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## The Forest Rverie.

'Tis said that when  
The hands of men  
Tamed this primeval wood,  
And hoary trees with groans of wo,  
Like warriors by an unknown foe,  
Were in their strength subdued,  
The virgin Earth  
Gave instant birth  
To springs that ne'er did flow.—  
That in the sun  
Did rivulets run  
And all around rare flowers did blow—  
The wild rose pale  
Perfumed the gale  
And the queenly Lily adown the dale  
(Whom the Sun and the dew  
And the winds did woo.)  
With the gourd and the grape luxuriant grew.

So when in tears  
The love of years  
Is wasted like the snow.  
And the fine fibrils of its life  
By the rude wrong of instant strife  
Are broken at a blow—  
Within the heart  
Do springs upstart  
Of which it doth not know,  
And strange, sweet dreams,  
Like silent streams  
That from new fountains overflow,  
With the earlier tide  
Of rivers glide  
Deep in the heart whose hope has died—  
Quenching the fires its ashes hide,—  
Its ashes, whence will spring and grow  
Sweet flowers, ere long,—  
The rare and radiant flowers of Song!

A. M. ILL.

## Ligeia.

And the will therein lieth, which dieth not. Who knoweth the mysteries of the will, with its vigor? For God is but a great will pervading all things by means of its infiniteness. Man doth not yield himself to the angels, nor unto death utterly, save only through the weakness of his feeble will.

JOSEPH GLANVILL.

I cannot, for my soul, remember how, when, or even precisely where, I first became acquainted with the lady Ligeia. Long years have since elapsed, and my memory is feeble through much suffering. Or, perhaps, I cannot now bring these points to mind, because, in truth, the character of my beloved, her rare learning, her singular yet placid cast of beauty, and the thrilling and enthralling eloquence of her low musical language, made their way into my heart by paces so steadily and stealthily progressive that they have been unnoticed and unknown. Yet I believe that I met her first and most frequently in

some large, old, decaying city near the Rhine. Of her family—I have surely heard her speak. That it is of a remotely ancient date cannot be doubted. Ligeia! Ligeia! Buried in studies of a nature more than all else adapted to deaden impressions of the outward world, it is by that sweet word alone—by Ligeia—that I bring before mine eyes in fancy the image of her who is no more. And now, while I write, a recollection flashes upon me that I have never known the paternal name of her who was my friend and my betrothed, and who became the partner of my studies, and finally the wife of my bosom. Was it a playful charge on the part of my Ligeia? or was it a test of my strength of affection, that I should institute no inquiries upon this point? or was it rather a caprice of my own—a wildly romantic offering on the shrine of the most passionate devotion? I but indistinctly recall the fact itself—what wonder that I have utterly forgotten the circumstances which originated or attended it? And, indeed, if ever that spirit which is entitled *Romance*—if ever she, the wan and the misty-winged *Ashtophet* of idolatrous Egypt, presided, as they tell, over marriages ill-omened, then most surely she presided over mine.

There is one dear topic, however, on which my memory fails me not. It is the person of Ligeia. In stature she was tall, somewhat slender, and, in her latter days, even emaciated. I would in vain attempt to portray the majesty, the quiet ease, of her demeanor, or the incomprehensible lightness and elasticity of her footfall. She came and departed as a shadow. I was never made aware of her entrance into my closed study save by the dear music of her low sweet voice, as she placed her marble hand upon my shoulder. In beauty of face no maiden ever equalled her. It was the radiance of an opium dream—an airy and spirit-lifting vision more wildly divine than the phantasies which hovered about the slumbering souls of the daughters of Delos. Yet her features were not of that regular mould which we have been falsely taught to worship in the classical labors of the heathen. "There is no exquisite beauty," says Bacon, Lord Verulam, speaking truly of all the forms and *genera* of beauty, "without some *strangeness* in the proportion." Yet, although I saw that the features of Ligeia were not of a classic regularity—although I perceived that her loveliness was indeed "exquisite," and felt that there was much of "strangeness" pervading it, yet I have tried in vain to detect the irregularity and to trace home my own perception of "the strange." I examined the contour of the lofty and pale forehead—it was faultless—how cold indeed that word when applied to a majesty so divine!—the skin rivaling the purest ivory, the commanding extent and repose, the gentle prominence of the regions above the temples; and then the raven-black, the glossy, the luxuriant and naturally-curling tresses, setting forth the full force of the Homeric epithet, "hyacinthine!" I looked at the delicate outlines of the nose—and nowhere but in the grace-



ful medallions of the Hebrews had I beheld a similar perfection. There were the same luxurious smoothness of surface, the same scarcely perceptible tendency to the aquiline, the same harmoniously curved nostrils speaking the free spirit. I regarded the sweet mouth. Here was indeed the triumph of all things heavenly—the magnificent turn of the short upper lip—the soft, voluptuous slumber of the under—the dimples which sported, and the color which spoke—the teeth glancing back, with a brilliancy almost startling, every ray of the holy light which fell upon them in her serene and placid, yet most exultingly radiant of all smiles. I scrutinized the formation of the chin—and here, too, I found the gentleness of breadth, the softness and the majesty, the fullness and the spirituality, of the Greek—the contour which the God Apollo revealed but in a dream, to Cleomenes, the son of the Athenian. And then I peered into the large eyes of Ligeia.

For eyes we have no models in the remotely antique. It might have been, too, that in these eyes of my beloved lay the secret to which Lord Verulam alludes. They were, I must believe, far larger than the ordinary eyes of our own race. They were even fuller than the fullest of the gazelle eyes of the tribe of the valley of Nourjahad. Yet it was only at intervals—in moments of intense excitement—that this peculiarity became more than slightly noticeable in Ligeia. And at such moments was her beauty—in my heated fancy thus it appeared perhaps—the beauty of beings either above or apart from the earth—the beauty of the fabulous Houris of the Turk. The hue of the orbs was the most brilliant of black, and, far over them, hung jetty lashes of great length. The brows, slightly irregular in outline, had the same tint. The “strangeness,” however, which I found in the eyes, was of a nature distinct from the formation, or the color, or the brilliancy of the features, and must, after all, be referred to the *expression*. Ah, word of no meaning! behind whose vast latitude of mere sound we intrench our ignorance of so much of the spiritual. The expression of the eyes of Ligeia! How for long hours have I pondered upon it! How have I, through the whole of a midsummer night, struggled to fathom it! What was it—that something more profound than the well of Democritus—which lay far within the pupils of my beloved? What *was* it? I was possessed with a passion to discover. Those eyes! those large, those shining, those divine orbs! they became to me twin stars of Leda, and I to them devoutest of astrologers.

There is no point, among the many incomprehensible anomalies of the science of mind, more thrillingly exciting than the fact—never, I believe, noticed in the schools—that, in our endeavors to recall to memory something long forgotten, we often find ourselves upon the very verge of remembrance, without being able, in the end, to remember. And thus how frequently, in my intense scrutiny of Ligeia's eyes, have I felt approaching the full knowledge of their expression—felt it approaching—yet not quite be mine—and so at length entirely depart! And (strange, oh strangest mystery of all!) I found, in the commonest objects of the universe, a circle of analogies to that expression. I mean to say that, subsequently to the period when [Ligeia's beauty passed into my spirit, there dwelling as in a shrine, I derived, from many existences in the material world, a sentiment such as I felt always around within me by her large and luminous orbs. Yet not the more could I define that sentiment, or analyze, or even

steadily view it. I recognized it, let me repeat, sometimes in the survey of a rapidly-growing vine—in the contemplation of a moth, a butterfly, a chrysalis, a stream of running water. I have felt it in the ocean; in the falling of a meteor. I have felt it in the glances of unusually aged people. And there are one or two stars in heaven—(one especially, a star of the sixth magnitude, double and changeable, to be found near the large star in Lyra) in a telescopic scrutiny of which I have been made aware of the feeling. I have been filled with it by certain sounds from stringed instruments, and not unfrequently by passages from books. Among innumerable other instances, I well remember something in a volume of Joseph Glanvill, which (perhaps merely from its quaintness—who shall say?) never failed to inspire me with the sentiment:—“And the will therein lieth, which dieth not. Who knoweth the mysteries of the will, with its vigor? For God is but a great will pervading all things by nature of its intentness. Man doth not yield him to the angels, nor unto death utterly, save only through the weakness of his feeble will.”

Length of years, and subsequent reflection, have enabled me to trace, indeed, some remote connection between this passage in the English moralist and a portion of the character of Ligeia. An *intensity* in thought, action, or speech, was possibly, in her, a result, or at least an index, of that gigantic volition which, during our long intercourse, failed to give other and more immediate evidence of its existence. Of all the women whom I have ever known, she, the outwardly calm, the ever-placid Ligeia, was the most violently a prey to the tumultuous vultures of stern passion. And of such passion I could form no estimate, save by the miraculous expansion of those eyes which at once so delighted and appalled me—by the almost magical melody, modulation, distinctness and placidity of her very low voice—and by the fierce energy (rendered doubly effective by contrast with her manner of utterance) of the wild words which she habitually uttered.

I have spoken of the learning of Ligeia: it was immense—such as I have never known in woman. In the classical tongues was she deeply proficient, and as far as my own acquaintance extended in regard to the modern dialects of Europe, I have never known her at fault. Indeed upon any theme of the most admired, because simply the most abstruse of the boasted erudition of the academy, have I ever found Ligeia at fault? How singularly—how thrillingly, this one point in the nature of my wife has forced itself, at this late period only, upon my attention! I said her knowledge was such as I have never known in woman—but where breathes the man who has traversed, and successfully, *all* the wide areas of moral, physical, and mathematical science? I saw not then what I now clearly perceive, that the acquisitions of Ligeia were gigantic, were astounding; yet I was sufficiently aware of her infinite supremacy to resign myself, with a child-like confidence, to her guidance through the chaotic world of metaphysical investigation at which I was most busily occupied during the earlier years of our marriage. With how vast a triumph—with how vivid a delight—with how much of all that is ethereal in hope—did I *feel*, as she bent over me in studies but little sought—but less known—that delicious vista by slow degrees expanding before me, down whose long, gorgeous, and all untrodden path, I might at length pass onwarc to the goal of a wisdom too divinely precious not to be forbidden!



