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Soul-Shadows.

Oh, where are the cheerful days—
 The cheerful days that my childhood knew?
Vanished like summer haze
 From a morning sky of unclouded blue;
Vanished and gone to return no more,
Like the foam dashed up on a sandy shore.

Oh, ye pleasant and flown delights!
 What would I give to recall you now?
Weary days and slumberless nights
 Press on my heart and wrinkle my brow;
And I am changed, like a leaf that fades
Hidden under the depths of a forest's shades.

The future smiles not as of old,
 The present is dreary and sad and dark:
The clouds are not skirted with gold,
 There comes no dove to my longing ark:
I look up to Heaven, and over the sea,
And there is no rainbow of hope for me.

Sometimes there's a passing gleam,
 Sometimes there breaks on my desolate lot
A flash from a thought or a dream,
 But it flickers away and I see it not,
And deeper settles the sombre pall
And gloomier still the shadows fall.

Love! thou wast once my own;
 But I cast thee off like a worthless glove;—
And now I am forever alone,
 And seek in vain for the guerdon, Love.
Doubt and fear, like sentinels stand,
And I've lost the clew to the flowery land.

"Live lonely and lonely die!"
 Such are the words on the scroll of Fate—
I read them now with a quiet eye,
 For my soul is powerless even to hate;
And there's but one bliss which I dare to crave,
And that—thank God! is beyond the grave.

PARK BENJAMIN.

The Landscape Garden.

The garden like a lady fair was cut
 That lay as if she slumbered in delight,
And to the open skies her eyes did shut;
 The azure fields of heaven were 'sembled right
 In a large round set with the flow'rs of light:
The flowers de luce and the round sparks of dew
That hung upon their azure leaves, did show
Like twinkling stars that sparkle in the ev'ning blue.

GILES FLETCHER.

No more remarkable man ever lived than my friend, the young Ellison. He was remarkable in the entire and continuous profusion of good gifts ever lavished upon him by fortune. From his cradle to his grave, a gale of the blandest prosperity bore him along. Nor do I use the word Prosperity in its mere worldly or external sense. I mean it as synonymous with happiness. The person of whom I speak, seemed born for the purpose of foreshadowing the wild doctrines of Turgot, Price, Priestly, and Condorcet—of exemplifying, by individual instance, what has been deemed the mere chimera of the perfectionists. In the brief existence of Ellison, I fancy that I have seen refuted the dogma—that in man's physical andspiritual nature, lies some hidden principle, the antagonist of Bliss. an intimate and anxious examination of his career, has taught me to understand that, in general, from the violation of a few simple laws of Humanity, arises the Wretchedness of mankind; that, as a species, we have in our possession the as yet unwrought elements of Content; and that even now, in the present blindness and darkness of all idea on the great question of the Social Condition, it is not impossible that Man, the individual, under certain unusual and highly fortuitous conditions, may be happy.

With opinions such as these was my young friend fully imbued; and thus is it especially worthy of observation that the uninterrupted enjoyment which distinguished his life was in great part the result of preconcert. It is, indeed, evident, that with less of the instinctive philosophy which, now and then, stands so well in the stead of experience, Mr. Ellison would have found himself precipitated, by the very extraordinary successes of his life, into the common vortex of Unhappiness which yawns for those of pre-eminent endowments. But it is by no means my present object to pen an essay on Happiness. The ideas of my friend may be summed up in a few words. He admitted but four unvarying laws, or rather elementary principles, of Bliss. That which he considered chief, was (strange to say!) the simple and purely physical one of free exercise in the open air. "The health," he said, "attainable by other means than this is scarcely worth the name." He pointed to the tillers of the earth—the only people who, as a class, are proverbially more happpy than others—and then he instanced the high ecstasies of the fox-hunter. His second principle was the love of woman. His third was the contempt of ambition. His fourth was an object of unceasing pursuit; and he held that, other things being equal, the extent of happiness was proportioned to the spirituality of this object.

I have said that Ellison was remarkable in the continuous profusion of good gifts lavished upon him by Fortune. In personal grace and beauty he exceeded all men. His intellect was of that order to which the attainment of knowledge is less a labor than a necessity and an intuition. His family was one of the most illustrious of the empire. His bride was the loveliest and most devoted of women. His possessions had been always ample; but, upon the attainment of his one and twentieth year, it was discovered that one of those extraordinary freaks of Fate had been played in his behalf which startle the whole social world amid which they occur, and seldom fail radically to alter the en-

tire moral constitution of those who are their objects. It appears that about one hundred years prior to Mr. Ellison's attainment of his majority, there had died, in a remote province, one Mr. Seabright Ellison. This gentleman had amassed a princely fortune, and, having no very immediate connexions, conceived the whim of suffering his wealth to accumulate for a century after his decease. Minutely and sagaciously directing the various modes of investment, he bequeathed the aggregate amount to the nearest of blood, bearing the name Ellison, who should be alive at the end of the hundred years. Many futile attempts had been made to set aside this singular bequest; their *ex post facto* character rendered them abortive; but the attention of a jealous government was aroused, and a decree finally obtained, forbidding all similar accumulations. This act did not prevent young Ellison, upon his twenty-first birth-day, from entering into possession, as the heir of his ancestor Seabright, of a fortune of *four hundred and fifty millions of dollars.**

When it had become definitely known that such was the enormous wealth inherited, there were, of course, many speculations as to the mode of its disposal. The gigantic magnitude and the immediately available nature of the sum, dazzled and bewildered all who thought upon the topic. The possessor of any *appreciable* amount of money might have been imagined to perform any one of a thousand things. With riches merely surpassing those of any citizen, it woul have been easy to suppose him engaging to supreme excess in the fashionable extravagances of his time; or busying himself with political intrigues; or aiming at ministerial power; or purchasing increase of nobility; or devising gorgeous architectural piles; or collecting large specimens of Virtu; or playing the munificent patron of Letters and Art; or endowing and bestowing his name upon extensive institutions of charity. But, for the inconceivable wealth in the actual possession of the young heir, these objects and all ordinary objects were felt to be inadequate. Recourse was had to figures; and figures but sufficed to confound. It was seen, that even at three per cent, the annual income of the inheritance amounted to no less than thirteen millions and five hundred thousand dollars; which was one million and one hundred and twenty-five thousand per month; or thirty-six thousand, nine hundred and eighty-six per day; or one thousand five hundred and forty-one per hour; or six and twenty dollars for every minute that flew. Thus the usual track of supposition was thoroughly broken up. Men knew not what to imagine. There were some who even conceived that Mr. Ellison would divest himself forthwith of at least two-thirds of his fortune as of utterly superfluous opulence; enriching whole troops of his relatives by division of his superabundance.

I was not surprised, however, to perceive that he had long made up his mind upon a topic which had occasioned so much of discussion to his friends. Nor was I greatly astonished at the nature of his decision. In the widest and noblest sense, he was a poet. He comprehended, moreover, the true character, the august aims, the supreme majesty and dignity of the poetic sentiment. The proper gratification of the sentiment he instinctively felt to lie in the *creation of novel forms of Beauty*. Some peculiarities, either in his early education, or in the nature of his intellect, had tinged with what is termed materialism the whole cast of his ethical speculations; and it was this bias, perhaps, which imperceptibly led him to perceive that the most advantageous, if not the sole legitimate field for the exercise of the poetic sentiment, was to be found in the creation of novel moods of purely *physical* loveliness. Thus it happened that he became neither musician nor poet; if we use this latter term in its every-day acceptation. Or it might have been that he became neither the one nor the other, in pursuance of an idea of his which I have already mentioned—the idea, that in the contempt of ambition lay one of the essential principles of happiness on earth. Is it not, indeed, possible that while a *high* order of genius is necessarily ambitious, the *highest* is invariably *above* that which is termed ambition? And may it not thus happen that many far greater than Milton, have contentedly remained "mute and inglorious?" I believe that the world has never yet seen, and that, unless through some series of accidents goading the noblest order of mind into distasteful exertion, the world will *never* behold, that full extent of triumphant execution, in the richer productions of Art, of which the human nature is absolutely capable.

Mr. Ellison became neither musician nor poet; although no man lived more profoundly enamored both of Music and the Muse. Under other circumstances than those which invested him, it is not impossible that he would have become a painter. The field of sculpture, although in its nature rigidly poetical, was too limited in its extent and in its consequences, to have occupied, at any time, much of his attention. And I have now mentioned *all* the provinces in which even the most liberal understanding of the poetic sentiment has declared this sentiment capable of expatiating. I mean the most liberal public or recognized conception of the idea involved in the phrase "poetic sentiment." But Mr. Ellison imagined that the richest, and altogether the most natural and most suitable province, had been blindly neglected. No definition had spoken of the *Landscape-Gardener*, as of the poet; yet my friend could not fail to perceive that the creation of the Landscape-Garden offered to the true muse the most magnificent of opportunities. Here was, indeed, the fairest field for the display of invention, or imagination, in the endless combining of forms of novel Beauty; the elements which should enter into combination being, at all times, and by a vast superiority, the most glorious which the earth could afford. In the multiform of the tree, and in the multicolor of the flower, he recognized the most direct and the most energetic efforts of Nature at physical loveliness. And in the direction or concentration of this effort, or, still more properly, in its adaptation to the eyes which were to behold it upon earth, he perceived that he should be employing the best means—laboring to the greatest advantage—in the fulfilment of his destiny as Poet.

