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The Tablet of Love.

Far removed from mortal view,
In the depth of Heaven's blue
Where planets weave their robe of beams,
I wandered, wandered on in dreams:
 I'll tell thee what I saw.

Gazing with a thoughtful eye
On the star-ships floating by,
In a calm and thoughtful mood
A beauteous angel stood;
 On her I gazed.

At last she took a diamond pen,
And alabaster tablet—then
She swiftly wrote a moment, when
I heard her whisper—(how her eyes
Shone luminous as of Paradise!)—
‘I have gazed over scenes below and above
And learned that Creation existeth through Love,
 Only through Love !’

How precious a record of bliss !
How priceless a treasure is this !
Teaching that ever below and above
The orbs are all ringed by the sweet ring of Love !—
“ Give it me !—Give it me, Spirit !”—I cried
And this was the answer that came in a tide
 Of rich tones

From the Angel of God
Who was borne by the heavenly thrones :—
“ It is thine ! Keep it safe on thy heart ;
 ’Tis the talisman charméd below and above ;
It will lead thee when thou must depart
 From thy Earth
To the Edens where spirits have birth—
 ’Tis the glorious TABLET OF LOVE !”

A. S. PHELPS.

The Tell-Cale Heart.

TRUE !—nervous—very, very dreadfully nervous I had been and am ; but why *will* you say that I am mad ? The disease had sharpened my senses—not destroyed—not dulled them. Above all was the sense of hearing acute. I heard all things in the heaven and in the earth. I heard many things in hell. How, then, am I mad ? Hearken ! and observe how healthily—how calmly I can tell you the whole story.

It is impossible to say how first the idea entered my brain ; but once conceived, it haunted me day and night. Object there was none. Passion there was none. I loved the old man. He had never wronged me. He had never given me insult. For his gold I had no desire. I think it was his eye ! yes, it was this ! He had the eye of a vulture—a pale blue eye, with a film over it. Whenever it fell upon me, my blood ran cold ; and so by degrees—very gradual-

ly—I made up my mind to take the life of the old man, and thus rid myself of the eye forever.

Now this is the point. You fancy me mad. Madmen know nothing. But you should have seen *me*. You should have seen how wisely I proceeded—with what caution—with what foresight—with what dissimulation I went to work ! I was never kinder to the old man than during the whole week before I killed him. And every night, about midnight, I turned the latch of his door and opened it—oh so gently ! And then, when I had made an opening sufficient for my head, I put in a dark lantern, all closed, closed, so that no light shone out, and then I thrust in my head. Oh, you would have laughed to see how cunningly I thrust it in ! I moved it slowly—very, very slowly, so that I might not disturb the old man’s sleep. It took me an hour to place my whole head within the opening so far that I could see him as he lay upon his bed. Ha !—would a madman have been so wise as this ? And then, when my head was well in the room, I undid the lantern cautiously—oh, so cautiously—cautiously (for the hinges creaked)—I undid it just so much that a single thin ray fell upon the vulture eye. And this I did for seven long nights—every night just at midnight—but I found the eye always closed ; and so it was impossible to do the work ; for it was not the old man who vexed me, but his Evil Eye. And every morning, when the day broke, I went boldly into the chamber, and spoke courageously to him, calling him by name in a hearty tone, and inquiring how he had passed the night. So you see he would have been a very profound old man, indeed, to suspect that every night, just at twelve, I looked in upon him while he slept.

Upon the eighth night I was more than usually cautious in opening the door. A watch’s minute hand moves more quickly than did mine. Never before that night, had I *felt* the extent of my own powers—of my sagacity. I could scarcely contain my feelings of triumph. To think that there I was, opening the door, little by little, and he not even to dream of my secret deeds or thoughts. I fairly chuckled at the idea ; and perhaps he heard me ; for he moved on the bed suddenly, as if startled. Now you may think that I drew back—but no. His room was as black as pitch with the thick darkness, (for the shutters were close fastened, through fear of robbers,) and so I knew that he could not see the opening of the door, and I kept pushing it on steadily, steadily.

I had my head in, and was about to open the lantern, when my thumb slipped upon the tin fastening, and the old man sprang up in the bed, crying out—“ Who’s there ?”

I kept quite still and said nothing. For a whole hour I did not move a muscle, and in the meantime I did not hear him lie down. He was still sitting up in the bed listening ;—just as I have done, night after night, hearkening to the death watches in the wall.

Presently I heard a slight groan, and I knew it was the

groan of mortal terror. It was not a groan of pain or of grief—oh, no!—it was the low stifled sound that arises from the bottom of the soul when overcharged with awe. I knew the sound well. Many a night, just at midnight, when all the world slept, it has welled up from my own bosom, deepening, with its dreadful echo, the terrors that distracted me. I say I knew it well. I knew what the old man felt, and pitied him, although I chuckled at heart. I knew that he had been lying awake ever since the first slight noise, when he had turned in the bed. His fears had been ever since growing upon him. He had been trying to fancy them causeless, but could not. He had been saying to himself—“It is nothing but the wind in the chimney—it is only a mouse crossing the floor,” or “it is merely a cricket which has made a single chirp.” Yes, he has been trying to comfort himself with these suppositions: but he had found all in vain. *All in vain*; because Death, in approaching him had stalked with his black shadow before him, and enveloped the victim. And it was the mournful influence of the unperceived shadow that caused him to feel—although he neither saw nor heard—to *feel* the presence of my head within the room.

When I had waited a long time, very patiently, without hearing him lie down, I resolved to open a little—a very, very little crevice in the lantern. So I opened it—you cannot imagine how stealthily, stealthily—until, at length a single dim ray, like the thread of the spider, shot from out the crevice and fell full upon the vulture eye.

It was open—wide, wide open—and I grew furious as I gazed upon it. I saw it with perfect distinctness—all a dull blue, with a hideous veil over it that chilled the very marrow in my bones; but I could see nothing else of the old man’s face or person: for I had directed the ray as if by instinct, precisely upon the damned spot.

And have I not told you that what you mistake for madness is but over acuteness of the senses?—now, I say, there came to my ears a low, dull, quick sound, such as a watch makes when enveloped in cotton. I knew that sound well, too. It was the beating of the old man’s heart. It increased my fury, as the beating of a drum stimulates the soldier into courage.

But even yet I refrained and kept still. I scarcely breathed. I held the lantern motionless. I tried how steadily I could maintain the ray upon the eye. Meantime the hellish tattoo of the heart increased. It grew quicker and quicker, and louder and louder every instant. The old man’s terror must have been extreme! It grew louder, I say, louder every moment!—do you mark me well? I have told you that I am nervous: so I am. And now at the dead hour of the night, amid the dreadful silence of that old house, so strange a noise as this excited me to uncontrollable terror. Yet, for some minutes longer I refrained and stood still. But the beating grew louder, louder! I thought the heart must burst. And now a new anxiety seized me—the sound would be heard by a neighbour! The old man’s hour had come! With a loud yell, I threw open the lantern and leaped into the room. He shrieked once—once only. In an instant I dragged him to the floor, and pulled the heavy bed over him. I then smiled gaily, to find the deed so far done. But, for many minutes, the heart beat on with a muffled sound. This, however, did not vex me; it would not be heard through the wall. At length it ceased. The old man was dead. I removed the bed and examined the corpse. Yes, he was stone, stone dead. I placed my hand upon the heart and held it there many minutes. There was no pulsation. He was stone dead. His eye would trouble me no more.

If still you think me mad, you will think so no longer when I describe the wise precautions I took for the concealment of the body. The night waned, and I worked hastily, but in silence. First of all I dismembered the corpse. I cut off the head and the arms and the legs.

I then took up three planks from the flooring of the chamber, and deposited all between the scantlings. I then replaced the boards so cleverly, so cunningly, that no human eye—not even his—could have detected any thing wrong. There was nothing to wash out—no stain of any kind—no blood-spot whatever. I had been too wary for that. A tub had caught all—ha! ha!

When I had made an end of these labors, it was four o’clock—still dark as midnight. As the bell sounded the hour, there came a knocking at the street door. I went down to open it with a light heart,—for what had I now to fear? There entered three men, who introduced themselves, with perfect suavity, as officers of the police. A shriek had been heard by a neighbour during the night; suspicion of foul play had been aroused; information had been lodged at the police office, and they (the officers) had been deputed to search the premises.

I smiled,—for what had I to fear? I bade the gentlemen welcome. The shriek, I said, was my own in a dream. The old man, I mentioned, was absent in the country. I took my visitors all over the house. I bade them search—search well. I led them, at length, to his chamber. I showed them his treasures, secure, undisturbed. In the enthusiasm of my confidence, I brought chairs into the room, and desired them here to rest from their fatigues, while I myself, in the wild audacity of my perfect triumph, placed my own seat upon the very spot beneath which reposed the corpse of the victim.

The officers were satisfied. My manner had convinced them. I was singularly at ease. They sat, and while I answered cheerily, they chatted of familiar things. But, ere long, I felt myself getting pale and wished them gone. My head ached, and I fancied a ringing in my ears: but still they sat and still chatted. The ringing became more distinct—it continued and became more distinct: I talked more freely to get rid of the feeling: but it continued and gained definitiveness—until, at length, I found that the noise was not within my ears.

No doubt I now grew very pale;—but I talked more fluently, and with a heightened voice. Yet the sound increased—and what could I do? It was a low, dull, quick sound—*much such a sound as a watch makes when enveloped in cotton*. I gasped for breath—and yet the officers heard it not. I talked more quickly—more vehemently; but the noise steadily increased. I arose and argued about trifles, in a high key and with violent gesticulations; but the noise steadily increased. Why would they not be gone? I paced the floor to and fro with heavy strides, as if excited to fury by the observations of the men—but the noise steadily increased. Oh God! what could I do? I foamed—I raved—I swore! I swung the chair upon which I had been sitting, and grated it upon the boards, but the noise arose over all and continually increased. It grew louder—louder—*louder!* And still the men chatted pleasantly, and smiled. Was it possible they heard not? Almighty God!—no, no! They heard!—they suspected!—they knew!—they were making a mockery of my horror!—this I thought, and this I think. But anything was better than this agony! Anything was more tolerable than this derision! I could bear those hypocritical smiles no longer! I felt that I must scream or die!—and now—again!—hark! louder! louder! louder! louder!—

"Villains!" I shrieked, "dissemble no more! I admit the deed!—tear up the planks!—here, here!—it is the beating of his hideous heart!"

