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

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By JOHN BISCO.

Eulalie—A Song.

I dwelt alone
In a world of moan,
And my soul was a stagnant tide,
Till the fair and gentle Eulalie became my blushing bride—
Till the yellow-haired young Eulalie became my smiling bride.

Ah, less—less bright
The stars of the night
Than the eyes of the radiant girl!
And never a flake
That the vapor can make
With the moon-tints of purple and pearl,
Can vie with the modest Eulalie's most unregarded curl—
Can compare with the bright-eyed Eulalie's most humble and careless curl.

Now Doubt—now Pain
Come never again,
For her soul gives me sigh for sigh,
While all day long
Shines, bright and strong,
Astarte within the sky,
And ever to her dear Eulalie upturns her matron eye—
And ever to her young Eulalie upturns her violet eye.

EDGAR A. POE.

More Words with Alcibiades.

SINCE the night I supped with Alcibiades, or rather since the *symposium*, where Alcibiades in the spirit was with me, I had forgotten that he had promised to come and catch some glimpse of the modern drama. Since that time, by some association, not at present intelligible, but with which Alcibiades (who had been initiated in the Eleusinian mysteries) must have been familiar, and Mesmerism or the Persian *Magia*, may some day explain—whenever I slept, my mind was apt to recur to that imaginary conversation. In the evening crepuscula, not long after, when a cool and refreshing breeze had followed in the footsteps of an African day, I was roused from a *siesta*, (a habit of yielding to these luxuries, I learned from some Spanish friends,) by a gentle tap at my chamber-door. Not more surprised was the lover of the lost Lenore, at the unseemly raven's entrance, than I by the salutation of a classic troupe, headed by my friend Alcibiades, consisting of Sallustius; Pratinas, the Athenian actor; the glorious Calderon; and our own immortal dramatist, Shakspeare. Besides these, were others of the *plebs umbrarum*, among whom the most conspicuous were three females, (whom by some inscrutable mental process, I recognised as Sappho, Corinna, and Aspasia,) escorted by one of our own day, Walter Savage Landor.

Alcibiades was dressed as he was at our last symposium. In fact, the luxurious Greeks, even in their attire, were more consistent than we; changing often the garments, but never the fashion of the garb. One thing struck me, however—that the robe he wore, bore not the least resemblance to that of Macready, or Anderson, in the character of Gisippus; equally unlike which was the senatorial purple of Sallustius. From them, however, I turned quickly to look upon Shakspeare. Picture to yourselves his high and thoughtful brow—his manly athletic form, clad in the sad-colored doublet and ruff which Vandyke so loved to paint, with the dark chestnut hair parted in the middle, falling profusely over his shoulders, and you will have evoked the very type of the Norman Saxon, the true Cavalier, who, fifty years later than Shakspeare lived, would have fought for Charles. So Shakspeare appeared to me. Near to him I saw a gallant looking blade in the bravery of the same age, of whom I shall have more to say anon.

After a few incidental remarks, said Alcibiades: "I and these shadows of shades, as Sallustius would call them, are come to witness a new comedy, the rumor forerunning which, we have caught the echo of *ενεμβες*, and before we go to the theatre, wish you to supply for us something like the *προλεγομενα* which our grammarians prefixed to the manuscripts of ancient plays; that we may form some juster idea of what is that Fashion which the Comic Poet has taken for the theme of the new play. To tell you the truth, we can form no idea of that enigmatical word!"

What presents no difficulties to ourselves, we are prone to imagine equally plain to others—and therefore, at first, the question of Alcibiades very much astonished me, on account of its apparent simplicity. In a second or two, however, I wished very much for Leslie's aid, that by one of his witty and antithetical remarks, he might extricate me from a dilemma. He, however, not being with me, I attempted to make the best explanation in my power—which was somewhat after this manner:

"Fashion is the peculiar *mode* arrogated by those who hold their way of doing things, to be essentially the way in which things should be done; not that this way is the best, or even the pleasantest; and they do not desire in these matters their example to be followed; because, were this the case, fashion would lose its charm. They would have it, as it were, a religion to be believed in, a kind of worship offered at altars, of which they should be the priests, and no hand but theirs be esteemed meet to make the libation. Its objects are manifold—the wearing of the toga; the school of philosophy; the dish to be partaken of, and the manner of partaking of it; the things to be talked of and the manner of talking of them; the place to walk, and the manner of walking; in fact, as far as may be, the very mode of thought, and all earthly things, spiritual or mental, come within its compass and the dominion which it claims. In fine, oh, Alcibiades! it is easy to say when you sin against the bequests of this inscrutable power, but not to say what are its rights and demands."

"I think I understand you. Fashion permits not its adherents

to drink wine or dally with dancing girls; it does not permit what Socrates would call indecencies?"

"You err: fashion does not forbid these things, it rather approves them."

"It is this, then, which now makes you pay such attention to certain studies and arts?"

"By no means. Fashion is a substitute for all arts. Want of fashion renders all knowledge useless, and fashion renders ignorance excusable. It excuses vice; it oppresses virtue; it does anything it pleases!"

"I do not understand you, and possibly will not; so I will not torment you with more questions."

Said Shakspeare: "I possibly may make myself intelligible. Fashion is the moral, physical, and *esoteric* bearing of the great. Therefore is it that it changes so suddenly, because the great of to-day are by no means those of yesterday. For instance: The Earl of Essex, in the days of Queen Elizabeth, was not always her favorite; and Falstaff, the favorite of Prince Hal, was not admitted at the Court of King Henry."

"By-the-bye," said Landor, "was Elizabeth virtuous? and are the tales told of Raleigh, my friend here, (he was the gallant who stood by the side of Shakspeare,) of Essex, Leicester, and others, true?"

Shakspeare replied in a stern voice: "No slander, sir, about Queen Elizabeth!" and immediately continued to define fashion, as the echo in the hearts of the many, of the thoughts of the few. (I use here my own language.)

We sate and chatted over the new play; not, however, in soberness, for I uncorked a bottle of *ait de perdrix*, which seemed wonderfully to take the fancy of my friends.

Said Alcibiades: "I feel a God! Verily, it burstteth through my lips, diviner than the inspiration of the Pythoness. Hebe has poured out to the Olympiadae nothing so delicious! The nectar of the Gods is to it as nothing! Again—again fill up! The bubbles rise to the sun like the afflatus of a God, or spirits soaring towards Olympus. We knew not that wine in our day—where grew it?"

"In Gaul, in the country of the Allobroges."

"In Gaul! nay, verily you err; it cannot have been among the Allobroges; for I have heard merchants from Massillia say that Gaul beyond the Alps produced no wine; the Gaul nearest Italy is somewhat milder."

"Ah! so it was; but that now is changed, and no wine is better than that of Champagne and the Rhine."

We went to the theatre and sate, not too conspicuously, in one of the side boxes. On that night, there was a fair array of beauty in the dress circle, and more than one bright dame sate eyeing herself in the glances cast on her by numerous admirers. At length, the corner of the curtain was drawn back, and the actor whose task it was to speak the prologue, advanced to the foot of the stage. Alcibiades was as attentive to him as possible, and from that time to the end of the first act, spoke scarcely a word. He evidently pondered upon what could be the meaning of the dialogue; missing the explanation which, had the play been Grecian, Zeke, or Millinette, would have given. Of them he had nothing to say; possibly because he esteemed their characters too unimportant to merit comment. The Count, however, he at once began to compare with the parasite of some of the plays of Menander. Upon this point, I regret to say, I was unable to follow him; having little of that information I ever esteemed more curious than useful, touching those last works.

"The chaplet of Aristophanes," said I, "need fear no comparison with the leaf to be bestowed on the work now being performed."

"Ah no; there is no similitude between them: this comedy more resembles old Menander. The comedies of Aristophanes were not written simply to paint a moral; they had all some philosophical or political objects, viz: the destruction of the influence of Socrates, and the exalting of the power of the wealthier classes. Only in one play has he condescended even to notice the literary contests of the greatest of our two tragedians."

Thus we chatted until the curtain rose again. The poet he seemed to esteem an useless character enough. The old maid, he remarked, might, without any violation of the propriety of her character, have been made to give some explanation of the involved nature of the plot, for she is a gossiping, talkative creature, doing and saying things she knew not why. That passion the dramatic poet might have taken advantage of.

"There is in the character of the fable nothing dramatic," said Alcibiades: and I was compelled to agree with him; not meaning that there is no incident crowded into its acts, but that no dilemma, no great mistake pervaded the whole action. The heroine of the serious part of the drama seemed to please my companion much, and he pronounced her, even, very tragic. The other part, Mrs. Tiffany, in itself ungracefully conceived, was ungracefully performed; and too refined to be amused at forced errors of grammar and phraseology, Alcibiades found *her role* very tedious. The blustering character of the old farmer, like the sailor-like personages in the plays of Menander, he passed by as a matter of course, and gave up his whole attention to the Count.

"For the sake of your institutions," said he, "of that republicanism which was the boast of Athens, as it is of Atlantis, I trust this character satirizes an individual, not a class. I trust there is more pride of country—that you look more contemptuously upon strangers. Some countrymen of yours who joined us below, in the last year, told something of a contest in a city of Philadelphia, between two parties, the watch-word of one of which was, "Americans should rule America." I see not how this can be, if you permit strangers to intermarry with you. Do so, and the women, ever prone to run after something new, will always prefer a broidered robe of whose texture they are ignorant, even to a garment of a cloth of gold, woven at home. So it was though, once with us: the father of Miltiades, a Thracian, with some eastern refinements, won the fairest of our Athenian maids. For this however he made us some reparation, and gave us his son, whose name is, I suppose, unforgotten."

"Miltiades unforgotten! aye, and will remain so while Greece and Persia are remembered. But the course of things with us is different: we wish to exclude foreigners from civil rights, but would admit them to social equality."

"In that you err. There must be an uniform system throughout; if you admit them to a social equality you can not refuse them the rights of the *agora*."

"Our laws teach that all men are equal."

"Your laws inculcate that maxim, but your practice contradicts it. Have not the men in your southern districts slaves? Like the Ionians, they have somewhat varied from the customs of the rest of their brethren. They have taken something of the Persian refinement. Men of warm climates are ever luxurious."

