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OUR NEW VOLUME.

TO THE PUBLIC.—The suspension of "The Broadway Journal" for one week, has been occasioned by the necessity for some arrangements in which the public have no interest, but which, beyond doubt, will give increased value and efficiency to the paper.

In commencing the SECOND VOLUME, the undersigned begs leave to return his sincere thanks to the numerous friends who have lent him their aid in the very difficult task of establishing a literary and critical weekly. The success of the work, in the brief period of its existence, has been, he truly believes, beyond precedent—and from a brilliant Past, he looks confidently to a triumphant Future.

The editorial conduct of "The Broadway Journal" is under the sole charge of EDGAR A. POE—Mr. H. C. WATSON, as heretofore, controlling the Musical Department.

JOHN BISCO,
Publisher.

HOW TO WRITE A BLACKWOOD ARTICLE.

"In the name of the Prophet—*has it!*"
Cry of the Turkish *ag-puller*.

I TRUST every body has heard of me. My name is the Signora Psyche Zenobia. This I know to be a fact. No body but my enemies ever calls me Suky Snobbs. I have been assured that Suky is but a vulgar corruption of Psyche, which is good Greek, and means "the soul" (that's me, I'm *all* soul) and sometimes "a butterfly," which latter meaning undoubtedly alludes to my appearance in my new crimson satin dress, with the sky-blue Arabian *mantelet*, and the trimmings of green *agraffas*, and the seven bouces of orange-colored *earcicles*. As for Snobbs—any person who should look at me would be instantly aware that my name was n't Snobbs. Miss Tabitha Turnip propagated that report through sheer envy. Tabitha Turnip indeed! Oh the little wretch! But what can we expect from a turnip? Wonder if she remembers the old adage about "blood out of a turnip, &c." [Mem: put her in mind of it the first opportunity.] [Mem again—pull her nose.] Where was I? Ah! I have been assured that Snobbs is a mere corruption of Zenobia, and that Zenobia was a queen—(So am I. Dr. Money penny, always calls me the Queen of Hearts)—and that Zenobia, as well as Psyche, is good Greek, and that my father was "a Greek," and that consequently I have a right to our patronymic, which is Zenobia, and not by any means Snobbs. Nobody but Tabitha Turnip calls me Suky Snobbs—I am the Signora Psyche Zenobia.

As I said before, every body has heard of me. I am that very Signora Psyche Zenobia, so justly celebrated as corresponding secretary to the "Philadelphia, Regular, Exchange, Tea, Total, Young, Belles, Lettres, Universal, Experimental, Bibliographical, Association, To, Civilize, Humanity."

Dr. Money penny made the title for us, and says he chose it because it sounded big like an empty rum-punchoon. (A vulgar man that sometimes—but he's deep.) We all sign the initials of the society after our names, in the fashion of the R.S.A., Royal Society of Arts—the S.D.U.K., Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, &c. &c. Dr. Money penny says that S stands for *state*, and that D.U.K. spells *duck*, (but it don't,) and that S.D.U.K. stands for *State Duck*, and not for Lord Brougham's society—but then Dr. Money penny is such a queer man that I am never sure when he is telling me the truth. At any rate we always add to our names the initials P.R.E.T.T.Y.B.L.U.E.B.A.T.C.H.—that is to say, Philadelphia, Regular, Exchange, Tea, Total, Young, Belles, Lettres, Universal, Experimental, Bibliographical, Association, To, Civilize, Humanity—one letter for each word, which is a decided improvement upon Lord Brougham. Dr. Money penny will have it that our initials give our true character—but for my life I can't see what he means.

Notwithstanding the good offices of the Doctor, and the strenuous exertions of the association to get itself into notice, it met with no very great success until I joined it. The truth is, members indulged in too flippant a tone of discussion. The papers read every Saturday evening were characterized less by depth than buffoonery. They were all whipped syllabub. There was no investigation of first causes, first principles. There was no investigation of anything at all. There was no attention paid to that great point the "fitness of things." In short there was no fine writing like this. It was all low—very! No profundity, no reading, no metaphysics—nothing which the learned call spirituality, and which the unlearned choose to stigmatise as cant. [Dr. M. says I ought to spell "cant" with a capital K—but I know better.]

When I joined the society it was my endeavour to introduce a better style of thinking and writing, and all the world knows how well I have succeeded. We get up as good papers now in the P.R.E.T.T.Y.B.L.U.E.B.A.T.C.H. as any to be found even in Blackwood. I say, Blackwood, because I have been assured that the finest writing, upon every subject, is to be discovered in the pages of that justly celebrated Magazine. We now take it for our model upon all themes, and are getting into rapid notice accordingly. And, after all, it's not so very difficult a matter to compose an article of the genuine Blackwood stamp, if one only goes properly about it. Of course I do n't speak of the political articles. Every body knows how they are managed, since Dr. Money penny explained it. Mr. Blackwood has a pair of tailor's shears, and three apprentices who stand by him for orders. One hands him the "Times," another the "Examiner," and a third a "Gulley's New Compendium of Slang-Whang." Mr. B. merely cuts out and intersperses. It is soon done—nothing but Examiner, Slang-Whang, and Times—then Times, Slang-Whang, and Examiner—and then Times, Examiner, and Slang-Whang.

But the chief merit of the Magazine lies in its miscella-

neous articles: and the best of these come under the head of what Dr. Moneypenny calls the *bizarries* (whatever that may mean) and what every body else calls the *intensities*. This is a species of writing which I have long known how to appreciate, although it is only since my late visit to Mr. Blackwood (deputed by the society) that I have been made aware of the exact method of composition. This method is very simple, but not so much so as the politics. Upon my calling at Mr. B.'s, and making known to him the wishes of the society, he received me with great civility, took me into his study, and gave me a clear explanation of the whole process.

"My dear madam," said he, evidently struck with my majestic appearance, for I had on the crimson satin, with the green *agriffas*, and orange-coloured *auxiculars*. "My dear madam," said he, "sit down. The matter stands thus. In the first place, your writer of intensities must have very black ink, and a very big pen, with a very blunt nib. And, mark me, Miss Psyche Zenobia!" he continued, after a pause, with the most impressive energy and solemnity of manner, "mark me!—*that pen—must—scrive be mended!* Herein, madam, lies the secret, the soul, of intensity. I assume it upon myself to say, that no individual, of however great genius, ever wrote with a good pen,—understand me,—a good article. You may take it for granted, that when manuscript can be read it is never worth reading. This is a leading principle in our faith, to which if you cannot readily assent, our conference is at an end."

He paused. But, of course, as I had no wish to put an end to the conference, I assented to a proposition so very obvious, and one, too, of whose truth I had all along been sufficiently aware. He seemed pleased, and went on with his instructions.

"It may appear invidious in me, Miss Psyche Zenobia, to refer you to any article, or set of articles, in the way of model or study; yet perhaps I may as well call your attention to a few cases. Let me see. There was '*The Dead Alive*,' a capital thing!—the record of a gentleman's sensations entombed before the breath was out of his body—full tions, of taste, terror, sentiment, metaphysics, and erudition. You would have sworn that the writer had been born and brought up in a coffin. Then we had the '*Confessions of an Opium-eater*'—fine, very fine!—glorious imagination—deep philosophy—acute speculation—plenty of fire and fury, and a good spicing of the decidedly unintelligible. That was a nice bit of flummery, and went down the throats of the people delightfully. They would have it that Coleridge wrote the paper—but not so. It was composed by my pet baboon, Juniper, over a rummer of Hollands and water, 'hot, without sugar.'" [This I could scarcely have believed had it been any body but Mr. Blackwood, who assured me of it.] "Then there was '*The Involuntary Experimentalist*,' all about a gentleman who got baked in an oven, and came out alive and well, although certainly done to a turn. And then there was '*The Diary of a Late Physician*,' where the merit lay in good rant, and indifferent Greek—both of them taking things, with the public. And then there was '*The Man in the Bell*,' a paper by-the-bye, Miss Zenobia, which I cannot sufficiently recommend to your attention. It is the history of a young person who goes to sleep under the clapper of a church bell, and is awakened by its tolling for a funeral. The sound drives him mad, and, accordingly, pulling out his tablets, he gives a record of his sensations. Sensations are the great things after all. Should you ever be drowned or hung, be sure and make a note of your sensations—they will be worth to you ten guineas a sheet. If you wish to write forcibly, Miss Zenobia, pay minute attention to

the sensations."

"That I certainly will, Mr. Blackwood," said I.

"Good!" he replied. "I see you are a pupil after my own heart. But I must put you *en fait* to the details necessary in composing what may be denominated a genuine Blackwood article of the sensation stamp—the kind which you will understand me to say I consider the best for all purposes.

"The first thing requisite is to get yourself into such a scrape as no one ever got into before. The oven, for instance,—that was a good hit. But if you have no oven, or big bell, at hand, and if you cannot conveniently tumble out of a balcony, or be swallowed up in an earthquake, or get stuck fast in a chimney, you will have to be contented with simply imagining some similar misadventure. I should prefer, however, that you have the actual fact to bear you out. Nothing so well assists the fancy, as an experimental knowledge of the matter in hand. 'Truth is strange,' you know, 'stranger than fiction'—besides being more to the purpose."

Here I assured him I had an excellent pair of garters, and would go and hang myself forthwith.

"Good!" he replied, "do so;—although hanging is somewhat hacknied. Perhaps you might do better. Take a dose of Brandreth's pills, and then give us your sensations. However, my instructions will apply equally well to any variety of misadventure, and in your way home you may easily get knocked in the head, or run over by an omnibus, or bitten by a mad dog, or drowned in a gutter. But, to proceed.

"Having determined upon your subject, you must next consider the tone, or manner, of your narration. There is the tone didactic, the tone enthusiastic, the tone natural—all common-places enough. But then there is the tone laconic, or curt, which has lately come much into use. It consists in short sentences. Somehow thus. Can't be too brief. Can't be too snappish. Always a full stop. And never a paragraph.

"Then there is the tone elevated, diffusive, and interjectional. Some of our best novelists patronize this tone. The words must be all in a whirl, like a humming-top, and make a noise very similar, which answers remarkably well instead of meaning. This is the best of all possible styles where the writer is in too great a hurry to think.

"The tone metaphysical is also a good one. If you know any big words this is your chance for them. Talk of the Ionic and Eleatic schools—of Archytas, Gorgias and Alcmæon. Say something about objectivity and subjectivity. Be sure and abuse a man called Locke. Turn up your nose at things in general, and when you let slip anything a little too absurd, you need not be at the trouble of scratching it out, but just add a foot-note, and say that you are indebted for the above profound observation to the '*Kritik der reinen Vernunft*,' or to the '*Metaphysische Anfangsgründe der Naturwissenschaft*.' This will look erudite and—and—and frank.