EDGAR A. POE.

To Florence.

From "one
Who loved, alas! not wisely, but too well."

In the deep midnight, when the World's asleep,
Solemn and sad, my vigils drear I keep,
Pacing my lonely chamber's carpet o'er,
Counting the chequered spots upon the floor,
Guessing where thy light foot-fall may have lain—
Ah me! it ne'er may press my floor again.
Restless I turn, and on the walls behold
The limner's art, incased in frames of gold;
Here PARIS sits, and with dilated eyes
Gazes enraptured, holding the rich prize,
Bright Beauty's guerdon, while each Goddess shows,
But half revealed, the every charm she knows.
There, in yon niche, just stepping in the wave,
Fair MUSIDORA is about to lave;
And o'er my mantel, smiling through her tears,
The lovely, loving, young HAIDEE appears.
A belle of note, in speaking portrait looks,
And leers upon me from yon case of books;
And all around beams some bright gem of Art,
"To raise the Genius, and to mend the Heart;"
But beams in vain, for ah! I cannot find
In Art, or thought, a solace for my mind;
The heart that's broken by lost love or friend
Thought cannot soothe, and Art can never mend.
I turn, in mem'ry, to those days of joy,
When love and thou did all my time employ;
I scan my pictured beauties o'er and o'er,
And in their charms, which Artists all adore,
Thy form, thy face, thy living self I see,
And weep the glories I have lost with thee.
When the night wanes, my taper wanling too,
And the moonbeams my curtains struggle through,
And just enough of light is in the room
To say that there *is* light, and not *all* gloom—
O then! as on my couch I weary lie,
Loving the night yet wishing it gone by,
Half-waking and half-sleeping I recline,
And ill at ease, and restlessly supine:
Then Fancy, while my heart throbs high and warm,
Tenants again my chamber with thy form—
That form, where grace and beauty intertwine,
Part sylph, part nymph, part fairy—all divine—
Again all glowing to mine own is pressed,
Again thy heart is beating to my breast,
Those angel-eyes again look into mine,
And their long lashes with my own entwine;
And in their soul-lit mirrors I can see
Two bright reflected miniatures of me,
That like the new Camera's* graphic art,
Straightly convey their types into the heart,
And there enshrine them—one for mortal love,
The other, thy soul's consort for above.
I hear again thy voice all eloquent,
Again I breathe thy breath all redolent;
I feel again wild Passion's fervent glow,
That well might melt thy bosom's virgin snow;
I know again the nectar of thy kiss,
And my whole soul dissolves itself in bliss.

* Daguerreotype.

O ever blessed, ever joyous dream!
O glorious love! my mind's abiding theme—
O lovely FLORENCE! load-star of my fate!
Too lately known, beloved, alas! too late!
I wake, and lo! the beauteous vision's gone,
I wake—distracted, comfortless, *alone*.
Envy has forged her falsehoods on my name,
Ungrateful friends have tampered with my fame,
Malice pursued me with her venomed guile,
And Hate and Wantonness, with lowest wile,
Have wrought me evil—I have all endured,
And murmured not, for well I felt assured
Of thy sweet love, my solace and my joy;
My bright Ideal, that lured me when a boy,
The light that beacons me in manhood's day,
Ambition's lofty efforts to essay!
My Fancy paints thee ever to my mind,
The fairest, dearest, best of womankind.
O'er the vast prairie, o'er the mountain high,
O'er the dark river, waft I thee my sigh.
FLORENCE, I love thee!—by a soul-bound spell
Thine am I only—Darling, fare thee well!

St. Louis, Missouri.

T.

Alcibiades Again.

NEWSPAPERS AND PHILOSOPHY.

Not very long after the second symposium, I sank to sleep during a summer day, in the portico of my house, and then and there received another visit from Alcibiades. With him came the same *groupe* by whom he had been previously accompanied, and who I learned were his habitual associates. I did not awake (by some mysterious sympathy, it is only when we sleep, that we may have conversation with disembodied spirits) but received them, with the welcome and deference due to such distinguished personages. The day had been exceedingly warm, and the little air which found its way through the labyrinthine streets of New York, was a sufficient inducement to us to continue where we were. It may be, however, that to my friends, fresh from the warmer temperature of *εὐρωπα* the weather was not so exceedingly oppressive, after all. While we sat discussing what old Horatius would have called *aliquid nugarum*, one of the *peripatetic* bibliopoles, so useful at the same time that they are not unfrequently so annoying, passed by with his budget of news. While I was paying for the Evening Post and the Mirror, Sallustius said: "Of a verity we erred in picturing to ourselves *fame* as a thing feminine. Yon urchin were he immortal, would be its finest type, and I can provide for him an immortal origin, by ascribing to him as parents, Mercury and Pauperies, Hermes and Peneia."

To this sally some reply was made by Alcibiades and Aspasia, between whom, there seemed to be much consonance of thought. Unfolding the Evening Post, I glanced over its columns, premising that its editor was one of the most famed poets of Atlantis. I soon however regretted that I had done so, for though I believe in the axiom, *vox populi vox Dei*, I do not think a poet should sully his tongue or stylus with the jargon and disputes of the *αγορά*, even if he used his efforts for the exaltation of the human heart. Orpheus, of old, sang and thus influenced man; he had no control, and sought not for the power of the *δικαιοτης*. The paper was filled with mere political *talk*, relating to the Oregon and Texas questions, with which even had my guests been familiar, they must have taken little interest. I laid it aside, and

taking up the Mirror, gave utterance at the same time to an enunciation of what I considered its characteristics. The Mirror I found void of all things real, with but one paragraph promising to be in the least interesting to my friends; and this related to a dancing girl. As they, however, had never seen Miss Desjardins, even for that they must have cared little. For the meagreness of the papers I apologised by a statement that the editors of both were on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land of all of Anglo-Saxon descent.

"Ah!" said Alcibiades, "of your journals we were ignorant. Had *they* been, it is possible the philosophy of the porch and garden never would have existed. In those resorts the youth and age of Athens collected, for the purpose of hearing what had passed, the course of business in the *ayōlē*, the sacrifices offered in the temple of the great Gods, and the prophecies of the sooth-sayers. In the *thermae*, too, the poets were wont to assemble to read to each other their compositions, the merchants to offer their wares for sale, and the sailors to talk over voyages passed or proposed to other lands. In fine, all went thither for purposes similar to that which prompts you to read yon sheet."

"Per Jovem!" said Sallustius, "for that I was too very an Epicurean. I always kept a good cook, and each day invited Clodius and seven others to dine with me, who retailled the joint product of their harvest of news."

"Nay: Sallustius, corrupted by their additions."

"Minime, made more precious by their ornaments. The fact is, I never was a handsome figure. I by no means belonged to the equestrian order, and did not shine in the *thermae*; and if one did not bathe in the greater hall, it was more pleasant to enjoy the bath at home."

"Customs now are different. We print—you have heard of that art."

"Ah yes; Doctor Faustus has been below. Pluto had a pretty bargain in his soul. We all know him. Does he not ever sigh after one Marguerite, translated *μῆνας μαχαγῶν*?"

"*Vous parlez comme un oracle antique.*" (By the by, it never till now struck me, that all of my visitors had the apostolic gift of tongues; for this galicism of Count Anthony seemed perfectly intelligible to all.) "Yes, we print; and the result is, that the publisher has usurped the place of the poet, and reaps all the profit of the proudest efforts of his genius. Publishing has become a trade like the occupation of the scribes of old, and more than one association of these personages have built palaces, while authors starve."

"I wonder," said Alcibiades, "that your countrymen suffer them to stand, cemented as they are by the blood of those whose name is the proudest héritage of your land."

"True! but for this inheritance, my countrymen care not. With the author they have no sympathy, and see him suffer without the elevation either of the voice or hand. Were any of the class called by you *Tηξιτάται* so to suffer, popular rage could not be restrained."

"Thus," said Shakspeare, "it was in my day. As an author I would have starved. In your art, Oh, Pratinas! though no proficient, the world smiled on me. Hemings and Condell, my old friends, who first collected my plays, made by their undertaking no money; and now even they tell me, the painter and engraver, who have, as it were, realized my Ariel and Titania, are ruined—while the publisher amasses money, to be used, perhaps, as an instrument to endorse the minds of authors who may come after me."

"It is so: of this state of things—nay, of your own case, New York furnishes a striking example."

"So was it not in my day," said Calderon, a stern and

noble-looking Spaniard, in the garb of Iberia's proudest day. "The nobles of our land would have felt themselves disgraced, had it been said that a votary of any of the Castilian Muses starved. One of those authors of whom Spain was proudest, and whose writings are a legacy to the world, has said: *De donde se infiere que nunca la lanza emboto la pluma ni la pluma la lanza*, and the proudest nobles of the land were proud to defend the hand that wielded that little weapon."

"*Prenez garde!*" said Count Anthony; "he from whom you quote, was a striking character—a soldier as well as author; he had fought with Don John at Lepanto, yet he died, if I err not, in a mad-house or some such place."

"A common fate of Poets. Witness Tasso and Lusitania's, one immortal name," chimed in Landor.

"Cervantes," said Calderon, "was the exception from the fate of my countrymen. I did not starve."

From the manner in which Calderon spoke his last phrase, I could see that the shadows preserved their nationality below.

"*Ma foi!* Sallustius,—what would your contemporaries have said relative to a discussion about the literary fate of a Celtiberian?"

"Stranger things than that have happened. Britannia, ay, the *Ultima Thule*—has sent out colonies, to civilize lands unknown to us. How far may Atlantis be from Lusitania?"

"About 60 days sail."

"Oh, wonder then not that we know it not. A trip to the *Cassiteridae* for tin, or to Britain, was to my countrymen no slight undertaking."

After much desultory conversation, the Drama, ancient and modern, was again talked of. Upon this occasion Shakspeare was the speaker. Far be it from me, to attempt to shadow forth the ideas of the myriad-minded man. Only will I say, that he spoke in the warmest manner of the mode of representation, and more unfavourably of the drama itself. Of the delight he had experienced in the representation of his own plays, no pen can with justice treat. Far had we progressed beyond his dreams, by means of the perfection to which stage machinery had been carried, and by the thousand artifices made use off to minister to the perfectness of dramatic representation. The conversation was extended to great length, until the deepening shadows warned us that the hour for the play was come.

