THE BROADWAY JOURNAL.

VOL. 2. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1845. NO. 2.

Three Dollars per Annum.
Single Copies, 6 1-4 Cents.

EDITED BY
EDGAR A. POE AND HENRY C. WATSON.

Published at 136 Nassau St.
By JOHN BISCO.

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.

The Masque of the Red Death.

The "Red Death" had long devastated the country. No pestilence had ever been so fatal, or so hideous. Blood was its Avatar and its seal—the redness and the horror of blood. There were sharp pains, and sudden dizziness, and then profuse bleeding at the pores, with dissolution. The scarlet stains upon the body and especially upon the face of the victim, were the pest ban which shut him out from the aid and from the sympathy of his fellow-men. And the whole seizure, progress and termination of the disease, were the incidents of half an hour.

But the Prince Prospero was happy and dauntless and sagacious. When his dominions were half depopulated, he summoned to his presence a thousand hale and light-hearted friends from among the knights and dames of his court, and with these retired to the deep seclusion of one of his castellated abbeys. This was an extensive and magnificent structure, the creation of the prince's own eccentric yet august taste. A strong and lofty wall girdled it in. This wall had gates of iron. The courtiers, having entered, brought furnaces and massy hammers and welded the bolts. They resolved to leave means neither of ingress or egress to the sudden impulses of despair or of frenzy from within. The abbey was amply provisioned. With such precautions the courtiers might bid defiance to contagion. The external world could take care of itself. In the meantime it was folly to grieve, or to think. The prince had provided all the appliances of pleasure. There were buffoons, there were improvisatori, there were ballet-dancers, there were musicians, there was Beauty, there was wine. All these and security were within. Without was the "Red Death."

It was toward the close of the fifth or sixth month of his seclusion, and while the pestilence raged most furiously abroad, that the Prince Prospero entertained his thousand friends at a masked ball of the most unusual magnificence.

It was a voluptuous scene, that masquerade. But first let me tell of the rooms in which it was held. There were seven—an imperial suite. In many palaces, however, such suites form a long and straight vista, while the folding doors slide back nearly to the walls on either hand, so that the view of the whole extent is scarcely impeded. Here the case was very different; as might have been expected from the duke's love of the *bizarre*. The apartments were so irregularly disposed that the vision embraced but little more than one at a time. There was a sharp turn at every twenty or thirty yards, and at each turn a novel effect. To the right and left, in the middle of each wall, a tall and narrow Gothic window looked out upon a closed corridor which pursued the windings of the suite. These windows were of stained glass whose color varied in accordance with the prevailing hue of the decorations of the chamber into which it opened. That at the eastern extremity was hung, for example, in blue—and vividly blue were its windows. The second chamber was purple in its ornaments and tapestries, and here the panes were purple. The third was green throughout, and so were the casements. The fourth was furnished and lighted with orange—the fifth with white—the sixth with violet. The seventh apartment was closely shrouded in black velvet tapestries that hung all over the ceiling and down the walls, falling in heavy folds upon a carpet of the same material and hue. But in this chamber only, the color of the windows failed to correspond with the decorations. The panes here were scarlet—a deep blood color. Now in no one of the seven apartments was there any lamp or candelabrum, amid the profusion of golden ornaments that lay scattered to and fro or depended from the roof. There was no light of any kind emanating from lamp or candle within the suite of chambers. But in the corridors that followed the suite, there stood, opposite to each window, a heavy tripod, bearing a brazier of fire that projected its rays through the tinted glass and so glaringly illumined the room. And thus were produced a multitude of gaudy and fantastic appearances. But in the western or black chamber the effect of the fire-light that streamed upon the dark hangings through the blood-tinted panes, was ghastly in the extreme, and produced so wild a look upon the countenances of those who entered, that there were few of the company bold enough to set foot within its precincts at all.

It was in this apartment, also, that there stood against the western wall, a gigantic clock of ebony. Its pendulum swung to and fro with a dull, heavy, monotonous clang; and when the minute-hand made the circuit of the face, and the hour was to be stricken, there came from the brazen lungs of the clock a sound which was clear and loud and deep and exceedingly musical, but of so peculiar a note and emphasis that, at each lapse of an hour, the musicians of the orchestra were constrained to pause, momentarily, in their performance, to harken to the sound; and thus the waltzers

perforce ceased their evolutions; and there was a brief discord of the whole gay company; and, while the chimes of the clock yet rang, it was observed that the giddiest grew pale, and the more aged and sedate passed their hands over their brows as if in confused reverie or meditation. But when the echoes had fully ceased, a light laughter at once pervaded the assembly; the musicians looked at each other and smiled as if at their own nervousness and folly, and made whispering vows, each to the other, that the next chiming of the clock should produce in them no similar emotion; and then, after the lapse of sixty minutes, (which embrace three thousand and six hundred seconds of the Time that flies,) there came yet another chiming of the clock, and then were the same discomfort and tremulousness and meditation as before.

But, in spite of these things, it was a gay and magnificent revel. The tastes of the duke were peculiar. He had a fine eye for colors and effects. He disregarded the *decora* of mere fashion. His plans were bold and fiery, and his conceptions glowed with barbaric lustre. There are some who would have thought him mad. His followers felt that he was not. It was necessary to hear and see and touch him to be *sure* that he was not.

He had directed, in great part, the moveable embellishments of the seven chambers, upon occasion of this great *fête*; and it was his own guiding taste which had given character to the masquerades. Be sure they were grotesque. There were much glare and glitter and piquancy and phantasm—much of what has been since seen in "Hernani." There were arabesque figures with unsuited limbs and appointments. There were delirious fancies such as the madman fashions. There was much of the beautiful, much of the wanton, much of the *bizarre*, something of the terrible, and not a little of that which might have excited disgust. To and fro in the seven chambers there stalked, in fact, a multitude of dreams. And these—the dreams—writhed in and about, taking hue from the rooms, and causing the wild music of the orchestra to seem as the echo of their steps. And, anon, there strikes the ebony clock which stands in the hall of the velvet. And then, for a moment, all is still, and all is silent save the voice of the clock. The dreams are stiff-frozen as they stand. But the echoes of the chime die away—they have endured but an instant—and a light, half-subdued laughter floats after them as they depart. And now again the music swells, and the dreams live, and writhe to and fro more merrily than ever, taking hue from the many tinted windows through which stream the rays from the tripods. But to the chamber which lies most westwardly of the seven, there are now none of the maskers who venture: for the night is waning away; and there flows a ruddier light through the blood-colored panes; and the blackness of the sable drapery appals; and to him whose foot falls upon the sable carpet, there comes from the near clock of ebony a muffled peal more solemly emphatic than any which reaches *their* ears who indulge in the more remote gaieties of the other apartments.

But these other apartments were densely crowded, and in them beat feverishly the heart of life. And the revel went whirlingly on, until at length there commenced the sounding of midnight upon the clock. And then the music ceased, as I have told; and the evolutions of the waltzers were quieted; and there was an uneasy cessation of all things as before. But now there were twelve strokes to be sounded by the bell of the clock; and thus it happened, perhaps, that more of thought crept, with more of time, into the meditations of the thoughtful among those who revelled. And thus, too, it happened, perhaps, that before the last echoes of the last chime had utterly sunk into silence, there were many individuals in the crowd who had found leisure to become aware of the presence of a masked figure which had arrested the attention of no single individual before. And the rumor of this new presence having spread itself whisperingly around, there arose at length from the whole company a buzz, or murmur, expressive of disapprobation and surprise—then, finally, of terror, of horror, and of disgust.

In an assembly of phantasms such as I have painted, it may well be supposed that no ordinary appearance could have excited such sensation. In truth the masquerade license of the night was nearly unlimited; but the figure in question had out-Heroded Herod, and gone beyond the bounds of even the prince's indefinite decorum. There are chords in the hearts of the most reckless which cannot be touched without emotion. Even with the utterly lost, to whom life and death are equally jests, there are matters of which no jest can be made. The whole company, indeed, seemed now deeply to feel that in the costume and bearing of the stranger neither wit nor propriety existed. The figure was tall and gaunt, and shrouded from head to foot in the habiliments of the grave. The mask which concealed the visage was made so nearly to resemble the countenance of a stiffened corpse that the closest scrutiny must have had difficulty in detecting the cheat. And yet all this might have been endured, if not approved, by the mad revellers around. But the mummer had gone so far as to assume the type of the Red Death. His vesture was dabbled in *blood*—and his broad brow, with all the features of the face, was besprinkled with the scarlet horror.

When the eyes of Prince Prospero fell upon this spectral image (which with a slow and solemn movement, as if more fully to sustain its *rôle*, stalked to and fro among the waltzers) he was seen to be convulsed, in the first moment with a strong shudder either of terror or distaste; but, in the next, his brow reddened with rage.

"Who dares?" he demanded hoarsely of the courtiers who stood near him—"who dares insult us with this blasphemous mockery? Seize him and unmask him—that we may know whom we have to hang at sunrise, from the battlements!"

It was in the eastern or blue chamber in which stood the Prince Prospero as he uttered these words. They rang throughout the seven rooms loudly and clearly—for the prince was a bold and robust man, and the music had become hushed at the waving of his hand.

It was in the blue room where stood the prince, with a group of pale courtiers by his side. At first, as he spoke, there was a slight rushing movement of this group in the direction of the intruder, who at the moment was also near at hand, and now, with deliberate and stately step, made closer approach to the speaker. But from a certain nameless awe with which the mad assumptions of the mummer had inspired the whole party, there were found none who put forth hand to seize him; so that, unimpeded, he passed within a yard of the prince's person; and, while the vast assembly, as if with one impulse, shrank from the centres of the rooms to the walls, he made his way uninterruptedly, but with the same solemn and measured step which had distinguished him from the first, through the blue chamber to the purple—through the purple to the green—through the green to the orange—through this again to the white—and even thence to the violet, ere a decided movement had been made to arrest him. It was then, however, that the Prince Prospero, maddening with rage and the shame of his own mo-

mentary cowardice, rushed hurriedly through the six chambers, while none followed him on account of a deadly terror that had seized upon all. He bore aloft a drawn dagger, and had approached, in rapid impetuosity, to within three or four feet of the retreating figure, when the latter, having attained the extremity of the velvet apartment, turned suddenly and confronted his pursuer. There was a sharp cry—and the dagger dropped gleaming upon the sable carpet, upon which, instantly afterwards, fell prostrate in death the Prince Prospero. Then, summoning the wild courage of despair, a throng of the revellers at once threw themselves into the black apartment, and, seizing the mummer, whose tall figure stood erect and motionless within the shadow of the ebony clock, gasped in unutterable horror at finding the grave-cerements and corpse-like mask which they handled with so violent a rudeness, untenanted by any tangible form.