"Its adaptation to the eyes which were to behold it upon earth." In his explanation of this phraseology, Mr. Ellison did much towards solving what has always seemed to me an enigma. I mean the fact (which none but the ignorant dispute,) that no such combinations of scenery exist in Nature as the painter of genius has in his power to produce. No such Paradises are to be found in reality as have glowed upon the canvass of Claude. In the most enchanting of natural landscapes, there will always be found a defect or an excess—many excesses and defects. While the component parts may exceed, individually, the highest skill of the artist, the arrangement of the parts will always be suscepti-

* An incident similar in outline to the one here imagined, occurred, not very long ago, in England. The name of the fortunate heir (who still lives,) is Thellusson. I first saw an account of this matter in the "Tour" of Prince Puckler Muskau. He makes the sum received ninety millions of pounds, and observes, with much force, that, "in the contemplation of so vast a sum, and of the services to which it might be applied, there is something even of the sublime." To suit the views of this article, I have followed the Prince's statement—a greatly exaggerated one, no doubt.

ble of improvement. In short, no position can be attained, from which an artistical eye, looking steadily, will not find matter of offence, in what is technically termed the *composition* of a natural landscape. And yet how unintelligible is this! In all other matters we are justly instructed to regard Nature as supreme. With her details we shrink from competition. Who shall presume to imitate the colors of the tulip, or to improve the proportions of the lily of the valley? The criticism which says, of sculpture or of portraiture, that "Nature is to be exalted rather than imitated," is in error. No pictorial or sculptural combinations of *points* of human loveliness, do more than approach the living and breathing human beauty as it gladdens our daily path. Byron, who often erred, erred not in saying,

> I've seen more living beauty, ripe and real,
> Than all the nonsense of their stone ideal.

In landscape alone is the principle of the critic true; and, having felt its truth here, it is but the headlong spirit of generalization which has induced him to pronounce it true throughout *all* the domains of Art. Having, I say, *felt* its truth here. For the feeling is no affectation or chimera. The mathematics afford no more absolute demonstrations, than the *sentiment* of his Art yields to the artist. He not only believes, but positively *knows*, that such and such apparently arbitrary arrangements of matter, or form, constitute, and alone constitute, the true Beauty. Yet his reasons have not yet been matured into expression. It remains for a more profound analysis than the world has yet seen, fully to investigate and express them. Nevertheless is he confirmed in his instinctive opinions, by the concurrence of all his compeers. Let a composition be defective; let an emendation be wrought in its mere arrangement of form; let this emendation be submitted to every artist in the world: by each will its necessity be admitted. And even far more than this; in remedy of the defective composition, each insulated member of the fraternity will *suggest* the identical emendation.

I repeat that in landscape arrangements, or collocations alone, is the *physical* Nature susceptible of "exaltation," and that, therefore, her susceptibility of improvement at this one point, was a mystery which, hitherto I had been unable to solve. It was Mr. Ellison who first suggested the idea that what we regarded as improvement or exaltation of the natural beauty, was really such, as respected only the mortal or human *point of view;* that each alteration or disturbance of the primitive scenery might possibly effect a blemish in the picture, if we could suppose this picture viewed *at large* from some remote point in the heavens. "It is easily understood," says Mr. Ellison, "that what might improve a closely scrutinized detail, might, at the same time, injure a general and more distantly-observed effect." He spoke upon this topic with warmth: regarding not so much its immediate or obvious importance, (which is little,) as the character of the conclusions to which it might lead, or of the collateral propositions which it might serve to corroborate or sustain. There *might be* a class of beings, human once, but now to humanity invisible, for whose scrutiny and for whose refined appreciation of the beautiful, more especially than for our own, had been set in order by God the great landscape-garden of *the whole earth.*

In the course of our discussion, my young friend took occasion to quote some passages from a writer who has been supposed to have well treated this theme.

"There are, properly," he writes, "but two styles of landscape-gardening, the natural and the artificial. One seeks to recall the original beauty of the country, by adapting its means to the surrounding scenery; cultivating trees in harmony with the hills or plain of the neighboring land; detecting and bringing into practice those nice relations of size, proportion and color which, hid from the common observer, are revealed everywhere to the experienced student of nature. The result of the natural style of gardening, is seen rather in the absence of all defects and incongruities—in the prevalence of a beautiful harmony and order, than in the creation of any special wonders or miracles. The artificial style has as many varieties as there are different tastes to gratify. It has a certain general relation to the various styles of building. There are the stately avenues and retirements of Versailles; Italian terraces; and a various mixed old English style, which bears some relation to the domestic Gothic or English Elizabethan architecture. Whatever may be said against the abuses of the artificial landscape-gardening, a mixture of pure art in a garden scene, adds to it a great beauty. This is partly pleasing to the eye, by the show of order and design, and partly moral. A terrace, with an old moss-covered balustrade, calls up at once to the eye, the fair forms that have passed there in other days. The slightest exhibition of art is an evidence of care and human interest."

"From what I have already observed," said Mr. Ellison, "you will understand that I reject the idea, here expressed, of 'recalling the original beauty of the country.' The original beauty is never so great as that which may be introduced. Of course, much depends upon the selection of a spot with *capabilities.* What is said in respect to the 'detecting and bringing into practice those nice relations of size, proportion and color,' is a mere vagueness of speech, which may mean much, or little, or nothing, and which guides in no degree. That the true 'result of the natural style of gardening is seen rather in the absence of all defects and incongruities, than in the creation of any special wonders or miracles,' is a proposition better suited to the grovelling apprehension of the herd, than to the fervid dreams of the man of genius. The merit suggested is, at best, negative, and appertains to that hobbling criticism which, in letters, would elevate Addison into apotheosis. In truth, while that merit which consists in the mere avoiding demerit, appeals directly to the understanding, and can thus be foreshadowed in *Rule*, the loftier merit, which breathes and flames in invention or creation, can be apprehended solely in its results. Rule applies but to the excellences of avoidance—to the virtues which deny or refrain. Beyond these the critical art can but suggest. We may be instructed to build an Odyssey, but it is in vain that we are told *how* to conceive a 'Tempest,' an 'Inferno,' a 'Prometheus Bound,' a 'Nightingale,' such as that of Keats, or the 'Sensitive Plant' of Shelley. But, the thing done, the wonder accomplished, and the capacity for apprehension becomes universal. The sophists of the *negative* school, who, through inability to create, have scoffed at creation, are now found the loudest in applause. What, in its chrysalis condition of principle, affronted their demure reason, never fails, in its maturity of accomplishment, to extort admiration from their instinct of the beautiful or of the sublime.

"Our author's observations on the artificial style of gardening," continued Mr. Ellison, "are less objectionable. 'A mixture of pure art in a garden scene, adds to it a great beauty.' This is just; and the reference to the sense of human interest is equally so. I repeat that the principle here expressed, is incontrovertible; but there *may be* something even beyond it. There may be an object in full keeping with the principle suggested—an object unattainable by the means ordinarily in possession of mankind, yet which, if attained,

would lend a charm to the landscape-garden immeasurably surpassing that which a merely *human* interest could bestow. The true poet possessed of very unusual pecuniary resources, might possibly, while retaining the necessary idea of *art* or *interest* or *culture*, so imbue his designs at once with extent and novelty of Beauty, as to convey the sentiment of *spiritual* interference. It will be seen that, in bringing about such result, he secures all the advantages of *interest* or *design*, while relieving his work of all the harshness and technicality of Art. In the most rugged of wildernesses—in the most savage of the scenes of pure Nature—there is apparent the *art* of a Creator; yet is *this* art apparent only to reflection; in no respect has it the obvious force of a feeling. Now, if we imagine this sense of the Almighty Design to be *harmonized* in a measurable degree; if we suppose a landscape whose combined *strangeness*, vastness, definitiveness, and magnificence, shall inspire the idea of culture, or care, or superintendence, on the part of intelligences superior yet akin to humanity—then the sentiment of *interest* is preserved, while the Art is made to assume the air of an intermediate or secondary Nature—a Nature which is not God, nor an emanation of God, but which still is Nature, in the sense that it is the handi-work of the angels that hover between man and God."

It was in devoting his gigantic wealth to the practical embodiment of a vision such as this—in the free exercise in the open air, which resulted from personal direction of his plans—in the continuous and unceasing *object* which these plans afforded—in the high spirituality of the object itself—in the contempt of ambition which it enabled him more to feel than to affect—and, lastly, it was in the companionship and sympathy of a devoted wife, that Ellison thought to find, *and found*, an exemption from the ordinary cares of Humanity, with a far greater amount of positive happiness than ever glowed in the rapt day-dreams of De Staël.

EDGAR A. POE.

To ——

The bowers whereat, in dreams, I see
The wantonest singing birds,
Are lips—and all thy melody
Of lip-begotten words—

Thine eyes, in Heaven of heart enshrined
Then desolately fall,
O God! on my funereal mind
Like starlight on a pall—

Thy heart—*thy* heart!—I wake and sigh,
And sleep to dream till day
Of the truth that gold can never buy—
Of the baubles that it may.

The Magnetizer; or, Ready for Any Body.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE VISION OF RUBETA."

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The housekeeper's apartment at Mr. Clairvoir's. Arnold Dulruse walking up and down in great heat; Mrs. Dulruse following, and expostulating with him.*

Mrs. Dul. But, Arnold,—Arnold dear—

Dulr. Mother, you talk like a fool. I tell you, your fine schemes will amount to nothing. Do you think you can keep up such a paltry farce as your cursed magnetism much longer? Even if you could hope to always humbug the old man, there's his half-brother Racy, (whom I hate as I do poison,) and that proud puppy, Walton, and that madcap nephew of Racy's wife, his adopted son, Frank Randolph I mean, who, coxcomb though he is, is as shrewd as his uncle, and quite as fearless, folk say,—how the devil are you to manage all these? Are you going to blind *them?* and do you think they wont open Clairvoir's eyes? I tell you, you'll be blown up; and I may get a bullet through my gizzard, for listening to your infernal nonsense. I wish, old woman, you had left me contented with the five thousand, and the pretty thing that was willing to bestow it upon me. You have made me go further, and you'll find I shall fare worse. The devil take your manœuvering!

Mrs. Dul. But my darling, my baby,—

Dulr. Yes, you have made a baby of me. I wish you had been choked with the leading-strings, before you sung to sleep my reason. Huffed by the mistress, laughed at by the maid!—Look you, mother, I have n't yet told you: I met that impertinent vixen, Letty, not half an hour ago, in close parley with Walton; and, as I passed them, I heard my name mentioned. Now, what do you say? Walton would never stand talking in the street with a maid-servant, unless there was something of moment. What do you say to that, my cunning mamma?

Mrs. Dul. Why, I'll get before them, that's all.

Dulr. That's all! Hum! that's a great deal, you will find. And, pray, how the devil do you mean to do that?

Mrs. D. Don't talk so loud. By making you marry Miss Clairvoir at once. There!

Dulr. There! There! Why, you're crazy, old woman.