"There are various other tones of equal celebrity, but I shall mention only two more—the tone transcendental and the tone heterogeneous. In the former the merit consists in seeing into the nature of affairs a very great deal farther than any body else. This second sight is very efficient when properly managed. A little reading of the '*Dial*' will carry you a great way. Eschew, in this case, big words; get them as small as possible, and write them upside down. Look over Channing's poems and quote what he says about a '*fat little man with a delusive show of Can.*' Put in something about the *Sopernal Queeness*. Don't say a syllable about the *Infernal Twoness*. Above all, study *inuendo*. Hint every thing—assert nothing. If you feel inclined to say '*bread*'

and butter' do not by any means say it outright. You may say anything and every thing *approaching* to 'bread and butter.' You may hint at buck-wheat cake, or you may even go so far as to insinuate oat-meal porridge, but if bread and butter be your real meaning, be cautious, my dear Miss Psyche, not on any account to say 'bread and butter!'"

I assured him that I should never say it again as long as I lived. He kissed me and continued:

"As for the tone heterogeneous, it is merely a judicious mixture, in equal proportions, of all the other tones in the world, and is consequently made up of everything deep, great, odd, piquant, pertinent, and pretty.

"Let us suppose now you have determined upon your incidents and tone. The most important portion,—in fact the soul of the whole business, is yet to be attended to—I allude to the *filling up*. It is not to be supposed that a lady or gentleman either has been leading the life of a bookworm. And yet above all things it is necessary that your article have an air of erudition, or at least afford evidence of extensive general reading. Now I'll put you in the way of accomplishing this point. See here!" (pulling down some three or four ordinary looking volumes, and opening them at random.) "By casting your eye down almost any page of any book in the world, you will be able to perceive at once a host of little scraps of either learning or *bel-esprit-ism*, which are the very thing for the spicing of a Blackwood article. You might as well note down a few while I read them to you. I shall make two divisions: first, *Piquant Facts for the Manufacture of Similes*; and second, *Piquant Expressions to be introduced as occasion may require*. Write now!" and I wrote as he dictated.

"PIQUANT FACTS FOR SCHILERS. 'There were originally but three Muses—Melete, Mneme, and Arde—meditation, memory, and singing.' You may make a great deal of that little fact if properly worked. You see it is not generally known, and looks *recherché*. You must be careful and give the thing with a downright improviso air.

"Again. 'The river Alpheus passed beneath the sea, and emerged without injury to the purity of its waters.' Rather stale that, to be sure, but, if properly dressed and dished up, will look quite as fresh as ever.

"Here is something better. 'The Persian Iris appears to some persons to possess a sweet and very powerful perfume, while to others it is perfectly scentless.' Fine that, and very delicate! Turn it about a little, and it will do wonders. We'll have something else in the botanical line. There's nothing goes down so well, especially with the help of a little Latin. Write!

"'The *Epidendrum Flos Aeris*, of Java, bears a very beautiful flower, and will live when pulled up by the roots. The natives suspend it by a cord from the ceiling, and enjoy its fragrance for years.' That's capital! That will do for the similes. Now for the Piquant Expressions.

PIQUANT EXPRESSIONS. 'The venerable Chinese novel *Ju-Kiao-Li*.' Good! By introducing these few words with dexterity you will evince your intimate acquaintance with the language and literature of the Chinese. With the aid of this you may possibly get along without either Arabic, or Sanscrit, or Chickasaw. There is no passing muster, however, without Spanish, Italian, German, Latin, and Greek. I must look you out a little specimen of each. Any scrap will answer, because you must depend upon your own ingenuity to make it fit into your article. Now write!

"'Aussi tendre que Zaire'—as tender as Zaire—French. Alludes to the frequent repetition of the phrase, *la tendre*

Zaire, in the French tragedy of that name. Properly introduced, will show not only your knowledge of the language, but your general reading and wit. You can say, for instance, that the chicken you were eating (write an article about being choked to death by a chicken-bone) was not altogether *aussi tendre que Zaire*. Write!

'Van muerte tan escondida,
Que no te sienta venir,
Porque el placer del morir
No me torne a dar la vida.'

That's Spanish—from Miguel de Cervantes. 'Come quickly O death! but be sure and don't let me see you coming, lest the pleasure I shall feel at your appearance should unfortunately bring me back again to life.' This you may slip in quite *a propos* when you are struggling in the last agonies with the chicken-bone. Write!

'Il pover 'huomo che non se'n era accorto,
Andava combattendo, e era morto.'

That's Italian, you perceive,—from Ariosto. It means that a great hero, in the heat of combat, not perceiving that he had been fairly killed, continued to fight valiantly, dead as he was. The application of this to your own case is obvious—for I trust, Miss Psyche, that you will not neglect to kick for at least an hour and a half after you have been choked to death by that chicken-bone. Please to write!

'Und sterb'ich doch, so sterb'ich denn
Durch sie—durch sie!'

That's German—from Schiller. 'And if I die, at least I die—for thee—for thee!' Here it is clear that you are apostrophising the cause of your disaster, the chicken. Indeed what gentleman (or lady either) of sense, *wouldn't* die, I should like to know, for a well fattened capon of the right Mollucca breed, stuffed with capers and mushrooms, and served up in a salad-bowl, with orange-jellies *ex moutiques*. Write! (You can get them that way at Tortoni's.)—Write, if you please!

"Here is a nice little Latin phrase, and rare too, (one can't be too *recherché* or brief in one's Latin, it's getting so common,)—*ignoratio elenchi*. He has committed an *ignoratio elenchi*—that is to say, he has understood the words of your proposition, but not the ideas. The man was a *fool*, you see. Some poor fellow whom you addressed while choking with that chicken-bone, and who therefore didn't precisely understand what you were talking about. Throw the *ignoratio elenchi* in his teeth, and, at once, you have him annihilated. If he dare to reply, you can tell him from Lucan (here it is) that speeches are mere *anemone verborum*, anemone words. The anemone, with great brilliancy, has no smell. Or, if he begin to bluster, you may be down upon him with *insomnia Jovis*, reveries of Jupiter—a phrase which Silius Italicus (see here!) applies to thoughts pompous and inflated. This will be sure and cut him to the heart. He can do nothing but roll over and die. Will you be kind enough to write!

"In Greek we must have something pretty—from Demosthenes, for example. *Ανερ ο φεογον και παλιν μαχεσται*. [*Aner o pheogon kai palin mache-stai*.] There is a tolerably good translation of it in Hudibras—

For he that flies may fight again,
Which he can never do that's slain.

In a Blackwood article nothing makes so fine a show as your Greek. The very letters have an air of profundity about them. Only observe, madam, the astute look of that Epsilon! That Phi ought certainly to be a bishop! Was ever there a smarter fellow than that Omicron? Just twig that Tau! In short, there is nothing like Greek for a genuine

sensation-paper. In the present case your application is the most obvious thing in the world. Rap out the sentence, with a huge oath, and by way of *ultimatum*, at the good-for-nothing dunder-headed villain who couldn't understand your plain English in relation to the chicken-bone. He'll take the hint and be off, you may depend upon it."

These were all the instructions Mr. B. could afford me upon the topic in question, but I felt they would be entirely sufficient. I was, at length, able to write a genuine Blackwood article, and determined to do it forthwith. In taking leave of me, Mr. B. made a proposition for the purchase of the paper when written; but as he could offer me only fifty guineas a sheet, I thought it better to let our society have it, than sacrifice it for so paltry a sum. Notwithstanding this niggardly spirit, however, the gentleman showed his consideration for me in all other respects, and indeed treated me with the greatest civility. His parting words made a deep impression upon my heart, and I hope I shall always remember them with gratitude.

"My dear Miss Zenobia," he said, while the tears stood in his eyes, "is there anything else I can do to promote the success of your laudable undertaking? Let me reflect! It is just possible that you may not be able, so soon as convenient, to — to — get yourself drowned, or — choked with a chicken-bone, or — or hung, — or — bitten by a — but stay! Now I think me of it, there are a couple of very excellent bull dogs in the yard — fine fellows, I assure you — savage, and all that — indeed just the thing for your money — they'll have you eaten up, *auriculas* and all, in less than five minutes (here's my watch!) — and then only think of the sensations! Here! I say — Tom! — Peter! — Dick, you villain! — let out those" — but as I was really in a great hurry, and had not another moment to spare, I was reluctantly forced to expedite my departure, and accordingly took leave *at once* — somewhat more abruptly, I admit, than strict courtesy would have, otherwise, allowed.

It was my primary object, upon quitting Mr. Blackwood, to get into some immediate difficulty, pursuant to his advice, and with this view I spent the greater part of the day in wandering about Edinburgh, seeking for desperate adventures — adventures adequate to the intensity of my feelings, and adapted to the vast character of the article I intended to write. In this excursion I was attended by my negro-servant Pompey, and my little lap-dog Diana, whom I had brought with me from Philadelphia. It was not, however, until late in the afternoon that I fully succeeded in my arduous undertaking. An important event then happened, of which the following Blackwood article, in the tone heterogeneous, is the substance and result.

A PREDICAMENT.

What chance, good lady, hath bereft you thus? — *Cosus*.

It was a quiet and still afternoon when I strolled forth in the goodly city of Edina. The confusion and bustle in the streets were terrible. Men were talking. Women were screaming. Children were choking. Pigs were whistling. Carts they rattled. Bulls they bellowed. Cows they lowed. Horses they neighed. Cats they caterwauled. Dogs they danced. *Danced!* Could it then be possible? *Danced!* Alas, thought I, my dancing days are over! Thus it is ever. What a host of gloomy recollections will ever and anon be awakened in the mind of genius and imaginative contemplation, especially of a genius doomed to the everlasting, and eternal, and continual, and, as one might say, the — *continued* — yes, the *continued and continuous*, bitter, har-

assing, disturbing, and, if I may be allowed the expression, the *very* disturbing influence of the serene, and godlike, and heavenly, and exalting, and elevated, and purifying effect of what may be rightly termed the most enviable, the most *truly* enviable — nay! the most benignly beautiful, the most deliciously ethereal, and, as it were, the most *pretty* (if I may use so bold an expression) *thing* (pardon me, gentle reader!) in the word — but I am led away by my feelings. In such a mood, I repeat, what a host of recollections are stirred up by a trifle! The dogs danced! *I* — *I could not!* They frisked — I wept. They capered — I sobbed aloud. Touching circumstances! which cannot fail to bring to the recollection of the classical reader that exquisite passage in relation to the fitness of things, which is to be found in the commencement of the third volume of that admirable and venerable Chinese novel, the *Jo-Go-Slow*.

