THE BROADWAY JOURNAL.

VOL. 2. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1845. NO. 6

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

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

Published at 135 Nassau St.
By JOHN BISCO.

Lenore.

Ah, broken is the golden bowl! the spirit flown forever!
Let the bell toll!—a saintly soul floats on the Stygian river,
And, Guy De Vere, hast *thou* no tear?—weep now or never more!
See! on yon drear and rigid bier low lies thy love, Lenore!
Come! let the burial rite be read—the funeral song be sung!—
An anthem for the queenliest dead that ever died so young—
dirge for her the doubly dead in that she died so young.

"Wretches! ye loved her for her wealth and hated her for her pride,
"And when she fell in feeble health, ye blessed her—that she died!
"How *shall* the ritual, then, be read?—the requiem how be sung
"By you—by yours, the evil eye,—by yours, the slanderous tongue
"That did to death the innocence that died, and died so young?"

Peccavimus; but rave not thus! and let a Sabbath song
Go up to God so solemnly the dead may feel no wrong!
The sweet Lenore hath "gone before," with Hope, that flew beside,
Leaving thee wild for the dear child that should have been thy bride—
For her, the fair and *debonair*, that now so lowly lies,
The life upon her yellow hair but not within her eyes—
The life still there, upon her hair—the death upon her eyes.

"Avaunt! to-night my heart is light. No dirge will I upraise,
"But waft the angel on her flight with a Pæan of old days!
"Let *no* bell toll!—lest her sweet soul, amid its hallowed mirth,
"Should catch the note, as it doth float—up from the damnéd Earth.
"To friends above, from fiends below, the indignant ghost is riven—
"From Hell unto a high estate far up within the Heaven—
"From moan and groan, to a golden throne, beside the King of Heaven.

EDGAR A. POE.

John Randolph, of Roanoke.

Great wits to madness nearly are allied.

I REMEMBER some years since to have seen John Randolph in Baltimore. I had frequently read and heard descriptions of him, and one day, as I was standing in Market, now Baltimore-street, I remarked a tall, thin, unique-looking being hurrying towards me with a quick impatient step, evidently much annoyed by a crowd of boys who were following close at his heels, not in the obstreperous mirth with which they would have followed a crazy or a drunken man, or an organ grinder and his monkey, but in the silent, curious wonder, with which they would have haunted a Chinese bedecked in full costume. I instantly knew the individual to be Randolph from the descriptions. I therefore advanced towards him, that I might make a full observation of his person without violating the rules of courtesy in stopping to gaze at him. As he approached, he occasionally turned towards the boys with an angry glance, but without saying anything, and then hurried on as if to outstrip them, but it would not do. They followed close behind the orator, each one observing him so intently that he said nothing to his companions. Just before I met him, he stopped a Mr. C——, a cashier of one of the banks, said to be as odd a fish as John himself. I loitered into a store close by—and really he was the strangest looking being I ever beheld.

His long, thin legs, about as thick as a stout walking-cane, and of much such a shape, were encased in a pair of tight small clothes, so tight that they seemed part and parcel of the wearer. Handsome white stockings were fastened with great tidiness at the knees by a small gold buckle, and over them, coming about half way up the calf, were a pair of what, I believe, are called hose, coarse and country knit. He wore shoes. They were old-fashioned, and fastened also with buckles—huge ones. He trod like an Indian, without turning his toes out, but planking them down straight ahead. It was the fashion in those days to wear a fan-tailed coat, with a small collar, and buttons far apart behind, and few on the breast. Mr. Randolph's was the reverse of all this. Instead of its being fan-tailed, it was what, I believe, the knights of the needle call swallow-tailed: the collar was immensely large, the buttons behind were in kissing proximity, and they sat together as close on the breast of the garment as the feasters at a crowded public festival. His waist was remarkably slender; so slender that, as he stood with his arms akimbo, he could easily, as I thought, with his long bony fingers, have spanned it. Around him his coat, which was very tight, was held together by one button and, in consequence, an inch or more of tape, to which the buttons was attached, was perceptible where it was pulled through the cloth. About his neck he wore a large white cravat, in which his chin was occasionally buried as he moved his head in conversation; no shirt collar was perceptible: every other person seemed to pride himself upon the size of his, as they were then worn large. Mr. Randolph's complexion was precisely that of a mummy—withered, saffron, dry, and bloodless; you could not have placed a pin's point on his face where you would not have touched a wrinkle. His lips were thin, compressed, and colorless; the chin, beardless as a boy's, was broad for the size of his face, which was small; his nose was straight, with nothing remarkable in it, except perhaps it was too short. He wore a fur cap, which he took off, standing a few moments uncovered.

I observed that his head was quite small, a characteristic which is said to have marked many men of talent: Byron, Walter Scott, and Chief Justice Marshall, for instance. Judge Burnet of Cincinnati, who has been alike distinguished at the bar, on the bench, and in the United States Senate, has also a very small head.

Mr. Randolph's hair was remarkably fine—fine as an infant's, and thin. It was very long, and was parted with great care on the top of his head, and was tied with a bit of black ribbon about three inches from his neck: the whole of it formed a queue not thicker than the little finger of a delicate girl. His forehead was low, with no bumpology about it; but his eye, though sunken, was most brilliant and startling in its glance. It was not an eye of profound, but of passionate thought, with an expression at times such as physicians asscribe to that of insanity, but an insanity which seemed to quicken, not destroy, intellectual acuteness. I never beheld an eye that struck me more. It possessed a species of fascination, such as would make you wonder over the character of its possessor, without finding any clew in your wonderment to discover it, except that he was passionate, wayward, and fearless. He lifted his long bony finger impressively as he conversed, and gesticulated with it in a peculiar manner. His whole appearance struck me, and I could easily imagine how, with his great command of language, so appropriate and full, so brilliant and classical, joined to the vast information that his discursive oratory enabled him to exhibit in its fullest extent, from the storehouse of which, the vividness of his imagination was always pointing out a happy analogy or bitter sarcasm, that startled the more from the fact, that his hearers did not perceive it until the look, tone, and finger brought it down with the suddenness of lightning—and with its effects, upon the head of his adversary; taking all this into consideration, I could easily imagine, how when almost a boy, he won so much fame, and preserved it so long; and with so vast an influence, notwithstanding the eccentricity and inconsistency of his life, public and private.

By-the-bye, the sudden, unexpected, and aphoristical way in which Randolph often expressed his sentiments, had much to do with his oratorical success. He would, like Dean Swift, make a remark, seemingly a compliment, and explain it into a sarcasm, or he would utter an apparent sarcasm, and turn it into a compliment. Many speakers, when they have said a thing, hurry on to a full explanation, fearful that the hearer may not understand them; but when Randolph expressed one of these startling thoughts, he left the hearer for some time puzzling in doubt as to what he meant, and, when it pleased him, in the coolest manner in the world he explained his meaning, not a little delighted if he discovered that his audience were wondering the while upon whom the blow would descend, or what principle the remark would be brought to illustrate. A little anecdote, which I heard a Member of Congress from Kentucky tell of him, shows this characteristic. The Congressman, on his first visit to Washington, (he had just been elected,) was of course desirous of seeing the lions. Randolph, though not a member of either house, was there, and had himself daily borne into the Senate or House, by his faithful Juba, to listen to the debates. Every body, noted or unnoted, were calling on the eccentric orator, and the Member from Kentucky determined to do likewise, and gratify his curiosity. A friend, General ——, promised to present him, saying though: "You must be prepared for an odd reception, for if Randolph is in a bad humor, he will do and say any thing; if he is in a good humor, you will see a most finished gentleman." They called. Mr. Randolph was stretched out on a sofa. "He seemed," said the member, "a skeleton endowed with those flashing eyes which ghost stories give to the reanimated body when sent upon some earthly mission."

The Congressman was presented by his friend, the General, as a Member of Congress from Kentucky. "Ah! from Kentucky, sir!" exclaimed Randolph, in his shrill voice, as he rose to receive him; "from Kentucky, sir: well, sir, I consider your State the Botany Bay of Virginia!" The Kentuckian thought that the next remark would be a quotation from Barrington's Botany Bay Epilogue, applied by Randolph to the Virginia settlers of Kentucky:

> True patriots we, for be it understood,
> We left our country for our country's good.

but Randolph, after a pause, continued: "I do not make this remark, sir, in application to the morals or the mode of settlement in Kentucky. No, sir, I mean to say that it is my opinion, sir, that the time approaches when Botany Bay will, in all respects surpass England, and I fear it will soon be so with your State and mine."

I cite this little anecdote, not from any peculiar pith that it possesses, but in illustration of his character, and in proof of the remark above made.

If Mr. Randolph had lived in ancient times, Plutarch, with all his powers in tracing the analogies of character, would have looked in vain for his parallel. And a modern biographer, with all ancient and modern times before him, will find the effort fruitless that seeks his fellow. At first, the reader might think of Diogenes as furnishing some resemblance to him, and that all that Randolph wanted was a tub; but not so. If another Alexander had asked him what he would have that imperial power could bestow—the answer never would have been to request to stand out of his sunlight. No: Randolph, if he could not have got any higher emolument and honor, would immediately have requested to be sent upon a foreign mission; that over, if Alexander had nothing more to give, and was so situated as not to be feared, who does not believe that the ex-minister would turn tail on him?

The fact is, that Randolph was excessively ambitious, a cormorant alike for praise and plunder; and though his patriotism could point out the disinterested course to others, his love of money would not let him keep the track himself—at least in his latter years, when Mammon, the old man's God, beset him, and he turned an idolator to that for which he had so often expressed his detestation that his countrymen believed him. His mission to Russia broke the charm, that the prevailing opinion of his disinterestedness cast about him; and his influence in his native State was falling fast beneath the appointment and outfit and salary that had disenchanted it, when he died; and now old Virginia will forget and forgive the inconsistencies of one of her greatest sons to do reverence to his memory.

Randolph's republicanism was never heartfelt; he was at heart an aristocrat. He should have been born in England, a noble—there he would stubbornly have resisted the encroachments of all below him upon his own prerogatives, station, dignity, and quality, of all above him a little below his level, or at least upon an equality with his. Randolph would have lifted Wilkes up to be a thorn in the side of a king whom he disliked, and to overthrow his minister; had he been himself a minister, his loyalty would then have pronounced Wilkes an unprincipled demagogue. Wilkes, we know, when he got in office, said he could prove to his majesty that he himself had not been a Wilkite.