On that evening the play was the "Honey-Moon," in the principal character of which, an actress, from whom use had not as yet taken away the feeling and *prestige* of a *débutante*, was to appear. The theatre was crowded, yet on this occasion, with an audience different from that which we had previously seen. The fact is, that play-going people were absent from the city, and those who were now to behold the play, were strangers from the remoter parts of the country. My guests remarked the appearance of the spectators, but the curtain rose, and conversation ceased. The play, constructed according to the canons of the ancient drama, they suffered to pass quietly enough. In regard to the actress, they were not so considerate. True; they owned that she was beautiful, that her hair was of gold, and her eyes of the Cerulean, so much admired in all lands, where such beauty is rare. But Aspasia said that she played not the character naturally; Xantippe, she had various opportunities of observing, yet never had she seen such representations of passions. She overstepped the mark in the first act, and in the last ones came not up to it.

The *débutante*, Alcibiades, and all agreed might do much; but as yet all was uncertain. She had adopted a profession where all but consummate success was utter failure. I cannot be definite relative to their precise criticism, and soon after awoke. Alcibiades promised that some day he would come up to witness an *ayōqa* of the people, and I promised to accompany him.

FAY ROBINSON.

The Whole Duty of Woman.*

We hope the author of an article entitled "American Letters," which appeared in the June number of the "American Review," will not accuse us of having purloined his ideas. We can assure him that he is not alone in his opinion of the *softer sex*,—that we have even regarded them as an inferior order of creation, and have never hesitated to express it; and that the accompanying effusion was written to make the *true meaning* of the poet more apparent to their limited capacity. Let us not, however, be misunderstood. They are undoubtedly a legitimate part of the human family, and until something can be invented that will supply their place, are to be tolerated, and even well treated; but the idea of their pretending to compete with *us* in anything that requires intellectual ability, is a little too amusing. If our metre is not as correct as it should be—we presume it is at least as good as that of some of our philosopher-poets—and indeed very much in their manner.

"What most I prize in woman
Is her affection, not her intellect."

So says the poet Longfellow—and in saying this
He but repeats the sentiments of all the nobler sex,

"Pooh! we don't want *sense* in women!
It only injures, and renders them more difficult to manage.
We have enough for both. Doubtless you are
'A fair defect of Nature'—still we're too generous
To lay it up against you, for even lordly man
Sometimes 'lets down a stitch,' though 'tis not often.
The traits we most admire in the *beau sexe*
Are sweet submission, lovingness—for list the bard—
'For if thou lovest—mark me, I say lovest—
The greatness of thy sex excels thee not.'
In other words, the preference of her
Who is but one remove from a born *natural*,
Is just as great a compliment, and just as flattering,
As that of the most gifted of her sex.

"The world of affection is *thy* home,
Not that of man's ambition.' True, most true!
You cannot go to Congress, nor can serve
In the militia, nor be heard
Within the halls of justice. 'Tis your part
To mend his hose—delightful task!
And patch his ancient vestments. 'In that *stillness*,
Calm and holy, which most becomes a woman,
Thou sittest by the fireside of the heart
Feeding its flame.' Canst take a hint?
Well, I'll explain to you—it simply means
Pray keep the fire a-going, but don't intrude
Your vapid observations! It is true
There is a mighty fuss 'bout female education,
But it is all a *hum*: what we desire
Is true affection, not accomplishments.
You were made to worship us, and not we you.
We are not so requiring—all we ask
Is adoration and idolatry. You cannot love too much—
What do I say? you cannot love enough! Oh, if eastern cus-

toms

Could but be introduced, you'd have the privilege
Of burning for us. Ah, 'pleasing, dreadful thought'
To throw yourself upon the funeral pile
Of your dead treasure! Well, we are worth it!

Perhaps some surly critic will exclaim,
If sense is nothing in the female sex,
Think of posterity. To that I answer,
They'll have a father, and that's enough!

The feeling most becoming in a woman
Is 'just as my husband wishes'—
And as affection is the thing we crave,
Be liberal in the outward demonstration.
Think not of self, nor call your soul your own;
But when the loved one steps within his bower
Be sure and meet him with a raptured smile,
E'en if he's cross and snappish.
If 'tis winter's cold, prostrate yourself
And take his rubbers—or in summer's heat
Fan his moist countenance. 'Tis these tender acts
That make life blissful, and he expects them.
And oh! let me impress this truth upon you:
Ne'er for the world admit you have a wish
Or feeling of your own;—'twill cause unhappiness.
Soothe him with artless prattle,
And should he be oblivious, and speak
As if you were a thinking being, gently set him right—
'How can you, Mr. Higgins, ask such questions?
'The world of affection is my home,
Not that of man's ambition;' and it's all one to me
Who's constable or sheriff, so your neck's safe.
It is enough for me to be the chosen
Of a superior being: to be permitted
To gaze unchecked upon a manly visage
And think it *mine*, or look upon a brawny fist
And say, it never knocked me down or even cuffed me,
Big as it is! Oh! what a lovely thing
Is power that's not abused.

These are the sentiments we love in woman.
A fig for sense, a fig for education!
Refinement—mental culture—are no advantage.
All we require is this—to know enough
To speak when you are spoken to,
And come in when it rains.
'The element of fire is pure, it cannot change its nature,
But burns as brightly within the gipsey camp
As in the palace hall.' Be sure it does;
And Jock the ploughman feels
As genuine a flame toward Sal the housemaid,
As that which glows within the poet's heart,
Or, in briefer phrase, one kind of love
Is just as good as t' other.

Oh! if the sex could but be made to feel
Love and submission are their highest praise,
This earth would be a paradise—but, alas!
There are too many females who forget
This world was made for Cæsar—not his wife.
All we ask is love, love, love,
And all the thousand services which flow from it
Of course. I would not be vain-glorious,
Nor would claim more than is proper;
But to me 'tis plain, that nature gave to us
Forms of surpassing beauty, and minds, oh! how superior,
Just to make their task an easy one.
Milton well has said that 'beauty is excelled
By manly grace,' or, in common parlance,
That we are 'the cock of the walk.'

A New York Ghost.

THE embodied ideas that spontaneously present themselves before the vision of nervous or timid persons, are sometimes the product of such unsuspectable causes, that it is no wonder such persons are positive in their testimony as to what

* We give place to this *jeu d'esprit*, merely through our sincere respect, as well for the honesty of intention, as for the ability, of its author. We feel it our duty, nevertheless, to protest against the doctrine advanced. The opinions of our fair correspondent are by no means our own.—ED. B. J.

they have seen, and are willing to stake their reputation for veracity, upon the impression which such visions make upon their minds. But persons without the mental disposition to convert an unusual appearance into a spectre or thing of horror, would often, under the same circumstances, fail to discover anything peculiar in the same objects that are so prolific of frightfulness in the other case. To see a *ghost*, and to not see one, are two different *talents*; and it is as reasonable to look for the possession of both gifts in every person, as it is to expect every man to be alike able to discover a star or to peg boots.

I almost believe in shadows—flittings of life from another existence, hovering around the participants in this—impalpable indeed, but sensible in sight—assuming forms of pleasure or distress, suited to sympathise and accord with our mind at the time in which we see them. Let every person be satisfied for himself, however, and found his opinion upon his own convictions before proclaiming himself a doubter or believer.

It had been a roasting July day. Utterly unsuited by its enervating influence for business, I had languidly idled away the time till the shadows began to lengthen, when I determined to make a vigorous effort to procure a little air. But how was it to be done? In my condition, to walk was but to increase the trouble. Riding would be better. Riding, how? On horseback? The exercise would be too violent. A buggy? There I should have to worry with the (perhaps vicious) beast. An omnibus? The reeking steam of a baker's dozen crowded in a space for four—oh, awful! A cab? A cab! a cab—the very thing; here would be no difficulty; with all the windows and myself the only occupant—here I could surely breathe and be refreshed. I stepped into a cab—ordered the driver "windward"—threw back my coat, and put myself in readiness to catch the first breath created by the rushing vehicle. The horse was speedy and the breeze grew high. A luxurious drowsiness overcame me, and I was fast sinking into a refreshed unconsciousness of heat or cold, when—thunder! I was thrown with such violence upon my back, that for a moment I was stunned and insensible. On recovering, I found myself lying in the street. The cab had struck an omnibus and overset, forcing me violently through the unfastened door behind. Bruised and aching, I sought my lodging, and in despair my bed. A golden spray, dashed by the setting sun into the room, enveloped me, as I strode down the darkening way into the realms of Sleep.

I was wandering through a narrow dell in the forest—a deep ravine rugged with rocks, and overgrown with shrubbery and tangled briars, that scratched and tore my flesh at every step; while myriads of serpents, hissing, trailed across my path. At the bottom ran a glistening stream, creeping and leaping over rocks and decayed trunks of tree—splashing and foaming and gurgling with a faint and sickening sound. I stepped into the water to bathe my bleeding limbs—it was hot, boiling hot! A stifling steam rose to my face and almost suffocated me. I rushed back to my thorny road and toiled on. "Deeper and deeper still" the dingle grew, with rocks precipitous uprising close on either hand. At length they joined over my head, and all grew suddenly dark. The briars tore my feet more furiously than ever, and the reptiles glared their pestilent eyes at me with a most cruel familiarity. They squirmed their slimy folds around my legs, and crawling upon my shoulders, looked me in the face. Cold lizards brushed against my feet, and sent a chill through every fibre of my frame. The shrill whistling of

unknown birds mingled with the howling of innumerable hideous beasts, echoed through the cavern like the voice of the thunder-storm when it is high. A piercing shriek of terrible distinctness burst upon my ear, and shook my heart within me. I stumbled with the shock and fell headlong into a pile of rattling bones. A thousand livid eyes flashed from within, and by their intense radiance, dazzled—blinded me. I crawled along the ground grasping the yielding serpents as they lay coiled beneath my hands, or slipped noiselessly away between my fingers. My frame seemed to expand, and an incomprehensible sense of largeness arose in me. I became a giant—a monster. I arose to my feet. The earth waved under me as I passed on. The roof of the cavern became lower, and I journeyed on till it was so low I could not stand erect. I stopped as I went, and felt the side-walls closing in upon me. Every moment the passage became more straightened until I could no longer move. My neck was doubled and my head hung between my feet. My neck was twisted, and my face looked forward, but I could not go on. I became like a statue, and my feet seemed rooted in the ground. A horrid thought of a perpetual doom like this, froze my blood, and my frame shuddered with terrific convulsions. Suddenly, a stream of pure and silvery light poured in and diffused itself through the cavern, lighting up the unseen vault before me. On a pedestal of glowing rock, a pale and wrinkled figure, of most frightful aspect, stood beckoning me onward. The radiance that spread itself around, was of so vague and indistinct a nature, that I could not distinguish the outline of the vision. It seemed like human, yet was most unearthly in its mould. One eye alone in living lustre shot forth from the centre of its head, and one from each its hands. And it swayed to and fro on its burning stand, and beckoned to me with its seeing hands; but the one eye in its head was fixed upon me motionless. Like the gleam of the lightning, it burned into my eyes and consumed my soul. In all my agony I had no thought of death nor of release; I only looked for suffering and pain, and wondered what new misery awaited me. Reaching forth one hand so that its glaring eye fell full upon my face, the figure stood, and with a voice like the howling of the night-wind among the graves, it spoke:

"Mortal, beware!
"Repine not at to-day, for to-morrow may be better!
"Never ride in a two-wheeled cab, if you can walk, even with crutches!
"With industry for your weapon, languor is easily defeated!
"Never go to bed before sundown, nor without your supper!
"A bath is better for a bruise than sleep!
"Never sleep with the moon shining on your bed!
"Wear no gold buttons on the neck and wristbands of your shirt!
"These things attend, and you may yet be happy!"

As it ceased speaking it leaned forward on its pedestal, and shook its glistening hands with fury in my face. With horror at its threatening attitude, I started back, and instantly my feet released themselves from the ground, my body un-twisted and resumed its natural shape, the figure vanished, the cave disappeared, and I fell—*out of bed!*

It was a dream. The loss of my supper, and the bruises I received in my fall, had made me delirious. A grand exhibition of gymnastics, to time beat out of a gong at a neighboring "Hall," made the awful noises; and the full moon shining through the open window on my shirt, (from which I had neglected to take the buttons) hanging upon the bed-post, and swayed by the wind, was the Ghost!

Critical Notices.

The Poetical Writings of Mrs. Elizabeth Oakes Smith.
First Complete Edition. New-York: J. S. Redfield.

Mrs. Elizabeth Oakes Smith (better known as Mrs. Seba Smith) is indebted for her reputation as a poet, principally to "The Sinless Child," her longest and perhaps her most meritorious composition. It was originally published in the "Southern Literary Messenger," where it at once attracted much notice—but was not thoroughly appreciated until its second introduction to the public, in volume form, by Mr. John Keese, as editor. In a well-written Preface, he pointed out its peculiar merits, and these have since been readily and very generally admitted.

Of course we do not agree with Mr. Keese in *all* the encomium which his personal partialities perhaps, rather than his judgment, have induced him to lavish on "The Sinless Child." The conception is original, but somewhat forced; and although the execution is, in parts, effective, still the conduct, upon the whole, is feeble, and the *dénouement* is obscure, and inconsequential. In any commendation of the poem, the critic should confine himself, principally, to detached passages. Many of these will be found to possess merit of a lofty order—and very many of them are remarkable for ease, grace, and exceeding delicacy and purity of thought and manner. For example :

Each tiny leaf became a scroll
Inscribed with holy truth,
A lesson that around the heart
Should keep the dew of youth;
Bright missals from angelic throngs
In every by-way left.
How were the earth of glory shorn,
Were it of flowers bereft!

We prefer, however, the little episode called "The Stepmother" to any portion of "The Sinless Child," and shall take the liberty of quoting it in full. It has been universally and justly admired :

You speak of Hobert's second wife, a lofty dame and bold,
I like not her forbidding air and forehead high and cold.
The orphans have no cause for grief, she dare not give it now.
Though nothing but a ghostly fear, her heart of pride could bow.

One night the boy his mother called, they heard him weeping say,
"Sweet mother, kiss poor Eddy's cheek, and wipe his tears away."
Red grew the lady's brow with rage, and yet she feels a strife
Of anger and of terror too, at thought of that dead wife.

Wild roars the wind, the lights burn blue, the watch-dog howls with fear,
Loud neighs the steed from out the stall: what form is gliding near?
No latch is raised, no step is heard, but a phantom fills the space—
A sheeted spectre from the dead, with cold and leaden face.

What boots it that no other eye beheld the shade appear!
The guilty lady's guilty soul beheld it plain and clear,
It slowly glides within the room, and sadly looks around—
And stooping, kissed her daughter's cheek with lips that gave no sound.

Then softly on the step-dame's arm she laid a death-cold hand,
Yet it hath scorched within the flesh like to a burning brand.
And gliding on with noiseless foot, o'er winding stair and hall,
She nears the chamber where is heard her infant's trembling call.

She smoothed the pillow where he lay, she warmly tucked the bed,
She wiped his tears, and stroked the curls that clustered round his head.
The child, caressed, unknowing fear, hath nestled him to rest;
The Mother folds her wings beside—the Mother from the Blest!

"The Acorn" has been often mentioned as the best of Mrs. Smith's poems, and in many respects it is. It has more completeness than "The Sinless Child," and excels it in vigor, as well as in the minor merit of versification. It by

no means equals it, however, in fancy, or in the originality of its conception. The subject of "The Acorn" is not a novel one.

Many of the Sonnets and shorter compositions, in the volume before us, are exceedingly beautiful. All are replete with that delicacy which is the distinguishing trait of the fair author. The two stanzas entitled "Presages" will exemplify this trait and Mrs. Smith's general manner, perhaps, more strikingly than any thing we could cite of similar length.

There are who from their cradle bear
The impress of a grief—
Deep, mystic eyes, and forehead fair,
And looks that ask relief;
The shadows of a coming doom,
Of sorrow and of strife,
When Fates conflicting round the loom,
Wove the sad web of life.

And others come, the gladsome ones,
All shadowless and gay,
Like sweet surprise of April suns,
Or music gone astray;
Arrested, half in doubt we turn
To catch another sight,
So strangely rare it is to learn
A presage of delight.

The poem entitled "The Water" is singularly happy both in its conception and execution. We copy the two first stanzas, not only for their excellence, but by way of collating them with the opening lines of "Rain in Summer," a poem, by Professor Longfellow, published in the August number of "Graham's Magazine."

How beautiful the water is!
Didst ever think of it,
When it tumbles from the skies,
As in a merry fit?
It jostles, ringing as it falls,
On all that's in its way—
I hear it dancing on the roof,
Like some wild thing at play.

'Tis rushing now adown the spout
And gushing out below,
Half frantic in its joyousness,
And wild in eager flow.
The earth is dried and parched with heat,
And it hath longed to be
Released out the selfish cloud,
To cool the thirsty tree.

Mr. Longfellow's poem commences thus :

How beautiful is the rain!
After the dust and heat,
In the broad and fiery street,
In the narrow lane,
How beautiful is the rain!

How it clatters upsn the roofs,
Like the trample of hoofs!
How it gushes, and struggles out
From the throat of the overflowing spout!
Across the window-pane,
It pours and pours,
And swift and wide,
With a muddy tide,
Like a river down the gutter roars
The rain, the welcome rain!

If this is *not* a plagiarism, and a very bold one, on the part of Professor Longfellow, will any body be kind enough to tell us what it is?

Mrs. Smith's book is a neat 16mo of more than 200 pages. Its mechanical execution is altogether excellent—reflecting credit on the taste and liberality of Mr. Redfield.

*Wiley & Putnam's Library of Choice Reading. No. XIX.
Prose and Verse. By Thomas Hood. Part II.*

Week before last we had some general comments on Hood's genius and peculiarities, and gave a detailed account of the contents of Part I. of his writings, as republished in the "Library of Choice Reading." Of Part II. therefore, we have little to say—except that it is fully as interesting as its predecessor. It embraces The Great Conflagration—A Tale of a Trumpet—Boz in America—Copyright and Copywrong—Prospectus to Hood's Magazine—*The Haunted House*—Life in the Sick Room—An Autograph—Domestic Mesmerism—*The Elm Tree*—Lay of the Laborer—*The Bridge of Sighs*—The Lady's Dream—and *The Song of the Shirt*.

Of these the most remarkable are those which we have italicized. They convey, too, most distinctly the genius of the author—nor can any one thoughtfully read them without a conviction that hitherto that genius has been greatly misconceived—without perceiving that even the wit of Hood had its birth in a taint of melancholy—perhaps hereditary—and nearly amounting to monomania.

"The Song of the Shirt" is such a composition as only Hood could have conceived, or written. Its popularity has been unbounded. Its effect arises from that *grotesquerie* which, in our previous article, we referred to the vivid Fancy of the author, impelled by hypochondriasis—but "The Song of the Shirt" has scarcely a claim to the title of *poem*. This, however, is a mere question of words, and can by no means affect the high merit of the composition—to whatever appellation it may be considered entitled.

"The Bridge of Sighs," on the contrary, is a poem of the loftiest order, and in our opinion the finest written by Hood—being very far superior to "The Dream of Eugene Aram." Not its least merit is the effective rush and whirl of its singular versification—so thoroughly in accordance with the wild insanity which is the thesis of the whole.

Dashes at Life with a Free Pencil. By N. P. Willis. Part III. Loiterings of Travel. New York. I. S. Redfield.

We have so frequently spoken in the warmest terms of admiration, of the brilliant and versatile abilities of Mr. Willis, that there is really nothing left for us to say—upon the issue of this the third instalment of "The Loiterings." Of its author the world has been willing to admit—what is a great deal to admit of any one, in these days of unoriginal mediocrity—that he has a marked way of his own, and in that way is altogether unrivalled. We look upon Mr. Willis as one of the *truest* men of letters in America. About him there is no particle of *pretence*. His works show his fine genius as *it is*. They convey the man. Whatever idea is gleaned of him through his books, will be confirmed upon personal acquaintance—and we know not one other man of letters of whom the same thing can be confidently said. In general, of the talents, of the fancy, of the wit, of the conversational powers, and especially of the accomplishments of a literary man, we get, through his compositions, a false, and very usually an exaggerated impression.