In my solitary walk through the city I had two humble but faithful companions. Diana, my poodle! sweetest of creatures! She had a quantity of hair over her one eye, and a blue ribband tied fashionably around her neck. Diana was not more than five inches in height, but her head was somewhat bigger than her body, and her tail, being cut off exceedingly close, gave an air of injured innocence to the interesting animal which rendered her a favorite with all.

And Pompey, my negro! — sweet Pompey! how shall I ever forget thee! I had taken Pompey's arm. He was three feet in height (I like to be particular) and about seventy, or perhaps eighty, years of age. He had bow-legs and was corpulent. His mouth should not be called small, nor his ears short. His teeth, however, were like pearl, and his large full eyes were deliciously white. Nature had endowed him with no neck, and had placed his ankles (as usual with that race) in the middle of the upper portion of the feet. He was clad with a striking simplicity. His sole garments were a stock of nine inches in height, and a nearly-new drab overcoat which had formerly been in the service of the tall, stately, and illustrious Dr. Money-penny. It was a good overcoat. It was well cut. It was well made. The coat was nearly new. Pompey held it up out of the dirt with both hands.

There were three persons in our party, and two of them have already been the subject of remark. There was a third — that third person was myself. I am the Signora Psyche Zenobia. I am *not* Suky Snobbs. My appearance is commanding. On the memorable occasion of which I speak I was habited in a crimson satin dress, with a sky-blue Arabian mantelet. And the dress had trimmings of green agraffas, and seven graceful flounces of the orange-colored auricula. I thus formed the third of the party. There was the poodle. There was Pompey. There was myself. We were *three*. Thus it is said there were originally but three Furies — Melty, Nimmy and Hesty — Meditation, Memory, and Fiddling.

Leaning upon the arm of the gallant Pompey, and attended at a respectful distance by Diana, I proceeded down one of the populous and very pleasant streets of the now deserted Edina. On a sudden, there presented itself to view a church — a Gothic cathedral — vast, venerable, and with a tall steeple, which towered into the sky. What madness now possessed me? Why did I rush upon my fate? I was seized with an uncontrollable desire to ascend the giddy pinnacle, and thence survey the immense extent of the city. The door of the cathedral stood invitingly open. My destiny prevailed. I entered the ominous archway. Where then was my guardian angel? — if indeed such angels there be. *If!* Distressing monosyllable! what a world of mystery, and

meaning, and doubt, and uncertainty is there involved in thy two letters! I entered the ominous archway! I entered; and, without injury to my orange-colored auriculas, I passed beneath the portal, and emerged within the vestibule! Thus it is said the immense river Alfred passed, unscathed, and unwetted, beneath the sea.

I thought the staircases would never have an end. Round! Yes, they went round and up, and round and up and round and up, until I could not help surmising, with the sagacious Pompey, upon whose supporting arm I leaned in all the confidence of early affection—I *could* not help surmising that the upper end of the continuous spiral ladder had been accidentally, or perhaps designedly, removed. I paused for breath; and, in the meantime, an incident occurred of too momentous a nature in a moral, and also in a metaphysical point of view, to be passed over without notice. It appeared to me—indeed I was quite confident of the fact—I could not be mistaken—no! I had, for some moments, carefully and anxiously observed the motions of my Diana—I say that *I could not be mistaken—Diana smelt a rat!* At once I called Pompey's attention to the subject, and he—he agreed with me. There was then no longer any reasonable room for doubt. The rat had been smelled—and by Diana. Heavens! shall I ever forget the intense excitement of that moment? Alas! what is the boasted intellect of man! The rat!—it was there—that is to say, it was somewhere. Diana smelled the rat. *I—I could not!* Thus it is said the Prussian Isis has, for some persons, a sweet and very powerful perfume, while to others it is perfectly scentless.

The staircase had been surmounted, and there were now only three or four more upward steps intervening between us and the summit. We still ascended, and now only one step remained. One step! One little, little step! Upon one such little step in the great staircase of human life how vast a sum of human happiness or misery often depends! I thought of myself, then of Pompey, and then of the mysterious and inexplicable destiny which surrounded us. I thought of Pompey!—alas, I thought of love! I thought of the many false steps which have been taken, and may be taken again. I resolved to be more cautious, more reserved. I abandoned the arm of Pompey, and, without his assistance, surmounted the one remaining step, and gained the chamber of the belfry. I was followed immediately afterwards by my poodle. Pompey alone remained behind. I stood at the head of the staircase, and encouraged him to ascend. He stretched forth to me his hand, and unfortunately in so doing was forced to abandon his firm hold upon the overcoat. Will the gods never cease their persecution? The overcoat it dropped, and, with one of his feet, Pompey stepped upon the long and trailing skirt of the overcoat. He stumbled and fell—this consequence was inevitable. He fell forwards, and, with his accursed head, striking me full in the—in the breast, precipitated me headlong, together with himself, upon the hard, filthy and detestable floor of the belfry. But my revenge was sure, sudden and complete. Seizing him furiously by the wool with both hands, I tore out a vast quantity of the black, and crisp, and curling material, and tossed it from me with every manifestation of disdain. It fell among the ropes of the belfry and remained. Pompey arose, and said no word. But he regarded me piteously with his large eyes, and—sighed. Ye gods—that sigh! It sunk into my heart. And the hair—the wool! Could I have reached that wool I would have bathed it with my tears, in testimony of regret. But alas! it was now far beyond my grasp. As it dangled among the cordage of the bell, I fancied it still alive. I fancied that it stood on end with indignation. Thus the *Aapp*

dandy Flox Aeris of Java, bears, it is said, a beautiful flower, which will live when pulled up by the roots. The natives suspend it by a cord from the ceiling and enjoy its fragrance for years.

Our quarrel was now made up, and we looked about the room for an aperture through which to survey the city of Edina. Windows there were none. The sole light admitted into the gloom chamber proceeded from a square opening, about a foot in diameter, at a height of about seven feet from the floor. Yet what will the energy of true genius not effect? I resolved to clamber up to this hole. A vast quantity of wheels, pinions, and other cabalistic-looking machinery stood opposite the hole, close to it; and through the hole there passed an iron rod from the machinery. Between the wheels and the wall where the hole lay, there was barely room for my body—yet I was desperate, and determined to persevere. I called Pompey to my side.

"You perceive that aperture, Pompey. I wish to look through it. You will stand here just beneath the hole—so, Now, hold out one of your hands, Pompey, and let me step upon it—thus. Now, the other hand, Pompey, and with its aid I will get upon your shoulders."

He did everything I wished, and I found, upon getting up, that I could easily pass my head and neck through the aperture. The prospect was sublime. Nothing could be more magnificent. I merely paused a moment to bid Diana behave herself, and assure Pompey that I would be considerate and bear as lightly as possible upon his shoulders. I told him I would be tender of his feelings—*ossi tender que beefsteak*. Having done this justice to my faithful friend, I gave myself up with great zest and enthusiasm to the enjoyment of the scene which so obligingly spread itself out before my eyes.

Upon this subject, however, I shall forbear to dilate. I will not describe the city of Edinburgh. Every one has been to Edinburgh—the classic Edina. I will confine myself to the momentous details of my own lamentable adventure. Having, in some measure, satisfied my curiosity in regard to the extent, situation, and general appearance of the city, I had leisure to survey the church in which I was, and the delicate architecture of the steeple. I observed that the aperture through which I had thrust my head was an opening in the dial-plate of a gigantic clock, and must have appeared, from the street, as a large keyhole, such as we see in the face of French watches. No doubt the true object was to admit the arm of an attendant, to adjust, when necessary, the hands of the clock from within. I observed also, with surprise, the immense size of these hands, the longest of which could not have been less than ten feet in length, and, where broadest, eight or nine inches in breadth. They were of solid steel apparently, and their edges appeared to be sharp. Having noticed these particulars, and some others, I again turned my eyes upon the glorious prospect below, and soon became absorbed in contemplation.

From this, after some minutes, I was aroused by the voice of Pompey, who declared he could stand it no longer, and requested that I would be so kind as to come down. This was unreasonable, and I told him so in a speech of some length. He replied, but with an evident misunderstanding of my ideas upon the subject. I accordingly grew angry, and told him in plain words that he was a fool, that he had committed an *ignoramus e-clench-eye*, that his notions were mere *insommary Bovis*, and his words little better than *en enemyscrvylor'em*. With this he appeared satisfied, and I resumed my contemplations.

It might have been half an hour after this altercation

when, as I was deeply absorbed in the heavenly scenery beneath me, I was startled by something very cold which pressed with a gentle pressure upon the back of my neck. It is needless to say that I felt inexpressibly alarmed. I knew that Pompey was beneath my feet, and that Diana was sitting, according to my explicit directions, upon her hind legs in the farthest corner of the room. What could it be? Alas! I but too soon discovered. Turning my head gently to one side, I perceived, to my extreme horror, that the huge, glittering, scimitar-like minute-hand of the clock, had, in the course of its hourly revolution, descended upon my neck. There was, I knew, not a second to be lost. I pulled back at once—but it was too late. There was no chance of forcing my head through the mouth of that terrible trap in which it was so fairly caught, and which grew narrower and narrower with a rapidity too horrible to be conceived. The agony of that moment is not to be imagined. I threw up my hands and endeavoured, with all my strength, to force upwards the ponderous iron bar. I might as well have tried to lift the cathedral itself. Down, down, down it came, closer, and yet closer. I screamed to Pompey for aid: but he said that I had hurt his feelings by calling him "an ignorant old squint eye." I yelled to Diana: but she only said "how-wow-wow," and that "I had told her on no account to stir from the corner." Thus I had no relief to expect from my associates.

Meantime the ponderous and terrific *Scythe of Time* (for I now discovered the literal import of that classical phrase) had not stopped, nor was it likely to stop, in its career. Down and still down, it came. It had already buried its sharp edge a full inch in my flesh, and my sensations grew indistinct and confused. At one time I fancied myself in Philadelphia with the stately Dr. Moneypenny, at another in the back parlor of Mr. Blackwood receiving his invaluable instructions. And then again the sweet recollection of better and earlier times came over me, and I thought of that happy period when the world was not all a desert, and Pompey not altogether cruel.

