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Truth, whether in or out of fashion, is the measure of knowledge and the business of the understanding; whatsoever is beside that, however authorised by consent or recommended by variety, is nothing but ignorance, or something worse.

LOCKE.

REVIEWS.

Eôthen, or Traces of Travel brought Home from the East. No. 1, of Wiley & Putnam's Library of Choice Reading.

If the days of "cheap and nasty" literature are not ended, we have proof before us that the day of cheap and elegant literature has at least dawned. *Eôthen* is the first of a series of reprints and original works, commenced by Wiley & Putnam, which is recommended by a novel elegance of form, and a tempting lowness of price. It argues little for the intelligence of our cheap publishers, that they should have allowed so attractive a work as *Eôthen* to escape their hands so long. Some of them have deluged the market with two shilling novels of every variety, Swedish, French, and English, since it appeared in England, but they have not thought it worth their while to offer it to the reading public; it shows very plainly their own want of intelligence or their want of faith in the intelligence of the people, the Native Americans, for whose benefit they publish their Countess Faustinas and Wandering Jews. The greater part of our publishers appear to have a singular taste in books: Scotch philosophy and French romance, watered with a pretty constant stream from Mr. James's pump, form the grand staple of their trade. good English works, excepting in the shape of historical novels, or novel-like histories, they carefully eschew, and were it not for the enterprise, or liberal daring of some of our publishers in Broadway, we should know nothing of many of the best books which are issued from the British press.

A gentleman asked one of the great publishers a few months since why they did not publish Dr. Arnold's life and correspondence? "Would you ruin us?" replied the sagacious book-dealer with a stare. But the Appletons have since done the public the service to publish this excellent work, and have risked the chance of ruin. Legally speaking, book-publishers have an unquestionable right to put forth only such books as they like, as a baker has an unquestionable right to sell nothing but sour bread, and we have no doubt that there are people all ready to snub us up, for pretending to insinuate that anybody, but especially publishers of books, should be called to account for doing what the law allows. We submit to the snub, merely begging the privilege of hinting that there are two kinds of law, the law of God, and the law of man, and that it is possible to break one while you observe the other.

Eôthen is a reprint of the most brilliant book of travels that has appeared in England since the time of Childe Harold. Teeming, as the English press does, with works on the East, the superior brilliancy of *Eôthen* has eclipsed them all. The author's name is not given, but he is known, as a matter of course, at home. The great marvel of his book is that it should have remained so long unpublished, and that the

master of so fine a style and so lively an imagination should have kept his peace until now. It was nine years after his return from the East before his book was published; our travellers begin to publish the day after they leave home, and give us their sketches as they proceed.

Eôthen begins at Emlin. If the author did not speak as a man, we should think from the ease, the grace, the rapidity of the style, that *Eôthen* was the work of a woman, a better sort of Mrs. Gore or George Sand.

There is a vein of infidelity running through the book, but it is infidelity to conventionalisms and not to pure faith; it may frighten the timid or offend straight-laced moralists, but it will do no harm to the innocent and pure minded. It is just the work required to put into the hands of those who have overburdened their memories with the lifeless statistics of other travellers in the East. It puts life into the mummies that have been brought to us from the Orient, and puts words into the mouths of the mummies from whom we have been trying to gather knowledge of a country that we cannot visit. It is, indeed, what its name implies, the East, and we lay down the book half persuaded that we have in reality been mingling with the Osmanli and the Arab of the desert.

Our limits will permit us to make but a few short extracts, which will give an idea of the author's liveliness of fancy and elegance of style.

THE DELIGHTS OF FREEDOM.

"The course of the Jordan is from the north to the south, and in that direction, with very little of devious winding, it carries the shining waters of Galilee straight down into the solitudes of the Dead Sea. Speaking roughly, the river in that meridian, is a boundary between the people living under roofs, and the tented tribes that wander on the farther side. And so, as I went down in my way from Tiberias towards Jerusalem, along the western bank of the stream, my thinking all propended to the ancient world of herdsmen, and warriors, that lay so close over my bridle arm.

"If a man, and an Englishman, be not born of his mother with a natural Chiffney-bit in his mouth, there comes to him a time for loathing the wearisome ways of society—a time for not liking tamed people—time for not dancing quadrilles—not sitting in pews—a time for pretending that Milton, and Shelley, and all sorts of mere dead people, were greater in death than the first Lord of the Treasury—a time in short for scoffing and railing—for speaking lightly of the very opera, and all our most cherished institutions. It is from nineteen to two or three and twenty perhaps, that this war of the man against men is like to be waged most sullenly. You are yet in this smiling England, but you find yourself wending away to the dark sides of her mountains,—climbing the dizzy crags,—exulting in the fellowship of mists and clouds, and watching the storms how they gather, or proving the mettle of your mare upon the broad and dreary downs, because that you feel congenially with the yet unparcelled earth. A little while you are free, and unlabelled, like the ground that you compass; but Civilisation is coming, and coming to you, and your much loved waste lands will be surely enclosed, and sooner, or later, you will be brought down to a state of utter usefulness—the ground will be curiously sliced into acres, and roods, and perches, and you, for all you sit so smartly in your saddle, you will be caught—you will be taken up from travel as a colt from grass, to be trained, and tired, and matched, and run. All this in time, but first come continental tours, and the moody longing for Eastern travel; the downs and moors of England can hold you no longer; with larger stride you burst away from these slips and patches of free land—you thread your path through the crowds of Europe, and at last on the banks of the Jordan, you joyfully know that you are upon the frontier of all accustomed respectabilities. There on the other side of the river (you can swim it with one arm), there reigns the people that will be like to put you to death for *not* being a vagrant for *not* being a robber, for *not* being armed, and houseless. There is comfort in that—heath, comfort, and strength to one who is dying

from very weariness of that poor, dear, middle-aged, deserving, accomplished, pedantic, and pains-taking governess Europe.

"The Jordan is not a perfectly accurate boundary betwixt roofs and tents, for soon after passing the bridge I came upon a cluster of huts. Some time afterwards the guide, upon being closely questioned by my servants, confessed that the village which we had left behind was the last that we should see, but he declared that he knew a spot at which we should find an encampment of friendly Bedouins, who would receive me with all hospitality. I had long determined not to leave the East without seeing something of the wandering tribes, but I had looked forward to this as a pleasure to be found in the Desert between El Arish and Egypt—I had no idea that the Bedouins on the East of Jordan were accessible. My delight was so great at the near prospect of bread and salt in the tent of an Arab warrior, that I wilfully allowed my guide to mislead me; I saw that he was taking me out of the straight route towards Jerusalem, and was drawing me into the midst of the Bedouins, but the idea of his betraying me seemed (I know not why) so utterly absurd, that I could not entertain it for a moment; I fancied it possible that the fellow had taken me out of my route in order to attempt some little mercantile enterprise with the tribe for which he was seeking, and I was glad of the opportunity which I might thus gain of coming in contact with the wanderers.

"For the rest of the day we saw no human being; we pushed on eagerly with the hope of coming up with the Bedouins before nightfall. Night came, and still we went on our way till about ten o'clock. Then came the thorough darkness of the night, and the weariness of our beasts (which had already done two good days' journey in one) forced us to determine on coming to a stand-still. Upon the heights to the eastward we saw lights; these shone from the caves on the mountain-side, inhabited, as the Nazarene told us, by rascals of a low sort—not real Bedouins—men whom we might frighten into harmlessness, but from whom there was no willing hospitality to be expected.

"We heard at a little distance the brawling of a rivulet, and on the banks of this it was determined to establish our bivouac; we soon found the stream, and following its course for a few yards, came to a spot which was thought to be fit for our purpose. It was a sharply cold night in February, and when I dismounted, I found myself standing upon some wet rank herbage, that promised ill for the comfort of our resting-place. I had bad hopes of a fire, for the pitchy darkness of the night was a great obstacle to a successful search for fuel, and besides, the boughs of trees or bushes would be so full of sap in this early spring, that they would not be easily persuaded to burn. However, we were not likely to submit to a dark and cold bivouac without an effort, and my fellows groped forward through the darkness, till after advancing a few paces, they were happily stopped by a complete barrier of dead prickly bushes. Before our swords could be drawn to reap this glorious harvest, it was found, to our surprise, that the precious fuel was already hewn, and strewed along the ground in a thick mass. A spot fit for the fire was found with some difficulty, for the earth was moist, and the grass high and rank. At last there was a clicking of flint and steel, and presently there stood out from darkness one of the tawny faces of my muleteers, bent down to near the ground, and suddenly lit up by the glowing of the spark, which he courted with a careful breath. Before long there was a particle of dry fibre, or leaf, that kindled to a tiny flame; then another was lit from that, and then another. Then small, crisp twigs, little bigger than bodkins, were laid athwart the growing fire. The swelling cheeks of the muleteer laid level with the earth, blew tenderly at first, and then more boldly upon the young flame, which was daintily nursed and fed, and fed more plentifully when it gained good strength. At last a whole armful of dry bushes was piled up over the fire, and presently with loud, cheery crackling and crackling, a royal tall blaze shot up from the earth, and showed me once more the shapes and faces of my men, and the dim outlines of the horses and mules that stood grazing hard by."

A TEMPTATION TO COMMIT MURDER.

"And now it was, if I remember rightly, that Dhemetri submitted to me a plan for putting to death the Nazarene, whose misguidance had been the cause of our difficulties. There was something fascinating in the suggestion, for the slaying of the guide was of course easy enough, and would look like an act of what politicians call "vigor." If it were only to become known to my friends in England that I had calmly killed a fellow creature for taking me out of my way, I might remain perfectly quiet and tranquil for all the rest of my days, quite free from the danger of being considered "slow;" I might ever after live upon my reputation like "single-speech Hamilton" in the last century, or "single-sin ——" in this, without being obliged to take the trouble of doing any more harm in the world. This was a great temptation to an indolent person, but the motive was not strengthened by any sincere feeling of anger with the Nazarene: whilst the question of his life and death was being debated, he was riding in front of our party, and there was something in the anxious writhing of his supple limbs that seemed to express a sense of his false position, and struck me as highly comic; I had no crotchet at that time against the punishment of the death, but I was unused to blood, and the proposed victim looked so thoroughly capable of enjoying life (if he could only get to the other side of the river), that I thought it would be hard for him to die, merely in order to give me a character for energy. Acting on the result of these considerations, and reserving to myself a free and unfettered discretion to have the poor villain shot at any future moment, I magnanimously decided that for the present he should live and not die."

FLEAS IN JERUSALEM.

"Except at Jerusalem, never think of attempting to sleep in a holy city." Old Jews from all parts of the world go to lay their

bones upon the sacred soil, and as these people never return to their homes, it follows that any domestic vermin which they may bring with them are likely to become permanently resident, so that the population is continually increasing. No recent census had been taken when I was at Tiberias, but I know that the congregation of fleas which attended at my church alone, must have been something enormous. It was a carnal, self-seeking congregation, wholly inattentive to the service which was going on, and devoted to the one object of having my blood. The fleas of all nations were there. The snug, steady, impudent flea from Holywell street—the pert, jumping 'puce' from hungry France—the wary, watchful 'puce' with his poisoned stiletto—the vengeful 'pulga' of Castile with his ugly knife—the German 'floh' with his knife and fork—insatiate—not rising from table—whole swarms from all the Russias, and Asiatic hordes unnumbered—all these were there, and all rejoiced in one great international feast. I could no more defend myself against my enemies, than if I had been 'pain a discretion' in the hands of a French patriot, or English gold in the claws of a Pennsylvania Quaker. After passing a night like this, you are glad to pick up the wretched remains of your body, long, long before morning dawns. Your skin is scorched—your temples throb—your lips feel withered and dried—your burning eyeballs are screwed inwards against the brain. You have no hope but only in the saddle, and the freshness of the morning air."