Mrs. D. Am I, you undutiful wretch? Am I? Then manage your own business yourself.

Dulr. [*Looking at her with surprise.*] Why, you don't mean to tell me— You've some scheme in your head, I see; a confounded foolish one, I dare say; but let us hear it.

Mrs. Dul. It would serve you right—

Dulr. Come, don't palaver.

Mrs. D. Could you run away with Catharine?

Dulr. Ha, ha! I have legs; and so has she; but how are you going to make her use them for my benefit? You're a wise one!

Mrs. Dul. This way. Just have a little patience. Suppose she made a mistake, and took you for Walton; you're pretty much of a size; and in the dark, you know—

Dulr. Why, you're mad! you've got this scheme out of some silly story-book. Do girls go off in the dark now-a-days, and marry a fellow without looking at him?

Mrs. Dul. Yes, when they are in a hurry, and can't help themselves.

Dulr. [*Turning with great quickness.*] Eh! what? [*Looking at her sharply.*] Speak out.

Mrs. Dul. Why, look here. I've so worked upon old Clairvoir that he has actually forbid his daughter to speak of Walton and swears she shall have you.

Dulr. Yes, yes, I know that already: but she wo'nt have me, I tell you: and by and by, old Clairvoir comes to his senses.

Mrs. Dul [*Chuckling.*] When it is too late. Look here, my darling: suppose I go to Miss Catharine, and make b'lieve side with her, and persuade her to run off with Walton!

Dulr. Go on, go on.

Mrs. Dul. She consents—you manage to take Walton's place—

Dulr. Very easy that, to be sure! And suppose I could, do you think, when she came to find me out, she would— But stop; stop; a light breaks in upon me. Don't interrupt me. [*Stamps on the floor, and makes his mother fall back. He meditates.*] By the gods! I have it; I've finished your plot; I have it. Look here, mother. I will pretend to give up my pretensions to Catharine, and make my peace with Mary, which is easily done. You tell Catharine that I have done so, and that I will run off with Mary, at the same time that she does with Walton, but in a different carriage. No, no! blast it! that wo'nt do either. Stay! [*Thinks again.*] O! You shall let Miss Clairvoir know that I have *not* given up my pretensions,—*not*, remember; but you will say that you pity Mary, and are resolved that I shall not be so false

—yes, that's what fools call it; never mind abusing me. Tell her that if she will change dresses with Mary, who, you know, is just her height, that I shall take Mary for her, and run off with her, while she in Mary's dress is really gone off with Walton.

Mrs. Dul. Yes, but what good will that do you?

Dulr. Are you such a fool? Why, I sha'n't do any such thing, to be sure, but take the real twenty-five thousand, and, when we are in the carriage— I'll make her glad to have me, or anybody else, before we get to the parson.

Mrs. Dul. But, Arny dear, that will be too wicked.

Dulr Scruples? and from you, mother? Your tricks are not so bold, to be sure, but they 're quite as bad.

Mrs. Dul. No, they 're not. Besides, why can't you tell her that her lover is false, and gone off knowingly with Mary; then she 'll marry you, you know, out of revenge.

Dulr. No doubt. [*Sneeringly.*] Well well, mother, I'll do so. We'll trot off to Harlem, and before we're half way to the parsonage, I'll be bound that I convince her.

Mrs. Dul. And to-morrow I'll persuade old Clairvoir to have me without running away. Buss me, Arny; we'll fix 'em.

Dulr. Pshaw! there. [*Giving her his cheek, disdainfully.*] Now, be off, and ply Miss Clairvoir well. I'll stay here till you come back. Don't forget now, *she* is to dress like Mary, to deceive *me*: remember, don't spare me.

Mrs. Dul. Yes, yes; leave me alone; I'm a wise one. [*Exit.*]

Dulr. [*Closing the door.*] Ay, ay. My father must have been a wiser. [*As the door shuts, the scene changes to*

—

SCENE II.—*The drawing-room, as in Act I. Scene I.* CATHARINE, *seated in a thoughtful attitude. Enter,* LETTY.

Let. Miss Catharine.

Cath. Well, Letty.

Let. Mrs. Dulruse begs permission to speak a few words to you.

Cath. To me? Let her come in.

Let. Yes, ma'm. But, [*going up to Cath. and lowering her voice,*] Miss Catharine—a horrible plot—but don't let her know you see into it. Listen to her, dear Miss Catharine—and, if you can, pretend to consent; but don't believe a word she says.

Cath. What is this? I hope, Letty, you have not been listening again.

Let. O ma'am, I cannot tell you all now; never mind how I know. If I stay longer she'll suspect. Only promise me, that you'll not be too candid: you know I do all for the best.

Cath. Well, well, Letty, we'll talk of this again. I'll be careful.

Let. Thank you, Miss Catharine. Don't look at her too sharply! [*Exit.*]

Cath. Plot! [*She becomes again thoughtful. After a few minutes,*

Enter, Mrs. DULRUSE.

Mrs. Dul. Miss Clairvoir—

Cath. Oh! sit down, ma'am. Is there anything particular?

Mrs. Dul. Yes, I— But let me shut the door. Now, Miss Clairvoir—I—really—I hope, ma'am, you don't believe I have a bad heart?

Cath. If I do believe so, Mrs. Dulruse, it will be easy for you to prove that I mistake you.

Mrs. D. That's the very thing I came for, Miss Catharine. Now—let me see—now, you know, Miss Catharine, your father has been pleased to favor certain— If you look so cold at me I can't go on.

Cath. I see no reason, ma'am, why I should look otherwise.

Mrs. Dul. [*From this moment she talks without turning her face towards Cath.*] Well, I'll tell you then, why you should. I'm your friend, Miss Catharine; and I don't like it at all, that your father has chose to favor my Arnold's pertensions.

Cath. Indeed.

Mrs. Dul. Yes; and I so pity your poor cousin.

Cath. Miss Mildmay, ma'am, needs not your pity.

Mrs. Dul. O, Miss Clairvoir, but she does; for I know she loves my Arnold; and Arnold I know might have loved her; but, now he has his head turned by higher notions—

Cath. Mrs. Dulruse!

Mrs. Dul. Do let me finish, Miss Catharine. I was coming to tell you that I don't approve my boy's falsehood. He is a base, wicked, unnatural wretch! Yes, that he is! and I don't want to draw down the judgment of Providence by aidin' and abettin' him. So, Miss Clairvoir, if you want to cheat your papa, and marry Mr. Walton after all, I'll help you.

Cath. I don't know what ideas you have of me, Mrs. Dulruse; but I am not in the habit of cheating my father in anything; and, as for my marriage, I do not see that you have anything to do with it.

Mrs. Dul. O Lord! you take a body's words up so! I was only goin' to say, if you would listen, ma'am, that I know a way you could put a stop to Arnold's persumption, make Miss Mary happy, and yourself, and—and—everybody.

Cath. Indeed? Well.

Mrs. Dul. You see, nothing can be done openly, while the old man—

Cath. *Mr. Clairvoir,*—if you mean my father.

Mrs. Dul. Excuse me—yes—while Mr. Clairvoir is so violent against Mr. Walton. But if you would run away with Mr. Walton, you know, [*Cath looks at her with surprise and attention; Mrs. Dul. however, still keeping her head turned away*] why then it would be too late. Now I have such a darling little plot, which my Arn—I mean, which 'll make Arnold behave himself. You engage your cousin to run off with Arnold; Arnold 'll be ready, and Mr. Walton will be ready too; but you put on your cousin's dress, and make her put on yours. Then Arny, you know, will think that she is you, and take her off, and marry her out of hand, as he ought, shame on him! while you and Mr. Walton 'll go another way. [*A ring, as at the street door.*] There's somebody: will you think of my little plan, Miss Clairvoir, and tell me, by 'n' by?

Cath. Yes, yes, I'll think of it.

Mrs. Dul. It 'll be just like a play. Every body 'll be so happy. [*Cath. walks away. Mrs. D. bridles, turns up her nose, curtsies, looks maliciously at her.*] Hum! [*Exit, strutting. Cath. stands thoughtful for a few moments. Then*

Enter RACY, *preceded by* LETTY, *running.*

Let. Here's Mr. Racy, Miss Catharine. I've told him all. O! I'm so delighted!

Racy. Out, slyboots! mind your place. [*Driving her off. Exit Letty.*] Well, Kate, here's been rare plotting, eh? But we'll outplot them; we'll countermine their mine, my beauty!

Cath. I think I guess what you mean, uncle, from Letty's hints, and that foolish woman's awkwardness.

Racy. Foolish enough; but not the less rogue, for all that. But we'll match them! I wish the hour were only come: I long to be at it.

Cath. At what, uncle? There's a snare, I see; but I am not so silly as to fall into it. You need not fear me, I shall not run off.

Racy. Yes, but you will though; and Walton shall run off too; and so shall Mary, and that scamp, Dulruse; ay, and his precious mother after him. Gad, you wench, there shall be such a carrying off as has never been heard of since the rape of Proserpine.

Cath. But, uncle—

Racy. Don't but at me, niece, or you 'll hurt that little head of yours. What, what! here have I the rarest counterplot in the world, and was going to make you and Schuyler happy, and Mary happy, and those two devils unhappy—as they ought to be, and your father a wise man, and—and— Damn it! I'll do it—wont hear scruples—not a word, not a word.

Cath. I dare not deceive my father, uncle.

Racy. But I dare, and will undeceive him afterwards. And there's that puss, Mary; I mean to undeceive her too.

Cath. Yet you would have her run off with—

Racy. With that infernal Arnold? Sure, sure; nothing so effectual to undeceive her, nothing. Dont you see it, you hussy?

You used to have so bright a wit; but you and Walton are grown the stupidest people, since you have taken to cooing! Well, that blush is a rare embellisher,—sha'n't quarrel with you. But hark you, Kate; do you think that if Arnold finds he has carried off the five thousand, when he thought he had the twenty-five, he will be in any hurry to conclude the bargain? By the lord, no! And he never shall, at any rate. How would you like your cousin to be disgusted with the traitor?

Cath. Nothing could render me happier.

Racy. There you— You make a mistake there, you slut; but I know it will render you very happy. And how should you like a fine, hearty, whole-souled fellow for Mary's husband; just such another as myself, only a little handsomer, and a good deal younger, eh?

