tone, which will meet with a hearty response from all honest men.

"For ourselves, we conceive that true patriotism consists in laying bare every thing like public vice, and in calling things by their right names. The great enemy of the race has made a deep inroad upon us, within the last ten or a dozen years, under cover of a spurious delicacy on the subject of expressing national ills; and it is time that they who have not been afraid to praise when praise was merited, should not shrink from the office of censuring, when the want of timely warnings may be some cause of the most fatal evils. The great practical defect of institutions like ours, is the circumstance that "what is every body's business, is nobody's business," a neglect that gives to the activity of the rogue a very dangerous ascendency over the more dilatory corrections of the honest man."

Notes, Explanatory and Practical, on the Epistles of Paul to the Ephesians, Philipians, and Colossians. By Albert Barnes. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The learning and industry which distinguish these Notes are points about which we have heard little difference of opinion. Not the least interesting portion of the work is the Introduction, which embraces an account of the situation of Ephesus, and the character of its people, as well as of the advent of the Gospel among them—also notices of the History of its Church—of the time and places of writing the Epistle—with an inquiry as to its object and to whom it was written. This Introduction is illustrated with two wood engravings of the present Ephesus.

De Rohan; or The Court Conspirator. An Historical Romance. By M. Eugene Sue, author of "The Mysteries of Paris," etc. etc. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This is number 54 of Harper's "Library of Select Novels." It is by no means as good a book as we have a right to expect from the author of "The Mysteries of Paris;" its interest has been materially impaired by too close an adherence to historical fact. The chief actors are two young girls, nobly born, and each of an heroic devotion beautifully diverse in character; a youth of great sensitiveness and timidity; a cynical and brutal giant and buffoon; a nobleman of the gay Court of Louis XIV; and an eccentric Dutch philosopher, of great genius and erudition.

Ocean Work, Ancient and Modern: or, Evenings on Sea and Land. By J. Hall Wright, author of "Breakfast-table Scenes." (Science.) New York, Appleton & Co.

This neat little book is one of the second series of "Tales for the People and their children," and in our estimation is one of the best among them. A little more science and a little less prattle would have greatly enhanced its value as a book for the people, but even in its present shape it contains a great amount of knowledge in a very limited space.

The Age of Elizabeth. By William Howitt. No. 13 of Wiley & Putnam's Library of choice reading. Wiley & Putnam. Price 50 cents.

The expressive title of this series of works, *choice reading*, may be applied with as great truth to this book as to any one yet issued. The "age of Elizabeth," contains some of the best criticisms and most agreeable writing of the author.

The Blind Girl, with Other Tales: by Emma C. Embury. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This little volume includes Constance Latimer, or The Blind Girl;" "The Son and Heir;" "The Village Tragedy;" "Newton Ainslie;" and "Frank Morrison." The first was originally written as a contribution to a Fair for the benefit of the Institution for the Blind:—it is an exceedingly pathetic tale. The others are also excellent, each in a different way. Mrs. Embury is one of the very best of our female writers.

The Dutchman's Fireside: a Tale, by the author of "Letters from the South," "John Bull in America," "The Backwoodsman," &c. Two volumes in one, New York: Harper & Brothers.

This is number 9 of the Harpers' "Pocket Edition of Select Novels." The novel itself is too well known in America to need comment. It is, perhaps, the best work of its author. We particularly admire the clear print and convenient form of these editions.

A System of Latin Versification: in a series of Progressive Exercises, including specimens of Translation from English and German Poetry into Latin verse. For the use of Schools and Colleges: by Charles Anthon, LL.D., Professor of the Greek languages in Columbia College, New York, etc. etc. New York: Harper & Brothers.

A very admirable volume which we shall, of course, notice more fully hereafter.

The Gambler's Wife. A Novel. By the Author of the "Young Prima Donna," "The Belle of the Family," "The Old Dower House," etc. etc. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Number 50 of the "Library of Select Novels." A well-written and well-constructed story of profound, although homely interest.

The Smuggler, a Tale, by G. P. R. James. No. 56 of Harper's Library of Select Novels. The Mysteries of Berlin, Part 4, published by W. H. Collyer. An Encyclopedia of Domestic Economy, Part 5: Harper & Brothers. The Nevilles of Garrettstown, Part 4. Martin's Bible, Part 5. Littell's Living Age, No. 58, from Taylor, No. 2, Astor House. Narrative of the Life of Frederick Douglas, an American Slave, written by himself, from W. H. Graham, Tribune buildings.

NUMBER ONE'S.