How poignant, then, must have been the grief with which, after some years, I beheld my well-grounded expectations take wings to themselves and fly away! Without Ligeia I was but as a child groping benighted. Her presence, her readings alone, rendered vividly luminous the many mysteries of the transcendentalism in which we were immersed. Wanting the radiant lustre of her eyes, letters, lambent and golden, grew duller than Saturnian lead. And now those eyes shone less and less frequently upon the pages over which I pored. Ligeia grew ill. The wild eyes blazed with a too—too glorious effulgence: the pale fingers became of the transparent waxen hue of the grave, and the blue veins upon the lofty forehead swelled and sank impetuously with the tides of the most gentle emotion. I saw that she must die—and I struggled desperately in spirit with the grim Azrael. And the struggles of the passionate wife were, to my astonishment, even more energetic than my own. There had been much in her stern nature to impress me with the belief that, to her, death would have come without its terrors;—but not so. Words are impotent to convey any just idea of the fierceness of resistance with which she wrestled with the Shadow. I groaned in anguish at the pitiable spectacle. I would have soothed—I would have reasoned; but, in the intensity of her wild desire for life,—for life—but for life—solace and reason were alike the uttermost of folly. Yet not until the last instance, amid the most convulsive writhings of her fierce spirit, was shaken the external placidity of her demeanor. Her voice grew more gentle—grew more low—yet I would not wish to dwell upon the wild meaning of the quietly uttered words. My brain reeled as I hearkened entranced, to a melody more than mortal—to assumptions and aspirations which mortality had never before known.

That she loved me I should not have doubted; and I might have been easily aware that, in a bosom such as hers, love would have reigned no ordinary passion. But in death only, was I fully impressed with the strength of her affection. For long hours, detaining my hand, would she pour out before me the overflowing of a heart whose more than passionate devotion amounted to idolatry. How had I deserved to be so blessed by such confessions?—how had I deserved to be so cursed with the removal of my beloved in the hour of her making them? But upon this subject I cannot bear to dilate. Let me say only, that in Ligeia's more than womanly abandonment to a love, alas! all unmerited, all unworthily bestowed, I at length recognized the principle of her longing with so wildly earnest a desire for the life which was now fleeing so rapidly away. It is this wild longing—it is this eager vehemence of desire for life—but for life—that I have no power to portray—no utterance capable of expressing.

At high noon of the night in which she departed, beckoning me, peremptorily, to her side, she bade me repeat certain verses composed by herself not many days before. I obeyed her.—They were these:

Let 'tis a gala night  
 Within the lonesome latter years!  
 An angel throng, bewinged, bedight  
 In veils, and drowned in tears,  
 Sit in a theatre, to see  
 A play of hopes and fears,  
 While the orchestra breathes fitfully  
 The music of the spheres.  
 Mimes, in the form of God on high,  
 Mutter and mumble low,

And hither and thither fly—  
 Mere puppets they, who come and go  
 At bidding of vast formless things  
 That shift the scenery to and fro,  
 Flapping from out their Condor wings  
 Invisible Wo!

That motley dream!—oh, be sure  
 It shall not be forgot!  
 With its Phantom chased forevermore,  
 By a crowd that seize it not,  
 Through a circle that ever returneth in  
 To the self-same spot,  
 And much of Madness and more of Sin,  
 And Horror the soul of the plot.

But see, amid the mimic rout,  
 A crawling shape intrude!  
 A blood-red thing that writhes from out  
 The scenic solitude!  
 It writhes!—it writhes!—with mortal pangs  
 The mimes become its food,  
 And the scraps sob at vermin fangs  
 In human gore imbued.

Out—out are the lights—out all!  
 And over each quivering form,  
 The curtain, a funeral pall,  
 Comes down with the rush of a storm,  
 And the angels, all pallid and wan,  
 Uprising, unveiling, affirm  
 That the play is the tragedy, "Man,"  
 And its hero the Conqueror Worm.

"O God!" half shrieked Ligeia, leaping to her feet and extending her arms aloft with a spasmodic movement, as I made an end of these lines—"O God! O Divine Father!—shall these things be undeviatingly so?—shall this Conqueror be not once conquered? Are we not part and parcel in Thee? Who—who knoweth the mysteries of the will with its vigor? Man doth not yield him to the angels, nor unto death utterly, save only through the weakness of his feeble will."

And now, as if exhausted with emotion, she suffered her white arms to fall, and returned solemnly to her bed of Death. And as she breathed her last sighs, there came mingled with them a low murmur from her lips. I bent to them my ear and distinguished, again, the concluding words of the passage in Glanvill—"Man doth not yield him to the angels, nor unto death utterly, save only through the weakness of his feeble will."

She died:—and I, crushed into the very dust with sorrow, could no longer endure the lonely desolation of my dwelling in the dim and decaying city by the Rhine. I had no lack of what the world calls wealth. Ligeia had brought me far more, very far more than ordinarily falls to the lot of mortals. After a few months, therefore, of weary and aimless wandering, I purchased, and put in some repair, an abbey, which I shall not name, in one of the wildest and least frequented portions of fair England. The gloomy and dreary grandeur of the building, the almost savage aspect of the domain, the many melancholy and time-honored memories connected with both, had much in unison with the feelings of utter abandonment which had driven me into that remote and unsocial region of the country. Yet although the external abbey, with its verdant decay hanging about it, suffered but little alteration, I gave way, with a child-like perversity, and perchance with a faint hope of alleviating my sorrows, to a display of more than regal magnificence within.—For such follies, even in childhood, I had imbibed a taste



and now they came back to me as if in the dotage of grief. Alas, I feel how much even of incipient madness might have been discovered in the gorgeous and fantastic draperies, in the solemn carvings of Egypt, in the wild cornices and furniture, in the Bedlam patterns of the carpets of tufted gold! I had become a bounden slave in the trammels of opium, and my labors and my orders had taken a coloring from my dreams. But these absurdities I must not pause to detail. Let me speak only of that one chamber, ever accursed, whither in a moment of mental alienation, I led from the altar as my bride—as the successor of the unforgotten Ligeia—the fair-haired and blue-eyed Lady Rowena Trevanion, of Tremaine.

There is no individual portion of the architecture and decoration of that bridal chamber which is not now visibly before me. Where were the souls of the haughty family of the bride, when, through thirst of gold, they permitted to pass the threshold of an apartment so bedecked, a maiden and a daughter so beloved? I have said that I minutely remember the details of the chamber—yet I am sadly forgetful on topics of deep moment—and here there was no system, no keeping, in the fantastic display, to take hold upon the memory. The room lay in a high turret of the castellated abbey, was pentagonal in shape, and of spacious size. Occupying the whole southern face of the pentagon was the sole window—an immense sheet of unbroken glass from Venice—a single pane, and tinted of a leaden hue, so that the rays of either the sun or moon, passing through it, fell with a ghastly lustre on the objects within. Over the upper portion of this huge window, extended the trellis-work of an aged vine, which clambered up the masonry walls of the turret. The ceiling, of gloomy-looking oak, was excessively lofty, vaulted, and elaborately fretted with the wildest and most grotesque specimens of a semi-Gothic, semi-Druidical device. From out the most central recess of this melancholy vaulting, depended, by a single chain of gold with long links, a huge censer of the same metal, Saracenic in pattern, and with many perforations so contrived that there writhed in and out of them, as if endued with a serpent vitality, a continual succession of parti-colored fires.

Some few ottomans and golden candelabra, of Eastern figure, were in various stations about—and there was the couch, too—the bridal couch—of an Indian model, and low, and sculptured of solid ebony, with a pall-like canopy above. In each of the angles of the chamber stood on end a gigantic sarcophagus of black granite, from the tombs of the kings over against Luxor, with their aged lids full of immemorial sculpture. But in the draping of the apartment lay, alas! the chief phantasy of all. The lofty walls, gigantic in height—even unproportionably so—were hung from summit to foot, in vast folds, with a heavy and massive-looking tapestry—tapestry of a material which was found alike as a carpet on the floor, as a covering for the ottomans and the ebony bed, as a canopy for the bed, and as the gorgeous volutes of the curtains which partially shaded the window. The material was the richest cloth of gold. It was spotted all over, at irregular intervals, with arabesque figures, about a foot in diameter, and wrought upon the cloth in patterns of the most jetty black. But these figures partook of the true character of the arabesque only when regarded from a single point of view. By a contrivance now common, and indeed traceable to a very remote period of antiquity, they were made changeable in aspect. To one enter-

ing the room, they bore the appearance of simple monstrosities; but upon a farther advance, this appearance gradually departed; and step by step, as the visiter moved his station in the chamber, he saw himself surrounded by an endless succession of the ghastly forms which belong to the superstition of the Norman, or arise in the guilty slumbers of the monk. The phantasmagoric effect was vastly heightened by the artificial introduction of a strong continual current of wind behind the draperies—giving a hideous and uneasy animation to the whole.

In halls such as these—in a bridal chamber such as this—I passed, with the Lady of Tremaine, the unhalloved hours of the first month of our marriage—passed them with but little disquietude. That my wife dreaded the fierce moodiness of my temper—that she shunned me and loved me but little—I could not help perceiving; but it gave me rather pleasure than otherwise. I loathed her with a hatred belonging more to demon than to man. My memory flew back, (oh, with what intensity of regret!) to Ligeia, the beloved, the august, the beautiful, the entombed. I revelled in recollections of her purity, of her wisdom, of her lofty, her ethereal nature, of her passionate, her idolatrous love. Now, then, did my spirit fully and freely burn with more than all the fires of her own. In the excitement of my opium dreams (for I was habitually fettered in the shackles of the drug) I would call aloud upon her name, during the silence of the night, or among the sheltered recesses of the gleams by day, as if, through the wild eagerness, the solemn passion, the consuming ardor of my longing for the departed, I could restore her to the pathway she had abandoned—ah, could it be forever!—upon the earth.