Cath. I should be delighted, indeed, for she deserves one.

Racy. And she shall have one, and money in his purse, into the bargain. There, that will do: I must now go and arrange matters with Walton. You 'll be ready to-night, about ten o'clock?

Cath. But uncle, dear uncle—

Racy. Not one word—not one syllable. I'll send Schuyler to you, with arguments in plenty. Settle it between you. I believe the devil is in me, when I get a plot in my head, for I'm as happy as— O, by the by, Letty made me promise her your forgiveness. She's been eavesdropping, the wench! but it was all for your good. What, what! displeased? Wo'nt have it—too cursed scrupulous—circumstances alter cases—go to your cousin—there—there, [*Pushing her out of the door, while she endeavors vainly to speak*] there! Out with you; talk to Mary. I'll after Schuyler. [*Exeunt ambo.*

END OF ACT THIRD.

Song.

I.

I saw thee on thy bridal day—
When a burning blush came o'er thee,
Though happiness around thee lay,
The world all love before thee:

II.

And in thine eye a kindling light
(Whatever it might be)
Was all on Earth my aching sight
Of Loveliness could see.

III.

That blush, perhaps, was maiden shame—
As such it well may pass—
Though its glow hath raised a fiercer flame
In the breast of him, alas!

IV.

Who saw thee on that bridal day,
When that deep blush *would* come o'er thee,
Though happiness around thee lay,
The world all love before thee.

A Tale of Jerusalem.

Intensos rigidam in frontem ascendere canos
Passus erat ———

LUCAN—*De Catone.*

——— a bristly *bore.*

Translation.

"LET us hurry to the walls," said Abel-Phittim to Buzi-Ben-Levi and Simeon the Pharisee, on the tenth day of the month Thammuz, in the year of the world three thousand nine hundred and forty-one—"let us hasten to the ramparts adjoining the gate of Benjamin, which is in the city of David, and overlooking the camp of the uncircumcised; for it is the last hour of the fourth watch, being sunrise; and the idolaters, in fulfilment of the promise of Pompey, should be awaiting us with the lambs for the sacrifices."

Simeon, Abel-Phittim, and Buzi-Ben-Levi were the Gizbarim, or sub-collectors of the offering, in the holy city of Jerusalem.

"Verily," replied the Pharisee, "let us hasten: for this generosity in the heathen is unwonted; and fickle-mindedness has ever been an attribute of the worshippers of Baal."

"That they are fickle-minded and treacherous is as true as the Pentateuch," said Buzi-Ben-Levi, "but that is only towards the people of Adonai. When was it ever known that the Ammonites proved wanting to their own interests? Methinks it is no great stretch of generosity to allow us lambs for the altar of the Lord, receiving in lieu thereof thirty silver shekels per head!"

"Thou forgettest, however, Ben-Levi," replied Abel-Phittim, "that the Roman Pompey, who is now impiously besieging the city of the Most High, has no assurity that we apply not the lambs thus purchased for the altar, to the sustenance of the body, rather than of the spirit."

"Now, by the five corners of my beard," shouted the Pharisee, who belonged to the sect called The Dashers (that little knot of saints whose manner of *dashing* and lacerating the feet against the pavement was long a thorn and a reproach to less zealous devotees—a stumbling-block to less gifted perambulators)—"by the five corners of that beard which as a priest I am forbidden to shave!—have we lived to see the day when a blaspheming and idolatrous upstart of Rome shall accuse us of appropriating to the appetites of the flesh the most holy and consecrated elements? Have we lived to see the day when"——

"Let us not question the motives of the Philistine," interrupted Abel-Phittim, "for to-day we profit for the first time by his avarice or by his generosity; but rather let us hurry to the ramparts, lest offerings should be wanting for that altar whose fire the rains of heaven cannot extinguish, and whose pillars of smoke no tempest can turn aside."

That part of the city to which our worthy Gizbarim now hastened, and which bore the name of its architect King David, was esteemed the most strongly fortified district of Jerusalem; being situated upon the steep and lofty hill of Zion. Here a broad, deep, circumvallatory trench, hewn from the solid rock, was defended by a wall of great strength erected upon its inner edge. This wall was adorned, at regular interspaces, by square towers of white marble; the lowest sixty, and the highest one hundred and twenty cubits in height. But, in the vicinity of the gate of Benjamin, the wall arose by no means from the margin of the fosse. On the contrary, between the level of the ditch and the basement of the rampart, sprang up a perpendicular cliff of two hundred and fifty cubits; forming part of the precipitous Mount Moriah. So that when Simeon and his associates arrived on the summit of the tower called Adoni-Bezek—the loftiest of all the turrets around about Jerusalem, and the usual place of conference with the besieging army—they looked down upon the camp of the enemy from an eminence excelling, by many feet, that of the Pyramid of Cheops, and, by several, that of the Temple of Belus.

"Verily," sighed the Pharisee, as he peered dizzily over the precipice, "the uncircumcised are as the sands by the sea-shore—as the locusts in the wilderness! The valley of The King hath become the valley of Adommin."

"And yet," added Ben-Levi, "thou canst not point me out a Philistine—no, not one—from Aleph to Tau—from the wilderness to the battlements—who seemeth any bigger than the letter Jod!"

"Lower away the basket with the shekels of silver!" here shouted a Roman soldier in a hoarse, rough voice, which ap-

peared to issue from the regions of Pluto—"lower away the basket with the accursed coin which it has broken the jaw of a noble Roman to pronounce! Is it thus you evince your gratitude to our master Pompeius, who, in his condescension, has thought fit to listen to your idolatrous importunities? The god Phœbus, who is a true god, has been charioted for an hour—and were you not to be on the ramparts by sunrise? Ædepol! do you think that we, the conquerers of the world, have nothing better to do than stand waiting by the walls of every kennel, to traffic with the dogs of the earth? Lower away! I say—and see that your trumpery be bright in color, and just in weight!"

"El Elohim!" ejaculated the Pharisee, as the discordant tones of the centurion rattled up the crags of the precipice, and fainted away against the temple—"El Elohim!—*who* is the God Phœbus?—*whom* doth the blasphemer invoke? Thou, Buzi-Ben-Levi! who art read in the laws of the Gentiles, and hast sojourned among them who dabble with the Teraphim!—is it Nergal of whom the idolator speaketh?—or Ashimah?—or Nibhaz?—or Tartak?—or Adramalech?—or Anamalech?—or Succoth-Benith?—or Dagon?—or Belial?—or Baal-Perith?—or Baal-Peor?—or Baal-Zebub?"

"Verily it is neither—but beware how thou lettest the rope slip too rapidly through thy fingers; for should the wicker-work chance to hang on the projection of yonder crag, there will be a woful outpouring of the holy things of the sanctuary."

By the assistance of some rudely constructed machinery, the heavily laden basket was now carefully lowered down among the multitude; and, from the giddy pinnacle, the Romans were seen gathering confusedly round it; but owing to the vast height and the prevalence of a fog, no distinct view of their operations could be obtained.

Half an hour had already elapsed.

"We shall be too late," sighed the Pharisee, as at the expiration of this period, he looked over into the abyss—"we shall be too late! we shall be turned out of office by the Katholim."

"No more," responded Abel-Phittim, "no more shall we feast upon the fat of the land—no longer shall our beards be odorous with frankincense—our loins girded up with fine linen from the Temple."

"Raca!" swore Ben-Levi, "Raca! do they mean to defraud us of the purchase money? or, Holy Moses! are they weighing the shekels of the tabernacle?

"They have given the signal at last," cried the Pharisee, "they have given the signal at last!—pull away, Abel-Phittim!—and thou, Buzi-Ben-Levi, pull away!—for verily the Philistines have either still hold upon the basket, or the Lord hath softened their hearts to place therein a beast of good weight!" And the Gizbarim pulled away, while their burthen swung heavily upwards through the still increasing mist.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

"Booshoh he!"—as, at the conclusion of an hour, some object at the extremity of the rope became indistinctly visible—"Booshoh he!" was the exclamation which burst from the lips of Ben-Levi.

"Booshoh he!—for shame!—it is a ram from the thickets of Engedi, and as rugged as the valley of Jehosaphat!"

"It is a firstling of the flock," said Abel-Phittim, "I know him by the bleating of his lips, and the innocent folding of his limbs. His eyes are more beautiful than the jewels of the Pectoral, and his flesh is like the honey of Hebron."

"It is a fatted calf from the pastures of Bashan," said the Pharisee, "the heathen have dealt wonderfully with us!—let us raise up our voices in a psalm!—let us give thanks on the shawm and on the psaltery—on the harp and on the huggab—on the cythern and on the sackbut!"

It was not until the basket had arrived within a few feet of the Gizbarim, that a low grunt betrayed to their perception a *hog* of no common size.

"Now El Emanu!" slowly, and with upturned eyes ejaculated the trio, as, letting go their hold, the emancipated porker tumbled headlong among the Philistines, "El Emanu!—God be with us!—*it is the unutterable flesh!*"

Critical Notices.

The American Shepherd; being a Complete History of Sheep, with their Breeds, Management, and Diseases. By L. A. Morrell. Illustrated with Drawings of the Different Breeds. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This is one of the most valuable works published, of late, by the Harpers—a work which has been long imperatively demanded by American wool-growers. The English treatises, although numerous and comprehensive, are totally unadapted to our wants.

Every thing needed is here abundantly supplied. The work is a perfect manual. It contains an Appendix of Letters from eminent wool-growers, detailing their respective modes of treatment. There are numerous engravings, chiefly of sheep, sheep-barns, sheds, etc. etc. Mr. Morrell, the author, has the highest reputation as a skilful and successful farmer. The volume is a beautiful one of 450 pages octavo.

The Bosom Friend. A Novel by the Author of "The Gambler's Wife," "The Young Prima Donna," etc. etc. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This is No. 61 of "The Library of Select Novels." We have read the book through:—it is intensely interesting.

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

The seventeenth number is issued—price 3 cents. The excitement of the story increases.

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

The third number of this useful book is published. We have already noticed in full the first and second numbers, and now merely repeat the title in full, as the best means of calling attention to the work, and showing its design.