The ticking of the machinery amused me. Amused me, I say, for my sensations now bordered upon perfect happiness, and the most trifling circumstances afforded me pleasure. The eternal *click-clack, click-clack, click-clack*, of the clock was the most melodious of music in my ears, and occasionally even put me in mind of the grateful sermonic harangues of Dr. Olapod. Then there were the great figures upon the dial-plate—how intelligent, how intellectual, they all looked! And presently they took to dancing the Mazurka, and I think it was the figure V who performed the most to my satisfaction. She was evidently a lady of breeding. None of your swaggerers, and nothing at all indelicate in her motions. She did the pirouette to admiration—whirling round upon her apex. I made an endeavor to hand her a chair, for I saw that she appeared fatigued with her exertions—and it was not until then that I fully perceived my lamentable situation. Lamentable indeed! The bar had buried itself two inches in my neck. I was aroused to a sense of exquisite pain. I prayed for death, and, in the agony of the moment, could not help repeating those exquisite verses of the poet Miguel De Cervantes:

Vanny Buren, tan escudida
Query no te +esty venny
Perk and pleasure, dolly morry
Nemany, tomy, darry, widdy!

But now a new horror presented itself, and one indeed sufficient to startle the strongest nerves. My eyes, from the cruel pressure of the machine, were absolutely starting from

their sockets. While I was thinking how I should possibly manage without them, one actually tumbled out of my head, and, rolling down the steep side of the steeple, lodged in the rain gutter which ran along the eaves of the main building. The loss of the eye was not so much as the insolent air of independence and contempt with which it regarded me after it was out. There it lay in the gutter just under my nose, and the airs it gave itself would have been ridiculous had they not been disgusting. Such a winking and blinking were never before seen. This behaviour on the part of my eye in the gutter was not only irritating on account of its manifest insolence and shameful ingratitude, but was also exceedingly inconvenient on account of the sympathy which always exists between two eyes of the same head, however far apart. I was forced, in a manner, to wink and to blink, whether I would or not, in exact concert with the scoundrelly thing that lay just under my nose. I was presently relieved—however, by the dropping out of the other eye. In falling it took the same direction (possibly a concerted plot) as its fellow. Both rolled out of the gutter together, and in truth I was very glad to get rid of them.

The bar was now four inches and a half deep in my neck, and there was only a little bit of skin to cut through. My sensations were those of entire happiness, for I felt that in a few minutes, at farthest, I should be relieved from my disagreeable situation. And in this expectation I was not at all deceived. At twenty-five minutes past five in the afternoon precisely, the huge minute-hand had proceeded sufficiently far on its terrible revolution to sever the small remainder of my neck. I was not sorry to see the head which had occasioned me so much embarrassment at length make a final separation from my body. It first rolled down the side of the steeple, then lodged, for a few seconds, in the gutter, and then made its way, with a plunge, into the middle of the street.

I will candidly confess that my feelings were now of the most singular—nay of the most mysterious, the most perplexing and incomprehensible character. My senses were here and there at one and the same moment. With my head I imagined, at one time, that I the head, was the real Signora Psyche Zenobia—at another I felt convinced that myself, the body, was the proper identity. To clear my ideas upon this topic I felt in my pocket for my snuff-box, but, upon getting it, and endeavoring to apply a pinch of its grateful contents in the ordinary manner, I became immediately aware of my peculiar deficiency, and threw the box at once down to my head. It took a pinch with great satisfaction, and smiled me an acknowledgement in return. Shortly afterwards it made me a speech, which I could hear but indistinctly without ears. I gathered enough, however, to know that it was astonished at my wishing to remain alive under such circumstances. In the concluding sentences it quoted the noble words of Ariosto—

*If power losing the non sera curly
And here a combat lently erry curly.*

thus comparing me to the hero who, in the heat of the combat, not perceiving that he was dead, continued to contest the battle with inextinguishable valor. There was nothing now to prevent my getting down from my elevation, and I did so. What it was that Pompey saw so very peculiar in my appearance I have never yet been able to find out. The fellow opened his mouth from ear to ear, and shut his two eyes as if he were endeavoring to crack nuts between the lids. Finally, throwing off his overcoat, he made one spring for the staircase and disappeared. I hurried after the scoundrel those vehement words of Demosthenes—

André O'Phlegghon, you really make haste to fly,

and then turned to the darling of my heart, to the one-eyed! the shaggy-haired Diana. Alas! what horrible vision affronted my eyes? Was that a rat I saw skulking into his hole? Are these the picked bones of the little angel who has been cruelly devoured by the monster? Ye Gods! and what do I behold—is that the departed spirit, the shade, the ghost of my beloved pappy, which I perceive sitting with a grace so melancholy, in the corner? Harken! for she speaks, and, heavens! it is in the German of Schiller—

"Unt stubby duk, so stubby dun
Duk she! duk she!"

Alas!—and are not her words too true?

And if I died at least I died
For thee—for thee.

Sweet creature! she too has sacrificed herself in my behalf Dogless, niggerless, headless, what now remains for the unhappy Signora Psyche Zenobia? Alas—nothing! I have done.

EDGAR A. POE.

THE DEPARTED.

Where the river ever floweth,
Where the green grass ever groweth,
Where each star most faintly gloweth,
Do I wander on;
My thick pulses hastily beating,
My quick glances now retreating,
And, with bold advance, now meeting,
Shadows of the gone!

Lonely, by that lovely river,
Where the moon-lit blossoms quiver,
Do I wander on forever,
Musing on the past;
When the weary moon descendeth,
When each pale star earthward bendeth,
Then my soul strong memories sendeth,—
Joys too bright to last!

She, earth's bright and loveliest flower,
Spirit, cooped in mortal bower,
She, whose voice alone had power
O'er my soul, is gone!
Vain, oh! vain, are tears and wailing,
Fierce, deep grief is unavailing,
Yet are they my heart assailing,—
Proud heart, never won!

By that river, ever flowing,
With heaven's light upon her glowing,
Sometimes comes she to me, showing
Things past and to come,
And we wander on, caressing,
While the mute earth sheds her blessing
Happy in that dim possessing,
Spirits in the gloom!

Were it not for that dim meeting,
Were it not for that dark greeting,
Its own core my wild heart eating,
Soon would turn to clay,
Now along that lonely river,
Lonely do I wander ever,
Where the nightly blossoms shiver,—
Dark and sad as they!

CRITICAL NOTICES.

The Coming of the Mammoth—the Funeral of Time, and other Poems, by Henry B. Hirst, Boston: Phillips & Sampson.

Mr. Hirst is a young lawyer of Philadelphia—admitted to practice, we believe, about two years ago, and already deriving a very respectable income from his profession. Some years since, his name was frequently seen in the contents of our Magazines, but latterly the duties of his profession seem to have withdrawn him from literary pursuits. He has, nevertheless, done quite right in collecting his fugitive poems, and giving them to the public in a convenient and durable form. The day has happily gone by when a practitioner at the bar has anything to fear from its being understood that he is capable of inditing a good sonnet.

We have no hesitation in saying that Mr. Hirst has not only given indication of poetical genius, but that he has composed some very commendable poems. His imagination is vigorous, bold, and at the same time delicate. His sense of the true provinces of poetical art is remarkably keen and discriminating, and his versification is superior to that of any American poet. We perhaps should qualify this latter remark by observing that his knowledge of the principles of the metrical art is more profound and more accurate than that of any American poet—but that his knowledge too frequently leads him into the pedantry of *Hyperisism*. He is apt to *overdo* a good thing. He insists upon rhythmical and metrical effects until they cease to have any effect at all—or until they give to his compositions an air of mere oddity.—His other defects are, chiefly, a want of constructive ability, occasional extravagance of expression, and a far more than occasional imitiveness. This last sin, in poetry, never to be forgiven, and we are sorry to say that Mr. Hirst is inordinately given to it. There is not a single poem in the beautifully printed volume before us which does not remind us, instantly, of some other composition. If we except some rhythmical effects (for which the author deserves great praise) there is nothing in the book which is fairly entitled to be called original, either in its conception, execution, or manner, as a whole. Of detached thoughts, nevertheless, there are many very striking ones which are quite new, for any evidence that we have to the contrary.

As very usually happens in a case of this kind, the leading and longest poem of the collection is the least worthy of notice. It is called "The Coming of the Mammoth," and, to say nothing of its being a mere paraphrase, in all its most striking points, of Mr. Mathews' "Behemoth," is feebly and incoherently narrated—narrated, indeed, very much as a schoolboy would narrate it. In fact, we understand that it is one of the earliest compositions of the author, who began to write at a very immature age.

The story runs simply thus. The aborigines are suddenly startled from the quiet of ages, by the apparition of "myriad forms" of the mammoths. These creatures carry death and desolation every where—destroying vegetation, and animal life wherever they pass. The extravagance with which their nature is delineated, may be instanced by one stanza:

We saw them hunt the buffalo,
And crush them with their tusks of steel;
The mountains rocking to and fro
Like trees that in the tempest reel,
When passed their herds; and lake and river
A draught of theirs made dry forever.

The aborigines themselves fall a prey and are reduced to a small band, when they bethink them of supplicating the aid of Monedo (Manitou) who forthwith attacks the rava-

gers with lightning, and destroys them all but one.

Bolt rushed on bolt till, one by one,
Howling in agony, they died,
Save him, the fiercest! And alone
He stood—almost a God in pride—
Then with a loud defying yell
Leapt, like a shaft, o'er fall and dell.

He flies at great speed; the lightnings and the Indians still pursuing. He reaches the Mississippi—leaps it at one bound (possibly at a point not very far from the source) and is at last brought up by the Rocky Mountains—but only for a few moments—he ascends the highest peak—throws rocks and trees “in the face of God” and fairly defies him, until at length the “mightiest spirits” are summoned to put an end to the contest:

They heard: with one tremendous crash
Down on the Mammoth's forehead came
A surging sea of withering flame.

Earth trembled to its core; and weak
But unsubdued the Mammoth leapt
Furiously from that lofty peak
To where the dark blue ocean swept.
Down! down! The startled waters sever;
Then toll above him—and forever!

Our readers will agree with us that from the summit of the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific, is a tolerably long leap even for a Mammoth—although he had had some previous practice in jumping the Mississippi.

We are not extravagant in saying (are we?) that the “Coming of the Mammoth” which might as well have been called the “Coming and the Going of the Mammoth” is the most preposterous of all the preposterous poems ever deliberately printed by a gentleman arrived at the years of discretion. Nor has it one individual point of redeeming merit. Had Mr. Hirst written only this we should have thrown his book to the pigs without comment.