MORE OF THE VOLUMINOUS HISTORY OF THE LITTLE LONGFELLOW WAR—MR. POE'S THIRD CHAPTER OF REPLY TO THE LETTER OF OUTIS.

"PRAY," inquires Outis of Mr. Willis, "did you ever think the worse of Dana because your friend John Neal charged him with pirating upon Paul Allen, and Bryant, too in his poem of THE DYING RAVEN?"

I am sincerely disposed to give Outis his due, and will not pretend to deny his happy facility in asking irrelevant questions. In the present case, we can only imagine Mr. Willis' reply:—"My dear Sir," he might say, "I certainly do not think much the worse of Mr. Dana, because Mr. Neal charged him with the piracy, but be so kind as not to inquire what might have been my opinion had there been any substantiation of the charge."

I quote Outis' inquiry, however, not so much to insist upon its singular luminousness, as to call attention to the argument embodied in the capital letters of "THE DYING RAVEN."

Now, were I, in any spasm of perversity, to direct Outis' catechetical artillery against himself, and demand of him explicitly *his reasons* for causing those three words to be printed in capitals, what in the world would he do for a reply? As matter of course, for some moments, he would be profoundly embarrassed—but, being a true man, and a chivalrous one, as all defenders of Mr. Longfellow must be, he could not fail, in the end, to admit that they were so printed for the purpose of safely insinuating a charge which not even an Outis had the impudence openly to utter. Let us imagine his thoughts while carefully twice underscoring the words. Is it impossible that they ran thus?—"I am perfectly well aware, to be sure, that the only conceivable resemblance between Mr. Bryant's poem and Mr. Poe's poem, lies in their common reference to a raven; but then, what I am writing will be seen by some who have not read Mr. Bryant's poem, and by many who have never heard of Mr. Poe's, and among these classes I shall be able to do Mr. Poe a serious injustice and injury, by conveying the idea that there is really sufficient similarity to warrant that charge of plagiarism, which I, Outis, the 'acquaintance of Mr. Longfellow,' am too high-minded and too merciful to prefer."

Now, I do not pretend to be positive that any such thoughts as these ever entered the brain of Outis. Nor will I venture to designate the whole insinuation, as a specimen of "carping littleness, too paltry for any man who values his reputation as a gentleman;" for in the first place, the whole matter, as I have put it, is purely supposititious, and in the second, I should furnish ground for a new insinuation of the same character, inasmuch as I should be employing Outis' identical words.

The fact is, Outis has happened upon the idea that the

most direct method of rebutting one accusation, is to get up another. By showing that I have committed a sin, he proposes to show that Mr. Aldrich and Mr. Longfellow have not. Leaving the underscored DYING RAVEN to argue its own case, he proceeds, therefore, as follows:—

"Who, for example, would wish to be guilty of the littleness of detracting from the uncommon merit of that remarkable poem of this same Mr. Poe's, recently published in the Mirror, from the American Review, entitled 'THE RAVEN,' by charging him with the paltriness of imitation? And yet, some snarling critic, who might envy the reputation he had not the genius to secure for himself, might refer to the frequent, very forcible, but rather quaint repetition, in the last two lines of many of the stanzas, as a palpable imitation of the manner of Coleridge, in several stanzas of the *Ancient Mariner*. Let me put them together.

Mr. Poe says—

"Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore,
Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore."

And again—

"It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore."

Mr. Coleridge says, (running two lines into one);

"For all averred I had killed the bird, that made the breeze to blow.
'Ah, wretch!' said they, 'the bird to slay, that made the breeze to blow.'

And again—

"They all averred I had killed the bird, that brought the fog and mist.
'Twas right,' said they, 'such birds to slay, that bring the fog and mist.'

The "rather quaint" is ingenious. Fully one-third of whatever effect "The Raven" has, is wrought by the quaintness in question—a point elaborately introduced, to accomplish a well-considered purpose. What idea would Outis entertain of me, were I to speak of his defence of his friends as very decent, very respectable, but rather meritorious?

In the passages collated there are two points upon which the "snarling critic" might base his insinuation—if ever so weak a "snarling critic" existed. Of these two points one is purely hypothetical—that is to say, it is disingenuously manufactured by Mr. Longfellow's acquaintance to suit his own purposes—or perhaps the purposes of the imaginary snarling critic. The argument of the second point is demolished by my not only admitting it, but insisting upon it. Perhaps the least tedious mode of refuting Outis, is to acknowledge nine tenths of every thing he may think proper to say.

But, in the present instance what am I called upon to acknowledge? I am charged with imitating the repetition of phrase in the two concluding lines of a stanza, and of imitating this from Coleridge. But why not extend the accusation, and insinuate that I imitate it from every body else? for certainly there is no poet living or dead who has not put in practice the identical effect—the well-understood effect of the *restrain*. Is Outis' argument to the end that I have no right to this thing for the reason that all the world has? If this is not his argument, will he be kind enough to inform me (at his leisure) what it is? Or is he prepared to confess himself so absurdly uninformed as not to know that whatever a poet claims on the score of original versification, is claimed not on account of any individual rhythmical or metrical effects (for none are individually original) but solely on account of the novelty of his combinations of old effects?

The hypothesis, or manufacture, consists in the alteration of Coleridge's metre, with the view of forcing it into a merely ocular similarity with my own, and thus of imposing upon some one or two grossly ignorant readers. I give the verses of Coleridge as they are:

For all averred, I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow,
Ah wretch, said they, the bird to slay,
That made the breeze to blow.

The verses beginning, "They all averred," etc., are arranged in the same manner. Now I have taken it for granted that it is Outis' design to impose the idea of similarity between my lines and those of Coleridge, upon some one or two grossly ignorant individuals: at the same time, whoever attempts

such an imposition is rendered liable at least to the suspicion of very gross ignorance himself. The ignorance or the knavery are the two uncomfortable horns of his dilemma.

Let us see. Coleridge's lines are arranged in quatrains—mine in couplets. His first and third lines rhyme at the closes of the second and fourth feet—mine flow continuously, without rhyme. His metre, briefly defined, is alternately tetrameter acatalectic, and trimeter acatalectic—mine is uniformly octameter catalectic. It might be expected, however, that at least the *rhythm* would prove to be identical—but not so. Coleridge's is iambic (varied in the third foot of the first line with an anapest)—mine is the exact converse, trochaic. The fact is, that neither in rhythm, metre, stanza, or rhyme, is there even a *single* point of approximation throughout; the only similarity being the wickedly or sillily manufactured one of Outis himself, appealing from the ears to the eyes of the most uncultivated classes of the rabble. The ingenuity and validity of the manufacture might be approached, although certainly not paralleled, by an attempt to show that blue and yellow pigments standing unmixed at separate ends of a studio, were equivalent to green. I say "not paralleled," for even the *mixing* of the pigments, in the case of Outis, would be very far, as I have shown, from producing the supposititious effect. Coleridge's lines, written together, would result in rhymed iambic heptameter acatalectic, while mine are unrhymed trochaic octameter catalectic—differing in every conceivable circumstance. A closer parallel than the one I have imagined, would be the demonstration that two are equal to four, on the ground that, possessing two dollars, a man will have four when he gets an additional couple—for that the additional couple is *somewhere*, no one, after due consideration, will deny.

If Outis will now take a seat upon one of the horns of his dilemma, I will proceed to transcribe the third variation of the charges insinuated through the medium of the "snarling critic."

I have before me an anonymous poem, which I first saw some five years ago, entitled "The Bird of the Dream." I should like to transcribe the whole—but it is too long. The author was awakened from sleep by the song of a beautiful bird, sitting on the sill of his window—the sweet notes had mingled with his dreams, and brought to his remembrance, the sweeter voice of his lost "CLARE." He says—

"And thou wert in my dream—a spirit thou didst seem—
The spirit of a friend long since departed;
Oh she was fair and bright, but she left me one dark night—
She left me all alone, and broken-hearted.

* * * * *

My dream went on, and thou went a warbling too,
Mingling the harmonies of earth and heaven;
Till away—away—away—beyond the realms of day—
My angel CLARE to my embrace was given.

* * * * *

Sweet bird from realms of light, oh! come again to night,
Come to my window—perch upon my chair—
Give me back again that deep impassioned strain
That tells me thou hast seen and loved my CLARE.

Now I shall not charge Mr. Poe with Plagiarism—for, as I have said, such charges are perfectly absurd. Ten to one, he never saw this before. But let us look at the "identities" that may be made out between this and "THE RAVEN." First, in each case, the poet is a broken-hearted lover. Second, that lover longs for some hereafter communion with the departed. Third, there is a bird. Fourth, the bird is at the poet's window. Fifth, the bird being at the poet's window, makes a noise. Sixth, making a noise attracts the attention of the poet; who, Seventh, was half asleep, dozing, dreaming. Eighth, the poet invites the bird to come in. Ninth, a confabulation ensues. Tenth, the bird is supposed to be a visitor from the land of spirits. Eleventh, allusion is made to the departed. Twelfth, intimation is given that the bird knew something of the departed. Thirteenth, that he knew her worth and loveliness. Fourteenth, the bird seems willing to linger with the poet. Fifteenth, there is a repetition, in the second and fourth lines, of a part, and that the emphatic part, of the first and third. Here is a round baker's dozen (and one to spare) of identities, to offset the dozen found between Aldrich and Hood, and that too, without a word of *rhythm*, metre or stanza, which should never form a part of such a comparison.

The first point to be attended to here is the "ten to one that I never saw it before." Ten to one that I never did—but Outis might have remembered that twenty to one I

should like to see it. In accusing either Mr. Aldrich or Mr. Hood, I printed their poems together and in full. But an *anonymous* gentleman rebuts my accusation by telling me that there is a certain similarity between a poem of my own and an *anonymous* poem which he has before him, and which he would like to transcribe if it were not too long. He contents himself, therefore, with giving me, from this too long poem, three stanzas which are shown, by a series of intervening asterisks, to have been *culled*, to suit his own purposes, from different portions of the poem, but which, (again to suit his own purposes) he places before the public in consecutive connexion! The least that can be said of the whole statement is that it is deliciously frank—but, upon the whole, the poem will look quite as well before me, as before Outis, whose time is too much occupied to transcribe it. I, on the other hand, am entirely at leisure, and will transcribe and print the whole of it with the greatest pleasure in the world—provided always that it is not too long to refer to—to too long to have its whereabouts pointed out—as I half suspect, from Outis' silence on the subject, that it is.

One thing I will take it upon myself to say, in the spirit of prophecy:—whether the poem in question is or is not in existence (and we have only Nobody's word that it is) the passages as quoted, are not in existence, except as quoted by Outis, who in some particulars, I maintain, has falsified the text, for the purpose of forcing a similarity, as in the case of the verses of Coleridge.

All this I assert in the spirit of prophecy, while we await the forthcoming of the poem. In the meantime, we will estimate the "identities" with reference to the "Raven" as collated with the passages culled by Outis—granting him every thing he is weak enough to imagine I am in duty bound to grant—admitting that the poem as a whole exists—that the words and lines are ingenuously written—that the stanzas have the connexion and sequence he gives them—and that although he has been already found guilty of chicanery in one instance, he is at least entirely innocent in this.