Randolph was intensely selfish, and his early success as a politician and orator impressed him with an exaggerated opinion of his own importance at an early age, when such opinions are easily made and not easily eradicated. In the case of Randolph, this overweening self-estimation grew monstrous. "Big man me, John," and the bigness or littleness of others' services were valued and proclaimed, just as they elevated or depressed the interests and personal dignity of the orator of Roanoke. And often, when his interest had

nothing to do with the question presented to him, his caprice would sway his judgment—for his personal resentments led him far away from every consideration, save that of how he could best wound his adversary.

His blow wanted neither vigor nor venom; his weapons were poisoned with such consummate skill, and he so well knew the vulnerable point of every character, that often when the wound by an observer who knew nothing of his opponent seemed slight, it was rankling in the heart. Randolph was well acquainted with the private history of the eminent men of his time, the peccadilloes, frailties, indiscretions, weaknesses, vanities, and vices of them all. He used his tongue as a jockey would his whip; hit the sore place till the blood came, and there was no crack, or flourish, or noise, in doing it. It was done with a celerity and dexterity which showed the practised hand, and its unexpectedness as well as its severity, often dumb-founded the victim so completely, that he had not one word to say, but withdrew in silence.

I remember hearing two anecdotes of Randolph, which strikingly type his character. One exhibits his cynical rudeness and disregard for the feelings of others—in fact, a wish to wound their feelings—and the other his wit. I do not vouch for their accuracy, but I give them as I have frequently heard them, as perhaps has the reader.

Once, when Randolph was in the city of B——, he was in the daily habit of frequenting the bookstore of one of the largest booksellers in the place. He had made some purchases from him, and was very curious in looking over his books, &c. In the course of Randolph's visits he became very familiar with Mr. ——, the bookseller, and they held long chats together; the orator of Roanoke showing off with great courtesy. Mr. ——, was quite a pompous man, rather vain of his acquaintance with the lions who used to stop in his shop. Subsequently, being in Washington with a friend, he espied Randolph advancing towards him, and told his friend that he would introduce him to the great man. His friend, however, knowing the waywardness of Randolph, declined.

"Well," said Mr. ——, "I'm sorry you will not be introduced. I'll go up and give him a shake of the hand at any rate." Up he walked, with outstretched hand to salute the cynic. The aristocratic republican (by the bye, how often your thoroughgoing republican is a full blooded aristocrat in his private relations) immediately threw his hands behind him, as if he could not dull his palm in that way, and gazed searchingly into the face of the astonished bookseller. "Oh, oh!" said he, as if recollecting himself, "You are Mr. B—— from Baltimore?" "Yes sir," was the reply. "A bookseller?" "Yes sir," again. "Ah! I bought books from you?" "Yes, sir, you did." "Did I forget to pay you for them?" "No, sir, you did not." "Good morning, sir!" said the orator, lifting his cap with offended dignity, and passing on. This anecdote does not show either Randolph's goodness of head or heart, but it shows his character.

The other anecdote is as follows: The Honorable Peter ——, who was a watch-maker, and who represented B—— County for many years in Congress, once made a motion to amend a resolution offered by Randolph, on the subject of military claims. Mr. Randolph rose up after the amendment had been offered, and drawing out his watch from his fob, asked the Honorable Peter what o'clock it was. He told him. "Sir," replied the orator, "you can mend my watch, but not my motions. You understand *ticktics*, sir, but not tactics."

That too, was a fine retort, when, after he had been speaking, several members rose in succession and attacked him. "Sir," said he to the Speaker, "I'm in the condition of old Lear—

> The little dogs and all,
> Tray, Blanch, and Sweetheart.
> See—they bark at me.

"Mr. Randolph," exclaimed an acquaintance to him, hurrying to his side in the street, "I have tried my hardest to overtake you." "You will have to try harder than your hardest to keep up with me—sir, to keep up with me!" exclaimed the orator, running off at the top of his speed.

He said of a person who refused to accept his challenge upon the ground of religious scruples against duelling, that "he had sculked behind the communion table." He called the Greeks, "Christless Christians." Of the new Constitution of Virginia, he said: "It was brought into life with the *Sardonic* grin of death upon its countenance."

A political opponent boasted on the stump, that if his mind was not naturally as strong as the Orator's of Roanoke, he had done his best by an arduous collegiate course to improve it, &c."

"Not the first weak soil, gentlemen," exclaimed Randolph interrupting him, "that excessive cultivation has reduced to barrenness; — let him stay at home—let him lie fallow-fallow."

A volume of such pithy sayings of his might easily be collected.

All accounts agree in praising the oratorical powers of Randolph. His manner was generally slow and impressive; his voice squeaking, but clear and distinct, and as far as it could be heard, what he said was clearly understood. His gesture was chiefly with his long and skeleton like finger. The impressiveness with which he used it has been remarked by all who have heard him. When he was sarcastic, amidst a thousand it would say, stronger than any language, to the individual whom he meant, "thou art the man." In his choice of language he was very fastidious, making sometimes a considerable pause to select a word. His reading was extensive, and in every department of knowledge—romances, tales, poems, plays, voyages, travels, history, biography, philosophy—all arrested his attention, and each had detained him long enough to render him familiar with the best works of the kind. His mind was naturally erratic, and his desultory reading, as he never devoted himself to a profession, and dipped a little into all, increased his natural and mental waywardness. He seldom reasoned, and when he did, it was with an effort that was painful, and which cost him more trouble than it was worth. He said himself in one of his speeches in the Senate of the United States, that "he had a defect, whether of education or nature was immaterial, perhaps proceeding from both—a defect which had disabled him, from his first entrance into public life to the present hour, from making a *regular speech*." The defect was, doubtless, both from education and nature; education might have, in some measure, corrected the tendencies of his nature, but there was, perhaps, an indiosyncrasy in the constitution of the man, which compelled him to be erratic in mind as well as in temper.

He said that "ridicule was the keenest weapon in the whole parliamentary army," and he learned all the tricks of fence with it, and never played with foils. He seemed to have had more admiration for the oratory of Chatham than that of any other individual—if we may judge from the manner in which that great man is mentioned in his speeches. They were certainly unlike in character, — very unlike. Chatham having had bad health, and it being well known that he went to Parliament and made his best efforts when almost sinking from sickness;—Randolph might have felt that, as he had done the same thing, their characters were

assimilated. Chatham was seized with a fainting fit when making his last speech, and died a short time afterwards. And probably it is not idle speculation to say that Randolph, with a morbid, or perhaps insane admiration of his character —wished to sink as Chatham did, in the legislative hall, and be borne thence to die.

However, there was enough in the character of Chatham to win the admiration of any one who loved eloquence, without seeking in adventitious circumstances a motive for his admiration; and Randolph appreciated such talents as his too highly not to have admitted them under all circumstances, but his reverence was doubtless increased, from the resemblance which he saw in their bodily conditions, and which he was very willing to believe extended to their minds. Chatham was bold, vehement, resistless—not often witty, but eminently successful when he attempted it; invective was his forte. In some of these points, Randolph resembled him; but then Chatham's eloquence was but a means to gain his ends; his judgment was intuitive, his sagacity unrivalled; he bore down all opposition by his fearless energies, and he compelled his enemies to admit that he was a public benefactor in the very breath in which they expressed their personal dislike. Chatham kept his ends steadily in view, and never wavered in his efforts to gain them. Not so Randolph. He reminds us of the urchin in the "Lay of the last Minstrel," who always used the fairy gifts with a spirit of deviltry, to provoke, to annoy, and to injure, no matter whom he wounded, or when, or where. Randolph did not want personal dignity, but he wanted the dignity which arises from consistent conduct, a want which no brilliancy of talent can supply. On the contrary, the splendor of high talents but serves to make such inconsistency the more apparent. He was an intellectual meteor, whose course no one could predict; but, be it where it might, all were certain that it would blaze, and wither, and destroy. As a statesman, it is believed that he never originated a single measure, though his influence often destroyed the measures of others. Some one observes, "that the hand which is not able to build a hovel may destroy a palace," and he seemed to have had a good deal of the ambition of him who fired the Ephesian dome. As a scholar, he left nothing behind him, though his wit was various, and his acquirements profound. He seems not to have written a common communication for a newspaper, without great labor and fastidious correction. I have been informed by a compositor who set a part of his speech on "Retrenchment," which he dedicated to his constituents, that emendations were endless. I have a part of the MS. of this speech before me; it is written with a trembling hand, but with great attention to punctuation, and with a delicate stroke of the pen. It was as an orator he shone; and as an orator his power of chaining the audience has been perhaps never surpassed. In an assembly where Demosthenes, Cicero, Chatham, Mirabeau, or Henry spoke, Randolph's eloquence would have been listened to with profound interest, and his opposition would have been feared. As an orator, he felt his power—he knew that in eloquence he yielded a magic wand, and he was not only fearless of opposition, but he courted it; for who of his contemporaries has equalled him in the power of carrying on successfully the partisan warfare of desultory debate—the cut and thrust—the steady aim? who could wield like him the tomahawk, and who of them possessed his dexterity in scalping a foe? His trophies are numberless, and he wore them with the pride of his progenitors, for there was truly a good deal of Indian blood in his veins. It is said that Randolph first signalized himself by making a stump speech in Virginia in opposition to Patrick Henry; scarcely any one knew him when he rose to reply to Henry, and so strong was Henry's conviction of his powers, that he spoke of them in the highest terms, and prophesied his future eminence. Randolph gloriously said of Henry that, "he was Shakspeare and Garrick combined."

Randolph's character and conduct forcibly impress upon us the power of eloquence in a Republic. How many twists, and tergiversations, and obliquities were there in his course; yet how much influence he possessed, particularly in Virginia! How much he was feared, courted, admired, shunned, hated, and all because he wielded the weapon that "rules the fierce democracy!" How many men, far his superiors in practical usefulness, lived unhonored and without influence, and died unsung, because they had not eloquence. Eloquence is superior to all other gifts, even to the dazzling fascinations of the warrior; for it rules alike in war and peace, and it wins all by its spell. Randolph was the very personification of inconsistency. Behold him talking of the splendid misery of "office-holders;" what did he want with office; a cup of cold water was better in his condition; the sword of Damocles was suspended over him by a single hair, &c., &c.;—when lo! he goes to the frigid north—for what? For health? No, for an outfit and salary! and dies childless, worth, it is said, nearly a million!