“*The Funeral of Time*” is a forcible allegory, very indistinctly made out, but well versified in some respects, and filled with majestic images—although disfigured, too often, by something even more mad than *Nat Leeism*.

“*Isabelle*” is the finest ballad ever written in this country, and but for its obvious and no doubt intentional imitations, might be called one of the best ever written anywhere. It is indeed exceedingly difficult to understand how the author of such trash as “*The Mammoth*” could be at the same time author of anything so widely different as “*Isabelle*.” Its simplicity is exquisite—its conduct could not be improved—and its versification (within the narrow limits designed) is full of original force. We quote (unconnectedly) a few of the best quatrains:

A lustrous maid was Isabelle,
And quiet as a brooding bird;
She never thought of passion's spell—
Of love she never heard;

But in her lonely chamber sat,
Sighing the weary hours away
From morn till fitting of the bat
Around the turrets gray.

And trembling with a strange unrest—
A yearning for—she knew not what;
She only knew her heaving breast
Was heavy with its lot.

At last she passed to womanhood,
And sat her down on Beauty's throne,
A statue with a beating heart
Beneath a breast of stone.

Her lustrous eyes grew large with love;
Her cheeks with passion flushed and bright;
Her lips, whereon no bee might tinge
Undrunk with delight,
Were, &c.

She felt she had not lived in vain;
She saw the Eden of her dreams
Close round her, and she stood again
Beside its silver streams.

The servants followed her with their eyes,
And prayed the virgin that her hours
Might ever pass under azure skies
And over parterres of flowers.

“*Geraldine*” is a far better poem than “*Isabelle*” and is unquestionably the best in the volume. It is, however, in manner a palpable imitation of Tennyson. In justice to Mr. Hirst we quote it in full:

The martins twitter round the eaves,
The swift down the chimney glides,
The bees are humming 'mid the leaves
Along the garden side;
The robin whistles in the wood,
The linnet on the turf,
And down the alder-margined lane
The thrush sings, and by the flood
The plover pipes again.

But ah—alas! alas! no more
Their merry melodies delight;
No more along the river's shore
I watch the swallow's flight:
And bees may hum and birds may sing,
And silver streamlets shine,
But on the rocks I sit and pine
Unheeding all; for thought will cling
To naught but *Geraldine*.

Oh, *Geraldine*! my life, my love!
I only wander where we met
In emerald days, when blue above
The skies were o'er us set—
Along the glen and o'er the vale
And by the willow tree
I wander where at even with thee
I sang the song and told the tale
Of olden chivalry.

I stand beneath the sombre pines
That darken all thy father's hall,
Begirt with noisome ivy vines
That shroud me like a pall.
Aye there!—where ruin frowns around!
Until the cock doth crow
I watch thy window-panes below,
Upon the sodden blackened ground
Where nothing good will grow.

I've watched thy lattice as before
To see the glimmer dimly pass,
(When thou wouldst open thy chamber door)
Of lamp-light on the glass;
But none from out thy lattice peeps,
And all within is gloom,
And silent as a vacant tomb,
Save when a bat affrighted creeps
In some deserted room.

Why comest thou not? Night after night,
For many a long and weary year,
'Neath many and many a May-moon's light,
I've waited for thee here.
Aye blackest night and wildest storm
When frowning in the sky
Have looked on me with lightning eyes,
And charnel figures round my form
Have gleamed and hurried by.

Why comest thou not? or wilt thou soon?
The crimson sun doth wax and wane
Day after day; the yellow moon
Gildeth thy casement pane
Night after night; the stars are pale
Expecting thee; the breeze
Rustling among the dreary trees
Sighs for thee with a woful wail
Who art beyond the seas.

They tell me thou wilt never come—
Alas! that thou art cold and dead,
And slumbering in the green sea-foam
Upon some coral bed—
That shriekingly thy ship went down
Beneath the wailing wave,
And none were near to hear or save—
And then they weep to see me frown—
To hear me groan and rave.

Thou dead!—no, no!—it cannot be!
For if thou wast, thy ghost had kept
The solemn tryst thou madest with me
When all save passion slept—
Thy ghost had come and greeted me
And bade me be at rest;
And long ere this upon my breast
The clod had lain; and I with thee
Were roaming 'mid the blest.

“*The Unseen River*” is musical, but has the defect of being imperfectly made out. Few persons will understand

that by the river always heard but never seen, until the traveller is overtaken by death, is the poet's intention to typify Happiness. We quote a fine stanza of which the whole is very poetic (in the best sense) and of which the concluding line is a specimen of exquisite versification.

From the valley—from a river
Which, like many a silver quiver,
Through the landscape stole in light;—
From the bushes, shrubs and blossoms—
Flowers unfolding fragrant bosoms—
Curled the shadows out of sight,
Fading like a ghost in air; and ever the river rippled bright.

"The Burial of Eros" is a very effective allegorical poem—but all allegories are contemptible:—at least the only two which are not contemptible (The Pilgrim's Progress and The Fairy Queen) are admired in despite of themselves (as allegories) and in the direct ratio of the possibility of keeping the allegorical meaning out of sight.

"The Sea of the Mind" is another allegory, or (what is less objectionable) an allegorical enigma. It is miserably indefinite. Its only merit lies in detached thoughts, and in its admirable management of the trochaic rhythm. The metre is heptameter catalectic—consisting of seven (trochaic) feet and a final cæsura, equivalent. The trochees are finely varied, now and then, with dactyls; only the most forcible consonants are employed; the richest vowel sounds abound; and all the effects of alliteration, with other rhythmical effects less common, are skillfully introduced.—For example:

Silvery the ocean singeth over sands of pearly glow;
Under its surface shapes are gliding—gliding fast or sailing slow—
Shapes of strange supernal beauty, floating through a fairy wave—
Fairer, purer, lovelier, brighter than the streams that from heaven.

"The Birth of a Poet" is somewhat like an imitation from John Neal's poem of the same title; the commencement, especially, is stolen.

Mr. Hirst's conception throughout is fantastical—not to say absurd. The poem, however, is redeemed by one remarkably well-managed quatrain:

Music like what the poet hears
When, wrapt in harmony, he wings
His soul away through argent spheres,
And back their melody brings.

The concluding anapaest here beautifully and most appropriately varies the iambic rhythm—making the sound "echo the sense."

"Everard Grey" is a superb specimen of dactylic trimeter, catalectic on one syllable—three dactyls and one equivalent cæsura. E. g.—

Time it has passed; and the lady is pale—
Pale as the lily that tolls on the gale;
Weary and worn she hath waited for years
Keeping her grief ever green with her tears:—
Years will she tarry—for cold is the clay
Fettering the form of her Everard Grey.

"The Fringilla Melodia" is truly beautiful throughout, possessing a natural force and grace (without effort) which would do honor to the most noted poet in the land. We quote the first quatrain:

Happy song-sparrow that on woodland side
Or by the meadow sits, and ceaseless sings
His mellow roundelay in russet pride,
Owing no care between his wings.

The "sits" here is not ungrammatical; the sparrow is not *incooled*. The construction is nevertheless a little equivocal.

"The Coming of Autumn" is spirited—but is a little too much in the Old King Cole way.

"The Autumn Wind" has a noble beginning, and as noble an end—but as a whole is unimpressive.

"Eleanore" has no merit at all except the effect of the constantly recurring refrain, "Eleanore!" and this is taken from Tennyson's "Oriana."

"Mary" has some fine passages—e. g.

He watched each motion of her rustling dress,
Each lustrous movement of her liquid eyes—
Enviied the air its undisturbed career
Of her whose presence was his Paradise.

"To an Old Oak;" "To E— with a Withered Rose;" and "The Death-Song of the Nightingale" have nothing in them remarkable—"Eulalie Vere" nothing beyond the *barroques* lines,

Cheeks where the loveliest of hysteres reposes
On valleys of lilies and mountains of roses.

"To the American Sky-Lark" is professedly an imitation of Bryant's "Waterfowl;" we need, therefore, say nothing about it.

"Ellena" has some glowing thoughts. For example,

at her word
The hushed air shook, with human passion stirred.

And again:

a music tune
Rang in mine ears, like songs sung in a swoon.

"The Coming of Night" is excellent throughout—if we except the grammatical error in the ante-penultimate line.

Oh Blessed Night that comes to rich and poor.

Here are two admirable quatrains:

Forest and field are still
Nature seems wrapt in slumber; wholly dumb,
Save when the frog's deep bass or beetle's hum,
Or wailing whippoorwill,
Disturb her weary ear,
Or the far falling of the rippling rill
That sings, while leaping down the silent hill,
Her dreamless sleep to cheer.

"Violet" is merely an absurd imitation of Barry Cornwall's most absurd Tom-Foolery.

"A Gift" is well versified, but common-place.

"The Owl" opens with too finely imaginative stanzas:

When twilight fades and evening falls
Alike on tree and tower,
And silence, like a pensive maid,
Walks round such slumbering bowers:
When fragrant flowerets fold their leaves,
And all is still in sleep,
The horned owl on moonlit wing
Flies from the donjon keep.
And he calls aloud "too-whit! too-who!"
And the nightingale is still,
And the patting serep of the hurrying hare
Is hushed upon the hill;
And he crouches low in the dewy grass
As the lord of the night goes by,
Not with a loudy whirring wing
But like a lady's sigh.

Every critic—at least every poetical critic—will admit that the images in these two stanzas are such as only a true poet could conceive. At the same time they are embodied with much art.

"A Song" and "Mutius Scaevola" have no particular merit. "The Forsaken" ends with nerve:

Well, go thy way! and never wake
The feeblest memory of me,
To wring thy worthless heart! I break
Thy chains and set thee free.
Thou to thy mirth! I to my gloom!
Health to the coldest of the twain!
And mine—not thine—the iron doom
Of having loved in vain.

"The Lament of Adam" is chiefly remarkable for the effect of its versification—not altogether original, to be sure, but rare, and very forcible when well-managed. The rhythm is dactylic, the lines terminating with equivalent cæsuras. The metre is generally tetrameter, catalectic on one syllable (the cæsura forming the catalexis)—but the

lines increase towards the closing of the stanzas, and in one instance are hexameter catalectic. We give the last stanza:

Life hath its pleasures—but perishing they as the flowers;
Sorrow hath its sorrows; and, sighing we turned from those bowers:
Bright were the angels behind with their falchions of heavenly
flame:
Dark was the desolate desert before us, but darker the depth of our
shame.

Here the alliteration is too obvious—quite overdone, and is an instance of the hyperism to which we alluded in the beginning of our notice.

“The Statue-Love” is not very good.