He has established, he says, fifteen identities, "and that, too, without a word of rhythm, metre, or stanza, which should never form a part of such comparison"—by which of course we are to understand that with the rhythm, metre, and stanza (omitted only because they should never form a part of such comparison) he would have succeeded in establishing eighteen. Now I insist that rhythm, metre and stanza should form and must form a part of the comparison, and I will presently demonstrate what I say. I also insist therefore, since he could find me guilty if he would upon these points, that guilty he must and shall find me upon the spot. He then, distinctly, has established eighteen identities—and I proceed to examine them one by one.

"First," he says "in each case the poet is a broken-hearted lover." Not so:—my poet has no indication of a broken heart. On the contrary he lives triumphantly in the expectation of meeting his Lenore in Aidenn, and is so indignant with the raven for maintaining that the meeting will never take place, as to call him a liar and order him out of the house. Not only is my lover not a broken-hearted one—but I have been at some pains to show that broken hearts and matters of that kind are improperly made the subject of poems. I refer to the last chapter of an article entitled "Marginalia" and published, in the last December number, I believe, of the "Democratic Review."

"Second," says Outis, "that lover longs for some hereafter communion with the bird." In my poem there is no expression of any such longing—the nearest approach to it is

the triumphant consciousness which forms the thesis and staple of the whole. In Outis' poem the nearest approach to the "longing" is contained in the lover's request to the bird to repeat a strain that assures him (the lover) that it (the bird) has known the lost mistress.

"Third—there is a bird," says Outis. So there is. Mine however is a raven, and we may take it for granted that Outis' is either a nightingale or a cockatoo.

"Fourth, the bird is at the poet's window." As regards my poem, true; as regards Outis', not:—the poet only requests the bird to come to the window.

"Fifth, the bird being at the poet's window, makes a noise." The fourth specification failing, the fifth, which depends upon it, as a matter of course fails too.

"Sixth, making a noise attracts the attention of the poet." The fifth specification failing, the sixth, which depends upon it, fails likewise, and as a matter of course, as before.

"Seventh, [the poet] was half asleep, dozing, dreaming." False altogether: only my poet was "napping," and this in the commencement of the poem, which is occupied with realities and waking action. Outis' poet is fast asleep and dreams every thing.

"Eighth, the poet invites the bird to come in." Another palpable failure. Outis' poet indeed asked his bird in; but my raven walked in without any invitation.

"Ninth—a confabulation ensues." As regards my poem, true; but there is not a word of any confabulation in Outis'.

"Tenth—the bird is supposed to be a visiter from the land of spirits." As regards Outis' poem, this is true only if we give a wide interpretation to the phrase "realms of light." In my poem the bird is not only not from the world of spirits, but I have specifically conveyed the idea of his having escaped from "some unhappy master", of whom he had caught the word "Nevermore"—in the concluding stanza, it is true, I suddenly convert him into an allegorical emblem or personification of Mourful Remembrance, out of the shadow of which the poet is "lifted nevermore."

"Eleventh—allusion is made to the departed." Admitted.

"Twelfth—intimation is given that the bird knew something of the departed." True as regards Outis' poem only. No such intimation is given in mine.

"Thirteenth—that he knew her worth and loveliness." Again—true only as regards Outis' poem. It should be observed here that I have disproved the twelfth and thirteenth specifications purely for form's sake:—they are nothing more than disingenuous repetitions of the eleventh. The "allusion to the departed" is the "intimation," and the intimation is that "he knew her worth and loveliness."

"Fourteenth—the bird seems willing to linger with the poet." True only as regards my poem—in Outis' (as quoted) there is nothing of the kind.

"Fifteenth—there is a repetition, in the second and fourth lines, of a part, and that the emphatic part, of the first and third." What is here asserted is true only of the first stanza quoted by Outis, and of the commencement of the third. There is nothing of it in the second. In my poem there is nothing of it at all, with the exception of the repetition in the refrain, occurring at the fifth line of my stanza of six. I quote a stanza—by way of rendering every thing perfectly intelligible, and affording Outis his much coveted "fair play":

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked, upstart—

"Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore!

Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!

Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off
my door!"

Quoth the raven "Nevermore."

Sixteenth—concerns the rhythm. Outis' is iambic—mine the exact converse, trochaic.

Seventeenth—regards the metre. Outis' is hexameter alternating with pentameter, both acatalectic.* Mine is octameter acatalectic, alternating with heptameter catalectic repeated in the refrain of the fifth verse, and terminating with tetrameter catalectic.

Eighteenth and last has respect to the stanza—that is to say, to the general arrangement of the metre into masses. Of Outis' I need only say that it is a very common and certainly a very stupid one. My own has at least the merit of being my own. No writer living or dead has ever employed anything resembling it. The innumerable specific differences between it and that of Outis it would be a tedious matter to point out—but a far less difficult matter than to designate one individual point of similarity.

And now what are we to think of the eighteen identities of Outis—the fifteen that he establishes and the three that he could establish if he would—that is to say, if he could only bring himself to be so unmerciful?

Of the whole eighteen, sixteen have shown themselves to be lamentable failures—having no more substantial basis than sheer misrepresentation "too paltry for any man who values his reputation as a gentleman and a scholar," and depending altogether for effect upon the *chances* that nobody would take the trouble to investigate their falsehood or their truth.

Two—the third and the eleventh—are sustained: and these two show that in both poems there is "an allusion to the departed," and that in both poems there is "a bird."

The first idea which suggests itself at this point is, whether *not* to have a bird and *not* to have an allusion to a deceased mistress, would not be the truer features of distinctiveness after all—whether two poems which have *not* these items might not be more rationally charged with similarity than any two poems which *have*.

But having thus disproved *all* the identities of Outis (for any one comprehending the principle of proof in such cases will admit that *two only*, are in effect just nothing at all) I am quite ready, by way again of affording him "fair play," to expunge every thing that has been said on the subject, and proceed as if every one of these eighteen identities were in the first bloom and deepest blush of a demonstration.

I might grant them as demonstrated, to be sure, on the ground which I have already touched—that to prove me or any body else an imitator is no mode of showing that Mr. Aldrich or Mr. Longfellow is *not*. But I might safely admit them on another and equally substantial consideration which seems to have been overlooked by the zeal of Outis altogether. He has clearly forgotten that the *mere* number of such coincidences proves nothing, because at any moment we can oblige it to prove too much. It is the easiest thing imaginable to suggest—and even to do that which Outis has failed in doing—to demonstrate a practically infinite series of identities between any two compositions in the world—but it by no means follows that all compositions in the world have a *similarity* one with the other, in any comprehensible sense

* This is as accurate a description as can be given of the alternating (of the second and fourth) lines in few words. The fact is, they are indescribable without more trouble than they are worth—and seem to me either to have been written by some one ignorant of the principles of verse, or to be misquoted. The line, however,

"That tells me thou hast seen and loved my Clare," answers the description I have given of the alternating verses, and was no doubt the general intention for all of them.

of the term. I mean to say that regard must be had not *only* to the number of the coincidences, but to the peculiarity of each—this peculiarity growing less and less necessary, and the effect of number more and more important, in a ratio prodigiously accumulative, as the investigation progresses. And again—regard must be had not only to the number *and* peculiarity of the coincidences, but to the antagonistic differences, if any, which surround them—and very especially to the space over which the coincidences are spread, and the number or paucity of the events, or incidents, from among which the coincidences are selected. When Outis, for example, picks out his eighteen coincidences (which I am now granting as sustained) from a poem so long as The Raven, in collation with a poem not forthcoming, and which may therefore, for anything anybody knows to the contrary, be as long as an infinite flock of ravens, he is merely putting himself to unnecessary trouble in getting together phantoms of arguments that can have no substance wherewith to aid his demonstration, until the ascertained extent of the unknown poem from which they are culled, affords them a purpose and a palpability. Can any man doubt that between The Iliad and the Paradise Lost there might be established even a thousand very idiosyncratic identities?—and yet is any man fool enough to maintain that the Iliad is the original of the Paradise Lost?

But how is it in the case of Messieurs Aldrich and Hood? The poems here are both remarkably brief—and as I have every intention to do justice, and no other intention in the world, I shall be pardoned for collating them once again. Mr. Hood's poem runs thus:

A DEATH-BED.

We watched her breathing through the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seemed to speak,
So slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half our powers
To eke her being out.

Our very hope belied our fears;
Our fears our hope belied;
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.

But when the morn came dim and sad,
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed—she had
Another morn than ours.

Mr. Aldrich's poem is as follows:

A DEATH-BED.

Her sufferings ended with the day,
Yet lived she at its close,
And breathed the long, long night away,
In statue-like repose;

But when the sun in all its state
Illumed the eastern skies,
She passed through Glory's morning gate,
And walked in Paradise.

Now, let it be understood that I am entirely uninformed as to which of these two poems was first published. And so little has the question of priority to do with my thesis, that I shall not put myself to the trouble of inquiring. What I maintain is, that there are sufficient grounds for belief that the one is plagiarised from the other:—*who* is the original and *who* is the plagiarist, are points I leave to be settled by any one who thinks the matter of sufficient consequence to give it his attention.

But the man who shall deny the plagiarism abstractly—what is it that he calls upon us to believe? First—that two poets, in remote parts of the world, conceived the idea of composing a poem on the subject of *Death*. Of course, there is nothing remarkable in this. Death is a naturally poetic theme, and suggests itself by a seeming spontaneity to every poet in the world. But had the subject chosen by

the two widely separated poets, been even strikingly peculiar—had it been, for example, *a porcupine, a piece of gingerbread*, or anything unlikely to be made the subject of a poem, still no sensible person would have insisted upon the single coincidence as any thing *beyond* a single coincidence. We have no difficulty, therefore, in believing what, so far, we are called upon to believe.

Secondly, we must credit that the two poets concluded to write not only on death, but on the death of a *woman*. Here the mind, observing the two identities, reverts to their peculiarity or non-peculiarity, and finding *no* peculiarity—admitting that the death of a woman is a naturally suggested poetic subject—has no difficulty also in admitting the two coincidences—as such and nothing beyond.

Thirdly, we are called upon to believe that the two poets not only concluded to write upon death and upon the death of a woman, but that, from the innumerable phases of death, the phase of *tranquility* was happened upon by each. Here the intellect commences a slight rebellion, but it is quieted by the admission partly of the spontaneity with which such an idea might arise, and partly of the *possibility* of the coincidences, independently of the consideration of spontaneity.

Fourthly—we are required to believe that the two poets happened not only upon death—the death of a woman—and the tranquil death of a woman—but upon the idea of representing this woman as lying tranquilly *throughout the whole night*, in spite of the infinity of different durations which might have been imagined for her trance of tranquility. At this point the reason perceives the evidence against these coincidences, (as such and nothing more), to be increasing in geometrical ratio. It discards all idea of spontaneity, and if it yield credence at all, yields it altogether on the ground of the indisputable *possibility*.

Fifthly—we are requested to believe that our poets happened not only upon *death*—upon the death of a *woman*—upon the *tranquil* death of a woman—and upon the lying of this woman tranquilly *throughout the night*—but, also, upon the idea of selecting, from the innumerable phases which characterise a *tranquil* death-bed, the identical one of *soft breathing*—employing also the identical word. Here the reason gives up the endeavour to believe that one poem has not been suggested by the other:—if it be a reason accustomed to deal with the mathematical Calculus of Probabilities it has abandoned this endeavour at the preceding stage of the investigation. The evidence of suggestion has now become prodigiously accumulate. Each succeeding coincidence (however slight) is proof not merely added, but multiplied by hundreds, and hundreds of thousands.