The Lone Star: A Tale of Texas. By I. Willmer Dallam. Founded upon Incidents in the History of Texas. New York: E. Ferrett & Co.

We have not read this novel so carefully as we could wish—but shall do so and speak of it hereafter. Some passages are written with power. I. Willmer Dallam is perhaps a *nom de plume*. The book is handsomely printed, on good paper, and with fine type—although the price is but 25 cts.

Harper's Illuminated and New Pictorial Bible. No. 36.

This work proceeds with undiminished spirit. We repeat that it is by far the best Bible ever published in America. The small wood cuts alone, in each number, are worth treble what is asked for the number itself.

The Fine Arts.

THE NEW-YORK ART REUNION.—The title of this Society will probably be new to most of our readers; indeed, we ourselves, until a week or two since, were unconscious of its existence. It is quite a young Society, not having been established more than three months; but, judging from its success so far, we may safely, or at least hopefully, augur its ultimate prosperity. It is true that societies of this kind in other professions, as well as the Fine Arts, have been tried from time to time, and have failed; not from the want of intrinsic merit in themselves, but through some mismanagement, or some petty jealousy among the members. Let us hope, however, that such may not be the fate of the Art Reunion; but, on the contrary, that it may go on and flourish, and thus fulfil the useful ends in consideration of which it was established.

We will afford our readers an insight into the objects or this Society. So far as we can learn, it originated with a number of young artists, assisted probably by Mr. Ridner and others, who felt strongly the want of an Association, where the members of the same profession could meet and converse upon Art, and all that relates to its prosperity and advancement—where the kindly feelings which should always exist between members of the same profession, should be allowed full scope, in the hope that friendly and familiar intercourse might foster and perfect them. This is a noble aim, and if it only be accomplished, the Art will have occasion to bless those who projected and carried it into effect.

In order, however, to obtain a better understanding of the spirit of the Society, we will transcribe a few of the Articles of its Constitution.

Article II. speaks clearly as to the object. "The object of this Association shall be to collect and combine information, by readings, essays, familiar conversations, by introduction of rare and curious specimens in the various departments of Art, and the employment of such other means as may hereafter be suggested, which may be calculated to promote and extend familiarity with, and knowledge of, the Art of Design."

By this, it will be perceived that besides familiar intercourse, the object includes readings and essays upon Art and its principles; the collection of rare and valuable artistic specimens, and the promotion of the knowledge of the Art of Design. We, however, doubt much the utility of one item in the 2d Article: we doubt if essays, written and delivered by young men to young men, will prove at all beneficial in their effect. In essays—or, more properly speaking, lectures—evidently intended for mutual instruction, facts, which are the result of a long practical experience, can alone be of any service to a young artist. The young wayfarer in every profession, having at length escaped from the bondage of tutelage, is ever prone to experimentalize—to start new theories, in order to overthrow old fashioned data. These visionary theories are of but little consequence, so long as they are confined to the keeping of one person, for experience will ere long develope their absurdity; but they might become most serious evils, if widely disseminated. Besides,

even supposing the members would confine themselves to the illustrating of established and important facts, it is well known that all men are not gifted with the power of speaking or writing well, and consequently this item respecting essays may open the way to the emission of a considerable amount of absurdity and twaddle.

Article III. "The officers of this Association shall be a President, a Recording Secretary, who shall also act in the capacity of Treasurer, and a Secretary for Correspondence. These officers shall constitute an Executive Board, of which two members shall be a quorum."

We think that it would have been advisable to have had two more officers, for when the number is so small, the opportunity of combining to control the Society is so much greater. It may, however, work better than we anticipate.

Article V. "It shall be the duty of the Recording Secretary to keep a record of the proceedings of each meeting; to record all important facts relating to the Arts, which may from time to time be elicited. * * *

This will form a journal of considerable interest in years to come, if the members and the Secretary do their duty.

Article VI. "It shall be the duty of the Corresponding Secretary to establish, as far as practicable, a correspondence with foreign artists, for the purpose of eliciting knowledge of the condition of the Arts, and the doings of artists abroad, which shall be communicated at the next regular meeting after its receipt. He shall also carefully keep such correspondence, and faithfully transmit the same to his successors, to be preserved as the property of the Association."

If such a correspondence can be opened and maintained, it will undoubtedly be the most interesting and instructive feature in the Association, and would form a history of the Arts of the present day, of great and lasting value.

Article VII. "It shall be the duty of the Executive Board, at the expiration of every six months, to purchase out of the fund, some work of art, which shall have the approbation, by vote of two thirds of the members present, on the evening when the subject shall be presented for the consideration of the meeting, to be disposed of by lot, to the members of the Association."

We do not pretend to understand this sentence, for it is put together in the worst possible manner. The English of it is, we suppose, that after purchasing a specimen of art, with the approbation of a majority, it is to be awarded to some fortunate member, by lot. We cannot see the use of this. If the fund arising from the Society is to be appropriated to the purchase of works of art, why distribute them about? Why not let them remain the property of the society? There is nothing like a "property" for holding a society together.

Article XI. "It shall be the duty of each member during each semi-annual term to present an original sketch, which shall be deposited with the Recording Secretary, to be disposed of by lot to the members at the expiration of each semi-annual term. * * * * *

We think this article open to the same objections urged against Art. 8.

Article XII. "The President of this Association shall be elected once in every four weeks, the succession to proceed in alphabetical order."

This is, truly, an ultra-democratic arrangement, placing each man on a level with his neighbor. This system in the beginning is, we think, a wise one, for it will prevent the possibility of any jealousy arising among the members; but, if it is continued, although it will ensure an *unanimous* soci-

ety, it will certainly produce a *weak* one, if the President is to have any voice in the management. If however the two secretaries are to form the real government, they having six months to live may make a show of uniformity in the affairs, and the Presidents might be changed every week without injury to the society. We are in favor of letting the Society select the President, for we believe that the chances then would be in favor of superior talent.

Article XV. "The first meeting in each month shall be devoted to the reception of visitors; and it shall be the privilege of each member to invite not exceeding three guests, male or female, for the evening."

We like this rule, for it will tend to spread a taste for the fine art, or will at least, cause many to think about them, who, otherwise would have remained indifferent to their very existence.

There are other articles, but as they relate chiefly to the management of the Society, rules for the election of members, method of ballot, &c., &c., we have omitted them.

We have been influenced in our remarks by a sincere wish to draw the public attention to this Association, and to the art for whose advancement it was established. What we have said, we have said in the most friendly spirit, and if our suggestions tend in any way to render the constitution more comprehensive we shall be more than repaid for our labor.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY AT THE ROTUNDA.—We have in preparation a series of articles upon this gallery. We proposed publishing the first part this week, but we are compelled, by circumstances, to defer it until our next number.

Musical Department.

FRENCH OPERA.—The French company repeated Meyerbeer's celebrated Opera *Robert le Diable*, on Wednesday evening, 13th inst. During its first representations we were unable to notice it, which we much regretted, as the importance of the work demanded every attention. We notice it, now, not only as a matter of duty but as a labor of love.

The plot of the Opera is purely *mystical*, and is rendered still more mystical by a want of clearness in the working out. It is evidently designed after the plan of the ancient *mysteries* or *morallities* so much in vogue some three hundred years since. The author has evidently endeavoured to pourtray the two great antagonistic principles, Good and Evil, and to display their action, according to circumstances, in one human soul. As far as we can detect the author's intention, we believe the following to be a correct account of the plot.

Robert is supposed to have the —— for his father, and his mother is the Duchess of Burgundy. Robert becomes the Duke, and is banished by his rebellious subjects. He volunteers in the wars then raging, and distinguishes himself by his indomitable courage. In one of the fierce encounters with the enemy his life is saved by Bertram, who is his father and the ——. Bertram so loves his son, that he prompts and urges him to every vice in this world, in order to gain the privilege of enjoying his society hereafter in ——. Robert loves the Princess Isabella, and is loved by her in return.

The scene opens in the camp. Robert, with Bertram and others discovered drinking. A Palmer is brought in by the soldiers—he amuses the company by a song, in which he recounts the iniquities of Robert, who immediately declares

himself, and orders the Palmer to be hung. The poor man begs to see his betrothed, who accompanied him, and she is brought in. Robert recognizes her as Alice, his foster-sister, and saves her from the rude soldiery. She tells him his mother is dead, and when dying had begged her to seek him out, give him her will, and to hover near him. She then goes out. Bertram suggests a little play. Robert gambles with the others and loses all that he possesses, even to his sword and dagger. End of the first act.

Robert has been estranged from the Princess, but through the medium of a letter, conveyed by Alice, they are reconciled. The Princess informs him that a grand tournament takes place that day, and that her father has decided to give her hand to the conqueror. The Prince of Grenada is to be his adversary. Robert determines to enter the lists; the Princess gives him a sword, and prays him to conquer for her sake. The lists are opened, the trumpet sounds, but Robert does not appear, and Isabella is to become the bride of the Prince. Bertram having lured Robert into a deep wood, detains him there by his spells. He then goes to the ruined nunnery to consult with demons. He is overheard by Alice, but he frightens her to secrecy. Robert enters, and Bertram, telling him of the fate of his love, suggests as a remedy that he should descend to the vaults below and pluck a branch from a tomb—only a sacrilege—which will give the power of invisibility, by which means he (Robert) will be enabled to enter the palace and ravish the bride from her home. Robert agrees, and having obtained the branch, is on the point of accomplishing his purpose, when his better angel saves him from this crime and he breaks the magic bough in twain, and delivers himself a prisoner. In the fifth act, Robert accuses Bertram of prompting him to every vice, and of causing all his misfortunes. Bertram defends himself—but at that moment a solemn chant is heard—Robert's better feelings are awakened, and Bertram's casuistry falls unheeded on his ear. Bertram fearing lest he should lose all power over Robert, acknowledges his relationship, and entreats him to fly with him. Robert is about to yield when Alice enters and gives him his mother's will, in which she denounces Bertram as her betrayer. Alice also informs him that the Prince of Grenada on arriving at the church doors was taken with a shivering fit and fled, and that the Princess was waiting for him (Robert) at the altar. Alice conquers, Bertram vanishes, the scene changes to the interior of a church, and every body is happy.