About the commencement of the second month of the marriage, the Lady Rowena was attacked with sudden illness, from which her recovery was slow. The fever which consumed her rendered her nights uneasy; and in her perturbed state of half-slumber, she spoke of sounds, and of motions, in and about the chamber of the turret, which I concluded had no origin save in the distemper of her fancy, or perhaps in the phantasmagoric influences of the chamber itself. She became at length convalescent—finally well. Yet but a brief period elapsed, ere a second more violent disorder again threw her upon a bed of suffering; and from this attack her frame, at all times feeble, never altogether recovered. Her illnesses were, after this epoch, of alarming character, and of more alarming recurrence, defying alike the knowledge and the great exertions of her physicians. With the increase of the chronic disease which had thus, apparently, taken too sure hold upon her constitution to be eradicated by human means, I could not fail to observe a similar increase in the nervous irritation of her temperament, and in her excitability by trivial causes of fear. She spoke again, and now more frequently and pertinaciously, of the sounds—of the slight sounds—and of the unusual motions among the tapestries, to which she had formerly alluded.

One night, near the closing in of September, she pressed this distressing subject with more than usual emphasis upon my attention. She had just awakened from an unquiet slumber, and I had been watching, with feelings half of anxiety, half of a vague terror, the workings of her emaciated countenance. I sat by the side of her ebony bed, upon one of the ottomans of India. She partly arose, and spoke, in an earnest low whisper, of sounds which she *tâen* heard, but which I could not hear—of



motions which she *then* saw, but which I could not perceive. The wind was rushing hurriedly behind the tapestries, and I wished to show her (what, let me confess it, I could not *all* believe) that those almost inarticulate breathings, and those very gentle variations of the figures upon the wall, were but the natural effects of that customary rushing of the wind. But a deadly pallor, overspreading her face, had proved to me that my exertions to reassure her would be fruitless. She appeared to be fainting, and no attendants were within call. I remembered where was deposited a decanter of light wine which had been ordered by her physicians, and hastened across the chamber to procure it. But, as I stepped beneath the light of the censer, two circumstances of a startling nature attracted my attention. I had felt that some palpable although invisible object had passed lightly by my person; and I saw that there lay upon the golden carpet, in the very middle of the rich lustre thrown from the censer, a shadow—a faint, indefinite shadow of angelic aspect—such as might be fancied for the shadow of a shade. But I was wild with the excitement of an immoderate dose of opium, and heeded these things but little, nor spoke of them to Rowena. Having found the wine, I recrossed the chamber, and poured out a goblet-ful, which I held to the lips of the fainting lady. She had now partially recovered, however, and took the vessel herself, while I sank upon an ottoman near me, with my eyes fastened upon her person. It was then that I became distinctly aware of a gentle foot-fall upon the carpet, and near the couch; and in a second thereafter, as Rowena was in the act of raising the wine to her lips, I saw, or may have dreamed that I saw, fall within the goblet, as if from some invisible spring in the atmosphere of the room, three or four large drops of a brilliant and ruby-colored fluid. If this I saw—not so Rowena. She swallowed the wine unhesitatingly, and I forbore to speak to her of a circumstance which must, after all, I considered, have been but the suggestion of a vivid imagination, rendered morbidly active by the terror of the lady, by the opium, and by the hour.

Yet I cannot conceal it from my own perception that, immediately subsequent to the fall of the ruby-drops, a rapid change for the worse took place in the disorder of my wife; so that, on the third subsequent night, the hands of her menials prepared her for the tomb, and on the fourth, I sat alone, with her shrouded body, in that fantastic chamber which had received her as my bride.—Wild visions, opium-engendered, fitted, shadow-like, before me. I gazed with unquiet eye upon the sarcophagi in the angles of the room, upon the varying figures of the drapery, and upon the writhing of the parti-colored fires overhead. My eyes then fell, as I called to mind the circumstances of a former night, to the spot beneath the glare of the censer where I had seen the faint traces of the shadow. It was there, however, no longer; and breathing with greater freedom, I turned my glances to the pallid and rigid figure upon the bed. Then rushed upon me a thousand memories of Ligeia—and then came back upon my heart, with the turbulent violence of a flood, the whole of that unutterable woe with which I had regarded her thus enshrouded. The night waned; and still, with a bosom full of bitter thoughts of the one only and supremely beloved, I remained gazing upon the body of Rowena.

It might have been midnight, or perhaps earlier, or later, for I had taken no note of time, when a sob, low,

gentle, but very distinct, startled me from my reverie.—I *felt* that it came from the bed of ebony—the bed of death. I listened in an agony of superstitious terror—but there was no repetition of the sound. I strained my vision to detect any motion in the corpse—but there was not the slightest perceptible. Yet I could not have been deceived. I *had* heard the noise, however faint, and my soul was awakened within me. I resolutely and perseveringly kept my attention riveted upon the body. Many minutes elapsed before any circumstance occurred tending to throw light upon the mystery. At length it became evident that a slight, a very feeble, and barely noticeable tinge of color had flushed up within the cheeks, and along the sunken small veins of the eyelids. Through a species of unutterable horror and awe, for which the language of mortality has no sufficiently energetic expression, I felt my heart cease to beat, my limbs grow rigid where I sat. Yet a sense of duty finally operated to restore my self-possession. I could no longer doubt that we had been precipitate in our preparations—that Rowena still lived. It was necessary that some immediate exertion be made; yet the turret was altogether apart from the portion of the abbey tenanted by the servants—there were none within call—I had no means of summoning them to my aid without leaving the room for many minutes—and this I could not venture to do. I therefore struggled alone in my endeavors to call back the spirit still hovering. In a short period it was certain, however, that a relapse had taken place; the color disappeared from both eyelid and cheek, leaving a wanness even more than that of marble; the lips became doubly shrivelled and pinched up in the ghastly expression of death; a repulsive clamminess and coldness overspread rapidly the surface of the body; and all the usual rigorous stiffness immediately supervened. I fell back with a shudder upon the couch from which I had been so startlingly aroused, and again gave myself up to passionate waking visions of Ligeia.

An hour thus elapsed when (could it be possible?) I was a second time aware of some vague sound issuing from the region of the bed. I listened—in extremity of horror. The sound came again—it was a sigh. Rushing to the corpse, I saw—distinctly saw—a tremor upon the lips. In a minute afterward they relaxed, disclosing a bright line of the pearly teeth. Amazement now struggled in my bosom with the profound awe which had hitherto reigned there alone. I felt that my vision grew dim, that my reason wandered; and it was only by a violent effort that I at length succeeded in nerving myself to the task which duty thus once more had pointed out. There was now a partial glow upon the forehead and upon the cheek and throat; a perceptible warmth pervaded the whole frame; there was even a slight pulsation at the heart. The lady *lived*; and with redoubled ardor I betook myself to the task of restoration. I chafed and bathed the temples and the hands, and used every exertion which experience, and no little medical reading, could suggest. But in vain. Suddenly, the color fled, the pulsation ceased, the lips resumed the expression of the dead, and, in an instant afterward, the whole body took upon itself the icy chilliness, the livid hue, the intense rigidity, the sunken outline, and all the loathsome peculiarities of that which has been, for many days, a tenant of the tomb.

And again I sunk into visions of Ligeia—and again, (what marvel that I shudder while I write?) *again* there



reached my ears a low sob from the region of the ebony bed. But why shall I minutely detail the unspeakable horrors of that night? Why shall I pause to relate how, time after time, until near the period of the gray dawn, this hideous drama of revivification was repeated; how each terrific relapse was only into a sterner and apparently more irredeemable death; how each agony wore the aspect of a struggle with some invisible foe; and how each struggle was succeeded by I know not what of wild change in the personal appearance of the corpse? Let me hurry to a conclusion.

The greater part of the fearful night had worn away, and she who had been dead, once again stirred—and now more vigorously than hitherto, although arousing from a dissolution more appalling in its utter hopelessness than any. I had long ceased to struggle or to move, and remained sitting rigidly upon the ottoman, a helpless prey to a whirl of violent emotions, of which extreme awe was perhaps the least terrible, the least consuming. The corpse, I repeat, stirred, and now more vigorously than before. The hues of life flushed up with unwonted energy into the countenance—the limbs relaxed—and, save that the eyelids were yet pressed heavily together, and that the bandages and draperies of the grave still imparted their charnel character to the figure, I might have dreamed that Rowena had indeed shaken off, utterly, the fetters of Death. But if this idea was not, even then, altogether adopted, I could at least doubt no longer, when, arising from the bed, tottering, with feeble steps, with closed eyes, and with the manner of one bewildered in a dream, the thing that was enshrouded advanced boldly and palpably into the middle of the apartment.

I trembled not—I stirred not—for a crowd of unutterable fancies connected with the air, the stature, the demeanor of the figure, rushing hurriedly through my brain, had paralyzed—had chilled me into stone. I stirred not—but gazed upon the apparition. There was a mad disorder in my thoughts—a tumult unappeasable. Could it, indeed, be the living Rowena who confronted me? Could it indeed be Rowena at all—the fair-haired, the blue-eyed Lady Rowena Trevanion of Tremaine? Why, why should I doubt it? The bandage lay heavily about the mouth—but then might it not be the mouth of the breathing Lady of Tremaine? And the cheeks—there were the roses as in her noon of life—yes, these might indeed be the fair cheeks of the living Lady of Tremaine. And the chin, with its dimples, as in health, might it not be hers?—but *had she then grown taller since her malady?* What inexpressible madness seized me with that thought? One bound, and I had reached her feet! Shrinking from my touch, she let fall from her head, unloosened, the ghastly cerements which had confined it, and there streamed forth, into the rushing atmosphere of the chamber, huge masses of long and dishevelled hair; *it was blacker than the raven wings of the midnight!* And now slowly opened the eyes of the figure which stood before me. "Here then, at least," I shrieked aloud, "can I never—can I never be mistaken—these are the full, and the black, and the wild eyes—of my lost love—of the lady—of the LADY LIGELA!"

EMERSON A. FOX.

### The Bread-Snatcher.

For two whole days we had no food;  
For dark, gigantic Want  
Beside our cold hearth-stone sat down,  
With Hunger, grim and gaunt.

My wife and children made no moan,  
Nor spoke a single word;  
Yet in the chamber of my heart,  
Their hearts' complaint I heard.

Awearied by their weary eyes,  
I left the house of wo,  
And in the dusty village street  
I paced me to and fro.

I stopped me at the baker's shop,  
Wherein my eyes could see  
The great, round loaves of wheaten bread  
Look temptingly on me.