We have received the first number of three new weekly Magazines during the past week. Two of them sprung up in Boston, and one in New-York. The most important of these new comers, in appearance, and doubtless containing the largest amount of vitality, is called "The Harbinger;" it is dedicated to "Social and Political Progress." No editor is named, but it is to be furnished with matter by Park Godwin, W. H. Channing, Albert Brisbane, Osborne Macdanniel, Horace Greely, George Ripley, Charles A. Dana, John S. Dwight, L. W. Ryckman, John Allen, and Francis S. Shaw. Some of these gentlemen we know to be matter-full men, and if they lend their aid to this new magazine, it must shortly become an important organ in the world of journalism. It emanates from the Brook Farm Association at West Roxbury, and is, as a matter of course, an advocate of Fourierism. The first number contains the beginning of George Sand's famous story "Consuelo," translated, we suppose, by F. S. Shaw, as the copy-right is secured to him. The Harbinger is as well printed as any paper of its class, but coming from an Association like that at Brook Farm, we expected a greater degree of elegance in its externals. Tuttle & Dexter are the general agents.

"The Jester," is another Boston birth; an imitation of Punch, but a very slender imitation indeed. The illustrations are better than the matter illustrated, an unusual case in an American publication. It wants a Lemon to give it flavor.

"The New-Yorker," a semi-monthly paper of eight pages, devoted to Temperance, Morality, and several other good things, is published in New-York.

THE FINE ARTS.

We have seen a proof impression of an engraving by Smillie and Hinshelwood, intended for part five of Martin's edition of the Bible, which will reflect great credit upon the skill of the artists and the liberality of the publishers. The subject is the "departure of the Israelites" from a picture by David Roberts, one of the best painters of Eastern life and scenery now living. This picture has much of the grandeur of feeling peculiar to Martin's designs, and though but a few inches in size, is capable of creating as sublime and lofty emotions, as though it were stretched over an acre of canvass. The cheapness of illustrated books is a growing marvel. This print is of a class rarely sold at a price less than two dollars, yet it is here given away to the purchaser of one of the parts of the superb work which it is meant to illustrate.

We have before us, also, parts 29 and 30 of Harper's Bible, which is more legitimately ornamented by wood-cuts, containing an *amount* of pictorial illustrations, which, a few years ago, would have been considered an impossibility at the price for which they are now sold. The great defect of the illustrations of "Harper's Bible," arises from their sameness of character. One author may well be illustrated by one artist; but to give all the Prophets, Psalmists, and Evangelists of the Sacred Book, into the hands of the same man for illustration, was a very dangerous experiment. To fulfil such a task properly, as the illustration of the whole Bible, requires an amount of genius and learning, which no individual ever did, or ever can, possess. If the Bible itself were pervaded by one tone of expression, it would be the most wearisome book in existence. But one of the charms which attracts all readers, is the almost infinite

variety of styles in which it is written. The Harpers' edition, however, has claims to favor irrespective of its illustrations, which would render it a cheap and valuable work, even though it did not contain a tenth part of its pictures. The type, paper and ink, the correctness of the text and notes, are the points which must give it a permanent and reliable value.

A new Painting, by C. Dean, has lately been added to the Exhibition of the American Art-Union. It represents a party of Indians at play, and though an interesting picture, as exhibiting a trait of Indian life, it is by no means equal to the two last which were purchased by the Art-Union.

Mr. E. L. Carey.—Philadelphia and the whole circle of American artists, have met with a great loss in the death of Mr. E. L. Carey, who had been an invalid for the last three years, but was at last suddenly snatched away from his sphere of usefulness, after an illness of only two days. Mr. Carey was the most liberal and discriminating purchaser of works of art in the country, and he had made the very best, if not the most extensive collection of the productions of modern artists, to be found in the Union. Mr. Carey was peculiarly liberal towards young artists, and gave them orders without waiting for them to become famous. The destruction of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts is a calamity, no doubt; but it is one that can be repaired; the loss of an enlightened and liberal patron, however, is one that the world of art cannot repair. We trust, however, that Mr. Carey's example will not be lost on the men of wealth in Philadelphia and elsewhere.

