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## Echo-Song.

I know a noble heart that beats  
For one it loves how "widdly well!"  
I only know for whom it beats;  
But I must never tell!

Never tell!

Hush! hark! how Echo soft repeats,—  
Ah! never tell!

I know a voice that falters low,  
Whene'er one little name 't would say;  
Full well that little name I know,  
But that I'll ne'er betray!

Ne'er betray!

Hush! hark! how Echo murmurs low,—  
Ah! ne'er betray!

I know a smile that beaming flies  
From soul to lip, with rapturous glow,  
And I can guess who bids it rise;  
But none—but none shall know!

None shall know!

Hush! hark! how Echo faintly sighs—  
But none shall know!

FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

## Why The Little Frenchman

WEARS HIS HAND IN A SLING.

It's on my wisting cards sure enough (and it's them that's all o' pink satin paper) that inny gentleman that plases may behold the intherishin words, "Sir Patrick O'Grandison, Barronitt, 39 Southampton Row, Russell Square, Parrish o' Bloomsbury." And shud ye be wantin to diskiver who is the pink of purliuteness quite, and the laider of the hot tun in the houl city o' Lonon—why it's jist mesilf. And fait that same is no wonder at all at all, (so be plased to stop curlin your nose,) for every inch o' the six wakes that I've been a gentleman, and left aff wid the bog-throthing to take up wid the Barronissy, it's Patrick that's been living like a bouly imperor, and gitting the iddication and the graces. Och! and would'at it be a blessed thing for your sperrits if ye cud lay your two peepers jist, upon Sir Patrick O'Grandison, Barronitt, when he is all riddy drissed for the hopperer, or slipping into the Brisky for the drive into the Hyde Park.— But it's the iligant big figgur that I ave, for the rason o' which all the ladies fall in love wid me. Isn't it my own swate silf now that'll measure the six fut, and the three inch-swate more nor that, in me stockings, and that am excedingly will proportioned all over to match? And is it ralelly more than the three fut and a bit that there is, inny how, of the little ould furrener Frinchman that lives jist over the way, and that's a oggling and a goggling the houl day, (and bad luck to him,) at the purty widdy Misthress Tracle that's my own nixt door neighbor, (God bliss her) and a most particular frind and acquaintance? You percave the little spal-

peen is summat down in the mouth, and wears his lift hand in a sling; and it's for that same thing, by yur lave, that I'm going to give you the good rason.

The truth of the houl matter is jist simple enough; for the very first day that I com'd from Connaught, and showed my swate little silf in the strait to the widdy, who was looking through the windy, it was a gone case althegither wid the heart o' the purty Misthress Tracle. I percaved it, ye see, all at once, and no mistake, and that's God's thruth. First of all it was up wid the windy in a jiffy, and thin she threw open her two peepers to the itmost, and thin it was a little gould spy-glass that she clapped tight to one o' them, and divil may burn me if it did'nt spake to me as plain as a peeper cud spake, and says it, through the spy-glass, "Och! the tip o' the mornin to ye, Sir Patrick O'Grandison, Barronitt, mavourseen; and it's a nate gentleman that ye are, sure enough, and it's mesilf and me forin jist that'll be at yur sarvice, dear, inny time o' day at all at all for the asking." And it's not mesilf ye wud have to be bate in the purliuteness; so I made her a bow that wud ha broken yur heart althegither to behold, and thin I pulled aff me hat with a flourish, and thin I winked at her hard wid both eyes, as much as to say, "Thruve for you, yer a swate little crature, Mrs. Tracle, me darlint, and I wish I may be drownthed dead in a bog, if its not mesilf, Sir Patrick O'Grandison, Barronitt, that'll make a houl bushel o' love to yur leddy-ship, in the twinkling o' the eye of a Londonderry purray."

And it was the nixt mornin, sure, jist as I was making up me mind whither it wouldn't be the purlite thing to send a bit o' writin to the widdy by way of a lore-litter, when up cum'd the delivery sarvant wid an iligant card, and he tould me that the name on it (for I niver cud rade the copper-plate printin on account of being lift handed) was all about Mounseer, the Count, A Goose, Look-aisy, Maiter-di-dauns, and that the houl of the divilish lingo was the spalpeen long name of the little ould furrener Frinchman as lived over the way.

And jist wid that in cum'd the little willian himsilf, and thin he made me a broth of a bow, and thin he said he had counly taken the liberty of doing me the honor of the giving me a call, and thin he went on to palaver at a great rate, and divil the bit did I comprehend what he wud be ather the tilling me at all at all, excipting and saving that he said "pully wou, woolly wou," and tould me, among a bushel o' lies, bad luck to him, that he was mad for the love o' my widdy Misthress Tracle, and that my widdy Mrs. Tracle had a puncheon for him.

At the hearin of this, ye may swear, though, I was as mad as a grasshopper, but I remembered that I was Sir Patrick O'Grandison, Barronitt, and that it wasn't althegither genseal to lit the anger git the upper hand o' the purliuteness, so I made light o' the matter and kipt dark, and got quite socia-ble wid the little chap, and afther a while what did he do

but ask me to go wid him to the widdy's, saying he wud give me the fashionable introduction to her leddyship.

"Is it there ye are?" said I thin to meself, "and its thrue for you, Pathrick, that ye're the fortunittest mortal in life. We'll soon see now whither its your swate sif, or whither its little Mounseer Maiter-di-dauns, that Misthress Tracle is head and ears in the love wid."

Wid that we wint aff to the widdy's, next door, and ye may well say it was an illigant place; so it was. There was a carpet all over the floor, and in one corner there was a forty-penny and a jews-harp and the devil knows what else, and in another corner was a sofy, the beautifulest thing in all natur, and sitting on the sofy, sure enough, there was the swate little angel, Misthress Tracle.

"The tip o' the morning to ye," says I, "Mrs. Tracle," and thin I made sich an illigant obaysance that it wud ha quite althegither bewildered the brain o' ye.

"Wully woo, pully woo, plump in the mud," says the little furrenner Frinchman, "and sure Mrs. Tracle," says he, that he did, "isn't this giatleman here jist his riverence Sir Pathrick O'Grandison, Barronitt, and isn't he althegither and entirely the most puticular friend and acquaintance that I have in the houl world?"

And wid that the widdy, she gits up from the sofy, and makes the swatest curteby nor iver was seen; and thin down she sits like an angel; and thin, by the powers, it was that little spalpeen Mounseer Maiter-di-dauns that plumped his sif right down by the right side of her. Och hon! I ixpected the two eyes o' me wud ha cum'd out of my head on the spot, I was so disperate mad! However, "Bait who!" says I, after a while. "Is it there ye are, Mounseer Maiter-di-dauns?" and so down I plumped on the left side of her leddyship, to be aven wid the willain. Botheration! it wud ha done your heart good to percave the illigant double wink that I gived her jist thin right in the face wid both eyes.

But the little ould Frinchman he niver began to suspect me at all at all, and disperate hard it was he made the love to her leddyship. "Wully woo" says he, "Pully woo" says he, "Plump in the mud" says he.

"That's all to no use, Mounseer Frog, mavourneen," thinks I; and I talked as hard and as fast as I could all the while, and throth it was meself jist that divaried her leddyship completely and intirely, by rason of the illigant conversation that I kipt up wid her all about the dear bogs of Connaught. And by and by she gived me such a swate smile, from one ind of her mouth to the ither, that it made me as hould as a pig, and I jist took hould of the ind of her little finger in the most dilikittest manner in natur, looking at her all the while out o' the whites of my eyes.

And then ounly to percave the cuteness of the swate angel, for no sooner did she observe that I was afther the squazing of her flipper, than she up wid it in a jify, and put it away behind her back, jist as much as to say, "Now thin, Sir Pathrick O'Grandison, there's a bitther chance for ye, mavourneen, for its not altogether the gentaal thing to be afther the squazing of my flipper right full in the sight of that little furrenner Frinchman, Mounseer Maiter-di-dauns."

Wid that I giv'd her a big wink jist to say, "lit Sir Pathrick alone for the likes o' them thricks," and thin I wint aisy to work, and you'd have died wid the divarsion to behould how eliverly I slipped my right arm betwane the back o' the sofy, and the back of her leddyship, and there, sure enough, I found a swate little flipper all a waiting to say, "the tip o' the mornin to ye, Sir Pathrick O'Grandison, Bar-

ronitt." And wasn't it meself, sure, that jist giv'd it the laste little bit of a squaze in the world, all in the way of a commincement, and not to be too rough wid her leddyship? and och, botheration, wasn't it the gentaalst and dilikittest of all the little squazes that I got in return? "Blood and thunder, Sir Pathrick, mavourneen" thinks I to meself, "fait it's jist the mother's son of you, and nobody else at all at all, that's the handsomest and the fortunittest young bogthrotter that ever cum'd out of Connaught!" And wid that I giv'd the flipper a big squaze, and a big squaze it was, by the powers, that her leddyship giv'd to me back. But it would ha split the seven sides of you wid the laffin to behould, jist thin all at once, the conected behaviour of Mounseer Maiter-di-dauns. The likes o' sich a jabbering, and a smirking, and a parly-wouing as he begin'd wid her leddyship, niver was known before upon arth; and devil may burn me if it wasn't me own very two peepers that cotch'd him tipping her the wink out of one eye. Och hon! if it wasn't meself thin that was mad as a Kilkenny cat I shud like to be tould who it was!

"Let me infarm you, Mounseer Maiter-di-dauns," said I, as purlike as iver ye seed, "that it's not the gintaal thing at all at all, and not for the likes o' you inny how, to be afther the ogging and a goggling at her leddyship in that fashion," and jist wid that such another squaze as it was I giv'd her flipper, all as much as to say, "isn't it Sir Pathrick now, my jewel, that'll be able to the proticting o' you, my darlint!" and then there cum'd another squaze back, all by way of the answer. "Thrus for you, Sir Pathrick," it said as plain as iver a squaze said in the world, "Thrus for you, Sir Pathrick, mavourneen, and it's a proper nate giatleman ye are—that God's truth," and wid that she opened her two beautiful peepers till I belaved they wud ha com'd out of her hid althegither and intirely, and she looked first as mad as a cat at Mounseer Frog, and thin as smiling as all out o' doors at meself.

"Thin," says he, the willian, "Och hon! and a woolly-woo, pully-woo," and thin wid that he shoved up his two shoulders till the devil the bit of his hid was to be diskivered, and thin he let down the two corners of his purraty-trap, and thin not a haporth more of the satisfaction could I git out o' the spalpeen.