"My children shall not starve!" I cried—  
The famine in me burned—  
I slyly snatched a loaf of bread,  
When the baker's back was turned.

I hurried home with eager feet,  
And there displayed my prize;  
While Joy, so long afar from us,  
Came back and lit our eyes.

To fragments in our hunger fierce  
That sweet, sweet loaf we tore;  
And gathered afterwards the crumbs,  
From off the dusty floor.

While yet our mouths were full, there came  
A knock which made us start;  
I spoke not, yet I felt the blood  
Grow thicker at my heart.

The latch was raised, and in there came  
The neighbors with a din;  
They said I stole the baker's bread,  
Which was a grievous sin.

They took me to the judge who said  
"Twas larceny—no less;  
And doomed me to the gloomy jail  
For wanton wickedness.

He asked me why the penalty  
Of guilt should not be paid;  
And when I strove to state the case,  
He laughed at what I said.

Then growing grave, he rated me  
And told me it was time  
To check the vices of the poor,  
And stop the spread of crime.

In jail for three long months I lay—  
Three months of bitter wo—  
And then they opened wide the door  
And told me I might go.

From out the prison I did not walk  
But ran, with trembling feet,  
Down through the hall and past the door,  
And up the busy street.

My feet had scarce devoured ten rods  
Of ground, before a hearse,  
Came slowly on with coffins three—  
Each coffin with a corpse.

I asked the driver as he sung,  
Therein who might he bear;  
He answered not, but stopped his voice,  
And on me fixed a stare.

The one beside him turned his head,  
And when the hearse had past,  
I heard him to the other say—  
"His brain is turned, at last!"



I heeded not—I hastened home  
And entered in my door,  
Where Silence like a snake crept out  
And slithered along the floor.

Our old cat from the corner came  
And crooked her back and cried;  
I stooped me down and stroked her hair,  
And then I stood and sighed.

I left the house and sought the street—  
My mind was growing wild;  
And playing with a pile of dust,  
I saw a chubby child.

"Come hither, my little dear," said I,  
"Where did the people go,  
Who lived within yon empty house,  
Two years or nearly so?"

Then spake outright the little child,  
While I grew deadly pale—  
"The man, sir, was a wicked thief,  
And he was sent to jail.

"His wife and children hid themselves,  
But they were found to-day,  
And in the gloomy poor-house hearse  
Were taken far away.

"They say, they never will come back,  
Because the three are dead—  
BUT WAS IT NOT A WICKED THING  
FOR THE MAN TO STEAL THE BREAD?"

THOMAS DEHN ENGLISH.

### Critical Notices.

*The Prose Works of John Milton, with a Biographical Introduction by Rufus Wilmot Griswold. In Two Volumes. Philadelphia: Herman Hooker.*

Dr. Griswold deserves the thanks of his countrymen for what he has here done:—it certainly is no credit to us, either as republicans or reverers of the true and noble in Literature, that no edition of the Prose Works of John Milton has hitherto been issued in America. Independently of the subject-matter, his treatises are among the most remarkable ever written. Their mere style (we use the word in its widest sense) is absolutely unrivalled. It is a very difficult thing, indeed, to decide properly on the style of a period so remote as that of Milton; we are perpetually misled in our judgment, by the impossibility of identifying ourselves with the writers—of inducing a full sympathy with the circumstances which impelled them, and thus with the objects for which they wrote—the ends proposed in composition. In fact, it is only by the degree of its adjustment to the result intended, that any style can be justly commended as good or condemned as bad. But, holding in view this adjustment, and making the necessary allowances for lapses, effected through Time, in the language, we feel ourselves fully warranted in saying, that no man has ever surpassed, if, indeed, any man has ever equalled the author of the "Areopagitica" in purity—in force—in copiousness—in majesty—or, in what may be termed without the least exaggeration, a gorgeous magnificence of style. Some of his more directly controversial works rise at times into a species of lyrical rhapsody—divinely energetic—constituting for itself a department of composition which is neither prose nor poetry, but something with all the best qualities of each, and upon the whole superior to either.

These two large volumes contain nearly all the prose

works of Milton. We say nearly; for there is an unwarrantable omission in "The Christian Doctrine." Of the authenticity of this treatise there can be no doubt. It was found in 1823, by Mr. Lemon, Deputy Keeper of the State Papers, in the course of some researches among his book-shelves. It was a Latin MS. enveloped with some foreign despatches in Milton's own hand, and superscribed "To Mr. Skinner, Merchant." According to Toland, this treatise was finished by its author soon after the Restoration:—a host of concurring circumstances render its genuineness certain. Its value depends chiefly on the curious developments it affords in relation to the poet's Arianism and opinions about polygamy—but its Latinity is so peculiarly forcible and fluent, in spite of the difficulties of the matter handled, that, on this score alone, the treatise demands insertion in any and every collection of the author's prose: it should be left untranslated, of course; Dr. Sumner's version is feeble. Of the "Christian Doctrine," Dr. Griswold says, in his Introduction, "it is a work which he [Milton] never would have given to the press himself." For this idea there is but little authority. The MS. was no doubt taken to the State Paper office, in consequence of a general seizure of Milton's papers, during the persecution of the Whigs upon the dissolution of the Oxford Parliament; for the poet must have fallen under suspicion. The publication was thus prevented; but evidence of the intent to publish is discoverable in the work itself. Dr. Griswold says also, that "in none of his great works is there a passage from which it can be inferred that he [Milton] was an Arian." Here we entirely disagree with the compiler. The "Paradise Lost" abounds in such passages. Dr. Griswold's Introduction is, nevertheless, well written and well adapted to its purposes. At points, however, it may be thought extravagant or dogmatic. We have no patience with the initial sneer at Bacon, as "the meanest of mankind." These assertions are *passés*, and a truly profound philosophy might readily prove them ill based. We would undertake to show, *a priori*, that no man, with Bacon's thorough appreciation of the true and beautiful, could, by any possibility, be "the meanest," although his very sensibility might make him the weakest "of mankind."

When Dr. Griswold, in conclusion, terms Milton "the greatest of all human beings," we really do think that he should have appended the words—"in the opinion, at least, of Dr. Griswold."

But these things are trifles. An important service has been rendered to our Letters, and he who renders it is entitled to thanks. The volumes are well printed and bound, and no one, pretending to even ordinary scholarship, can afford to do without them.

*Wiley & Putnam's Library of American Books, No. V.—Big Abel and the Little Manhattan. By Cornelius Matthews.*

The conception and execution of this book are both original. The narrative (if such it may be termed) forms merely the upper current of the true theme which flows below. The principal object is that of a suggestive parallel between the present and primitive condition of the Island of Manhattan. A secondary purpose is that of gossip about the New-York localities and customs—especially those appertaining to the *terres incognitæ* of remote districts, such as the East Bowery. The ostensible theme has reference to the adventures of a great grandson of Hudson, the navigator, and the heir of the last chief of the Manhattanese. These worthies are sup-



posed to institute, or to contemplate instituting, in the "Supreme Court of Judicature," a claim against the Corporation of New-York, for the whole of its territory. Imbued with a strong prospective sense of their title, the claimants are represented as vagabondizing through the island, partitioning between them the property that is to be theirs upon the decision of the suit. It is their division of the spoils which affords opportunity for the suggestive parallel between the savage and the civilized condition. Big Abel's attention is arrested, and his cupid-ity excited, by everything appertaining to commerce and modern usage. He claims, for example, the shipping, the markets, the banks, and the coffee-houses. The Little Manhattan has an eye to the fountains, the squares, and the Indian figures at the tobacco-shop doors. The conversation of the two claimants is little in itself—but is full of a delicate and skillful *mauvais*, which, indeed, is the staple of the book. An episode relating to a Poor Scholar and his mistress, serves well as an introduction for many touches of a homely or domestic pathos, in illustration of local details.

The book, upon the whole, does great credit to its author. The conception is forcible and unique. Much skill is evinced in the general construction and conduct. The allegory is properly subdued. Many points evince acute observation, and a keen sense of the more delicate humor. There are also some passages of rich imagination. The style is nervous, but (intentionally) loose or abrupt, and has an original and, therefore, impressive effect. The great defect of the work is indefiniteness. The design is not sufficiently well made out. More hereafter.

*Puritanism: or a Churchman's Defence against its Aspersions, by an Appeal to its own History.* By Thomas W. Cost, D. D., Rector of Trinity Church, New-Rochelle, N. Y., and a Member of the New-York Historical Society. New-York: D. Appleton & Co.

A remarkably nervous, logical, and (to our minds, at least,) convincing book. It is based on certain communications, made by its author to "The Churchman," during the year 1835, "concerning the Puritans and their harsh and unwearied cavils against Episcopalians." A large portion of the work, however, is entirely new.—Some remarkable quotations preface the volume. The first of them is "Milton was a Puritan," from Leonard Bacon's Hist. Disc. Then follow three extracts from Milton's Prose Works—extracts in opposition to Puritanism. A Note afterwards, says:—"An intelligent reader will not be surprised to learn that the Puritans have succeeded in suppressing the above passages, with a number like them, in most of the editions of Milton." This is a serious charge—and not more serious than true. A very handsome volume of 527 pages octavo.

*The Medici Series of Italian Prose, No. IV. The Citizen of a Republic, by Annaldo Ceba. Translated and Edited by C. Edwards Lester.* New-York: Paine & Burgess.

Annaldo Ceba has been always considered as one of the ablest of Italian writers on Government, and the work now published is the most important which he has given to the world. If we regard only our conception of the word "Republic," we shall find his title a misnomer—but the book itself is full of a thoroughly republican sentiment, and inculcates the democratic virtues. It is, indeed, a noble composition, replete with learning, thought, and the purest classicism. If deficient at all, it is in vigor—it has more of the Ciceronian character than pleases

ourselves individually. It was written in the senility of its author.

*An Encyclopedia of Domestic Economy, Etc. Etc.* New-York: Harper & Brothers.

No. XI of this admirable work is just issued.

*The Wandering Jew.* By Eugene Sue. New-York: Harper & Brothers.

No. XVIII is issued—completing one of the most exciting narratives ever written in modern times.