Agnes Serle. A Novel. By Miss Ellen Pickering, author of "Nan Darrell," "The Fright," etc. etc. New York: E. Ferrett & Co.

Few novelists have ever been more really popular than Miss Pickering. She seldom greatly excites, but invariably produces the most agreeable kind of interest. It is a difficult matter to take up one of her skilful stories, and put it down unread. "Agnes Serle" is fully equal to anything she has written, as regards its power of enchaining attention. She does not deserve, however, as much credit for it as for her more original novels: it is, in many respects, a close imitation of that excellent fiction "Santo Sebastiano, or the Young Protector."

Gowans' Bibliotheca Americana. No 1.—A Brief Description of New York, formerly called New Netherlands, with the Places thereunto adjoining. Likewise a brief Relation of the Customs of the Indians there. By Daniel Denton. A New Edition, with an Introduction and Copious Historical Notes. By Gabriel Furman, Member of the New York Historical Society. New York: William Gowans.

This truly beautiful volume (of about 60 pages octavo) is the first of an important series relating to the History, Literature, Biography, Antiquities, and Curiosities of the American Continent. It will consist, chiefly, of reprints from old and scarce works; an original one will be occasionally introduced. To the reprints, nothing is to be added unless in the way of notes, or introduction. A part to appear every six months at least.

Denton's "*New Netherlands*," the opening number of the series, is the first printed description in the English language of the region now embraced in the States of New York and New Jersey. It is very rare. Until the importation of the copy from which the volume now before us is printed, there were only two copies in the United States—one in the State Library at Albany, and one at Harvard. There are only two copies (accessible) in England. Mr. Aspinwall has one—the British Museum the other.

A great portion of the book is devoted to Long Island and New York City. The whole is of exceeding interest—to say nothing of its value in an historical point of view.

The Democratic Review, for September, is particularly strong—containing a good article on Lyell's late work; "La Vendetta," a clever tale by Fanny Kemble; "The Young Tragedian," a still better story, by one of our most accomplished and most versatile writers, Mrs. E. F. Ellet; "A Word for Italy," a gentlemanly essay, by H. T. Tuckerman; Love's Emblems," by Park Benjamin; and "Labor," one of the finest poems we have yet seen from the most graceful of American poetesses, Mrs. Osgood. We quote it in full:

LABOR.

BY MRS. FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

Pause not to dream of the future before us!
Pause not to weep the wild cares that come o'er us!
Hark, how Creation's deep, musical chorus
  Unintermitting, goes up into Heaven!
Never the ocean wave falters in flowing;
Never the little seed stops in its growing;
More and more richly the Rose-heart keeps glowing,
  Till from its nourishing stem it is riven.

"Labor is worship!"—the robin is singing;
"Labor is worship!"—the wild bee is ringing;
Listen! that eloquent whisper upspringing
  Speaks to thy soul from out nature's great heart.
From the dark cloud flows the life-giving shower;
From the rough sod blows the soft breathing flower;
From the small insect, the rich coral bower;
  Only man, in the plan, ever shrinks from his part.

Labor is life!—'Tis the still water faileth;
Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth;
Keep the watch wound, for the dark rust assaileth!
  Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.
Labor is glory!—the flying cloud lightens;
Only the waving wing changes and brightens;
Idle hearts only the dark future frightens:
  Play the sweet keys wouldst thou keep them in tune!

Labor is rest—from the sorrows that greet us;
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us,
Rest from sin-promptings that ever entreat us,
  Rest from world-syrens that lure us to ill.
Work—and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow;
Work—Thou shalt ride over Care's coming billow:
Lie not down wearied 'neath Wo's weeping willow!
  Work with a stout heart and resolute will!

Droop not tho' shame, sin and anguish are round thee!
Bravely fling off the cold chain that hath bound thee!
Look to yon pure Heaven smiling beyond thee!
  Rest not content in thy darkness—a clod!
Work—for some good,—be it ever so slowly!
Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly!
Labor! All labor is noble and holy:—
  Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy God!

There is only one really bad article in the number, and that is insufferable: nor do we think it the less a nuisance because it inflicts upon ourselves individually a passage of maudlin compliment about our being a most "ingenious critic" and "prose poet," with some other things of a similar kind. We thank for his good-word no man who gives palpable evidence, in other cases than our own, of his incapacity to distinguish the false from the true—the right from the wrong. If we *are* an ingenious critic, or a prose-poet, it is not because Mr. William Jones says so. This is the same gentleman who, in a previous essay for the Democratic Review, *took* occasion roundly to assert that nothing beyond "*trash*" had ever appeared either in the pages of Graham or Godey—to assert this in the face of the fact, that there is scarcely a writer of any eminence in America who has not, at some period, contributed to one or both of these Magazines. But we happen to know the secret of Mr. Jones' animosity—at least in the case of Mr. Graham—who rejected, very properly, a stupid article which was almost forced upon him by Mr. J.

A gentleman who on such, or who on any grounds, would suffer himself to speak so flippantly, and with so palpable an injustice, is entitled, of course, to no credit for honesty of *opinion*. And yet Mr. Jones' present essay on "American Humor" is sheer opinion—nothing more. There is not a single point which he attempts to demonstrate. His (Jones') *ipse dixit* is all. Mr. Simms, the novelist, he thinks, is a fool—or something very near it. Mr. Jones "regards slightingly the mass of his romantic and poetical efforts"—the romantic and poetical efforts of decidedly the best novelist which this country has ever yet, upon the whole, produced. Of Judge Longstreet, (over whose inimitable "Georgia Scenes" the whole continent has been laughing till the tears rolled from its eyes,) Mr. William Jones has a still more indifferent opinion. "We know only the name of this gentleman," he says, "and have been unable to get his book, but we apprehend that personal partiality has its undue influence in his (Mr. Simms') estimate." Now what right has this Mr. William Jones, who is in the habit of vilifying Magazines by wholesale, whenever the editors turn up their noses at his contributions—what right has *he*, we say, to suspect any other person in the world than myself, of the vile sin of critical dishonesty? He "has not been able to get" Judge Longstreet's book—what business then has he (Mr. Jones) to form *any opinion at all* of the correctness or incorrectness of the opinion of Mr. Simms.

"The French," says this Mr. Jones, "have no humor"—let him pray Heaven that in Hades he fall not into the clutches of Moliere, of Rabelais, of Voltaire! Of the humor of our own countrymen he is much in doubt. A vulgar driveller, however (Harry Franco), the whole of whose point, as far as we can understand it, consists in being unable to pen a sentence of even decent English, our essayist places "on a par with Paulding and much above Miss Leslie and Joseph Neal." This to be sure is rather an equivocal sentence, but we would advise Mr. J. not to visit the city of Brotherl

Love if he has no inclination to be tarred and feathered:—we could not conceive a grosser or a more ridiculous insult.

The truth is that this essay on "American Humor" is contemptible both in a moral and literary sense—is the composition of an imitator and a quack—and disgraces the Magazine in which it makes its appearance.

The American Review for September contains, among other able papers, one of especial value by Hon. J. R. Ingersoll on the National Institute—also an article of much interest on the Bhagvat Geeta and the Doctrine of Immortality. "Helicon in Hot Weather" is the title of a pungent and discriminating review of numerous late poems—principally abortions—Mr. Lord's among the number. J. Ross Browne contributes an amusing "Extract from the Journal of a Whale Cruiser," and William Wallace has a noble poem entitled "Statuary" from which we venture to make an extract:

Under the music of my heart and brain
 Marble should start and tremble into life;
And men should mark beneath the daring strain,
 The troubled quarry's strife:
There, one by one, the blocks should swiftly fall
 From grand and beautiful creatures, who would rise
Like buried kings and queens from prison pall,
 And look at me with wondering eyes:
Brave men and lovely women—they who gave
 The advancing plume of Time a starry fire;
Who talked with Spirits—carried Freedom's glaive,
 Or grasped the Immortal with a lyre:
* * * * * * * * * * * * *
Then I would plant soft grasses, trees, and flowers
 Of rarest colour over all the mould,
And fountain-streams should murmur in some bowers,—
 Fenced by a trellis work of fretted gold.
A lofty portal ever open seen
 Should woo the city's toil-o'erwearied race
To that fair sculpture! They would lean
 On rosy plots amid the holy place,
When Night lay dreaming under a rounded moon.
And from those Statues (glimmering through the leaves
That softly whispering to the listening Eves
 Some touching tune learned long ago)
A solemn grandeur and a tender grace
 Into their souls should flow.
The stalwart man should learn a nobler strength:
 The blooming boyhood an aspiring fire;
And reverend Age should deem he heard at length
 The soft, low prelude of a seraph's choir:
The mother there should gently lean and press
 On little rosy feet a tenderer kiss,
And lovers light the shadows of the night
 With eyes that shone to each in mutual bliss.
Reclined amid my labor, I would hear
 Their voices in the leaves; and I would see
The throng, unseen, and whisper with a tear
 Of joy,—"They owe it all to me:
To me, who would a-temper so their souls
 That they should veil the fierce flash of the spears
Clashing for blood: Look back! See how it rolls
 In yon deep channels of the parted years,
Thick with the wave-uplifted heads of Those
 Who fought their fellows and went swiftly down
Beneath the Victor; over their repose
 He shook an idle crown.
But not like these, my Brothers! shall ye die:
 Something of Heaven is left; and the *Ideal*,
With all her stars is found, at last, to lie
 In that which we have called 'the REAL.'"

Wiley and Putnam's Library of Choice Reading. No. XXIII. Essays of Elia. By Charles Lamb. Second Series.

In our last we noticed Part I. of these Essays. The present volume contains some of Lamb's very best papers.

The Fine Arts.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY AT THE ROTUNDA.—In our last we promised to undertake an apparently invidious, and a really difficult task—in short, to criticise the works of living painters. In all the so-called criticisms which it has been our painful experience to peruse in the different newspapers of the day, we have scarcely ever met with any thing which deserved the name of criticism. The articles were either written for the painter by some kind friend, and, of course, amounted to nothing but flat and fulsome praise; or they were concocted for the paper by some penny-a-liner, who knew nothing of the subject, and who was equally ready, and quite as capable, to discourse on Sanscrit or astronomy, if he could find any body to pay him for it. Critics of this stamp being ill fed, and, of course, peevish and ill-tempered, gratify their spleen, and try to hide their ignorance, by dealing indiscriminate damnation on the works of all those whose champaigne and oysters they have not tasted. Such writers never attempt to point out the particular defects or beauties of a work of Art; for that would require knowledge. They seem to think, and, indeed, the public seem to think with them, that,

A man must serve a time to every trade,
Save Censure; critics all are ready made!