Belave me, my jewel, it was Sir Pathrick that was unreasonnable mad thin, and the more by token that the Frinchman kipt an wid his winking at the widdy; and the widdy she kipt an wid the squazing of my flipper, as much as to say, "At hum again Sir Pathrick O'Grandison, mavourneen;" so I jist ripped out wid a big oath, and says I,

"Ye little spalpeeny frog of a bog-throtting son of a bloody-noun!"—and jist thin what d'ye think it was that her leddyship did? Troth she jumped up from the sofy as if she was bit, and made aff through the door, while I turned my head round afther her, in a compleat bewilderment and botheration, and followed her wid me two peepers. You percave I had a rason of my own for the knowing that she could'nt git down the stairs althegither and entirely; for I knew very well that I had hould of her hand, for devil the bit had I iver lit it go. And says I,

"Isn't it the laste little bit of a mistake in the world that ye've been afther the making, yer leddyship? Come back now, that's a darlint, and I'll give ye yer flipper." But aff she wint down the stairs like a shot, and then I turned round to the little Frinch furrenner. Och hon! if it wasn't his spalpeeny little paw that I had hould of in my own—why thin—thin it wasn't—that's all.

And maybe it wasn't meself that jist died then outright wid the laffin, to behold the little chap when he found out that it wasn't the widdy at all at all that he had had hould of all the time, but only Sir Pathrick O'Grandison. The ould divil himsilf niver behild sich a long face as he pet an! As for Sir Pathrick O'Grandison, Barronitt, it wasn't for the likes of his riverence to be afther the minding a thrife of a mistake. Ye may jist say, though (for it's God's thruth) that afore I lift hould of the flipper of the spalpeen, (which was not till afther her leddyship's fatmen had kicked us both down the stairs,) I gived it such a nate little broth of a squeeze, as made it all up into raspberry jam.

"Wouly-wou," says he, "pully-wou," says he—"Cot tam!"

And that's jist the thruth of the rason why he wears his lift hand in a sling.

LITTLETON BARRY.

### To the River

Fair river! in thy bright, clear flow  
Of chrystal, wandering water,  
Thou art an emblem of the glow  
Of beauty—the unhidden heart—  
The playful madness of art,  
In old Alberto's daughter;

But when within thy wave she looks—  
Which glistens then, and trembles—  
Why, then, the prettiest of brooks  
Her worshipper resembles;  
For in my heart, as in thy stream,  
Her image deeply lies—  
The heart which trembles at the beam  
Of her soul-scarching eyes.

### The Magnetizer; or, Ready for Any Body.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE VISION OF RURETA."

#### CHARACTERS OF THE DRAMA.

CLAIRVOIR; a wealthy widower.  
RACY; his half brother.  
SCHUYLER WALTON; engaged to CLAIRVOIR'S daughter.  
FRANK RANDOLPH; a young Virginian, nephew to RACY, through his wife, and his son and heir by adoption.  
ARNOLD DULRUZE; engaged to CLAIRVOIR'S niece.  
SANGACARINI; a needy Neapolitan.  
GANTELET; French servant to RANDOLPH.  
CATHARINE; CLAIRVOIR'S daughter.  
MARY MELDWAY; his niece.  
MRS. DULRUZE; ARNOLD'S mother; housekeeper to CLAIRVOIR.  
LETTY; CATHARINE'S maid.

Scene: New York.

Time: that of the action.

Costume: the fashions of the summer of 1841.

#### ACT I.

SCENE I.—In Clairvoir's house.—A drawingroom, with three windows, having Venetian blinds on the outside. The sashes of the windows are raised, and the blinds of one of them bowed, with the slats inclining downwards. At this latter window, MARY MELDWAY is seen sitting, in a listless attitude, as though she were looking idly into the street; her cheek rests upon one hand, while the other holds some needlework negligently upon her lap.

Enter CATHARINE, gaily. She runs up to Mary, clapping her hands together.

Cat. They're at it! they're at it! Coz! coz! Mary! Why, what the deuce is in the girl! [Shaking her.] Here is the greatest

sport in the world going on, and all within doors; yet you sit there moping, gazing through the blinds at dirt-carts and omnibuses, as if there were poetry in dust and music in wagon wheels! Have you no respect for science! no regard for the exaltation of human nature! Ha, ha, ha!

Mary. I am not in spirits, Kate.

Cat. [Mimicking.] Not in spirits, Kate! Not in liquor, I suppose. Now, if you were a man, I should verily believe you were. But I'll tell you what you are in, Mary: you are in love; and that's the most spiritless thing in the world, I'm sure.

Mary. [Rising.] I should hope not, cousin; for then, poor Mr. Walton!

Cat. Well, that sounds somewhat like life. And now, since you are fairly roused, let us off to the library. [Brings her forward.] Come, instead of watching for Mr. Arnold Dulruze, let us see what Mr. Arnold's mother is doing to my papa and your uncle.

Mary. But, Kate dear, how can you tease me so! You know I never—that is—I mean—I never now like to talk of Arnold.

Cat. No, but—that is—I mean—you love to think on him. Ha, ha! my gentle, and most constant, and grave, and pensive Mary, how you blush!

Mary. You have bad eyes, cousin.

Cat. Then Schuyler tells me very great fibs. The dear, good-for-nothing, rhyming!—Did'nt he say that—let me see, what was it? O! [Declaring.] "Oh, by those eyes, whose rays are like—are like—O! are like the stars, that through the blue of heaven their"—and so on. There, you malicious little devil, you see that I am greater than Atlas. I bear a firmament between my eyelids, and am a sort of peripatetic animated universe, or at least, a circumambulatory supercelestial! Bad eyes, you envious creature! Stars! stars! and of the first magnitude. When did your dull, prosical lover, ever say anything half so fine to you?

Mary. Why, in truth, never. And I am much obliged to him; for, had he likened my eyes to stars, I should have thought that he felt himself in the dark when under their beams, and that a release to the streets was a welcome escape into daylight, or a waking from the night into morning. Of trite similes, the sun is rather more cheerful and vivifying, if one must have such celestial nonsense.

Cat. I vow, I'll pinch you to death. But come, coz.

Mary. Where?

Cat. To see Papa play *Mr. Peale* to Mrs. Dulruze's *Blind Lady*: the museum, our little library. Letty saw them go there a minute ago. By this time, the curtain must be up, and the farce will want spectators. Come, Mary darling, I would'nt miss the scene for worlds.

Mary. But cannot you go alone, Kate? I—I would rather—I would rather not go, cousin; because—because—

Cat. Because you had rather stay here, to look from the window, and fancy every orangeman you see is about to be metamorphosed into sober Mr. Dulruze, with his arm full of golden compliments and fragrant suavities, just imported from Cyprus, and to wish that the next image-render were your solemn bean, with all his little plaster Cupids turned into spiritual, ardent, real Loves, and nestling in his head, instead of spreading their squab wings on the boarded top of it.

Mary. Indeed, indeed, Catharine, you mistake me: I was not—not looking for Arnold. [Bursts into tears.]

Cat. [Rising and embracing her affectionately.] And suppose that you were, dear, good Mary! Now, do forgive me: indeed I did not mean to vex you; and I cannot see any harm in one's wishing for one's sweetheart.

Mary. But I assure you, Catharine, I had no such idea. I should—I confess—be glad to see Arnold—though, perhaps, after his—his late—neglect, I ought not; but that, really, was not my motive.

Cat. Well, I wont ask you. We will let Papa amuse himself without us. There! kiss me once more, to show that you forgive me: you know I am such a rattle; I am always saying things I ought not.

Mary. But there is no harm done, Kate; and I am not angry.

Cat. No, you dear soul, you are too sweet-tempered ever to be angry. [*Kissing her again and embracing.*]

Mary. Come, cousin; don't mistake me for yourself, and yourself for Mr. Walton.

Cat. Not quite, or you would not have had that kiss.

Mary. Hum!

Cat. Now, I will pinch you. You're a naughty, malicious—

Mary. Oh yes! an old receipt to hide confusion. Whose turn is it now, Kate? [*A loud ringing heard, as of a door-bell.*]

Cat. Why, yours again; and to lose color, too. I told you, you expected—

Mary. No, Kate, upon my word! Indeed! I am sure it is not he. [*Sighing.*] That is Mr. Walton.

Cat. A dozen pair of gloves, it is not! Run to the window; you can't be seen. Pahaw! you're a snail! Let me. [*Looks through the blinds for a second, and comes back blushing and confused.*]

Mary. You've lost. I knew it—[*Sighing*—and you never lost a wager more willingly.

Cat. Not since it gives you pain, believe me, dear Mary. But where is the girl going? Mr. Walton won't eat you up.

Mary. No, but he would be cross enough to snap at me, if I staid. There's the door shut. Three spoils company. [*Going.*]

Cat. And one should do as one should be done by, ah, coz! [*Rushing after and hugging her. Exit MARY.*] The dear, sweet girl! What a pity she should have such a lover!

Enter WALTON.

Walt. What lover is that, Catharine, that is so happy as to be the object of your pity?

Cat. Not you, Schuyler; or I should wish you far enough.

Walt. Why, yes; for pity, if akin to Love, is one of that sort of poor relations we are seldom proud to acknowledge.

Cat. True; for nine times out of ten, Contempt is in the family.

Walt. And, the tenth time, she may be found to be a twin-sister. Happy fellow, if such be the lineage of the gentleman now in question.

Cat. Why, whom are you talking of now?

Walt. The lover, surely, whom you named as I entered.

Cat. It would fit him well, in the case. But my pity was not bestowed upon the lover, but the lady. Poor Mary!

Walt. Your cousin, Miss Milmay?

Cat. Yes; and I wonder more and more, every day, what a girl of her good taste could have seen in that sour Mr. Dulrose to bewitch her; and, were it not for her evident unconsistency, I should really rejoice at his present indifference: he is quite unworthy of so good a girl, I am sure, and some other man might one day make her far happier than her tender nature could ever hope to be with a person of his character.

Walt. Generous creature! I do love you so, for that very love you bear your orphan cousin.

Cat. What! more than for my eyes! the stars, you know. Take care, Mr. Post; I shall be jealous.

Walt. And you will have cause, Catharine, whenever your virtues seem inferior to Miss Milmay's.

Cat. And are my eyes then to count for nothing? O sacrilegious and rebellious wretch! I must have you to your rhymes again. When did I give you leave to forget my beauty in the catalogue of my numerous qualifications?

Walt. When you taught me that your heart outshone it, and that your mind was its divinest essence. [*Kissing her hand.*]

Cat. Well; pretty well, that; your dialoalty is atoned for. And now, let go my fingers, and I will tell you a secret. First, what do you think of Mrs. Dulrose? Come, don't hesitate.

Walt. If my position will excuse my speaking so plainly. Yet, I would rather not.

Cat. Fit, Schuyler! what scrupulosity! Why, she is only our housekeeper—as yet, thank Heaven! and you know I do not like her.