*The Devotional Family Bible, by the Rev. Alexander Fletcher, A. M., Author of the Guide to Family Devotion, etc. etc. Containing the Old and New Testaments, with Explanatory Notes, Practical Observations, Copious Marginal References, etc. Every Part embellished with a highly finished Engraving on Steel, including Views of the Principal Places mentioned in Scripture, from Drawings taken on the Spot.* New-York: R. Martin & Co., 26 John Street.

No. IX of this very beautiful Bible has been issued.—We repeat the full title by way of most readily describing the work. The parts are sold at 25 cents each.

*Journal of the Texian Expedition against Mier; Subsequent Imprisonment of the Author; his Sufferings and Final Escape from the Castle of Perote, with Reflections upon the Present Political and Probable Future Relations of Texas, Mexico, and the United States.* By Gen. Thomas J. Green. Illustrated by Drawings taken from Life by Charles M'Laughlin, a Fellow-Prisoner. New-York: Harper and Brothers.

This work was prepared for the press soon after the writer's escape from the castle of Perote, but has been kept back through fear of injuring the Texians detained, until recently, prisoners of war in Mexico.

The title fully conveys the general design;—the narrative in the author's own words, is one "of Texian daring, of battles lost and won, of dungeons and old castles, of imprisonment and hair-breadth escapes, of unparalleled sufferings and cruel murders." No one can take up the book without becoming thoroughly interested in its details. The reflections on the political relations of Mexico, Texas and the U. States, are if not profound, at least acute, and we listen to them with respectful attention, as the views of an evidently sincere man, and one whose extensive personal experience entitles him to speak, on many points, with authority.

By way of instancing the general manner of the book, we quote a passage giving an account of the escape from Perote:

John Toowig was a son of Old Ireland, a small, energetic man, and a true-hearted Republican. His size and energy both befiting the operation in the hole, he had done more than his share of the work. He was the same who, in the spring of 1842, at San Antonio, put a match to a keg of powder and blew up his store, with several thousand dollars worth of goods, rather than they should fall into the hands of the Mexican General Vasquez. It was less difficult for him than some others to get through the perforation in the wall. I found much difficulty in passing through, though I was now reduced from one hundred and sixty pounds, my usual weight, to one hundred and twenty. The gradual funnel-shape of the breach made it like driving a pin into an auger-hole, for the deeper we went, the closer the fit. The smallest of us having gone through first, for fear that the largest might hang in the hole and stop it up, it now came to Stone's turn, who was a large man.

He hung fast, and could neither get backward nor forward. In this situation, being wedged in as fast as his giant strength could force him, our friends on the inside of the room, who had been assisting us, had to reach in the hole, tie ropes to his hands, and draw him back. This operation was very like drawing his arms out of



his body, but did not satisfy him. "I have a wife and children at home," says he, "and I would rather die than stay here longer: I will go through, or leave no skin upon my bones." So saying, he disrobed himself: his very great exertion, causing him to perspire freely, answered nearly as well for the second effort as if he had been greased, and he went through after the most powerful labour leaving both skin and flesh behind.

John Young, if anything, was a larger man than Stone, but was much his junior in years: he was as supple as a snake, and no Roman gladiator ever exhibited more perfectly-formed muscles: nor was his determined temper in bad keeping with his physical conformation. He was the last that came out; and while the balance of us sat under the side of the wall, we feared that it would be impossible for him to get through. Presently, with the aid of a dim sky above us, we saw his feet slowly protruding, then his knees, and when he came to his hip joints, here for many minutes he hung fast. When this part of his body was cleared, the angular use of his knees gave him additional purchase to work by; but still our boys said, "Poor fellow! it will be impossible to get his muscular arms and shoulders through." We sat under him with an agony of feeling not to be described, while he ceased not his efforts. His body was now cleared to his shoulders, but still he hung fast. Having the full purchase of his legs, he would wriggle, first up and down, and then from side to side, with Herculean strength; and when he disengaged himself, if it was not like the drawing of a cork from a porter-bottle, it was with the low, sullen, determined growl of a lion.

Being now through our greatest difficulty about the castle, we adjusted carefully, though silently, our knapsacks and blankets, passing orders from one to another in low whispers, which were interrupted alone by the almost perpetual cry of "*centinela alerta*" of the sentinels above us, both upon the right and left bastions, and between which we had now to pass. The moon had gone down at 8 o'clock; and being favoured by the darkness in the bottom of the moat, through which the sentinels overhead could not penetrate, we slowly crossed over to the outer wall in Indian file, then felt along the wall until we came to a flight of narrow steps eighteen inches wide, up which we crawled upon all-fours. When we reached the top of the wall, which formed the outer side of the moat, we passed on to the *châssis de frise*, which was about twelve feet high, of pointed timbers set upright in the ground. These upright timbers passed through a horizontal sill about six feet from the ground, which we could reach with our hands, and then pull ourselves up, from which we could then climb over the sharp points of the upright posts, thence down to the bottom of the outside ditch, up the outside bank of which we crawled, it not being walled. When we reached the top we breathed more freely, for we were now in the wide world, and felt more like freemen; and as the sentinels drooled out their sleepy notes of "*centinela alerta*," we jumped up, and cracked our heels together three times, as a substitute for cheers three times three.

The volume is beautifully printed and bound—a large octavo of 487 pages.

*The May-Flower, for 1846. Edited by Robert Hamilton. Boston: Saxton & Kelt. For sale in New York by Saxton & Huntington, at the Boston Book-Store, 295 Broadway.*

The first published Annual, we believe, of the season, and one which will not be readily excelled;—the editor, Mr. Robert Hamilton, is entitled to great credit for the taste and tact displayed in its whole getting up. The plates are seven mezzotints by Sartain, from paintings by Deveria, Billings, Topham, Van Holst, Crowley, Winterhaller, and Wilkie. All of these are good and some admirable. "Cup-Tossing" will be universally admired. The contributions are, generally, from the most noted names in American letters. Mr. Hamilton himself contributes several fine poems. We shall speak of the book more in detail next week. It is beautifully printed, and bound in embossed morocco.

*The Miscellaneous Works of Thomas Arnold, D. D., Late Head-Master of Rugby School and Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford. First American Edition, with Nine Additional Essays not Included in the English Collection. New York: D. Appleton & Co.*

This is a well printed octavo of more than 500 pages, and is based upon the volume of "Arnold's Miscellaneous Works" published in London, June 1845; in which, however there were many important omissions as well as redundancies. In the American edition (now issued) the former are supplied and the latter avoided. The "Fragment on the Church"; the "Essay on Church and State" and the "Christian Life, its Course, its Hindrances and its Helps" will be found in this the American, but not in the English edition. The "Christian Life" is, in fact, absolutely necessary for the proper understanding of many other essays, in which allusion or reference is made to it. Besides these papers, we have, in the way of addition, "The Church of England"; "Early Roman History"; "Faith and Reason"; "The Oxford Malignants and Dr. Hampden"; "The Sixth Chapter of the Gospel by John"; "Tracts for the Times"; and "Tradition"—the whole including 256 pages, or one half the present volume.

The articles omitted are merely ephemeral compositions never meant for preservation—letters from old newspapers, and other similar matter of a purely local or temporary character, but constituting nearly one fourth of the English edition, in which the main object appears to have been the making of a book sufficiently bulky to sell at a certain price.

Some other improvements have been effected; as regards for example, the arrangement of matter; and the work, upon the whole, cannot fail to be highly acceptable to the admirers of Dr. Arnold. It is indeed an indispensable sequel to the "Life and Correspondence" and the "Lectures on Modern History."

*Wrongs of American Women. First Series. The Elliott Family; or the Trials of New York Seamstresses. By Charles Burdett, Author of "Never too Late," etc. etc. New-York: E. Winchester.*

The Author of "Never too Late" has attained an enviable reputation for the truthfulness and interest of his moral and domestic tales. "The Elliott Family" is the first of a series for which we bespeak the attention of our readers—a series whose subject (The Wrongs of American Women) should and must recommend it to all except those interested in the persecutions which it will expose and condemn. The story is one of intense pathos, and the greater portion of it is absolutely true—the names of the parties only being changed. We hope every honorable man connected with the press will use his utmost exertions to give currency to this all-important series of books.

*Introduction to the American Common-School Reader and Speaker; Comprising Selections in Prose and Verse; with Elementary Rules and Exercises in Pronunciation. By William Russell and John Goldsberry, authors of the above-mentioned Reader. Boston: Charles Tappan. New-York: Saxton & Huntington.*

This useful book, as its title announces, is designed as an introduction to the previous work of the authors; and its principles of elocution are, of course, such as belong to an elementary treatise. They are "intended for practical training in the rudiments of orthoepy." The two volumes form an admirable and nearly perfect system.

The selections are made with unusual judgment. We



observe that a poem entitled "The Ocean" is printed anonymously. It is a beautiful lyric, and its author should be known—J. Augustus Shea, lately deceased.

*The Elements of Morality, including Polity.* By William Wheewell, D. D. author of the "History and Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences." In two vol. Harper & Brothers.

The Harpers have just published this admirable and most valuable work, in two beautifully printed and well bound duodecimo volumes, as the first number of a new series of *Standard Books* which they intend to issue under the general title of "HARPER'S NEW MISCELLANY." If this work is to be regarded as, in any sense, a specimen of the series, we have no hesitation in saying that it will be by far the most useful and important Library of its kind ever published in this country. Prof. WHEEWELL is very widely known as a writer upon Moral Science of the most profound ability. He stands, indeed, at the head of the living philosophical professors in England, and his work on the Inductive Sciences is universally regarded as of the very highest authority.

In this work on Morality, which has but just been published in England in two large octavo volumes, after a series of very full and exact elementary notices and definitions, he has laid down, in a manner far more complete, precise and methodical than any former writer, the Laws of Morality as applied to every department of individual, social, political and ecclesiastical action. The nature, obligations and rights of Society,—Divine Laws and their Sanction,—the idea, rights, duties and obligations of the State,—the nature of Oaths, of International Law &c. &c. are discussed in the most full, systematic and satisfactory manner. The work can hardly fail to become a text book in all our colleges and higher schools:—but we are also glad that it has been published in such a form and at so cheap a price, as must insure its universal circulation. It is a work which deserves to be studied by every citizen of this republic.