We have evidence every day of the truth of these remarks in the idle twaddle in the various papers emanating from shallow pretenders to knowledge, who, as a last resort, take to this "ready made" business, in order to gain a scanty subsistence. The amount of injury done to the cause of the Arts, by this wanton abuse of the public press, is indeed incalculable. Modest merit is overlooked, or slighted; the artist of good standing, if he has self-respect, is also passed by or treated in a flippant manner, while a few, and probably unworthy members of the profession are exalted to the seventh heaven of admiration. A false standard of taste is raised, a meretricious school is supported, and the favored of the "press" flourish for a short period in a false halo of glory, then sink into obscurity, but only to make way for some other nine-days' wonder, to be alike exalted and ultimately killed by false praise.

Of all the fine Arts, Painting is that of which people in general seem to think they possess an inborn knowledge; they think that it requires no previous study, no habit of contemplating fine works of Art, to enable them to discriminate between the coarse and the beautiful—the poetic and the common place. To this class we do not belong. We believe that every man who devotes his mind and time to the investigation of any art or science, must know more about it than those who do not pursue it, and is, consequently, better able to write or speak on the subject. We believe that no man should attempt to write on Art who has not spent much time in picture galleries, or in the studios of artists.

Of our own pretensions to knowledge we shall say little, and only observe, that if much familiarity with the galleries of England, and frequent association with a vast number of artists, have failed to give us all the requisite knowledge, we shall at least bring to the task, besides a certain amount of experience, the most perfect good faith, and the most sincere desire to do justice to the merits of all artists.

On entering the gallery, the eye is at once attracted by Cole's great series of pictures, representing the Progress of Society. It consists of five pictures, numbered 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, in the catalogue. In the first, Man is seen as the Savage Hunter; In the second, the Agricultural period has arrived;

in the third, the Arts of Peace and War have become fully developed; in the fourth, the Decline has commenced, and in the fifth, "ruin greenly dwells." The idea of tracing the progress of a people, was a fine thought, and at once points out the distinguishing trait in Cole's genius—imagination. We know of no parallel to the idea, except Hogarth's pictorial biographies. Whether or not the artist has successfully treated his very difficult subject, our readers will judge by the sequel.

The first picture represents a mountainous coast, the mouth of a river on the right hand, emptying itself into the sea—and the sun rising on the left. In the right hand distance, stands a lofty cliff, with a remarkable boulder on the summit, serving to identify the place throughout the history. On the opposite side of the river is a village of huts, with savages dancing round a great fire in the centre; while in the foreground on the top of a rocky eminence, amidst frightful precipices, are hunters pursuing deer, with bow and spear, assisted by their dogs. The scene is in the highest degree animated; all is in motion; the clouds and mists are driving on the coast, and the trees are waving in the wind. Nothing can exceed the lightness, beauty and truth of the foliage; it sparkles in the sun and trembles in the breeze. Every thing seems to have sprung into life, from the teeming grossness of the earth. Wild luxuriance, the unrestrained and undirected efforts of a prodigal Nature, characterizes the entire scene. Vast trees stretch out their brawny arms to the passing breeze, while the very ground is choked up by tangled weeds, which spring up spontaneously on every hand. No sign of cultivation, not a vestige of order visible:—chaotic confusion reigns supreme, and gloomy and profound solitude prevails even in the very presence of man. The conception is poetical in the highest degree; its truthfulness is sublime.

Every part of the picture is painted in a masterly manner: we wish we could pause here, and give only praise, but, as nothing human is perfect, so this picture has its defects, and it is our province as critics to attempt to point them out. In the first place we would suggest that the shadows are too dark, giving a black and sombre tone to the scene, not in harmony with the bright and joyous sunrise. The same observation may apply to the leaden mist, which falls upon the shore in ponderous masses which no breeze could lift. The gigantic size of the plants on the brink of the torrent, would indicate a tropical climate, (not the country of the white man) while we do not see the same character given to any other part of the vegetation.

These are faults opposed to truth, but their commission can be accounted for in our previous remarks. Doubtless the artist intended them, and sacrificed something to carry out his noble design, as they form important points in the striking idea to be conveyed, of vastness and solitude.

Not being well read in St. Hubert's "gentle craft," we are unable to say at what period in the progress of civilization, dogs were first used in packs, in the pursuit of game; but we cannot help thinking that the painter has perpetrated an anachronism, and introduced a pack before its time; for it is not likely that men could hunt with many dogs, before they had horses to follow close behind; otherwise the dogs would eat the game before their masters could come to the rescue. We shall venture to suggest only one or two more inaccuracies. The deer, in the foreground, struck with an arrow, resembles an object hurled into the air, more than an animal leaping; and the hunter who has shot the deer, would no longer keep his bow-hand outstretched as in the attitude of shooting, but would bend the elbow, to enable him to run with ease.

We have done with fault-finding, and we think we have said enough to show that this is a noble picture. We also trust that the remarks we have offered will induce our readers to look into this picture, to weigh it well in every point in order to arrive at the heart of its mystery—in order to be enabled to follow the artist in the spirit of his conception.

We shall resume the series in our next.

JOSEPH BUONAPARTE'S COLLECTION OF PICTURES AT BORDENTOWN.—The sale of this collection of paintings by old and modern masters, took place at Bordentown this week. We shall be furnished with a full account of the sale, the price each picture brought, with remarks upon their merit, and probable authenticity, by a gentleman, competent to the task, who was present. We shall probably present it to our readers in our next number.

Musical Department.

PARK THEATRE.—FIRST APPEARANCE OF THE NEW OPERA COMPANY.—On Monday evening a very crowded and brilliant audience was assembled within "Old Drury" to listen to the first notes of the singers, but recently arrived from England. The advent of a new opera company, is always a period of great excitement to the citizens of our noble city. They love an English opera, or an opera in English form, and though the Italian company and the French company has each its large list of admirers among the fashionable and exclusive portions of our varied community, yet the heart of the *people* is with the English opera. Witness the extraordinary success, and unprecedented "run" of Amalie, and the no less remarkable triumph of the Bohemian Girl, which has carried a company, profitably, through the entire range of the "States." A fine fortune has yet to be mane in this city, by any enterprising man, who shall establish a permanent English opera, supported by an efficient and attractive company. Stars (!) are not wanted for such an undertaking; they certainly attract, but they swallow up all the results of their attraction. A moderately good company permanently attached to the establishment, would be all sufficient to produce the much to be desired results.

But to return to the Park. The opera of the Sonnambula was chosen for the first performance. It would be useless at this period to speak of the music of Bellini; it has stood the test of European criticism for years, and still maintains its position, as one of the most melodious and passionate creations, that ever emanated from the brain of its gifted composer. Its simple, touching and pathetic character, affects us now even more deeply than on the first occasion of our hearing it. Its truth is undeniable, and on this fact its popularity is firmly based. The character of Amina is one of great difficulty. In the beginning, gay, cheerful, brimfull of happiness, which has not one alloy; afterwards, goaded almost to madness by false and terrible accusations, which involve her hitherto unsullied reputation and her every hope of happiness: then follows a period of deep dejection—heart-broken, wretched, conscious of innocence, but unable to prove it to the world, and feeling her misery still more acutely, from the consciousness that he whom she loves suffers deeply also; and finally the violent revolution of feeling—the sudden transition from the deepest affliction to the most ecstatic joy.

It will be seen and at once allowed that Miss Delcy selected a very arduous part to appear in; one which has taxed the utmost powers of the greatest artists of the day. To

say that she acquitted herself well, would be giving much praise, but she went beyond this, and in many parts rose to a high point of excellence. She has a soprano voice of good compass, but of unequal quality; the upper portion is powerful, and when not over exerted, is exceedingly sweet and melodious; the middle part is weak and ineffective, while of the lower range she possesses but little, unless when forced out in a throaty, but somewhat effective, quality. Her education has been founded upon the Italian school, as her method continually evidences, but we should judge that she had been removed from pupilage at least two years too soon. There is a want of artistic finish in all that she executes; the upper notes are seldom taken truly, and rarely held with firmness; her execution is neither rapid nor clear;—the chromatic scale for instance was extremely inaccurate—her shake is undecided, and her added *fioriture* was in extremely bad taste, being common place and unmelodious. This fault must however be attributed to her instructor. Her pronunciation is very imperfect—we could rarely distinguish a word in any of her recitatives. But to balance these defects Miss Deley has in her favor youth, beauty and enthusiasm. Her acting throughout was excellent. Every phase of the character was truthfully portrayed, and the strong points carefully brought out. She sings with great passion, and seems to pour her whole feelings into her music. This passion, however, is insufficiently regulated, and often degenerates into an affected force, (especially in her singing) which entirely mars the effect it is intended to produce. In short, the *peculiarities* of the Italian school when unaccompanied by its acknowledged beauties, assume a breadth which trenches on the caricature. The peculiarities are easily acquired—the beauties can only be achieved by time. Miss Deley only wanted time to fit her to occupy a prominent position among the first of English singers. She is yet extremely youthful, and constant practice in her profession will smooth down the inequalities of her style; and though we hail her now as a welcome acquisition to our musical strength, we hope yet to be able to speak more entirely in her favor.

Mr. Gardiner, the new tenor, possesses a voice, including his *voce di testa*, of considerable compass: it is also rich, mellow and very equal throughout. His style is pure, and he pours into his music much earnest and impassioned feeling. He has, however, a sad habit of flattening upon the upper notes of his natural voice; this mars most seriously the pleasing effect of his singing, and could he but overcome this defect—and by steady practice directed to the correction of this one great fault, he might overcome it—*if*, we say, he could conquer this defect, he would certainly rank as one of the most efficient tenors that ever came from England. His action is quiet, but by no means restrained or awkward. His figure is manly and well proportioned, and his face is good. If he does not fall off from the standard his first appearance has raised, we shall have acquired a valuable addition to our musical strength.