Sixthly, we are called upon to believe not only that the two poets happened upon all this, together with the idea of the soft breathing, but also of employing the identical word *breathing*, in the same line with the identical word, *night*. This proposition the reason receives with a smile.

Seventhly, however, we are required to admit not only all that has been already found inadmissible, but in addition, that the two poets conceived the idea of representing the death of the woman as occurring precisely at the same instant, out of all the infinite instants of all time. This proposition the reason receives only with a sneer.

Eighthly—we are called upon to acquiesce in the assertion that not only all these improbabilities are probable, but that in addition again, the two poets happened upon the idea of representing the woman as stepping immediately into Paradise:—and, *ninthly*, that both should not only happen upon all this, but upon the idea of writing a peculiarly brief poem, on so admirably suggestive a thesis:—and, *tenthly*, that out of the various rhythms, that is 'o say variations of

poetic feet, they should have both happened upon the iambus:—and, *eleventhly*, that out of the absolutely infinite metres that may be contrived from this rhythm, they should both have hit upon the tetrameter acatalectic for the first and third lines of a stanza:—and, *twelfthly*, upon the trimeter acatalectic for the second and fourth; and, *thirteenthly*, upon an absolute identity of phrase at, *fourteenthly*, an absolutely identical position, viz: upon the phrases, “But when the morn,” &c., and, “But when the sun, &c.” occurring in the beginning of the first line in the last stanza of each poem:—and, *fifteenthly* and lastly, that out of the vast multitude of appropriate titles, they should both have happened upon one whose identity is interfered with at all, only by the difference between the definite and indefinite article.

Now the chances that these fifteen coincidences, so peculiar in character, and all occurring within the compass of eight short lines on the one part, and sixteen on the other—the chances, I say, that these coincidences are merely accidental, may be estimated, possibly, as about one to one hundred millions; and any man who reasons at all, is of course grossly insulted in being called upon to credit them as accidental.

In the next number of the Journal, I shall endeavour to bring this subject to an end.

E. A. P.

WOMAN IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

We have encountered, during the past week, some half a dozen notices of our review of Miss Fuller's book, which strangely misrepresent the opinions we expressed of that lady. A writer in the Charleston Mercury, says that we snub Miss Fuller because she is neither a wife nor a mother, and has, therefore, no right to say what a woman should be, “forgetting that nature has so arranged it, that many women cannot be mothers, and that others prefer a single life.” We have the best reasons in the world for not forgetting either of these facts. But we spoke of woman, not women. Man, in the same way, is nothing, but as a husband and a father. But there may be good citizens who are neither; who yet, as Lord Bacon says, “in affection and means have married and endowed the public.” Miss Fuller's theme is “woman,” not any particular classes of women, and she argues that woman may, and should fill any of the duties which properly belong to man, and which are wholly incompatible with the duties of a wife and mother. Miss Fuller suggests nothing, proposes nothing, hints at nothing, for bettering the condition of those of her own sex, who by accident may be placed in the unnatural condition of laborers for their own, or even their husband's bread. There are thousands of women in this city, married and unmarried, mothers and childless, who are compelled to assume the duties of man, and who do, with feminine patience, manfully contend with their destiny, and rule, where they should serve; and protect those who should protect them. But these are unfortunate, not privileged women, who would, like Zenobia, resign the sceptre of power, and gladly become matrons, rather than remain monarchs. The true position of woman is not a disputable point; the universal sentiment of mankind has determined it; God himself has said “her desire shall be unto her husband, and he shall rule over her.” Miss Fuller says “no,” in very plain terms, “let the desire and rule be the other way,” and she instances the case of the woman, who contentedly resided on a mountain with her husband, because he found it for his interest to do so,—and with sufficient distinctness, declares, “I would not have it so.” We did not snub Miss Fuller for this, as the writer in the Charleston Mercury asserts, but we are sorry for not doing so, and we repair our neglect, by tell-

ing Miss Fuller that no unmarried woman has any right to say any thing on the subject. Let any wife, if one can be found to say it, declare that she would not have it so. But Miss Fuller is not a competent oracle. The writer in the Charleston Courier is not correct in saying that Mrs. Sigourney has no children. She has a son and a daughter.

There is an immense deal of nonsense afloat on the subject of "femality," which can never do any harm to society at large, because the instincts of nature and imperative necessity will keep men and women in their true spheres; but it may, and we have no doubt does produce a good deal of harm in particular cases, by creating improper desires, and unsettling the quiet and content of many a well ordered family. It is not denied that there are Abby Kellys and Lucretia Motts, who have preached with seemingly good effect, to quiet audiences, but it is by no means certain that these women could not have done greater good by an unobtrusive observance of their duties in a different manner. We remember hearing one of them speak at a public meeting once, where the greater part of the assembly was composed of rather rude men, and once or twice while she was speaking, her face and neck blushed scarlet red; it was nature that spoke eloquently in her blood, and should have urged her to desist.

Miss Fuller names Mrs. Siddons as an instance of what a woman may effect in public; but Mrs. Siddons came before the public only as a woman, representing always a woman, either as a wife, a mother, or a betrothed wife.

During the past week, a meeting of young women was held in the Superior Court room of the City Hall, at which a Miss Gray presided, and a Miss Graham acted as Secretary. The object of the meeting appears to have been the consideration of the means by which women may be enabled to earn their bread. We doubt the propriety of such meetings, but they are certainly excusable, and reflect disgrace upon the society which makes it necessary that woman should have to resort to such means to secure an honest support.

There is one kind of employment, particularly adapted to the habits of women, which we hope to see introduced among them—wood engraving. It has already been done in England and France, and we have now before us some specimens of wood-cutting by a young woman, which would not only compare favorably with the best specimens of this kind of art that we have seen, but which possesses a peculiar character of freedom, which we have never seen in the work of any man. A class of young women should be immediately formed, for instruction in elementary drawing, with a view to their becoming wood engravers. It might easily be done at a trifling expense, and we can hardly fear that the city authorities would hesitate to lend their countenance to such an undertaking. Many women, who now support themselves with difficulty by their needle, might earn a handsome competence as wood engravers. It is an art which is daily growing in importance among us, and would be employed to a much greater extent, if we had a greater number of good artists.

THE AMERICAN REVIEW. No. 3. March, 1845.

THIS political journal contains but one political article, a very candid and well written sketch of the twenty-eighth congress, by Horace Greeley; it will probably be quite as acceptable to the majority of its readers as though it contained more. But a very small part of our individual happiness is affected by our national politics. The majority of the people, in spite of mass meetings and daily papers, care hardly more about the characters of their rulers than do the subjects of the sultan. The last election of our President is sufficient proof of this.

Those who knew Mr. Polk best gave him the fewest votes; at the most distant points from his own home he mustered the greatest number of adherents. Our politics then, being purely personal, rather than considerations of principle, can never be made the pervading feature of a monthly or quarterly, or even a weekly magazine. The Democratic Review contains just enough of partisan writing to swear by; it is read solely for its literary articles. The same may be said of the American Review, which calls itself a whig journal. The number before us contains 108 pages, ten of which are devoted to politics, the remainder to subjects of general interest. Among the papers is a review of the History of the Empire, by Thiers, from Dr. Lardner; an agreeable essay on single speech poets by Wm. A. Jones; and a very able article on our light-house system, from H. I. Laymond, which we regard as the most important one in the magazine. The subject is very justly handled, and the improprieties of our system forcibly exposed. There are several agreeable papers besides these, and altogether the magazine takes rank among the very first of the kind that the country has produced.

THE SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

The Messenger was founded in the beginning of the year 1835, by Thomas W. White, a very worthy and energetic printer and publisher of Richmond Va., at a period when no journal of the kind had ever taken root south of the Potomac, and amid loud warnings from the publisher's friends not to engage in the undertaking. He persevered, however, and, by dint of much personal exertion, obtained, in the first six months, about six or seven hundred subscribers. During this period, no editor was regularly engaged—the proprietor depending upon occasional aid from his friends. Mr. James E. Heath and Mr. E. V. Sparhawk aided him very materially. At the beginning of the seventh month one of the present editors of the "Broadway Journal" made an arrangement to edit the "Messenger," and by systematic exertion on the part of both publisher and editor the circulation was increased by the end of the subsequent year to nearly five thousand—a success quite unparalleled in the history of our five dollar Magazines. After the secession of Mr. Poe, Mr. White took the editorial conduct upon his own shoulders and sustained it remarkably well. At his death, about three years since, Mr. B. B. Minor, of Va., became editor and proprietor, and is still so. In his hands the work maintains its old fame.

The Messenger has always been a favorite with the people of the South and West, who take a singular pride in its support. Its subscribers are almost without exception the *elite*, both as regards wealth and intellectual culture, of the Southern aristocracy, and its corps of contributors are generally men who control the public opinion of the Southerners on all topics. The influence of the work is, therefore, prodigious—and it has always been exerted, we sincerely believe, in behalf of the chivalrous, the tasteful and the true.

Its subscription-list is by no means confined, however, to the South and West. A great many of the most distinguished persons in the North and East are among its warmest supporters. Indeed there are comparatively few illustrious American names that are not to be found upon its list. In the aristocracy of its friends it is quite an anomaly in the literary world.

Mr. Minor is about to make some important improvements in the work, with a view of extending the circulation among ourselves here in the North and East, and we shall not fail to do our part in this endeavour. The New-York agent is Mr. John Bisco, publisher of the "Broadway Journal," 153

Broadway. Any communications or subscriptions for the *Messenger*, may be forwarded either to him or to *Edgar A. Poe*, at the same office. The March number is just issued and is unusually good. We shall notice it more fully hereafter.

STABLE ECONOMY: A Treatise on the Management of Horses, in relation to stabling, grooming, feeding, watering and working. By John Stewart, Veterinary Surgeon, author of "Advice to Purchasers of Horses," and lately Professor of Veterinary Medicine in the Andersonian University, Glasgow. From the third English Edition, with notes and additions, adapting it to American food and climate, by A. B. Allen, Editor of the *American Agriculturist*. New York; D. Appleton & Co., 200 Broadway. 1845.

The value of this well-known work, by Stewart, on the Management of Horses, is greatly increased for the use of Americans, by additions from A. B. Allen, Esq., the accomplished editor of the *American Agriculturist*. Mr. Allen has been engaged in the business of rearing and breeding horses on his own farm for the past ten years, and in his recent trip to England he had abundant opportunities, by personal inspection, of gaining much valuable information on every subject relating to the horse. He has also availed himself of all the discoveries made by the eminent philosophers whose labors in the department of agricultural chemistry during the last five years, have thrown so much light on the properties of food for man and beast, a subject of which Stewart had but little knowledge.

The work is very well printed and copiously illustrated with exceedingly neat wood cuts. Altogether it is a work of great value, which every owner of a horse should possess.

THE TREASURY OF HISTORY, No. 3. *Daniel Adey*, 109 Fulton street. Price 25 cents.

This number of this popular work includes the History of England from the reign of Richard Cœur de Lion to that of Henry IV. It is well printed on good paper with clear type, and contains more than one hundred pages.

THE MONTHLY ROSE, No 3, a periodical sustained by the present and former members of the Albany Female Academy.

A very neatly printed little Magazine of 16 pages, of the precise quality that might be expected from its contributors; gentle, romantic and purely written. When the spirit of Romance shall have left every other place in the world, she will still be found in the atmosphere of a Female Academy. The Monthly Rose contains a pretty poem, "The Wail of the Winter Wind," and a tale, "the Knight Heartless," from which we give a characteristic passage.