Randolph's oratory reminds us forcibly of Don Juan; and if Byron had written nothing but Don Juan, Randolph might have been called the Byron of orators. He had all the wit, eccentricity, malice, and flightiness of that work—its touches that strike the heart, and sarcasms that scorn, the next moment, the tear that has started.

In a dying state, Randolph went to Washington during the last Session of Congress, and although not a member, he had himself borne daily to the hall of legislation to witness the debate. He returned home to his constituents, and was elected to Congress, and started on a tour to Europe, if possible to regain his health; he said it was "the last throw of the die."

He expired in Philadelphia, where he had first appeared in the councils of the nation, in the sixty-first year of his age, leaving a reputation behind him for classic wit and splendid eloquence which few of his contemporaries may hope to equal; and a character which his biographer may deem himself fortunate if he can explain to have been compatible with either the duties of social life, the sacredness of friendship, or the requirements of patriotism, unless he offer as an apology, partial derangement. In the letter in which the deceased acknowledged that he had made a misstatement with regard to the character of Mr. Lowndes on the tariff, he assigned, as a reason for the error, the disordered state of his mind, arising from the exciting medicine which he was compelled to take to maintain life.

"Remorse, remorse, remorse!" Shortly before he died, he repeated the word three times, and requested the doctor to write it upon the back of one of his (Randolph's) cards, and to underscore the word, so as to make it emphatic. (Remorse!) "Put it in your pocket, doctor, and recur to it when I am gone—Remorse, remorse, remorse!"

Yet was the ruling passion strong in death. The doctor was reading the bible to him and mispronounced the word "omnipotent," accenting it as though it were not a compound word—omni-potent. "Nipotent—nipotent, sir!" he exclaimed with oratorical energy.

I have, perhaps, expressed myself harshly—inconsistently with that charitable feeling which all should possess, who are "treading upon ashes under which the fire is not yet extinguished." If so, to express our conscientious opinions is

sometimes to do wrong.

> Why draw his frailties from their dread abode?

For who can tell, in the close alliance between reason and madness which were so strongly mixed up in his character, how much his actions and words partook of the one or the other? Where they alternated, or where one predominated, or where they mingled their influence, not in the embrace of love, but in the strife for mastery, oh! how much he may have struggled with his mental aberrations and felt that they were errors, and yet struggled in vain! His spirit, like the great eye of the universe, may have known that clouds and storms beset it, and have felt that it was contending with disease and coming death, yet hoped at last to beam forth in its brightness.

> The day draws on, though storms keep out the sun,
> And thus the heart will break, and brokenly live on.

And so it is with the mind, and Randolph's "brokenly lived on," until the raven shadows of the night of death gathered over him, and gave him to the dark beyond.

F. W. THOMAS.

A Dream.

In visions of the dark night
 I have dreamed of joy departed—
But a waking dream of life and light
 Hath left me broken-hearted.

Ah! what is not a dream by day
 To him whose eyes are cast
On things around him with a ray
 Turned back upon the past?

That holy dream—that holy dream,
 While all the world were chiding,
Hath cheered me as a lovely beam
 A lonely spirit guiding.

What though that light, thro' storm and night,
 So trembled from afar—
What could there be more purely bright
 In Truth's day-star?

P.

Never Bet The Devil Your Head.

A TALE WITH A MORAL.

"*Con tal que las costumbres de un autor*," says Don Thomas De Las Torres, in the preface to his "Amatory Poems" "*sean puras y castas, importo muy poco que no sean igualmente severas sus obras*"—meaning, in plain English, that, provided the morals of an author are pure, personally, it signifies nothing what are the morals of his books. We presume that Don Thomas is now in Purgatory for the assertion. It would be a clever thing, too, in the way of poetical justice, to keep him there until his "Amatory Poems" get out of print, or are laid definitely upon the shelf through lack of readers. Every fiction *should have* a moral; and, what is more to the purpose, the critics have discovered that every fiction *has*. Philip Melancthon, some time ago, wrote a commentary upon the "Batrachomyomachia" and proved that the poet's object was to excite a distaste for sedition. Pierre La Seine, going a step farther, shows that the intention was to recommend to young men temperance in eating and drinking. Just so, too, Jacobus Hugo has satisfied himself that, by Euenis, Homer meant to insinuate John Calvin; by Antinous, Martin Luther; by the Lotophagi, Protestants in general; and, by the Harpies, the Dutch. Our more modern Scholiasts are equally acute. These fellows demonstrate a hidden meaning in "The Antediluvians, "a parable in "Powhatan," new views in "Cock Robin," and transcendentalism in "Hop O' My Thumb." In short, it has been shown that no man can sit down to write without a very profound design. Thus to authors in general much trouble is spared. A novelist, for example, need have no care of his moral. It is there—that is to say it is somewhere—and the moral and the critics can take care of themselves. When the proper time arrives, all that the gentleman intended, and all that he did not intend, will be brought to light, in the "Dial," or the "Down-Easter," together with all that he ought to have intended, and the rest that he clearly meant to intend:—so that it will all come very straight in the end.

There is no just ground, therefore, for the charge brought against me by certain ignoramuses—that I have never written a moral tale, or, in more precise words, a tale with a moral. They are not the critics predestined to bring me out, and *develop* my morals:—that is the secret. By and by the "North American Quarterly Humdrum" will make them ashamed of their stupidity. In the meantime, by way of staying execution—by way of mitigating the accusations against me—I offer the sad history appended;—a history about whose obvious moral there can be no question whatever, since he who runs may read it in the large capitals which form the title of the tale. I should have credit for this arrangement—a far wiser one than that of La Fontaine and others, who reserve the impression to be conveyed until the last moment, and thus sneak it in at the fag end of their fables.

Defuncti injuriâ ne afficiantur was a law of the twelve tables, and *De mortuis nil nisi bonum* is an excellent injunction—even if the dead in question be nothing but dead small beer. It is not my design, therefore, to vituperate my deceased friend, Toby Dammit. He was a sad dog, it is true, and a dog's death it was that he died; but he himself was not to blame for his vices. They grew out of a personal defect in his mother. She did her best in the way of flogging him while an infant—for duties to her well-regulated mind were always pleasures, and babies, like tough steaks, or the modern Greek olive trees, are invariably the better for beating—but, poor woman! she had the misfortune to be left-handed, and a child flogged left-handedly had better be left unflogged. The world revolves from right to left. It will not do to whip a baby from left to right. If each blow in the proper direction drives an evil propensity out, it follows that every thump in an opposite one knocks its quota of wickedness in. I was often present at Toby's chastisements, and, even by the way in which he kicked, I could perceive that he was getting worse and worse every day. At last I saw, through the tears in my eyes, that there was no hope of the villain at all, and one day when he had been cuffed until he grew so black in the face that one might have mistaken him for a little African, and no effect had been produced beyond that of making him wriggle himself into a fit, I could stand it no longer, but went down upon my knees forthwith, and, uplifting my voice, made prophecy of his ruin.

The fact is that his precocity in vice was awful. At five months of age he used to get into such passions that he was unable to articulate. At six months, I caught him gnawing a pack of cards. At seven months he was in the constant habit of catching and kissing the female babies. At eight months he peremptorily refused to put his signature to the Temperance pledge. Thus he went on increasing in iniquity, month after month, until, at the close of the first year, he not only insisted upon wearing *moustaches*, but had con-

tracted a propensity for cursing and swearing, and for backing his assertions by bets.

Through this latter most ungentlemanly practice, the ruin which I had predicted to Toby Dammit overtook him at last. The fashion had "grown with his growth and strengthened with his strength," so that, when he came to be a man, he could scarcely utter a sentence without interlarding it with a proposition to gamble. Not that he actually *laid* wagers—no. I will do my friend the justice to say that he would as soon have laid eggs. With him the thing was a mere formula—nothing more. His expressions on this head had no meaning attached to them whatever. They were simple if not altogether innocent expletives—imaginative phrases wherewith to round off a sentence. When he said "I'll bet you so and so," nobody ever thought of taking him up; but still I could not help thinking it my duty to put him down. The habit was an immoral one, and so I told him. It was a vulgar one—this I begged him to believe. It was discountenanced by society—here I said nothing but the truth. It was forbidden by act of Congress—here I had not the slightest intention of telling a lie. I remonstrated—but to no purpose. I demonstrated—in vain. I entreated—he smiled. I implored—he laughed. I preached—he sneered. I threatened—he swore. I kicked him—he called for the police. I pulled his nose—he blew it, and offered to bet the Devil his head that I would not venture to try that experiment again.

Poverty was another vice which the peculiar physical deficiency of Dammit's mother had entailed upon her son. He was detestably poor; and this was the reason, no doubt, that his expletive expressions about betting, seldom took a pecuniary turn. I will not be bound to say that I ever heard him make use of such a figure of speech as "I'll bet you a dollar." It was usually "I'll bet you what you please," or "I'll bet you what you dare," or "I'll bet you a trifle," or else, more significantly still, "*I'll bet the Devil my head.*"

This latter form seemed to please him best:—perhaps because it involved the least risk; for Dammit had become excessively parsimonious. Had any one taken him up, his head was small, and thus his loss would have been small too. But these are my own reflections, and I am by no means sure that I am right in attributing them to him. At all events the phrase in question grew daily in favor, notwithstanding the gross impropriety of a man's betting his brains like bank-notes:—but this was a point which my friend's perversity of disposition would not permit him to comprehend. In the end, he abandoned all other forms of wager, and gave himself up to "*I'll bet the Devil my head,*" with a pertinacity and exclusiveness of devotion that displeased not less than it surprised me. I am always displeased by circumstances for which I cannot account. Mysteries force a man to think, and so injure his health. The truth is, there was something in *the air* with which Mr. Dammit was wont to give utterance to his offensive expression—something in his *manner* of enunciation—which at first interested, and afterwards made me very uneasy—something which, for want of a more definite term at present, I must be permitted to call *queer;* but which Mr. Coleridge would have called mystical, Mr. Kant pantheistical, Mr. Carlyle twistical, and Mr. Emerson hyperquizzitistical. I began not to like it at all. Mr. Dammit's soul was in a perilous state. I resolved to bring all my eloquence into play to save it. I vowed to serve him as St. Patrick, in the Irish chronicle, is said to have served the toad, that is to say, "awaken him to a sense of his situation." I addressed myself to the task forthwith. Once more I betook myself to remonstrance. Again I collected my energies for a final attempt at expostulation.

