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## The Village Street.

In these rapid, restless shadows,  
Once I walked at eventide,  
When a gentle, silent maiden,  
Walked in beauty at my side.  
She alone there walked beside me  
All in beauty, like a bride.

Pallidly the moon was shining  
On the dewy meadows nigh;  
On the silvery, silent rivers,  
On the mountains far and high,—  
On the ocean's star-lit waters,  
Where the winds a-weary die.

Slowly, silently we wandered  
From the open cottage door,  
Underneath the elm's long branches  
To the pavement bending o'er;  
Underneath the mossy willow  
And the dying sycamore.

With the myriad stars in beauty  
All bedight, the heavens were seen  
Radiant hopes were bright around me,  
Like the light of stars serene;  
Like the mellow midnight splendor  
Of the Night's irradiate queen.

Audibly the elm leaves whispered  
Peaceful, pleasant melodies,  
Like the distant murmured music  
Of unquiet, lovely seas;  
While the winds were hushed in slumber  
In the fragrant flowers and trees.

Wondrous and unwonted beauty  
Still adorning all did seem,  
While I told my love in fables  
'Neath the willows by the stream;  
Would the heart had kept unspoken  
Love that was its rarest dream!

Instantly away we wandered  
In the shadowy twilight tide,  
She, the silent, scornful maiden,  
Walking calmly at my side,  
With a step serene and stately,  
All in beauty, all in pride.

Vacantly I walked beside her,  
On the earth mine eyes were cast;  
Swift and keen there came unto me  
Bitter memories of the past—  
On me, like the rain in Autumn  
On the dead leaves, cold and fast.  
  
Underneath the elms we parted;  
By the lowly cottage door;  
One brief word alone was uttered —  
Never on our lips before;

And away I walked forlornly,  
Broken-hearted evermore.

Slowly, silently I loitered,  
Homeward, in the night, alone;  
Sudden anguish bound my spirit,  
That my youth had never known;  
Wild unrest, like that which cometh  
When the Night's first dream hath flown.

Now, to me the elm-leaves whisper  
Mad, discordant melodies,  
And keen memories like shadows  
Haunt the moaning willow trees,  
And the sycamores with laughter  
Mock me in the nightly breeze.

Sad and pale the Autumn moonlight  
Through the sighing foliage streams;  
And each morning, midnight shadow,  
Shadow of my sorrow seems;  
Strive, O heart, forget thine idol!  
And, O soul, forget thy dreams!

A. M. IDE.

## Diddling Considered as one of the Exact Sciences.

Hey, diddle diddle,  
The cat and the fiddle.

Since the world began there have been two Jeremys. The one wrote a Jeremiad about usury, and was called Jeremy Bentham. He has been much admired by Mr. John Neal, and was a great man in a small way. The other gave name to the most important of the Exact Sciences, and was a great man in a *great* way—I may say, indeed, in the very greatest of ways.

Diddling—or the abstract idea conveyed by the verb to diddle—is sufficiently well understood. Yet the fact, the deed, the thing *diddling*, is somewhat difficult to define. We may get, however, at a tolerably distinct conception of the matter in hand, by defining—not the thing, diddling, in itself—but man, as an animal that diddles. Had Plato but hit upon this, he would have been spared the affront of the picked chicken.

Very pertinently it was demanded of Plato, why a picked chicken, which was clearly a “biped without feathers,” was not, according to his own definition, a man? But I am not to be bothered by any similar query. Man is an animal that diddles, and there is no animal that diddles *but* man. It will take an entire hen-coop of picked chickens to get over that.

What constitutes the essence, the nare, the principle of diddling is, in fact, peculiar to the class of creatures that wear coats and pantaloons. A crow theives; a fox cheats; a weasel outwits; a man diddles. To diddle is his destiny. “Man was made to mourn,” says the poet. But not so:—he was made to diddle. This is his aim—his ob ect—his end

And for this reason when a man's diddled we say he's "*done*."

Diddling, rightly considered, is a compound, of which the ingredients are minuteness, interest, perseverance, ingenuity, audacity, *nonchalance*, originality, impertinence, and *grin*.