"Hear me! Sir Everard Martinsley! Let the sound of thy horses' hoofs be never more heard in Larmont Castle! Go, I bid thee, for thou wilt see, my face no more!"

Charming days of youth and innocence, when young ladies can find amusement in writing and reading romantic tales about Knights and Castles! How it is managed in the bustling city of Albany with the scream of Steam Engines all the time tearing away at one's ears, we do not comprehend. But every thing is possible with the young and innocent.

RICHMOND'S PAMPHLET REVIEWED, or the Priest of Cedar Grove called to order. By a South Carolinian. *Jones & Welsh*. 104 Nassau-street.

MARY SCHWEIDLER, THE AMBER WITCH, forming No. 2 of Wiley & Putnam's new series of cheap and elegant books, "Library of Choice Reading," has just been issued. We shall notice it at length next week.

THE COLUMBIAN MAGAZINE for April, contains the usual quantity of readable matter, and two exceedingly fine articles; *The Children of Mount Ida*, by L. Maria Child, and a flight of fancy by Mrs. F. S. Osgood. It also contains two engravings, and a flower piece, of that peculiar order of merit which distinguishes the embellishments of this magazine.

THOUGHTS OF A SILENT MAN.

No. 3.

I HAD been amusing an idle moment with Elia's delightful essay on "Imperfect Sympathies," when, as I laid down the book, my eye fell upon the "Correspondence between Burns and Clarinda." This gave rise to a train of thought respecting those *instructive antipathies* which the mass of mankind so readily allow, and those *innate assimilations* about which they are so sceptical. Every body has some idiosyncracy with regard to likings and dislikings. The "*non amo te Sibide*" of the Latin poet, in its English doggrelism of

"I do not love thee, Dr. Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell,
But only this I know full well,
I do not love thee, Dr. Fell,"

has come home to the experience of the coarsest as well as of the finest minds. There are persons who inspire us with an instant repugnance—persons with whom we, if pugnacious would like to pick a quarrel; or, if in gracious mood, we would at least like to see kicked by our next neighbour. There are people whose souls inhabit an atmosphere so uncongenial to our own, that we feel in their presence as if we were breathing a sort of mephitic air, benumbing every faculty, and smothering every impulse.

The refinements of education and cultivated society may render this sense more painfully delicate, but it is universal in its existence. Look at any ship's company, for instance, meeting perhaps for the first time in their lives, on the forecastle, which is to be their home during months to come, and you will perceive sudden antipathies exhibited between certain individuals, and sudden assimilations between others for no outward cause. It is an instinct of the soul, a recognition of kindred or a perception of antagonistic nature.

Why is it, then, that while every body is willing to acknowledge a faith in instructive dislikes, few are found as ready to believe in instructive attachments? If the one part of the proposition be true, the other must be not less so. People seriously say, "I don't like Mr. such-a-one—I can't tell why, but I took a dislike to him the first time I ever saw him;" and yet these same people will sneer at the notion of "love at first sight." Now I do not believe that love in its full perfectness and grand developments—love wearing the proof-armor of friendship and fidelity—is born thus instantaneously. But that there may be a sudden recognition of soul, an instant sense of kindred affinities, a secret sympathy exerting magnetic influence over two individuals, without any decided volition on the part of either, is most undoubtedly true. Under favorable circumstances, this instructive preference grows into the full stature of true love; under others, it may attain the size of friendship; and if there exist uncongenialities around, it may be chilled and frozen into the semblance of indifference. Who that ever overcame one of these instinctive dislikes, did not find reason at some after period, to lament their having done so? Who that ever conquered an instinctive preference, did not find its spectre haunting the silent chambers of the heart, long after more reasonable likings had left no trace of their existence.

One of the falsest of all false theories is that which denies the existence of friendship between the sexes. "Platonic love," as it is called, has been so often the object of ridicule, that one dares not now utter its name, except with a half sneer. Yet what can be more beautiful, more elevating, than the true doctrine of the divine Plato—of him who was the purest and noblest of that glorious company of truth seekers,

the ancient philosophers—of him who taught that “*Beauty is but the reflected glory of Virtue, and Love only the yearning of the Soul after that perfection of which Deity is the ideal type.*” In love, as it ordinarily exists, there is jealousy, and exactingness, or at least, the taint, slight though it may be, of sexual emotion. In Platonic love, or friendship, uniting as it does warmth and purity, claiming mutual recognition, while it denies not separate affinities, the cravings of the soul are fully satisfied. The terrible sense of human nature’s degradation, which always attends the success of mere passion, and often waits upon the tenderest affection with which passion mingles, is unknown in such a union. There can be no enduring affection which has not among its primordial elements much of this holy friendship, but on the contrary, such friendship may exist, and go on advancing in fervor and strength, without adopting a single constituent of what the world calls Love.

Yet it is only the higher order of minds which can recognise this beautiful form of human tenderness. To a low nature, physical laws seem so much stronger than spiritual bonds, that a love which rises superior to all grosser modes of expression, is as far beyond their comprehension as it is above their consciousness. Not that I would assert “there is no sex in genius;” there *is* sex as strongly marked in mental as in physical organization; but its existence refines instead of profaning the worship of truth and love. The happiness of men and women of genius has rarely been found in the sentiment of love, but it has often grown up quietly and surely beneath the fostering care of friendship. Genius rarely chooses wisely for itself in the first outgoings of its affections. It seeks the qualities which are wanting in its own being—and, finding these, it fancies that all other qualities essential to harmonious combination exist with them.

“Oh ask not, hope not thou too much
Of sympathy below;
Few are the hearts whence kindred streams
At the same touch will flow.”

This is the usual result of its experience. It clothes some mere human creature with its own beautiful ideality, and when

“Charm by charm unwinds
That robes its idol,”

it feels that not only the object of its worship was a false divinity, but that even the religion of its own deep heart is a weakness and an error. Of poets this is precisely true. Few or none have found peace in the sanctuary of their hearts while the altar blazed before the image of love. Yet how many have been blessed when they have learned to weave their votive garlands only for the shrine of friendship.

Whenever any exposition of the real heart of man is brought before the public eye, there is invariably a cry raised of the “wickedness of human nature,” “innate depravity,” “immoral tendencies,” and the thousand watchwords which people whose consciences are apt to slumber, think it necessary to repeat for the awakening of their neighbors, who in all probability need no such rousing. The Correspondence between Burns and Clarinda, was precisely one of those expositions; nine-tenths of its readers turned up their eyes in holy horror, and looked upon the man as a scapegrace and the woman as a “very naughty woman.” Yet why? There was earnestness of feeling and fervid expression, such as only a poet could utter, or a congenial nature understand; but where was a single passage which could justify the charge of immorality? Clarinda was a woman of refined mind, delicate tastes, and strong affections; her husband had ill-treated and abandoned her. Full of unappreciated tenderness of nature, and unappropriated sympathies, she had been for years

worse than widowed in heart, when she accidentally met with Burns. What was more natural than that he—a being whose heart, like a full cup, held by an unsteady hand, always trembled over at a breath—should have recognised a kindred nature? What more likely than that the woman, whose power of loving, even cruelty could not crush out, should have found a passing joy in this pure poetic sympathy. Burns had been wild and wayward.

“ His pulse’s maddening play
Wild sent him pleasure’s devious way
By passion driven,
And yet the light that led astray
Was light from heaven.”

He was his own true interpreter in these lines. The struggle of his soul after something more true than the coarseness of peasant life, or the cold conventionalism of high society, together with the fierce strivings of a strong physical nature, led him into many an error. But who that reads his exquisite songs can doubt his many glimpses of that higher life after which genius so vainly soars. He who cannot see in Burns’s intercourse with Clarinda, one of those “better moments” in his life, is, I think, to be pitied for his obtuseness of perception.

Shame on the man who believes that a feeling like this could not exist without wrong! Does he believe that only the marriage tie can sanctify such an affection? Alas! seldom does such an affection sanctify the church’s bond. Passion, prudence, pride, and a thousand similar motives may make men marry, and then the power of habit and a strong sense of duty assimilate them to their companions through life. But rarely indeed does this mystic recognition of soul precede or accompany the outward and visible of marriage. Men look not enough into their own natures. They know not the necessity of such a recognition, until perhaps in after life, when the mysteries of life have been revealed to them through suffering. Like Alciphron, the Epicurean, they go through the Egyptian darkness and mysteries of sorrow and sin, in search of that truth whose symbol is light.

That this mystic recognition exists, I can no more doubt than I can disbelieve the existence of the subtle power of magnetism. But it cannot be theorised upon even by such a mind as Swedenborg’s. There will never be a system of sympathetic emotions which will satisfy those who are susceptible of their influence; and to those who are insensible to them, all attempts to classify such impalpabilities must seem absurd. Neither can it be materialized, as the mesme risers of the present day would fain assert. It is purely a spiritualism—a link in the chain which binds the soul to its dim remembrances of pre-existence.

Society has made certain wise and good laws for the maintenance of order. A high nature will not offend against these laws; but neither will it allow a narrow interpretation of them to destroy all the elemental purity of the soul. God has given us wiser and better laws, which find a ready acceptance in the souls of his true children. The laws uttered amid the thunders of Sinai are sufficiently comprehensive—they denounce every sin which can make man blush before his Maker, and he who breaks none of these, will certainly never offend against society.

I am no believer in *perfect sympathy*—that is reserved to be one of the joys of heaven—but I believe in *approaches* to it, as firmly as I do in decided antipathies. And, therefore, as I can understand how Burns might have hated an enemy without seeking to murder him, so I can easily comprehend how he might have loved Clarinda, deeply and fondly, without degrading her by illicit passion.

RUDOLPH HERTZMAN.

Original Poetry.

THE DYING ONE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF MATTHISON.

WELCOME ! Thou art the only tear
 My tired eyes shall know ;
 Clearly is shadowed in thy sphere
 This earth my home below.
 Swiftly as mist of spring-tide flies
 My dream of Life is flown,
 While of the buds of Paradise
 The Seraphs weave my crown.

Thou, with thy toiling, dusty crowds,
 Oh Earth, afar dost flee,
 While Heaven opens through the clouds
 The Weary One to free ;
 And clearly streams the Morning Light,
 A new day doth outflow,
 Oh, Land ! in thee no heavy blight
 My heart shall ever know.

Hark ! in the Holy Grove of Palms
 The stream of Life doth roll,—
 I hear the sound of angels' psalms
 Greeting a sister soul ;
 Upward, as with strong eagle's wings,
 To Light's Great Source I fly ;
 Death ! where is now thy bitter sting ?
 Grave ! where thy victory ?

MARIA LOWELL.

A TALE OF LUZON.

SIT the old man in his dwelling, 'neath the lowly roof of reeds,
 To himself his sorrows telling, as a hermit tells his beads,—
 'Mid the hush of glowing noontide scarce a leaf stirs in the breeze,
 Where it floateth, perfume-laden, lightly o'er the citron trees,
 And a silver fount is flashing in the sunlight near the door,
 Making music with its plashing, rippling o'er the pebbly floor.
 But the old man, all unheeding, sits in loneliness apart,
 Still the page of memory reading deeply traced upon his heart.
 Lo, he weepeth ! No one seeth where the tear adown his vest
 Trickles o'er the scapulary hanging low upon his breast.
 But anon he reverent bending crosses thrice his furrowed brow,
 And his voice is utterance lending to his plaintive spirit now—

" Holy Mother ! Mother ! hear me !
 Hear a sorrowing heart complain—
 Earthly sorrow once came near thee,
 Thou hast suffered mortal pain.
 To the World's polluted altars
 I from holier temples turned,
 And my heart, as 'twere a censer,
 There before mine idol burned,
 As the tree her odorous incense
 Poureth ever to the sun—
 I have found the God I worshipped
 But a base parhelion !
 Life's bright visions all have left me
 Where my hopes lie crushed and strown ;
 Time of all I loved hath left me,
 And I am alone—alone !
 Yet my soul, amid the ashes
 Where I sit with memory,
 Through the tears that cloud my lashes,
 Star of Heaven ! looks up to thee !"