When I had made an end of my lecture, Mr. Dammit indulged himself in some very equivocal behaviour. For some moments he remained silent, merely looking me inquisitively in the face. But presently he threw his head to one side, and elevated his eyebrows to great extent. Then he spread out the palms of his hands and shrugged up his shoulders. Then he winked with the right eye. Then he repeated the operation with the left. Then he shut them both up very tight. Then he opened them both so very wide that I became seriously alarmed for the consequences. Then, applying his thumb to his nose, he thought proper to make an indescribable movement with the rest of his fingers. Finally, setting his arms a-kimbo, he condescended to reply.

I can call to mind only the heads of his discourse. He would be obliged to me if I would hold my tongue. He wished none of my advice. He despised all my insinuations. He was old enough to take care of himself. Did I still think him baby Dammit? Did I mean to say anything against his character? Did I intend to insult him? Was I a fool? Was my maternal parent aware, in a word, of my absence from the domiciliary residence? He would put this latter question to me as to a man of veracity, and he would bind himself to abide by my reply. Once more he would demand explicitly if my mother knew that I was out. My confusion, he said, betrayed me, and he would be willing to bet the Devil his head that she did not.

Mr. Dammit did not pause for my rejoinder. Turning upon his heel, he left my presence with undignified precipitation. It was well for him that he did so. My feelings had been wounded. Even my anger had been aroused. For once I would have taken him up upon his insulting wager. I would have won for the Arch-Enemy Mr. Dammit's little head—for the fact is, my mamma *was* very well aware of my merely temporary absence from home.

But *Khoda shefa midehed*—Heaven gives relief—as the Musselmen say when you tread upon their toes. It was in pursuance of my duty that I had been insulted, and I bore the insult like a man. It now seemed to me, however, that I had done all that could be required of me, in the case of this miserable individual, and I resolved to trouble him no longer with my counsel, but to leave him to his conscience and himself. But although I forebore to intrude with my advice, I could not bring myself to give up his society altogether. I even went so far as to humor some of his less reprehensible propensities; and there were times when I found myself lauding his wicked jokes, as epicures do mustard, with tears in my eyes:—so profoundly did it grieve me to hear his evil talk.

One fine day, having strolled out together arm in arm, our route led us in the direction of a river. There was a bridge, and we resolved to cross it. It was roofed over, by way of protection from the weather, and the arch-way, having but few windows, was thus very uncomfortably dark. As we entered the passage, the contrast between the external glare, and the interior gloom, struck heavily upon my spirits. Not so upon those of the unhappy Dammit, who offered to bet the Devil his head that I was hipped. He seemed to be in an unusual good humor. He was excessively lively—so much so that I entertained I know not what of uneasy suspicion. It is not impossible that he was affected with the transcendentals. I am not well enough versed, however, in the diagnosis of this disease to speak with decision upon the point; and unhappily there were none of my friends of the "Dial" pres

ent. I suggest the idea, nevertheless, because of a certain species of austere Merry-Andrewism which seemed to beset my poor friend, and caused him to make quite a Tom-Fool of himself. Nothing would serve him but wriggling and skipping about under and over everything that came in his way; now shouting out, and now lisping out, all manner of odd little and big words, yet preserving the gravest face in the world all the time. I really could not make up my mind whether to kick or to pity him. At length, having passed nearly across the bridge, we approached the termination of the foot-way, when our progress was impeded by a turnstile of some height. Through this I made my way quietly, pushing it around as usual. But this turn would not serve the turn of Mr. Dammit. He insisted upon leaping the stile, and said he could cut a pigeon-wing over it in the air. Now this, conscientiously speaking, I did not think he could do. The best pigeon-winger over all kinds of style, was my friend Mr. Carlyle, and as I knew *he* could not do it, I would not believe it could be done by Toby Dammit. I therefore told him, in so many words, that he was a braggadocio, and could not do what he said. For this, I had reason to be sorry afterwards;--for he straightway offered to *bet the Devil his head* that he could.

I was about to reply, notwithstanding my previous resolutions, with some remonstrance against his impiety, when I heard, close at my elbow, a slight cough, which sounded very much like the ejaculation "*ahem!*" I started, and looked about me in surprise. My glance at length fell into a nook of the frame-work of the bridge, and upon the figure of a little lame old gentleman of venerable aspect. Nothing could be more reverend than his whole appearance; for, he not only had on a full suit of black, but his shirt was perfectly clean and the collar turned very neatly down over a white cravat, while his hair was parted in front like a girl's. His hands were clasped pensively together over his stomach, and his two eyes were carefully rolled up into the top of his head.

Upon observing him more closely, I perceived that he wore a black silk apron over his small-clothes; and this was a thing which I thought very odd. Before I had time to make any remark, however, upon so singular a circumstance, he interrupted me with a second "*ahem!*"

To this observation I was not immediately prepared to reply. The fact is, remarks of this laconic nature are nearly unanswerable. I have known a Quarterly Review *non-plussed* by the word "*Fudge!*" I am not ashamed to say, therefore, that I turned to Mr. Dammit for assistance.

"Dammit," said I, "what are you about? don't you hear?—the gentleman says '*ahem!*'" I looked sternly at my friend while I thus addressed him; for to say the truth, I felt particularly puzzled, and when a man is particularly puzzled he must knit his brows and look savage, or else he is pretty sure to look like a fool.

"Dammit," observed I—although this sounded very much like an oath, than which nothing was farther from my thoughts—"Dammit," I suggested—"the gentleman says '*ahem!*'"

I do not attempt to defend my remark on the score of profundity; I did not think it profound myself; but I have noticed that the effect of our speeches is not always proportionate with their importance in our own eyes; and if I had shot Mr. D. through and through with a Paixhan bomb, or knocked him in the head with the "Poets and Poetry of America," he could hardly have been more discomfited than when I addressed him with those simple words—"Dammit, what are you about?—don't you hear?—the gentleman says '*ahem!*'"

"You don't say so?" gasped he at length, after turning more colors than a pirate runs up, one after the other, when chased by a man-of-war. "Are you quite sure he said *that?* Well, at all events I am in for it now, and may as well put a bold face upon the matter. Here goes, then—*ahem!*"

At this the little old gentleman seemed pleased—God only knows why. He left his station at the nook of the bridge, limped forward with a gracious air, took Dammit by the hand and shook it cordially, looking all the while straight up in his face with an air of the most unadulterated benignity which it is possible for the mind of man to imagine.

"I am quite sure you will win it, Dammit," said he with the frankest of all smiles, "but we are obliged to have a trial you know, for the sake of mere form."

"Ahem!" replied my friend, taking off his coat with a deep sigh, tying a pocket-hankerchief around his waist, and producing an unaccountable alteration in his countenance by twisting up his eyes, and bringing down the corners of his mouth—"ahem!" And "ahem," said he again, after a pause; and not another word more than "ahem!" did I ever know him to say after that. "Aha!" thought I, without expressing myself aloud—"this is quite a remarkable silence on the part of Toby Dammit, and is no doubt a consequence of his verbosity upon a previous occasion. One extreme induces another. I wonder if he has forgotten the many unanswerable questions which he propounded to me so fluently on the day when I gave him my last lecture? At all events, he is cured of the transcendentals.

"Ahem!" here replied Toby, just as if he had been reading my thoughts, and looking like a very old sheep in a reverie.

The old gentleman now took him by the arm, and led him more into the shade of the bridge—a few paces back from the turnstile. "My good fellow," said he, "I make it a point of conscience to allow you this much run. Wait here, till I take my place by the stile, so that I may see whether you go over it handsomely, and transcendentally, and don't omit any flourishes of the pigeon-wing. A mere form, you know. I will say 'one, two, three, and away.' Mind you start at the word 'away.'" Here he took his position by the stile, paused a moment as if in profound reflection, then *looked up* and, I thought, smiled very slightly, then tightened the strings of his apron, then took a long look at Dammit, and finally gave the word as agreed upon—

One—two—three—and away!

Punctually, at the word "away," my poor friend set off in a strong gallop. The stile was not very high, like Mr. Lord's—nor yet very low, like that of Mr. Lord's reviewers, but upon the whole I made sure that he would clear it. And then what if he did not?—ah, that was the question—what if he did not? "What right," said I, "had the old gentleman to make any other gentleman jump? The little old dot-and-carry-one! who is *he?* If he asks *me* to jump, I won't do it, that's flat, and I don't care who *the devil he is.*" The bridge, as I say, was arched and covered in, in a very ridiculous manner, and there was a most uncomfortable echo about it at all times—an echo which I never before so particularly observed as when I uttered the four last words of my remark.

But what I said, or what I thought, or what I heard, occupied only an instant. In less than five seconds from his starting, my poor Toby had taken the leap. I saw him run nimbly, and spring grandly from the floor of the bridge, cutting the most awful flourishes with his legs as he went up.

I saw him high in the air, pigeon-winging it to admiration just over the top of the stile; and of course I thought it an unusually singular thing that he did not *continue* to go over. But the whole leap was the affair of a moment, and, before I had a chance to make any profound reflections, downcame Mr. Dammit on the flat of his back, on the same side of the stile from which he had started. In the same instant I saw the old gentleman limping off at the top of his speed, having caught and wrapped up in his apron something that fell heavily into it from the darkness of the arch just over the turnstile. At all this I was much astonished; but I had no leisure to think, for Mr. Dammit lay particularly still, and I concluded that his feelings had been hurt, and that he stood in need of my assistance. I hurried up to him and found that he had received what might be termed a serious injury. The truth is, he had been deprived of his head, which after a close search I could not find anywhere;—so I determined to take him home, and send for the homœopathists. In the mean time a thought struck me, and I threw open an adjacent window of the bridge; when the sad truth flashed upon me at once. About five feet just above the top of the turnstile, and crossing the arch of the foot-path so as to constitute a brace, there extended a flat iron bar, lying with its breadth horizontally, and forming one of a series that served to strengthen the structure throughout its extent. With the edge of this brace it appeared evident that the neck of my unfortunate friend had come precisely in contact.