Walt. Yet, she is a lady; at least she has been so accounted; and, at all events, she is a woman.

Cat. Well then, since you are so delicate, I will be your mouthpiece. I will speak for you; and you shall see how well I can read your thoughts.

Walt. Take care you don't misspell.

Cat. You shall ferule my hand, if I do. Nay, don't take hold of it already; I have not yet missed. You think her, Schuyler, an artful, heartless, and mercenary woman, whose will, were it but assisted by her intellect, would render her dangerous; but her ignorance makes her blunder, and her scheming degenerates, through her fatuity, into mere cunning.

Walt. Which is the intelligence of vulgar minds. You have read me well. Now, what follows?

Cat. How would you like her for a mother-in-law?

Walt. Like her? But that is impossible!

Cat. What then if she become my mother?

Walt. Good God! your father—Mr. Clairvoir cannot be so blind!

Cat. Indeed, but he is: the deluded are always so. And they are at this very moment about it.

Walt. Surely, it cannot be; there is some mistake; you are not so unhappy. Gone to be married!

Cat. I did not say so. But they are going through with the preliminaries; courtship and infatuation.

Walt. I do not understand you. You talk, Catharine, of what should be a misery to you, and would be, did not our own marriage promise you a speedy release from it; yet there is a laughing humor in those darling eyes, and a smile about those beautiful lips, that—

Cat. I had better tell you at once, I see; for you are lapsing into poetry and flattery. Did you ever hear of Animal Magnetism, or Mesmerism, or whatever other *ism*, except skepticism, you may choose to name it?

Walt. Surely; who has not?

Cat. And do you believe in it?

Walt. Do I believe that I can see without eyes, hear without ears, smell without a nose, taste without a tongue, and feel without either feet or hands?

Cat. Well, my father does; and some book that he has lately been reading, has carried his credulity to a pitch that is absolute fanaticism. Now, Mrs. Dulrose has for a long time been making love to him.

Walt. Nothing uncommon in the house-keeper of a wealthy widower.

Cat. So I suppose; but it is not the more agreeable for all that. Well, what does the cunning creature do, but gradually, after a little well-managed resistance, become a convert to these fantastical doctrines. My father, of course, was vastly delighted, the more so that I had made free to ridicule their nonsense, and conceiving that there might be some undiscovered magnetic affinities between himself and the amiable Dulrose, he yesterday set himself to explore the localities, doubtless with the full consent of the proprietress. My Letty, who is about the cleverest maid that ever lady was blest with, has, I have lately seen, much to my vexation, been slyly amusing herself with the growing cordiality of my father and his housekeeper, and, shrewdly suspecting that the latter, (whom she hates as cordially as her good nature will let her hate anything,) would make some rare use of the new experiments, she took the liberty of listening and peeping in the keyhole of the library, where they were performed. I have reprimanded her for this impropriety, and forbid her repeating it; but I could not prevent myself from hearing what she came in haste to tell me. You look grave, Schuyler: was I wrong?

Walt. I think you were; you should have stopped her at once, my dear girl.

Cat. And I believe I should, had I had time to make the resolution; but Letty took me quite by surprise, and, before I knew what I was about she had emptied her entire budget for my benefit. And what do you think it amounted to?

Walt. I do not like to guess.

*Cat.* Why, that Mrs. Dulrose has an actual design to entrap my father into a speedy, if not an immediate marriage.

*Walt.* But the girl may have deceived herself.

*Cat.* No, no; she is the shrewdest of the shrewd. Besides, my dear Schuyler, I drew precisely the same conclusion from what she told me, as she herself had done. Now, have you a desire to observe this folly?

*Walt.* How?

*Cat.* Simply, by being a spectator of it. Just before you came in Papa led his inamorata to the library, Letty tells me; and there is no doubt he is now manipulating on her wrinkled sinciput, and making, as he supposes (I should blush to say it of my father, to any body but you,) his spirit pass into hers over the very ethereal bridge of his thumbs. I wanted Mary to go in with me to see this demonstration of the separability of the soul; but she refused, poor thing, I suspect, because of late—from—from—for a certain reason which I cannot name to you now, Mrs. Dulrose has treated her with no little insolence, and she believes her (very rightly, if she knew all) to be the chief cause of her son's estrangement.

*Walt.* But how will your father relish our intrusion?

*Cat.* Be delighted with it. He will glory in the demonstration of his fancied science. Come. But first, we'll endeavor to persuade Mary to join us; I long to open the eyes of that innocent creature to the character of the Dulroses, mother and son; she should not marry that man.

*Walt.* You are very right; she were better dead. I will go with you.

*Cat.* Mary is in the next room. Before we go to the library, I will ring for Letty, that she may repeat before you what she knows of this intrigue, as I fear it to be on one side; and you shall draw your own conclusions. Do not fear; the girl is not an ordinary servant; she may safely be made a confidant. And besides, Schuyler, nothing, that is not dishonourable, should stand in our way, to prevent a consummation as melancholy almost for you as it would be for me.

*Walt.* Sensible girl. [*Kissing her hand.*]

*Cat.* Fie! you are as bad as my father. Does good sense lie in the fingers?

*Walt.* No, Kate, but a most delicate sensation does. [*Exit, at the side.*]

SCENE II.—A room of smaller dimensions, surrounded with shelves of books, Globes, maps, and the various other articles usual in a private library. Mrs. DULROSE is discovered seated in a Voltaire-chair, in the position and with the appearance proper to the magnetic slumber. CLAIRVOIS, seated before her in another chair. Just as the scene opens, he throws himself back in his seat, and gazes with a show of admiration on his patient.

*Clair.* Wonderful, celestial science! Where now are the primordial bounds which would-be philosophers have pretended were set by Nature to human action and to human thought? Man, no longer a creature of the elements, no more a slave to the narrow powers excited by mere blood, and bones, and muscle.—man, the spirit, not the carcass, shall not now say unto the worm, "Thou art my mother and my sister," but unto the angels, "Ye are my brethren": for he is now, omnipotent, ubiquitous,—ah! he may be omniscient. Then, seeing all, knowing all, penetrating into all space and at one time, he shall be greater than the angels. Glorious aspirations! Nor let it be deemed profane; have not pious men proclaimed it lawful? Has not Heaven given us these powers to be used? Heaven laid the magnet where, in process of time, it was discovered; and, in a still longer process, man applied it to its destined purpose; and Heaven gave us these magnetic affinities, which, suspected long ago, but only discovered in their full extent within a brief period, set man at once above all former subsidiary considerations. What now need he travel far, at the risk of life, to foreign countries? Seated in his chair, he wills himself into the mind of another and congenial spirit, who, at his direction, travels in thought to all quarters of the world, without moving an inch—sees now the British massacre in China,—now counts the Arabs slaughtered in Algiers, and now prognosticates the sex of the forthcoming issue of Victoria; and the tardy conveyance, and uncertain

news, of mails and steam-packets, are entirely superseded. Disease itself has henceforth no secret. I will my amiable Dorothy to look into my bowels; she does so; she sees at a glance what is there disturbed, what needs repairing; and the doctor, no more working in the dark, prescribes with safety, and Death is bid defiance. Hail, mysterious source of— What am I doing! I, who till now have ridiculed soliloquies upon the stage, in my rapture guilty of as great a folly! Yet no; I do not speak alone and to myself; there sits my coadjutor, my sympathetic Dolly; and doubtless, at this moment, though locked, by the semi-gyration of my thumbs, in a slumber which, as has been properly said, "a park of artillery would not disturb," she hears all, and sees all, as though she were awake. Do you not, madam?

*Mrs. D.* As clear as starch.

*Clair.* I thought so! I thought so! Wonderful!—a few more experiments, and I will release you from this fatiguing, though ecstatic trance. Let us mount into the moon: I want to know what the people there are doing. Here, give me your hands.

*Mrs. D.* But you must n't let me fall.

*Clair.* Never fear, madam. Are you ready? Let us fly then! [*He lifts her hands up and down, to imitate the motion of wings.*]

*Mrs. D.* O, what a wondrous height. But I shall fall Mercy on me! my head goes round like a top.

*Clair.* Hold fast, then. And, faith, you do! You squeeze like the devil. Not quite so hard. There; are you there?

*Mrs. D.* Yes, I am in a wonderful place. It does n't look like green cheese; that must be a lie.

*Clair.* No doubt; no doubt. Do you see any mountains, madam, and valleys?

*Mrs. D.* Yes, a great many of 'em; one ever so big; six times as high as the Catskills, and with trees growing on the top of it. Lor! it's shaped like a man's nose: it must be a part of the face we see in the full moon.

*Clair.* Very likely. But they must have a wonderful climate there, for trees to grow at such a height.

*Mrs. D.* Yes; but then, there are none in the valleys.

*Clair.* Ah! I see! I see! That explains it. Everything is just the reverse of what it is here on earth. Wonderful!

*Mrs. D.* Oh yes; there goes a man, walking as fast as ever he can, on his head. Good gracious!

*Clair.* Are you sure?

*Mrs. D.* Yes; for he meets a lady, and they touch heels together.

*Clair.* Toes, you mean.

*Mrs. D.* Yes, toes, to salute one another.

*Clair.* How are they dressed?

*Mrs. D.* Spare my blushes. I do declare—I—don't ask me; but I don't think they have anything on them; not a rag. The rusty beasts!

*Clair.* A state of innocence and unsophisticated nature. No stocks there fluctuate with the rise and fall of cotton; no quarrels threaten from an agitated tariff on silks. Do you see any water?

*Mrs. D.* Oceans full; and, my stars! there is a man on the shore milking a whale! Did you ever!

*Clair.* The very thing Locke said! I never could have believed it. Does he do it standing?

*Mrs. D.* No; he's lying on his face, feet foremost.

*Clair.* And draws the udder with his toes! A strange variety of the genus *Homo*. Are you tired, my dear? shall we descend?

*Mrs. D.* If you please; it feels too cold here. [*She shudders, and her teeth chatter.*] But don't let me fall.

*Clair.* Never fear. [*She puts her arm about his neck.*] That's right. But, the deuce! don't hug so hard; or you'll strangle me. There; are you home?

*Mrs. D.* Yes. O me! I'm so tired!

*Clair.* And what do you see here?

*Mrs. D.* Mr. Walton is in the drawing-room, courting Miss Clairvois.

*Clair.* Like enough; the bell rang a little while ago. Well, that is all right.

*Mrs. D.* Ah, I'm afraid not!

*Clair.* No! Why not?

*Mrs. D.* She never will marry him.

*Clair.* The deuce she won't! This is bad news. Are you very sure?

*Mrs. D.* Yes; another match is laid out for her, that will make her case so much happier. He will be the richest man in the city,—twice as rich as John Jacob Astor; and they will have lots of children.