Miss Moss was the Lisa of the evening. She has a voice of good compass, but of a weak and thin quality. She makes it appear even thinner and weaker than it is, by interlarding her music with cadences at the extreme height of her voice, which could only be performed with effect by a piccolo flute. Her song in the third act was really a curiosity. Such twiddlings and turnings in the remote region of attissimo, such marticulate, private and confidential warblings to herself, we never before listened to. At first we thought that the gentleman flauto in the orchestra was indulging in a little *ad libitum* pocosity. We were however, deceived; it was a human voice, but tortured altogether out of its propriety. Miss Moss has studied in an exceedingly vicious school, and has to unlearn much before she can ever achieve anything. Her action is also faulty. She is always in motion, and that motion is not regulated by any rules apart. She should endeavor earnestly to acquire repose in manner, indeed repose is needed both in her singing and her acting.

Mr. Brough as Count Rodolpho, was received by loud shouts of approbation. With a few exceptions, in which he took his own independent time, he got through the music respectably as far as the notes were concerned, and as to the style we are unable to pass an opinion, having never heard any thing like it in our whole experience.

Miss Fanny Gordon is evidently unaccustomed to singing concerted music; she entirely spoilt the beautiful round in the third act. Her acting was, however, careful and judicious.

Mr. Andrews played the very disagreeable part of Alessio with much spirit. He took many liberties with his text, but idiots, especially country idiots in love, are generally allowed every licence, so they do but elicit a laugh.

The choruses were admirably executed throughout the opera. The singers had evidently been carefully drilled, and produced an effect altogether unexpected in an English performance. (!) We are truly glad to witness this decided improvement in such an important branch of operatic music.

Mr. Rophino Lacy has worked wonders in the Park Orchestra. Its performance throughout was highly creditable. The pianos were carefully kept, so well indeed, that fine crescendo effects were made, and yet the hand never overpowered the voice.

The opera was well got out in every respect.

The Drama.

We continue our extracts from Mr. Murdock's entertaining MS. "The Stage.

MACREADY.—This actor commences his career, as one "native and to the manor born,"—his father having been a respectable and successful manager in most of the large towns of England, who had creditably sustained a certain rank, as an actor, on the London boards, and who had written at least one successful afterpiece, which still holds its place on the stage. The young aspirant, in this case, is smitten with the passion for a Thespian life, amidst exciting impulses, caught from immediate contact with dramatic representation, and in actual possession of the most advantageous opportunities for observing and studying those highly-finished models of excellence in the actor's art, which were accessible to all England, during the early years of the present century, and of which Macready, when younger, must have enjoyed peculiar facilities for acquiring the most intimate knowledge.

The theatrical tyro, in this instance, comes to the study of dramatic art with fine opportunities of previous mental culture; his father having designed him for the bar, and having relinquished this destination of his son only after long continued solicitation on the part of the latter, and with extreme reluctance on his own.

Here, then, is an example of a débutant starting up from the very soil of the theatre itself, surrounded with all professional "appliances and means to boot." In these circumstances, however, he furnishes the most important of all lessons to the young aspirant. He learned on no factitious aid, but, on adopting the profession, gave himself wholly to the profoundest study. Never was there a more earnest or

devoted student of the dramatic art; and, when, in the spirit of filial regard, he assumed the laborious task of stage-manager for his father, he read another practical lesson to all who follow the histrionic art. The stage, under his management, became, what it ought always to be, a school of artistical instruction. Every actor had the benefit of his suggestions,—from the primary down to the very humblest parts: the forenoon rehearsals, under his direction, became a perfect preparation for the evening.

All foolish fastidiousness about rank in the green room, and all petty jealousy on that score, he abolished, at once, by his own professional enthusiasm for even the slightest effects that are essential to a dramatic whole,—and by acting himself on the theory which he inculcated. For successive years, he made it a point to aid his father's exertions, by playing every thing that came to hand in the routine of business. His consummate artistic skill is perhaps owing largely to this course which he pursued in early life.

The success which followed his professional zeal and devotion, was, at one time, most strikingly exhibited during a period of his father's career as manager in Scotland. Mr. Macready senior had been induced to attempt the hazardous experiment of taking a lease of the theatre at Glasgow,—a place somewhat famous, even in Scotland, for its sanctimonious abhorrence of a playhouse. Fanatic zeal had caused there the burning down of more than one theatre; and several managers, in succession, had ruined themselves in the attempt to meet the enormous expenses inseparable from the arrangements of the new theatre, which, in a fit of absurd reaction against popular bigotry, was built at an extravagant cost and of colossal dimensions.

The utmost exertions were required, on the part both of father and son, to render the house attractive; and the latter by his efficient control of the stage, as well as his own admirable playing,—then fresh with all the force of youthful genius and natural freedom, and ranging over the whole ground of comedy as well as tragedy,—placed his father's enterprise on secure ground, which was maintained for several seasons in succession. The varied and arduous duties which Macready's station then imposed were never suffered to interfere with his personal studies; and the daily ripening of his judgment, and progressive refinement of his taste, were continually evinced in the deeper and mellower character of his style of acting.

One apparently insignificant trait in his Hamlet, will best avouch the self-correcting power of Macready's genius, and the fidelity to truth and nature which study will develop in the best constituted minds. His early manner in returning the skull of Yorick to its earthly home, was an inadvertent act of juvenile extravagance, founded on the mere physical aversion of the senses to the loathsome object in his hand:—he literally tossed it over his own head up the stage. Reflection soon suggested the quiet and subdued style of acquitting himself in this passage, which now forms a beautiful trait in his management of the whole part.

The mention of this fact, familiar to those who saw Macready in his youth, suggests, by mere association, the manner, in the same passage, of our own eminent tragedian, Forrest. Paragraphists who echo each other's criticisms, without observing for themselves, and who repeat the stale objection to Forrest's style of acting, that it is all physical force, &c., &c., might derive a most impressive rebuke from observing his manner in this instance. He hands, carefully and tenderly, the precious relic back to the grave-digger, like one conveying a frail but precious vessel, which carelessness might drop or injure. The effect is touching in the extreme: it bespeaks all the gentleness and affectionate regard of the prince for him who had "borne him on his back a thousand times." You cannot help contrasting the tenderness of Hamlet, as he almost reverentially returns the skull, holding it in both hands and giving it up gently and carefully, with the rough, abrupt, joking style of the grave-digger, who in his natural ebullition of mingling humor and feeling, gives the skull a good-natured slap of familiarity, as he says—"a pestilent rogue!—he poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head, one day!"

The fact of Macready's having been introduced to the metropolis at a period when the intensely impassioned style of Kean had perhaps given an undue bias to public taste, may have led him, in some things, to force his manner out of its previous beautiful repose and simplicity, and thus to forego its peculiarly natural effect, for one more premeditated and artistic. Let critics determine on such points. At all events, the lesson which his example affords to young aspirants after professional distinction, ought to suggest to them the value of attention and habitual study.

I am well aware that there are those who question the power and genius of Macready, as an actor, and who object to his anxiety about details of propriety, on the part of subordinate performers. But it should never be forgotten that, in this country, he is always seen at the disadvantage of the absence of all those minor appointments, which, when perfect in their character, and complete in their extent, give smoothness and finish to the effects of the stag,e and that he is seldom sustained by persons habituated to his manner and assimilated to his style. The case becomes like that of an individual accustomed to every luxury of life, in its highest perfection, being required at once to accommodate himself to scanty diet and homely fare.

Macready's high conception of ideal excellence in every point of detail, and his rigor of stage discipline—not to speak of the deplorable dulness of the material he has sometimes to mould—have often created prejudices against him, as prone to harshness and asperity. It is too apt to be forgotten that he who has spent a life, as regards the stage-training of subordinates, in the process, (to use Sir Walter Scott's words about the schoolmaster,) of "delving sand and, washing Ethiopians," is not likely to excel in the good gift of enduring patience. It would need something more than even the meekness of Moses to enable a high trained artist, when wound to one of the highest pitches of inspiration and effect, to bear calmly the utter demolition of the whole fabric, by one of those ridiculous blunders of bungling stupidity which draw tears of laughter, instead of sorrow, from the eyes of "pitying spectators."

The genuine humanity of Macready's nature is attested by the kind attention and generous aid which, in his early days, he ever bestowed on those individuals of his father's company, who fell into sickness or misfortune, and his liberal contributions, on all occasions, to beneficiary funds of a professional character.

When, playing, on one occasion, at an English provincial theatre, the manager, (who seems to have been a judicious reformer,) deducted, at the payment of the stipulated compensation of the actor, one guinea. as the established fine for the use of a profane word, at rehearsal. The tragedian acceded, with great cheerfulness, to the deduction, acknowledging his impropriety, and approving of the practice of fining in such cases, and on hearing that such fines went to a fund for sick or indigent actors, immediately handed ten guineas as a donation.

A London newspaper, some years ago, contained the fol-

lowing anecdote, illustrative of the genuine humanity of his disposition:

"About the usual hour of returning from the theatre, a fire was raging in an adjoining street or alley. The flames were already darting from some of the upper windows of a house against which a ladder was placed, near to a window from which the smoke was already beginning to roll. At the foot of the ladder stood a poor mother, screaming in agony for some one to mount it and save her child. But the peril was too great to be encountered by any one of the surrounding crowd. All shrunk from the attempt. A tall man, wrapped in a long cloak, came up, and hearing how matters stood, drew his cloak more closely around his person, mounted the ladder, and disappeared at the smoking window. In a few moments, he reappeared, descended, unfolded his cloak, and placed in the arms of the half-frantic mother her rescued child. As the individual threw open his cloak, the light of the fire enabled some one to recognize the form and features of the tragedian, who immediately withdrew. A a peal of voices, in a moment, sent up his name above the roar of the flames.

Notwithstanding the conflicting theories of criticism, the truthfulness and beauty of this noble tragedian's style, are, in some of his characters, unrivalled, and hitherto unapproachable, as specimens of finished histrionic art, founded on the deepest study of nature. The smoothness and fluency of Booth, if added to the elaborate grandeur of Macready, would make a glorious but almost superhuman combination of effect; and could we imagine the whole heightened by the magnificent breadth and intensely impassioned force of Forrest, we should have an ideal model of consummate power and perfection in the art of personation.