He did not long survive his terrible loss. The homœopathists did not give him little enough physic, and what little they did give him he hesitated to take. So in the end he grew worse, and at length died, a lesson to all riotous livers. I bedewed his grave with my tears, worked a *bar* sinister on his family escutcheon, and, for the general expenses of his funeral, sent in my very moderate bill to the transcendentalists. The scoundrels refused to pay it, so I had Mr. Dammit dug up at once, and sold him for dog's meat.

EDGAR A. POE.

Catholic Hymn.

At morn—at noon—at twilight dim—
Maria! thou hast heard my hymn!
In joy and wo—in good and ill—
Mother of God, be with me still!
When the Hours flew brightly by,
And not a cloud obscured the sky,
My soul, lest it should truant be,
Thy grace did guide to thine and thee;
Now, when storms of Fate o'ercast
Darkly my Present and my Past,
Let my Future radiant shine
With sweet hopes of thee and thine!

I.

Critical Notices.

Graham's Magazine, for August, comes to us with a portrait and biography of J. K. Mitchell, the author of "Fly to the Prairie," &c. We think the likeness by no means a good one. Very certainly it does not flatter Dr. Mitchell. Following this, we have a very fine line engraving of "The Tower-Rock on the Mississippi," and another (quite as good) of "Rock Mountain" from the north.

In prose, there is an interesting paper called "The Jugglers," by a New Contributor, and "Ida Grey" a tale of passion, exceedingly well written, by Mrs. Osgood. In poetry, we notice contributions from Longfellow, Lowell, and Mrs. Nichols. That of Mr. Longfellow is constrained and *petty* in its versification, and throughout is obviously a suggestion from "The Evening Wind" of Bryant, to which we refer our readers—especially for the passage about the sick man looking from his chamber. Nevertheless, the poem is worthy the genius of the author. We quote, from the conclusion two magnificent passages:

He (the poet) can behold
Things manifold
That have not yet been wholly told—
Have not been wholly sung nor said:
For his thought, which never stops,
Follows the water-drops
Down to the graves of the dead—
Down through chasms and gulfs profound
To the dreary fountain-head
Of lakes and rivers underground,
And sees them when the rain is done
On the bridge of colours seven
Climbing up once more to Heaven,
Opposite the setting sun.

Thus the seer
With vision clear
Sees forms appear and disappear,
In the perpetual round of strange
Mysterious change
From birth to death, from Death to birth—
From earth to heaven, from heaven to earth—
Till glimpses more sublime
Of things unseen before
Unto his wondering eyes reveal
The universe as an immeasurable wheel
Turning forever more
In the rapid and rushing river of Time.

Mr. Lowell's poem, "To the Future," has a noble commencement, and is altogether a noble composition—although in the last stanza is a palpable plagiarism—e. g.

As life's alarums nearer roll
The ancestral buckler calls
Self clanging from the walls
In the high temple of the soul.

This is Mr. L.'s—but Wordsworth has either the following lines, or something resembling them—for we quote altogether from memory.

Armor rustling on the walls
On the blood of Clifford calls,
And to clash again in the field
Is the wild *longing* of the shield.

Except in its versification Mr. Lowell has by no means improved the idea of Wordsworth—although "self-clanging" has great force.

The American Review for August, is an unusually fine number, and contains, among other excellent papers, a valuable "Memoir of Blennerhasset" by William Wallace. We have no space for farther particulars this week. The Review is eminently successful.

The Democratic Review is just issued in duplicate—the July and August numbers coming out together, with a host of excellent papers—among others an admirable one by Hudson—and "The Innocent Convict" a very clever tale by Mr. Briggs (Harry Franco). "The Democratic" is now under the sole charge of Mr. O'Sullivan as editor and publisher—and we may add (although this is somewhat supererogatory) that it could not be in better hands. The price is reduced to three dollars.

The London Foreign Quarterly, for July, reprinted by

Leonard Scott & Co. has been out for some days. The most interesting paper is on "The Oregon Territory."

Wiley and Putnam's Library of Choice Reading. No. XVII. The Characters of Shakspeare. By William Hazlitt. This is one of the most interesting numbers of "The Library" yet issued. If anything *could* induce us to read anything more in the way of commentary on Shakspeare, it would be the name of Hazlitt prefixed. With his hackneyed theme he has done wonders, and those wonders well. He is emphatically a critic a brilliant, epigrammatic, startling, paradoxical, and suggestive, rather than accurate, luminous, or profound. For purposes of mere amusement, he is the best commentator who ever wrote in English. At all points, except perhaps in fancy, he is superior to Leigh Hunt, whom nevertheless he remarkably resembles. It is folly to compare him with Macaulay, for there is scarcely a single point of approximation, and Macaulay is by much the greater man. The author of "The Lays of Ancient Rome" has an intellect so well balanced and so thoroughly proportioned, as to appear, in the eyes of the multitude, much smaller than it really is. He needs a few foibles to purchase him *éclat.* Now, take away the innumerable foibles of Hunt and Hazlitt, and we should have the anomaly of finding them more diminutive than we fancy them while the foibles remain. Nevertheless, they are men of genius still.

In all commentating upon Shakspeare, there has been a radical error, never yet mentioned. It is the error of attempting to expound his characters—to account for their actions—to reconcile his inconsistencies—not as if they were the coinage of a human brain, but as if they had been actual existences upon earth. We talk of Hamlet the man, instead of Hamlet the *dramatis persona*—of Hamlet that God, in place of Hamlet that Shakspeare created. If Hamlet had really lived, and if the tragedy were an accurate record of his deeds, from this record (with some trouble) we might, it is true, reconcile his inconsistences and settle to our satisfaction his true character. But the task becomes the purest absurdity when we deal only with a phantom. It is not (then) the inconsistencies of the acting man which we have as a subject of discussion—(although we proceed as if it were, and thus *inevitably* err,) but the whims and vacillations—the conflicting energies and indolences of the poet. It seems to us little less than a miracle, that this obvious point should have been overlooked.

While on this topic, we may as well offer an ill-considered opinion of our own as to the *intention of the poet* in the delineation of the Dane. It must have been well known to Shakspeare, that a leading feature in certain more intense classes of intoxication, (from whatever cause,) is an almost irresistible impulse to counterfeit a farther degree of excitement than actually exists. Analogy would lead any thoughtful person to suspect the same impulse in madness—where beyond doubt, it is manifest. This, Shakspeare *felt*—not thought. He felt it through his marvellous power of *identification* with humanity at large—the ultimate source of his magical influence upon mankind. He wrote of Hamlet as if Hamlet he were; and having, in the first instance, imagined his hero excited to partial insanity by the disclosures of the ghost—he (the poet) *felt* that it was natural he should be impelled to exaggerate the insanity.

The Southern Literary Messenger, for August, is chiefly noticeable for a long attack on the "Massachusetts Proposition for abolishing the Slave Representation as guarantied by the Constitution." We have not yet read this article so thoroughly as we intend. Among the other contributions we observe one from Mrs. *Jane Taylor Worthington*—a lady of high accomplishments and fine genius.

We find the following *queer* inquiry on the cover:

Will our Correspondents and the Editors with whom we exchange inform us how they would like to see the form of the Messenger changed the next year—to the size and style of the English Blackwood?

The Farmer's Library and Monthly Journal of Agriculture. Edited by John S. Skinner. New York: Greely & Mc Elrath.

We have received the first and second numbers of this truly valuable Monthly—those for July and August. The success of the enterprise may well be phrophsesed. Mr. Skinner has failed in none of his undertakings, and perhaps there is no man in America, so well qualified as himself to conduct an agricultural journal. More than twenty six years ago he commenced in Baltimore "The American Farmer," the first paper in this country devoted to the interest of the husbandman.

The numbers before us abound in interesting matter. Among other papers we find a Biography of Stephen Van Rensselaer (with a superb portrait) and the commencement of a reprint of the famous Lectures of Petzholdt. No Magazine in America equals this in the manner of its getting up. The price is five dollars per annum,

The Lowell Offering. A Repository of Original Articles, written by the Factory Girls. Lowell: Messrs Curtis & Farley. Price One Dollar per annum.

The August number is received. We have been much interested in the "Editorial" signed "H. F."—but are unable altogether to appreciate it, as it is continued from numbers of the work which have never met our eye. The "Offering" has indisputable merit.

The Mysteries of Berlin. New York; Wm. H. Colyer.

Part VIII is issued.

Harpers' Illuminated and Pictorial Bible. No. 35.

This number brings the work as far as the Thirteenth Chapter of Zechariah. There are three large and thirty-seven small designs, independently of the Initial Letters. The small cuts are without exception excellent, and many of them are not only admirable as mere specimens of wood engraving, but, as designs, belong to the highest class of art. We would refer especially to those illustrating verse 3 of the 3d Chapter of Nahum—verse 10 of the 3d Chapter of Habbakuk—verse 4 of the 2d Chapter of Zephaniah—verse 1 of the 6th; verse 13 of the 7th; and verse 2d of the 10th Chapter of Zechariah. The heads of the Prophets are full of force and character.

There is evidently no falling off in any portion of this enterprise.

Lest there be any one of our readers unacquainted with its whole scope, we state that this Bible is printed from the Standard Copy of the American Bible Society, and contains (or will contain) Marginal References, the Apocrypha, a Concordance, Chronological Table, List of Proper Names, Index, Table of Weights, Measures, &c. The large Frontispieces, Titles to the Old and New Testaments, Family Record, Presentation Plate, Historical Illustrations, Initial Letters, Ornamental Borders, &c., are from original designs by Chapman; but, in addition, there will be numerous large engravings from designs by distinguished foreign artists—sixteen

hundred engravings in all—exclusive of initial letters. The engraver is Adams. As there are no notes or comments upon the text, (which is the authorised version) there can be no objection to the edition on the score of sectarian prejudice, or opinion. Upon the whole, it is the most magnificent Bible ever put to press.