And now was acknowledged the presence of the Red Death. He had come like a thief in the night. And one by one dropped the revellers in the blood-bedewed halls of their revel, and died each in the despairing posture of his fall. And the life of the ebony clock went out with that of the last of the gay. And the flames of the tripods expired. And Darkness and Decay and the Red Death held illimitable dominion over all.

EDGAR A. POE.

IMAGINATION.

An arch immeasurably tower'd
Where Aiden's glories spring,
And through the opened diamond valves
Majestically strode the King.
Truth, with a crown of stars
On a large brow free from stain,
While all her motions music made,
Held up its royal train:
Flowers of a rare undying hue
Sprang round the glowing arch,
And tones, that float like a seraph's note,
Rolled out a solemn march.
'T was when the Deity appeared
Beneath the portal's flame,
He felt his might, and in the light
Creator then became.
His kindled mind conceived a sun,
And out the great fire burst
From Chaos that fell shuddering back
Like a fiend accursed:
And still the God-head wrought,
Wrought still the post-power,
While Time was spending on the earth
His primal hour.
The labor yet went on
Where Chaos heard the curse,
Nor ceased till in a sea of space
Floated a universe.

WM. WALLACE.

The Contrasted Prejudices.

The Avon bard has sung in sweet tune, and we, essaying to make the belief ours, hum after him, "What's in a name?" But experience has an opposing conviction; it rises up with the argument, *much* is in a name, and each of us has many clinging associations to maintain the affirmative. How eagerly we inquire the name (baptismal name especially,) of a person whom we have not yet seen, and how hastily determine his appearance, whether he will be agreeable, or repellent to us, from our association with what he is called.

So it is; we are creatures of strange prejudices; *these*, though, are not wholly unaccountable. We can sometimes trace their origin back even to our cradles. The first lullaby we have any recollection of, is linked with a *name*, loved for the *one* who hushed us into rest with its soothing strain; or recurs to us unpleasantly as we remember some discordant chiding for our playful wakefulness. The sweet sound of Viola at once creates a phantom of loveliness. And what more appropriate name for a sunny faced, budding little beauty, than Rosa. And Mary, the pet call with so many, in all degrees of life. It graces the lonely cot, and softens the splendor of the palace. The downcast, modest eye, and fair Madonna brow, steal upon you, with the graceful tie of piety and love, attached for so many centuries to the gentle sound.

With what nicety an author selects a title for his romance! he well knows what depends on it; frequently the remark has reached us, "I will read it, if I like the name." "The Pirate," charming—we are certain here is a rich treat of love and venture; already we are interested in the hero, though he may be

"Link'd with one virtue, and a thousand crimes."

It is needless for me to enumerate more instances of the tenacity with which our prejudices hold to us, (for all can recall likes and dislikes, associated with names and places,) but I will hasten to relate one which followed me for many years like a grim spectre.

The first horror that presented itself to me at the threshold of *discernible* life, was the woman who presided over the department of edibles in my father's house. She was the cook par excellence, and we the envied of the neighbourhood. Whenever a dinner or supper was to be given, (even in the most remote house of the block,) she was duly consulted as to the propriety of such and such dishes, which in her important opinion should be placed the first before the guests. If it chanced we wished any change, the suggestion was politely made, for none ventured to find fault with her arrangements. At once the assurance was given, that it was "dressed precisely in the manner my lord had it served up to him, and surely such quality knew what good eating was."

This was a quietus to the matter; and the dish was tasted of by all, to which "my lord" had set his imperishable seal of approbation in the brain of our good cook. Thanks to her, for my first impression of the blessings of a Republic, as my youthful fancy pictured the frightful rule of lords, and a land where people could not eat what best pleased them.

Follow me now into her empire no Sultana ever swayed her waiting-woman with more despotic rule, than she the other domestics of the house. Every article had its place. The saucepans hung in a row and told of the labor bestowed upon them. The kitchen was radiant with the glow of the tortured metal. If one passed, and accidentally unhung a skewer from its culinary gibbet, the tumult was enough to give rise to the supposition that the premises were crumbling in, and utter destruction inevitable, unless the spot was speedily vacated.

The name of this wonder of my juvenile days, was Hannah Johnson; she was a native of England, and had come to this country to live with her son, Samuel Johnson. I know not if he boasted being of the lineage of his illustrious predecessor and LL. D., of the same name, but he was a clever young man, and filled his calling with propriety. He was a supernumerary clerk in my father's counting-house, transacting some little of the business, and performing all the menial requirements. Samuel was the surviving child of five. Only

a few months the mother and son realised the comfort of being together; he also died, and the mother was left destitute. My father being aware of this, arrangements were made, and she was received at home, where her grief was soon dispelled by the continued employment she had allotted herself.

In appearance, she will stand for time immemorial, unique. She was tall, far above the usual height of women, and muscular, as though she had practised gymnastic exercises all her life; undeniably belonging to the "locomotive order." Her eyes were large, pale blue, and protruding. Hair of the peculiar dapple grey I have always given in my fancy to witches, parted smoothly on her yellow seamed forehead, and adorned by a snowy white linen cap, with a border about four inches wide, standing erect around her face in bold defiance, looking as if the fashion of Queen Bess' frill was revived again, and rebelliously mounted to encircle a face, instead of cautiously *standing* up in ready defence for the neck. Her gown was composed of that blue domestic spotted with white, which was at one time the usual working attire of people in her capacity, but now has entirely faded from sight, and almost recollection. Upon great occasions, this was thrown aside for a calamanco, she had "bought when dear George was a baby, and if he had lived, he would have been nine the day she left for this country," and fixed in my memory, for seventeen years she was a moveable in our house, and still the rustling dress was presentable. The dress so far met with my approval, but her neck-gear was a dense mystery, and the cause of many a strange surmise. Winter and summer it was wrapt in a strip of red flannel, which was never laid aside, unless to be replaced by a similar piece, whilst the cast off underwent a washing, and was stretched on a little board for the noon-day sun to dry. Whether it was intended as a preventive against affections of the throat, or a *sloe* cure, or perhaps a talisman, I never could ascertain; still, year in, and year out, the rubyish necklace obstinately obtruded on the eye. I never since have met with any one who was not accessible in some way: all the blandishments of childhood were used, pins, needles, thread-cases, and even pinafores were purchased for her out of my pocket-money, in hopes of getting a little kindness in return. A portion of each Sunday evening, I left the family circle, and spent reading to Hannah, and never concluded the favor, without going over her choicest selection, "The order for the burial of the dead," from, "I am the resurrection and the life," to the close, which always drew forth her most hearty "amen." Affection she had for none, except for an old black cat, that at night slept by her feet, and mewed at them through the day. In the animal creation, this was the only living thing that elicited her admiration. Black and sleek she was, without one white hair to redeem her in my estimation from the name of jet; but this was not the naming suited to her; she was called Blanche, after one of "my lord's" accomplished daughters. The said cat, and a bundle of patches, comprised her earthly treasure; the latter she reverently looked over occasionally, and pointed out: "this was dear John's, this that blessed boy, Sammy's, &c.," until she had shown a sample of the clothes once worn by each of her departed children.

Gratitude was held by her to be the crowning virtue, though it was never manifested in words or deeds of love, but cold, rigid justice; "ingratitude," she would say, "is the blackest of crimes." "Yes, Hannah," my brother Harry would playfully reply, "he that's ungrateful has no guilt but one; all other crimes may pass for virtues in him." "Oh! that poesy, Mister Harry, was made for the drawing-room, and folk what don't like anything but what's dressed up, but, for my part, I say in plain English, it's no better than stealing." Yet, with this unexceptionable sentiment, she was the most disagreeable person I ever encountered. Her very name, Hannah, was hateful to me.

If any of my schoolmates were so unfortunately called, they seldom knew any of my indulgence. I would not prompt them in a lesson, or assist with an exercise, and preferred to be alone to being escorted by Hannahs. When I studied Mythology, I wondered if Proserpine did not wear a red bandage around her neck as a mark of designation for the queen of hell. I sometimes thought she might be Lot's wife come back to earth to atone for her disobedience; so rocky, so unwomanly was she.

When I was about fourteen my mother laid before me several works she especially wished me to read. This I thought no hardship, (for I was fond of reading), until my eye fell upon "Life and Writings of Hannah More." I was electrified, and quietly slipped the volumes back into the book case, ejaculating (wittily as I thought) "pray, *no more* Hannah!"

In vain I urged her removal from the house, as a nuisance. Mother said she was an invaluable creature: my father pitied her loneliness, and Harry; the sharer of my joys and sorrows, liked to have her to plague and laugh at. Once, and only once, was she tenderly moved for one of us. I was ill,—a tear glistened in her eye as she hoped "Miss Kate would not die, for who else would read to her."

Thus time sped on. My brother who was in the navy, and had been for nearly three years kept at southern stations, wrote to us. He had "at last concluded to light up the dreariness of life, and take to himself a wife." He described the lady as highly intelligent, and quite pretty enough; but did not give her name. However, I was delighted at the prospect of Harry's future happiness, and pleased with the thought of having so companionable a person for my sister. The next letter dealt the blow,—she was called Hannah Fairfax. Fairfax contented me, but Hannah, oh horror! how could I receive her without giving offence? Impossible! I never could like her. Treat her as a sister? No, no, the welcome she met with must come from others of the family, for Kate Rodney would be out of the way when another Hannah arrived. Thoughts like these ran through my silly head. I said little about the wedding, or our expected guest, but my nurtured prejudice was suspected, and spoken of by my fond mother, though she did not endeavor to dissuade me from it, but left it to the removal of time and reason. We were all on the stilts of expectation; even myself, though I differed from the rest, for I lamented the pain I inevitably would cause my brother.

Night—a winter night again gathered us around the bright, peaceful hearth of home. My father was reading aloud, whilst my mother was webbing some fancy article for one of the gifts of love and welcome to the unknown comer. I, apparently was idle, but in reality busily engaged, far in a chaotic reverie of pleasure and disappointment; when it was broken in upon by the sound of stopping carriage wheels, and a well known voice in the hall told me Harry and the shock had arrived. I closed my eyes as he entered the parlor, but opened them, (for I had nerved myself) when I heard him say, "here dear father and mother is your daughter Hannah." My head reeled; a revolution had taken place. I thought he said "Heavenly," and not "Hannah." Unconsciously I uttered, "Angelic!" for such was the being who was nestled in our mother's arms. She was one of the most lovely I ever looked upon,—her soft hazel, beseeching eyes, asked for love,—

her forehead was low, but faultlessly white, and draped by folds of the richest black hair Her form was a Houri's.