Horace Kneeland.—We are happy to learn that this deserving artist has received a very liberal order from a few gentlemen of this City, Philadelphia and Boston, for another equestrian statue of Washington, which is to be cast in bronze. The model will be made here, but it will be taken to Berlin by Mr. Kneeland and there cast. The commission for this statue reflects the highest credit upon Mr. Kneeland's past works, and is an honor to the discernment and liberality of the gentlemen who have commissioned him. It also reflects disgrace, which the whole country should see, on the *National* Academy, which recently refused to confer the poor title of associate upon Mr. K., who has, during the past four years, exhibited the first busts in the annual exhibitions of the Academy, if we except those by Mr. Powers. But while there are so many spoilers of canvass among the academicians, it can hardly be expected that they should admit an artist of respectable abilities among their *associates*. In justice to the Academy, it should be known that the best artists belonging to it were in favor of Mr. Kneeland's election.

THE CONCERT ROOM.

New York Philharmonic Society vs. the Musical Fund Society of Philadelphia.—It seems that some person corresponding with the *Mirror*, from Philadelphia, takes the opportunity of speaking of the Musical Fund in terms of high commendation, while he does considerable, although perhaps unintentional injustice to the Philharmonic Society. This Society, although by no means a *benefit society*, according to its constitution, has yet taken a noble stand in the cause of humanity. We know of several instances where the funds have been judiciously applied, either to aid the sick, or to bury the deceased brother. There is no party feeling here; all is forgotten but the necessity of the case. A member of the N. Y. P. S., in answer to the *Mirror*, states that the remuneration of the members, barely amounts to one dollar for their attendence at the numerous rehearsals which occur during the season.

This is indeed poor pay for two or three hours' tedious rehearsals during each week. It is indeed so poor that nothing but the right spirit of enthusiasm for their profession can induce the members to submit to such a loss.

For loving their art so well they should be commended and respected, but there are other points which entitle them, in our opinion, to still higher commendation and respect. Why is it that their dividend is so small—why is it that they have to work so hard for a remuneration so inadequate? The Society is successful! it is prosperous in the highest degree—the favorite with the profession and the public! What then is the reason of its apparent poverty—it is that they all must willingly yield the greater portion of the results of their hard labor for the sake of a charity which is wide and embracing. Besides this, many of the members are liberal subscribers to the concerts, for their families and their friends, and in this way contribute individually to the prosperity of the society. We know some, who instead of receiving any dividend from the receipts, were by their liberal subscriptions indebted to the society.

The Philharmonic Society deserve more credit for their liberality, from the fact that they *pretend* to nothing, but do all that charity requires in a sure but secret, unostentatious manner.

We have long known the necessity of a fund which should be devoted to the relief of indigent or aged musicians, and we trust that at no distant period an institution so much needed and so charitable in its purposes will be established; but in the meantime we assure our friends in Philadelphia, that the sick or the needy musician, is not entirely friendless, and cannot be, while the Philharmonic Society continues to extend its beneficial influence over the profession of New York.

Mr. Fry,—his Critics and his Friends.—Our remarks upon Mr. Fry's *Leonora* have called forth a lengthy reply in the Evening Express.

The reply is of very little moment, as nothing we have said is therein refuted; indeed, the only attempt at refutation is in the case of Newkomn's fine song, *King Death*, and in this the writer has signally failed, as we shall show. The writer of the Express first quotes our words—

"Moutalvo's first song is 'King Death was a rare old fellow.' This song as composed by Chevalier Newkomn is universally known, and what could have induced Mr. Fry to introduce it into his Opera, unless to suggest comparison, we are at a loss to conceive. Comparisons will be drawn, and to his disadvantage, for the first phrases of his version prove, beyond a doubt, that Newkomn's fine song was fresh in his memory, and suggested, if not supplied the thoughts."

He then adds:

"Now, it so happens that Mr. Fry's version of the song has been lying for years in his *repertoire*, and was sung in public and in private—(just as it is bodily introduced into 'Leonora,' and performed by Mr. Seguin,) when Barry Cornwall's words were new, and probably long before the Chev. Newkomn ever thought of setting."

Now, we don't pretend to doubt the truth of the assertion that Mr. Fry's version has been lying in his *repertoire* for years, for the original is old enough to allow of it; we remember it some twelve or fourteen years. With regard to the "probability" that Mr. Fry set the words before Newkomn saw them, we positively state that there is not a shadow of a *possibility* that such should be the case, for it is a well-known fact *that Barry Cornwall, or Procter, wrote the words one morning while Newkomn was with him, and that the Chevalier composed the music to them, as it was afterwards published, before he left the room.* The two artists were on terms of the most intimate friendship, and Barry Cornwall wrote all his lyrics

especially for Newkomm, because, as he said, a foreigner appreciated them, and discovered their musical adaptability, when his own countrymen passed them by unnoticed. Mr. Fry, or his friends, may still claim priority, originality, &c. &c., but the fact as we have stated it cannot be disputed.