The two volumes contain over 400 pages each,—closely and yet very distinctly printed upon fine, white paper, and are substantially and elegantly bound in muslin, gilt, and sold at *fifty cents a volume*. This is to be the style and price of all the succeeding volumes of the MISCELLANY, which will contain important historical, scientific, biographical and other works. The publishers, in their prospectus, state that the main, controlling aim of the entire collection, will be instruction rather than amusement. Such a series of books is greatly needed:—and we hazard little in saying that this will prove the most useful, if not the most popular Library ever issued in this country.

*Pictorial History of the World.* By John Frost, LL.D. No. 8. Philadelphia: Walker & Gullis. For sale in New-York by Wm. H. Graham.

To be completed in 30 numbers—at 25 cents each.

While about going to press, we have received from Messrs. Stanford & Swords, *Lady Mary; or Not of the World.* By the Rev. Chas. B. Taylor, M. A., Author of "The Records of a Good Man's Life," etc., and *Sermons on Certain of the Less Prominent Facts and References in Sacred Story.* By Henry Melville, D. D., Principal of the East India College, etc. Second Series.—These works will be noticed more fully in our next—when we shall also speak of the Aristidean; of Simms' Magazine for September; of Godey and Graham for October, and of

the New-York Illustrated Magazine, edited by L. L. L'Abree, of which the second number is just issued.

## The Fairy's Burial

The Fairy's burial!  
Starlight, the pall—  
Starlight so bright:  
Bright shone the stars above,—  
Emblems of peace and love,—  
Eyes of the night.

Sad were the fairies, then,  
Coming from hill and glen;—  
Sadly they came;  
One, from the fairy throne,  
Had now forever flown—  
No more to reign.

Death and his brother Sleep  
Now the young fairy keep,  
Voiceless and still:  
Low lies the fairy now,—  
She of the golden brow—  
She of the laughing rill.

Oh! 't was a sadening sight—  
Wreathed in the lilies white,  
Calmly she lay.  
Ah! 't was a lovely flower,  
Culled from the fairies' bowers—  
Withered away.

Made they the fairy's grave,  
Near to the dancing wave,  
Singing its song,  
Ringing their silvery knells  
Sighing their wild farewells—  
Sad fairy throng!

Floateth a silvery sound;  
Over the flower-clad ground.  
Softly they steal.  
Fays from the fairy-land,  
Led by an angel-hand—  
Sweetly they kneel.

Music floats sweetly there,  
Borne on the rosy air.  
Music so still—  
Warbled from flowery dell,  
Floating from fairy shell—  
Wildly doth thrill.

Robed in the starlight fair,  
Wreathed in their golden hair,  
Stars gleaming bright,  
Fairies in beauty come,  
Guarding the young fay's tomb,  
Through the lone night.

MARCUS H. TOWERIDGE.

## Musical Department.

ORATORIO OF THE SEVEN SLEEPERS.—The Tabernacle was densely crowded on Thursday evening, the 18th inst. We have rarely seen so large an audience gathered together; there must have been over three thousand persons present. The production of an Oratorio, by a composer of great merit, for the first time in this country, could scarcely fail to attract much attention among the people generally, but more especially among the lovers of fine Sacred Music, of which there is a large class in



and about the city. More than ordinary attention, however, was given to the announcement of the forthcoming work, from the fact that the gentleman under whose direction it was to be produced, was known to be always the most forward in the cause of sterling music, and had proved himself, beyond a doubt, the most competent leader in the country. Every confidence was therefore placed upon his skill and judgment, and the public went to the Tabernacle, fully assured that they would meet with an intellectual entertainment. Their expectations were fulfilled.

The following is a cast of the characters:

Antipater, (Proconsul at Ephesus,)	MR. S. PEARSON.
Honorio, (his wife.)	MRS. STRONG.
Martinus, (Bishop of Ephesus.)	MR. S. P. CHENEY.
Malchus,	MRS. EDWARD LODER.
Serapion,	MISS CHENEY.
Johannes,	MISS DELUCE.
Constantine,	MR. JOHN JOHNSON.
Dionysius,	MR. S. O. DYER.
Marianus,	MR. E. ANDREWS.
Maximianus,	MR. D. S. B. BENNETT.

The plan of the Oratorio we detailed in our paper a week or two since. It is of so purely dramatic a character, that much of the interest it would otherwise excite is lost for want of scenic effect and dresses appropriate. A most magnificent Sacred Opera could be formed from the Oratorio of the Seven Sleepers: far superior to David; it would equal in effect, we think, Rossini's Israelites in Egypt. What could be more effective, for instance, than the whole of the second act—the High Priest blessing the banner of the soldiers, who are going forth to fight the enemies of the Cross—the people, in throngs, crowding to witness the ceremony. Malchus, the youngest of the Seven Sleepers, enters in the midst; he gazes around him in wild amazement!—it is not Ephesus he beholds—the people are not the same—the symbol of the Cross waves everywhere triumphant, while yesternight, as he supposes, the infidel held sway over all. His strange dress, and yet stranger manners, attract the attention of the people. They believe him to be a spy—they seize and bear him before a Roman Consul, who examines and extracts from him his strange and incredible story. The people believe it to be a miracle of the Most High, and with an eagerness which cannot be restrained, they rush towards Mount Celion. In all this there is vivid action, and aided by scenery, dresses, and by the music, which is descriptive to an extraordinary degree, would form, we believe, a scene of thrilling excitement.

The Music itself denotes unmistakably the class to which it belongs. We have said that it is descriptive, and it is not partially so, but every feature in the plot has its appropriate music:—pastoral, martial, solemn and agitated. But there is one striking feature in the composition which strikes us as a marvellously fine thought.—Between the time at which the Brothers fell asleep, and the period of their waking, two hundred years are supposed to have elapsed. The two periods are distinctly marked by the music. While the Brothers chaunt forth a solemn chorale, quaint, crude, and almost harsh in its character, the people of Ephesus sing in a more modern style. The contrast is most strongly marked, and the effect is striking and peculiar. This admirable thought would alone stamp the genius of the composer. Of the music itself we must record our honest admiration. Looking at it, as an Oratorio, we should complain of a want of dignity, solidity and grandeur. It lacks the

elements of the sublime; there is too great a mingling of the petty passions and worldly strife, with the solemn thoughts which should be absorbed in contemplating the miracles vouchsafed by the Almighty. But as a Sacred Drama, we do not hesitate to say that the Seven Sleepers is the very highest of its class. Judging it in this light, we take a lowlier standard, and the composition rises in our estimation. The music allotted to the Seven Brothers ranks foremost in point of excellence. A quiet, dreamy and yet solemn feeling pervades each successive piece. The first piece, commencing "Lord God our refuge," in which the voices join in rotation, beginning with Maximianus and ending with Malchus, is truly an awakening from a deep slumber; and the last piece, commencing with the line, "Now with unseen wings approaching," in which the same figure is reversed, is as truly the gradual approach of their second and last slumber. In short, the music of the Brothers forms a musical pyramid, of which Malchus is the apex, and Maximianus is the base. A more perfect musical figure it is impossible to conceive. The music given to Malchus is undoubtedly the most charming in the Oratorio; its simplicity is marvellous, and its melody is of the most chaste and pleasing character. The Aria of Johannes ranks next in point of beauty; its gravity impresses one sensibly, while its simplicity and pathos enhance the impression. Martinus (the Bishop) is entrusted with some grand and imposing music, particularly the Aria in the third part. Antipater and Honorio have much to do, yet, though their music is very charming, it fails in exciting interest when compared with the other characters. The choruses, judged by the standard we have established, are fine compositions; the fugues, judged by any standard, must be acknowledged as masterly compositions, but they are designed, with the exception of the last, to represent action, and require action to take off the appearance of scientific elaboration.

The instrumentation is exceedingly beautiful, although, with several exceptions, it is decidedly operatic. There are many charming combinations and exquisite points throughout the work; the partitions of the several fugues are really striking examples of ingenuity and knowledge applied to the Orchestra, and the accompaniments to the Bishop's Music are particularly happy in producing the effect of grandeur and dignity.

On the whole, it is undoubtedly a great work—great in its simplicity, great in its elaboration, great in its conception, and great in its execution. We have not entered as fully into its beauties as we could wish; but we trust we have said enough to draw the attention of amateurs to its merits.

From Mrs. E. Loder, as Malchus, much was expected, and the expectations were fulfilled. She sang the music throughout most admirably. In her recitatives especially, she displayed the striking advantage of a thorough musical education. Every word was distinctly enunciated, and each point was delivered with proper emphasis.—Her solos were executed with a chasteness of expression and a purity of style, which are the distinguishing characteristics of the school. It was loudly and deservedly applauded.

Mrs. Strong sang the music of Honorio very sweetly. Her style is somewhat too cold, and her delivery wants the freedom of a practised artist; but in her execution she has very much improved since we last heard her. Her music, as we have before remarked, is the least pleasing,



or, at all events, the least effective, in the Oratorio; but the melody of her voice added much to its interest and effect.

Miss Cheney had but little to do, and that little was mostly concerted. It would not, therefore, be fair to form a judgment upon her capacities.

Miss De Luce, as Johannes, acquitted herself exceedingly well. She has a mezzo soprano voice of a most lovely quality—rich, full and melodious. It tells wonderfully in any piece of moderate movement, requiring sustained expression. Miss De Luce sang the air, "God be with you," in a chaste and careful manner. She began a little flat, which was evidently caused by extreme fright; for as soon as this abated, the fault was no longer visible. If this young lady should study seriously, she could not fail to attain a high position in her profession.

Mr. Sidney Pearson was the Antipater of the evening. We were both pleased and surprised at the excellence of his performance. He has many faults; his pronunciation is broad and inelegant—his intonation is by no means faultless; and he lacks passion and expression. But he sang his music correctly, attempted no interpolations, and was on the whole, perhaps, as good a representative of the character as could be found in the city.

Messrs. Bennett and Cheney are Amateurs. They have both good voices, but the want of education in every respect is so glaringly apparent, that criticism would be useless. Of the two, however, Mr. Cheney has decidedly the advantage in point of voice and intonation. A year's study under careful direction, would place Mr. Cheney in a good position as a singer of Sacred Music.