*Clair.* But who is he? who is he?

*Mrs. D.* I blush to say. Do not ask me!

*Clair.* Nay, dear madam; speak out: nobody hears you.

*Mrs. D.* But will you forgive me?

*Clair.* Surely; I cannot help fate: you see but what will happen.

*Mrs. D.* And what ought to happen; for shockin' things will take place, if it don't, Mr. Clairvoir. It is ———

*Clair.* Who?

*Mrs. D.* His name begins with A, and ends with E.

*Clair.* A? and ends with E? Who can that be? [*to himself.*]

*Mrs. D.* Now I see him clearly: he kneels to ask my blessing, and his wife kneels to ask her father's; what a lovely couple! It is my son! my Arnold! Did I ever?

*Clair.* Why, no I never! This I don't like.

*Mrs. D.* But it is writ in Heaven; and it must be.

*Clair.* But perhaps we may avoid it; for I tell you, widow, she is promised to Schuyler Walton, as fine a fellow as ever darkened a house door;—and there are other reasons besides.

*Mrs. D.* But what must he, will be; and Mr. Walton laughs at the science, and mocks at you.

*Clair.* How do you know that? Did you ever hear him?

*Mrs. D.* No, but I see it as plain as I see the whales, and every other thing in this sunnamblerism.

*Clair.* Sonnambulism, my dear. If I thought so!—But what else do you see? What is my dearest wish at this moment? Come, tell me that; it is my last experiment for to-day.

*Mrs. D.* It is—spare my blushes.

*Clair.* Pshaw! my dear; no one sees you, but me.

*Mrs. D.* That's true; and then, I'm forced to speak; or I would n't. Your dearest wish is ———

*Clair.* —To!

*Mrs. D.* —Consummate our union. [*CLAIRVOIR starts back, and Mrs. D. covers her face as if ashamed.*]

*Clair.* The devil it is! Why I never thought on it. Are you very sure, Mrs. Dulruse?

*Mrs. D.* Very sure, Mr. Clairvoir.

*Clair.* Then I don't know my own mind.

*Mrs. D.* How should you as well as I! Did n't you give me the power to enter it? I can't help it, if you willed it so. And you might have a thought, you know, which was kind o' dim to yourself, but which I could see ever so plain.

*Clair.* And that is true; for you are fast asleep.

*Mrs. D.* Besides, what was you just talking of? Was n't it of Mr. Walton and Miss Catharine?

*Clair.* True.

*Mrs. D.* Well, what so near to a father as his daughter? So, thinking of her, you must have thought of yourself, you know, and thinking of her marriage, your own must have occurred to you, don't you see, and having occurred to you, why, you must have willed it at this moment.

*Clair.* Why, that I am not so sure of. But then, the science cannot be mistaken.

*Mrs. D.* Nor can I resist your will, Mr. Clairvoir. If you was to send me to the Bad Place, I must go there; and if you willed me to look into your mind, I had to do it; your power is omnipotent.

*Clair.* Angelic creature! [*Throws his arm in ecstasy about her neck.*] What a union of congenial spirits will ours be!

*Mrs. D.* Dear Mr. Clairvoir! [*Throwing her arms in fury about him.*] Oh, dear me! I shall die of shame!

*Clair.* Poor soul! she cannot help betraying her love in this magnetic condition!

*Mrs. D.* No, in this pathetic position I cannot indeed help displaying it. [*kisses him.*]

[*At this moment, enter WALTON and CATHARINE. They stop, confused, and gaze at one another.*]

*Clair.* What a life of immateriality will ours be!

*Mrs. D.* Yes, pure materiality! [*kissing him.*]

*Clair.* No corporeity to obfuscate our intellectual enjoyments!

*Mrs. D.* No, no pauperity to puzzleball our effectual enjoyments! oh, my love! [*Hugging him.*]

*Clair.* We shall see with magnetic vision, feel by magnetic affinity.

*Mrs. D.* O, Mr. Clairvoir! spare my blushes!

*Clairvoir.* —Do all things by magnetic, sonnambulistie, sympathetic correspondence. A life of unsexuality, without admixture! [*Hugging.*]

*Mrs. D.* Yes, a life of sensuality, without fixtures! Let us begin it at once. O, O, O, dear, darling, spathetic magnetiser! [*Hugging.*]

*Cat.* [*Recovering. Aside to Walton.*] What say you now? O my father! how I blush for him! Let us go.

*Walt.* [*Aside to Cat.*] You are very right; a child should not be the willing observer of its parent's follies.

*Clair.* [*Standing up, and disengaging himself.*] Eh! what's that? Confusion!

*Mrs. D.* [*Pretending to be still fast asleep.*] Clairvoir, don't leave me.

*Clair.* Hush! Mrs. D.; there are persons present. Poor thing! she can see and hear only me. Wonderful! Mr. Walton, Catharine; don't go. Mrs. Dulruse has been so kind as to permit me to manipulate her; I have made some wonderful experiments; would you like to see them continued?

*Cat.* No, no, papa; we will go. Come [*aside to Walt.*] don't stay.

*Clair.* But Mr. Walton [*Detaining him.*] would perhaps like to see them, Kate. And my wish was, just this moment, (at least, I thought so; though Mrs. Dulruse says it was not,) to have spectators of my great discoveries. Come, Walton, my boy, I will put her into communication with you. Take her hand.

*Mrs. D.* O no, Mr. Clairvoir; don't! I don't want to have evil communication with any body but you.

*Walt.* You had better wake her up; if she's not so already.

*Clair.* So already! Walton! Schuyler Walton! Are you stupid! Why, sir,—look at that excellent woman. Not a pack of artillery exploding in her ears would wake her; not the thunder of heaven, sir; yet I, I sir, poor human being as I am, I, Harry Clairvoir, can rouse her by the will, by the mere energy of my spirit. Behold!

*Cat.* Oh dear, my father is stark mad! [*aside.*]

*Clair.* Awake, Mrs. Dulruse; awake to this grosser existence. [*Waving his hand magnetically over her forehead.*] I will it.

*Mrs. D.* [*Starting and opening her eyes.*] Where!—what's the matter? [*Rubbing her eyes, and sitting round in seeming confusion.*] Who!—O! I see; I am dealt with shame.

*Clair.* You should be alive with glory, Mrs. Dulruse! [*Taking her hand.*] It is the victory of science; the triumph of immortal mind over corrupt matter; the exaltation of spirituality over corporeality! Walton, study magnetism; I will lend you Townshend, Hartshorne, Stone; your sons shall be magnetisers, and your daughters—

*Walt.* [*aside to Cat.*] Dulruse, I suppose.—I thank you, sir; I am quite contented that they should have their simple senses like their father, and their every-day virtues like their lovely mother. [*Exeunt Walt and Cat.*]

*Clair.* Sir! no respect for your immortal nature? no belief in the mind's independence of the corporeal faculties? [*Turning before they see quite gone.*] Did you ever, Mrs. Dulruse!

*Mrs. D.* Why, no I never! And I must say, Mr. Clairvoir—

*Clair.* That Walton treats me damned shabbily. Look you, sir! Eh! gone! In my own house? He, I see plainly, has no sympathy with science, no congeniality of feeling.

*Mrs. D.* I told you so: no congeniality for feeling at all.

*Clair.* But I'll fix him.

*Mrs. D.* You'd best let Miss Catharine.

*Clair.* Perhaps I may. The disrespectful!—Simple senses, indeed! Mere corporality sentiment; no capability of comprehending this mystical agent! Come, my better half.

*Mrs. D.* [Affecting coyness.] I am not so yet, sir.

*Clair.* Yes, in your spirit.

*Mrs. D.* But my body.

*Clair.* I'll magnetize that to-morrow—[*Going.*]

*Mrs. D.* But the ring will be well to keep it fast, Mr. Clairvoir.

[*Tagging behind.*]

*Clair.* Time enough for that, my congenial spirit. Mere corporality! no reverence for this mystic agent! [*Exit, shutting the door after him in his abstraction.*]

*Mrs. D.* Time enough, you old fool, you? Let me get it once; and I'll make the body fact enough to you. That for your congenitals! that for your pauperalities and fiscal agents! [*Exit.*]

END OF ACT FIRST.

## The Valley of Unrest.

Once it smiled a silent dell  
Where the people did not dwell;  
They had gone unto the wars,  
Trusting to the mild-eyed stars,  
Nightly, from their azure towers,  
To keep watch above the flowers,  
In the midst of which all day  
The red sun-light lazily lay.  
Now each visitor shall confess  
The sad valley's restlessness.  
Nothing there is motionless—  
Nothing save the airs that brood  
Over the magic solitude.  
Ah, by no wind are stirred those trees  
That palpitate like the chill seas  
Around the misty Hebrides!  
Ah, by no wind those clouds are driven  
That rustle through the unquiet Heaven  
Unceasingly, from morn till even,  
Over the violets there that lie  
In myriads of the human eye—  
Over the lilies there that wave  
And weep above a nameless grave!  
They wave:—from out their fragrant tops  
Eternal dews come down in drops.  
They weep:—from off their delicate stems  
Perennial tears descend in gems.

EDGAR A. POE.

## Silence.—A Fable.

Ἐνδύσσειν δ' ἄφωνον κρηρῶν τῆ καὶ γαργαγγῆς  
Ἠμεῖς τῆ καὶ χαρῶν. ALCMAN.

The mountain pinnacles slumber; valleys, crags and caves are silent.

"LISTEN to me," said the Demon, as he placed his hand upon my head. "The region of which I speak is a dreary region in Libya, by the borders of the river Zaire. And there is no quiet there, nor silence.

"The waters of the river have a saffron and sickly hue; and they flow not onwards to the sea, but palpitate forever and forever beneath the red eye of the sun with a tumultuous and convulsive motion. For many miles on either side of the river's oozy bed is a pale desert of gigantic water-lilies. They sigh one unto the other in that solitude, and stretch towards the heaven their long and ghastly necks, and nod to and fro their everlasting heads. And there is an indistinct

murmur which cometh out from among them like the rushing of subterranean water. And they sigh one unto the other.

"But there is a boundary to their realm—the boundary of the dark, horrible, lofty forest. There, like the waves about the Hebrides, the low underwood is agitated continually. But there is no wind throughout the heaven. And the tall primeval trees rock eternally hither and thither with a crashing and mighty sound. And from their high summits, one by one, drop everlasting dews. And at the roots strange poisonous flowers lie writhing in perturbed slumber. And overhead, with a rustling and loud noise, the gray clouds rush westwardly forever, until they roll, a cataract, over the fiery wall of the horizon. But there is no wind throughout the heaven. And by the shores of the river Zaire there is neither quiet nor silence.