When the play was over, the party accompanied me home, where, after a few cursory remarks, the play was dismissed, as being below all criticism, while the manner in which it

was represented, was esteemed worthy of the highest praise. We made merry with more than one flagon of that champaigne which previously had seemed so much to delight Alcibiades. Strangely enough, Landor and the ladies (except Aspasia) were water-drinkers. She, however, took to the *œil de perdrix* kindly, as her pet had done, and casting herself back in her chair, drank it with the *gusto* of a Bacchante. Sallust did not like the champaigne so well, drinking in preference the Markbrunnen, to which I confess I set him a fair example, ever thinking the strong Rhenish wines *a very pretty tipple*.

One cannot drink, however, either the one or the other with impunity, and in a short time Sallust began to feel most deliciously Epicurean, and to assert that the *summum bonum* was pleasure. Indeed he was a fair specimen of that school, physically speaking; a fat round paunch, which shook as he walked: a face rosy with wine and fun; the whitest teeth and the merriest smile conceivable.

"*Per Jovem!*" said he, "it recalls to me the sports I had with Lentulus and Catiline in the days when Cicero was Consul. Poor Catiline! history has done him an injustice. Little thought I, when I wrote my Catilinarian War, that posterity would fancy a piece of serious satire to be history. Aspasia, you should have known him; the difference between us was, that he was proud, and would not disown anything he did, even to please the Censor. Therefore it was old Cato hated him so. He carried that boldness even to a fault. Witness his presenting himself in the Senate house, on the day of the discovery of his plan. Cæsar went there with impunity, for though cognizant of the plan, he had not overtly participated in it. Nothing but *mens conscia recti*, a conviction that he was toiling for the good of the Roman people, enabled him to brave the Senate. Cicero, however, in his eastern government, had learned something of Persian magic, and raised a spell Catiline could not allay."

Aspasia had listened to this impatiently, and turning to Alcibiades said, "come sit by me, my pet, as you used to do, while I toyed with your curls. While I do so Corinna or Sappho will sing to us one of those odes which made Lesbos holy as Marathon or Platæa."

He obeyed her, while Corinna, without any of that shamefacedness so often affected in modern days, thus sung:

Our native land! our fathers' land!
Still the Ægean laves its strand,
As when Platæa's hero band
Obtained the victor's palm.

Still the laurel and the vine
In its woods' recesses twine,
And oft the peasant maids combine
Their tender leaves in crowns.

But rarely—oh how rarely now!
Those crowns are for a victor's brow,
For Greeks must to a stranger bow,
As ne'er their fathers did.

'Tis true, beneath a tyrant's sway,
Our fathers knelt in earlier days,
But then their kings were Greeks—not they
Who rule our country now.

We wept to leave our friends and home,
We trembled when the hour was come,
Like marble, passionless and dumb,
We trod the ghostly shore.

But now, in thankfulness we bless
The Gods that spared us the distress
To see Barbaric lords possess
Our hearths and fathers' graves.

"*Per Jovem!* I agree with you Corinna. Canaris or Mavrocordato should have been king of Greece, or Alexander Ypsilanti; not you dolt of a German who sleeps near the spots where Socrates taught and Demosthenes thundered."

"The English people," said Count Anthony, "have a passion for Dutchmen: having chosen one for themselves, they seem to think consistency requires they should do as much for others. *Les pauvres Grecs et les braves Belges!* Ah! in my time, what with the Highlanders and *les Irlandais* they could do nothing more than keep possession of their, island-homes. But they have re-enacted Cressy and Poictiers, and absolutely have been in Paris. What would the Regent have said to this? And his grandson now is not King of France, but *Roi des Français*. Well, there is a difference."

"Come, Sallust," said Aspasia, "Alcibiades cannot sing, but he can admire music. Sing you something!"

"Most willingly:

Philosophers tell us in story
That care is the lot of mankind—
That life and its riches and glory
All fade and leave nothing behind.

That e'en o'er the son of Alcmena
Whose labors now all the world sings,
Like a corse in the deadly arena,
Heedless, the winter wind rings.

That Cæsars, in long vanished ages,
Saw his wealth and his fortune decay,
And that we, as erst reasoned the sages,
Repent of the years flown away.

Now all that they say may be true;
But Bacchus I tell you was blest,
He was gayer, the gravet he grew,
And, a God, now he's taking his rest."

"That leaf, Sallust, came not from Horatius' chapter, or from Catullus."

"No," said Sallust, "it is from a poet almost unknown. I heard a Spanish slave, one day, sing it at the baths. As it took my fancy, for a few sesterces he wrote it in my tablets. Fill up though! Fill up! When you join us below, my fine fellow, we'll do the honors to you."

"Holy mother forfend!" said I.

The words had no sooner passed my lips than I awoke.

FAY. ROBINSON.

Greek Mariner's Song.

On yonder wave-girt cliff behold—
Her blue eyes gazing o'er the sea,
Robed in her flowing locks of gold—
The syren maid, Parthenope!
Oh! brightly through the dashing spray
Gleam her fair feet the crag that press—
White as the waves that round them play,
Enamoured of her loveliness.

There, just emerged from out the brine,
As Aphrodite fair, she stands;
She sings to me in strains divine,
She waves to me her beauteous hands.
Put up the helm for where you isle
Enshrines my radiant deity!
For I would live but in her smile,
Or die beneath its witchery!

MARY E. HEWITT

The Man That Was Used Up.

A TALE OF THE LATE BUGABOO AND KICKAPOO CAMPAIGN.

Pleurez, pleurez, mes yeux, et fondez vous en eau!
La moitié de ma vie a mis l' autre au tombeau.
CORNEILLE.

I CANNOT just now remember when or where I first made the acquaintance of that truly fine-looking fellow, Brevet Brigadier General John A. B. C. Smith. Some one *did* introduce me to the gentleman, I am sure—at some public meeting, I know very well—held about something of great importance, no doubt—at some place or other, I feel convinced,—whose name I have unaccountably forgotten. The truth is—that the introduction was attended, upon my part, with a degree of anxious embarrassment which operated to prevent any definite impressions of either time or place. I am constitutionally nervous—this, with me, is a family failing, and I can't help it. In especial, the slightest appearance of mystery—of any point I cannot exactly comprehend—puts me at once into a pitiable state of agitation.

There was something, as it were, remarkable—yes, *remarkable*, although this is but a feeble term to express my full meaning—about the entire individuality of the personage in question. He was, perhaps, six feet in height, and of a presence singularly commanding. There was an *air distingué* pervading the whole man, which spoke of high breeding, and hinted at high birth. Upon this topic—the topic of Smith's personal appearance—I have a kind of melancholy satisfaction in being minute. His head of hair would have done honor to a Brutus;—nothing could be more richly flowing, or possess a brighter gloss. It was of a jetty black;—which was also the color, or more properly the no color, of his unimaginable whiskers. You perceive I cannot speak of these latter without enthusiasm; it is not too much to say that they were the handsomest pair of whiskers under the sun. At all events, they encircled, and at times partially overshadowed, a mouth utterly unequalled. Here were the most entirely even, and the most brilliantly white of all conceivable teeth. From between them, upon every proper occasion, issued a voice of surpassing clearness, melody, and strength. In the matter of eyes, also, my acquaintance was pre-eminently endowed. Either one of such a pair was worth a couple of the ordinary ocular organs. They were of a deep hazel, exceedingly large and lustrous; and there was perceptible about them, ever and anon, just that amount of interesting obliquity which gives pregnancy to expression.

The bust of the General was unquestionably the finest bust I ever saw. For your life you could not have found a fault with its wonderful proportion. This rare peculiarity set off to great advantage a pair of shoulders which would have called up a blush of conscious inferiority into the countenance of the marble Apollo. I have a passion for fine shoulders, and may say that I never beheld them in perfection before. The arms altogether were admirably modelled. Nor were the lower limbs less superb. These were, indeed, the *ne plus ultra* of good legs. Every connoisseur in such matters admitted the legs to be good. There was neither too much flesh, nor too little,—neither rudeness nor fragility. I could not imagine a more graceful curve than that of the *os femoris*, and there was just that due gentle prominence in the rear of the *fibula* which goes to the conformation of a properly proportioned calf. I wish to God my young and talented friend Chiponchipino, the sculptor, had but seen the legs of Brevet Brigadier General John A. B. C. Smith.

But although men so absolutely fine-looking are neither as plenty as reasons or blackberries, still I could not bring myself to believe that *the remarkable* something to which I alluded just now,—that the odd air of *je ne sais quoi* which hung about my new acquaintance,—lay altogether, or indeed at all, in the supreme excellence of his bodily endowments. Perhaps it might be traced to the *manner*;—yet here again I could not pretend to be positive. There *was* a primness, not to say stiffness, in his carriage—a degree of measured, and, if I may so express it, of rectangular precision, attending his every movement, which, observed in a more diminutive figure, would have had the least little savor in the world, of affectation, pomposity or constraint, but which, noticed in a gentleman of his undoubted dimension, was readily placed to the account of reserve, *hauteur*—of a commendable sense, in short, of what is due to the dignity of colossal proportion.

The kind friend who presented me to General Smith whispered in my ear some few words of comment upon the man. He was a *remarkable* man—a *very* remarkable man—indeed one of the *most* remarkable men of the age. He was an especial favorite, too, with the ladies—chiefly on account of his high reputation for courage.

"In *that* point he is unrivalled—indeed he is a perfect desperado—a down-right fire-eater, and no mistake," said my friend, here dropping his voice excessively low, and thrilling me with the mystery of his tone.

"A downright fire-eater, and *no* mistake. Showed *that*, I should say, to some purpose, in the late tremendous swamp-fight away down South, with the Bugaboo and Kickapoo Indians." [Here my friend opened his eyes to some extent.] "Bless my soul!—blood and thunder, and all that!—*prodigies* of valor!—heard of him of course?—you know he's the man"——

"Man alive, how *do* you do? why how *are* ye? *very* glad to see ye, indeed!" here interrupted the General himself, seizing my companion by the hand as he drew near, and bowing stiffly, but profoundly, as I was presented. I then thought, (and I think so still,) that I never heard a clearer nor a stronger voice, nor beheld a finer set of teeth: but I *must* say that I was sorry for the interruption just at that moment, as, owing to the whispers and insinuations aforesaid, my interest had been greatly excited in the hero of the Bugaboo and Kickapoo campaign.