The editor of the Express refers with excessive satisfaction to a long, turnid, fulsomely laudatory article which appeared in the Express on the 9th inst.; and which he flatteringly denominates a criticism, comparing it triumphantly with our notice of the Opera. It will be seen by the following quotation that he considers the relative value and truth of the two articles to be determined by the corrections of our statement respecting "King Death."

"Now, after this opera of 'Leonora' had been played four times we published in this paper an extended criticism of it from the pen of one of the best and most impartial musical judges in this country. His favorable judgment of the composition and its performance have been corroborated by other writers equally unprejudiced, and equally experienced. The 'Broadway Journal,' on the other hand, has this elaborate condemnation of the opera: and now, who is to decide which of all these critics is right? Which is best entitled to public confidence, as to the merits of the composition in question? We take leave to say that the paragraph above quoted ought to settle the dispute definitely, so far as the authenticity of the Journal's infallibility is concerned, at least."

We are content to leave "the authenticity of the Journal's infallibility," to be decided by the truth or the contrary of our statement.

Our criticism throughout was a fair and impartial one, and has placed Mr. Fry in his true position as an *imitator* and not a *creator*. His blind idolatry of the modern Italian school, has led him to think not merely similarities, but positive identities. He may believe honestly that they are original; his friends and such writers as the one in the Express, may confirm him in the belief, but we assure him and them that the whole is a delusion. Any honest and competent writer would scorn to toady the individual at the expense of the art! What man possessing any knowledge of music, or respect for truth after hearing Leonora, with its endless robberies from Bellini & Co., could sit down and pen so wilful and absurd a falsehood as the following from the critique in the Express—"As we said in a former article, he takes rank by this work with the first of living masters." Is this writer aware of the existence of Rossini! of Auber! or even of those trifling writers Mendelssohn, Spohr, Beissiger, Marschner, Meyerbeer, and a hundred other writers, the least of them enjoying a sterling reputation from their published works, by far exceeding the written-up-by-my-brother's-reputation of Mr. Fry.

Again, says this writer, "He has achieved that which no man speaking the English language has yet equalled." What bombast! what fustian! *Handel* spoke the English language fluently, Weber also, and *Oberon* was the result; *Ferdinand Reiss* too, and the *Ice Witch* was the consequence,—the Ice Witch was by the by, composed in *six weeks*, so that Reiss beat Fry by six weeks;—*Jules Benedict* may be said to have advanced beyond the rudiments of the English language, and his Operas of the Gipsey's Warning, and the Bride of Venice are still extant. Then we have John Barnett, Edward Loder, Mcfarren, Balfe, and even Rooke, who speak English, though, some of them are Irish to be sure, and each of these has done more to win a lasting reputation than Mr. Fry in his *Leonora* gives evidence of being capable of doing. They have not before, certainly, contrived the monstrosity of a recitative Opera; but there is one man who had the audacity and the misfortune to live before Mr. Fry, we mean Dr. Arne who wrote the recitative Opera of *Artaxerxes*. We will not draw a comparison between the two works, lest we should be considered partial; but we doubt if Leonora will live to as good an old age as the venerable Artaxerxes.

The "best and most impartial of musical judges," as the writer in the Express calls the writer in the Express for we believe that both the critique and the criticism upon our criticism, own the same paternity—we had almost said *fry*-ternity —the "best and most impartial of musical judges," we say—as the Express says—must be a very ignorant pretender in the art which he professes to criticise. A more uncouth jumble of unmeaning phrases will seldom be found huddled together in one article. He has, however, found out one great, original and peculiar beauty in Leonora, for which Mr. Fry certainly owes him one; we find it described in two places, in the following words:—"The *finale* follows, introduced with a short passage by the Chorus fortissimo on a *high key*." "The end of the finale is in syncopated passages on *high keys* for the whole Chorus." Good gracious! which *are* the high keys! —and if it be not an impertinent question, *did* the *whole* of the Chorus sing in different high keys! this is an important query, and we should be glad to send its solution to Europe, as the *effect* of vast bodies in *high keys*—the Irish already have *high-lowes*—*may* become a standard of its class!!

There are many absurdities equally glaring, which we will reserve for a future article.

To Correspondents.—We are greatly indebted to the author of the Correspondence between a Mother and Governess—also to A. M. J.—to J. T. of Jackson—to T. H. C.—and to F.W.C. of Boston. We are forced to decline "The Heart Unshared." We are anxious to hear from Ellen of N., in D.

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