The Chorusses were performed in a style of excellence truly remarkable. The Choral performances of the Sacred Music Society have always been noted for want of precision, firmness, power, and capability to produce due effects. But on this occasion the same materials were employed (nearly all the Chorus singers being members of the S. M. S.) yet none of these defects were in any part to be observed. Every point was taken up with admirable precision; the pianos were duly cared for, and the crescendos were truly grand in their effects. The only visible want, was a want of power, and this want could only be remedied by an increase of members, which under the circumstances could not be obtained. A striking fact might be elicited were we to pursue the enquiry as to the cause of the marked difference in the performance of the same people upon this occasion and upon previous occasions. We will, however, leave our readers to draw the inference themselves.

The instrumental performance was equally remarkable for its excellence. The Band was kept in admirable subjection to the voices, and the recitatives were better accompanied than we have ever heard before in this country. The band was also deficient in power, not through any meanness on the part of those engaged in producing the work, but from the fact that most of the good instrumental performers of the city, were engaged at the several Theatres.

At the next representation which will be on the 5th of October, greater facilities will undoubtedly be available, and the only want observable in the performance will then be remarked.

We must repeat the praise which we awarded Mr. Loder at the commencement of the notice; for to his skill, judgment and firmness, must be attributed all the excellence which we have described.

We must also compliment Mr. Timm upon the artist-like manner in which he introduced the Organ, and brought its full power to bear upon those points where it could tell with the best effect. He proved himself indeed a worthy coadjutor of the talented conductor.

We have yet a word or two to say about the public-spirited gentleman at whose individual risk the whole performance was got up. Mr. Henry Meigs, is known to the public as former Secretary of the New York Sacred Music Society. We presume he felt the insufficiency of that Society, under its present management, to produce anything but those works at which they have been drumming for years, without attaining any point beyond respectable mediocrity. Acting upon this feeling, he determined to produce, at his own expense, a work of standard merit, never before performed in this city, in the best style that money could command. He determined also that besides benefiting the public by his undertaking, he would also benefit the resident professors:—a singular determination, we allow, as the very last thought in the minds of the projectors of any Musical undertaking, is to consider that class which is most worthy of consideration. Mr. Meigs consulted his conductor, and the Oratorio of the Seven Sleepers was chosen. No sooner did the "Society" gain information of the fact, than they acted the part of Many Sleepers Awakened, (from a long sleep too,) and decided upon producing the work in opposition to this individual enterprise. This was certainly somewhat unworthy of an incorporated Society; but we must excuse them, from the fact that they were rather roughly awakened, and had hardly time to rub their eyes before they decided upon a course of action.

A large proportion of the Society joined Mr. Meigs in his undertaking, without however withdrawing from the Society, and to these ladies and gentlemen, who scorned to endure the trammels which would serve to keep music back a hundred years, the thanks of the public and the profession are due. How well they acquitted themselves the thousands who were present can testify.

We call upon the public to support Mr. Meigs in his undertaking, for upon their support the success or the failure of every undertaking depends; we call upon the public to come forward, not to benefit the individual, but the Art; for the success of this undertaking will ensure the production of a series of standard classical works, which cannot be produced through any other agency.

PARK THEATRE.—Opera is still the rage at this establishment. Miss Delcy, since our last, has appeared in the character of Cinderella, and as Zerlina in Fra Diavolo. She has gained considerably in public estimation, and will, we are confident, become a great favorite; for a generous public will always stand forward in defence of a woman, especially if she be as young and as pretty as Miss Delcy, against hired critics and interested professional slanderers. We have seen no reason to alter our expressed opinion of Miss Delcy's powers, but we still say that she is full of promise for the future, and has many advantages over some who have occupied, for several years, the situation she now holds. We trust that the public will give her a fair chance, and hope she may continue successful.

Mr. Gardner has proved the truth of our remarks in every respect. As soon as he shall have recovered the full power of his voice, which has been temporarily disarranged, from the combined effect of the sea voyage and



change of climate, we insure for him a good share of the public approbation.

Miss Moss acquitted herself, as Lady Allwash, exceedingly well, both in her singing and her acting, and Mr. Brough, as Beppo, was perfectly correct in his music throughout, and has some difficult and catchy bits to sing. He is evidently becoming pains-taking, and we are glad to see and hear it.

Want of space precludes the possibility of our lengthening this notice.

## Criticisms on the Popular Errors of the Age.

NO. I.

Is Error dead, since, as the Teuton\* found,  
 'Twas not the Sun, but Earth, that whirled around!  
 Or reason fixed, because by Bacon's spell  
 The schoolmen, heaps on heaps, confounded fell?  
 Is science sure, since Black or Davy tried,  
 Air to create, and water to divide?  
 Nay—when the Prince of Peace, his flag unfurled,  
 Was truth, at once, triumphant o'er the world!

I wot that ancient Erebus doth still  
 New hydras hatch as fast as truth can kill,  
 Sending fresh broods, with horns and talons rife,  
 To chase mankind, and glut their rage on life.  
 Else, why this seven-years'-tempest—mad in looks,  
 Of teachers, doctors, reasoners,—men and books,  
 All fierce with zeal—all eloquent to show  
 What fools there lived a hundred years ago.

See B—h—ah B—h hath o'er his ivied head,  
 The shield of lettered honors strongly spread.  
 Enconced in Hebrew—relolent to tell  
 How by a dagesh many a meaning fell,  
 Or by a rule—an old and honored rule—  
 One writer is, ranks fifty out of school.  
 But school or no school, sacerdotal wit  
 Hath on his page its golden plaudits writ.  
 Hath he not found—a thing for Paul too vast,—  
 The Resurrection is already past!  
 Is it not clear that he who dies is dead  
 Foot, hand and heart, nerves, cerebrum and head,  
 And one and all, with an eternal "must"  
 Are doomed to "dissipate" in gas and dust?  
 Can "that" again arise? Pray, who shall find  
 His body in the earth, or leaves, or wind?  
 Whoever dies is dead by an "election,"  
 And spirits only, feel the resurrection.  
 Sir, Christ arose, and took his "body" too, [2.]

But that might be to balk the raging Jew [A.]  
 Yet he ate meat, all doubt to disenthroned [2.]  
 And prove that he was veritable flesh and bone.

The doctor took the pulpit at this point,  
 Pride in his heart, but fear in every joint.  
 "Such facts may answer well a trustful church,  
 "But leave philosophy quite in the lurch.  
 "Give crowds strong faith, they want but little knowledge.  
 "I write for reason, honors, and a college.  
 "But 'tis not reason, I should so dilute  
 "My thoughts, each vague objector to refute  
 "And draw my tenets out so very thin,  
 "That common minds should grasp me, and refine.  
 "Viewed by a subtilologic light,  
 "My treatise and the scriptures both are right."

So closed the sermon. People sat in doubt,  
 While snatching up his hat, the Dean walked out.

ALLEN.

\*Copernicus.

## Editorial Miscellany.

IN OUR NOTICE, last week, of an article on "American Humor" by Mr. William Jones, we mentioned that Mr. Graham, the editor of "Graham's Magazine," had rejected a contribution from Mr. Jones; and we gave this as our only supposable reason for the latter's sweeping denunciation of the three-dollar Magazines. We have since received, from a warm personal friend of Mr. Jones, a somewhat different version of the story—which runs thus:

A contract was entered into by "Graham's Magazine" for several articles from the pen of Mr. Jones. The articles were written; they did not suit the tone of the Magazine (which might have been a virtue or not in the contributor, according to the subject matter); some delay occurred; but the negotiation was ultimately completed, according to the agreement, by Mr. Graham paying the author.

We are happy to afford Mr. Jones the full benefit of this variation. Our own opinion of the matter is not materially changed. When a critic so far forgets himself as to speak in wholesale terms of disparagement of a work made up altogether of contributions from the *élite* of our literature, we naturally seek some unusual reason for the abuse—some reason which does not appear upon the surface—in short, some private and personal cause.—If we have wronged Mr. Jones, we regret it very sincerely—although he has made no scruple of wronging us and our friends. Still, we by no means think that we have wronged Mr. Jones.

His apologist (for whom personally and as an author, we have the highest respect) goes on to say:

Whatever sins of dogmatism Mr. J. may have to answer for, (and we must still regret that his last article was not submitted to a judicious pruning and emendation) we are assured that he is utterly incapable of any of the prevalent sins of literary immorality. True men of letters are not so abundant in the community as to be wantonly injured in their good fame. . . . Mr. Jones is an individual writer of the dogmatic school, who requires for a subject one strictly in harmony with his sentiment and experience, when he is enthusiastic, brilliant, and profound: out of his personal range he is careless, ineffective, and apparently unjust. . . . The article upon Mr. Dana, written by Mr. Jones and published in an early number of this [The Broadway] Journal, exhibits him in his true element.

With much of all this we agree. Mr. Jones is what may be termed an "elegant" essayist of a by-gone school. His articles are always graceful, pointed, gentlemanly, in thought and tone. They lack vigor, originality, and consecutiveness. They leave no definite impression.—We read one of them and say—not that we have been convinced of anything, or that we have derived any new ideas—but that, upon the whole, Mr. Jones is a very clever writer of essays. His most reprehensible fault, however, is that he can see nothing excellent out of the limits of Boston Common. Again:—if we have done him injustice, we beg his pardon—but we do not think that we have.

HON. EDWARD EVERETT and family returned home in the Britannia.

MR. McLANE, the American Minister in England, has taken up his residence at 38 Harley street, Cavendish square.

FIELD, the gentlemanly and clever editor of the St. Louis *Reveillé*, has sued the editors of the People's Or-



gan, a paper published in that city, for libel; laying his damages at \$10,000. The libel consisted in the publication of a letter abusive of Mr. Field, written by Mr. Green, the reformed gambler.

*New and Fashionable Harps.* Our attention has been called to those beautiful instruments, manufactured by J. F. Browne, 281 Broadway and 83 Chambers street.