"It was night, and the rain fell; and, falling, it was rain, but, having fallen, it was blood. And I stood in the morass among the tall lilies, and the rain fell upon my head—and the lilies sighed one unto the other in the solemnity of their desolation.

"And, all at once, the moon arose through the thin ghastly mist, and was crimson in color. And mine eyes fell upon a huge gray rock which stood by the shore of the river, and was lighted by the light of the moon. And the rock was gray, and ghastly, and tall,—and the rock was gray. Upon its front were characters engraven in the stone; and I walked through the morass of water-lilies, until I came close unto the shore, that I might read the characters upon the stone. But I could not decypher them. And I was going back into the morass, when the moon shone with a fuller red, and I turned and looked again upon the rock, and upon the characters;—and the characters were DESOLATION.

"And I looked upwards, and there stood a man upon the summit of the rock; and I hid myself among the water-lilies that I might discover the actions of the man. And the man was tall and stately in form, and was wrapped up from his shoulders to his feet in the toga of old Rome. And the outlines of his figure were indistinct—but his features were the features of a deity; for the mantle of the night, and of the mist, and of the moon, and of the dew, had left uncovered the features of his face. And his brow was lofty with thought, and his eye wild with care; and, in the few furrows upon his cheek I read the fables of sorrow, and weariness, and disgust with mankind, and a longing after solitude.

"And the man sat upon the rock, and leaned his head upon his hand, and looked out upon the desolation. He looked down into the low unquiet shrubbery, and up into the tall primeval trees, and up higher at the rustling heaven, and into the crimson moon. And I lay close within shelter of the lilies, and observed the actions of the man. And the man trembled in the solitude;—but the night waned, and he sat upon the rock.

"And the man turned his attention from the heaven, and looked out upon the dreary river Zaire, and upon the yellow ghastly waters, and upon the pale legions of the water-lilies. And the man listened to the sighs of the water-lilies, and to the murmur that came up from among them. And I lay close within my covert and observed the actions of the man. And the man trembled in the solitude;—but the night waned and he sat upon the rock.

"Then I went down into the recesses of the morass, and waded afar in among the wilderness of the lilies, and called unto the hippopotami which dwelt among the fens in the recesses of the morass. And the hippopotami heard my call, and came, with the behemoth, unto the foot of the rock, and roared loudly and fearfully beneath the moon. And I lay

close within my covert and observed the actions of the man. And the man trembled in the solitude;—but the night waned and he sat upon the rock.

"Then I cursed the elements with the curse of tumult; and a frightful tempest gathered in the heaven where, before, there had been no wind. And the heaven became livid with the violence of the tempest—and the rain beat upon the head of the man—and the floods of the river came down—and the river was tormented into foam—and the water-lilies shrieked within their beds—and the forest crumbled before the wind—and the thunder rolled—and the lightning fell—and the rock rocked to its foundation. And I lay close within my covert and observed the actions of the man. And the man trembled in the solitude;—but the night waned and he sat upon the rock.

"Then I grew angry and cursed, with the curse of *silence*, the river, and the lilies, and the wind, and the forest, and the heaven, and the thunder, and the sighs of the water-lilies. And they became accursed, and were *still*. And the moon ceased to totter up its pathway to heaven—and the thunder died away—and the lightning did not flash—and the clouds hung motionless—and the waters sunk to their level and remained—and the trees ceased to rock—and the water-lilies sighed no more—and the murmur was heard no longer from among them, nor any shadow of sound throughout the vast illimitable desert. And I looked upon the characters of the rock, and they were changed;—and the characters were *SILENCE*.

"And mine eyes fell upon the countenance of the man, and his countenance was wan with terror. And, hurriedly, he raised his head from his hand, and stood forth upon the rock and listened. But there was no voice throughout the vast illimitable desert, and the characters upon the rock were *SILENCE*. And the man shuddered, and turned his face away, and fled afar off, in haste, so that I beheld him no more."

Now there are fine tales in the volumes of the Magi—in the iron-bound, melancholy volumes of the Magi. Therein, I say, are glorious histories of the Heaven, and of the Earth, and of the mighty sea—and of the Genii that over-ruled the sea, and the earth, and the lofty heaven. There was much lore too in the sayings which were said by the Sybils; and holy, holy things were heard of old by the dim leaves that trembled around Dodona—but, as Allah liveth, that fable which the demon told me as he sat by my side in the shadow of the tomb, I hold to be the most wonderful of all! And as the Demon made an end of his story, he fell back within the cavity of the tomb and laughed. And I could not laugh with the Demon, and he cursed me because I could not laugh. And the lynx which dwelleth forever in the tomb, came out therefrom, and lay down at the feet of the Demon, and looked at him steadily in the face. EDGAR A. POE.

### Critical Notices.

Wiley and Putnam's Library of Choice Reading. No. XXI.  
*Genius and Character of Burns.* By Professor Wilson.

That Professor Wilson is one of the most gifted and altogether one of the most remarkable men of his day, few persons will be weak enough to deny. His ideality—his enthusiastic appreciation of the beautiful, conjoined with a temperament compelling him into action and expression, has been the root of his preeminent success. Much of it, undoubtedly, must be referred to that so-called moral courage

which is but the consequence of the temperament in its physical elements. In a word, Professor Wilson is what he is, because he possesses ideality, energy and audacity, each in a very unusual degree. The first, almost unaided by the two latter, has enabled him to produce much impression, as a poet, upon the secondary or tertiary grades of the poetic comprehension. His "Isle of Palms" appeals effectively, to all those poetic intellects in which the poetic predominates greatly over the intellectual element. It is a composition which delights through the glow of its imagination, but which repels (comparatively of course) through the *miseries* of its general conduct and construction. As a critic, Professor Wilson has derived, as might easily be supposed, the greatest aid from the qualities for which we have given him credit—and it is in criticism especially, that it becomes very difficult to say which of these qualities has assisted him the most. It is sheer audacity, however, to which, perhaps, after all, he is the most particularly indebted. How little he owes to intellectual pre-eminence and how much to the mere overbearing impetuosity of his opinions, would be a singular subject for speculation. Nevertheless it is true, that this rash spirit of domination would have served, without his rich ideality, but to hurry him into contempt. Be this as it may, in the first requisite of a critic the Scotch Aristarchus is grossly deficient. Of one who instructs we demand, in the first instance, a certain knowledge of the principles which regulate the instruction. Professor Wilson's capability is limited to a keen appreciation of the beautiful and fastidious sense of the deformed. Why or how either is either, he never dreams of pretending to inquire, because he sees clearly his own inability to comprehend. He is no analyst. He is ignorant of the machinery of his own thoughts and the thoughts of other men. His criticism is emphatically on the surface—superficial. His opinions are mere *dicta*—unsupported *verba magistri*—and are just or unjust at the variable taste of the individual who reads them. He persuades—he bewilders—he overwhelms—at times he even argues—but there has been no period at which he ever demonstrated anything beyond his own utter incapacity for demonstration.

His "Genius and Character of Burns" will place Professor Wilson in a clear, but not (for him) in the most advantageous light. We may glean from this book, however, a very accurate conception, if not of Burns, at least of Christopher North. His most usual tone of thought and turn of expression, are here happily conveyed. To the lovers of mere rhapsody we can recommend the volume as one likely to interest them; to those who seek, in good faith, a guide to the real Burns—to the merits and demerits, literary and personal—of a man whose merits at least have been more grossly—more preposterously exaggerated (through a series of purely adventitious circumstances) than those of any man that ever lived upon the earth—to these seekers of the simple truth, we say, you will look for it in vain in this volume by Christopher North.

*Festus: a Poem by Philip James Bailey, Barrister at Law. First American Edition. Boston: Benjamin P. Mussey. For sale in New-York by Redfield & Co.*

The poetical and critical world of England were, about six years ago, violently agitated (in spots) by the eruption of "Festus," a Vesuvius-cone at least—if not an *Ætna*—in the literary cosmos. It is only lately, however,—within the last eight or nine months, perhaps,—that anything more than a mere rumor of the eruption has made its way to us.

This is the more strange, since "Festus" is, beyond ques-



tion, a poem of the most remarkable power, and since, in general, we are ludicrously on the alert to catch the echoes of the British opinion in respect to even the most nonsensical books.

We shall speak of "Festus" hereafter, at length, as its peculiarities deserve. At present, we have read it only in snatches. In the meantime we may observe first, that its author is, or was, at the period of its original publication, a very young man, and secondly that his work has been lauded in no stinted measure, by many of the best authorities in Great Britain. Bulwer, for example, calls it "a most remarkable and magnificent production." Mrs. Hall says, "It contains some of the most wonderful things I ever read." Home, the author of "Orion" (no common man and no common poem) speaks of its "unrepressed vigor of imagination"—its "splendor of great and original imagery"—its "passion of poetry."

The design of "Festus" may be stated, in brief, as the demonstration of the necessity of Evil. We quote the concluding Sonnet, which the poet affectedly calls "L'Envoi."

Read this, world! He who writes is dead to thee,  
But still lives in these leaves. He spake inspired:  
Night and day thought came unhelped, undesired,  
Like blood to his heart. The course of study he  
Went through with was the soul-rack. The degree  
He took was high: it was wise wretchedness.  
He suffered perfectly, and gained no less  
A prize than in his own torn heart to see  
A few bright seeds: he sowed them—hoped them truth.  
The autumn of that seed is in these pages.  
God was with him, and bade old Time to the youth  
Unclench his heart, and teach the book of ages.  
Peace to thee, world!—farewell!—May God the Power,  
And God the Love—and God the Grace be ours!

This sonnet happily conveys much of the prevalent tone of the whole poem—its imperiousness—its egotism—its energy—its daring—its ruggedness—its contempt of law in great things and small. Observe the defective rhyme in the conclusion—a straw to show the way of the wind.

Mr. Mussey is to be thanked for the very handsome and substantial manner in which he has issued this American edition.

*Appleton's Literary Melange: a Series of Books for Popular Reading. No. I. Gertrude; a Tale. By the author of "Amy Herbert." Edited by the Rev. W. Sewell, M.A. New York: D. Appleton & Co.*

The great success of Messrs. Wiley & Putnam's "Library of Choice Reading" has, we presume, stirred up the Messrs. Appletons to the present laudable enterprise. We make an extract from their advertisement:

"The publishers of the proposed 'Literary Melange,' believing that there is still ample space for a uniform series of superior productions in the less studied department of popular literature, which shall be distinctly characterized as combining amusement and instruction with moral benefit, therefore have resolved to present to their friends and the public, a miscellaneous library adapted for popular reading, and equally suited for the recreation of the scholar and the man of business, after their more arduous toil has ended; and to edify and enlarge the mind of their junior domestic associates. The limits of selection will be untranscended; and the choice will be decided entirely by the manifest excellence of the work, the importance of the topics, or the proofs of genius and talent developed. The life only of those numerous tomes which are appropriate to the general design will be incorporated in this miscellany.