Daily this gentle being won upon me. She was the lovely moonlight to our summer home; every one loved her, indeed it was impossible not to. The bliss of her husband seemed entire, and I trembled lest it was too much for earth, and ere long would be interrupted. Wherever I went I wished Hannah with me. A party had not its complement of beauty if she was not there. A book read with but half the zest, if she did not peruse it with me; in fact she had become an essential in my cup of happiness. Still her name was not wholly endurable, for a long time. I called her Annie. At last an event occurred which was to be the burial of my prejudice,—the birth of a daughter. It was determined the little stranger should be called Hannah,—the name of my sister's mother, whose memory she cherished, with the sacredness of an affectionate daughter and sensitive woman. How dearly I loved this tiny one! Scarcely a cap could be found pretty enough for the velvety face, or socks soft as the dainty wee feet they were to enclose. This little love was another jewel to our diadem of happy home,—never were one and all more joyous.

Even old Hannah looked well pleased, and hobbled in to the christening, for she had two reasons for wishing to be there. "Mr. Rodney had been even as kind as 'my lord,' and she had seen all his children christened," (to witness the baptism of a grandchild was I presume a greater pleasure and compliment.) "Then Miss Kate, the baby's name is just what I like." For better than a year she had been unable to work, but imagined her control not yet at an end, and actually hastened the decline of years, grieving over the waste which must be during her absence; retaining only breath to utter her final amen as she beckoned me to her bed side, and pointed to the prayer book.

Poor Hannah! that she had an annoying temper none can deny, but she practised virtues many do not even comprehend—justice and gratitude.

A miniature Babel is below stairs;—the fourth anniversary of the birth of aunty's pet; and she must join the little revellers in a game of "hot butter blue beans" or "blind man's buff", twine a wreath for the evening's Queen, and help eat bon-bons. Oh the laughing ones! lovely budding flowers, each possessing an imperishable germ. To be in such an assemblage of innocence and beauty, makes one feel very young again; if time or care has impressed a furrow, it is hushed away for the present.

Reader, I can tarry with you no longer; but thanks for listening to my story, and if you hold a similar dislike to a name because of a disagreeable person, then seek a lovelier association to render it musical, and believe me you can succeed. Our *great will* should not be kept subservient to prejudices.

SONNET TO ZANTE.

Fair isle, that, from the fairest of all flowers,
Thy gentlest of all gentle names dost take!
How many memories of what radiant hours
At sight of thee and thine at once awake!
How many scenes of what departed bliss!
How many thoughts of what entombed hopes!
How many visions of a maiden that is
No more—no more upon thy verdant slopes!
No more! alas that magical sad sound
Transforming all! Thy charms shall please *us more*—
Thy memory *no more!* Accursed ground
Henceforth I hold thy flower-enamelled shore,
O hyacinthine isle! O purple Zante!
"Isola d'oro! Fior di Levante!"

EDGAR A. POE.

The Antigone.

I had been to see the Antigone of Sophocles not long since, and sate through the five acts and four choruses with mingled feelings of pleasure at the recollections of my schoolboy love for antiquity, which the scenes and action recalled, and of disappointment that the translation so feebly shadowed the nervous language and imagery of the most philosophical of tragedians. In fact, what Porson had said of Pope's Iliad, "It is a very pretty poem, Mr. Pope, but you must not call it Homer," seemed doubly applicable to the present instance. I had left the theatre in this mood, thinking only of what I had seen, not of what I had read, and at the door was addressed by Leslie, the Alcibiades of my acquaintance. He thus addressed me: "Come to my room, most Athenian, for if I remember well, of all the band who walked with me in the Academic Grove of Cambridge, you were the most entirely Hellenic; come with me, and while I uncork some wine of Cyprus, (it must be my substitute for Chian), we will talk over the new Antigone and the old one, grow classical, as we sacrifice to Dionusos, and fancy ourselves beneath the shadow of the Hill of Mars, and inhaling the balmy air that sweeps over Old Œgea, Plataea and Salamis." Though unused to revel "late of nights," the temptation was too strong to be resisted.

Leslie was domiciled in a quiet street not far from Hudson Park, a key to which he has, and often with him I sate, in the shadow of its trees, and discoursed of similar themes. On that night, however, we were in his library, in which was more than one cast from the great modern and ancient sculptors, and in which was found most that was valuable in the reveries of philosophers and delicious in the dreams of poets. Upon the table lay open a volume of Sophocles, with which he had been evidently occupied, previous to leaving for the theatre, to which I naturally turned while he occupied himself in bringing from an adjoining room, not a bottle, but a narrow necked vessel with a handle of twined serpents on each side, giving it a semblance to an ancient amphora, and two *cyathoi*, not glasses. In this, however, he was not strictly correct, and the vessel and *cyathoi* were evidently not Grecian but Etruscan or Pelasgic in their shape. "I brought these," said he, speaking to me, "from Herculaneum, where I bribed the keepers, as Italians of modern times may always be bribed. I did it too with a safe conscience. I know not why the King of Naples should monopolize what must have been intended as a legacy to Posterity. The wine is a present from the Captain of the brig Ægeus, in which I came hither from Smyrna, in company with a midshipman, three Jews, and a cargo of figs. But, fill up, and let us drink to the memory of the Athenian drama! After that we must determine whether one of the next cups shall not be to its *Anastasis*."

I had thrown myself upon a *chaise longue*, not unlike the couch of the classic ages, and resting my head upon a pillow which meetly might have supported Cræsus in his prosperous days, began to sip from the *cyathos* the delicious wine, which reflected, in its purple depths, the delicate tracery of vine-leaves and grapes, with which it was overlaid. I know not how it was, but I remember that while Leslie spoke one of those glittering phrases which fall from his lips like drops of honey from Hybla, and whose subject was Alcibiades, I fell asleep. It may be that, inclined somewhat to the philosophy of the porch, the strong Cyprus had overcome my senses, and that I had poured too deep a libation to Bacchus.

Straight it seemed to me that Alcibiades entered, clad in the rich and spotless dress of his day, with the crimson buskin and Median train. Perfumes dripped from his waving hair, and many a jewel sparkled upon his marble fingers. Without more ado, he threw himself beside us, and filling from the amphora a beaker, with his fingers filliped a few drops upon an inkstand, fashioned in the shape of an ancient altar, murmured the word "Dionuso," and quaffed it down *bocca aperta*.

"Your wine," said he, "is good; I like most, however, the rich Italian and Ionian wines. That of Chios and Cyprus is too strong and heavy for me; yet Salustius, a Roman, who, 450 Olympiads since, joined us *enerthen*, tells me that the wines of Falernum are thrice as strong as this. Anthony Hamilton tells me that those of Spain, and that grown in islands of which we had not very vivid ideas—our Islands of the Blest, are yet more potent; verily as the world grows older, your taste for excitement increases."

This remark astonished me, because, though, as the great master of the porch had taught, I believe in the identity and personality of the dead in Hades, I had no idea they lived so sociably as Alcibiades seemed to insinuate; at the time, however, I did not speak of it, thinking, possibly, that it might not be polite to recall to a gentleman and a stranger that he was a subject of the Plutonian realm. I fancy that my distaste to this, was, in character, similar to the feeling a well-bred Englishman would entertain at asking an American the news from Pennsylvania. "We drank," continued he, "some tolerable wine, grown in the neighborhood of Ætna, last night, which was not unlike this, and, as we sat over our cups, I heard that a tragedy of old Sophocles' was to be represented, and could not resist the temptation to visit *anothen* again. I was fond of Sophocles."

"But," said Leslie, "I knew not that you gentlemen shadows often visited us."

"We do not. It has been some years since I was up.—It was when a mad fellow named Bozzaris, near the field of old Platæa, fought with and conquered the Scythian horde, who now have possession of the soil of Hellas."

"Oh!" said I, "you have heard of Bozzaris."

"Yes, a poetaster, a countryman of your own, named Drake, some four Olympiads since, joined us, and recited some glorious verses, which served as a fitting introduction for him to the whole population of Hades. Besides, some of us Greeks had previously heard of Bozzaris from countrymen of our own, who had died in the strife with the Scythians, (Turcomans you call them.)"

"Well, the schoolmaster is abroad," said Leslie, "he is even gone to the DEVIL."

"I know not that word, or its precise meaning; some Ionians I have heard, speak of the *Heiraoi*; they believe in a power antagonist to their God, whom they call *Diabolos*."

"I assure you, Diabolos is here all potent, almost as the Hatui, of which your old tragedians spoke so much."

"You have, then, more than one God. Count Anthony said you had but one. I did not, however, understand him, as I knew your Atlantides were not Epicureans, and men have too many wants for one God to be able to attend them all."

Conversation then waned for a moment, while we more than once replenished our *cyathoi* from the amphora. It astonished me somewhat that Alcibiades did not respond to us while we drank his health, but, after a few moments, I remembered that was a custom derived from *our* northern progenitors. At length we began to speak of the subject matter, the Antigone, and Alcibiades remarked—

"As I sate last night in the *Koilon*, I was pleased to see that women sate in the lowest row, showing that the wives and daughters of the principal citizens sate with them to witness the play: verily the cool determination of Eurydice and of Antigone seemed to blanch their cheeks. Our fair Athenians would not accompany us to such places:—true, Aspasia did so, but then, you know, she was differently situated. A rare woman was Aspasia."

"Yes, we have heard of her."

"The music pleases me; in that you have made great improvements. You have adopted the brazen instruments of the Medes and the delicate Spartan flute. The Medea of Euripides would, from the joint accompaniment, have had a double effect. Even the Ocean Nymphs, and the Gossamer Spirits of the Air, who came to the crags of Caucasus to console the Prometheus Desmotes, would have found a music soft as their own voices."

"What thought you then of the declamation?"

"What could I think? The Creon was not so good as Pratinas, or as other actors whom *I* have known, but he knew his part and felt it. The words of Sophocles, if the actor but feels them, cannot be marred. The Antigone and Euridice were played so well, they seemed to me women. Yet there were discords. I use that term to express things to which I am unused. The appurtenances of the tiring room seem to me incompatible. No Anax ever dressed as Creon did; where was his sword? and Eurydice wore the crescent of a Priestess of *Athenæ*, not of a Grecian matron. The tragedy, however, may not be marred; indeed old Thespis, in his wagon knew not, five hundred Olympiads ago, that his fame would pass into the Atlantis, of which Plato had not yet written. Your *Bronteion*, too, is strangely placed: the lightning is from Jove, but the thunder is of Saturn; yours was, I know not where, it seemed to pervade the whole house; but reach me yon amphora! I will quaff a cup and make a libation to the *Hatui*: let us sacrifice to them and propitiate them."

"But our theatre is small."

"Ah, yes, the very *Koilon* is not so large as the mere Episkenion of our theatres, which were two stadia in breadth, and made to contain the whole population of Athens, while yours can only contain your wealthiest citizens, those of fortune. The slave at the door asked of me for admittance an Attic talent of gold! at Athens the price was half an obolus. The great and useful scenes our drama portrays, should, too, be represented in the open air, not within walls. The marble columns and seats, the beauty of the caryatidæ, and the severe and stern serenity of the works of the older sculptors, well befitted the severity of Æschylus, and the philosophy of Sophocles; for Euripides, another model of decoration might be adopted, but it would not be that of the *Atrion* where I saw the Antigone.