“May” is a remarkably fine poem, with an exquisite close:

—the passionate bard
Wanders away through sylvan loneliness,
Alive with love—his heart a silver river
On which the swan of song floats gracefully for ever.

“Dramatic Fragments” are worth nothing. “The Song of the Scald Biarne” is, to our astonishment, badly versified. How comes Mr. Hirst in an anapestic rhythm, or in any rhythm, with such a verse as—

My iron hand on her arm when before her I knelt!

“Summer” is quite feeble.

Twenty well-constructed sonnets conclude the volume. Among these, “Bethlehem” and “Dead Man’s Island” may be cited as particularly good: but by way of *finale* to our review we quote “Astarte” as the best.

Thy lustre, heavenly star! shines ever on me,
I, trembling like Eudymion ever-beat
By dazzling Dian, when with wonderment
He saw her crescent light the Latmian sea:
And like a Naiad’s sailing on the sea,
Floats thy fair form before me: the azure air
Is all embrosial with thy hyacinth hair:
While round thy lips the moth in airy glee
Hovers, and hums in dim and dizzy dreams,
Drunk with odorous breath: thy argent eyes
(Two planets swimming through love’s hustrous skies)
Are mirrored in my heart’s serenest stream—
Such eyes saw Shakespeare, flashing, bold and bright,
When Queenly Egypt rode the Nile at night.

Wiley and Putnam’s Library of American Books. No. 11.
Tales by Edgar A. Poe. New York and London: Wiley & Putnam.

This collection embraces the Gold Bug; the Black Cat; Mesmeric Revelation; Lionizing; the Fall of the House of Usher; the Descent into the Macabre; the Colloquy of Monos and Una; the conversation of Eiros and Charmion; the Murders in the Rue Morgue; the Mystery of Marie Roget; the Purloined Letter and the Man of the Crowd. This is a selection from about seventy tales, of similar length, written by Mr. Poe. No particular arrangement has been made in the selection. The stories published in the volume before us, are neither better nor worse, in general, than the remainder of the seventy. In the composition of the whole series, variety of subject and manner, especially diversity of invention, were the objects held in view. Of course these objects are lost sight of, and must necessarily be sacrificed, in any mere selection of twelve tales from seventy.

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, L.L.D., professor of the Greek and Latin languages in Columbia College, N. Y. New York: Harper and Brothers.

This excellent work is intended as a sequel to the Treatise on Latin Prosody, published a few years ago. It is a very full and useful manual—useful, that is to say, if we can regard the making of Latin verses as in any respect, or under any circumstances, as a useful occupation. The materials have been collected from a great variety of sources.

As a text book the volume cannot be too highly commended. The exercises form a regular and progressive course. A key has been prepared, and can be obtained from the publishers on personal application. The work is got up in the usual admirable manner of Professor Anthon’s Classical Series.

The Trials of Margaret Lindsay. By John Wilson, author of “Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life.” Boston: Saxton & Kelt. New York: Saxton & Miles.

In England and Scotland there is scarcely any book more universally popular than this, and we have often wondered why it has not been reprinted in this country. The story is one of the most intense yet natural interest. The American edition is prefaced with a very judicious commentary from the pen of Mr. Hamilton.

The Foresters. A tale of Domestic Life. By Professor Wilson, author, &c. Boston: Saxton & Kelt. New York: Saxton & Miles.

“The Foresters” has been nearly, if not quite, as popular as “The Trials,” and is equally pathetic. The American edition of this work, also, has an excellent preface by Mr. Hamilton. The two volumes are handsomely printed.

The Modern British Essayists. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.

Messrs. Carey & Hart have issued in three large volumes, the Critical and Miscellaneous Essays of Macaulay, Sidney Smith, and Alison. Each volume is accompanied with an admirable portrait. This collection is invaluable. For sale in New York by Messrs. Wiley & Putnam.

Republication of the London, Edinburgh, Foreign and Westminster Quarterly Reviews, No. 176. The Westminster Review, No. 85, for June, 1845. American Edition—Vol. 20, No. 2. New York: Leonard Scott and Co.

We can hardly say too much in praise of the admirable neatness and accuracy of Messrs. Scott & Co’s reprints. They furnish for the small sum of eight dollars all the four invaluable reviews mentioned above—any one of them for three dollars—any two for five—any three for seven. The June number of the Westminster (just issued) contains many deeply interesting papers—among others, “Old and New London,” and an examination of Mrs. Norton’s “Child of the Islands.”

The London Lancet for July. New York: Burgess, Stringer and Co.

The July number commences the second volume of the New Series of this excellent work. Messrs. B. & S. have still for sale a few copies of the first volume.

THE MAGAZINES.

The American Review for July has some very admirable papers, among which we notice especially “Marshal Macdonald” by the clever author of “Letters from Italy,” and a discriminative review of Mr. Griswold’s “Poets and Poetry of England,” by Mr. Whipple, undoubtedly one of our finest critics. We are truly delighted to find him so keenly appreciating the magnificent genius of Tennyson. This number contains, also, a poem, “The Gods of Old” which does high credit to its author, Mr. Wm. Wallace. Speaking of it the editor of the Review says:—

The following highly imaginative poem adds a third to the list on a beautiful and suggestive subject. It is a little remarkable that neither of them bears any resemblance in the conception or execution. Miss Barrett’s idea is the absolute death of the ancient Deities—

Schiller laments the decay of their influence—the following Ode is based on their continued existence as poetical creations which delight the human mind.—

It cannot be doubted that Mr. Wallace's conception is the best of the three, and he has handled it in a masterly manner. We quote the concluding stanza.

V.

Like far off stars that glimmer in a cloud,
 Deathless, O Gods! shall ye illumine the FAIR;
 To ye the Poet-Voice will cry aloud,
 Faithful among the faithless to the last:—
 Ye must not die!
 Long as the dim robes of the Ages trail
 O'er Delphi's steep or Tempe's bowery vale—
 An awful Thing—
 Borne upward on the soaring wings of Song
 That east the Beautiful o'er Land, o'er Sea,
 Ye shall not die:
 Though Time and storm your calm, old temples rend,
 And, rightly, men to the "ONE ONLY" bend—
 Your Realm is MORTALITY!

The *Knickerbocker* for July has also some meritorious contributions—but neither man nor devil can dissuade its editor from a monthly *farrago* of type so small as to be nearly invisible, and so stupid as to make us wish it were quite so. In three lines devoted to the "Broadway Journal" intended to be complimentary, we believe, although we sincerely hope not, he makes use of what he supposes to be a French proverb, and writes it *Chacun a son goût*, taking great pains to place a grave accent on the verb, mistaking it for the preposition, and complimenting the hard c with a cedilla. Within the compass of the same three lines, he talks about a *not admirari* critic: some person, we presume, having quizzed him with the information that the meaning of *not admirari* is "to admire nothing." We certainly do not admire Mr. Clarke—nor his wig—but the true English of the Latin phrase is "to wonder at nothing," and we plead guilty to having wondered at nothing since we have found the *Knickerbocker* sinking day by day in the public opinion in despite of the brilliant abilities and thoroughly liberal education of Mr. Lewis Gaylord Clarke.

MUSICAL DEPARTMENT.

FRENCH OPERA AT THE PARK.—Since our last notice of this establishment, Donizetti's opera *La Favorite*, Auber's *Le Domino Noir*, and Meyerbeer's *Robert Le Diable*, have been produced, each of them with considerable success. Regarding the audience, one peculiarity must be observed and commented upon by everybody. Although the dress circle is frequently crowded at a dollar, and the upper tier filled to overflowing at fifty cents admission, yet the doomed parquette rarely contains more than forty persons, thus proving beyond dispute the wholesomeness of the advice proffered in our last number. If the price of admission to the parquette were reduced to fifty cents, the receipts of the house would be increased from fifty to a hundred dollars per night. We should advise Mr. Davis to drop the dignity and look to the profit. *La Favorite* is the first on our list. It is a grand opera seria, and contains many striking beauties peculiar to Donizetti. The Andantes are generally of a chaste, sweet, and tender character; and if they do not possess any originality particularly striking, they are yet earnest, and full of passion. There is a quartette in the second act, we believe, which is a most charming subject, but its close is strained, inharmonious, and by no means appropriate. The chorus of *Signari* in the third act is characteristic, spirited, and full of point. It was well sung—indeed we might say, admirably well: short, stern, and precise, the manner was worthy of the matter. Indeed, we can not praise its per-

formance too highly, and the public were of our opinion, for they encored it upon each occasion. The finales do not call for much remark. They are chiefly noticeable for great noise and want of clearness. The instrumentation is, generally, very poor and thin, but some passages of exceeding beauty relieved what else would have been monotonous insipidity.

The plot of the opera is full of dramatic interest and striking situations. The scene is laid in Spain during the reign of Charles XI. and the story turns upon a (supposed) circumstance in the life of his famous favorite, Leonora de Guseman.

Fernand, a youth of patrician birth, is a neophyte in the monastery. He sees Leonora as she comes to pray in the chapel, and becomes enamored of her. She is also struck by his noble appearance, and determines that he shall not become a monk. She procures for him a captain's commission, and he leaves the monastery. Fernand is introduced to Leonora at court the next day, but is not aware of her position with the king. They become deeply attached, and are only aroused from their dream of love by an order for Fernand to join the army. He leaves her with regret, but returns covered with the glory which his daring courage and good fortune in the wars have won for him. The king distinguishes him with extraordinary favor; and Fernand emboldened by his kindness, asks for the hand of Leonora. This, too, the king grants; and they are wedded. On their return from the altar, he seeks for congratulation from his friends; but they turn from him with sullen looks and gestures. He asks an explanation. They tell him he has married the king's mistress. He is overwhelmed with astonishment, sorrow, and anger. At this moment the king and Leonora enter. Fernand casts the king's gifts on the ground, repudiates his wife, and rushes out with the friendly monk. We next see he him as a shaven monk, he having assumed the cowl on the discovery of Leonora's falsehood. Leonora, humbled and repentant, leaves the court, and, arriving at the monastery, distinguishes Fernand's voice among the singers. Shrieking out his name, she falls upon the steps of cross, overcome by surprise and fatigue. He rushes from the church; discovers Leonora; a reconciliation takes place, and she dies in his arms, happy in being loved and forgiven.

Although we sincerely acknowledge Calve to be an especial favourite with us, yet are we compelled to say that in *Leonora de Guseman* she disappointed us. We did not expect much, but even our moderate expectations were unfulfilled. She sang with her usual lightness, delicacy, and finish; she dressed to admiration, and she looked very charming, but she was by no means the character she assumed. She lacked dignity of carriage, force and earnestness—in expression and feeling. In the lighter operas of Auber and Donizetti, she has but one rival this side the ocean, but she should not attempt opera seria.