"Gertrude," with which the series commences, is an interesting, although by no means a "powerful" story of ordinary life. It inculcates the homely and domestic virtues—is well written in every respect—and has been greatly praised

by the more decorous and influential of the British journals.

The neat manner in which the volume is issued, speaks well for the success of the series.

*Modern Cookery in all its branches: reduced to a system of easy practice, for the use of Private Families. In a series of Receipts which have been strictly tested, and are given with the most minute exactness. By Eliza Acton. Illustrated with Numerous Wood-Cuts. Etc. etc. etc. The whole Revised and Prepared for American Housekeepers, by Mrs. S. J. Hale. From the Second London Edition. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard.*

We give the full title as conveying the best possible idea of the book. This title and the name of Mrs. Hall as editor are all sufficient assurances of its excellence. It is an octavo of more than 400 pages, well printed and handsomely bound. The British critics speak of the work as *the best of its kind.*

*The White Slave; or The Russian Girl. By the author of "Revelations of Russia." New York: Harper & Brothers.*

This is No. 60 of the valuable "Library of Select Novels." It includes no less than 210 octavo pages, in fine type, and double columns, and is sold for *twenty-five cents.* The story exemplifies the cruelty and oppression of the Russian nobility, and is profoundly interesting.

*Harpers' Illuminated and New Pictorial Bible.*

No. 28 is issued. Many of the smaller wood engravings are of exquisite finish. See pp. 3, 8, 17, and 24. The work in all departments, is an honor to the house which issues it.

*Hunt's Merchant's Magazine*, for September, opens with an admirable paper by Henry Middleton, Jr., of S. C. on "The Government and the Currency." It has also a very interesting article (editorial, we presume) on "The Steam-Ship Great Britain." "Copper-Smelting in the U. S."—is the title of a valuable treatise by Geo. Ditson, Vice Consul of the U. S. at Nuevitas. There are numerous other contributions of equal merit—for example on "Indigo and the Indigo Trade—on 'Railroads East and West'—on the 'Mineral Resources of Southern Missouri'—etc. etc. etc."

"The Merchant's Magazine" is unquestionably the most valuable journal of its kind in the world. Not its least important feature as concerns ourselves (the American people) is its perfect nationality. Mr. Hunt is neither a Northern, a Southern, an Eastern or a Western man. He is an inhabitant of the United States—if you please, an Alleghanian. He speaks to the whole people—and very effectively, because usefully, to all.

*The American Common-School Reader and Speaker: Being a Selection of Pieces in Prose and Verse, with Rules for Reading and Speaking. By John Goldsbury, A. M., Compiler of the "Common-School Grammar," etc. etc., and William Russell, author of "Lessons in Elocution," etc. etc. Boston: Charles Tappan.*

This very excellent work, which attracted so much attention at the time of its issue, and which is really unsurpassed as a text-book on Elocution, is for sale, in New-York, at the Boston-book-store of Messrs. Saxton & Huntington, 295 Broadway.

*The True Child. By Mrs. E. Oakes Smith, Author of "Riches without Wings." "The Sinless Child," &c. &c. Boston: Saxton & Kelt.*

A truly interesting, graceful and useful little book, by one of the most gifted and accomplished of American poetesses. The Preface is, in its way, a model of good writing, and this

is saying a great deal—for Prefaces are difficult things, not to write—but to write well. For sale by Messrs. Saxton & Huntington, 295 Broadway.

*The Oracles of Shakespeare; with a Selection of Aphorisms from the Same Author. By Robert Hamilton. Boston: Saxton & Kelt.*

This is a very ingenious and beautiful game, to enliven a winter's evening: It is very creditable to Mr. Hamilton's taste and talent. For sale by Messrs. Saxton & Huntington, as above.

*The Devotional Family Bible, by the Rev. Alexander Fletcher, A. M. Containing the Old and New Testaments, with Explanatory Notes, Practical Observations, Copious Marginal References, etc. Every Part embellished with a highly finished Engraving on Steel. Including views of the Principal Places mentioned in Scripture, from Drawings taken on the Spot. New-York: R. Martin & Co.*

We have received No. 8 of this very beautiful Bible at too late a date to do more than announce its reception, and to say that the engraving with which it opens, is magnificent. The type is rather larger than in the Harpers' work. The paper is superb.

THE KNICKERBOCKER for September, has a remarkably pleasant appearance, and abounds in good things; which no one can better supply than its editor—when he feels "in the vein." We notice especially, among the contributed papers, some very sweet "Lines to my Wife" by one of our finest poets, Albert Pike; "The Dead Man's Sermon" by Pequot, (whoever is Pequot) and a "Glimpse into Fairy Land" by Miss S. M. Partridge. We venture to quote "The Fountain of Truth" by Mrs. Mary E. Hewitt.

'Tis said of old a fountain lay  
Hid in the forest, far away;  
A magic fount it was, in sooth,  
Where he who stooped above the brink,  
And lav'd his brow, and bent to drink,  
Though he were bow'd with years before,  
The semblance of unchanging youth  
Thenceforth would wear forevermore.  
But he alone hath reach'd the goal,  
Who, turning from the world aside,  
'Mid the green places of the soul,  
Hath sought the pure, life-giving tide  
That wells with faith, and love and truth,  
The fountain of perpetual youth.

### The Drama.

PARK THEATRE.—We attended this establishment on Saturday evening to witness the first appearance (in America) of Mrs. Bland in the character of Pauline, in Bulwer's popular play "The Lady of Lyons."

Before remarking upon the lady's performance, we cannot but make a few observations upon the circumstances of her first appearance. It would be impossible to select, throughout the entire year, an evening so entirely disadvantageous, as the one chosen for Mrs. Bland's *débüt*. In the first place, Saturday night, even upon ordinary occasions, is confessedly the worst night of the week; but Saturday night after a star engagement is but another term for empty benches. Mr. Hackett had been playing all the week up to Friday, and the Kenas had been announced for several days to appear on the following Monday. Could circumstances have been contrived more calculated to damn for ever the first efforts of a lady in a new country? We cannot believe that the selection of the night was intended as a slight to Mrs. Bland, because it would be against the interests of the Manager, who would, one would think, take every opportunity of

placing the principal members of his establishment, in as prominent and favorable a position as possible. We have thought of every likely motive for such injurious and unfair conduct, and the only conclusion we will arrive at is, that the strongest attraction which could be procured with the least possible trouble, and without reference to the injury likely to be sustained by the said attractor, was put forward—or rather backward—on the worst possible night. We regret this for the sake of the Lady—we regret it for the sake of the Manager, and we regret it also, for the sake of the Public, who have been deprived, for a time, of witnessing a performance of the highest merit. We trust that Mr. Simpson will afford us an early opportunity of seeing Mrs. Bland in some of her most prominent characters. The Lady of Lyons has been represented so frequently of late, that we are surprised to find that an audience can be collected to witness it.

The character of Pauline is easily defined, and though but rarely represented as the author designed, is still a creation consistent throughout. Her one great capacity is—Love: deep, earnest and devoted love. Before this great principle of her life has been developed, pride which is not native to her mind, has been engrafted there, but harmonizes not at all with the confiding nature of her true woman's heart. This pride has been severely shocked at the knowledge that a peasant has dared to raise his hopes to her; but it is soothed, comforted and excited, by the homage of a Prince's heart. When in the first flush of her almost unimagined happiness the fatal truth breaks in upon her—that she has been deceived—duped—exposed to the mockery and contempt of the whole city, this pride, in a great struggle with her humble nature, seems for a time to gain the mastery, when with bitter scorn she asks her deceiver if this is his palace, &c., &c.; but this passes quickly away, yielding imperceptibly to the finer emotions of her soul, until it sinks forever beneath the power of her devoted love. This we think reconciles the seeming inconsistencies in her character; such, for instance as yielding her hand to Beausant while her heart is truly and only Melnotte's: for how could one of her wholesouledness refuse to sacrifice herself to save the honor of the author of her being, who, to use her own sentiments—"refused her nothing, and never spoke a harsh or unkind word."\*

Mrs. Bland's conception of the character was entirely natural from the beginning to end. There was no straining after effect—no points forced from their natural insignificance to produce a momentary sensation,—all was as inartificial as though the action were real, and she the thing she seemed. Her interview with Claude in the third act when the fraud is discovered, and the bitter scorn mingled with the hysterical laugh—the momentary triumph of pride over a yielding nature, was a perfect masterpiece of art, and electrical in its effects from its direct truthfulness. In the fourth and fifth acts she was equally successful, carrying the audience completely with her, and inducing a unanimous and vociferous call for her re-appearance at the fall of the curtain.

Mrs. Bland has fine natural advantages—a well proportioned and commanding figure—a truly intellectual face, capable of every variety of expression—a voice of rare quality, well educated, and an easy and graceful carriage. All these are used to admirable advantage through the perfect knowledge which Mrs. Bland possesses of by-play—stage tact, &c.

\*For these comments on the performances at the Park we are indebted to our musical editor. We do not agree with him at all points. In especial, we see no necessity for reconciling the inconsistencies of Pauline.—Ed. B. J.

Mr. Dyott was the Claude of the evening. It is an arduous task to undertake even an easy character, after a successful and highly popular actor has made the part his own; but in the present instance Mr. Dyott had to contend with a difficult character, and against the extraordinary impression made by Mr. Anderson in the same rôle, upon the New York public. Bearing these facts in mind, we feared for him. The fear was, however, needless, for he acquitted himself with much credit. He read the part, throughout, correctly, and in many passages imparted much emphasis and passion to his delivery. But it was evident to us that the part had not been duly studied—the points had not been weighed and settled in his mind—there were frequent evidences of haste both in his action and delivery, and in speaking, the inflections of the voice so necessary to produce effective contrasts, were but little attended to, when most they were needed. These faults would hardly have appeared, had Mr. Dyott been afforded more time to digest the character: such at least is our opinion founded upon the general excellence of his personation.

Mrs. Vernon played the aristocratic and low-born woman in her usual excellent style, excepting that in one or two portions, especially in the third act, her manner bordered rather upon the caricature.

Mr. Bass is an admirable actor, and imparted much blunt dignity to the character of Damas. The accident which has deprived him, for the present, of the use of his right arm, has also prevented a full display of his powers.