"Reach me again yon amphora. The wine I have usually drank for the last 450 Olympiads, has grown near Ætna or Vesuvius, and has a sulphury twang, not so pleasant as this."

"One or two things," said Leslie, "I wish to ask you of the ancient drama—and the first is, who were the chorus, and where were they placed? Had they part in the play?"

"The chorus were musicians, and as the science of harmony was not so far advanced as it is now, our instruments were fewer, and the greater part of their music was vocal: they had no part in the action of the play, except that they wore the costume of the age of the actors, and during the changing of the scene, spoke in explanations of allusions, with which the mass of the audience were not familiar."

"Did your tragic actors wear masks?"

"Masks? what are they?"

"Coverings for the face, representing the passion supposed to characterize the personage they assumed."

"How could that be? Creon even has his joy, and it must be expressed, the mask would destroy all expression."

"Whence can we have derived the idea?"

"Our actors painted, covering the whole face, often thickly enough, that possibly may explain the idea."

"I do not," said Leslie, "see how it was possible for the human voice to reach over the vast extent of your theatres: even our actors cannot always fill up the circumference of the buildings in which they perform?"

"Ah," said Alcibiades, "we had various contrivances for the purpose of increasing the sound; among other things, we used *echeea*, or their various vases of brass, like to the Egyptian *tumpanon*, by which the sound was prolonged, and sent in reverberation to the very verge of the *Koilon*. These vases were placed upon pedestals, upon which they rested by the contact of but a single point. Over these *echeea*, which were interspersed through the building, seats were placed, lest the architectural beauty of the building should be marred by their presence. Your vaulted dome must be a great improvement, and a voice of ordinary capacity must, beneath it, be able to reach with distinctness every ear. At Athens, by the gesture alone, was the actor recognised, and that alone was necessary, for every Athenian knew the works of the great Tragedian, as you, doubtless, of your master pieces, and could easily supply any word which he did not hear.

"There were other differences which struck me, too; they are not, however, material. The curtain now falls from the roof of the building, on the stage: it was with us drawn up. Usually before the curtain rose, the chorus had taken their places, and the *Coryphæus*, the *Aggelos*, usually the first character, spoke the long introductory to the action. It often seemed to me to be regretted that our tragedians did not adopt some more artful manner of introducing the plot; the custom, however, of all tragedians, has permanently fixed the rule."

"Did the chorus dance?"

"Not generally; if, however, it was composed of females, it did dance. There was a place called *orchestra*, in our theatres; the word was handed down to us from the very days of Thespis, though its reason, long before, disappeared. The chorus usually clustered around their *coryphæus*, who stood on the *thumele*, where was the altar."

"The music you have heard to-day, differs from that of your nation?"

"Ah, yes! ours was monotone, like a Sapphic stanza, *finite* and beautiful, not running, as yours does, infinitely through all the changes of Choric verse. Ah, you have much that we were ignorant of: *mere* music with us, was a womanly art, or rather, a slavish one; with you, however, a poet and philosopher may, without error, devote themselves to so glorious an accomplishment."

"There is one thing more. I did not see you during the representation; yet, with your graceful and peculiar dress, I cannot well see how you escaped observation."

"Up early enough, the *Dionusiakoi Technitei* gave me a private box."

When I heard this, I remembered that I had seen the sleeve of a white robe, and a jewelled finger occasionally on the outside of the left balcony box! we then sate for for some time, and conversed together. Alcibiades said some prettinesses relative to our number, which was that of the Graces, and other similar things, with which I did not charge my memory, for, recurring to the days of the perfection of Grecian drama, I naturally used the system of *mnemonics* then in vogue, which I will remark, is not near so good as that of Professor Gouraud, whose lectures I have attended, and whose octavo I have read.

Alcibiades took hold again of the amphora: it was dry. While I thought Leslie moved to substitute for it another, I awoke, strangely enough; I was alone, except that my host slept soundly; the *cyathos* overturned, and the Cyprus wine streaming over his bosom. I went home, and began to write out this imaginary conversation, which I have just now finished.

FAY. ROBINSON.

Correspondence with a Governess.

NO. II.

Dear Mrs. S——,

I write to you, without an answer to my last. As I cannot return to my children at present, you must relate to me every thing about them. Please to send me an account of the state of James' room, when he leaves it in the morning. He is not as yet so neat and considerate as I wish. I have no severity of feeling on such subjects: carelessness may exist with justice and kindness, and its demonstrations not only be inferior to, but in contrariety with the disposition. He is rather more short of his own ideal than some of the rest. I recommend to him for a motto,

"Heaven loves the ideal which practises too."

This is a line of Leigh Hunt's, which I read this morning. I have had great pleasure in turning over the new edition of his poems, just collected in a little volume, where, amidst too much that is vapid and grovelling, there is some of the finest of the fine. I find the story of Ben Adhem somewhat impaired.

"Write me as one that loves his fellow men,"

for

"Ecrivez-moi en qualité d'amie de ceux qui aiment Dieu,"

is a less easy and natural transition.

"Captain Sword and Captain Pen" is very much to the purpose.

"Captain Sword,

* * * * * * *

. . . . . forget the close thought, and the burning heart,
And prayers, and the mild moon hanging apart,
Which lifteth the seas with her gentle looks,
And growth, and death, and immortal books,
And the Infinite Wildness, the soul of souls,
Which layeth earth soft with her silver poles;
Which ruleth the stars and saith not a word;
Whose speed in the hair of no comet is heard;
Which sendeth the soft sun, day by day,
Mighty, and genial, and just alway;
Owning no difference, doing no wrong,
Loving the orbs and the least bird's song;
The great, sweet, warm angel with golden rod,
Bright with the smile of the distance of God."

"Indestructible souls among men
Were the souls of the line of Captain Pen;
Sages, patriots, martyrs mild
Going to the stake, as child
Goeth with his prayer to bed;
Dungeon-beams from quenchless head;
Poets making earth aware
Of its wealth in good and fair."

Are not these capital passages? You will enter with all your heart into what he says about fishing, and "Izaak." "Bodryddan" is dearly beautiful: it makes the reader feel truly,

"That earth also is a star"

worthy of her

"That sat retired in reverend chair,
* * * * * *
Fading heavenward beauteously
In a long-drawn life of love."

There have been many good words about clocks and bells, but these are memorable:—

"Lost on the roof, a clock's old grace
Looked forth like some enchanted face
That never slept, but in the night
Dinted the air with thoughtful might
Of sudden tongue, which seemed to say,
'The stars are firm and hold their way.'"

"An Angel in the House," "Songs of the Flowers," are most choice. I thought I would have done with quoting, but here are two lines describing martyrdom, which I must copy:—

"Now, now he gives the skies
The heart they gave (sweet thought 'gainst bitter wonders!)"

There are some lines my fingers can scarcely resist, in "To Kosciusko," "To the Author of Ion," "Our Cottage," "Reflections of a Dead Body," noble pieces. You will pick them out.

Part of the revelling in a book of value is its evocation of wonders that lie in the past. Hunt's beautiful illustrations of the "Divine Mildness," recalled Milton's description of our unconscious diurnal revolution:

"Or she from west her silent course advance
With inoffensive pace, that spinning sleeps
On her soft axle, while she paces even,
And bears thee soft with the smooth air along."

The "One that sat Retired" in "Bodryddan," brought to mind a beautiful passage in a lecture of Hudson's—that on "All's Well that Ends Well." The Countess Rousillon is to him, as he said, one of Shakspeare's choicest fancies. It has a hold on his affections, reminding him of an ancient gentlewoman, "who was his friend in childhood, whose head had blossomed for the grave, and her heart for heaven; one to whom, if he had anything good he owed it. She told me," he said, "the story of the Babes in the Wood, the Captivity of the Jews. I can never read of this Divine Countess without thinking of that heavenly old child." At the closing words of this tender and beautiful sketch, a feeling burst of sympathy, delicately subdued, came from the audience. Gresset's words were never more fit:—

Voir avec chaleur,
Que l'homme n'est point fait pour la mechanteté,
Consultez, écoutez pour juges, pour oracles,
Les hommes rassemblés! voyez à nos spectacles,
Quand on peint quelque trait de candeur, de bonté,
Où brille en tout son jour la tendre humanité,
Tous les cœurs sont remplis d'une volupté pure,
Et c'est là qu'on entend le cri de la nature.

What a lovely phrase, "heavenly old child"! Hunt avoids both "old lady" and "old woman."

I am very glad you think with me as to walking in the fields with the children. I have heard you say, what is very just, "how much more can be seen in a walk than a drive!" This excellent modern invention of gum-shoes enables the lady's foot to reach the lovely marsh flowers. I have found lately improvement to all parts of my own nature from rambles in the woods and fields, and my attention has been turned more than ever to the beauty of flowers. I have been steeped in poetry lately, turning over the American poets to enjoy the descriptions you allude to in one of your late letters. I am now sorry that my intended embellishments of wild flowers must leave behind the charm of their native haunts. These, may my children search annually all their lives! May every spring be to them, what it has been to me always—a *new* spring! May they see, time after time, what Bryant saw,

"When violets lean
O'er wandering brooks and things unseen,
Or columbines in purple dress,
Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest."

with Emerson—

"Beneath dim aisles in odorous beds,
The slight Linnæa hangs its twin-born heads,
And bless the monument of the man of flowers,
Which breathes his sweet fame through the northern bowers."

with Street,

"Where its long rings uncurls the fern,
The violet, nestling low,
Casts back the white lid of its urn,
Its purple streaks to show."

May they share his feelings, when he exclaims,

"Beautiful blossom! first to rise
And smile beneath Spring's wakening skies,
The courier of the band
Of coming flowers, what feelings sweet
Gush, as the silvery gem we meet
Upon its slender wand!

Nor leave wandering for heat or cold, but see with Dana's eyes delicate shadows embellish the expanse of snow.

"A lovely tracery
Of branch and twig, that naked tree
Of shadows soft and dim has wove,
And spread so gently, that above
The pure white snow it seems to float
* * * * * * *
As if its darkening touch, through fear,
It held from thing so saintly dear"

I was thanking you all the time for leading me this pleasant road. It puzzles me, by the way, how Bryant can compare the gentian for color to the blue sky, since the blue is a great deal darker; but I explain it by supposing he meant that which grows in New York and south, which is, according to Pursh, of a paler tint. Our gentiana crinita does not I think express serenity, which it would, if it was of the shade of the blue sky. Are you an observer of the expression of flowers? Burns, I suppose, considered the fox-glove as expressive of dignity when he said,

"The *stately* fox-glove fair to see,"

and in that line,

"Wee, modest, crimson tipped flower."

doubtless he thought the low stature and rosy hue of the daisy denoted blushing humility. To go back in imagination to June, the swamp honeysuckle seems to me the emblem of a beautiful country woman. I do not mean one unrefined or illiterate, but full of naiveté and careless graces, like that one-sided flower, delighting the eye with its heaped up cups and innocent whiteness.