However, the delightfully luminous conversation of Brevet Brigadier General John A. B. C. Smith soon completely dissipated this chagrin. My friend leaving us immediately, we had quite a long *tête-à-tête*, and I was not only pleased but *really*—instructed. I never heard a more fluent talker, or a man of greater general information. With becoming modesty, he forebore, nevertheless, to touch upon the theme I had just then most at heart—I mean the mysterious circumstances attending the Bugaboo war—and, on my own part, what I conceive to be a proper sense of delicacy forbade me to broach the subject; although, in truth, I was exceedingly tempted to do so. I perceived, too, that the gallant soldier preferred topics of philosophical interest, and that he delighted, especially, in commenting upon the rapid march of mechanical invention. Indeed, lead him where I would, this was a point to which he invariably came back.

"There is nothing at all like it," he would say; "we are a wonderful people, and live in a wonderful age. Parachutes and rail-roads—man-traps and spring-guns! Our steam-boats are upon every sea, and the Nassau balloon packet is about to run regular trips (fare either way only twenty pounds sterling) between London and Timbuctoo. And who shall calculate the immense influence upon social life—upon arts—upon commerce—upon literature—which will be the im-

mediate result of the great principles of electro-magnetics? Nor is this all, let me assure you! There is really no end to the march of invention. The most wonderful—the most ingenious—and let me add, Mr.—Mr.—Thompson, I believe, is your name—let me add, I say, the most *useful*—the most truly *useful* mechanical contrivances, are daily springing up like mushrooms, if I may so express myself, or, more figuratively, like—ah—grasshoppers—like grasshoppers, Mr. Thompson—about us and ah—ah—ah—around us!"

Thompson, to be sure, is not my name; but it is needless to say that I left General Smith with a heightened interest in the man, with an exalted opinion of his conversational powers, and a deep sense of the valuable privileges we enjoy in living in this age of mechanical invention. My curiosity, however, had not been altogether satisfied, and I resolved to prosecute immediate inquiry among my acquaintances touching the Brevet Brigadier General himself, and particularly respecting the tremendous events *quorum pars magna fuit*, during the Bugaboo and Kickapoo campaign.

The first opportunity which presented itself, and which (*horresco referens*) I did not in the least scruple to seize, occurred at the Church of the Reverend Doctor Drummummupp, where I found myself established, one Sunday just at sermon time, not only in the pew, but by the side, of that worthy and communicative little friend of mine, Miss Tabitha T. Thus seated, I congratulated myself, and with much reason, upon the very flattering state of affairs. If any person knew anything about Brevet Brigadier General John A. B. C. Smith, that person, it was clear to me, was Miss Tabitha T. We telegraphed a few signals, and then commenced, *sotto voce*, a brisk *tête-à-tête*.

"Smith?" said she, in reply to my very earnest inquiry; "Smith!—why, not General John A. B. C.? Bless me, I thought you *knew* all about *him*! This is a wonderfully inventive age! Horrid affair that!—a bloody set of wretches, those Kickapoos!—fought like a hero—prodigies of valor—immortal renown. Smith!—Brevet Brigadier General John A. B. C.!—why, you know he's the man"——

"Man," here broke in Doctor Drummummupp, at the top of his voice, and with a thump that came near knocking the pulpit about our ears; "man that is born of a woman hath but a short time to live; he cometh up and is cut down like a flower!" I started to the extremity of the pew, and perceived by the animated looks of the divine, that the wrath which had nearly proved fatal to the pulpit had been excited by the whispers of the lady and myself. There was no help for it; so I submitted with a good grace, and listened, in all the martyrdom of dignified silence, to the balance of that very capital discourse.

Next evening found me a somewhat late visitor at the Rantipole theatre, where I felt sure of satisfying my curiosity at once, by merely stepping into the box of those exquisite specimens of affability and omniscience, the Misses Arabella and Miranda Cognoscenti. That fine tragedian, Climax, was doing Iago to a very crowded house, and I experienced some little difficulty in making my wishes understood; especially as our box was next the slips, and completely overlooked the stage.

"Smith?" said Miss Arabella, as she at length comprehended the purport of my query; "Smith!—why, not General John A. B. C.?"

"Smith?" inquired Miranda, musingly. "God bless me, did you ever behold a finer figure?"

"Never, madam, but *do* tell me"——

"Or so inimitable grace?"

"Never, upon my word!—but pray inform me"——

"Or so just an appreciation of stage effect?"

"Madam!"

"Or a more delicate sense of the true beauties of Shakespeare? Be so good as to look at that leg!"

"The devil!" and I turned again to her sister.

"Smith?" said she, "why, not General John A. B. C.? Horrid affair that, wasn't it?—great wretches, those Bugaboos—savage and so on—but we live in a wonderfully inventive age!—Smith!—O yes! great man!—perfect desperado—immortal renown—prodigies of valor! *Never heard!*" [This was given in a scream.] "Bless my soul!—why he's the man"——

"——mandragora
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou owd'st yesterday!"

here roared out Climax just in my ear, and shaking his fist in my face all the time, in a way that I *couldn't* stand, and I *wouldn't*. I left the Misses Cognoscenti immediately, went behind the scenes forthwith, and gave the beggarly scoundrel such a thrashing as I trust he will remember to the day of his death.

At the *soirée* of the lovely widow, Mrs. Kathleen O'Trump, I was confident that I should meet with no similar disappointment. Accordingly, I was no sooner seated at the card table, with my pretty hostess for a *vis-à-vis*, than I propounded those questions the solution of which had become a matter so essential to my peace.

"Smith?" said my partner, "why, not General John A. B. C.? Horrid affair that, wasn't it?—diamonds, did you say?—terrible wretches those Kickapoos!—we are playing *whist*, if you please, Mr. Tattle—however, this is the age of invention, most certainly—*the* age, one may say—*the* age *par excellence*—speak French?—oh, quite a hero—perfect desperado!—no *hearts*, Mr. Tattle? I don't believe it!—immortal renown and all that—prodigies of valor! *Never heard!!*—why, bless me, he's the man"——

"Mann?—*Captain* Mann?" here screamed some little feminine interloper from the farthest corner of the room. "Are you talking about Captain Mann and the duel?—oh, I *must* hear—do tell—go on, Mrs. O'Trump!—do now go on!" And go on Mrs. O'Trump did—all about a certain Captain Mann who was either shot or hung, or should have been both shot and hung. Yes! Mrs. O'Trump, she went on, and I—I went off. There was no chance of hearing anything farther that evening in regard to Brevet Brigadier General John A. B. C. Smith.

Still I consoled myself with the reflection that the tide of ill luck would not run against me forever, and so determined to make a bold push for information at the rout of that bewitching little angel, the graceful Mrs Pirouette.

"Smith?" said Mrs. P., as we twirled about together in a *pas de zephyr*, "Smith?—why not General John A. B. C.? Dreadful business that of the Bugaboos, wasn't it?—terrible creatures those Indians!—*do* turn out your toes! I really am ashamed of you—man of great courage, poor fellow!—but this is a wonderful age for invention—O dear me, I'm out of breath—quite a desperado—prodigies of valor—*never heard!!*—can't believe it—I shall have to sit down and enlighten you—Smith! why he's the man"——

"Man-*Fred*, I tell you!" here bawled out Miss Bas-Bleu, as I led Mrs. Pirouette to a seat. "Did ever anybody hear the like? It's Man-*Fred*, I say, and not at all by any means Man-*Friday*." Here Miss Bas-Bleu beckoned to me in a very peremptory manner; and I was obliged, will I nill I, to leave

Mrs. P. for the purpose of deciding a dispute touching the title of a certain poetical drama of Lord Byron's. Although I pronounced, with great promptness, that the true title was Man-*Friday*, and not by any means Man-*Fred*, yet when I returned to seek Mrs. Pirouette she was not to be discovered, and I made my retreat from the house in a very bitter spirit of animosity against the whole race of the Bas-Bleus.

Matters had now assumed a really serious aspect, and I resolved to call at once upon my particular friend, Mr. Theodore Sinivate; for I knew that here at least I should get something like definite information.

"Smith?" said he, in his well known peculiar way of drawling out his syllables; "Smith?—why, not General John A—B—C? Savage affair that with the Kickapo-o-o-os, wasn't it? Say! don't you think so?—perfect despera-a-ado—great pity, 'pon my honor!—wonderfully inventive age!—pro-o-odigies of valor! By the by, did you ever hear about Captain Ma-a-a-a-n?"

"Captain Mann be d—d!" said I, "please to go on with your story."

"Hem!—oh well!—quite *la même cho-o-ose*, as we say in France. Smith, eh? Brigadier General John A—B—C.? I say"—[here Mr. S. thought proper to put his finger to the side of his nose]—"I say, you don't mean to insinuate now, really, and truly, and conscientiously, that you don't know all about that affair of Smith's, as well as I do, eh? Smith? John A—B—C.? Why bless me, he's the ma-a-an"——

"*Mr.* Sinivate," said I imploringly, "*is* he the man in the mask?"

"No-o-o!" said he, looking wise, "nor the man in the mo-o-o-on."

This reply I considered a pointed and positive insult, and so left the house at once in high dudgeon, with a firm resolve to call my friend, Mr. Sinivate, to a speedy account for his ungentlemanly conduct and ill breeding.

In the meantime, however, I had no notion of being thwarted touching the information I desired. There was one resource left me yet. I would go to the fountain head. I would call forthwith upon the General himself, and demand, in explicit terms, a solution of this abominable piece of mystery. Here at least there should be no chance for equivocation. would be plain, positive, peremptory—as short as pie-crust—as concise as Tacitus or Montesquieu.

It was early when I called, and the general was dressing; but I pleaded urgent business, and was shown at once into his bed-room by an old negro valet, who remained in attendance during my visit. As I entered the chamber, I looked about, of course, for the occupant, but did not immediately perceive him. There was a large and exceedingly odd looking bundle of something which lay close by my feet on the floor, and, as I was not in the best humor in the world, I gave it a kick out of the way.

"Hem! ahem! rather civil that, I should say!" said the bundle, in one of the smallest, and altogether the funniest little voices, between a squeak and a whistle, that I ever heard in all the days of my existence.

"Ahem! rather civil that, I should observe."

I fairly shouted with terror, and made off, at a tangent, into the farthest extremity of the room.