Mr. Fleming is a careful reader and a good actor, and if he would impart more vigor to his manner, and strive to appear less mysterious, his style would be improved and he would stand a fair chance of becoming a distinguished favorite.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean appeared at the Park. They made their *début* in the *Gamester*. The house was crowded to excess, and as the management does not set apart any accommodation for the prominent members of the public press, we were unwilling to endure the crowding of a thousand infuriated (theatrically) people; consequently we can give no notice of the performance. Their success was, however, complete. Mrs. Kean was deeply affected by the cordial and enthusiastic reception she met with. She deserves it all.

The English opera company succeed the Keans in a couple of weeks, and the opera chosen for their appearance is the English version of the *Sonnambula*. It is old—very old: hackneyed, very hackneyed, and has become to the moderns what the *Artaxerxes* of Arne was to the singers of twenty years ago—namely, a trial opera. The system of appearing in old operas, is, however, judicious; for if a *débutante* should appear in a new, but unsuccessful work, the chances are that the failure of one would involve the failure of both.

Miss Delcy, will, we think, become a favorite in America, for she is young, showy and attractive in her manner, besides being a singer of no ordinary merit.

We gladly avail ourselves of the author's permission to occupy, this week, some portion of our usual space under the head of "The Drama," with an extract from a forthcoming work—"The Stage, or Sketches of Dramatic Art," By JAS. E. MURDOCH.

THE AUTHOR'S CONNECTION WITH THE STAGE.—All I wish, as one naturally anxious for the success and the respectability of my own profession, is to suggest the immense advantages resulting to every player from a just ambition in his

daily pursuit; and as one who have identified myself with the success of the drama in our country, I feel impelled to speak on a subject so intimately connected with its advancement. Of my own attainments, I have nothing to boast. Commencing life prematurely, like many others fascinated by the stage in youth, the daily toils of an arduous professional life have left me little leisure for study; and although I had hoped to find, during the time in which I temporarily relinquished the stage, an auspicious opportunity of self-culture, in the pursuits of an elocutionist, the taste for the accomplishments of reading and speaking I found not yet sufficiently diffused in the community, to furnish either the leisure or the compensation requisite for the enjoyment of a liberal scale of intellectual advantages, in connection with that mode of life.

THE AUTHOR'S EXPERIENCE AS AN ELOCUTIONIST.—So little, indeed, is the art of elocution yet appreciated, that, as a profession, it is still more precarious and inadequate in its remunerations than even the stage, which is proverbially so; the greatest and the most original treatise on the subject (a work in which its author, Dr. James Rush, reflects honor on his country,) is little read and less understood; and my own humble attempt to render elocution a permanent branch of education, even in the intelligent city of Boston,—although I was aided in my endeavors by the exertions of a gentleman long known as a practical rhetorician as well as elocutionist,—was not sustained; nor was the expensive undertaking countenanced, in which I endeavored to combine,—in an appropriate course of education embracing ample and eligible opportunities for the purpose,—the cultivation of the voice with a regular system of physical exercise.\*

THE AUTHOR'S RETURN TO THE STAGE.—The idea, therefore, of obtaining an adequate income, or of enjoying leisure for self-culture, in such circumstances, proved impracticable. Still, during the few years in which I withdrew from the stage, every moment that could be seized for such purposes I have endeavored to turn to account; and, whatever verdict may be pronounced on my future professional efforts, I shall never regret the results of a temporary change of pursuit, which has enabled me to look, at least, a little more closely into our dramatic literature, and to acquire juster views of its depth and extent, together with a deeper and more intelligent relish of its beauties.

Of one thing more I can speak distinctly, from my present point of view: and it is in this light that I hope to be understood. The more an actor devotes himself to the collateral studies of his profession, the more clearly will he see how high and noble are its objects, and how fully it is entitled to the best exertions of a life, as the merited price of success in

\* The above topics I cannot pass without an expression of acknowledgment to two individuals—Mr. William Russell, the rhetorician above referred to, for invaluable aid in my course of personal study with him—and Mr. N. Houghton, whose regard for subjects beyond the mere range of mercantile life, and whose liberal and philanthropic spirit, enabled me to offer to the citizens of Boston the opportunity of a superior establishment for physical and elocutionary education. Mr. H.'s interest in these subjects, and others of a kindred nature, has, in this, as in many other instances, crowned the benefits resulting to a community from the generous spirit of individuals in private life, who contribute the most effectual of all aids to the mental welfare of their fellow-citizens, by imparting the requisite means of establishing and maintaining institutions devoted to the culture and improvement of humanity.

To several eminent members, both of the medical and clerical professions, who gave their sanction to my endeavors to aid the department of physical education, I feel under peculiar obligations, as well as to Mr. Abbott Lawrence, Mr. George S. Hillard, Mr. Peleg W. Chandler, and other individuals, who, as parents, or as patrons of intellectual objects, exerted themselves on behalf of my purposes. I cannot but hope that it may fall to some other person than myself to establish and maintain the systematic cultivation of the voice, as an acknowledged branch of education.

its pursuit. I shall not, I think, incur the imputation of cant, when I declare my own conviction, that acting, as the living presentation of poetry, of sentiment, and of character, is one of the most elevated and beneficial occupations to which a man can devote himself. Invited by a peculiar combination of circumstances, I have resumed the stage as my vocation, and shall esteem myself happy to contribute the imperfect but zealous exertions of an individual, to promote its purposes, whether within the limits of my own profession, or in general society.

**DEPRESSION OF THE THEATRE IN AMERICA.**—The drama of our own country has usually been imported; and, with its uses, we have received its abuses.

We claim Shakspeare as our birthright, and honor him with enthusiastic admiration; but when our transatlantic brethren neglect him, to follow in golden multitudes at the heels of a French dancer, the signal is taken here. The star of Shakspeare wanes, and the genius of Terpsichore reigns sovereign of the ascendant.

The taste for the drama subsided for a time, while French dancing, in all the voluptuousness of the Parisian style, usurped its place. Giants, monsters, posture-masters, and the games of the circus, with other equally intellectual exhibitions, have occupied the theatre; while the neglected drama was brought to their degraded level, and made to bear the odium of those who disgrace its name and desecrate its temple.

That the theatre has declined within the last few years, no one can deny; and why is this? Simply because the age is before it. Moral reform is the order of the day; and the enemies of the stage have attacked it upon the ground that it encourages immorality. Portions of the theatre are set apart for the public exhibition of the most abandoned of the human race, while the passions are excited by the sale of spirituous liquors. Has either of these objectionable facts any legitimate connection with the stage or the drama? Public sentiment answers No! Then let these abuses be abolished! That they have been so long in existence, is no reason for their continuance. No longer let the pure atmosphere of intellectual recreation be contaminated by grossness and debauchery; but drive them out, to seek their congenial sphere.

Prejudices against the theatre have been yearly gaining ground from these causes, and many of the best friends of the drama have been driven from the theatre. Let the banner of reform be raised, and the public will flock to the standard. Let the abuses of the theatre be removed, and the spirit of the drama will shine forth with increased brightness.

Let men of cultivated intellect assert their right to enjoy in its purity their favorite recreation. Let them enforce their just claim in this respect. Let them diffuse the influence of their own taste around them by proper appeals to general feeling. Let all who are connected with the press, especially, discharge the duty which, in this relation, they owe to the community, as the organs of public sentiment, and the just guardians of its purity.

The reforms to which I allude have been attempted and carried out, with at least temporary success, in all cases in which due energy and perseverance have been displayed. For my own part, I entertain no doubt that, in a short time, the reformation will be universal and permanent. The present is a most auspicious moment for action. We see, in all our large cities, an incipient renovation and resuscitation of the theatre, and the most cheering indications of its prosperity. Now is the happy moment to stamp a new character on every department of dramatic affairs.

The following statement evinces that the public, as well as the manager, has a part to perform in every effectual renovation of the theatre.

Mr. Macready entered upon a lease of Drury Lane theatre, in the fall of 1841, and issued a prospectus dated October 4, in which this passage occurs:—

The purposes to which the saloons and lobbies of London theatres have been too frequently appropriated, have seemed to justify objections to dramatic entertainments, and have become a national reproach among the well-informed of other countries. This course of complaint will not be suffered to exist in Drury Lane theatre. Arrangements will be made and regulations enforced, not only to secure the respectable frequenters of the theatre from annoyance during the performance, but to restore to them an agreeable walk for promenading and refreshment, without danger of offence to propriety or delicacy.

This was carried out to the letter. In June, 1842, a scurrilous article on Macready and his management, appeared in the "Weekly Despatch," alleging among other things the failure of his plan for clearing the lobbies,—that the price admitted any well-dressed woman, of whatever character, to the side of the respectable ladies whom Macready had drawn into the lobbies; in fine, that "Mr. M. ought to be ashamed of himself for attempting to raise money by destroying the demarcations between the unsullied and the most polluted of the sex." Macready instituted a libel suit against the proprietors of the paper, and the jury found for the plaintiff five pounds damages.

Mr. Macready closed his management of Drury Lane in June, 1843. In his concluding address, he makes no mention of his reform of the lobbies—unless it is implied in this declaration:

In conclusion let me merely add, that I have endeavored to redeem, throughout my management, every pledge of my introductory address.

The admission of improper persons at theatres, as at other places of public resort, would, if the proposed arrangement were adopted, be left to the responsibility of the gentleman who accompanied any female, and by that fact endorsed her respectability.

The Bowery is not doing quite so well as in the beginning. A new spectacle, however, is in preparation.

We stepped in at The Chatham on Monday night to see Booth in Pescara and Jerry Sneak. How The Apostate maintains its place on the stage, is inconceivable. It has not a single redeeming feature—at least if the Chatham Street representation of it is a fair one. Mr. Booth did not impress us at all—except in the distinctness of his enunciation and his general ease and freedom from rant. He has a sad mannerism—that of putting his hands to his ears upon all occasions. His Jerry Sneak is a pitiable spectacle.

## Musical Department.

*Oratorio of the Seven Sleepers.*—We promised our readers last week some account of this grand Composition, which is to be represented at the Tabernacle, early in this month, in a style commensurate with its worth.

The following are the characters in the Oratorio:

Antipater, Procurator at Ephesus	Tenor.
Honoria, his wife	Soprano.
Martius, Bishop at Ephesus	Bass.
Machon,	Soprano.
Serapion,	Soprano.
Johannes,	Seven Brothers, <i>sons</i> Alto.
Constantine,	of Antioch, Tenor.
Dionysius,	Tenor.
Marcus,	Bass.
Martinianus,	Bass.
Chorus of Sleepers—Chorus of Friends—Chorus of Warriors—Chorus of the Ephesian People.	

During the persecution of the Christians by the Emperor Decius, the Seven Brothers, sons of Anicianus, fled away from Ephesus, and took refuge in a Cave upon Mount Celion. Their place of refuge was, however, discovered, and, by order of the tyrant, the mouth of the Cave was closed up with massive stone.