Arnand, as we predicted, is gaining rapidly in public favour. His pure school of singing could not fail to make ample amends for the unpleasant quality of his voice. He sang throughout in a most artistical style. His acting lacks passion, but it is scarcely observable, so deep and earnest is the feeling he imparts to his singing.

M. Garry, also, fully justifies our favorable opinion. He occasionally indulges in a coarse and forced method of delivery, but as a general thing, his style is good, emphatic, and earnest.

M. Douvy, as the priest, acquitted himself in a very creditable manner, with the exception that occasionally he was most painfully out of tune.

The band, as usual, formed the most delightful feature in

the evening's entertainment. Its performance was admirable throughout the evening. Prevost did all that a fine leader should do, and the band seconded his efforts to the very letter.

The opera was, in every respect, beautifully put upon the stage. It forms a splendid contrast to the usual style of producing operas in this city. Let those who bring out English opera bear this in mind.

Le Domino Noir met with distinguished success when the French company were here, two years ago. The music indeed is of that light and fascinating character which hits the popular taste at once. It abounds with delicious melodies, and clever concerted pieces, whose quaintness and originality possess a charm, which increases in power the more familiar the hearer becomes with the music. Auber is a great and true artist. He is not appreciated, out of Paris, as he should be, but the time is fast approaching when he will be as dear to the lovers of music in this country as a familiar household god. * The instrumentation of *Le Domino Noir* is light, sparkling, novel and ingenious, and was executed by the orchestra in a manner worthy of its excellence.

Mad'le Calve was in this opera most entirely at home, whether as the lady or the simple country maiden; in the one she was all grace, elegance and refinement—in the other, simple, arch, and natural. Her singing was equally to be praised throughout, but more especially in the second act, when repeated bursts of applause testified the delight and approbation of the audience.

Madame Cœuriot is also entitled to our warm commendation. She sang well, acted well, dressed well, and in an unobtrusive manner, pleasing to behold, she wins her way swiftly and surely into popular favour.

M. Cœuriot is the very perfection of a French lover. He is the breathing semblance of many of Eugene Sue's metaphysical monstrosities. His impetuosity, though it may come within probability, is so truly extravagant, that it becomes ridiculous; we laugh where we should look sad, and sympathize with him only as his folly places him in ludicrous positions. But we would not wish to seem to blame M. Cœuriot for acting so naturally; his is the praise—the fault lies with the class which he so faithfully represents. M. Cœuriot's singing is also to be highly praised, for he uses a voice not too good, like an accomplished artist, and renders with great fidelity all that the composer has apportioned him. The choruses were well sung, and the *ensemble* was highly gratifying. We hope to see this opera again.

Of Meyerbeer's great work, *Robert le Diable*, we cannot speak this week, for our notice of the French Company has already extended beyond our usual limits. We will endeavour to notice it in our next. This much we can say, that it is produced upon a magnificent scale, and has met with distinguished success, not more flattering than deserved.

We earnestly advise all those of our musical friends who have not heard this opera to make sure of the next performance, as it will be withdrawn after a short time.

MR. FRY'S OPERA.—We regret not having time to attend to the Philadelphia papers this week, but we will oblige those we have received by noticing them in our next number. Their attempts to puff up Mr. Fry's opera would be laughable were they not so contemptible.

We seem to be the special object of their sublime indignation, and they fume and rave at us with a ferocity truly entertaining. The only argument they use, however, to prove that our criticism of poor *Leonora* was no criticism, and to prove how impossible it is that we should be able to

write a criticism, is the following. We beg our readers to forbear laughing while we state it, for the charge is a grave charge. The reason why we have not, and why we cannot, write a criticism is—that we eat beef! Serious as this charge is, and likely as it is to affect our moral and intellectual character, yet, in the beautiful simplicity of our nature, we acknowledge its truth. We do eat beef; and, by a singular coincidence, we were dining on beef when the papers containing this exterminating charge reached our residence. What appetite we had left, after reading them, may be better imagined than described.

If our modesty were not too painfully oppressive, we would suggest that the nerve, bone, and sinew of the criticisms which some folks find so difficult to digest, owe something to our partiality to that estimable beast from which that nourishing article of food, called beef, is derived; and were we not singularly fearful of disturbing the naturally amiable tempers of our Philadelphia brethren, we would, in all kindness, suggest that, judging from the internal evidences afforded by their writings, the sustenance of our contemporaries consisted of water melons and weak gruel.

We acknowledge ourselves overcome; for, out of all the absurdities which they have indited, they have, at last, hit upon one startling and important truth. But if we are honest and candid enough to admit that we do live on roasts, surely our adversaries, who labour so hard and so vainly to write up a reputation, with like ingenuousness, will acknowledge having frequently feasted on Fries!

The foregoing remarks were in type last week, but were unfortunately crowded out. It was our intention to refer, at length, to two of the Philadelphia papers, so enviably prominent in abusing us; but, on looking them through, we find that they contain little else but vulgar personalities and low abuse; and, as we cannot reply in the same strain, we shall, after a few remarks, dismiss the subject for the present.

The person who signs himself Colley Cibber, and accuses us of being English and eating beef, commenced his defence of *Leonora* in the most grandiloquent style, talking of Memory's Lake, &c., &c., and promised, in his next communication, to analyze, dissect, dismember—nay, to reduce our criticism to very dust. Although Colley Cibber gave but little evidence of common sense or moderate understanding of his subject, we were in hopes that, what with friendly promptings and laborious researches in Burrowes' primer or Hunter's instruction book, we say we hoped that the person with the English alias would hit upon something which would justify a reply. But his second article is a ridiculous rambling rhodomontade, without point, order, or argument. It is evident that Mr. Cibber has read our critique upon *Leonora*, and has fallen upon no point on which he could found a reasonable objection, or support a contrary argument. In this dilemma, he has, fortunately as he supposes, run his head against what he calls a contradiction in our critique. We will quote his quotation, in order that he may have the full benefit of his discovery, and for the purpose of allowing our readers to judge themselves of the vast analytical powers of this critic upon critics:

"It is generally conceded that the great emotions which agitate the human heart—love, jealousy, hatred, and revenge—demand no conventional mode of expression; they owe to no rule their intensity of feeling; they speak in a language which is universal; and, whether it be the Spaniard or the Englishman, the Italian or the German, these emotions spring right up from the heart, and are dependent for the truthfulness of expression upon the genius or inspiration of the composer." Mr. Colley Cibber says: "Well, let that

pass; but see how this learned critic contradicts himself." Now for the contradiction. "There is a rule, however, which is never departed from by composers of any talent—a rule so natural that it must suggest itself to every reflecting mind. It is, that all ballads, dances, and simple chorusses, should be purely and entirely national. The national music of every country is faithfully portrayed in its ballads and dances; and if these do not partake of the national character, the scene might as well be laid in Russia as in France, or in China as in Spain."

Our readers, we believe, will be as much puzzled as we have been to discover in what particular one quotation contradicts the other. The truth is plain enough that Mr. Somebody, alias Mr. Colley Cibber, undertook a task which he had not the capacity to accomplish.

Some papers have thrown out a doubt as to our having been present at the performance of *Leonora*; others insinuate that we were actuated, in our remarks, by ill feeling towards the composer. To the first, we reply that we visited Philadelphia for the express purpose of hearing the opera; and to the last, that, having spoken to Mr. Fry but once, and then only for five minutes, we could not possibly entertain any ill will towards the gentleman. It is well known to all with whom we spoke, previous to our visit to Philadelphia, how earnest we were in the hope of being able to praise this work: nothing less would have induced us to incur the expense and loss of time attendant upon the journey. But, having heard it, we were bound to express ourself according to its merits. We did so without fear and without prejudice, and hence the fuss made by injudicious friends and partizans.

PIANOFORTES.—Last week we were requested by Mr. T. H. Chambers to call at his store, 335 Broadway, and examine a pianoforte which he was about to send into Virginia. We found the instrument every way worthy our attention. Its compass was seven octaves, and its quality of tone was very fine, rich and powerful, clear and brilliant, and equal throughout the scale. The touch was light, but so well balanced, that almost any amount of power could be procured. The case was elegant and carefully finished—in short, it was in every way a fine instrument, and the gentleman who has purchased it will find that he has invested his money to advantage.

TOWN AMUSEMENT IN SUMMER.

THE ETHIOPIAN MUSIC.

Though the fashionable American world would fain persuade us, that 'all the world is out of town,' at this season, is palpable imitation of the English world of fashion,* yet, as the streets appear tolerably full, and as the public places are not altogether empty: as we happen to know a few ladies and as many gentlemen, who happen to be still remaining in town; we take it for granted our readers may know a few also, and hence, by a simple act of addition and multiplication, a pretty fair body of intelligent, clever, social persons may be collected, who require some rational public amusements. To these we address this general and rambling paper.

The theatres proper, ought to be closed all the summer; they are open until quite too late in the season. The extreme heat, together with the blaze of light and a crowded audience, destroy any gratification to be derive from any perfor-

mances on the stage. The French company at the Park, draw now select houses: chiefly of their countrymen and countrywomen. But they will do better at Niblo's by-and-by, in a light, airy, open place, and with reduced price. The Bowery and Chatham, ought to give way also, for the same reason as the Park, to which might be added the reasons that tragedy in hot weather is altogether too tropical, unless, it be the farce of that name. It is too exciting, makes too much and too heavy demands on the attention and feelings. So too of farces that makes one laugh too loud and long. It is almost as bad as high tragedy, yet not so stimulating. Circus performances are a nuisance; the least public sympathy on the part of the audience converting the contortions of the performers into absolute martyrdom. The other actors deal too much in horse play.

The museums would do well enough: they give you (at the least) far more than the value of your entrance money, but they are crowded to suffocation, and by the extreme radical party, the great unwashed and unterrified Democracy.

If the legitimate drama be too heavy for summer, so is almost everything in the shape of intellectual amusement. Good elocutionists, like Simmons and Mrs. Mowat, draw select audiences. Full lectures do not go down at all now. If they do badly in January, they are dead failures in July.

Vaudeville, the lightest farce, Fairy Spectacles, &c., such as Niblo gives one, are the only dramatic performances suited to summer. Concerts, at Castle Garden, are best of all, out of doors, and are, perhaps, at once, the healthiest and most agreeable of all public amusements. And this brings us to the principal topic we meant to touch upon.