"God bless me! my dear fellow," here again whistled the bundle "what—what—what—why, what *is* the matter? I really believe you don't know me at all."

What *could* I say to all this—what *could* I? I staggered into an arm-chair, and, with staring eyes and open mouth, awaited the solution of the wonder.

"Strange you shouldn't know me though, isn't it?" presently re-squeaked the nondescript, which I now perceived was performing, upon the floor, some inexplicable evolution, very analagous to the drawing on of a stocking. There was only a single leg, however, apparent.

"Strange you shouldn't know me, though, isn't it? Pompey, bring me that leg!" Here Pompey handed the bundle a very capital cork leg, all ready dressed, which it screwed on in a trice; and then it stood upright before my eyes.

"And a bloody action it *was*," continued the thing, as if in a soliloquy; "but then one mustn't fight with the Bugaboos and Kickapoos, and think of coming off with a mere scratch. Pompey, I'll thank you now for that arm. Thomas" [turning to me] "is decidedly the best hand at a cork leg; but if you should ever want an arm, my dear fellow, you must really let me recommend you to Bishop." Here Pompey screwed on an arm.

"We had rather hot work of it, that you may say. Now, you dog, slip on my shoulders and bosom! Pettitt makes the best shoulders, but for a bosom you will have to go to Ducrow."

"Bosom!" said I.

"Pompey, will you *never* be ready with that wig? Scalping is a rough process after all; but then you can procure such a capital scratch at De L'Orme's."

"Scratch!"

"Now, you nigger, my teeth! For a *good* set of these you had better go to Parmly's at once; high prices, but excellent work. I swallowed some very capital articles, though, when the big Bugaboo rammed me down with the butt end of his rifle."

"Butt end! ram down!! my eye!!!"

"O yes, by the by, my eye—here, Pompey, you scamp, screw it in! Those Kickapoos are not so very slow at a gouge; but he's a belied man, that Dr. Williams, after all; you can't imagine how well I see with the eyes of his make."

I now began very clearly to perceive that the object before me was nothing more nor less than my new acquaintance, Brevet Brigadier General John A. B. C. Smith. The manipulations of Pompey had made, I must confess, a very striking difference in the appearance of the personal man. The voice, however, still puzzled me no little; but even this apparent mystery was speedily cleared up.

"Pompey, you black rascal," squeaked the General, "I really do believe you would let me go out without my palate."

Hereupon the negro, grumbling out an apology, went up to his master, opened his mouth with the knowing air of a horse-jockey, and adjusted therein a somewhat singular-looking machine, in a very dexterous manner, that I could not altogether comprehend. The alteration, however, in the entire expression of the General's countenance was instantaneous and surprising. When he again spoke, his voice had resumed all that rich melody and strength which I had noticed upon our original introduction.

"D—n the vagabonds!" said he, in so clear a tone that I positively started at the change, "D—n the vagabonds! they not only knocked in the roof of my mouth, but took the trouble to cut off at least seven-eighths of my tongue. There is'nt Bonfanti's equal, however, in America, for really good articles of this description. I can recommend you to him with confidence," [here the General bowed,] "and assure you that I have the greatest pleasure in so doing."

I acknowledged his kindness in my best manner, and took

leave of him at once, with a perfect understanding of the true state of affairs—with a full comprehension of the mystery which had troubled me so long. It was evident. It was a clear case. Brevet Brigadier General John A. B. C. Smith was the man——was *the man that was used up*.

EDGAR A. POE.

Critical Notices.

Wiley and Putnam's Library of Choice Reading. No. XVI. Prose and Verse. By Thomas Hood. Part I. New-York: Wiley and Putnam.

Of this number of the Library we said a few words last week—but Hood was far too remarkable a man to be passed over in so cursory a manner.

"Frequently since his recent death," says the American editor, "he has been called a great author, a phrase used not inconsiderately or in vain." Yet, if we adopt the conventional idea of "a great author," there has lived, perhaps, no writer of the last half century who, with equal notoriety, was *less* entitled than Hood to the term. In fact, he was a literary merchant whose principal stock in trade was littleness—for during the larger portion of his life he seemed to breathe only for the purpose of perpetrating puns—things of such despicable platitude, that the man who is capable of habitually committing them, is very seldom capable of anything else. In especial, whatever merit *may* accidentally be discovered in a pun, arises altogether from *unexpectedness*. This is its element, and is twofold. First, we demand that the combination of the pun be unexpected, and secondly, we demand the most entire unexpectedness in the pun *per se*. A rare pun, rarely appearing, is, to a certain extent, a pleasurable effect—but to no mind, however debased in taste, is a continuous effort at punning otherwise than unendurable. The man who maintains that he derives gratification from any such chapters of punnage as Hood was in the daily habit of putting to paper, has no claim to be believed upon his oath. What, for example, is any rational being to make of such jargon as this, which we copy from the very first page of the volume before us?

COURTEOUS READER!

Presuming that you have known something of the Comic Annual from its Child-Hood, when it was first put into half binding and began to run alone, I make bold to consider you as an old friend of the family, and shall accordingly treat you with all the freedom and confidence that pertain to such ripe connexions.

How many years is it, think you, "since we were first acquent!"

"By the deep nine!" sings out the old bald *Count Fathom* with the lead-line: no great lapse in the world's chronology, but a space of infinite importance in individual history. For instance, it has wrought a serious change on the body, if not on the mind, of your very humble servant;—it is not, however, to bespeak your sympathy, or to indulge in what Lord Byron calls "the gloomy vanity of drawing from self," that I allude to my personal experience. The Scot and lot character of the dispensation forbids me to think that the world in general can be particularly interested in the state of my Household Sufferings, or that the public ear will be as open to my Maladies as to my Melodies.

Here is something better from page five—but still we look upon the whole thing as a nuisance:

A rope is a bad Cordon Sanitaire. Let not anxiety have thee on the hyp. Consider your health as your best friend, and think as well of it, in spite of all its foibles as you can. For instance, never dream, though you may have a "clever hack," of galloping consumption, or indulge in the Meltonian belief that you are going the pace. Never fancy every time you cough, that you are going to coughypot. Hold up, as the shooter says, over the heaviest ground. Despondency is a nice case is the over-weight that may make you kick the beam and the bucket both at once. In short, as with other cases, never meet trouble half-way, but let him have the whole walk for his pains; though it should be a Scotch mile and a bittock. I have even known him to give up his visit in sight of the house. Besides, the best fence against care is a ha! ha!—wherefore take care to have one all around you wherever you can. Let your "lungs crow like Chanticleer," and as like a Game cock as possible. It expands the chest, enlarges the heart, quickens the circulation, and "like a trumpet makes the spirit dance."

The continuous and premeditated puns of Hood, however, are to be regarded as the weak points of the man. Independently of their ill effect, in a literary view, as mere puns, they leave upon us a painful impression; for too evidently they are the hypochondriac's struggles at mirth—they are the grinnings of the death's-head. No one can read his Literary Reminiscences without being convinced of his habitual despondency—and the species of pseudo wit in question, is precisely of that character which would be adopted by an author of Hood's temperament and cast of intellect, when compelled to write, at an emergency. That his heart had no interest in these *niaiseries*, is clear. We allude, of course, to his *mere* puns for the pun's sake—a class of letters by which he attained his most extentive renown. That he did *more* in this way than in any other, would follow as a corollary from what we have already said—for, generally, he was unhappy, and, almost continually, he was obliged to write, *invitâ Minervâ*. But his true element was a very rare and ethereal class of *humor*, in which the *mere* pun was left altogether out of sight, or took the character of the richest *grotesquerie*, impressing the imaginative reader with very remarkable force, as if by a new phase of the ideal. It is in this species of brilliant *grotesquerie*, uttered with a rushing *abandon* which wonderfully aided its effect, that Hood's marked originality of manner consisted; and it is this which fairly entitles him, at times, to the epithet "great;"—we say fairly so entitles him; for *that* undeniably may be considered *great* —(of whatever seeming littleness in itself) which has the capability of producing intense emotion in the minds of those who are themselves undeniably great.

When we said, however, that Hood wrought profound impressions upon imaginative men, we spoke only of what is imagination in the popular acceptance of the term. His true province—that is to say the field in which he is distinctive—is a kind of border land between the Fancy and the Fantasy—but in this region he reigns supreme. That we may be the more clearly understood on this head, we will venture to quote a few passages of definition which were used by ourselves on a former occasion—while commenting on the prose style of Mr. Willis:—it is indeed too much the custom to employ at absolute random such words as Wit, Humor, Fantasy, the Fancy, and the Imagination.

In the style of Mr. Willis we easily detect this idiosyncrasy. We have no trouble in tracing it home—and when we reach it and look it fairly in the face, we recognize it on the instant.—It is Fancy.

To be sure there is quite a tribe of Fancies—although one half of them never suspected themselves to be such until so told by the metaphysicians—but the one of which we speak has never yet been accredited among men, and we beg pardon of Mr. Willis for the liberty we take in employing the topic of his *style*, as the best possible vehicle and opportunity for the introduction of this, our *protégé*, to the consideration of the literary world.

"Fancy," says the author of "Aids to Reflection" (who aided Reflection to much better purpose in his "Genevieve")—"Fancy combines—Imagination creates." This was intended, and has been received, as a distinction: but it is a distinction without a difference—without even a difference of degree. The Fancy as nearly creates as the imagination, and neither at all. Novel conceptions are merely unusual combinations. The mind of man can imagine nothing which does not exist:—if it could, it would create not only ideally, but sub-

stantially—as do the thoughts of God. It may be said—"We imagine a griffin, yet a griffin does not exist." Not the griffin certainly, but its component parts. It is no more than a collation of known limbs—features—qualities. Thus with all which claims to be new—which appears to be a *creation* of the intellect:—it is re-soluble into the old. The wildest effort of the mind cannot stand the test of the analysis.

We might make a distinction *of degree* between the fancy and the imagination, in calling the latter the former loftily employed. But experience would prove this distinction to be unsatisfactory. What we *feel* to be fancy, will be found still fanciful, whatever be the theme which engages it. No *subject* exalts it into imagination. When Moore is termed a fanciful poet, the epithet is precisely applied: he is. He is fanciful in "Lalla Rookh," and had he written the "Inferno," there he would have been fanciful still: for not only is he essentially fanciful, but he has no ability to be any thing more, unless at rare intervals—by snatches—and with effort. What we say of him at this point, moreover, is equally true of all little frisky men, personally considered.