Editorial Miscellany.

In a Tale called "The Broken-Hearted, a Touching Incident of Real Life, by John G. Whittier," which we find in a "Philadelphia Saturday Courier" of June 19, 18—(year torn off) there occurs the following passage:

It cannot be that earth is man's only abiding place. It cannot be that our life is a bubble, cast off by the ocean of eternity, to float a moment upon its waves, and sink into darkness and nothingness. Else why is it, that the high and glorious aspirations, which leap like angels from the temple of our hearts, are forever wandering abroad unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and the cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass off, and leave us to muse upon their faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars which hold their festivals around the midnight throne, are set above the grasp of our limited faculties—forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And why is it—that bright forms of human beauty are present to our view and then taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of our affection to flow back in an alpine torrent upon our hearts? We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never fades—where the stars will be spread out before us, like islands that slumber on the ocean—and where the beautiful beings which here pass before us like visions, will stay in our presence forever.

The passage subjoined is also lying before us in print—but we are unable to trace its source. It is attributed to Bulwer—whether rightly or not we cannot say.

I cannot believe that earth is man's abiding place. It cannot be that life is cast upon the ocean of eternity to float for a moment upon its waves and sink into nothingness! Else why is it that the glorious aspirations which leap like angels from the temples of our hearts, are forever wandering about unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and clouds come over us with a beauty that is not of earth; and then pass off and leave us to muse on their loveliness? Why is it that the stars who hold their festival around their midnight throne are set above the grasp of our limited faculties, forever mocking us with unapproachable glory? And finally, why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view and then taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of our affections to flow back in Alpine torrents upon our hearts? We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth: there is a realm where the rainbow never fades—where the stars will be spread out before us like the islands that slumber in the ocean; and where the beings that pass before us like shadows, will stay in our presence forever!

Somebody has perpetrated a gross plagiarism in the premises, but we have not the slightest idea that this somebody is Mr. Whittier. We have too high an opinion of his integrity to believe him guilty of this, the most despicable species of theft. *Most* despicable, we say. The ordinary pickpocket filches a purse, and the matter is at an end. He neither takes honor to himself, openly, on the score of the purloined purse, nor does he subject the individual robbed to the charge of pick-pocketism in his own person; by so much the less odious is he, then, than the filcher of literary property. It is impossible, we should think, to imagine a more sickening spectacle than that of the plagiarist, who walks among mankind with an erecter step, and who feels his heart beat with a prouder impulse, on account of plaudits which he is conscious are the due of another. It is the purity, the nobility, the ethereality of just fame—it is the contrast between this ethereality and the grossness of the crime of theft, which places the sin of plagiarism in so detestable a light. We are horror-stricken to find existing in the same bosom the soul-uplifting thirst for fame, and the debasing propensity to pilfer. It is the anomaly—the discord—which so grossly offends.

We repeat, that, in the case now in question, we are quite confident of the blamelessness of Mr. Whittier—but we would wish that the true criminal be ruthlessly exposed. *Who is he?* No doubt some of our friends can tell us. We remember in one of the poems of Delta (published, perhaps in the seventh volume of Blackwood) something which very remarkably resembles the passages quoted above.

Another parallel—Here are the concluding lines of "Knowledge is Power, a Poem pronounced before the Junior Lyceum of the City of Chicago, on the 22d of February 1843, by William H. Bushnell.

> To each and all, may life's wide sea
> Ne'er rise before your sail—
> But may your course be ever free
> From each tempestuous gale:
> And may you pass your portals fair
> To Heaven, free and light—
> And life be mingled less with care
> Than his, who bids you now—good night.

And here are the concluding lines of "The Age: a Satire pronounced before the New York Society of Literature at the Second Anniversary, January 23d, 1845, by Alfred Wheeler."

> And may sweet dreams of love and truth,
> Upon your slumbers rest,
> And cloudless hope, the joy of youth,
> Dwell peaceful in each breast—
> And may your lives be free from care,
> Your path be ever bright,
> Your days, more promising and fair,
> Than mine have been—*Good night!*

Professor Horncastle gave his first entertainment, in this country, at the Society Library, last week. We were unable to attend his performance.

While glancing at his "posters" we were much struck by the following paragraph. "The Professor thinks it right, in consequence of the frequent mistakes, to make it generally known that he never was on the stage. It is *a* Mr. James Henry Horncastle, who was formerly at the theatre. If his friends will look at the initials of the name, they will see the mistake."

The Professor may think it right to make this announce-

ment, but we think it extremely wrong. In the first place, of what consequence is it, whether he was or was not upon the stage? The fact, if established, does not make him either a better singer or a better man. In the next place it would certainly have been in much better taste had he said—the party for whom I am mistaken is my brother, and not *a* Mr. James Henry Horncastle. It would have been in better taste, for the reason, that this Mr. James Henry Horncastle is very generally known in this city, not only for his talents, which are considerable and versatile, but for his gentlemanly demeanor and honorable conduct. We therefore think that the professor need not be very much shocked, even if he should be mistaken for his brother: at any rate the announcement is a gratuitous exposure of some affair with which the public has nothing to do, and which should certainly have been kept back while the party so slightingly spoken of, is absent from the country, and therefore unable to define his own position.

We have been frequently asked from what source Professor Horncastle derives his title of Professor? What Professorship does he hold? To these questions we are unable to reply, never having seen an account of Mr. Horncastle's election to a vacant chair.

The Mesmeric journals, and some others, are still making a to-do about the tenability of Mr. Vankirk's doctrines as broached in a late Magazine paper of our own, entitled "Mesmeric Revelation,". "The Regenerator" has some very curious comments, indeed: it says:

"However accurate or inaccurate the reasons of this clairvoyant may have been, it is self-evident to me they were heterogeneous and probably were solecisms; at all events they were unintelligible in my apprehension—his "unparticled matter," i.e. "God," "God in quiescence," i.e. "mind," &c. I would fain transcribe verbatim his answers to his mesmetisers, but brevity, which is your legitimate due, forbids: therefore let the following suffice, viz.—

Question: What is God? Answer: [after a long pause,] "It is difficult to tell; he is not spirit, for he exists; nor is he matter, as you understand it—immateriality is a mere word; but there are gradations of matter, of which man knows nothing; the grosser impelling the finer, the finer pervading the grosser; the gradations of matter increase in rarity or fineness until we arrive at a matter *unparticled*;—here the law of impulsion and permeation is modified; this matter is God, and thought is this matter in motion." And lastly—"It is clear, however, that it is as fully matter as before." If this is not incoherent language, then am I no competent judge of logic. However, the argument, if sane, in reality amounts to materialism, and our clairvoyant is a materialist still, and propagating the doctrine I have maintained and held forth to the world more than thirty years, viz., that God is matter—is "all in all"—as the Christian Scriptures declare. Be that as it may, there can be no effect without a natural cause; hence I conclude Vankirk's ratiocination was the legitimate or natural effect of his former cogitations and present anxiety concerning this much harped upon theological enigma—the soul's immortality.

Now would not any one suppose, that our sentence as above given, viz.: "It is as clear, however, that it is as fully matter as before"—would not any one suppose that it immediately followed the words "matter is motion," and that the "*it*" referred to "thought?" Of course, any one would. But, as *we* wrote them, the sentences are separated by some dozen intervening paragraphs, and there is no connexion whatever.

These things, however, are of little consequence. We wait with great patience for the end of the argumentation.

A correspondent of Mr. Simms' Monthly Magazine makes some odd mistakes in giving that work an account of literary people and literary doings in New York. Some *omissions* in the lists of contributors to the principal Magazines, are particularly noticeable. Many constant writers are unmentioned, and some of the occasional ones paraded forth, are no credit to the journals in question. In speaking of the "Broadway Journal," the correspondent announces, as its only contributors, Mrs. Childs and T. H. Chivers. Of the former we never heard. Dr. Chivers never contributed a line to our paper in his life. Our regular contributors would do honor to any Magazine in the land—Lowell, Simms, Benjamin, Duyckinck, Page, (the artist,) the author of the Vision of Rubeta, Tuckerman, Mrs. Osgood, Mrs. Ellett, Mrs. Hewitt, Miss Lawson, Miss Fuller, and so forth, are writers of which any journal might be proud.

Emerson's Arithmetic has been translated into modern Greek.

Frederica Bremer, the gifted Swedish novelist, will not come here, as she intended, this summer, her visit being necessarily postponed till another year, by the illness of a near friend.

A suit for libel has been instituted against J. Fenimore Cooper, by the Rev. Mr. Tiffany of Cooperstown.

We call the attention of our readers to some beautiful six octave piano fortes, now in the store of Mr. Chambers, 385 Broadway. They are well finished, possess a beautiful quality of tone, with great power and delicacy of touch.

Let those in need of a piano forte, call and see these instruments.

The work of Von Raumer, the Prussian traveller and critic, on the United States, has appeared, and its table of contents is said to be of great promise. A translation may be expected to appear shortly in this country. Mrs. Ellett, of South Carolina, will probably translate it. —*N. O. Picayune.*

The Baron's comments on American literature are particularly vapid. He seems to have not the remotest conception of the actual condition of our letters. The translation is completed. Mrs. Ellet has done only a portion—though abundantly able to have done all, and well.

We learn from Messrs. Robinson and Jones that the subscription papers for the volume of *Poems, by Lewis J. Cist*, have been very well filled, and that the work is now in press. Mr. C. has written a great deal for eastern and western magazines and papers, and has many admirers who will be pleased to possess his productions in a collected form. A number of his poems have had a very wide circulation, and given his name a place among the younger Bards of America.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

Mr. William Fairman, *of this city, has become, for the present, interested in the conduct of the "Broadway Journal." He is about taking a tour through some of the States, for the purpose of promoting the general interests of the work, and we commend him to the attention of our friends.*

THE MISSES SEDGWICK'S BOARDING and DAY SCHOOL re-opened on Wednesday the 10th of September, at No. 42 WEST WASHINGTON PLACE, where Circulars may be obtained; also at the bookstores of Roe Lockwood & Son, No. 411 Broadway, and Shepard, 191 Broadway.

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