The Duty of American Women to their Country. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This volume is put forth anonymously, and has no preface. We know not who is the author, nor any circumstance connected with its publication. It *may be*, however, the work of Mrs. Kirkland. At all events it is the work of some woman of very bold and vigorous intellect—possibly of Mrs. Child or Miss Fuller. Its propositions speak for themselves. The design is to arouse the country, and more especially its women, to the necessity of forwarding the cause of general education. Our deficiencies, in this respect, are vividly shown:—for example:

> Look, then, at the indications in our census. In a population of fourteen millions, we can find *one million* adults who cannot read and write, and two million of children without schools. In a few years, then, if these children come on the stage with their present neglect, we shall have *three millions* of adults managing our state and national affairs, who cannot even read the Constitution they swear to support, nor a word in the Bible, nor any newspaper or book. Look at the West, where our dangers from foreign immigration are the greatest, and which, by its unparalleled increase, is soon to hold the sceptre of power. In Indiana and Illinois scarcely one half of the children have any schools. Missouri and Iowa send a similar or worse report. In Virginia, one quarter of the white adults cannot even write their names to their applications for marriage license. In North Carolina, more than half the adults cannot read or write. The whole South, in addition to her ignorant slaves, returns more than *half* her white children as without schools.

This is, indeed, a lamentable picture, and not the least distressing feature of it is its absolute *truth*. The remedy proposed, is the establisment of *Seminaries* for the education of teachers, as well female as male:—the superior qualifications of woman for educational tasks in common schools, being very decidedly shown—if indeed there was ever any reasonable doubt on the subject.

The work is lucidly, earnestly, and vigorously written; and we recommend it to all readers sufficiently unprejudiced not to mistake ardor for folly—the enthusiastic for the visionary.

Essays. By John Abercrombie, M.D., F. R. S. E., Author of "Inquiries concerning the Intellectual Powers," "The Philosophy of the Moral Feelings," etc., etc. From the 19th Edinburgh Edition. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Of course we shall not say a word in commendation of the truly great author of "The Intellectual Powers." The present edition of his "Essays," is from the British copy revised by himself, and embracing, for the first time, some of the best of his writings. "The Intellectual Powers" and the "Moral Feelings," can be obtained of the Harpers, who issued these admirable disquisitions, some time since, as portions of "The Family Library."

Wiley & Putnam's Library of Choice Reading. No. XVIII. The Crock of Gold. By Martin Farquhar Tupper.

Mr. Willis, in one of his late Letters to the "Mirror," has said a good deal which may serve to excite interest in Martin Farquhar Tupper. The only point about which the author of "Melanie" is deceived, is the age of the author. Mr. Tupper, we believe, is a much older man than Mr. W. supposes him. His talents, however, are scarcely overrated. "The Crock of Gold" is a simple, picturesque story of common life, and turns upon the danger aristing to the contented poor from suddenly and, in especial, from easily acquired wealth. The style is terse, succinct, and often sketchy. The narrative is skilfully managed, and frequently rises into what the critics now and then call "power"—of which a specimen is to be found, commencing at page 108 of the volume before us—at a point where the hero robs and murders his aunt.

Travels in North America in the years 1841—2, with Geological Observations on the United States, Canada, and Nova Scotia. By Charles Lyell, Esq., F. R. S. New York: Wiley and Putnam.

A work full of the most authentic information, and acute remark. Mr. Lyell's literary acquirements are far superior to his elocution. We feel that we need say little about this volume—for it will be purchased and read by all who wish to keep up with the science of the day, or who have any claim, even, to be regarded as "general readers."

The Wandering Jew. By Eugène Sue. New York: Harper & Brothers.

No. XVI. is issued and ably sustains the interest of the story—which is beyond doubt a marvellous one.

The London Quarterly Review,

For June, has been republished by Messrs. Leonard Scott & Co. Among other papers, it has a discriminating notice of Mrs. Norton's "Child of the Islands."

A Chance Medley of Light Matter. By T. Colley Grattan, Author of "High-ways and By-ways," &c. New-York: Harper & Brothers.

This is No. 59 of the "Library of Select Novels." We need say nothing in praise of Mr. Grattan. His articles invariably possess interest.

Pictorial History of the World. By John Frost, LL. D.

No. VII is issued, and is superior even to the previous numbers.

The Fine Arts.

To those who take any interest in the welfare of the various professions, it cannot but be a source of deep regret, to observe how much ill-feeling, jealousy, hatred, and all uncharitableness, exist in every grade of every profession. If these feelings were only called into action by cases of eminent success, we should not be so Quixotic as to attempt to wage war against their power; for our nature is so frail, that the success of one offends thousands, who, consequently, seek to depreciate the genius which soars far above the highest flight of their imagination. But it is not only the successful who have to battle with these bitter enemies; the humble and lowly are alike oppressed. They who, steeped to the very lips in poverty, struggle in obscurity for a scanty subsistence—who rise with the early cock-crow, and labor with heavy hearts almost against hope—they too suffer with the rest—their daily bread is mixed with bitterness. The artists of established reputation oppose the rising young men, who in their turn give back the cold shoulder with hearty ill-will, conscious that, with youth on their side, their day must come. And when that day does come, what is the

consequence? Does the experience of the past teach them wisdom and moderation in their intercourse with others? No! the oppression which they suffered in their youth, they repay with interest to those who are struggling as they struggled; and thus the system of oppression descends from generation to generation, entailing misery upon thousands. We see them daily—hourly before our eyes, and we have traced their sad effect upon the advancement of Arts. What can be done to remedy this state of things? What can we do to make men human? How can we teach them to act towards their fellow men, as though the world were wide enough for all? We can hardly hope to throw down one stone from this structure of prejudice, which long years of brooding malice or open hostility, have tended only to increase or to strengthen. We will, however, endeavour to arrive at the cause of this sad misconception. We believe it to arise chiefly from that most wretched of all habits—the habit of *cliquing*! Two or three men are thrown often together; their feelings are congenial; their tone of thought the same; they view the Art and its necessities with the same eye; they are drawn together; they form a little banded circle, hedged in by prejudice, and guarded by a powerful sense of community of interest, into which none other dare enter. Their views become as contracted as their circle, and all who are not of them, they oppose. This opposition begets opposition: new cliques are formed in self-defence, and thus a large body of intelligence, whose one great aim should be the advancement of Art, is split into small coteries, whose insignificant aim is party purposes. The Art is forgotten in their own individuality; the cause is sacrificed at the altar of self aggrandizement.

The two great parties at present, are the old and the young artists. Each party is divided against itself, but each combines when the other is to be attacked. This feeling has been fostered by some writers for the press, who, to gain favor with one party, endeavor to set both by the ears. Such men should be noted and sent to Coventry by the whole—that is to say, if the whole body could act unanimously. We have no Utopian theory for human advancement to put forth; we leave that desired end to time, which worketh wonders. We endeavour to find a remedy in things as they at present exist. We do not believe that the evils of which we complain, have so deep a foundation but that SOCIAL INTERCOURSE would remove them. Our nature is frail, but there is a well of kindly feeling in the human heart, which cannot, however we may cast in the dirt of this world, be entirely dammed up. The oldest established prejudices yield to familiar intercourse; then surely prejudices that are really only of the surface, though they sink deeper by habit, may be vanquished by the same means. How many enemies at a distance become friends on meeting!

We therefore say—let the artists seek each other's society indiscriminately. They know not how much manly and noble feeling and generous sympathy exist, where they suppose jealousy and bigotry alone have sway. Let the old stretch forth the hand of friendship to the young! They would find the response cordial, and thus combined, the Art could no longer suffer—for, ill-feeling quelled, their energies could find a proper channel, and the glory of the Art would be the noble end, instead of the present ignoble struggle for party purposes.

HISTORICAL PAINTING.—We take great pleasure in giving all the publicity in our power to the following advertisement:

ONE THOUSAND POUNDS are hereby offered to the Artist who shall produce the best OIL PAINTING of the BAPTISM OF CHRIST by immersion in the River Jordan, to illustrate the accounts of the Evangelists:—Matthew 3rd chapter, 13th to 17th verses; Mark, 1st chapter, 9th to 11th verses; Luke, 3rd chapter, 21st to 23rd verses; and the following lines from the first book of Milton's "Paradise Regained."

> ———————————" I saw
> The prophet do him reverence, on him rising
> *Out of the water*, heaven above the clouds
> Unfold her crystal doors," &c.

Lines 79 to 85; again, line 288:—

> —" As I rose out of the laving stream."

It is required that the size of the work shall be not less than 12 feet by 10, nor greater than 15 feet by 12; that the two principal figures shall be at least as large as life; that the time shall be immediately before the immersion, while John is uttering the words of administration, or immediately after it, while John and Christ are standing in the water to the depth of about two-fifths of their height.

Two years, from this date, will be allowed for the completion and sending in of the pictures. They must be forwarded—in frames not exceeding two inches in width—to a place in London hereafter to be advertised. The whole of the works will be publicly exhibited in the Metropolis, for a period of time, not exceeding two months, during which the competing Artists (being so far their own judges) shall by successive eliminations reduce the number of the paintings to FIVE, out of which we will select the one to which the prize shall be awarded.

With the view of obtaining suitable accommodation for the exhibition, it is requested that the names and addresses of all Artists intending to compete, together, if possible, with the size of their pictures, may be sent to either of our addresses by the 1st of January, 1846, when the precise mode of elimination will be advertised and the MONEY FUNDED for this SPECIFIC OBJECT, in the names of three respectable individuals in London, whose names will be published; and, in the meantime, references will be given, if required, both in London and Edinburgh.

The competition is open to Artists of all Nations.

The £1000 will be paid to the successful competitor before the close of the exhibition; the picture and copyright to become our property.

The utmost care will be taken of the paintings; but we cannot hold ourselves responsible in any case of injury or accident; nor can we defray any of the expenses of their conveyance or removal.

THOMAS BELL,
DON ALKALI WORKS, SOUTH SHIELDS.
CHARLES HILL ROE,
HERMITAGE, ASHTON ROAD, BIRMINGHAM.

April 3, 1845.

WE FIND the following in "The Sun," but do not exactly comprehend it.