The fact seems to be that Imagination, Fancy, Fantasy, and Humor, have in common the elements, Combination, and Novelty. The Imagination is the artist of the four. From novel arrangements of old forms which present themselves to it, it selects only such as are harmonious:—the result, of course, is beauty itself—using the term in its most extended sense, and as inclusive of the sublime. The pure imagination chooses, *from either beauty or deformity*, only the most combinable things hitherto uncombined:—the compound, as a general rule, partaking (in character) of sublimity or beauty, in the ratio of the respective sublimity or beauty of the things combined—which are themselves still to be considered as atomic—that is to say, as previous combinations. But, as often analogously happens in physical chemistry, so not unfrequently does it occur in this chemistry of the intellect, that the admixture of two elements will result in a something that shall have nothing of the quality of *one* of them—or even nothing of the qualities of either. The range of Imagination is therefore, unlimited. Its materials extend throughout the Universe. Even out of deformities it fabricates that beauty which is at once its sole object and its inevitable test. But, in general, the richness or force of the matters combined—the facility of discovering combinable novelties worth combining—and the absolute "chemical combination" and proportion of the completed mass—are the particulars to be regarded in our estimate of Imagination. It is this thorough harmony of an imaginative work which so often causes it to be under-valued by the undiscriminating, through the character of *obviousness* which is superinduced. We are apt to find ourselves asking "why *is it* that these combinations have never been imagined before?"

Now, when this question *does not* occur—when the harmony of the combination is comparatively neglected, and when in addition to the element of novelty, there is introduced the sub-element of *unexpectedness*—when, for example, matters are brought into combination which not only have never been combined but whose combination strikes us *as a difficulty happily overcome*—the result then appertains to the FANCY—and is, to the majority of mankind more grateful than the purely harmonious one—although, absolutely, it is less beautiful (or grand) for the reason that *it is* less harmonious.

Carrying its errors into excess—for, however enticing, they *are* errors still, or Nature lies,—Fancy is at length found impinging upon the province of *Fantasy*. The votaries of this latter delight not only in novelty and unexpectedness of combination, but in the *avoidance* of proportion. The result is therefore abnormal, and to a healthy mind affords less of pleasure through its novelty, than of pain through its incoherence. When, proceeding a step farther, however, Fantasy seeks not merely disproportionate but incongruous or antagonistical elements, the effect is rendered more pleasurable from its greater positiveness;—there is a merry effort of Truth to shake from her that which is no property of hers;—and we laugh outright in recognizing *Humor*.

The four faculties in question appear to me all of their class;—but when either Fancy or Humor is expressed to gain an end—is pointed at a purpose—whenever either becomes objective in place of subjective—then it becomes, also, pure Wit or Sarcasm, just as the purpose is well-intentioned or malevolent.

These, we grant, are entirely new views, but we do not consider them as the less surely deduced. At all events their admission for the present will enable us to be lucid on the topic of Hood. When we speak of his province as a border ground between Fantasy and Fancy, of course we do not mean rigorously to confine him to this province. He has made very successful and frequent incursions into the dominions of Humor (in general he has been too benevolent to be witty), and there have been one or two occasions—(those, for instance, of his "Eugene Aram" and "Bridge of Sighs,") in which he has stepped boldly, yet vacillatingly, into the realm of Imagination herself. We mean to say, however, that he is never truly imaginative for more than a paragraph at a time.

In a word, the genius of Hood is the result of vivid Fancy impelled, or controlled,—certainly tinctured, at all points, by hypochondriasis. In his wild "Ode to Melancholy," which forms the closing poem of the volume now reviewed, we perceive this result in the very clearest of manifestations. Few things have ever more deeply affected us than the passages which follow:

> "O clasp me, sweet, whilst thou art mine,
> And do not take my tears amiss;
> For tears must flow to wash away
> A thought that shows so stern as this:
> Forgive, if somewhile I forget,
> In woe to come, the present bliss.
> As frighted Proserpine let fall
> Her flowers at the sight of Dis,
> Ev'n so the dark and bright will kiss.
> The sunniest things throw sternest shade,
> And there is ev'n a happiness
> That makes the heart afraid!
>
> All things are touched with Melancholy,
> Born of the secret soul's mistrust,
> To feel her fair ethereal wings
> Weigh'd down with vile degraded dust;
> Even the bright extremes of joy
> Bring on conclusions of disgust,
> Like the sweet blossoms of the May,
> Whose fragrance ends in must.
> Oh give her, then, her tribute just,
> Her sighs and tears, and musings holy!
> There is no music in the life
> That sounds with idiot laughter solely;
> There's not a string attuned to mirth,
> But has its chords of Melancholy.

In "The Pugsley Papers," with which the volume opens, we have the correspondence of a Cockney family of shoemakers, who, receiving a rich legacy, retire at once to the *otium cum dignitate* of a country mansion. The mishaps and mismanagements of the party are told in the broadest extravaganza admissible or conceivable—very much in the Ramsbottom way—although the tone of Hood's *jeu d'esprit* is the better of the two. It is not so much humorous in itself, as productive of the usual humorous effect. We laugh not altogether at the incongruities of the narrative, but at the incongruity of Hood's supposing that we will laugh at anything so absurd;—and it must be confessed, that it all amounts to pretty much the same thing in the end.

"Black, White and Brown," is an Abolition tale—or rather a squib against Abolition. Its *finale* has some point—but, on the whole, the story has the air of an effort, and is quite unworthy of Hood.

"The Portrait," "The Apology," and "The Literary Reminiscences" (which form one subject,) have, we think, exceedingly little interest. The author himself acknowledges that he has no capacity for Boswellism—and we agree with him altogether.

"An Undertaker" is a mere string of puns—giving no idea of the true spirit of the author.

The rest of the book is verse—and much of it very remarkable verse indeed.

"The Dream of Eugene Aram," is too well known in America to need comment from us. It has (as we observed just now,) more of true imagination than any composition of its author;—but even when engaged on so serious a subject, he found great difficulty in keeping aloof from the grotesque—the result (we say) of warm Fancy impelled by Hypochondriasis. The opening stanza affords an example:

"'Twas in the prime of summer time,
An evening calm and cool,
When four-and-twenty happy boys
Came bounding out of school:
There were some that ran, *and some that leapt,*
Like troutlets in a pool."

Stanza the twenty-fourth approaches more nearly the imaginative spirit than any passage in the poem—but the taint of the fantastical is over it still:

"And peace went with them one and all,
And each calm pillow spread:
But Guilt was my grim chamberlain
That lighted me to bed,
And drew my midnight curtains round,
With fingers bloody red!"

"The Lost Heir" is possibly aimed at a well-known novel of the same title. The effect depends upon the principle to which we referred when speaking of "The Pugsley Papers." We laugh chiefly (although not altogether) at the *author's* absurdity. The lines belong to the class *helter-skelter*—that is to say, they are the flattest of all possible prose—intentionally so, of course. The story (if story it can be called) embodies the lamentations of a poor Irish woman who has lost her son.

"Autumn" and "A Song," (occupying each one page) have nothing about them especially remarkable. "Fair Ines" is so beautiful that we shall purloin it in full—although we have no doubt that it is familiar to our readers:

I.

O saw ye not fair Ines?
She's gone into the West,
To dazzle when the sun is down,
And rob the world of rest:
She took our daylight with her,
The smiles that we love best,
With morning blushes on her cheek,
And pearls upon her breast.

II.

O turn again, fair Ines,
Before the fall of night,
For fear the moon should shine alone,
And stars unrivalled bright:
And blessed will the lover be
That walks beneath their light,
And breathes the love against thy cheek
I dare not even write!

III.

Would I had been, fair Ines,
That gallant cavalier,
Who rode so gaily by thy side,
And whispered thee so near!
Were there no bonny dames at home,
Or no true lovers here,
That he should cross the seas to win
The dearest of the dear?

IV.

I saw thee, lovely Ines,
Descend along the shore,
With bands of noble gentlemen,
And banners waved before;
And gentle youth and maidens gay,
And snowy plumes they wore:
It would have been a beauteous dream,
—If it had been no more!

V.

Alas, alas, fair Ines,
She went away with song,
With Music waiting on her steps,
And shoutings of the throng:
But some were sad and felt no mirth,
But only Music's wrong,
In sounds that sang Farewell, Farewell,
To her you've loved so long.

VI.

Farewell, farewell, fair Ines,
That vessel never bore
So fair a lady on its deck,
Nor danced so light before,—
Alas, for pleasure on the sea,
And sorrow on the shore!
The smile that blest one lover's heart
Has broken many more!

The only article which remains to be noticed, is "Miss Kilmansegg and Her Precious Leg"—and it is, perhaps, more thoroughly characteristic of Hood's genius than any single thing which he has written. It is quite a long poem—comprising nearly 3000 lines—and its author has evidently laboured it much. Its chief defect is in its versification; and for this Hood had no ear—of its principles he knew nothing at all. Not that his verses, individually, are very lame, but they have no capacity for running together. The reader is continually getting baulked—not because the lines are unreadable, but because the lapse from one rhythm to another is so inartistically managed.

The story concerns a very rich heiress who is excessively pampered by her parents, and who at length gets thrown from a horse and so injures a leg as to render amputation inevitable. To supply the place of the true limb, she insists upon a leg of solid gold—a leg of the exact proportions of the original. She puts up with its inconvenience for the sake of the admiration it excites. Its attractions, however, excite the cupidity of a *chevalier d'industrie*, who cajoles her into wedlock, dissipates her fortune, and, finally, purloining her golden leg, dashes out her brains with it, elopes, and puts an end to the story.

It is wonderfully well told, and abounds in the most brilliant points—embracing something of each of the elementary faculties which we have been discussing—but most especially rich in that which we have termed *Fantasy*. We quote at random some brief passages, which will serve to exemplify our meaning:

A Lord of Land, on his own estate,
He lived at a lively rate,
But his income would bear carousing:
Such acres he had of pasture and heath,
With herbage so rich from the ore beneath,
The very ewe's and lambkin's teeth
Were turn'd into gold by browsing.

He gave, without any extra thrift,
A flock of sheep for a birthday gift
To each son of his loins, or daughter:
And his debts—if debts he had—at will
He liquidated by giving each bill
A dip in Pactolian water.