The kalmialatifolia seems like a beautiful duchess elegantly dressed for a birthnight, yet with great precision, and with decorations very elaborate and angular.

Those plants which have a peculiar regularity of form, as the galeum, and lysimachia quadrifolia, for instance, awaken devotional feelings, as the hand of the divine architect seems so obvious in their structure. A pinnate leaf has a voice.

My brother has a patient now, (Mrs. L.) whose recovery is retarded by excessively sombre religious views. I think it would have a tendency to cure her morbid fear of God, if in the proper season, she could wander in the fields as I do, and see the marmot eating grass, and then retreating to his subterraneous castle, and the caterpillar devouring in perfect peace the leaves of the milk-weed. If my brother's unfortunate patient had seen the benevolence of God exercised to the animal creation, she would be very backward to conclude He could be otherwise than loving to human beings. You would say perhaps, why not turn her attention to the past blessings of her own lot? But that might not have so great a tendency to cure her dejection, because she has always been too sickly to enjoy much.

Henry says he observed two of my brother's spruces recently, and from having just read Harris's book, he was induced to search them for the false caterpillar, which he found, and relieved the trees of seventy. Henry says that Harris, for extending his protection over the trees, deserves from the Dryads their fairest wreath. Pray suggest to James to examine our firs and pines.

And now my dear friend, guardian of my children, I bring my long letter to an end with love to all. E. M.

August, 184–.

Dear Mrs. M:—The letter of mine, which failed to reach you, chiefly concerned Mary's accident, but as you had another of the same date equally particular, it is an unimportant loss. James, who you know is always overrunning with kindness to Mary, taxes his invention continually to amuse her in her tedious confinement. This month of the caterpillars, for the sake of the month of the butterflies, he has been looking up an old box and applying to me to furnish a gauze cover with a string. Then he set off to the china shop, where he procured a very little mug. This he filled with the leaves of the carrot, on which the caterpillars of the Asterias were feeding. The box was placed on Mary's little table, where it forms one of her amusements. Besides these, he has introduced others, scanning every twig, and turning up all the leaves in the garden to add to the stock. As they are not very pretty creatures, in this stage of development, he brings Mary only the full grown, just in season to secure the fair sylph. Mary has a little book, in which she inserts the description of the larva, leaving the page opposite blank to receive the account of the creature in its perfect state. I like this process, independent of the recreation necessary in her present irksome condition. The habit of observation is formed, and what can be more salutary to the mind, more in harmony with itself, than to follow these divine processes? The remarkable developement of this tribe must, consciously or unconsciously, keep alive the idea of personal improvement. I think it one of the most luminous pages of

"The book of God before (us) set."

Mary is asking me to give up the pen to her. She thinks she can fill up what remains of my sheet though unable to complete a whole one, which she is discontented not to do when she writes to her mother, if she begins one. I give it to her, meaning to continue my letter.

Dear Mother:—I long to see you, but that you know without my saying so, yet I love to write it. You do not know how kind James is to me. Yes, that you must guess at too. I hope I am improving, as I walk across the room with less difficulty every day. You recollect that bunch of the prettiest everlastings, that came up in the border last spring. James, you remember, wished to have it spared, as he says he likes even weeds, ever since he studied botany, but that ought not to be called a weed, should it? James has been reading about all the gnaphaliums in North America, in Gray, and all over the world in Rees. He says he likes to know how many nations see the same flower. He complains very much of that Dr. Gray for making us wait so long for the rest of his book. But the everlasting, which I was going to tell you about; lately some caterpillars were found in webs on the top of the flowers. They ate the flowers, and the white scales coming loose hid the webs. When they grew large James brought them to me for my box that Mrs. — says she has been telling you about. They are black with stripes round, of yellow lines, spiny, with white dots in pairs. Mrs. M. tells me the butterfly comes out, after hanging itself up, in about a fortnight, and is chiefly orange. I mean, dear mother, to send you a chrysalis. James says he has tried without success to rear the species you mentioned in your letter to him, but they are described in Harris, creeping and flying.

James has brought me a little flower-pot, full of earth for those that go into the ground. When they seem to be rooming round and have left off eating, I put them on the top of the earth and cover the pot with a gauze; they go in, and in ten days, I pour out the earth carefully, pick up the chrysalis, and lay it on some cotton wool in a box, to stay till next spring; then the pot is ready for another.

Yours, dearest mother,

Mary M.

I begin anew, dear Mrs. M., as Mary has not filled the sheet. James' room I visited, and will give you an exact account. First, the top bed clothes were not turned over the foot board as you direct—the window was open but a crack, clothes changed lay on the floor instead of being put in the clothes-bag. James had been walking on the beach to gather shells for Mary, and as he came home with his shoes full of sand, it was poured out on the carpet. The clothes that belonged in the wardrobe, were hanging, some over the foot-board of the bed, some were on chairs, shoes every-where, the dressing-table——! I am glad you never wish me to find fault with your children, especially this most generous, kind-hearted little fellow. I do not know but my affection is *deep* enough to pull down, as it certainly is to build up with true satisfaction; but you are right in thinking the best and most-beloved friend, is the most successful reformer. They will listen to you as Dante did to Beatrice.

You will like to hear of Alfred's punctuality. I received the quarterly money at breakfast time, the first day of the month. Indeed I was so sure of his faithfulness, I had promised to pay a debt of Joseph's that morning; so Joseph and I were much relieved. Joseph hoped I should make him a short visit, as soon as the children's vocation was finished, but I tell him he must wait till you return.

We went to see your friend Mrs. T. lately. She took us to the cemetery, which, in the newer parts, holds much I thought beautiful. One of the late enclosures within its hedge of thuga with its braided foliage, contained the trientalis, the uva ursi, various Solomon's seals, the epigœa, the Mitchelle, pyrolas of different species, most of the beautiful pyrola maculata, enough of andromedas and clethias to make a a necessary shade for the forest flowers. One, still later planted, was enclosed with privet: how beautiful for such a purpose, with its pure, white pyramidal tops of flowers brightening its night of green! Within, were many neottias, whose sculpture-like, marbled leaves and spikes of white, look so monumental. Here were all the lycopodiums, the Linnœa, the gnaphalium margaritaceum, and a great variety of ferns. In both, brilliant colors were avoided, and foreign flowers—one of the last I wished for, the white rose. Why have not we a white rose, but why should we have every thing? One colored flower was there: the witch hazel, the autumn flower of whose leafless branches is almost as beautiful an illustration of the immortal creature as the butterfly. The monument in each of these enclosures was embellished by a beautiful design from Retsch's Hamlet, one by the angel keeping watch at the gate of the omb, and the other by the Psyche striving heavenwards. With some want of good taste, a butterfly, extricating itself from the sheath, was carved on Capt. ——— stone. James, who has been drawing a good deal lately, and become very dexterous, drew with his pencil upon the marble, a beetle emerging

from the earth; however, when his back was turned, I succeeded in effacing the lines. You once enlightened me on the *falsity* of contempt. I was always repelled by its ill-nature. In the morning, James had been, as you might expect from his sweet disposition, quite annoyed with B—— for eyeing affectedly, in an insolent way, through the ring of a whip he had in his hand, a negro girl who was passing, and after we got home, I tried to make out his case to be the same thing, though not so obvious. Now, said I, that clumsy form was the temple of a soul, and glorified by it, as the meanest hovel is ennobled by having a bible in it. The captain did not look more unpromising, than the blunt, clumsy black chrysalis of the lonely luna-moth. Ah! my friend, you are no intellectual Swammerdamm!

Dear lady, yours,
N. S.

Alfred Tennyson.

We do not know when we have seen in any American or British Journal an article we have so much admired, or one with whose opinions we have so thoroughly accorded, as with a late review, by Mr. Whipple, of Mr. Griswold's "Poets and Poetry of the Nineteenth Century." The paper appeared in the last number of the whig Magazine. We extract some passages relating to Tennyson. They seem to us the very echo of thoughts which hitherto we have had an opportunity of expressing only in conversation. The injustice done in America to the magnificent genius of Tennyson is one of the worst sins for which the country has to answer.

Of all the successors of Shelley, he possesses the most sureness of insight. He has a subtle mind, a keen, passionless vision. His poetry is characterized by intellectual intensity, as distinguished from the intensity of feeling. He watches his consciousness with a cautious and minute attention, to fix, and condense, and shape into form, the vague and mystical shadows of thought and feeling, which glide and flit across it. He listens to catch the lowest whisperings of the soul. His imagination broods over the spiritual and mystical elements of his being, with the most concentrated power. His eye rests firmly on an object, until it changes from film into form. Some of his poems are forced into artistical shape, by the most patient and painful intellectual processes. His utmost strength is employed on those mysterious facts of consciousness, which form the staple of the dreams and reveries of others. His mind winds through the mystical labyrinths of thought and feeling, with every power awake, in action, and wrought up to the highest pitch of intensity. The most acute analysis is followed, step by step, by a suggestive imagination, which converts refined abstractions into pictures, or makes them audible to the soul through the most cunning combinations of sound. Everything that is done is the result of labor. There is hardly a stanza in his writings, but was introduced to serve some particular purpose, and could not be omitted without injury to the general effect. Every thing has meaning. Every idea was won in a fair conflict with darkness, or dissonance, or gloom. The simplicity, the barrenness of ornament, in some of his lines, are as much the result of contrivance as his most splendid images. With what labor, for instance, with what attentive watching of consciousness, must the following stanza have been wrought into shape:

> "All those sharp fancies, by down-lapsing thought
> Stream'd onward, lost their edges, and did creep,
> Roll'd on each other, rounded, smooth'd and brought
> Into the gulfs of sleep."

This intense intellectual action is displayed in his delineations of nature and individual character, as well as in his subjective gropings into the refinements of his own consciousness. In describing scenery, his microscopic eye and marvellously delicate ear, are exercised to the utmost in detecting the minutest relations and most evanescent melodies of the objects before him, in order that his representation of it shall include everything which is important to its full perception. His pictures of English rural scenery, among the finest in the language, give the inner spirit as well as the outward form of the objects, and represent them, also, in their relation to the mind which is gazing on them; but nothing is spontaneous: the whole is wrought out elaborately by patient skill. The picture in his mind is spread out before his detecting and dissecting intellect, to be transferred to words, only when it can be done with the most refined exactness, both as regards color, and form and melody. He takes into calculation the nature of his subject, and decides whether it shall be definitely expressed in images, or indefinitely through tone, or whether both modes shall be combined. His object is expression, in its true sense; to reproduce in other minds the imagination or feeling which lies in his own; and he adopts the method which seems best calculated to effect it. He never will trust himself to the impulses of passion, even in describing passion. All emotion, whether turbulent or evanescent, is passed through his intellect, and curiously scanned. To write furiously, would to him appear as ridiculous, and as certainly productive of confusion, as to paint furiously, or carve furiously. We only appreciate his art, when we consider that many of his finest conceptions and most sculptural images, originally appeared in his consciousness as formless and mysterious emotions, having seemingly no symbols in nature or thought.