The principal characters were as follows:

Robert,	- - -	M. Arnaud,
Bertram,	- - -	Douvry,
Raimbaut,	- - -	Buscher,
Alberti,	- - -	Garry,
The King,	- - -	Mathien,
Princess Isabella,	- - -	Madame Casini,
Alice,	- - -	Stephen Cœuriot.

Madame Casini was not equal to the music of the Princess Isabella. The part is a difficult one, and requires considerable physical strength to do due justice to it. We never yet allowed the magic influence of a beautiful voice to mislead our judgment with respect to style or taste, for though we are grateful to a fine organ for the pleasure we receive while listening to it, yet are we more thankful to the fine judgment which directs it: but still a powerful voice is truly important in such operas as *Robert le Diable*, and *Les Huguenots*. Without it all grandeur of effect is marred, and the passion which should rage like a tornado, becomes a puny whining: still we do not by any means intend to condemn Madame Casini wholly; there were many points in her singing truly excellent. Her execution in "*Idol de ma vie*" was brilliant and true, and the whole of the last scene in

the fourth act, during her interview with Robert, was given with much force and passion.

Madame Stephen Cœuriot took the part of Alice. The deep grief caused by her recent severe loss, entirely destroyed her powers during the first act, but for the rest of the evening she had evidently fortified herself, and sang and acted most admirably. In two or three passages she drew down tumultuous applause by the spirit and force of her delivery.

M. Arnaud, as Robert, was very successful: his disagreeable method of substituting his head voice for his chest voice upon almost every note above E, was less perceptible than upon any other occasion, if we except his personation of Raoul in *Les Huguenots*. This method causes a very strange effect upon the audience—it appears as if the singer were holding a private conversation with, and singing into himself, for his own particular gratification. M. Arnaud's best efforts were in the first and fourth acts.

M. Douvry, as Bertram, displayed his fine voice to great advantage. His part was a most arduous one, but he got through it with great spirit. The opening scene and the two duetts, one with Alice and the other with Robert, in the third act, were his most spirited performances. M. Douvry has raised his reputation higher by his artistic conception and execution of Marcel and Bertram in Meyerbeer's two operas, than by all his other efforts during the entire season.

M. Garry did the little he had to do in his accustomed excellent manner.

The choruses throughout were given with great spirit and effect.

The Band deserves all that we can say in its praise; the music is of the extremest difficulty, but there was scarcely a hitch from the beginning to the end.

Of the music we have much to say, though we have but little space to say it in. Meyerbeer undoubtedly possesses great genius, but it is not of the highest order. His imagination is vivid, brilliant, and deeply tintured by romance; his emotions are evidently profound and earnest, for the passion of his music is evidently the passion of Nature—the result of a highly wrought and enthusiastic appreciation of all that is beautiful or worthy in our common nature. His knowledge of the resources of the orchestra is profound, and his method of applying his knowledge is bold and comprehensive. He is less careful than the great masters, with the exception of Beethoven, for they, treating the orchestra as a *whole*, ensure the developments of their efforts, even by a common orchestra; but Meyerbeer treats the orchestra most frequently as an assemblage of solo instruments, and thus brings his instrumentation only within the range of first rate players. We do not cavil at this, for he treats his score with wonderful power; his effects are frequently marvellous, bursting upon the ear in a gigantic mass of richly swelling harmony, while his peculiar method adds a lightness and varied beauty to the ensemble, which must be heard to be truly appreciated. The double-bass and the violoncello appear to be especial favorites with Meyerbeer, and he uses them with a freedom, such as no other composer except Beethoven ever attempted.

Of the two operas, *Robert le Diable* and *Les Huguenots*, we are inclined to prefer the *Huguenots*. Robert is the more imaginative of the two, but the *Huguenots* we believe to be more sterling. Nothing can exceed the masterly effects produced by the introduction, in various places, of the *Huguenot Chorale*; it is a thought only within the scope of a master mind. Another great beauty, to our mind, is the admirable fidelity of the music to the date of the action of the piece.

To all who are acquainted with the old French style, this will at once be perceptible, and cannot fail to strike them as a certain proof of the genius of the writer. Too much praise cannot be awarded to him for preserving the quaint, angular, and too frequently disagreeable, progressions of this style, and yet so treating them as to render them not only pleasing, but positive beauties. Truth is all powerful in every thing, and music cannot be omitted from the rest. The mere succession of pleasing sounds is nothing, however beautiful, when the design bears a false relation to the situation—while mere common-place rises almost to grandeur, when it has for its basis, truth.

To point out all the beauties of these Operas, would occupy more space than we at present can afford. "Robert" abounds in beauties, but we think that the whole force of the work is centered in the scene in the Fifth Act, between Robert, Bertram, and Alice. This comprises a series of movements of extraordinary beauty, which are worked with a power, and produce an effect, altogether surprising. Of the music of the Huguenots, we prefer that which is contained in the First and Fourth Acts. If the whole of the music of the two works was equal to the Fourth Act of the Huguenots, Meyerbeer would rank with any Composer living or dead; but the inequality of his music denies to him that honor.

We would gladly extend our notice of this extraordinary man, but we are compelled to desist. We subjoin, however, a sketch of his life, which we are sure will be agreeable to our readers.

This celebrated composer was born at Berlin, the 5th September, 1794. His father, John Beer, a rich landholder, had several children, one of whom afterwards became a dramatic poet of much merit, and the author of a celebrated tragedy, entitled "The Pariah." His brother, Jacques Meyerbeer, also gave early indications of that dramatic genius, which, united with his musical talent, has made him one of the most effective composers of the day. He enjoyed through his father's affection and foresight, the advantages of an extensive and liberal education, and soon became remarkable above all for his musical taste. At seven years of age he already performed on the piano at public concerts; but it was not till he had reached the age of fifteen that he commenced his deeper and more scientific musical studies. He was fortunate in his choice of a master. The Abbe Vogler, who was one of the greatest theorists, and certainly the first organist in Germany, had opened a school, which was numerously attended, and amongst the fellow pupils of Meyerbeer were young men whose names are now never spoken of but with the deepest admiration; such as Weber, Winter, Knecht, Ritter, Oapnsbacher, &c., and the first of these was Meyerbeer's bosom friend. With such worthy subjects for emulation, it is not wonderful that the young musician's genius daily expanded. At eighteen years of age he produced his first opera, "La Fille de Jephé." In this production all the ancient scholastic rules were strictly observed. It obtained a fair portion of success, and the Abbe Volger, in his enthusiasm, signed his *brevet* of a *maestro* for the young composer, adding his blessing, and giving up his tutelage.

At Vienna, Meyerbeer appeared as a pianist; he acquired, however, such a reputation, that he was entrusted with the composition of an opera for the Court, entitled "The Two Caliphs." This, however, was a complete failure. Italian music was, at that period, in the highest vogue, and Salieri, the author, a great friend of young Meyerbeer, advised his travelling in Italy, to acquire a style of composition more in unison with the prevailing taste. Once arrived there, the Italian music fascinated his imagination. Delighted with the sweet and flowing melodies and varied manner of Rossini's "Tancredi," he immediately adopted this style, and wrote an opera for the famous Pisaroni, entitled, "Romilda e Costanza," which he brought out in Padua, 1817, and which was very successful. In 1819, he wrote the music for Metastasio's "Semiramide Riconoscinta," and brought it out at the Grand Theatre of Turin; the same year, at Venice, he produced "Emma di Resburgo;" and both were extremely well received. In 1821, Meyerbeer, not unmindful of his native city, and anxious to redeem his fame wrote in the Italian style "La Pvrte de Brande-

bourg," to be performed at Berlin, but he could not succeed in getting it produced there. He was more fortunate in his "Emma di Resburgo;" it was translated, and performed at all the German theatres, in spite of the violent opposition of that school of composers to which he had a short time before belonged. Even Weber deplored the change of style of his friend, and while "Emma" was performed at the Italian Opera-house brought forth again "The Two Caliphs" at the German Theatre, hoping to throw the balance in favor of Meyerbeer's earliest production. Meanwhile our composer produced another opera—"Margherita d'Anjou"—at the Scala at Milan; and in this, Devasseur, now a distinguished artist of the Grand Opera at Paris, made his *début*. "L'Esule di Granata" followed—the first act was hissed on the first performance, by a cabal formed against the composer; a fine duet between Lablache and Pisaroni, however, carried the audience by storm, and on the subsequent nights its success was undoubted. One of Meyerbeer's best compositions, "Il Crociati Crivelli," obtained more brilliant success than any of his preceding works, and the composer was crowned by the audience. This opera, after making the tour of the Italian theatres was performed at Paris, whither Meyerbeer himself, at the invitation of M. De la Rochefoucault, repaired. Every one remembers the effect that Velluti produced in this opera.

Our composer married in 1828, but the death of his two children threw a gloom over this part of his life; he passed two years in retirement, and it was, doubtless, during this time that he brought forth those compositions in a more serious cast, which have so highly distinguished him as a composer of sacred music. Amongst them we may remark the "Stabat Mater," "Miserere," "Te Deum," and an oratorio, entitled, "Dieu et la Nature." But the effect of all these compositions were only the shadowing forth of the brilliant success of "Robert le Diable," brought out in Paris in 1831. This splendid music did more towards raising the reputation of our composer than all his previous works. Admirably adapted for popularity by its stirring melodies, and, above all, its strongly marked contrasts and dramatic effects, it seized immediate hold of the imagination. Repetition and study were not needed to advance its claims, for it addressed itself to the sight, to the fancy, and the heart, as much as to the ear, and though a marvel of science and labor, it had every quality for attracting the vulgar mind.

The composition of the "Huguenots," brought out five years later, must have been a work of considerable difficulty, for an enormous reputation was to be sustained in a production of the same *calibre* and pretensions. The success of the "Huguenots" did not, perhaps, equal that of "Robert le Diable," but it was felt and understood as a work of genius.

Certainly the best operas of Meyerbeer are those he had written for the French stage. In his native country he has been unfortunate: having returned there after a great lapse of years, his most ambitious production, since his stay there, has been the "Camp of Silesia," of which so many different opinions have been given. But it is beyond a doubt that this opera is inferior in genius to the great productions we have mentioned; and this is testified by the unfrequency of its performance at Berlin; the reason given by the King of Prussia—that of wishing to reserve it for state occasions alone—appearing to be merely as a feint to conceal the comparative failure of a composer so highly esteemed.