'Twas said that even *his pigs of lead,*
By crossing with some by Midas bred,
Made a perfect mine of his piggery.
And as for cattle, one yearling bull
Was worth all Smithfield-market full
Of the Golden Bulls of Pope Gregory.

The high-bred horses within his stud,
Like human creatures of birth and blood,
Had their Golden Cups and flagons:

And as for the common husbandry nags,
Their noses were tied in money-bags,
When they stopp'd with the carts and wagons.

Into this world we come like ships,
Launched from the docks and stocks and slips,
For fortune fair or fatal;
And one little craft *is cast away*
In its very first trip to Babbicome Bay,
While another rides safe at Port Natal.

Whilst Margaret, charm'd by the Bulbul rare,
In a garden of Gul reposes—
Poor Peggy hawks nosegays from street to street,
Till—think of that, who find life so sweet!—
She hates the smell of roses!

To paint the maternal Kilmansegg
The pen of an Eastern Poet would beg,
And need an elaborate sonnet:
How she sparkled with gems whenever she stirred,
And her head middle-nodded at every word,
And seem'd so happy, a Paradise bird
Had midificated upon it.

And Sir Jacob the Father strutted and bow'd,
And smiled to himself, and laugh'd aloud,
To think of his heiress and daughter—
And then in his pockets he made a grope,
And then in the fulness of joy and hope,
Seem'd washing himself with invisible soap,
In imperceptible water.

Gold! and gold! and besides the gold
The very robe of the infant told
A tale of wealth in every fold,
It lapp'd her like a vapor!
So fine! so thin! the mind at a loss
Could compare it to nothing *except a cross*
Of cobweb with bank-note paper.

They praised—how they praised—her very small talk,
As if it fell from a Solon!
Or the girl who at each pretty phrase let drop
A ruby comma, or a pearl full stop,
Or an emerald semi-colon.

Plays she penned—but she liked the best
These comedy gentlefolks always possess'd
Of fortunes so truly romantic—
Of money so ready that right or wrong
It is always ready to go for a song,
Throwing it, going it, pitching it strong—
They ought to have *purses as grave and long*
As the cucumber called the Gigantic.

A load of treasure!—alas! alas!
Had her horse been fed upon English grass,
And skelleted in Yorkshire Spinneys,
Had he scour'd the sand with the Desert Ass,
Or where the American whinnies—
But a hunter from Eton's Turf and gorse,
A regular thorough bred *Irish horse,*
Why, he ran away, as a matter of course,
With a girl worth her weight in guineas!

"Batter her! shatter her!
Throw her and scatter her!"
Shouts each stony-hearted chatterer—
"Dash at the heavy Dover!
Spill her! kill her! tear her and tatter her!
Smash her! crash her!" (the stones did'nt flatter her!)
"Kick her brains out! let her blood spatter her!
Roll on her over and over!"
For so she gather'd *the awful sense*
Of the street in its past unmacadamised tense,
As the wild horse overran it,—
His four heels making the clatter of six,
Like a Devil's tattoo, played with iron sticks
On a kettle-drum of granite!

A Breakfast—no unsubstantial mess,
But one in the style of good Queen Bess,
Who,—*hearty as hippocampus,*—
Broke her fast with ale and beef,
Instead of toast and the Chinese leaf,
And in lieu of anchovy—grampus!

In they went, and hunted about,
Open-mouth'd, like chub and trout,
And some with the upper lip thrust out,
Like that fish for rooting, a barbel—
While Sir Jacob stood to welcome the crowd,
And rubb'd his hands, and smiled aloud,
And bow'd, and bow'd, and bow'd, and bow'd,
Like a man who is sawing marble.

But a child—that bids the world good night
In downright earnest and cuts it quite—
A Cherub no art can copy,—
'Tis a perfect picture to see him lie
As if he had supped on dormouse pie,
(An ancient classical dish by the by)
With a sauce of syrup of poppy.

So still without,—so still within:—
It had been a sin
To drop a pin—
So intense is silence after a din,
It seem'd like Death's rehearsal!
To stir the air no eddy came:
And the taper burnt with as still a flame,
As to flicker had been a burning shame,
In a calm so universal.

And oh! when the blessed diurnal light
Is quench'd by the providential night,
To render our slumber more certain,
Pity, pity the wretches that weep,
For they must be wretched that cannot sleep
When God himself draws the Curtain!

Ettore Fieramosca, or The Challenge of Barletta, an Historical Romance of the Times of the Medici, by Massino D' Azeglio. Translated from the Italian by C. Edwards Lester, U. S. Consul at Genoa, author of "The Glory and Shame of England," member of the Ateneo Italiano at Florence, etc. New-York: Paine & Burgess.

This is a neatly printed duodecimo of nearly 300 pages, and forms the first number of "The Medici Series of Italian Prose." The design of this series is to supply the American public with translations of the best Italian prose romances. Mr. Lester is to be translator and editor. Something of this kind is certainly much needed. While we have been fairly overwhelmed with both good and bad from the literature of France, Germany, and Sweden, that of Italy has been of late altogether, or nearly altogether neglected. The present enterprise extends, we believe, no farther than to the Italian *Romance*, in its ordinary acceptation; but it is not generally known that there exists a vast mine of Italian *Comedy*, some of which would amply repay the working. Marmontel, in his "Encyclopédie," roundly declares that there is not a single comedy in the language worth reading; and the usual error on this subject has probably found its origin in his ignorance. Some of the greatest names in Italian Literature were writers of Comedy. Baretti mentions four thousand dramas collected by Apostolo Zeno; the greater portion of these were comedies; and many of them possessed not only high but very peculiar excellence. It is time that some of these works should be unearthed.

"The Challenge of Barletta" has been frequently designated, by the Italian and British critics, as the best romance of its language. It is certainly a vivacious work, but is defective in having little of what we understand by the "auto-

rial comment"—that which adds so deep a charm to the novels of Scott, of Bulwer, or of D'Israeli—more especially to the works of Godwin and Brockden Brown. The book before us is feeble, too frequently, from its excess of simplicity in form and tone. The narrative proceeds as if *to narrate* were the author's sole business. The interest of mere incident, is all.

A Cyclopædia of Several Thousand Practical Receipts, and Collateral Information in the Arts, Manufactures, and Trades, — including Medicine, Pharmacy, and Domestic Economy. Designed as a Compendious Book of Reference for the Manufacturer, Tradesman, Amateur, and Heads of Families. By Arnold James Cooley. Illustrated with Numerous Engravings. New-York: D. Appleton & Co.

We give in full the comprehensive title of this work, as the best mode of explaining its design. No. 1 has been just issued, at 25 cents. It proceeds (alphabetically) as far as the word BEANS.

The Parting Spirit's Address to his Mother. By William Edward Wyatt, D. D., Rector of St. Paul's Parish, Baltimore. New-York: Stanford & Swords.

A very small pamphlet of poetical prose.

Wiley and Putnam's Library of American Books. No. III. Letters from Italy. By J. T. Headley. Wiley and Putnam.

This is a 'work to be read. Of books generallyit is said, that one is fine, another artistical, another elegant, another vigorous: but the peculiar property of this book of Mr. Headley's is, that it is written to be read. He writes as a rapid talker speaks. He carries you along just as a man of animated gesture, quick eye, and earnest utterance takes you with him in the recital of a story or a sketch of character. Mr. Headley is an observer of great quickness; he sees at once and seizes all that suits his purpose. There is no escaping him, if he has the least interest to arrest an object and fix it on his page. These are perhaps more literally First Impressions of Travel than any ever published. They appear to have sprung directly to the eye of the traveller, flashed an instant in the brain, and then through a speedy pen to the reader. By relying merely on his own honest spontaneous impressions, he makes old things look new, and by *steaming* along, in true American style, through and over guide-books, itineraries, Eustace, Forsyth and company, he attains a merit analogous to that of high invention in imaginative writing. And although this spirit carries him at times too far, it gives constant freshness to his record; merging faults of style and expression in the hurry of description and the eagerness with which he constantly presents the results of his observations to the reader. We are now and then taken aback, we confess, by an assertion of so broad and comprehensive a nature as to sweep the field of criticism and statement from end to end. For instance, he encounters at Florence a new artist, by name Dupré—a Frenchman by extraction, though an Italian by birth, who executed last year, unknown to any body, the model of a dead Abel, and Mr. Headley regards this figure "as equal, if not superior in its kind, to any statue ever wrought by any sculptor of any age." Another peculiarity of this traveller of ours is, that by some happiness in his arrangement, by some good fortune for which he has bargained with Veturino, clerk of the weather, or other sufficient authority, whenever or wherever any thing marvellous or wonderful is to happen, he is always there to see. Whoever can be dissatisfied or object to such a companion, has a soul of adamant, and is altogether wanting in that gum elasticity, which has lately been set down as an attribute of the imagination of infants. We have nothing to say now of the Man Overboard (a small matter) nor of the Man in the Wall, nor of the Convulsed Man in the pit of the opera, nor of the six-barrelled Avalanches. Mr. Headley had gone, on a certain evening, to the well-known royal farms, constituting the great public drive and promenade of Florence. "The Duke's family were strolling around quite at their ease, and the whole place was as lively as Hyde Park at 5 o'clock in the evening. I walked home by the Arno, and entering the city, witnessed one of those spectacles that are constantly intruding themselves in our brightest dreams, and turning this world into a place of tears. As I was passing along the street, a little child hung playfully across the sill of a window, in the fourth story; suddenly it lost its balance, and came like a flash of light to the pavement. Its delicate form was crushed into one common mass by the blow. The mother rushed down like a frantic creature," &c., &c. Now we will venture to say that no other Italian traveller encountered this sight. Nor do we impeach the credit of Mr. Headley. According to a homely saying, it is the early bird that catches the worm, and it is due to Mr. H's great spirit and courage that he should have and enjoy, to the full, windfalls like this. He is often much more careful in his style and description than what we have said might seem to indicate. There are not a few passages tersely rendered, and, where he chooses, no one can be more pointed and descriptive in epithet than the author of these Letters. He has a good eye for the picturesque, as he often proves. His description of a dandy peasant is well made out.