If our position is correct, then most certainly nothing can be more incorrect than to call any poem of Tennyson's unmeaning. Such a charge simply implies a lack in the critic's mind, not in the poet's. The latter always means something, in everything he writes; and the form which it is embodied is chosen with the most careful deliberation. It seems to us that the purely intellectual element in Tennyson's poetry, has been overlooked, owing perhaps to the fragility of some of his figures and the dreariness of outline apparent in others. Many think him to be a mere rhapsodist, fertile in nothing but a kind of melodious empiricism. No opinion is more contradicted by the fact. Examine his poetry minutely, and the wonderful artistical finish becomes evident. There are few authors who will bear the probe of analysis better.

The poetry of Tennyson is, moreover, replete with magnificent pictures, flushed with the finest hues of language, and speaking to the eye and the mind with the vividness of reality. We not only see the object, but feel the associations connected with it. His language is penetrated with imagination; and the felicity of his epithets leaves nothing to desire. "Godiva" is perfect as regards taste and the skill evinced in compelling the mind of the reader to sympathize with all the emotions of the piece. Like the generality of Tennyson's poems, though short, it contains elements of interest capable of being expanded into a much larger space. But the poem which probably displays to the best advantage his variety of power, is "The Gardener's Daughter." It is flushed throughout with the most ethereal imagination, though the incidents and emotions come home to the common heart, and there is little appearance of elaboration in the style. It is bathed in beauty—perfect as a whole, and finished in the nicest details with consummate art. There is a seeming consciousness of expression with a real condensation; and the most minute threads of thought and feeling,—so refined as to be overlooked in a careless reading, yet all having relation to the general effect,—are woven into the texture of the style, with the most admirable felicity. "Locksley Hall," "Œnone," "The May Queen," "Ulysses," "The Lot s Eaters," "The Lady of Shalott," "Mariana," "Dora," "The Two Voices," "The Dream of Fair Women," "The Palace of Art," all different, all representing a peculiar phase of nature or character, are still all characterized by the cunning workmanship of a master of expression, giving the most complete form to the objects which his keen vision perceives. The melody of verse, which distinguishes all, ranging from the deepest organ tones to that

> "Music which gentlier on the spirit lies,
> Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes,"

is also of remarkable beauty, and wins and winds its way to the very fountains of thought and feeling.

Young America.

Regretting the necessity of employing a phrase which is not only borrowed, but redolent of affectation, we still have the most earnest sympathy in all the hopes, and the firmest faith in the capabilities of "Young America." We look upon its interests as our own, and shall uniformally uphold them in this Journal. What these interests are—what should be the aspirations of the new men of the country, and of the country through them in especial, it has been our intention to express fully in our own words, at the first convenient opportunity—but we have now lying before us an address which embodies all that there is any necessity for saying.

We allude to a paper read by Mr. Cornelius Mathews at the late annual meeting of the Eucleian Society of the University of New York. We shall be pardoned for making some extracts:

I do take it for granted, Gentlemen, that there are some new influences to be represented in Literature by the authors of this country. I am foolish enough to believe and insist that we are a province to no other country on the face of the world. I therefore, in

behalf of this young America of ours, insist on nationality and true Americanism in the books this country furnishes to itself and to the world: nationality in its purest, highest, broadest sense. Not such as is proclaimed in taverns, ranted of in Congress, or made the occasion of boasting and self-exultation on public anniversaries. It need not (though it may) speak of the Revolution—nor Washington—nor the declaration of independence—nor Plymouth Rock—nor Bunker Hill—Nor Bunker Hill Monument. And yet it may be instinct with the life of the country, full of a hearty, spontaneous, genuine home feeling: relishing of the soil and of the spirit of the people. It will not be petty, I can assure you: in poetry, the echo of effete and bygone English schools, nor in history, the re-production of French rhetoric, nor in humor, the popular authors of the time in another country. It will not, in a word, grow conscious with straining its vision on models, three thousand miles away, while it makes a show of busying itself with a subject spread on the desk before it. If I read aright, the journals and periodicals of this country begin to indicate a weariness of the petty standards, by which they have been accustomed to measure and adjudge books of home production: to be dissatisfied with the mere elegance in writing which has been the prevailing demand and fashion of our literature. They feel that here is a giant speaking in a piping treble, and dancing a child's horapipe, to the universal contempt and mockery of the world. The writings of a great country should sound of the great voices of nature of which she is full. The march of a great people in literature should be majestic and assured as the action of their institutions is calm and secure. The discovery begins to be made that the life of a young Continent is not to be represented, nor its heart moved, by tinkling rhymers and sketches with sparrow's quills. It is not necessary to enter, now, upon causes which have kept us in servitude so long to men not worthy of us; nor to show why it is that you may wander through whole bodies and collections of (so called) American literature, and find no word or verse worthy of the nation. The cause (allowing duly for the absence of great individual genius) must at least be general, which produces so constant and melancholy a uniformity of result. In the drama the people begin to exhibit a like weariness and aversion to the constant iteration and re-iteration of plays written for another people, another state of society, and to speak not unfairly, in many of the true elements of manhood and progress, far behind ourselves. That spirit which dislikes defeat in war, in commerce or in science, cannot much longer rest content with an ignominious vassalage in literature. The mere growth of the country will burst the bonds, and leave it free to re-assume the vigorous step of a country yet in its prime. Here in New York, is the seat and strong hold of this young power: but, all over the land, day by day, new men are emerging into activity: who partake of these desires, who scorn and despise the past pettiness of the country, and who are ready to sustain any movement towards a better and nobler condition.

They contend for home-writers, home-writings, and home criticism: and it is their belief that the world is yet to receive at the hands of the authors of America works which it will be willing to add to its catalogue of illustrious influences; to Homer and Dante, Shakespeare and Milton, and whoever else has laboured in the broad field of human nature building on a base of sure good sense, and embracing in a catholic spirit all that is good and of good influence in all the world; drawing it home to their native land in a true nationality, and returning it again to the world that gave it to bless, and cheer, and purify all mankind. It is not a vain desire, I hope, that we may yet live to see the world waiting the steps of authors, of our own, watching the motions of their spirit, and hanging on the birth of their labors: as of men who make a part of their daily pleasure and happiness, as they do now of ours.

And in art, shall we not have schools of our own? Partaking of the climate, the rocks, the woodlands, the rivers and the human faces of our own country? Chosen from what ever region of the world the subjects may be, will there not be something in the form and spirit, in the skill and kind of execution, to inform us that their origin is in the American heart and the American genius? I would not here, any more than in the writing of books, restrict the artist to parallels of latitude and longitude: nor insist that his subjects be American, even in name. But what am I to think of a country whose very caricature—the little pieces illustrative of the great national incident of the election of a President—are made up from the odds and ends of English designers: as though we were made thankful for the crumbs and ends of dry crust that drop from the table of a master and superior. A stranger visiting us, might argue against our character, with almost irresistible success, from that single circumstance. A people whose mirth—is a question where all are ready to think for themselves, and laugh for themselves, one would suppose,—is this charity gift of foreigners. There is room and occasion—no more room, no better occasion, any where in the world—for a school of comic design, here in New York, which shall be truly national, characteristic, and eminently successful. I have not yet had the good fortune to encounter a single person capable of a respectable performance in this way, although I am told there are such.

In sculpture, and some departments of painting, we have already accomplished something in the true spirit of Young America, and the world is ready to acknowledge it. But in another province of art, that of engraving, we have played the copyist and servant with a vengeance. For fifty years, at least, I take it, the whole force of engravers of the United States has been employed in the diligent imitation and copying and re-production of worn-out and cast-off plates of France and England. There are a few examples of creditable effort anomally; but the eye for the long intervals between, is pained and wounded by the saddest parodies and extravaganzas, in steel, and copper, and wood. And in music are we never to have melodies that shall fix us with links, invisible, yet stronger than steel, to our native land; whose sounds swelling over the sea as we draw near, or chaunted in far lands, away from home, or sounding here at our own firesides, shall awaken in us every tender, and pleasing, remembrance of this dear country that is ours? You see the spirit of what I am attempting to enforce? The business of Young America in this regard, is then, as I understand it, to nourish, and encourage, and sustain, by a harmonious combination of all the true young influences, the manly young writers of the country:

A Home Literature, national, vigorous, of the soil and the spirit of the people: and a popular press, ready to sustain it and itself, by showing that it is worthy to form the guide and the friend of the country, through which, and to which, it speaks;

National Drama, free of the conventionalities, abuses, and false usages of the stages of the old world: a drama, which all Americans of all classes, without distinction of sect or party, may attend not only without wound or dishonor, but to be moved, and made proud and glad by pictures and appeals true to their own experience, and to that which they, as Americans, desire and long for:

Schools of Art in Portraiture, Humor, History-Painting, Sculpture, Music, which shall grow like these out of the national spirit, elevating and enlivening our daily life: making mirth, and similitude, and enduring forms of that which we know to be true, and worthy, and our own.

And to further these objects: to bring on their accomplishment speedily and happily, let me counsel perfect union and harmony among this young brotherhood: let every writer and every man having an influence in art and literature, look upon his fellow-laborer as his brother. Let him insist that he shall be respected, and that his labor be worthily rewarded. Let such as are the auxiliaries of literature and art, be given to understand that the writer and the artist is something in the nature of a Principal in transactions relating to his craft, and that he will and *must* be dealt with as such. Let him demand his station among men, and let men know that, one of the ruling powers of the world, will not have his weapon of authority made, when out of actual service, a scourge for his degradation and overthrow.

United, the authors and artists of America, the unelected, but self-sustained governors of a free people, will be the noblest body, the manliest phalanx that walks the earth; at the head of a movement, to whose march the whole world will, ere long, be beating joyful time.

Critical Notices.

Wiley and Putnam's Library of Choice Reading. No. XIII. The Age of Elizabeth. By William Hazlitt.

We cannot help regarding the thorough success of Wiley and Putnam's Library of Choice Reading, as the harbinger of a better day for the interest of American Letters. It has at length been fairly shown, that not only our educated classes, but our public at large, will purchase, and have capacity to enjoy, a kind of books immeasurably superior, in all that renders a book valuable, to the species of literature with which we have been latterly deluged.