The scene of action is first on Mount Celion; then in Ephesus, and lastly on Mount Celion. The time is during the reign of the Emperor Theodosius.

The first scene discovers the Proconsul Antipater, and Honoria his wife, upon Mount Celion, directing the Shepherds who are employed in opening the mouth of the Cave of the Seven Sleepers. While thus engaged Antipater relates the persecution of the brothers, and of Anicianus who was his (Antipater's) ancestor. When the work is finished the characters go out, to join at Ephesus the grand procession of Priests and Warriors appointed to proceed to the Cave, to disinter the Martyrs' bones and carry them in honor to the city.

When the Cave is opened, a slow chorale is heard and one by one the Brothers come from within. Like Rip Van Winkle they awoke unconscious of the lapse of years—two centuries appearing unto them, but as the passage of a single night. They return thanks to heaven for their wonderful preservation from the persecuting Decius. Malchus the youngest brother, offers to go to the city, in order to procure food. He arrives there just as the High Priest is blessing the Standards of the Warriors who are going forth to fight the Persians. He stares around him in wild amazement at the altered appearance of the city—the strange dresses attract his eye—the language seems new to him, and the emblems of the cross on every side, overwhelm him with astonishment. The people mistake him for a Persian Spy, and watch him. He enters a baker's shop and offers a gold solidus for bread. This confirms them in their suspicions and they seize him and bear him before Antipater. His simple tale is quickly told, and bears so much the stamp of truth that the Proconsul believes it, and the people rush with feverish impatience to behold the wonder on Mount Celion. They arrive and do honor to the Saints whom heaven has so miraculously preserved through ages of time. Honoria entreats them to leave the Cave and revisit their home in Ephesus; but Johannes thus replies:—

God be with you; but we are not permitted  
To return and tread our hills again;  
Here is our repose, in holy quiet,  
Till the dead are summoned from their graves,  
For the Lord's good spirit has revealed it:—  
As an emblem are we sent to you,  
Of that morning, when, by him awakened,  
All our race from darkness graves shall rise.

Sleep again appears to be stealing over the senses of the Seven Brothers—they utter with one voice

Now with strokes of unseen wings, approaching  
Sleep is fanning us yet once again.

They fall asleep, and are borne into the Sacred Cavern, by the awe-stricken and wondering people.

Such is the plot of the Oratorio; a finer subject could scarcely have been selected. It is full of deep and thrilling interest, and abounds with highly wrought dramatic situation. The Music is of a high character; it displays many passages which could scarcely be excelled. It is melodious, partaking in a large degree of the exquisite peculiarities of Haydn's school—Dr. Loewe being, we believe, a pupil of that great Master.

We have not a doubt of the popularity of the Seven Sleepers, for the subject affords ample scope for striking

contrasts, and the Composer has availed himself of these advantages to their uttermost limits.

We have not, as yet, seen an announcement of the names of the principal performers; we shall probably receive them for our next number. The chorus will number over one hundred and twenty-five efficient members; the band will be numerous and carefully selected. Mr. George Loder will conduct the whole, and Mr. H. C. Timm will be at the Organ.

We trust that our readers in the city will support, with all their interest, this praise-worthy attempt to produce a fine Composition, upon a scale of excellence hitherto unattained in this country.

The French Opera at Niblo's continues to be highly successful. Nothing new has, as yet, been produced; but *Manniello* and *Les Huguenots* continue to prove sufficient to attract crowded audiences. Several novelties are in preparation. Among others *La Reine de Cypre* is in a forward state of preparation.

We are strong in the hope that the Manager, Mr. Davis, will find it for his interest to remain with us during the winter months. We feel certain that he would meet with support altogether beyond his expectations, if he bases them upon the result of the recent season at the Park Theatre. The intelligence of New York requires such an establishment, and the musical taste is sufficiently influential and extended to support it amply. The present company has gained the respect of every one. The public is not pestered, annoyed and disgusted by petty bickerings, grand quarrels, newspaper warfare, as in the case of the last Italian company at Palmo's; but on the contrary everything is peaceful, well arranged—in short it is a family party showing only its amiable and attractive side to the public.

If it were known that Mr. Davis could remain here with his company during the winter, there would be no lack of the right class of people to ensure his success. We want to hear Gustave, Lestocq, La Lac des Fées, Zampa, Pré aux Clercs, L'Edair, and other charming French works, and we look to the company at present here as the only means of gaining our wish.

## Editorial Miscellany.

ADVERTISEMENTS, this week, have trenched rather more than we could wish upon our space for literary matter. For this very "flattering ill" however, we shall speedily find a remedy in the enlargement of our "Journal" by one half. We propose to give, very shortly, new type and *eight additional pages*.

BOLLES' Phonographic Dictionary has "controvertible" and not—"controversibility"—"self-conceited" and not "self-conceitously"—"worldly-minded" and not "worldly-mindedly." Are these omissions intentional? We presume not. Some of its definitions are inaccurate, if not odd—whether these are adopted from other works, we have not leisure to ascertain. For example; "*jealousy*" is defined as "suspicion in love"—but is it not rather the passion aroused by suspicion in love? "*Museum*" is defined "a collection of learned curiosities"—but neither Tom Thumb, nor the Anacoids are particularly "learned." A *printer* is said to be "one who prints books;" then one who merely prints hand-bills is no printer at all. A *regicide* is described as a "murderer of one's king"—and yet the murderer of anybody's king is still a regicide.

In a Dictionary, if anywhere, we look for rigorous accuracy of definition. We are not finding fault with Mr. Bales' work in especial. He is no worse than his predecessors.

THE SUPPOSED *jeu d'esprit* has been "going the rounds of the papers" for some time, and we had intended to copy it before—but in some manner it escaped us. The editorial prefix (very generally published with it) is that of "The Morning News"—with which paper we thoroughly agree as to the cleverness of the verses.

#### THE RETORT.

The Rev. Arthur Coxe's *Saul, a Mystery*, having been condemned in no measured terms by Poe of the *Broadway Journal*, and Green of the *Emporium*, a writer in the *Hartford Columbian* retorts as follows, which strikes us as being very clever:

#### A REVERSAL.

An entertaining history  
Entitled "Saul a mystery,"  
Has recently been published by the Rev. Arthur Coxe.  
The poem is dramatic,  
And the wit of it is attic,  
And its teachings are emphatic of the doctrines orthodox.

But Mr. Poe, the poet,  
Declares he cannot go in—  
That the book is very stupid—or something of that sort:  
And Green of the *Empiri*  
Um, tells a kindred story,  
And "swears like any tory" that it isn't worth a groat.

But manure all their creaking,  
Of the "raven"—and the joking  
Of the verdant little fellow of the used to be review,  
The *Prose*, in derision  
Of their impudent decision,

Have declared without division, that the "Mystery will do."

The truth, of course, rather injures an epigram than otherwise; and nobody will think the worse of the one above when we say that we have expressed *no opinion whatever* of "Saul." Give a dog a bad name, &c. Whenever a book is abused, it is taken for granted that it is we who have been abusing it. Mr. Coxe has written some very beautiful poems, and "Saul" may be one of them for anything that we know to the contrary. As yet we have not found time to read the poem—which, to say the truth, is an unconscionably long one.

MR. J. S. REDFIELD, of this city, has in press "The Prose and Poetical Works of N. P. Willis"—complete in one large volume, octavo. *The Harpers* have nearly ready a beautiful octavo entitled "Biographical and Critical Miscellanies, by William H. Prescott." It will be uniform with the "Ferdinand and Isabella." The Contents are Charles Brockden Brown, the Novelist; Asylum for the Blind; Irving's "Conquest of Granada;" Cervantes; Sir Walter Scott; Chateaubriand's English Literature; Bancroft's United States; Mad-Calderon's Life in Mexico; Moliere; Italian Imaginative Poetry; Scottish Song; Da Ponte's Observations; Poetry and Romance of the Italians, &c. The same publishers will soon issue General Green's "Journal of the Texian Expedition against Mier," &c., with 13 illustrations.

*Messrs. Wiley & Putnam* have a variety of works in preparation. The "Library of Choice Reading," and "The Library of American Books" have met with the most unequivocal success, and have induced various imitations. In the latter series will soon be issued "The Wigwam and The Cabin" by Simms the novelist—who is now in town. Mess. W. and P. have just published a new edition of "Norton's Astronomy."

Samuel Coleman, of Boston, announces "The Flower Al-

phabet" by Mrs. Frances S. Osgood, in which each letter of the alphabet is illustrated with a verse, and a flower printed in gold and colors:—also "The Floral Year," an entire original work in verse by "one of our poetesses." This book will have eight *bouquets*, forming excellent studies.

A "History of New Netherland, or New York under the Dutch," by E. B. O'Callaghan, is nearly ready.

*John P. Jewett & Co.*, of Salem, have in press "The Legal Rights, Liabilities and Duties of Women." By Edward D. Mansfield, A. M.

"Puritanism, or a Churchman's Defence against its Aspersions," by Dr. Coitt, will soon appear.

The publication of Dr. Rufus W. Griswold's "Prose Authors of America" is postponed for the present—probably until next year.

William Wallace, author of the fine poem "The Gods of Old" is getting out a collection of his poems.

"The New York Illustrated Magazine," a weekly publication edited by Lawrence Labree, is announced as forthcoming—the first number on the 20th Sept. It is to have steel and wood engravings.

Dr. Bush's work on the Resurrection is highly successful.

[From Appleton's Bulletin.] A new edition of the "Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation," with an introductory Essay by Prof. Stow, of Lane Seminary, has attracted considerable attention in this country and in England.

Ollendorff's New Method of Learning to Read, Write, and Speak the German language, has had an extensive circulation in England, and its demand in this country also has constantly been increasing of late. Nor is its popularity undeserved: for it supplies a deficiency which has been long and deeply felt by all those who have engaged in either teaching or learning the German. Though the richness, flexibility and beauty of the language itself have fully sustained its claim of superiority, and though the numberless works in Philology, History, Physics, Chemistry, and in every possible department of Science and Art, with which Germany is constantly teeming, have long since made the knowledge of the language an indispensable accomplishment of every scholar, yet it is strange to say that the want of the necessary facilities has chilled the ardor of many in their attempt of acquiring it. The best German Grammar on the old plan has unquestionably been that of *Becker* (London, 1830).

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—"Hope" is on file. Will our friend L. I. C. of Cincinnati, be so kind as to mail us the Cincinnati Gazette of the 29th ult? "Blanche" in our next. "The Village Street" in our next.

WARD OF REMOVAL.—Mr. W. A. KING, Professor of Music and Teacher of the Piano Forte and Organ, has removed to the First House above Twenty-Fifth Street on the Railroad (4th Avenue.)

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