Now, a bird swan-white, and shaking drops like diamonds from his plumes,
 Springs from out the glancing fountain, and across the garden blooms,
 Bright as 'twere a heavenly sunbeam, darteth through the open door—
 Swan-white, enters like a spirit from the far Elysian shore.
 Thrice the old man round he circles in a viewless, airy ring,
 Then upon the rude stone table, folding down each snowy wing,

Silently the white bird perches close beside the old man's place,
 And with eyes clear, soft, and luminous, looketh in his sorrowing face.

Lo ! the sun, long past its zenith, hasteth on to other lands,
 And no more the old man leaneth down his brow upon his hands,
 But beneath the glowing sunset in his cottage door he stands.
 None may know what words of comfort the swan-white bird could impart,
 But joy lights the old man's visage, and sweet peace is in his heart.

MARY E. HEWITT.

NATIONAL NOMENCLATURE.

OUR attention has been called to the following resolution, which was presented and acted upon at a late meeting of the New York Historical Society :

"Resolved, That a committee be appointed to inquire and report whether it be not expedient that some effort, and if so, what should be made, to give a proper name to the country."

We are glad to see from this, that intelligent minds are at length roused to the importance of giving our country a title, which shall distinguish it from the vast continent of which it forms only a portion. A few individuals have long felt its want of a *proper name*, but we do not recollect that any direct effort to obtain one has been made until now.

When thought is once given to this subject, it seems strange that our anomalous deficiency has not been more generally observed. But at home it gives little or no inconvenience. We are understood when we speak of "this country" and "our country." A sense of our want is not forced upon us until intercourse with other nations commences. Then we discover how general an idea is attached to the words America and American. They call up no distinct associations of locality. Speak of an American belonging to any other part of this continent, and he is so fortunate as to have a distinguishing appellation. He is a Canadian, a Mexican, a Brazilian, a Peruvian, a Chilian,—a man that bears his country in his name. But what are the people of our confederacy ? To be known we must be described. We are "inhabitants of the United States of North America,"—a ridiculous, but unavoidable circumlocution, which, after all, strictly implies only that we live in this particular portion of the world, and not that we are native to its soil, and can, by birthright, claim it as *our country*. When we think of a Greek or Roman, it is with associations of country and history, that at once give him character and interest. And why should not we, too, link to our history and destiny some word that shall be our fitting representative ? Surely there is enough to suggest one in our land of beauty and promise, in what we have been, and are, and hope to be.

Were a suitable name once chosen, we cannot imagine any serious difficulty in bringing it into general use. It is our national boast that the greatest obstacle cannot daunt us. Here they are few and trifling. We have not to conquer any strong attachment to an old title, nor to soothe a popular dislike to needed change. Let it be authorized by government, and a year or two would suffice to carry the chosen name, through teachers, into our numerous academies and common schools, and into new editions of all our popular geographies. While children would be catching it at their studies, their parents would soon become familiar with it, through newspapers and public documents.

The obvious want of a proper name for our country, and the ease with which an attractive one might be brought into general use, suggest an inquiry as to the word which we shall adopt. Columbia is a name that has often been applied to us by poets and fourth of July orators, but is not one that has caught the public fancy. Nor can we see any appropriateness in giving the name of the great discoverer, to only a portion of the mighty continent which he made known to the civilized world. His fame is a common heritage, and his name properly belongs to the whole. Another objection to adopting it for ourselves exclusively, is that it has been already applied to a republic now unfortunately in fragments.

Washington Irving proposes the fine old Indian word Appalachia. This has the great merit of significance. It brings to mind not only that extinct race beyond whom even no Indian tradition can go, but also the great natural features of our country upon which they have left the record of their

names and labors. The interest which would attach to it is common to the Union. We have scarcely a State or Territory in which some vestiges of the lost race do not appear. Their expressive names cling to our mountain peaks, and theirs are the most wonderful monuments of human skill that rise in the midst of our prairies and valleys.

Mr. Field, the mover of the resolution in the Historical Society, has heretofore proposed that, as a nation, we take the name of America, and bestow Columbia upon the continent. The history of the last century is sufficient proof that greater changes than this have been effected in the names of kingdoms and republics. Custom would not, therefore, present an insurmountable obstacle. A little confusion would naturally arise from it at first, though it could neither be of great extent nor long continuance. The words North and South Columbia, would express all that we now mean by North and South America. As every country contained in them beside our own, has its distinct appellation, they could not long feel any inconvenience from the change. It would scarcely be felt in any but public transactions. We have to choose between a name for ourselves or one for the continent. In discontinuing the present name of the continent, we change the word which is least frequently used. Were common consent once obtained, it would evidently be easy to accomplish this.

America is a name most obviously appropriate to our country. In our early existence as a people, it was virtually given to us. We were called the American colonies; our national legislature was the American Congress; and we achieved our independence as *Americans*. It is the name naturally applied to us in all but our foreign and official relations.

One important consideration in this change, would be the appropriate act of justice it would render to the great navigator who has been so unworthily robbed of this slight reward for his years of patient and persevering toil. It has long been felt proper that his name should belong to at least some portion of his discovery, but it would be far more fitting and just, that the common land he found should in common bear his name.

For ourselves, we care little whether Apalachia or America become our national title, or what other is chosen in their place, if neither of these will suit the public taste, so that it be only one that shall fall pleasantly on our ears, while it becomes a watchword to awaken high thoughts and purposes. Let it be one that we shall love to see linked with that national literature which is even now springing up in our midst, and which will become more characteristic with every successful effort to make our country true to itself, and less imitative even in so small a thing as its names.

So far as the Committee appointed by the Historical Society under the resolution we have quoted, are concerned, we are sure of the faithful and competent discharge of the duty assigned them. All bring to it a hearty love of country, a deep sense of our great want as a people, and a warm admiration of those beautiful Indian names which are passing from our hills and waters with every successive year.

The above well-written article is furnished by a correspondent whose opinions we highly value. In this case, however, we give our vote for Apalachia—first, because it is distinctive; America is not, and can never be made so. We may legislate as much as we please, and assume for our country whatever name we think right—but to us it will be no name, properly so called, unless we can take it away from the regions which employ it at present. Now South America is America, and will insist on remaining so. We give our vote for Apalachia, secondly, because it is indigenous, springing from the country itself, or from one of its most magnificent and distinctive features—thirdly, because in employing it, we do honor to the Aborigines, whom, hitherto, we have at all points unmercifully despooled, assassinated, and dishonored—fourthly, because in itself it is musical, and of sufficient length to have dignity and force—fifthly and lastly, because it is the suggestion of the most deservedly eminent among all the pioneers of American literature. It is but just that Mr. Irving should name the land, for which in Letters he first established a name.

NEW YORK GALLERY OF THE FINE ARTS.

Gentlemen—

In your article under this head, you have done some injustice (unintentional, no doubt) to those who have been instrumental in procuring the gallery for the public. The pictures of which you complain, were in the collection while it was private; those by Mr. Flagg were painted by him when quite young, and while he was under Mr. Reed's patronage. They were not placed in his gallery on account of their intrinsic merit, but because he wished to encourage one in whom he thought he saw talent of a high order. The family of Mr. Reed declined selling a part of the Gallery, nor would they sell it, except with the stipulation that it should remain entire.

The first movers in the matter discovered that there was a feeling among Mr. Reed's old friends, and business associates, which would secure the purchase of the collection, and they thought it a favorable opportunity to form the nucleus of a permanent gallery. They have not been disappointed; you will admit that such a beginning is better than none—you could not have had the *Coles and Mounts*, without the Flaggs. That there should be no picture in the collection by Inman or Page, is to be regretted, but may we not hope that some of their liberal friends will give each an order for a picture, to be presented to the gallery? this is the way in which it must increase, if at all. Most of our eminent artists, Cole, Mount, Durand, Shegogue, Chapman, Ingham, Edmonds, have promised to paint a picture and present it to the Institution. Several gentlemen have also engaged to give orders for the same purpose. If a gentleman presents a picture, he will, of course, make his own election as to who shall paint it. The writer does not agree with you that no *copy* should ever be in the gallery. Good copies may be of great service to young artists who cannot go abroad to see the originals.

You have made honorable mention of one gentleman, as being the most active in securing the collection. He would, no doubt, appreciate such an honor, but the facts are otherwise; the plan did not originate with him. Where so many have been active and liberal, it is invidious to mention names. It is not important who has the most. The gallery is commenced, and all that is now needed to secure its extension is liberality in purse and feeling.

S. J.

We give place to the above communication very cheerfully, but it does not allude to the chief cause of our remarks on the gallery, which was, the absence of any regulation in the Constitution or By-Laws in regard to the kind of works of Art to be added to it—seeing that once the gallery becomes possessed of a work, it can never in any manner be alienated. And the fact of there being some pictures in it of a character which, our correspondent admits, would not entitle them to a place in a public gallery of Art, suggested the necessity of some definite principle being fixed upon to prevent the admission of improper works hereafter. We intended to make no invidious distinction in naming any of the gentlemen who had been instrumental in founding the gallery, but mentioned those to whose exertions we believed the public to be most indebted. The paintings now belonging to the gallery are hardly proper subjects for criticism, owing to the peculiar circumstances which led to their purchase—but they are now public property; and being called "The New York Gallery of the Fine Arts," strangers who are ignorant of the causes that occasioned their collection, might look upon them as a singular collection of works of Art for the purpose of forming the nucleus of a gallery.

The artists who have volunteered to present pictures to the infant institution, deserve the thanks of the community; and it is hoped that there will not be wanting liberal-minded men of wealth to repay their generosity, by giving them orders for other pictures to be placed by their side. In this manner a gallery of American Art might be formed which would confer renown upon our city.

In regard to copies, we differ from our correspondent. All the principal galleries in Europe do contain copies, it is true, but a gallery of Art, to be really valuable, should be unique. We doubt whether an artist can benefit himself by studying any other than original works. What we hoped to see, when the New York gallery was first projected, was the foundation of a gallery of American Art; one that we could point to with pride, as the product of our own soil. Our country is so belittled by imitation and copyism, that we cannot but think that a collection of Original American works would have a beneficial effect in other departments, and lead to self-dependence in other things of seemingly greater importance than paintings and statues.

THE FINE ARTS.

Mr. A. L. Dick, of this city, has nearly ready for publication a steel engraving of the last supper by Leonardo da Vinci, copied from a proof impression of the engraving by Raffaelle Morghen, which was purchased by Mr. Allen, son-in-law of the late Luman Reed, of the widow of this celebrated engraver in Italy. The engraving cost Mr. Allen two hundred dollars. It is probably as fine an impression of this celebrated work as exists, and Mr. Dick has succeeded in producing a copy which can hardly be distinguished from the original.