The experiment of fine paper, well-sized type, and a tasteful form of getting up generally, has been attempted, and not in vain. The day of "cheap literature" is, we thank Heaven, happily over; and for this much-desired result it is difficult to say how much we are indebted, or rather how much we are *not* indebted, to the liberality and good judgment of Messrs. Wiley & Putnam. To have failed in this enterprise would have been to throw us back for several years into the quagmire of the yellow-backed pamphleteering. Of course a great deal depended upon the tact with which books for the series were selected. There was a *juste milieu* to be attained—a happy medium between the stilted and jejune—between the ponderous and the ephemeral. Works were required of a piquancy to render them at once popular, (for

the immediate and extensive sale of the Library was indispensible) and at the same time, of a gravity which would enable them to make their way as volumes not only sufficiently well gotten up, but of a sufficiently standard character to warrant their preservation in our book-cases. This difficult task fell into the best hands; and the result has been one whose importance to the present interest of literature in America, can scarcely be overrated. Booksellers in this country have a trick of as implicitly following a good lead, as did *les moutons de Panurge*, and we fancy that we already perceive, in all quarters, a disposition to prosecute the good work of readable books, so auspiciously commenced.

Perhaps the very best, although not the last volume, of the European series, is No. XIII—"*Lectures on the Dramatic Literature of the Age of Elizabeth, by William Hazlitt.*"

It is indeed a rich work. We cannot, to be sure, agree with some of its author's admirers, in calling him "The best critic which England has produced in the nineteenth century," for in almost every point, except the *vivida vis* of glowing fancy, we look upon him as the inferior of Macaulay—a man who, if he has not written the best criticisms ever penned, has at least shown the capacity to write them;—but we would rank him next to Macaulay, and very far before Leigh Hunt, who was a dexterous but unanalytical, and somewhat confused prosodist—or Charles Lamb, who thought brilliantly, and never troubled himself with thinking if he thought to any purpose—or Wilson who always considered himself most honest when he was the fullest of prejudice, and who had cultivated rhodomontade into a passion. Of Jeffrey and Gifford we say nothing—for between these men and Hazlitt there are no points of approximation and they cannot be compared.

The criticisms of the latter are, we think, his best compositions:—his best book is "The Age of Elizabeth." Upon the whole he is singularly vivid, forceful, acute, discriminative, and suggestive. His honesty is wonderful in an age of dishonesty. His courage is very well as things go. His judgment is never for one moment to be depended upon in any connected or consecutive series of opinions. He is often profound—but his profundity is invariably detailed or particular.

We quote a few highly characteristic passages from his disquisition on the German Drama:

"I have half trifled with this subject: and I believe I have done so because I despaired of finding language for some old rooted feelings I have about it, which a theory could never give nor can it take away. 'The Robbers' was the first play I ever read: and the effect produced upon me was the greatest. It stunned me like a blow, and I have not recovered enough from it to describe how it was. There are impressions which neither time nor circumstances can efface. Were I to live much longer than I have any chance of doing, the books which I read when I was young I can never forget. Twenty years have elapsed since I first read a translation of 'The Robbers,' but they have not blotted the impression from my mind: it is here still, an old dweller in the chambers of the brain. The scene in particular in which Moor looks through his tears at the evening sun from the mountain's brow, and says in his despair, "It was my wish like him to live, like him to die: it was an idle thought, a boy's conceit,' took fast hold of my imagination, and that sun has to me never set! The last interview in 'Don Carlos' between the two lovers, in which the injured bride struggles to burst the prison-house of her destiny, in which her hopes and youth lie confined, and buried, as it were, alive, under the opposition of unspeakable anguish, I remember gave me a deep sense of suffering and a strong desire after good, which has haunted me ever since. I do not like Schiller's late style so well. His 'Wallenstein,' which is admirably and almost literally translated by Mr. Coleridge, is stately, thoughtful, and imaginative: but where is the enthusiasm, the throbbing of hope and fear, the mortal struggle between the passions; as if all happiness or misery of a life were crowded into a moment, and the die was to be cast at that instant? Goethe's best work I read first in Cumberland's imitation of it in 'The Wheel of Fortune,' and I confess that that style of sentiment which seems to make of life itself a long-drawn endless sigh, has something in it that pleases me, in spite of rules and criticism. Goethe's tragedies are (those that I have seen of them, his 'Count Edmont,' 'Stella,' &c.) constructed upon the second or inverted manner of the German stage, with a deliberate design to avoid all possible effect and interest, and this object is completely accomplished. He is however spoken of with enthusiasm almost amounting to idolatry by his countrymen, and those among ourselves who import heavy German criticism into this country in shallow, flat-bottomed unwieldly intellects. Madame de Stael speaks of one passage in his 'Iphigenia,' where he introduces a fragment of an old song, which the Furies are supposed to sing to Tantalus in Hell, reproaching him with the times when he sat with the Gods at their golden tables, and with his after-crimes that hurled him from heaven, at which he turns his eyes from his children and hangs his head in mournful silence. This is the true sublime. Of all his works I like his 'Werter' best, nor would I part with it at a venture, even for the 'Memoirs of Aurelius the Greek,' whoever is the author; nor ever cease to think of the times, "when in the fine summer evenings they saw the frank, noble-minded enthusiast coming up from the valley," nor of "the high grass that by the light of the departing sun waved in the breeze over his grave."

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Orthophony: or Vocal Culture in Elocution; a Manual of Elementary Exercises, adapted to Dr. Rush's "Philosophy of the Human Voice," and designed as an Introduction to "Russell's American Elocutionist." By James E. Murdoch, Instructor in Orthophony and Vocal Gymnastics; and William Russell, author of "Lessons in Enunciation," etc. With an Appendix containing directions for the cultivation of pure tone, by G. I. Webb, Professor in the Boston Academy of Music. Boston: William D. Ticknor & Co.

"The design of the exercises presented in this manual," say the authors in a well-written Preface, "is to furnish the groundwork of practical elocution, and whatever explanations are needed for the training of the organs, and the cultivation of the voice." We have looked through the work with great interest, and believe it to be the best American treatise on the subject discussed. There are some passages, (relating chiefly to metre), with which we totally disagree, and of which we may take an opportunity of speaking more fully hereafter—but in general the book appears to us remarkably accurate and valuable. The elocutionary abilities of Mr. Murdoch are of a high order. We rejoice to learn that he is about returning to the stage.

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A Dictionary of the English Language, containing the Pronunciation, Etymology, and Explanation of all words authorized by Eminent writers: to which are added a Vocabulary of the Roots of English words, and an Accented List of Greek, Latin and Scripture Proper Names. By Alexander Reid, A. M., rector of the Circus-Place School, Edinburgh; author of "Rudiments of English Composition," etc. With an introduction by Henry Reed, Professor of English Literature in the University of Pennsylvania. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

This is a neat and valuable volume of about 500 pages duodecimo—fine type, but distinct. It comprises 40,000 words. Its Preface speaks of four material improvements. First, the primitive word is given, and then follow the immediate derivatives in alphabetical order, with the part of speech appended. Secondly, after the primitive words, is inserted the original term whence it is formed, with the name of the language from which it is derived. Thirdly, there is a vocabulary of the roots of English words, by which the accurate purport of them is discoverable—a *very* important improvement. Fourthly, there is an accented list of 15,000 Greek, Latin, and Scripture proper names. As a text book for schools the volume cannot fail of being useful. It is well recommended.

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A History of the Protestant Episcopal Churches in the City of New York. By Henry M. Onderdonk. Embellished with a highly finished engraving of each Church, on steel.

executed by different artists. New York. Henry M. Onderdonk & Co.

This beautiful work is published in the serial form. No V. is received, containing Trinity Church and St John's. The engravings, and type, and paper are excellent, and the literary matter of value.

The Drama.

Mrs. Mowatt, at Niblo's, has been the great theatrical attraction of the week. She has been very successful, drew large and fashionable as well as intellectual audiences, and elicited boisterous applause, with much of a kind less equivocal.

She has erred, we think, in making this arrangement—that is to say, she has somewhat injured the *prestige* of her name, first in appearing at a summer theatre, and secondly in appearing again at all after so brief an interval. Mrs. Mowatt owes it to herself to maintain a certain dignity: and, although this certain dignity be preposterous, in fact in the fiction of the world's view it is all important. A lady so well-connected, and so well established in the public eye by her literary reputation, could have had no difficulty in coming upon the stage in her own fashion, and almost on her own terms. The Park, as the place of her *début*, was, of course, unobjectionable, although in a negative sense. She *lost* no *caste* by coming out here, but the fact cannot be disputed that she would have *gained* much by first appearing in London, and presenting herself to her countrymen and countrywomen with the *éclat* of a foreign reputation. We say this, with a bitter sense of our national degradation, and subserviency to British opinion:—we say it, moreover, with a consciousness that Mrs. Mowatt should *not* have done this thing however much it would have furthered her interests.

On another point she has beyond doubt acted unwisely. Mr. Crisp is in many respects an excellent actor, but he is by no means of that degree of eminence which we should have desired in the supporter of Mrs. Mowatt. With Mr. Forrest she would have had advantages which can never be afforded her by Mr. Crisp.

We have no sympathies with the prejudices which would entirely have dissuaded Mrs. Mowatt from the stage. There is no cant more contemptible than that which habitually decries the theatrical profession—a profession which, in itself, embraces all that can elevate and ennoble, and absolutely nothing to degrade. If some—if many—or if even nearly all of its members are dissolute, this is an evil arising not from the profession itself, but from the unhappy circumstances which surround it. With these circumstances Mrs. Mowatt has, at present, no concern. With talents, enthusiasm, and energy, she will both honor the stage and derive from it honor. In the mere name of *actress* she can surely find nothing to dread—nothing, or she would be unworthy of the profession—not the profession unworthy her. The theatre is ennobled by its high facilities for the development of genius—facilities not afforded elsewhere in equal degree. By the spirit of genius, we say, it is ennobled—it is sanctified—beyond the sneer of the fool or the cant of the hypocrite. The actor of talent is poor at heart indeed, if he do not look with contempt upon the mediocrity even of a king. The writer of this article is himself the son of an actress—has invariably made it his boast—and no earl was ever prouder of his earldom than he of his descent from a woman who, although well-born, hesitated not to consecrate to the drama her brief career of genius and of beauty.

At Niblo's, as at the Park, Mrs. Mowatt made her first appearance as Pauline, in "The Lady of Lyons;" and this is the only character she has yet sustained. On the play itself we have lately seen some strictures which seem to us unjust. We regard it as one of the most successful dramatic efforts of modern times. It is popular, and justly so. It could not fail to be popular so long as the people have a heart. It abounds with sentiments which stir the soul as the sound of a trumpet. It proceeds rapidly, and consequentially: the interest not for one moment being permitted to flag. Its incidents are admirably conceived, and wrought into execution with great skill. Its *dramatis personæ* throughout, have the high merit of being natural, although, except in the case of Pauline, there is no marked individuality. She is a creation which would have done no dishonor to Shakspeare—and she excites in us the most profound emotion. It has been sillily objected to her that she is weak, mercenary, and at points ignoble. She is—and what then? We are not dealing with Clarissa Harlowe. Bulwer wished to paint a woman, and has done so. The principal defect of the play lies in the heroine's consenting to wed Beauseant, while aware of the existence and even of the continued love of Claude. As the plot runs, there is a question in Pauline's soul between a comparatively trivial, because mere worldly, injury to her father, and utter ruin and despair inflicted upon her husband. Here there should have been not an instant's hesitation. The audience have no sympathy with any. Nothing on earth should have induced the wife to give up the living Melnotte. Only the assurance of his death could have justified her in sacrificing herself to Beauseant. As it is we hate her for the sacrifice. The effect is repulsive—at war with the whole genius of the play.