"Returning from these mines just at evening we met one of those dandy peasants we often see painted, but seldom encounter. A perfect rustic Adonis with flowing locks and rosy cheeks, and beautiful bright and laughing eye—he had that jaunty air and rollicking gait which characterize your peasant beau. But he was a handsome fellow, and as he passed us with his oxen and cart he trolled away a careless ditty. A peasant girl stepped into the road that moment and joined him, but it did not look exactly like a casual meeting. As they walked on side by side, he had such a good-for-nothing scape-grace look that I could not help calling out to him. They both looked back and laughed, when he suddenly seized her by the waist and gave her a kiss that fairly rung again. The blow that followed sent him half way across the road and made my ears tingle in sympathy."

Regretting one or two ommissions in his account of American artists abroad, whom he should have seen and spoken of, we part with Mr. Headley, in the hope of an early meeting again. Find whatever fault we may with him, doubt his facts, denounce his grammar, grow angry over his prejudices, we cannot fail to read whatever he writes, and rising superior to our necessities as reviewers, read on to the end.

Hunt's Merchants' Magazine and Commercial Review. August, 1845. New-York: Freeman Hunt.

Mr. Hunt's admirable Magazine is now in its seventy-fourth number—a pregnant example of what may be effected by combined talent and energy. The work is undoubtedly the best *property* of its kind in America; yet, if we are not mistaken, Mr. Hunt engaged, without a dollar, in the arduous task of its establishment. Its progress has never faltered for an instant. The steps taken were infallible, and the triumph sure. The Merchants' Magazine *was erected, and is now owned, edited, and conducted generally, by Mr. Hunt alone.*

The August number contains many papers of high value and interest—among others, "The Government and the Currency," "The Main Line of the State Works of Pennsylvania," "Our Merchant Seamen," "Maritime Law," "A Biog-

raphy of the late Joseph Peabody, of Salem," a "New Theory of the Gulf Stream," "Commercial History of Norwich, Conn.," and "The Silver Mines of North Carolina."

The biography of Mr. Peabody is one of the most interesting and instructive papers we have read for years. Few more remarkable men have lived in the commercial world. Among other things it is stated of him, that he built and owned eighty-three ships, which, in every instance, he freighted himself; and for the navigation of them, he shipped at different times, upwards of seven thousand seamen. Since the year 1811, he has advanced thirty-five to the rank of ship-master, who entered his employ as boys. He had performed by these vessels the following voyages, viz:—to Calcutta, 38; Canton, 17; Sumatra, 32; St. Petersburg, 47; other ports in the north of Europe, 10; the Mediterranean, 20, before the war of 1812.

Perhaps the most able article in the number, however, and one which we especially recommend to our readers, is "The Government and the Country," by Mr. Middleton, the author of the admirable essay (with a similar title) which was published last year by Carey & Hart, and which attracted so general an attention. The North American Review, among other journals, spoke of it in the warmest terms of commendation. The present article is not more remarkable for the lucidity and profundity of its views, than for the vigor, simplicity, and general excellence of its style.

Godey's Lady's Book, for August,

Has been issued for some days. It contains three engravings—one a very good one, (Scene on the Schuylkill)—and contributions from Miss Leslie, Mrs. Seba Smith, Mrs. Hale, and other ladies and gentlemen of eminence.

Musical Department.

French Opera.—Auber's grand opera of *La Muette de Portici* was produced at the Park Theatre on Monday evening last. This work, when it was first produced, created an extraordinary sensation throughout Europe. Its melodies became at once, as it were, the property of every people. They were upon every lip; they were drummed upon every conceivable instrument, from the Grand Piano down to the Pandean Pipes or the Hurdy-Gurdy. In short, the whole continent of Europe was for a time spell-bound by the force of Auber's genius. We can find no parallel to the universality of its success, but in the case of Weber's "Der Freyschutz." Of the character of the music it will be scarcely necessary to speak, it is so well known on every hand. The chorusses are full of melody, and are remarkably characteristic. Nothing can exceed the masterly conception displayed by Auber, in the working of these chorusses; particularly in the one commencing *Venez amis!*

In the public highway a conspiracy is being formed; man whispers to man, and a plot to overturn a powerful government is purposed and decided, while to all appearance the fishermen and their wives are merely amusing themselves, dancing and singing a light-hearted Barcarole. The bitter hatred and determined revenge, mingled with the assumed gaiety and the reckless merriment, are expressed by the music with a fidelity perfectly startling. While listening, we are one of the people; their wrongs are ours, and we feel an intense fearfulness lest they should be overheard, and their noble undertaking be disconcerted. Again, in the last Act, where Masaniello, delirious from poison administered by Pietro, rushes into the midst of the people, and in the interval of his madness chaunts forth the Barcarole, whose hidden meaning was the watchword of the revolution — how masterly a thought! how metaphysically correct!

The Ballet music, which, to our regret, was entirely omitted, is eminently beautiful and entirely characteristic — in short, with one or two trifling exceptions, the whole work is a masterpiece, and will carry Auber's fame far into futurity.

The instrumentation throughout is worthy of Auber, but there was one passage at the close of the 2nd Act which, in effect, surpasses all others, and which, for its extreme beauty, has rarely, if ever, been equalled by any writer.

The following was the caste of the piece:

Masaniello		M. Arnaud
Alphonso		Cœuriot
Pietro		Garry
Borello	Fishermen	Bernard
Moreno		Otterset
Elvira		M'me Casini
Fenella		Cœuriot

M'me Casini, as Elvira, displayed her powers to greater advantage than upon any previous occasion. She is gaining courage fast. In her first recitative and aria, she sang most admirably. Her voice, though far from being powerful, is well in tune; her execution is rapid and brilliant, and is generally well articulated: but she displays a tendency to a redundance of *fioriture*, which is reprehensible, and she sometimes goes beyond her power. However, time will correct these faults. There is also an important point in which M'me Casini is deficient—namely, husbanding the voice for important passages in the score: for instance, in the finale to the 1st Act two pauses occur in the chorus when at a double *ff*, which are filled up by rapid passages upon (as a learned critic expresses it) *high keys:* these passages are given to Elvira, and should be given with immense force, but M'me Casini barely whispered them. A judicious husbanding of power would have insured the necessary effect.

M'me Stephen Cœuriot is in no way fitted for the part of Fenella. Her conception of the character, although at times just, was badly sustained. She was Fenella only when in action; when in repose the character was dropped, and the lady became as one of the common group. M'me Cœuriot was exhuberant in passion, displaying an almost tiger-like ferocity in many places, quite at variance with the state of mind of one who, slighted, wronged and broken-hearted, still loves with a deep and enduring faithfulness. In the tender phases of Fenella's character, M'me Cœuriot was also unsuccessful. She was at no period of the performance the tender, confiding, child-like girl, whose beauty and misfortune were the admiration and the pity of a whole people, and roused them to resent their wrongs in hers. It is no discredit to M'me Cœuriot that she does not play this character well, for it is out of her line of business. Our admiration of her excellent abilities we have often expressed, and we regret that we are unable to give her praise on this occasion.

M. Arnaud, as Masaniello, sung with his accustomed force and skill; particularly in the duo with Pietro in the second act—*Mieux vaut mourir que rester misérable!* In this he displayed the full force of his extraordinary voice, and, assisted by M. Garry, who also sang with great force and judgment, drew down tumultuous applause. In that exquisite song, *Du pauvre seul ami fidèle*, while watching his sleeping sister, he expressed the absorbing—almost fraternal love for the injured girl, with admirable fidelity. It was a chaste

and masterly performance. We cannot, however, understand why he persists in using his 'voce de testa' so incessantly. He used it so frequently and so unnecessarily on Monday evening, that it marred many beautiful passages in the music, besides producing an effect by no means pleasing to his hearers.

M. Garry is improving most rapidly. He has been but a few months upon the stage, and, judging by the rank he has already gained for himself, and which he so ably sustains, we may safely prognosticate for him a career of distinguished success and enviable popularity. We have noticed, in another paragraph, his performance in one portion of the opera; we can only add, that he was equally excellent throughout. We should however advise him to pay more attention to his deportment upon the stage. All the time he is singing, his attitude leads us to suppose that he is preparing to leap into the parquette.

The choruses, with the exception of the two prayers which were indifferently executed, were given with great precision; particularly the finale of the second act, the whole of the third act and the opening of the fifth act. The trebles were singularly good.

The overture was admirably played. It deserved and should have met with an encore. Throughout the evening we had repeated occasion to remark the admirable performance of the orchestra, collectively and individually,—and we are sure that all competent judges will agree with us in the opinion, that, with the exception of the New York Philharmonic Society, the French opera band, as it is at present consituted, is the best that we have had within the walls of a New York theatre.

To M. Prevost, much of this excellence is to be attributed. He is a man in every way calculated to bring out the best efforts of those confided to his charge. The members of the band place unfaltering reliance upon his skill and judgment, knowing him to be an accomplished musician and an experienced leader—one who is perfectly familiar with every point, remote or prominent, in the partition of each opera. M. Prevost is without affectation in the orchestra;—he goes to his work earnestly but quietly;—directs by his eye and hand, but eschews thumping with the bow or stamping with the feet. One of the most admirable points in M. Prevost's method of conducting an orchestra is the exceeding clearness of his beat. There is no hesitation—no change; no useless, bewildering multiplication of divisions. It is a clear, straight-forward, manly beat, which every one can understand. We consider that the public owe M. Prevost, and the whole orchestra, a substantial tribute to their excellence in the way of a crowded benefit.

The getting up of the opera was, as usual, excellent; but we would ask of what use is that large horse in the fourth act? Apart from the absurdity of making it parade round the interior of a hut, which is absurd enough without doubt, is it not a wanton exposure of life or limb to bring a powerful animal into the midst of a throng of females, while the shouting of the people and the din of the Orchestra astound its ears, and a strange and dazzling light astonishes its eyes. There was but a narrow escape from a severe accident on Monday night, and despite the laughter of the audience, we cannot but justify M. Arnaud entirely, in making his escape, in any way, from the back of the terrified animal. A man upon a horse in the open air, with plenty of space, can generally control it by the force of his will, but upon the stage, he is entirely at the mercy of the beast. We trust on the next representation, the horse will be omitted from the programme, by particular desire.