Meyerbeer, though enormously rich, lives in a most unpretending style, and is not very partial to society. He carries his love for his art to an extraordinary degree. In other things, he is quiet and simple in his manners, but possesses a fund of good sense and general information. He is small of stature, his hair is black, and his face bears the type of his Hebrew origin.

Much of the peculiarity of this composer's productions may be explained by referring to the history of his life, his early studies, and predictions. In his works may be traced the deep science and thorough musical knowledge which he acquired in the outset of his career—the sentimental sweetness of the Italian school, and the profusion of embroidery, the employment of dramatic effects, characteristic of the musical taste of the French nation, amongst whom he produced his later compositions.

At the head of his style of musical art, he may be said to have founded the school to which he belongs. But greatly as the productions of this composer must be admired, his followers, not possessing his genius, will, it is to be feared, rather injure than forward the advancement of pure and musical taste. The peculiarities of his style, indeed, are such that will be readily resorted to for reasons far differen-

to those by which he was actuated; for in finding the possibility of substituting noise for melody, and startling contrast and effect for truly scientific combinations, many a composer who would otherwise have lived unsung, may be induced to offer his meagre and trashy productions to the world.

DEATH OF M. ARTOT.—All our readers will doubtless remember Artot, the violinist, who came to this country with Madame Cinti Damoreau. He was greatly admired here, and throughout the country; indeed, a very large class preferred his playing to that of either Vieuxtemps or of Ole Bull. Artot was a pupil of the Conservatoire, and was distinguished in his style for the exquisite and speaking pathos of his Adagios, and the general purity of his Method. Compared with Vieuxtemps, Artot would have ranked as second rate; for, despite the excellences of his performance, he wanted that classical severity of school, for which Vieuxtemps is so universally distinguished. Artot's expression would sometimes partake of extreme exaggeration, and he would often indulge in an affectation of sentiment, which, however successfully it may, for once, pass for the true thing, cannot be mistaken a second time.

Artot was born in Brussels, in 1815, and died at Ville D'Arvray, near Paris, on the 20th inst., of consumption, at the early age of thirty.

DEATH OF J. A. WADE.—It is with much regret that we announce the death of Joseph Augustine Wade. Most of our musical readers will remember his name in connection with the popular songs, "Meet me by moonlight alone," and "Love was once a little boy," each of which went through twenty or thirty editions. The sale of "Meet me by moonlight alone," extended to over two hundred thousand copies, and netted to the publisher some ten thousand pounds sterling. We believe that Mr. Wade was the author of the words and music of over a thousand songs and ballads. He was a man of fine talents; as a linguist he was much distinguished, and his familiarity with the Classics was extensive. All who have been in the habit of reading the English Magazines for many years past, will remember Mr. Wade as a poet, for his beautiful thoughts adorned the pages of most of them, from month to month. He published a series of papers in one of them, entitled the "Songs of the Flowers," which were universally praised for the beautiful imagery they contained, for their poetical conception, and artist-like execution. He afterwards set the "Songs of the Flowers" to music. They were published in one book, containing Songs, Duets, Quartettes, &c., and were admirably adapted for performance in private circles. The pieces are now, we believe, published separately. As a Composer of Music, Mr. Wade rarely or never soared above the pretty or the sweet. What he did, however, gave constant evidence of much musical knowledge and musician-like feeling. His style was generally passionate and melancholy, and rarely brilliant or forcible.

In conversation, Mr. Wade was truly entertaining. Possessed of much general knowledge, abounding with anecdote—blessed with a retentive memory, and gifted, to an extraordinary degree, with the power of bringing into strong relief the humorous points of a story—he was rarely at a loss, in whatever society he was thrown. His mind was stored with the legendary lore of Ireland. Not a spot in the land but he could furnish some legend of—and when upon this topic, his language became glowing and eloquent, and would compel a company to listen untired for hours.—Of his faults and his follies, we will not speak; suffice it to say, that the worst enemy he had, was himself.

By his death, the world has lost a gifted son—but poor Wade lost little, for he had little to lose. For many years his life had been but one constant struggle against adversity. Independence was ever within his reach, but with a recklessness, which was the most striking characteristic of his mind, he forgot to-morrow in the enjoyment of to-day. He cast away the substance, and grasped the shadow, which has been to him as the Shadow of the Valley of Death.

ORATORIO OF THE SEVEN SLEEPERS.—We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of this work in another column. We know the music: it is beautiful, and the performance will, we are sure, surpass any vocal exhibition ever presented to the public in this country. The peculiar arrangement respecting the sale of the tickets, should attract particular attention. We shall notice it more fully in our next.

MR. DERWORT'S SINGING CLASS FOR YOUNG LADIES.—We know no one more calculated to instruct the youthful successfully, than Mr. Derwort. His is patient, persevering, and gentle, though sufficiently severe, and, withal, brings an experience of very many years to aid in his undertaking. He has explained to us his system, and we have no hesitation in recommending all those who wish their young daughters to acquire a thoroughly good musical education, to enroll their names on Mr. Derwort's class list.

The tomb of *Carl Maria Von Weber*, at Dresden, being completed, the Musical Society of Hamburg has sent a massive crown of silver, admirably wrought, to adorn the marble bust of the lamented composer of Oberon and the Fryeschutz, which is to be placed above the tomb.

A letter from Munich, dated the 5th of July, contains the following paragraph :

"This morning at nine o'clock, the composer R—, of Berlin, publicly in the open court, made an humble apology before the king's picture. He had been condemned to this punishment, and a year's imprisonment, for having spoken disrespectfully of his majesty."

This will surely prove a practical demonstration of the wisdom of the old proverb—"Keep your tongue within your teeth."

Donizetti has arrived in Paris, from Vienna, where we believe he holds the situation of Capel Meister to the Emperor.

Three great festivals at present excite the interest of the world of musical amateurs and professors. The one which will undoubtedly prove the most interesting, takes place at Bohn, on the Rhine, early in this month, for the inauguration of the monument erected to Beethoven, who was born in that town. It will continue for four days, and will be conducted by Liszt. Sir George Smart and other professors, have been invited to attend.

The festival of the union of the three choirs at Worcester, takes place the second week in August, and the Norwich festival is fixed to take place the second week in September.

Grisi, Mario, the two Lablaches, and Benedict (composer of the Gipsy's Warning, and also an admirable pianist) are engaged for several subscription concerts to be given at Liverpool.

A third party is forming for the purpose of giving concerts

in the provinces, consisting of Madame Castellan, Mdlle. Rosetti, Fornasari, &c., &c. The other two are the Grisi and the Brambilla parties.

Miss Birch has arrived at Milan, and has, ere this, begun to rehearse the opera in which she is to make her débüt at La Scala.

Sivori, the eminent and youthful violinist, is now in France, where he is engaged to perform at various concerts, which are to take place at Boulogne, Dunkirk, &c., &c.

The Brussels Company are still at Drury Lane. Report does not speak very highly of them.

Vauxhall Gardens, for many, many years the favorite resort of pleasure-seeking Londoners, were put up to auction. The first offer for the principal lot, including the public gardens, Rotunda, &c., &c., was ten thousand pounds. After much competition it was knocked down at seventeen thousand seven hundred pounds, but at which price the auctioneer said it was not sold.

Mr. Braham and his sons were at Cheltenham. The concerts were but poorly attended.

It is said that an Opera by Mr. Edward Loder, to be called Griselle, will be performed at the Princess' Theatre, Oxford street. Mrs. Smithson, the successful débutante, will be the heroine.

Mr. Lumley, formerly *Lessee*, has become the *proprietor* of the Italian Opera House, and the principal proprietor of the *Morning Post*, one of the leading London papers.

Editorial Miscellany.

A late number of "The New York Mirror" contains a very fulsome "Résumé" of "The Challenge of Barletta." This Résumé [what is a résumé?] is written very much in the manner of Mr. Lester, whom it compliments with great warmth, and no doubt (in Mr. Lester's opinion) with great justice. We are quite astonished, however, to find so respectable a journal as "The Mirror" degrading itself to the admission of obvious *puffs* from the pens of "correspondents." The article in question has the following passage:

"It must be read from beginning to end, and we do not believe any man can read the first chapter without reading on and reading it through. A certain critic has complained that the book lacks "authorial command;" rather a muddy idea—*ne'est pas*, dear General? He says it is "*all incident*;" and what else in the name of Walter Scott would you have in a *historical romance*? This is just what a historical romance is written for, says McCauley."

We are the "certain critic" here alluded to. The phrase "authorial command" as quoted by Mr. Lester's friend or self, is a falsehood—one of his 50,000. We defy him to show us in our critique anything resembling what he unblushingly attributes to us. The "muddy idea" is then only his own—and we never knew him to have one that was not. But will he be so good as to translate for the readers of "The Mirror" the phrase *ne'est pas*—and at the same time inform us who is the Mr. McCauley to whom he attributes so much rigmarole about historical romance?

As regards the impossibility of *not* reading Mr. Lester's stupid book through, the only impossibility in our case, and in all that we have heard of, has been to refrain from throwing the thing out of the window after being sickened to death by the Preface.

DURING a recent visit to Boston, we were agreeably surprised at the number of intrinsically valuable works on the counters of "the trade." Why is it that so few of them are generally circulated in New York? A more liberal interchange of literary commodities would certainly prove beneficial to the two communities. We know not how it is, but few of the writers of New England exercise much influence beyond her borders; and, on the other hand, in conversing with men of letters in that region, we have marvelled at their ignorance of Knickerbocker authors. The evil would in part be remedied, if New York were regarded as it should be, as the London of America—and if all literary enterprises were here carried into effect. The facilities for distributing works, are far greater than any other of our cities can boast—and as a centre of opinion, it is the metropolis of the country.

Among other booksellers in Boston, whose publications deserve to be better known here, are James Munroe & Co. The inimitable "Twice Told Tales" of Hawthorne, were published by this house. Their circulation, however, has borne no proportion to their merit. Hawthorne, it appears to us, has fulfilled all the conditions which should insure success, and yet he has reaped but a scanty harvest. He is a prose poet, full of originality, beauty and refinement of style and conception, while many of his subjects are thoroughly American. He is frugal and industrious, but the profit of his writings are inadequate to his support. We trust he will embark his next work in this market and predict that it will be more lucrative.