Mr. Sully, the well known and justly distinguished artist of Philadelphia, has just finished a truly admirable full length and life-size portrait of Gen. Jackson. It is from an original by Mr. S. and the dress is the United States' uniform, over which is thrown in easy and graceful style, a military cloak. The effort is of the highest order of art, and may well be regarded as one of Sully's best. The likeness, the coloring, the general effect, are all admirable.

Is the picture an original "from an original" by Mr. S? Or is the picture by the "justly distinguished Mr. Sully" at all? We had supposed it the work of the younger Sully —but do not pretend to know.

M. MARTINEZ, of Paris, claims to have discovered the means of Daguerréotyping an entire panorama, embracing 150 degrees—although we are at a loss to know how "an entire panorama" (tautological) can be said to embrace only 150 degrees. His process consists in curving the metallic plate, and causing the lens which reflects the landscape to turn by clockwork. The lens, in turning, passes over on one side the whole space to be Daguerréotyped, and on the other side moves the refracted luminous cone to the plate, to which the objects are successively conveyed.

WE SHALL endeavour to give, in our next, a full account of the paintings at the Rotunda. No tickets received.

Musical Department.

Park Theatre.—There has been a gloom thrown over this establishment for the past week, by the death of M. Cœuriot, who died suddenly, or at least unexpectedly, at his residence, on Wednesday morning, August the sixth. The public will have reason to regret his loss, for he was a man of fine talents—correct and tasteful as a singer—as an actor, admirable! His place will not easily be filled in the company of which he was a member. In private life he bore an estimable character, and was highly respected. Funeral honors were paid to him in the French Church, Canal street, and he was followed to the grave by a large body of the musical profession. Madame Cœuriot has not performed since the death of her husband.

Meyerbeer's grand Historical Opera, *Les Huguenots*, was produced by the French company on Monday last. The weather was very stormy, but despite its surly threatenings, a large and fashionable audience attended the first representation of this great work.

The following was the caste of the Opera:

Raoul	M. Arnaud
Marcel	Douvry
Le Compte de Nevers	Garry
Le Compte de St. Bris	Bernard
Bois Rosé	Dessonville
Maurevert	Montassier
Cosse	Bucher
Valentine	Mad'lle Calve
Marguerite de Valois	M'me Casini
Urbain, a Page	Mad'lle Rachel

The following is a short account of the plot. The first scene is a grand Banquet Hall in the mansion of the Comte de Nevers. All the gallants of the Court are present, and with them a young Protestant nobleman, Raoul. He tells them how he rescued from a band of libertines, a young, noble, and lovely lady, and how they became mutually and passionately attached. The merriment of the party is disturbed by Marcel, a stern old Huguenôt, who, seeing his young lord Raoul feasting with his enemies, or rather with the enemies of his religion, endeavors to make him cease; but failing in his endeavors, he determines to stem the tide of licentiousness, and chants forth, in a voice of thunder, a Huguenôt Chorale. The young lords, for the sake of Raoul, do not resent the insult. At this moment, the Comte de Nevers is called from the room, his presence being desired by a lady. The guests, being all pretty high from the effects of the revel, are full of curiosity to learn who the fair lady may be. They peep through the curtain which conceals the window, and are enchanted by her beauty. They persuade Raoul to do the same. He advances, but is horror-struck; for the first glance reveals to him the lady of his love, in earnest and familiar converse with his host. The lady retires past the banquet hall, and the Count enters. All but Raoul congratulate him upon his conquest. Before any explanation can take place, the Queen's Page enters, bearing a letter to Raoul. He opens it, and finds it an appointment, to which he is to be conducted blindfolded. He consents to go, and shows the letter to all assembled; the courtiers know the Queen's hand and seal, and congratulate Raoul upon his favor.

The second scene exhibits a view of the Queen's gardens. The Queen is surrounded by her maids of honor. Her favorite, Valentine, approaches; Marguerite comforts her with the assurance that she shall be the wife of Raoul, who shortly after is led in blindfolded. All the ladies retire, leaving the Queen alone with Raoul: he takes the bandage from his eyes, and is ravished at the fairy-like beauty of the scene, and the surpassing loveliness of the Queen, with whom he at once falls desperately in love. Fickle Raoul! where was thy love for Valentine? The Queen finds herself in a delicate situation, and observes that had she not promised to win him for another, it would be a rare opportunity to gain him for herself. She promises him, however, that he shall have the lady whom he loves; and at this juncture, the courtiers enter to pay their respects to the Queen. Raoul then learns to whom he has been making love, and is overwhelmed with astonishment. He is introduced to the Comte de St. Bris, and the Queen declares that it being the dearest wish of the King, her husband, to unite the two great factions, the Huguenôt and the Catholic, in enduring bonds of unity, she has decided, in order to accomplish this end, to bestow the hand of Valentine, daughter of the Comte de St. Bris, upon Raoul. The Queen then leads Valentine from the midst of the ladies, and presents her to Raoul, who starts back with horror, and indignantly rejects her. A scene of great confusion takes place, and high words pass between St. Bris and Raoul.

The third Act shows a chapel on the left, with a view of the distant country. Valentine enters the chapel to pass a few hours in prayer, previous to her marriage with Comte de Nevers, to whom she had been previously betrothed, although against her will. Marcel brings a letter from Raoul to St. Bris, which contains a challenge, though the bearer is ignorant of its contents. St. Bris and others conspire to surround and kill Raoul. This plot is overheard by Valentine, who informs Marcel of it. Raoul and St. Bris meet, but before the plot can be carried into effect, Marcel shouts out his Chorale, and a number of Huguenôt soldiers come to his aid. A scene of great confusion ensues, which is quelled by the appearance of the Queen. The Comte de Nevers then enters, and conveys the Queen and his affianced to celebrate the nuptials.

The fourth Act discovers Valentine alone in a chamber, she having escaped from the banquet. Raoul enters, having also stolen away, to speak one last word to one whom he so fondly loved, and by whom he was so basely deceived. A hurried explanation ensues — he finds that he has been the victim of suspicious circumstances; that Valentine only visited the Comte de Nevers to annul the contract of marriage existing between the Count and herself for years; she never having loved him, and being now under the influence of a first passion. In the midst of his regrets at his want of confidence, at his headlong jealousy, footsteps are heard, and he has scarcely time to conceal himself behind some drapery, when St. Bris, de Nevers, accompanied by others, enter the room. St. Bris requests his daughter to withdraw, as he has secrets of importance to impart; she is, however, permitted to remain at the desire of her husband. The dreadful secret of the Massacre is then disclosed. De Nevers indignantly refuses to join the conspiracy, declaring that he would rather die than tarnish the bright name of his family, or the sword which he has borne in honorable conflict. St. Bris causes him to be at once arrested; then, forgetful of the presence of Valentine, the signal for the commencement of the Massacre, and the mode of action, are arranged. Three priests then enter, who sanctify the daggers destined ere long to reek with Christian blood. They depart. Raoul, who has heard the whole of the dreadful design, almost stupified with horror, rushes from his concealment, and is on the point of leaving the palace, when he is stopped by Valentine, who urges him to remain where he is, secure from the daggers of the assassins. He pleads his honor, duty, and love to the friends about to be sacrificed. Valentine, in despair, confesses how deeply she loves him, and for her sake begs him

to remain; for a moment the delirium of passion triumphs, and he forgets all in the happiness of love returned. But the tolling of the Bell—the signal of the Massacre—arouses him from a dream of bliss; and, regardless of all entreaty, he leaps from the window, and Valentine falls as dead upon the ground. The fifth Act brings the terrible drama to an end. Raoul, after leaping from the window, encounters the faithful Marcel, who is wounded to death. They are joined by Valentine, who, regardless of all danger, follows to save her lover. Marcel relates how the noble de Nevers died in the endeavor to save him from the mob. Valentine, finding herself released from a tie she never sought, abjuring a religion which sanctified wholesale murder and indiscriminate massacre, consents to fly with Raoul. They are, however, intercepted, and die together.

Of the chief actors in this piece, we cannot speak too highly. On no occasion has M'lle Calvé exhibited so much excellence. In the fourth Act, her singing and her acting were beyond cavil. Her wild and passionate endeavors to restrain Raoul, and her overwhelming despair at his escape, reached, from the beginning to the end, the highest point of artistic excellence. So powerfully were the feelings of the audience excited, that the applause continued until it was thought advisable to raise the curtain, so that Calvé, and Arnaud, (who deserved the like compliment, might receive a token of the public admiration. We regret that we are unable, this week, to enlarge upon the great merits of these artists, for though it would be a labor of love, a want of space denies us this indulgence.

Messrs. Douvry, Garry, and Bernard, were excellent in their respective parts; and Madame Casini, though sadly deficient in power, and M'lle Richer, received, and deservedly, much applause.

Of the music we shall speak, in our next, in connection with *Robert le Diable* by the same author.

The Opera was got out in most magnificent style.

The Drama.

The most important theatrical event (in New York) since we spoke last of the drama, has been the opening of the New Bowery Theatre by Mr. A. W. Jackson, as Manager and Proprietor. The house is very large, and may even accommodate 4000 persons. Its general arrangements are excellent. The stage is capacious, and well appointed. Much of the scenery is well painted and effective—but the wild forest scenes are grossly exaggerated and unnatural, and the drop curtain is atrocious. These broad appeals to the patriotism of an audience, at the expense of their good taste and common sense, are out of date and should be abandoned. There is not a Pittite who would not look with greater relish at a glowing landscape than at a rigmarole burlesque upon Washington, even although perched upon a high pedestal and surrounded by Corinthian columns.

The boxes and gallery are what is called "elegant" rather than gaudy—but a little more of the gaudiness would be in better taste, and infinitely more to the purpose. The panneling lacks color—as it now stands it has rather a Quakerish air—and this evil is increased by the hue of the plaster on the walls. If these latter were showily papered, the increase of effect would surprise every one. We think, too, that, in so large a theatre, a little more light upon the audience would be desirable. Unquestionably there should be two additional rows of chandeliers—one on the lower boxes, and one on the gallery.

The theatre has been crowded every night since its opening. The performances have been "Money," "Nick of the Woods," "Richelieu," "Damon and Pythias" and "The Sleeping Beauty." The latter piece has been brought out very effectively, and elicited great applause. Among the company are J. R. Scott, Henkins, Hadaway, Davenport, Mrs. Philips, Mrs. Sergeant, Mrs. Isherwood, &c., &c.