The fate of this celebrated picture, the first great work of its immortal author, and the greatest of all his productions, forms the most curious episode in the history of Art. It was painted in the refectory of the Convent St. Maria della Grazia, on a wall twenty-eight feet in length; the figures being larger than life. Sixteen years after it was finished, Francis the First wanted to take it to Paris by removing the wall, but of course, he could not do it, which has always been regretted, for if he had done so the painting would have been preserved. In 1500 an inundation happened at Milan which overflowed the Convent and nearly effaced the colors of the picture, and by the middle of the century they had entirely faded. In 1652 a door was cut through the wall under the figure of Christ which destroyed the feet. In 1726 a bungling artist named Belotti, completed the work of destruction by painting over it entirely; and in 1770 another bungler named Mazza retouched it, leaving only three heads. In 1796 the French army occupied the convent and used the refectory for a stable, filling the consecrated place with hay. Something of the painting on the wall, though not of Leonardo's work, still remains and is religiously preserved. But the cartoons of the heads, which he sketched before he executed them in the large size, still exist, as well as many other parts of the picture which were copied by his scholars partly under his own supervision. The Cartoons are executed in black chalk and slightly colored; many of them are in England, and others in different parts of Italy. There is a Cartoon, the original size of the picture in the Leuchtenberg gallery at Munich, made by the Italian painter Bossi; and there have been many attempts to reproduce the picture, the most successful of which is the engraving of Raffaelle Morghen, which has served as a model for nearly all the copies that have been seen in this country, and is the one which Mr. Dick has used in producing his engraving. The picture is too well known to need any comments, but the artist, the great Leonardo, is not as well known as his merits should make him. Whenever painting is alluded to the names of Michel Angelo, Raffaelle, Titian and Correggio slip from the tongue as if by instinct, but the name of Leonardo should stand at the head of all painters. He was the greatest man of his century, at least, and he combined the largest variety of accomplishments, and the most brilliant genius, of any artist that ever lived. Any work from the mind of such a man must always be of enduring interest, and Mr. Dick has rendered the public a service by placing at their command for a comparatively trifling consideration, a reproduction of the greatest of all his works in the plastic arts.

Painters are now content to be only painters, or rather they are content to be hardly that, but Leonardo was a poet, a musician, an architect, an astronomer, a sculptor, a mathematician and a natural philosopher; and he excelled in all. We have, to be sure, in our own days a painter and a financier, which, perhaps, is as marvelous a combination as has even been known of opposite qualities; and in the case of Mr.

Morse we have a very ordinary painter and a very extraordinary philosopher, but these cases are rare. In Boston again they can boast of a painter, a poet, a sculptor, a musician and a *lawyer*, which is doubtless the strangest combination of all. Leonardo, Alberti, Michael Angelo and Raffaelle, were all painters and architects. But we have produced no painter-architect in modern times; although we have in our city a most promising painter who first distinguished himself by his architectural genius. We may have a painter-architect yet. Every architect should, indeed, be a painter, although every painter need not be an architect.

ARCHITECTURE.

We have lately had the pleasure of examining the plan for Stewart's new Store to be erected on the site of Washington Hall, in Broadway. It will occupy the whole ground, and be devoted entirely to the business of that establishment. In point of architectural embellishment it will form the finest and most remarkable feature of this noble street, unless some other building of finer proportions should be put up before it is completed. The front in Broadway will be white marble. The account given in the Mirror, some time since, of the court yard for carriages and so forth, of course never had an existence excepting in some *Chateau en Espagne* belonging to the Editor of that lively paper. The style of Architecture resembles somewhat the Palladian, and makes a nearer approach to some of the facades of the London Club houses than that of any building in the city. The store will be an ornament to the city when it is finished, and as a place of business we believe without a parallel in the world. The Architect is Mr. Trench, who has erected some of the finest street fronts in the country.

We should be glad to give an engraving of this beautiful front, but we cannot gain the consent of the Architect. There appears to be a strange feeling of jealousy among the profession which we can hardly account for, but which we believe to be the direct cause of the many disgraceful architectural follies that bring reproach upon our city. Instead of that mutual interchange of thought and commerce of opinion which in every profession lead to improvement and discoveries, the Architects of our city labor with as much secrecy as the old chemists did when they were seeking the transmutation of metals; and the design for a door or a cornice is locked up as carefully as though it were some new invention subject to a patent. One of the evil effects of this secrecy may be seen in the fronts of two houses now in the course of erection in Union Square: although of the same proportions, built of the same materials, and nearly of the same style, the effect of the buildings is entirely destroyed by a want of correspondence in the enrichments. The owners of the houses were desirous of building them alike, but the architects refused to exhibit their drawings and they were compelled to work regardless of each other. The two houses appear to be biting their thumbs at each other like the houses of Capulet and Montague.

The National Academy should institute an Architectural Department, and give a course of lectures on architectural experience, as well as in other departments of the fine arts. If any of our architects were men of genius they could not be guilty of this littleness of feeling, but would do something to infuse a proper sentiment into the whole body. Judging from the bitterness of spirit with which architects generally assail each other, we should say that they were the most jealous tribe in the world, and much more worthy of being called the *genus irritabile* than authors, who are as insensible to

reproof as cast iron when compared with them. The correspondents and essayists of the Architects' Journal, the Candidates and Dr. Fultons, are the most waspish tribe that we have met in print. It was the most amusing thing conceivable to read the trenchant attacks on Dickens which they used to keep up on account of Mr. Pecksniff: though they might quarrel among themselves, and fling brick bats and mortar at each other's heads, yet they all joined in the onslaught upon Mr. Pecksniff. Every hod carrier in the United Kingdom felt himself insulted by Dickens in making Pecksniff an architect. And in truth we did not much blame them. They had need. Every botch in the profession is now called a Pecksniff, and the Pecksniffian style of architecture is as common an expression as the Palladian or any other. It was a name the profession needed, and they have it.

THE CONCERT ROOM.

C O M P L I M E N T A R Y C O N C E R T S .

THIS innocent and easy method of "raising the wind," is becoming quite popular. We hear of quite a number of these charity concerts yet to come off. We are not informed of the names of the lucky individuals to be so honored, but we have no doubt that they will be found in every way worthy of public commiseration. We are truly at a loss to understand how any one possessing delicacy or refinement of feeling, can accept even at the hands of his friends so very equivocal a compliment. There is certainly no disgrace in being poor, but there certainly is disgrace in being as poor in heart as in pocket.

We do not mean to reflect upon any individual in these our remarks, but we wish to impress upon our professional brethren how much beneath, how derogatory to the general character and standing of musicians it is, to appeal to the public in the position of mendicants. Do we see the other learned professions in this degrading position? Does the lawyer, the artist, the physician, the divine, supplicate the commiseration of the public? No! they start in life to struggle with the world manfully—to watch and wait, to suffer and endure, but they scorn to blazon to the world their wants or necessities. The like respectable and honorable feeling should guide the conduct of those who follow a profession only less honorable than those above mentioned, because its followers, deficient in self-respect, strive not in the least to either elevate or sustain its character. It ceases to be a matter of wonder that society holds the musical profession in such light esteem, when we reflect upon the character of but too many who follow it. A recklessness of public opinion, a contempt for the wholesome forms and usages of society, a general intemperateness of conduct, and a laxity of principle in worldly concerns, are, we regret to say, distinguishing traits in but too many of the musical profession. There are, of course, many bright exceptions among our musicians, but these, alas! only serve to prove the rule.

For the failings of musicians, the public is in a measure to blame. There is a large class of persons who make theatres and music their hobbies; who glory in the society of these artists; who boast of their acquaintance; who hang round them, toady them, treat them, and in a measure force them into habits of dissipation. This custom exists in every degree of the profession, and if self-respect, and independent pride be not strong, the temptation proves too powerful to resist. By many of the profession this society is cultivated—for what? why, for the sake of making a benefit! For this paltry end, they sell character, standing, public respect and

private esteem. By many writers, the first benefit is considered the first step to degradation of character, and fully agreeing in the opinion, we would gladly see the system abolished altogether.

What is a complimentary concert, but a benefit in disguise? A few personal friends of the individual meet together (unknown to said individual, *of course*) and form themselves into a committee for the purpose of getting up a complimentary concert to said individual. What is their next step? Do they immediately subscribe for tickets to fill the room for their friend, out of their own pockets? O no! they issue advertisements and large posting bills, to allure the public, so that in plain truth, they (*the friends*) give him the *compliment*, *leaving the public to give him the benefit*. Faugh! the whole system is rotten, and smacks of commission, agency and connivance; and every right-minded person should disown it!

MADAME OTTO AND THE GERMAN SOCIETY.—We have been waiting in the expectation that some member of the committee of the above Society would give a satisfactory explanation of the slur cast upon Madame Otto, and of the reason of Signora Pico's engagement. Our attention was particularly called to this matter, by an able and truthful article in the Emporium a week or two since, in which the writer puts the question in every possible light. He remarks:

"Contrary to our expectation, we heard of no cause, no reason, why such a course was pursued, and why German artists, who are popular and are held in high estimation by our citizens generally, should be put aside; why their *gratuitous* services should be dispensed with, or why the funds of the Society, or rather the funds of the poor, should be deprived of a heavy sum of money, (at least \$200 or more) which must be paid for the services of Signora Pico."

The writer then clearly sets forth the claims of Madame Otto, to at least, the polite consideration of her countrymen, and remarks, that the committee were bound to ask her to give her aid, even if they did not intend to offer her a *consideration* for her services. We think so too, but we also maintain, that they were bound not only to ask her, but to pay her, *at the least*, glove and carriage money.

"But if we look upon the subject in another light, what right had these gentlemen to slight the lady in the manner they have done? Dared they to urge their preference against public opinion, popular favor, and the interest of the poor? They will tell us that Signora Pico will draw a larger audience to the Tabernacle! We doubt it. The great mass of persons who will visit that Concert, will be the German and American friends of the Society, and others who go from motives of charity. These will go, to benefit the fund, no matter what attraction might be offered."

All this is perfectly just and quite unexceptionable. We do not believe that Signora Pico drew twenty persons to the Concert of the Society. We do not believe in the extensive popularity of this lady; we do not believe either in its extent or in its stability, from the simple reason that there is not sufficient evidence of genius to warrant the immense expenditure of literary gas which has been let off upon various occasions of this lady's appearance. The systematic putting was, however, ingeniously conceived, and ably executed. But this said gas is expensive to manufacture, and should the material fail, the supply will cease, and the inflated reputation collapses into nothing, leaving only the odor that "stinks in the nostrils," of the judicious and right thinking. Signora Pico needed none of this, for she is a talented and careful artiste, and would infallibly have won the public favor unheralded and unpuffed.

The writer in the Emporium, further on, very justly observes, that

"The same principle which should have induced them to engage Madame Otto should also have induced them to have had no other than a *German Director* for this German Concert, as long at least as one could be found fully capable for the task. We have every respect for Mr. U. C. Hill, both as a man and an artist, but we could have found some Germans at least as capable as conductors, and as popular as men. Mr. Timm, a German, talented as an artist, a great favorite with every body, and ever ready to respond to the calls of charity; Mr. Wiegers, who, at the late Philharmonic Concert proved himself one of the best conductors we have, and a number of others. There would have been a show of justice and nationality in patronizing their own countrymen."

We fully coincide with the opinions here expressed. It is disgraceful in the committee to have chosen any other than a German Director, and it shows a littleness of spirit and want of national feeling in the Germans composing the orchestra, that they did not resist the implied

imputation that the city could boast of no German professor capable of conducting such a concert.

We hear that the fact of Signora Pico being engaged, was taken as a precedent, by many of the German instrumentalists. They naturally said—if Signora Pico, a foreigner, in no way connected with the objects of the Society, is engaged at an expense of some hundreds of dollars, to the exclusion of German vocalists, why should we be made the catspaw of the committee, who, by the means of our gratuitous services, can afford to remunerate an alien to our name? And thus arguing, we are told, that many insisted upon being paid for their assistance.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

"*My Bark which o'er the tide?*" Barcarole, from the new Opera of the Daughter of St. Mark, composed by M. W. Balfe.