Of Mrs. Mowatt, and of her acting, we have to speak only in terms of enthusiastic admiration. We have never had the pleasure of seeing her before—and we presume that there are many of our readers who have never seen her. Her figure is slight—even fragile—but eminently graceful. Her face is a remarkably fine one, and of that precise character best adapted to the stage. The forehead is the least prepossessing feature, although it is by no means an unintellectual one. The eyes are grey, brilliant, and expressive, without being full. The nose is well formed, with the Roman curve, and strongly indicative of energy; this quality is also shown in the prominence of the chin. The mouth is somewhat large, with brilliant and even teeth, and flexible lips, capable of the most effective variations of expression. A more radiantly beautiful smile we never remember having seen. Mrs. Mowatt has also the personal advantage of a profusion of rich auburn hair.

Her manner on the stage is distinguished by an ease and self-possession which would do credit to a veteran. Her step is very graceful and assured—indeed all her movements evince the practised elocutionist. We watched her with the closest scrutiny throughout the whole play, and not for one instant did we observe her in an attitude of the least awkwardness, or even constraint, while many of her seemingly impulsive gestures spoke in loud terms of the woman of genius—of the poet deeply imbued with the truest sentiment of the beauty of motion.

Her voice is rich and voluminous, and although by no means powerful, is so well managed as to seem so. Her utterance is singularly distinct—its sole blemish being an occasional Anglicism of accent, adopted probably from her instructor. Her reading could scarcely be improved. In this respect no actress in America is her equal—for she reads not theatrically, but with the emphasis of Nature. Indeed the great charm of the whole acting of Mrs. Mowatt is its natu-

rulness. She moves, looks, and speaks with a well-controlled impulsiveness as can be conceived from the customary rant and cant—the hack conventionality of the stage. If she does not suffer herself to be badgered out of this good path it will lead her inevitably to the highest distinction—a very proud triumph will assuredly be hers.

Mr. Crisp makes a respectable Melnotte, but little more. His action and general manner in this part, are not we think, sufficiently calm. Claude is not so much impetuous and impulsive, as the man of profound passions and deliberate purposes. Where he takes the character of the Prince Mr. Crisp very improperly makes him assume the coxcombical airs of the Count in "Fashion." He should be made to *sneer*—but no more. His true dignity should never be left out of sight. In light comedy Mr. Crisp is, indeed, a very admirable actor.

At the Park, the French troupe have been very successful, and have unquestionably deserved success.

At Castle Garden, the chief attraction has been the admirable dancing of Mademoiselle Desjardins. Since Ellaler we have had no one more graceful.

The Chatam Street and the *New Bowery* are both, we believe doing well. At the latter, Mrs. Flynn (an excellent actress) has been winning new laurels in such pieces as "Perfection" and "The Four Sisters."

Mr. Flynn's new theatre at *Richmond Hill* will be opened in a few weeks. It will be large and airy, accommodating a more numerous audience, perhaps, than did the Old Bowery.

Musical Department.

An Apology for Church Music and Musical Festivals, by Edward Hodges, Mus. Doct. of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge.

The subject of the remarks which we propose to present to our readers, is one of paramount importance to the professors, and to the cause of music. There is ever a host of enemies ready to fall open-mouthed upon music and upon all relating to it, and more particularly is church music open to bitter and bigoted persecution, from men of all sects, more especially among the clergymen. Some of them probably are wroth at being compelled to shorten their sermons, in consequence of music lengthening the service; others, perfectly conscious of the eloquence and beauty of their discourses, feel afraid that the music should draw off some of the admiration due to them. There are also, doubtless, some who conscientiously believe music an ungodly science, because sinners and other profane people sing and play, and others who think that the money paid to singers and organists could be used to much better advantage if placed at their disposal. But we will leave to Dr. Hodges the defence of church Music, being perfectly satisfied that there is no other man in this country so fully capable of handling the subject.

The remarks, of which we give a portion this week, were furnished us by the kindness of the author, and were written by him some years since, in answer to certain papers in which the propriety of refusing to allow the performance of the London Grand Musical Festival, to take place in Westminster Abbey, was powerfully argued.

How ably and triumphantly Dr. Hodges advocated the cause of church music will be seen in our future numbers.

We shall give the remarks nearly entire, for we are sure that the elegance and force of the writer's style, the unanswerable truth of the arguments he advances, and the great authorities he quotes in his support, will prove all sufficient to recommend the papers to the earnest attention of our readers.

THERE is no science, human or divine, of such universal acceptation among mankind, as that no man can be found to impugn its pretensions. In this age of subversion, therefore, wherein all religion is denounced as priestcraft, and civil government as tyranny, we are not to wonder that music also should have its adversaries. And yet, if in the whole range of human contemplation, there be any one thing which would seem less likely than all others to stir up strife and contention, that subject is the science of sweet sounds. Man, in all ages, from the infancy of the world to the present day, has recognized its power, and bowed to its influence. In every clime from the frigid regions about the poles, to the burning plains of the torrid zone, music has been appealed to as the *talorum dulce levamen*, the joy of buoyant youth, the solace of declining age. Practised by saints and angels, lauded by sage philosophers, encouraged by grave legislators, and sanctioned not only by the usage of time but by almost an identification with the most solemn offices of our most holy religion, it has come down to us to be aspersed and vilified in this our day as a pursuit utterly unworthy of an intellectual being, and in its noblest exhibitions to be stigmatized as a profanation of our ecclesiastical edifices.

Now although nothing has been recently alleged against church music, which has not been adduced and triumphantly refuted, again and again, in past times; yet forasmuch as it is possible that some persons may be carried away by the specious plausibility with which old sophistries have been tricked out, I have thought it not amiss, in the absence of a better champion, to attempt a brief reply to what modern gainsayers continue so pertinaciously to advance. This is the more necessary inasmuch as the opposition at present is principally conducted by two most respectable public prints, viz. the STANDARD, which may be considered as the organ of the high-church section of Toryism, and the RECORD, which may with equal truth be deemed the representative of the opinions of the so-called Evangelical party in the establishment. Had the "railing accusation" been confined to that portion of the public press which trades in sedition and revels in the imaginary perspective of the progressive destruction of all our venerable institutions, civil as well as sacred, the reproach might have been borne with honor, and suffered to pass unheeded as the idle snail which leaves its slimy track upon the village steeple. Every Christian musician [and I trust there are many such] feels on the occasion with David, the man after God's own heart, and yet the most musical king the world ever saw, when he bemoans himself in Psalm LV., "For it was not an enemy that reproached me, then I could have borne it: neither was it he that hated me, that did magnify himself against me, then I would have hid myself from him:" a psalm appropriately addressed "To the chief musician on Neginoth." Still I should not have had recourse to this method of defending the science which I have the honor to profess, had not the editor of the STANDARD refused to insert a short communication which I addressed him in reply to some of his animadversions; contenting himself in his notice to correspondents with calling me "an enthusiast," and informing the public that "he could not accommodate his conscience to be the means of disseminating *opinions* which he believed to be erroneous," although the latter referred to consisted principally of a statement of *facts*. Although this conduct of the editor would seem to be a departure from that straightforward rule of rectitude which I would fain believe has been and is generally his actuating principle, I cannot be very angry with him on the occasion, as it has afforded me an opportunity of throwing into a more permanent shape the few arguments which I hope shortly to bring forward.

The STANDARD from time to time, for many months last past, has dropped hints of its antipathy to music. At length it began to speak more distinctly, and under date of the 26th March has a passage of this sort:

"Sensuality of every kind, feasts and festivals, whether culinary or musical, *for both are of a sensual*, ought to be *for ever* excluded from the seats of learning and religion."

"If the Bishop thinks with us, that the propriety of employing a Church as a place of sensual recreation, or as a place for the collection of money, received in consideration of enjoyment of any kind; if the Bishop thinks with us that the propriety of such an employment of a Church is at best doubtful, it is surely not merely his right, but his duty to avoid taking part in the approaching festival."

"Our views are altogether practical. Leaving out of view, for the present, the higher question, whether the application to secular uses of things wholly devoted to the uses of religion be directly sinful or otherwise, we are quite sure that it is, consequentially, injurious to the interests of the Church that permit it."

"It is almost an instinct, or if it be not an instinct, it must be among the earliest truths that open to the mind, which teaches that the things of this world cannot be permitted to intrude upon the consideration of the next, and the services which these last enjoin, without detriment to the purity of religious feeling. Nor must we lose sight of the fact, that at the present the Church of England is, in the strictest sense of the word a Church militant; that she is beset with enemies, by no means scrupulous in their warfare—with enemies who could easily enough convert a *meeting of singers and fiddlers* in one of her principal temples, with an apparatus of check-takers and doorkeepers *to collect money for hear ng these singers and fiddlers*, into a very opprobrious similitude of a theatrical representation; and, as every body, they who would so represent a musical festival in a cathedral, would find ready hearers amongst *the non-musical part of the world*, that is among nine-tenths *of the population*, including ourselves in the unhappy majority.

It is very true, there are those who think that music may be made subservient to the cultivation of religion; but it is a doleful truth that there are also those, we are persuaded the *great majority*, if they dare confess it, *who feel even the very small infusion of music usually permitted in our liturgical service, an obstruction, rather than an aid to their religious contemplations.* The truth of the matter is, the musical faculty is not indigenous to our soil. We must not fall into the common mistake, that a love of songs is a taste for music, even were we a *singing people*, which we are not. It is merely the gratification which arises from the combination of variety with regularity, as expressed in sounds, the same which we see exhibited in dancing, which adds to whatever pleasure is afforded by the words of a song,—but we must not get into a metaphysical treatise. Suffice it to say, that as the uninitiated in music do not go to musical festivals for the sake of devotion, so it may reasonably be inferred, that many who do go to such festivals may be classed with those who go to church

'To hear the music there;'

and that *many more* deceive themselves into the notion that their feelings are religious, when they are little better than animal sensuality.

The National Academy of Design has presented to the treasurer, Thomas S. Cummings, Esq., service of plate, in token of approbation of his services. Mr. Cummings is now treasurer of the Academy, and has been so for some twenty years, having been that number of times unanimously elected to the office.

To Correspondents.—*Many thanks to the author of the Correspondence with a Governess—also to F. M.*

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