The Harp, as an instrument, is but little known in this country, although in Europe it is considered as a necessary accomplishment to ladies of refined education, occupying any position in fashionable society. It is a singular fact, but it is no less true than singular, that while the ladies of the South, particularly of Charleston and New Orleans, cultivate a knowledge of this instrument with considerable success, our Northern ladies display a marked indifference on the subject. Were we inclined to write an essay upon the history of the Harp, we might say how it flourished thousands of years before the Christian Era—we might trace its course down to that period and through the Dark Ages (when it survived most other instruments) even up to the present time—we might describe its various shapes and scales at the different periods even up to our own days, showing how greatly the balance is in favor of us Moderns—but we will not do all this; we will content ourselves by simply stating that every lady should, for many reasons, be a little familiar with this truly drawing-room instrument. In the first place it is a capital exercise, bringing the muscles into gentle and healthful play; in the next place it is an excellent accompaniment to the voice; and lastly it displays the beautiful and graceful proportions of nature's handicraft, to the greatest advantage. Well might a learned Theban eloquently observe, to some young beaux, on beholding a young and graceful woman seated in the most fascinating position, like the Divine Cecilia at her Harp—well might this learned Theban observe, we say, "if you have hearts prepare to lose them now."

Mr. Browne's Harps are by far the most magnificent instruments that we ever saw. Through his perfect knowledge of the instrument he has effected many important improvements in the mechanical department, and in the tone there is an extraordinary addition of sweetness, purity and power. The pillars are elaborately and gorgeously carved and gilded, while the frames are elegantly shaped and finished.

There is at present in his show room 281 Broadway (up stairs) a splendid Grand Concert Harp, six and a half octaves in compass, recently sold to a lady of North Carolina, which is without exception the most elegant, chaste and powerful instrument we have ever heard in this country. It combines all the latest improvements, and we should advise our fair friends, if only as a matter of curiosity, to visit Mr. Browne's establishment, before the instrument leaves it for its final destination. We can cordially recommend Mr. Browne's instruments, as we are well acquainted with the character of the firm of which he is the resident representative.

We have received two Elementary Musical Works, for review, the one by J. F. Warner, and the other by E. Ives, Jr.; which we shall notice in our next.

OUR ARTICLES upon the fine Arts are unavoidably crowded out this week; also a full description of the opening of Mr. Erben's Organ, at Dr. Potts' new Church. These shall duly appear in our next.

WE TAKE the following truly characteristic and especially French paragraph from the excellent "*Courier des Etats Unis*."

DEUX NOUVEAUX-NÉS DANS NOTRE FAMILLE.—C'est une carrière toujours laborieuse et rarement lucrative, que celle du journalisme, et pourtant chaque jour nous voyons s'y aventurer de nouveaux imprudens. Depuis huit jours, la nombreuse et féconde famille de nos confrères Américains s'est grossie de deux membres, le *Sier* et le *Glôde*, paraissant tous les jours, celui-là le soir et celui-ci le matin. Qu'ils soient les bien-venus! plus la route est périlleuse et plus on a besoin d'amis pour la parcourir. Du reste, nous ne voulons pas faire de ces réflexions un décourageant pronostic pour ces nouveaux-nés de la presse. Jamais il n'en surgit de plus ciables, de plus dignes de la confiance et du patronage du public qui tient en ses mains les destinées des journalistes. Ce ne sont même pas des débutantes qui nous arrivent, car sous des noms nouveaux, nous trouvons de vieilles connaissances qui ont déjà trop bien fait leurs preuves pour que nous doutions de leurs futurs succès. Il en est un surtout, le *Glôde*, avec lequel nous avons vécu en trop bonne fraternité, lorsqu'il s'appelait *Pitobias*, pour que nous n'accueillions pas avec plaisir sa résurrection opérée par la plume puissante de M. Levi D. Slam, l'un des plus consciencieux et des plus éloquens publicistes du parti démocratique.

AMONG THOSE who have furnished original papers for the "*Broadway Journal*," are Mrs. Osgood, Mrs. Kirkland, Mrs. Child, Mrs. Lowell, Mrs. Hewitt, Miss Fuller, Miss Lawson, Miss Wells—J. R. Lowell, H. R. Schoolcraft, Park Benjamin, E. A. Duyckinck, Wm. A. Jones, T. D. English, Wm. Wallace, A. M. Ide, Henry B. Hirst, Wm. Page (the artist), Henry C. Watson, the author of "*The Vision of Rubeta*," Littleton Barry, and Edgar A. Poe. We have also numerous anonymous contributors who would do honor to any journal in the land. Mr. Simms, the novelist, Mrs. Ellett, and many others of note, will hereafter contribute. We mention these facts to do away with any evil impressions that *might* arise from a statement made in the September number of Simms' Magazine, by a New-York correspondent, who no doubt intended us well.

THE DATE of "*The Saturday Courier*" (of Philadelphia) from which we quoted a portion of Mr. Whittier's story, "*The Broken-Hearted*," is June 19, 1841.

IT WILL BE seen that we make our appearance this week in a new dress—and this will account for a little delay in our time of issue. It is our intention gradually but steadily to improve the paper at all points.

THE EMBARRASMENT, the delay, and general inconvenience arising from bad penmanship, can be thoroughly understood only by an editor. We are compelled, every week, to throw aside many valuable contributions merely because the wretched MS. renders them *too expensive* to be used. Once again, we say to our friends—*write legibly or not at all*. Take lessons of Mr. Goldsmith. You will find him in Broadway—259. We know no one so well qualified to teach a fluent, beautiful, and, what is of still more consequence, a *legible* hand-writing. We advise, at all events, a visit to his rooms, where in the way of really good penmanship, some absolute curiosities are to be seen. His Advertisement will be found in another column.

MR. AUSTIN PHILLIPS and Mr. H. C. Watson, are about to establish a Glee Class upon a large scale. Full particulars will be announced next week.



To CORRESPONDENTS. Many thanks to M. O. of Lebanon Springs—also to the fair author of "Pictures"—also to A. M. L. We are forced to decline "Margarette"—"The Warrior's Battle-Song"—"Hope"—and "On the Death of a Favorite Young Dog." Our friends P. B.—P. P. C.—and T. H. C. shall hear from us in full in a few days. What has become of M. L. of Philadelphia. We are greatly indebted to Miss M. O.

### ÆOLIAN ATTACHMENT.

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RE-OPENING OF GOLDSMITH'S WRITING ACADEMY, 259 Broadway. Lo Farge Building, corner of Reade Street. Terms reduced to THREE DOLLARS, AND NO EXTRA CHARGE.

Mr. Oliver B. Goldsmith respectfully informs the citizens of New York and Brooklyn, that his rooms are now open, during the day and evening, for Pupils and Visitors. Mr. G.'s specimens of PENMANSHIP.

Has received the FIRST PREMIUM FIVE YEARS, from the American Institute, and he is prepared to sell TEN EASY AND INTERESTING EXERCISES, a free and elegant style of writing, that the pupils cannot possibly ever lose in their future practice.

For sale at the Academy GOLDSMITH'S GEMS OF PENMANSHIP.

Ladies' Class meets daily at 11 o'clock. Gentlemen's day and evening. See Circular. ad 2/25

PIANO-FORTES.—H. WORCESTER, NO. 130 THIRD AVENUE, Corner of 14th Street, respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has a good assortment of Piano Fortes, in Rosewood and Mahogany cases, from 4 to 7 octaves. Persons wishing to purchase will find it to their advantage to call and examine before purchasing elsewhere.

PIANO-FORTES.—JOHN PETHICK, (formerly Mundy and Pethick,) invites the attention of the music public to the elegant and varied assortment he now has at his Old Establishment, corner of Cottage Place and Beeker street, which he will sell at a price unusually low.

J. P. having been actively engaged in the business for the last seven years, and, for a large portion of that time manufacturing for two of the largest Music Stores in the city, feels warranted in saying that his instruments will bear a favorable comparison with those of the best makers in this country or Europe, and that they contain all the real improvements of the day.

See all hand Pianos bought, sold and exchanged, also Tuned and Repaired.

New York, April 23d, 1845.

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Piano Frames hired by the month.

PIANO-FORTES.—THOMAS H. CHAMBER'S,

(formerly Conductor to Dubu's and Stodard's), No. 254 Broadway, will keep a complete assortment of the latest approved Grand Action Piano Fortes, of the most superior quality, such as he is prepared to give an opinion on their excellence of Tone, Touch and External Finish, and to endorse in any climate. A liberal discount from the standard prices. Piano Fortes Tuned and Repaired. Piano Fortes always on hand.

161 Broadway, September, 1845.

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THE PUBLISHERS of the Library of Choice Reading beg leave to call attention to the following classification of the books published in the series by which it will appear that novelty, variety, and a careful selection have always been preserved, and the promise of the best and most profitable results. It was proposed to publish "the best books of the age," Biographies, works of Classic Fiction—where the moral is superior to the mere story, without any sacrifice of the interest—occasional choice volumes of Poetry, Essays, Criticism, Contributions to History, and generally such single volumes, written by men of genius, as will equally delight the scholar and the general reader. The books already issued and ready for immediate publication may be arranged as follows:

BOOKS OF TRAVELS.

FOOTPRINTS, OR TRACES OF TRAVEL BROUGHT HOME FROM THE EAST.

THE FRENCH IN ALGERIA. By Lady Duff Gordon.

THE CRESCENT AND THE CROSS—2 vols. By Washington Irving.

SIR FRANCIS HEAD'S BUBBLES FROM THE BRUNNEN.

BECKFORD'S ITALY, SPAIN, PORTUGAL, AND VISIT TO THE MONASTERIES OF ALCOBACA AND BATALHA—in press.

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These will be followed by Sir Francis Head's Rough Notes of a Journey across the Præpyri;—WATERBURY'S Wanderings in South America;—Miss ROBERT'S Letters from the Baltic; HENRY NELSON CHALKERMAN'S Six Months in the West Indies; and THACKERAY'S Notes of a Journey from London to Cairo, and other interesting altogether one of the most original and select collections of books of its kind ever published.

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Under this department will be included the choicest new works of fiction as they issue from the press, and choice translations from the writers of the Continent. The following have been already announced:—

Mrs. JENNINGS'S Nature and Art; Tales from TRICK and HOYMAN; the White Lady and Peter Schlemihl; The Life and Adventures of Peter Wilkins; a Cornish Man; Melincourt and Crochet Castle, by the author of *Bravo! Bravo!*

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