The Park has been doing well with the French troupe, for a detailed account of "Les Huguenots" see another part of the paper.

At Niblo's, Burton, the Placides, Chippendale, John Sefton, Brougham, Miss Taylor and other celebrities have been "drawing crowded houses."

Castle Garden has been a little depressed, but is reviving.

At Palmo's a German company have made a successful commencement. On the 8th inst. the house was opened for the benefit of Mess. Stuyvesant and Harris, when Mr. and Mrs. Flynn, with Winans, appeared. Mrs. Flynn (who is a capital actress not sufficiently appreciated) evinced great talent and a very rare versatility in "Perfection," "The Four Sisters," and "The Loan of a Lover."

Mr. Flynn's theatre, we learn, is making rapid progress.

Mr. Champlin is erecting a House in the East Bowery.

In England—Charles Mathews and his wife have seceded from the Haymarket; Mr. Webster the manager, states in "direct violation of their engagement."

Editorial Miscellany.

Misrepresentation is not only one of the commonest but one of the most despicable *tricks* resorted to, for its own purposes, by the more depraved portion of the press. From this more depraved portion we look for it—all honest men look for it as a matter of course—and, when here observed, it is seldom by any one, and never by us, considered as meriting or requiring reply. "The Evening Gazette," then, will give us credit for very sincerely respecting it, (or at least the personal character of its editors) since we put ourselves to the trouble of taking it to task for some words of *sheer misrepresentation* which appeared in one of its late numbers, under the heading of "The Knickerbocker and The American Review." In alluding to an article, by ourselves, contained in the latter Magazine, the Gazette says, in substance: "Mr. Poe, however, is one of those who can never find anything to admire in anything written by Mr. Longfellow."

Now this is doing us the grossest injustice—and this no one better knows than the inditer of the accusation. For every *one* paragraph written by any one person in America, commending Mr. Longfellow, we can point to *ten* similar paragraphs of our own. From Mr. L.'s first appearance in the literary world until the present moment, we have been, if not his warmest admirer and most steadfast defender, at least *one* of his warmest and most steadfast. We even so far committed ourselves in a late public Lecture, as to place him (without sufficient consideration) at the very head of American poets. Yet, because we are not so childish as to suppose that every book is thoroughly good or thoroughly bad—because we are not so absurd as to adopt the common practice of wholesale and indiscriminate abuse or commendation—because upon several occasions we have thought proper to *demonstrate* the sins, while displaying the virtues of Professor Longfellow, is it just, or proper, or even courteous on the part of "The Gazette" to accuse us, in round terms, of uncompromising hostility to this poet?

We make use of the word "*demonstrate*"—for it has always been a point with us to sustain as far as possible, by evidence or argument, whatever propositions we put forth. But has "The Gazette," in the present instance, been equally careful? Do we understand it as inclined to dispute the accuracy of any statement, or the validity of any deduction, embodied in the *critique* to which it has referred? If so, we are prepared to try the case upon its merits. If, however, it is the simple *opinion* of "The Gazette" which is thus pitted against our own—we are by far too modest to say another word upon the subject—and must submit to the stern necessity of letting the whole matter remain precisely where it is.

For the frank admission that our criticism is "worth reading," we very cordially return thanks—but we have been considering whether any temptation (short of a copy of "Isabel") could induce us to make any similar acknowledgement in regard to any criticisms of "The Evening Gazette."

THE VERY just observations which follow are from the pen of one of the most distinguished of American novelists—*William Gilmore Simms.*

The original "Library" of Wiley and Putnam was meant to be composed of European writings chiefly. As an offset and parallel scheme to this, the same publishers have conceived the idea of an American collection on a similar plan. It is for the American public to determine, whether this latter, and highly patriotic purpose, shall receive their countenance. The American series necessarily labors under a disadvantage to which the English is not subject. The works constituting the latter collection, are, not only obtained by the publishers for nothing, but they are at liberty to choose the very best productions of the London market; and the quality and character of these works are indicated, to their hands, by the *imprimatur* of the foreign, and, if need be, the domestic critic. In procuring the works of the American series, the case is very different. In the first place, the native author requires pay for his writings.—As he has no English public among which to secure his copyright, the home market is required to do for him all that it can, by way of giving him compensation for his labor. This is a charge on the pocket and patriotism of the publisher; and, when it is remembered that he can procure from the British press, a hundred times as many books as he has capital to print, all saleable, and many good,—some credit is certainly due to him for this disinterested and generous proceeding in behalf of native literature; and we may reasonably hope that the public will not suffer its patriotism to be outdone by that of its publisher. He risks his thousands, where, if seconded by the public, each citizen will expend a trifle only. Nor is it in the cost of copyright merely, that the difference exists between the English and American copy. In the former, he prints from a clear type, in the latter from an imperfect manuscript;—in the former, he prints from a book that has already obtained the European verdict of English criticism; in the latter, he has this criticism to encounter, and may be purchasing and publishing an inferior production, when his earnest wish is for the very best. This statement briefly displays the several difficulties under which the business of the domestic publisher labors; and, in his case, as in that of the author, demands all the indulgence that the patriotism of the citizen, solicitous of the establishment of a native literature, should be ready to accord. Influenced necessarily by these considerations, and by reasonable apprehensions of loss, the publisher hesitates to pay largely for any native manuscript. Suppose a work offered him by an author, hitherto unknown, but one of the most unquestionable excellence and originality. He has been engaged upon this work, without intermission. He has elaborated it with care. The *labor limae* has not been withheld; and when he conceives it perfect he presents it to the publisher, from whom he demands one thousand dollars for the copyright. This sum, stated as the charge for one year of clerk hire, would not perhaps be considered extravagant in the instance of a clerk of first rate ability; yet such a charge for a book, the preparation of which consumed all that time, would stagger the liberality even of the most patriotic publisher, particularly in the case of an experiment, undertaken purely for love of country, and with funds that might otherwise be invested with equal safety and much greater profit in English publications. This is a simple statement of the case to which we solicit the attention of the citizen. We trust that there will be a class of the American people, sufficiently large, who will propose it to themselves, as a duty which they owe the country, to second the attempt of these publishers, in behalf of a native literature, by buying regularly the volumes of this series, as they severally make their appearance. They may sometimes buy an inferior book, but we guarantee that they will never get a bad one. The works generally may be of less value than the picked publications of the British series, but they will be native, they will possess a character of their own, and they may be at the foundation of future publications which shall vie with the best of foreign origin. Thus far the issue of the "Library of American Books," will scarcely shrink from comparison with the other. The letters of Headley from Italy, form a fresh and delightful volume, worthy of the same shelves with "Eothen" and "The Crescent and the Cross." The "Journal of an African Cruiser," and the Tales of Edgar A. Poe, forming the second and third works in this series, shall receive our notice hereafter. We rejoice to learn that these publications find a ready sale and circulation, and sincerely trust that the praiseworthy scheme of the publishers will be sustained by the people.

SAMUEL COLMAN, of Boston, has in preparation a Selection from the works of American Poets. The book, we believe, is to be somewhat on the plan of Kettel's "Specimens."

THE KING of Prussia has again tendered the well-known Lieber a desirable Professorship at Berlin.

IN OUR NOTICE, last week, of "*The Medici Series of Italian Prose*" we spoke, inadvertently, thus:—"The present enterprise extends, we believe, no farther than to the Italian *Romance*." Here we were mistaken. The design is far more comprehensive. It will include many historical and other works of value.

WE FIND it stated, that "The Southern Literary Messenger" published in Morgan county, Georgia, bears aloft the flag:

For President in 1848,
HENRY CLAY."

Is there such a paper as "The Southern Literary Messenger" published in Georgia? If so, is not the title a shameful spoliation?

THERE IS quite a revival in the American poetical world. Besides the collection of Specimens of which we have already spoken, we shall have in the fall, from Clark and Austen, a volume by Mrs. Osgood, one by Alfred B. Street, and one by H. T. Tuckerman—from J. S. Redfield a volume by Mrs. Seba Smith—and from some other publisher a volume by Emerson. One or two other collections are *in posse*—by poets whose names we have no authority to mention.

THE TRIBUNE says:

We learn from a private letter that Miss Martineau is building a cottage at Faxhow, a mile from Wordsworth's residence. Our Bryant was about visiting her. Wordsworth, hearing of Bryant's arrival, welcomed him to his home with great hospitality. Wordsworth, though 76 years old, is hale and vigorous. Miss Martineau continues perfectly well, and is extending the benefit of Magnetic treatment to other sufferers.

We refer our readers to the "London Lancet" (for June we believe) for a very interesting *exposé* of the circumstances attending Miss Martineau's Magnetics. We have firm faith in Mesmerism—but not in all that Miss Martineau dreams of it.

THE "ALBANY Evening Journal" states on the faith of a private letter from Dublin, that Henry Russell the vocalist, is there passing himself off as an American. Why not? The Americans should feel flattered—and no doubt they do.

"The Aristidean," suspended for a brief period for political reasons, will be immediately resumed—under the conduct, of course, of its spirited editor, *Thomas Dunn English.*

Mrs. Sigourney, we regret to learn, is still seriously ill at Hartford.

We announced in our last, that Mr. T. S. Arthur was preparing an Annual to be published by E. Ferret & Co.—but were not then informed of its title. It is to be called "*The Snow-Flake and Gift for Innocence and Beauty.*"

The proof-reader of the August number of Godey has made us say of Mr. Lowell's "Conversations" what indeed we should be very sorry to say, viz:

> The farce of this big book is equalled only by the farce of the rag-tag-and-bobtail embassy from the whole earth, introduced by the crazy Prussian into the Hall of the French National Assembly. The author is the Anacharsis Clootz of American Letters.

By the omission of a dash, this paragraph was made part and parcel of our commentary on Mr. Lowell—to whom it had no reference whatever.

To Correspondents.—*Mr. Thomas W. Field will find a letter for him at the office of the "Broadway Journal."*

*Many thanks to X or *. She shall speak in our next. "A New York Ghost" shall appear.*

We are forced to decline "Margarette"; "Cave Sirenis"; "Isabel, a Love-Lay"; and a "Song to Caroline."

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