"*Erin's Land my Home.*" Words by Henry Russell; Music by N. J. Sporle.

"*Once upon a time,*" written by R. H. Taylor, dedicated to Mrs. J. E. Lodge, composed by Miss Augusta Browne.

"*Tubal Cain.*" Written by Charles Mackay, Esq.; composed by Henry Russell.

The above are published by W. H. Oakes, and sold by E. H. Wade, 197 Washington street, Boston.

The first on the list is one of the most popular songs from the last new Opera by Balfe. This composer is so prolific in his powers of production, that we scarcely feel safe in saying that such and such a piece is from the last work by Balfe, for there may be yet another. The Barcarole before us is a very pretty and flowing melody in G, 6-8 time. It is not for its originality—it is not for the science, that it charms the ear, but it cannot fail to be popular with every one.

The second song is by N. J. Sporle. This is a pretty ballad, and somewhat above the usual run of this gentleman's compositions. The air is easy and familiar, and the words breathe a noble and elevated sentiment.

The next song, by Miss Augusta Browne, would be a very pretty and pleasing song if the last twelve bars of each verse were left out. The six bars marked *con Multo Sentimento*, bear no relation to those which go before, or to those which follow after. They interrupt the movement of the song, and offer no point of consequence sufficient to warrant the interruption. The accompaniments show a marked improvement in Miss Browne's writing, but we advise her to abolish the arpeggio mark with which all her writings abound, for it is a vulgarity in style, and is rarely used, except for some very visible effect, by writers of any reputation.

Tubal Cain! The only merit which Mr. Russell can claim for this song, is the evidence of good taste in selecting such bold and pithy words, to make his music bearable. There is not one atom of originality, nor the slightest evidence of thought in the music, but the accompaniments show more than usual care, and are doubtless the work of one of the many poor and unemployed men of talent with which London abounds.

These songs are all got out in that elegant style for which Mr. Oakes is so justly celebrated.

MUSICAL ITEMS.

We hear that Mr. Perabeau intends producing the *Lobgesang*, of Mendelssohn, at a concert shortly.

Mr. J. A. Kyle, the talented flutist, gave a concert at Newark, assisted by Madame Pico and Signor Sanquirico, Miss De Luce, and Mr. W. A. King. We regret to hear, that in spite of the liberality displayed by the Beneficiary, the room was not half filled. What becomes of the immensely attractive power of Pico's name?

A large number of German instrumentalists gave a concert at Niblo's last week. We are not acquainted with the result, as we did not receive any tickets at our office.

Ole Bul has left New Orleans, where his success has been doubtful. Wherever this artist goes he always squabbles with those he engages. The chief cause of his want of success, has been laid at the door of the poor orchestrians. His Niagara and the Solitude of the Prairie, have been severely handled by the New Orleans press.

We expect a whole host of wandering nightingales to visit us from the south, in the course of the next two months.

We hear nothing of the new opera house; nor of the short season at Palmo's with the Italians now in this city; nor of the proposed managerial speculation of Signor De Begnis.

The first soirée of the New York Vocal Society comes off at the Minerva Rooms this evening.

The last Philharmonic concert takes place early in the ensuing month.

The Misses Bramson have been very successful in Baltimore.

The choirs of the Catholic churches in New York, have been in a most unquiet state for the past month. Changes have taken place in nearly all of them. St. Peter's, St. James', St. Joseph's, the Cathedral, and others, have changed organists, singers, &c. &c. One or two Episcopal churches have been in the same state.

—We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Mr. Warner, who is, without doubt, the most successful class teacher in the city. He has had many years' experience, and has instructed a vast number in this city. We can conscientiously recommend all those anxious to study music by this system, to place themselves under Mr. Warner's instruction.

MISCELLANY.

Mrs. R. S. NICHOLS.—Mrs. Nichols, of Cincinnati, is one of our most imaginative and vigorous poets. We have lately fallen upon a copy of "An Address of the Carriers of the Cincinnati Daily American Republican to its Patrons, for January, 1845." This is the composition of Mrs. Nichols; and although we should scarcely look for anything very original in a New-Year's Address, still there is a great deal both of originality and of other high merit here. We quote at random a stanza or two, not hoping, of course, to convey any just idea of the skill manifested in the *general conduct* of the poem—that point which is so severe a test of the artist:

Bride of my youthful days, gentle and fair,
Low lies thy grave at the portals of Time!
Wrapt in thy shroud of long sunshiny air,
The hours upborne by the wings of the air,
Entombed thee in love, singing dirges sublime!

* * * * *
Thin grew my whitened beard—moistened my eye;
Faint was my voice's tone—languished my heart;
Then, in my dreary age, AUTUMN drew nigh,
Like a sweet angel of love from the sky,
Ready to act the Samaritan's part!

* * * * *
Oft, when the glowing stars—footprints of God!—
Lit up the earth with a holier light,
We o'er each pleasant place falteringly trod,
Wailing the fate of the brown-fading sod
That shrunk from our steps, as if fearing a blight.

Down by a flashing rill, winding in shade,
Leaping to sunlight in gladness and mirth,
We, in a softened mood, pleasantly made
A couch, where the streamlet a monody played—
A death-song for one of the brightest of Earth!

Pale grew the berries red, close at our feet;
Wan looked the wanling Moon over our head;
Then moaned the hollow winds, winged and fleet,
And Autumn folded her white winding-sheet,
While Winter approached, and enshrouded the dead!

The rhythm here is anapaestic—by no means an usual one with us, and requiring much art in the handling. There are some lapses, to be sure, in all the stanzas except the second one quoted, which is rhythmically perfect. Even the lapses, however, or variations, are strictly defensible, and show that Mrs. Nichols has, at all events, a well cultivated ear.

MR. HUDSON.—We are rejoiced to learn that this new lecturer on Shakspeare, has met with sufficient encouragement to induce him to commence another course of lectures in New York. Not that we think the public greatly needs enlightening on this subject, or that Mr. Hudson will be likely to create a new interest in Shakspeare, but because it is encouraging to know that there is a sufficient number of people in our community willing to patronise genius, when genius will take the pains to make itself known. We have no doubt of there being at least a thousand young men in our city, as fully competent to instruct, or amuse the public, as Mr. Hudson, who will never be heard of, simply because they have not energy enough to force themselves out of their studies and dusty offices into the world; or because they fear there is not intelligence enough to appreciate their talents. It may be thought that Mr. Hudson's very peculiar manner attracts a great part of his audiences, but we believe that his manner keeps away many more than it attracts. For ourselves, we wonder that anybody can be induced to listen to him a second time; perhaps, if we had survived the first lecture that we attended, we could have gone again, but that was impossible. Such was the peculiar effect of his drawing enunciation upon our nerves, that after sitting fifteen minutes in the sound of his voice, the marrow in our bones began to dissolve, our teeth were set on edge as by the filing of a saw, and chills crept

over us like an ague-fit; to have listened a moment longer would have induced a paralysis, or something worse; and we did not begin to resume our usual serenity until we had been jolted in an omnibus from the Stuyvesant Institute to Bowling-green. There is a member of Congress from Massachusetts, of the same name as Mr. Hudson, to whom he bears a very strong resemblance in his speech and countenance. We remember having heard the Hon. Mr. Hudson make a speech in Congress, in which he repeated two or three dozens of times, the phrase "yaller corn from Virginny," and every time that any body laughed, he laughed with them. His speech was a sensible speech enough, notwithstanding the "yaller corn," and the lectures of his name-sake are not a whit the less valuable to those who can listen to them, for being delivered in the worst provincial drawl that ever wounded a human ear.

We have heard Mr. Hudson (Shakspeare Hudson) called a humbug, but a humbug he is not. He is a quack, without question; such a quack as Shakspeare himself was, and such a quack as every man of genius must be, who is not a regular practitioner. It is not likely that there is a professor of elocution in the world who would consent that Mr. Hudson should open his mouth in public. But what are professors of elocution to him? he is a professor himself.

NEWSPAPER COURTESIES.—There is no class of public servants, who owe their success to the aid of each other, more than newspaper editors; none, who have it in their power to do each other so much harm, or so much good. A certain editor holds the daily control of the opinions of a certain circle, who look to him for information on all subjects which they lack opportunities of becoming personally acquainted with, themselves, and he may, by a good word, or an ill one, make or mar the fortunes of his brethren of the press with his own readers. It is this sense of general dependence which has led to a certain degree of conventional courtesy among our newspaper editors, which is often carried to the extreme of amenity, almost ridiculous, and has rendered downright malicious abuse, sometimes called spicy writing, acceptable in its place. We are as yet too young to regard our own censure or applause of any particular consequence to any of our elder brethren, but it shall be our aim, as it has been, to speak candidly of the merits and demerits of those with whom we come in contact, and we ask for nothing more in return. Much harm, it is confessed on all sides, has been done to every kind of art, newspaper writing included, by the indiscriminate puffs of the press. The public have been often grossly wronged, and real merit insulted by such a course, which is beginning generally to be abandoned. For ourselves, we set our faces against all puffs, unless paid for as advertisements, and then they deceive nobody. The time has nearly gone by, when editors were presented with remarkable gooseberries, and baskets of very red strawberries, as an inducement to write an article worth a dozen times the thing presented, in glorification of the donor.

THE SATURDAY EMPORIUM.—There is an excellent weekly paper with this title published in New York, by Ward & Co., of Ann street. It so happens we have never seen more than three numbers of it, the last of which contained an imputation upon our editorial honesty, which we felt bound to answer; and being struck with the generally agreeable tone of its articles, its enormous size, and neat appearance, we took that occasion to state the same to our friend, the public. It so happened also that we had just read a paragraph which has been pretty generally circulated the last three months, informing the poor that a sheet of brown paper would make a warmer coverlid for a bed than an ordinary rose blanket; and it seemed to us that a poor family could not do a better thing this cold weather, than to provide themselves with a paper for a sixpence, which would answer the double purpose of a "quilt by night, a library by day," which we said.

It appears that the Emporium regards this as a doubtful compliment, but it appears to us that we could not have paid it a more unequivocal one. However, the Emporium says it prefers the calumet of peace, to the tomahawk of war. Very good. Then put this in your pipe and smoke it; and when you copy any thing from our columns again, have the kindness to give us credit for it.

To READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—We again thank R. H.
Shall we not soon hear from P. P. C., of Va.?
We return our warmest acknowledgments to the author of the "Tale of Luzon"—also to our esteemed friend, M. L. L.
Is there no hope of our hearing from "Ellen" of the C. M.?
The Communication from "M. of Albany," is received. It will appear at the first convenient opportunity.

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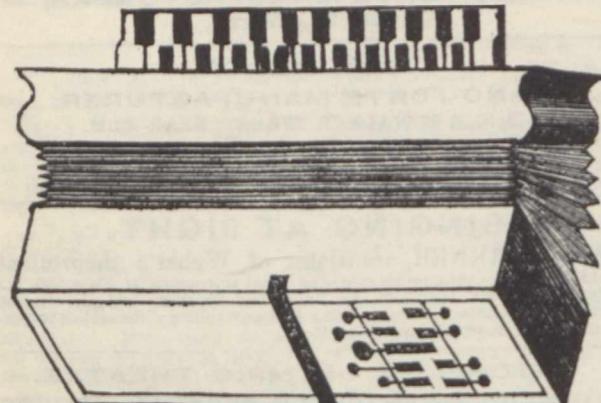
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