Dubois' Horizontal Grand Pianoforte.—It has long been a subject of regret to solo players in this country, that the only description of instrument they could procure to display their powers on, was a so-called square instrument.—The squares, as all pianists well know, are vastly inferior to the horizontal grand pianofortes, not only in the quality but in the power of the tone. They are also much inferior in point of elegance of form. The square instruments made in this city, are infinitely superior to any of the same class of instruments that we have seen abroad; they are superior in every respect—tone, touch, and beauty of design. But the manufacture of Grand Pianos has hitherto proved a comparative, if not a total, failure. Many causes have tended to produce this result; among the most prominent, we will mention one—the custom of the wealthy amateurs to import, at an enormous expense, their Grand Pianos; another: the Squares having become universal in this country, there has been hitherto literally no demand for any other class of instrument. To construct such an instrument, the first outlay is exceedingly great, and this has doubtless deterred many manufacturers from trying an experiment which, necessarily, involves much risk. We cannot but acknowledge that the risk is great, but we are confident that the chances of success are more than sufficient to warrant any established maker in regarding such risk as nothing. If the experiment succeed—that is to say, if the instrument is substantially good—if it is a perfect instrument in every particular—we prognosticate that in all the polished circles where great players do congregate, and in all Concert Rooms, the Grand Piano will supersede the humble Square.

We will now proceed to examine the piano manufactured by Mr. Dubois. The exterior of the instrument is exceedingly beautiful; the case is made of rosewood of rare and choice figure; its form is elegant, at once light and massive—in short, a more exquisite piece of handicraft we never beheld. The construction of the interior exhibits many peculiarities. In the first place, the strength, instead of being found in the *bottom*, as in the Square, will be found in the *top*. Experience proved to the English manufacturers that all the strength that could be centered in the bottom was quite insufficient to resist the tremendous draw upon the strings; the instrument would in a measure yield up. To obviate this signal defect, occupied the attention of the makers for a length of time. At last the present simple plan was hit upon, (by Stodart of London, we believe,) namely, the placing *above* the strings of the instrument longitudinal iron tubes, so disposed as to offer a perfect resistance to the draw of the strings in every part. The importance of the improvement cannot fail to strike our readers at once; it insures the instrument against yielding to any pressure, renders it more light and portable, and adds much to its appearance when open.

Each note is produced upon three separate strings, which from their great length yield a powerful body of sound. The lever which impels the hammer is of course increased in proportion, without rendering the touch more heavy; consequently, the performer, on sitting down to this piano, finds himself in possession of a wonderfully increased power of effect. The tone of the instrument is of the most charming quality; it is at once clear, sweet, and brilliant, and approaches nearer the tone of the best English Grands, than any we have heard this side of the Atlantic.

On the whole, we consider this experiment a most successful one—it promises a most brilliant future. We shall look forward with much anxiety to the next Grand Instrument from the factory of Mr. Dubois. All our musical

friends, and amateurs, should visit Broadway, and examine this fine Piano, and he who has the means to indulge in its purchase, will be fortunate indeed.

MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL ITEMS.

We have every reason to believe that the ensuing season will be a fortunate period for music and the drama. The large amount of talent now tending towards this shore from England, will make our people glad from one end of the country to the other.

In the dramatic way, we are promised some very important additions. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean (formerly Miss Ellen Tree,) will be here early in the season. How welcome they will be, we need not attempt to say. Mrs. Kean is the undoubted favourite of the whole of this vast continent;—she has a host of friends in every city of the Union, and her success is certain. Mr. Kean has also many admirers, and will, doubtless, return home with an increased fame and much "money in his purse."

Mr. and Mrs. Bland are also announced. Mrs. Bland is the sister of Helen Faucitt. She is a lady of fine abilities. We remember before she went to London, she was then an excellent actress and an extraordinary favourite in Liverpool. We have heard that her success in London was very decisive, and we may reasonably expect that during the period of five years, she must have improved greatly. Her appearance is much in her favour. Her figure is well-proportioned and singularly commanding, and her face is expressive and intellectual. Mr. Bland, when we saw him in the Provinces, was filling a very difficult line of business, that is, the generally useful line. He displayed good talent, and we shall doubtless find him much improved after a lapse of years. He is well known in theatrical circles for his literary abilities; having written several successful dramas.

In the musical way, we are to receive a vast accession of strength, both in the vocal and instrumental department.

Leopold de Meyer, whose name is known all over Europe, is, we believe, already on his passage hither. As a pianist, it is said that he has not a superior: even Listz and Thalberg have to acknowledge him their equal. So says the world. We will not answer for its correctness in every particular. Leopold de Meyer is the only one, out of the many extraordinary pianists now in Europe, that we have not heard; we cannot, therefore, speak from personal knowledge, but we find that good critics agree in according him a high reputation.

Mr. Templeton is on his way here. He has held a prominent rank in the London theatres for many years, and he comes to us now in the pride of his health and strength, with his voice in no way impaired by age. He has been giving entertainments and lectures lately; finding them, we presume, more profitable than theatrical engagements. We doubt the success of his speculation. Henry Phillips tried the same thing, but with all his acknowledged talent, he failed—totally failed. With an operatic company, Mr. Templeton would have been highly popular, but as a musical lecturer, &c., we fear for him.

Mr. Horncastle, brother to the Horncastle lately of the Olympic, is coming with the same class of entertainment. We remember him for many years—he is indeed one of our earliest recollections, and as a chaste and refined singer, he has maintained his reputation up to this day.

Mr. Rophino Lacy has effected an arrangement with Mr. Simpson, for his daughter, Miss Delcy. She is a young lady of much personal appearance and excellent capabilities, and will, we think, become a great favourite throughout the country.

A Mr. Arthurson, whose name is new to us, is engaged as tenor to the company, of which Miss Deley is prima donna; we hear that much is expected from him in London. His voice is said to be truly beautiful—of extraordinary compass, and equal throughout.

Mr. Brough is said to be the bass of this party.

Mr. D. W. King is also coming to the Park theatre. He is a most charming singer. His voice is a light tenor of excellent quality, and his school of singing is pure and refined. He is a thorough musician, for he was educated as a *King's Chapel Boy*. Mr. D. W. King will prove a very welcome addition to our musical strength.

Editorial Miscellany.

Messrs. Wm. D. Ticknor & Co., of Boston, have in press and will soon publish a volume of *Poems* by Mrs. *Mary E. Hewitt*, of this city. Mrs. Hewitt has written numerous short pieces, characterized by feeling and grace. We presume the forthcoming volume will comprise some one or two compositions of greater length than any she has yet published.

Mess. Clark and Austen have in preparation a collection of the poetical writings of *Mrs. Osgood*. Although the well-deserved celebrity of Mrs. O. is fully equal to that of any American poetess, there has hitherto been no compilation of her works—with the exception of the English "Wreath of Wild Flowers from New England." She has been sadly neglectful, we fear, both of her interest and her fame. We shall give her new volume the most cordial of welcomes.

Great preparations are being made in the way of gift-books for the holidays. "*The Missionary Memorial*" is the title of a very elegant volume to be edited by *Mr. Saunders*, of this city. It is to be superbly printed on the finest paper, and bound in gilt silk. The illustrative title and frontispiece will be executed in the new process of oil colors by Baxter, of London, expressly for the work. Among the contributors will be Mrs. Sigourney, Miss Gould, Mrs. Osgood, Halleck, Whittier, Tuckerman, Lowell, Sprague, Drs. Alexander, Schroeder, Williams, Gardiner, Spring, S. H. Cone; Professors Mason and Fisher; Rev. Mess. Spalding, Dowling, Griswold, Charles; Colton, Hoffman, Poe, and some others. The title "Missionary Memorial" is used, we presume, to avoid the hackneyed term (or idea) Annual.

Mr. John Keese is preparing "*The Opal*," which has now been in course of publication, we believe, for five years. It will be unusually rich, however, this year. Its contributions are to be especially good, and the external book will be greatly improved.

Mr. T. S. Arthur, of Philadelphia, the well known editor of "Arthur's Magazine," is also preparing an annual, which we have good reason to believe, will vie with any of the season. It will be issued by Ferret & Co.

Mr. Robert Hamilton, is getting ready "The May-Flower," of which we have seen some specimen sheets which promise remarkably well. This souvenir will at least equal any of the others. Saxton and Kelt, of Boston, are the publishers.

"The Gift," so long and successfully issued by Mess.

Carey and Hart, is suspended—will not be published this season, if ever again.

The Corporation of Harvard University have invited, or voted to invite, the Hon. Edward Everett to assume the Presidency of the College. It is presumed he will accept the invitation.

In the "Times," published at Columbus, Ga., we meet with a very remarkable story entitled "*The Little Governess and the Authoress.*" The narrative itself has great interest; but we call it "remarkable," because we learn that it is the work of a girl of fourteen—*Miss Annabella S. Phelps*—a niece of Joseph Wallis, Esq., of this city. She is, or was, a pupil at the Moravian (Litiz) Seminary, (in Lancaster, Pa.,) of which the Rev. Eugene A. Freauff is principal. We have seen several of Miss Phelps' MSS—all evincing a high order of talent.

We find the following in the Express (of this city,) where it is accredited to the New-York Correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette:

"There has been a flare-up in the Broadway Journal, which prevented the appearance of one number a week or two since. It originated in some difference between one of the Editors and the Publisher. The Editor undertook to get a new Publisher on the paper, and so the Publisher turned round and put the name of the other Editor on his sheet. Where the merits or demerits of the case lie, we do not pretend to determine. The Journal has force—some good criticism, and a good deal of bad. It needs more catholicity—more liberality, and a little less attempt at severity. With its flashy name exchanged for something more dignified, and its main plan retained, it would soon be the most able and entertaining weekly in the country.

"I forgot to mention that there has been a flare-up in the Democratic Review, also, between the Editor and Mr. Langley, one of the proprietors. Both better leave, for the paper cannot live with the management it has had for the past year or two. It lives by *plunder* of other people's brains—a rather uncertain mode of existence, we should imagine."

We thank the New-York Correspondent of the Cincinnati Courier for his good opinion, although given *cum grano salis*—but we would thank him at the same time to stick to the truth. He is right only in the proportion of one word in ten. What does he mean by "catholicity"? What does he mean by calling "The Broadway Journal" "a *flashy* name"? What does he mean by "putting the name of the other editor on the paper"? The name of the "other editor" was never *off* the paper. What does he mean by his pet phrase "a flare-up"? There has been *no* flare-up either in the case of "The Broadway Journal" or of "The Democratic Review."

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