Another beautiful work on Munroe's counter is "Flower and Thorn Pieces," translated from Jean Paul. Exquisite metaphors and wise suggestions on life abound in these pages. They have apparently escaped the notice of our critics, but richly deserve their attention. The school-books issued from the Boston press are eminently worthy the adoption of the friends of education in this State. Two in particular of Munroe & Co.'s, attracted our regard—the one an admirably selected Reader for young ladies, edited by William Russell, an experienced teacher and man of distinguished taste;—the other a little volume of devotional exercises for schools, compiled by Mr. Buckingham, the able editor of the Boston Courier. There is no sectarianism, and great felicity of arrangement in this volume. We may resume the subject of Boston books. Meantime we observe with pleasure that Ticknor & Co. have in press new editions of Keat's Poems and Lamb's Dramatic Specimens, and that B. B. Murray is about to re-publish Festus, by Bailey.

THE PORTLAND VASE has been *thoroughly* restored by Mr. J. Doubleday.

A BILL has been introduced by the British Government, granting Jews the privilege of holding certain corporate and other offices. We look upon this as the most pregnant item of intelligence brought by the Great Britain.

Signor Vincenzo Devit, a distinguished professor of the college of Padua, has, it is said, made a discovery of great interest, in the field of classical literature. In an ancient manuscript in the library of that establishment, he has found a set of unpublished maxims by Varro, the illustrious contemporary of Cæsar and Augustus, and friend and client of Cicero.—We may mention, too, on the faith of a letter from St. Petersburg, that Dr. Passelt, Professor of History at the University of Dorpat, being in the capital, has discovered, among the archives of the empire, eleven aurograph letters from Lebniitz to Peter the First. They are written some in Latin, and

some in German,—are all relating to matters of science,—and seem to indicate the existence of a continuous correspondence between the illustrious philosopher and the great Czar. They are about to be published.

THE SUPPRESSION of the Order of the Jesuits in France has been the cause of a popular demonstration against the same order in Italy.

THE HIPPODROME continues to attract all Paris. Bets are made as on a race-course. It is the grandest kind of amusement that has been attempted since the days of Ancient Rome; a building will be erected to replace the present visionary one, which has the fault of being too much like a racing stand.

MADLLE. PLESSY quits Paris for St. Petersburg, with a husband and an engagement of 45,000 francs per annum. She marries Monsieur Arnaud, a republican—a man of very opposite principles to those she professed.

AT LENGTH a lighthouse is to be erected on the Goodwin Sands.

WITHIN the last five years between 60,000 and 70,000 'ancient' pictures have paid import duty at the London Custom House.

HON. ABBOT LAWRENCE has presented Boston the sum of two thousand dollars, the interest of which is to be expended in prizes, to be awarded to deserving scholars of the Public Latin School of that City. The act is worthy of the head and heart of the donor.

WE NOTICE with regret the death of James Augustus Shea, Esq., a native of Ireland, for many years a citizen of the United States, and a resident of this city. He died on Friday morning, the 17th inst., at the early age of 42. A large concourse of friends and relatives attended his funeral. As an ardent republican Mr. Shea did much for the cause of freedom. As a poet, his reputation was high—but by no means so high as his deserts. His "Ocean" is really one of the most spirited lyrics ever published. Its rhythm strikingly resembles "The Bridge of Sighs."

THE "TABLET of Love," on our first page this week, is the composition of Miss Phelps, (the pupil of the Lititz Seminary,) of whose precocious poetical talent we spoke in a former number.

MR. LEWIS J. CIST, of Cincinnati, proposes to publish by subscription, a small volume of "Poems, Lyrical and Miscellaneous." It will occupy about 200 pages, 12 mo—handsomely printed and bound—price 75 cents. Mr. Cist has a high reputation in the West. We have to thank him for an original poem, which we shall publish in our next. His book will be issued by Messrs. Robinson & Jones, of Cincinnati.

DR. JAMES M'HENRY, who resided several years in Philadelphia, and was known as the author of "O'Halloran," the "Antediluvians," &c., died at Larne, in Ireland, on the 21st ult., in the 59th year of his age. Dr. M'H. was appointed United States Consul to Londonderry, by Mr. Tyler, in 1843. As a poet and author in general, Dr. M'Henry was underrated. He fell a victim to the arts of a *clique* which proceeded, in the most systematic manner, to write him down—not scrupling, either, to avow the detestable purpose. Some of the very best criticisms in Mr. Walsh's "American Quarterly Review," were the work of Dr. M'H. His "Antediluvians"

was heavy, and certainly gave no indication of genius—but it is by no means the despicable trash which it has been represented. It is polished, well versified, and abounding in noble sentiments. Altogether, it is the best epic which the country has produced. Some of his songs are highly meritorious.

DAVID SEARS, of Boston, has given \$5000 to the Cambridge Observatory.

A NEW PAPER, of immense dimensions, has just appeared at Paris, under the title of *L'Epoque*. It is in the American fashion, and exceeds in size any of the English papers. It is not expected to exist long.

LETTERS from Naples mention some recent discoveries of interest made in late excavations at Pompeii, particularly an extensive Necropolis. Beside one of the graves there is a seat, and over it is inscribed *Cloviatus, Duumvir of Pompeii*. This is a family name hitherto unknown. Near it is a monument of fine Grecian marble, richly sculptured. The ground where these discoveries have been made is the property of Signor Vellucci, who pays so little regard to antiquities, that as soon as he hears of a grave being explored, he orders it to be filled up with earth or rubbish.

THE MEAN of 168 observations, by three observers, upon transits of five different stars, gives 42 deg., 22 min. 49 sec. N. as the latitude of the Cambridge Observatory. None of the observations differed more than three seconds from this mean. The latitude of the same place as deduced from Mr. Paine's observations of that of the Unitarian Church in Old Cambridge, is 42 deg. 22 min. 46 sec. N.

THE ROYAL PRINTING OFFICE at Paris, which already possesses fonts of type in upwards of a hundred languages, twenty of them oriental dialects, has added the ancient Egyptian hieroglyphics. Attempts to re-produce them typographically have been made several times in England and Germany, but relinquished on account of the difference of size. M. Dubois has succeeded triumphantly, and has furnished drawings for a font of 1500 characters, 800 of which are already cast.

THE CONGRESS OF BARDS, which will be held at Abergavenny in the Autumn, will, it is expected, be numerously attended; for, as there will be fifty prizes, for essays, poems, compositions, performances, &c., most of the poets and minstrels of the principality will compete. Mr. H. B. Richards, whose talents are well known both as a composer and pianist, has been appointed by the committee umpire of the musical compositions and performances.

SIR ROBERT PEEL has appointed Mr. Archibald Campbell, nephew to the poet, to an office in the Customs, as a token of his respect for the memory of Mr. Campbell.

THE *North Wales Chronicle* states that a laboring man at Colden has constructed wings with which he has been able to fly a considerable distance. Some days back he flew from a hill in the presence of hundreds of spectators.

WE have tried nearly every variety of Pen, both steel and gold, in the attempt to find one that should combine the flexibility and *certainty* of the old-fashioned "gray goose quill" with the durability of the metallic ones of the present day,

and had well nigh despaired; but the pen with which we write this article, made by Bagley, 189 Broadway, has so fully realised all our wishes, that we consider it an act of charity to those who have been similarly troubled, to apprise them how they may get rid of one of the annoyances that check the free current of their thoughts when they would indite them for the benefit of others, or—their own gratification.

NEW AND BRILLIANT ORATORIO.

THE BEAUTIFUL AND EFFECTIVE ORATORIO of THE SEVEN SLEEPERS will be performed early in September next, at the Tabernacle, under the direction of Mr. GEORGE LODER.

The Choruses will be sustained by OVER ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE PERFORMERS, selected with particular reference to their Musical Qualifications.

The Solo parts ('en in number) will be WELL sustained by RESIDENT TALENT.

A powerful Orchestra will be engaged for the occasion, and the public may confidently rely upon hearing a GOOD Oratorio WELL PERFORMED.

Mr. H. B. TIMM will preside at the Organ.

N.B. Persons leaving their names at the stores of Firth & Hall; Firth, Hall, & Pond, 239 Broadway; Atwill; Saxton & Miles; Riley; Scharfenburgh & Luis; G. F. Nesbitt, cor. Wall and Water; or with H. Meiggs, 446 Broadway, previous to first of September, will receive THREE TICKETS FOR ONE DOLLAR, payable on delivery of the tickets.

R. MARTIN & CO.,

HAVE JUST PUBLISHED

THE IRISH VOLUNTEERS,

BY T. M'NEVIN, ESQ.

PRICE, TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

THIS little work contains a view of the times in Ireland, from 1776 to 1782, the most important period in Irish History.

Ireland being threatened with an invasion by France, at a time when the British Government had withdrawn most of the troops, to prosecute the AMERICAN WAR, the people formed themselves into Volunteer Companies, and showed a force so formidable, that France abandoned the attempt. The companies, at one time, are supposed to have amounted to one hundred thousand men, well armed and disciplined, but having no foreign enemy to contend with, this immense force united to effect the political regeneration of their country.

a23 It

R. MARTIN & CO., 26 JOHN ST.

JUST PUBLISHED,

THE CHALLENGE OF BARLETTA, an Historical Romance of the Times of the Medici, by D'Azeglio. Translated by C. Edwards Lester, Esq.

"This noble Romance has been received with enthusiasm in New-York and all the great Atlantic cities. Almost all our exchange papers have spoken of it as the Press of this country never speak of a poor book!"—*N. Y. Mirror.*

"The thrilling incidents of the plot, the distinguished personages who figure on its pages, and the masterly development of character which pervades the entire work, are a certain passport to popularity."—*Newark Advertiser.*

"This Romance is regarded as the very best in the Italian language, and we have examined it enough to know that it is a production of no ordinary splendor!"—*Am. Citizen.*

"The author appears to have literally exhausted the infinite resources of his inimitable genius!"—*Poughkeepsie Eagle.*

"There are a compass, variety, and symmetry of plot, and a force and talented ease and gracefulness, in its whole execution, which at once exalt it above the level of the ordinary romance!"—*N. Y. Express.*

••• Shortly to be published, THE FLORENTINE HISTORIES, by Machiavelli. PAINE & BURGESS, 62 JOHN ST.

MUSIC.

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