ETHIOPIAN MELODIA have been for the past year or two unanimously popular. Last summer, in particular, the Plantation Niggers threatened to overthrow Rossini himself, and Wark in Steben, fairly competed, in popular esteem, with *una voce pace fa*.

Dandy Jim and Tom Rice, became the avowed rivals of Auber and Mendelssohn. Nor could we tell, last summer, where this enthusiasm would stop. But, now, the taste for these native airs is on the decline, since we have been fed on the foreign graces of the Italian opera during the winter. Or rather, we ought perhaps to say that the liking for this class of music, is settling down into a national fondness for a certain species of homebred rustic melody. In truth, the Ethiopian is our only national music, strictly; and the sunny South, in both hemispheres, is the true region of mirth and song and the dance—equally, in America and Europe, the land of gallantry and generous qualities of all kinds; the home of hospitality; the fountain of courtesy; the meridian of luxury and voluptuousness.

This school of music, for such it is fast becoming, is truly national and truly democratic. It has its home among the slaves, and fairly represents their amusements, character, and social condition. It combines drollery with feeling; a peculiar broad (almost burlesque) humor, with a natural vein of pathos: of this mixed character are most of the songs, while the dancing airs are as near perfection in their way [we may call it a *low way*, if we please, and tell the truth,] as any music in the world. The negro has an instinctive love of music, a capital ear, and the most accurate idea of time. Without any scientific knowledge of the art, he will whistle or fiddle an air, with the utmost precision, after having heard it played a few times. He is thought to be all the better musician, by many, from his (general) want of individuality and proneness to imitation. To a certain point, he is only clever, but never gets beyond it. The airs, commonly supposed to be indigenous, bear a model somewhere

* Horace Smith has written a capital paper on this topic, in his *Odette and Varieties*.

among old English or Scotch songs, or hymn tunes, marches, etc. Yet some of the *negro airs*, are as old, as the first settlement of Georgia by Oglethorpe: some may be older still. The air of Gen'l Morris' song, "On the Lake where droops the Willow," is called a Southern refrain; yet it is only the delightful Scotch original of "Comin' thro' the Rye," with the character of the music altered by playing it, in slower time, and thus giving a pathetic caste to an originally sprightly air.

In speaking of these negro songs, we must be understood to refer to the *airs*, and not to the words commonly adapted to them. In general, the libretto of the Ethiopian Opera, is as flat and tasteless, as that of the *Stabat*. The South is still without its *Metastasio*.

Get the *airs*;—nothing of a hot summer's evening can be more delightfully soothing in the way of music, than Old Jar River and Lucy Neal well played, and for serenades, Long Time Ago. Played with expression, the music of these three pieces is delicious.

For liveliness and sweetness together, what can surpass, Dandy Jim, Jim Along Josey, Lucy Long, or the Old Grey Goose, Uncle Gabriel, Walk Along John, It Will Never Do To Give It Up So, &c. A few of the songs have a stirring chorus, that wakes a man up who inclines to doze over an Italian Cadenza. Lastly, are Old Dan Tucker, the Boatmen F., and Coming over the Mountain, (a good thing.)

We do not pretend to enumerate a quarter of the fine *airs*. The only genuine negro songs we have heard, in this city, are "Good News, Tena" "Lynchburg Town" and "Walk in Heben," songs to be heard only from the really original band of Dan Emmit, who performed at the Chatham Circus last season. The other bands, (there are at least ten) contain some good, but more indifferent performers who distort broad humour into the most extravagant burlesque. The Serenaders at Palm's sing well and act cleverly, but they sing mostly parodies, and not always the genuine music. Every museum and public garden has its band. We heard some very clever fellows last summer, on board of a steamboat that made trips to the fishing banks; and at Hoboken, also. In this company was one of the most original violin players we ever saw, who held his bow every way, and fiddled in a matchless style. Broken down gentlemen, sporting characters, and all sorts of people, find their way into these associations.

Many vulgar-minded persons speak of this music as low. Such persons (if entitled to judge at all) should disconnect the ideas of place and performers, from the music itself. No music can be, essentially, degraded, that has in it the elements of truth and simplicity. These essential features cannot be mistaken, by however humble minstrels sung, or to whatever song they may be unhappily married.

Go then, we advise, ye fanatics per la musica, a few times, to hear these minstrels! the places they fill, are worth visiting occasionally, for the study of character, and the rich incidents, that sometimes occur in them. Get your wives and daughters, or sisters and cousins, to play the *airs*, repeatedly. They will not destroy the taste for pure and fine music; though their melody may beget a distaste for the more complete harmonies of the German Muse.

Summer is the proper season for hearing this music. It accords with the season. You can easily change the scene, of a hot evening from the green at Hoboken, or Palm's, to a southern plantation. You see many from Georgia, the Carolinas, and Alabama among the audience. Out of doors

through the open windows you hear negro voices calling 'hot corn' or 'I—scream.' In winter, these adjuncts are wanting, and the music sounds spiritless, in consequence.

The turn for music and dancing in the negro, is wonderful. What dancers, what scrapers on the violin, can be made out of a fellow who has not three ideas to boast of! The sweeps along the streets are vocalists of no mean rank. They sing a chaunt, duets on either side of the way, admirably, and whistle to perfection. As to mere time and agility, and awkward steps of all kinds gracefully conquered: the negro rivals Fanny Ellsler, on the present idol, Cerito. J.

THE COLISEUM.

Type of the antique Rome! Rich reliquary
Of lofty contemplation left to Time
By buried centuries of pomp and power!
At length—at length—after so many days
Of weary pilgrimage and burning thirst,
(Thirst for the springs of lore that in thee lie,)
I kneel, an alter'd and an humble man,
Amid thy shadows, and so drink within
My very soul thy grandeur gloom and glory!

Vastness! and Ago! and Memories of Eld!
Silence! and Desolation! and dim Night!
I feel ye now—I feel ye in your strength—
O spells more sure than e'er Judaea king
Taught in the gardens of Gethsemane!
O charms more potent than the rapt Chaldee
Ever drew down from out the quiet stars!

Here, where a hero fell, a column falls!
Here, where the mimic eagle glared in gold,
A midnight vigil holds the swartby bat!
Here, where the dames of Rome their glided hair
Waved to the wind, now wave the reed and thistle!
Here, where on golden throne the monarch lol'd,
Glides, spectre-like into his marble home,
Lit by the wan-light of the horrid moon,
The swift and silent lizard of the stones!

But stay! these walls—these ivy-clad arcades—
These mould'ring plinths—these sad and blacken'd shafts—
These vague entablatures—this crumbling frieze—
These shatter'd cornices—this wreck—this ruin—
These stones—alas! these gray stones—are they all—
All of the fam'd, and the colossal left
By the corrosive Hours, to Fate and me!

"Not all"—the Echoes answer me—"not all!
"Prophetic sounds and loud, arise hereever
"From us, and from all Ruin, unto the wise,
"As melody from Memnon to the Sun.
"We rule the hearts of mightiest men—we rule
"With a despotic sway all giant minds.
"We are not impotent—we pallid stones.
"Not all our power is gone—not all our fame—
"Not all the magic of our high renown—
"Not all the wonder that encircles us—
"Not all the mysteries that in us lie—
"Not all the memories that hang upon
"And cling around about us as a garment,
"Clothing us in a robe of more than glory."

ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT'S "COSMOS."

The publication of Alexander von Humboldt's "Cosmos," has engaged the attention of the most distinguished public writers in Germany. The late number of the "Deutsche Schnellpost" contains a critique of the work from Berlin, addressed to the editor of a newspaper in Cologne.

The following is a true translation of it.—Eds. B. J.

*Southern Minstrels, Kentucky Minstrels, Carolina Minstrels, Far River Roasters, &c., &c., &c.

The first volume of Alexander von Humboldt's "Cosmos Sketches of a Physical Cosmography," has just been published, and it is no more than natural that this work should become the topic of the conversation of the day, not only among the literary classes, but also the educated generally; and, indeed, for this double reason, that the publication of the "Cosmos," such as Alexander von Humboldt has treated it, is in itself a matter of universal interest, and that this work, besides, has a special relation to the more scientific portion of society. When in the years 1827 and 1828, the learned author who has traversed the whole world, delivered public lectures on Physical Cosmography alternately in the great hall of the singing-academy, and in a lecture-room of the university of this city, he was listened to with enthusiastic applause. The information which those lectures afforded, is yet in fresh memory in Berlin. All that time the lectures were written down by many, and—it may justly be said—with passion; it was also rumoured that they should appear in print, which, however, did not ensue. And now these lectures are presented to us at once from Alexander von Humboldt's master-pen, and, even, more of them, and, indeed, something more valuable; for, although the "Cosmos" treats on the same subject as those lectures did, and is subdivided just as they were; yet with the exception of the introductory words of those lectures (observations on the variety of the enjoyment of nature, and a scientific explanation of the laws of the world), which occupy some 40 and odd pages, the whole is written newly, and the work, therefore, contains the latest results of sciences and the last conclusions drawn from them upon the mind and understanding. The work is one of the finest and most finished blossoms which the cultivation of natural sciences has ever produced.

To state what and how much it contains would be beyond the limits of a newspaper article; suffice it to say, that the work when once finished, as may amply be inferred from the first volume, will contain the whole of natural sciences taken up from their latest results. The single results of the investigation of nature arranged encyclopedically, by no means constitute the contents of the work, but only afford a most general view. The work exhibits the worth and close connexion of all the laws of nature. Astronomy, natural philosophy, chemistry, natural history and geology, appear by it a living whole. The "Cosmos" may be likened to a burning-glass by which all investigations in natural philosophy are reflected on the mind of the reader in a cleared state and united in an organic whole.

The almost infinite combination of experience and facts which were to be illustrated for such a great aim and exhausted in generality, renders the work, written as it is, in the usual style of Alexander von Humboldt, a cheering and popular one, and which especially astonishes him who knows fully to appreciate the abundance of its contents. Every other reader, to whom the information is imparted so easily, is far from anticipating its extent, because every thing develops itself in such a natural and easy manner. And this would prove a test of the value of the work if it were not yet established. The most excellent manner of illustration is the reason why the work is read with such a lively interest, as though it were the most interesting volume of polite literature.

It would be most fortunate for our times if such a phenomenon would contribute to advance the taste for the sublime in natural sciences. The odious religious controversy which now excites and occupies too much society and its external organs—the newspapers, would then easily and rapidly arrive at its end. A. von Humboldt has dedicated the "Cosmos" in profound reverence and with hearty thanks, to the King of Prussia.

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