*Minuteness* :—Your diddler is minute. His operations are upon a small scale. His business is retail, for cash, or approved paper at sight. Should he ever be tempted into magnificent speculation, he then, at once, loses his distinctive features, and becomes what we term "financier." This latter word conveys the diddling idea in every respect except that of magnitude. A diddler may thus be regarded as a banker *in petto*—a "financial operation," as a diddle at Brobdignag. The one is to the other, as Homer to "Flaccus"—as a Mastodon to a mouse—as the tail of a comet to that of a pig.

*Interest* :—Your diddler is guided by self-interest. He scorns to diddle for the mere *sake* of the diddle. He has an object in view—his pocket—and yours. He regards always the main chance. He looks to Number One. You are Number Two, and must look to yourself.

*Perseverance* :—Your diddler perseveres. He is not readily discouraged. Should even the banks break, he cares nothing about it. He steadily pursues his end, and

*Ut canis a corio nunquam absterrebitur uncto,*

so he never lets go of his game.

*Ingenuity* :—Your diddler is ingenious. He has constructiveness large. He understands plot. He invents and circumvents. Were he not Alexander he would be Diogenes. Were he not a diddler, he would be a maker of patent rat-traps or an angler for trout.

*Audacity* :—Your diddler is audacious.—He is a bold man. He carries the war into Africa. He conquers all by assault. He would not fear the daggers of the Frey Herren. With a little more prudence Dick Turpin would have made a good diddler; with a trifle less blarney, Daniel O'Connell; with a pound or two more brains, Charles the Twelfth.

*Nonchalance* :—Your diddler is *nonchalant*. He is not at all nervous. He never had any nerves. He is never seduced into a flurry. He is never put out—unless put out of doors. He is cool—cool as a cucumber. He is calm—"calm as a smile from Lady Bury." He is easy—easy as an old glove, or the damsels of ancient Baiæ.

*Originality* :—Your diddler is original—conscientiously so. His thoughts are his own. He would scorn to employ those of another. A stale trick is his aversion. He would return a purse, I am sure, upon discovering that he had obtained it by an unoriginal diddle.

*Impertinence* :—Your diddler is impertinent. He swaggers. He sets his arms a-kimbo. He thrusts his hands in his trowsers' pockets. He sneers in your face. He treads on your corns. He eats your dinner, he drinks your wine, he borrows your money, he pulls your nose, he kicks your poodle, and he kisses your wife.

*Grin* :—Your *true* diddler winds up all with a *grin*. But this nobody sees but himself. He grins when his daily work is done—when his allotted labors are accomplished—at night in his own closet, and altogether for his own private entertainment. He goes home. He locks his door. He divests himself of his clothes. He puts out his candle. He gets into bed. He places his head upon the pillow. All this done, and your diddler *grins*. This is no hypothesis. It is a matter of course. I reason *a priori*, and a diddle would be *no* diddle without a *grin*.

The origin of the diddle is referrible to the infancy of the Human Race. Perhaps the first diddler was Adam. At

all events, we can trace the science back to a very remote period of antiquity. The moderns, however, have brought it to a perfection never dreamed of by our thick-headed progenitors. Without pausing to speak of the "old saws," therefore, I shall content myself with a compendious account of some of the more "modern instances."

A very good diddle is this. A housekeeper in want of a sofa, for instance, is seen to go in and out of several cabinet warehouses. At length she arrives at one offering an excellent variety. She is accosted, and invited to enter, by a polite and voluble individual at the door. She finds a sofa well adapted to her views, and, upon inquiring the price, is surprised and delighted to hear a sum named at least twenty per cent. lower than her expectations. She hastens to make the purchase, gets a bill and receipt, leaves her address, with a request that the article be sent home as speedily as possible, and retires amid a profusion of bows from the shopkeeper. The night arrives and no sofa. The next day passes, and still none. A servant is sent to make inquiry about the delay. The whole transaction is denied. No sofa has been sold—no money received—except by the diddler who played shop-keeper for the nonce.

Our cabinet warehouses are left entirely unattended, and thus afford every facility for a trick of this kind. Visitors enter, look at furniture, and depart unheeded and unseen. Should any one wish to purchase, or to inquire the price of an article, a bell is at hand, and this is considered amply sufficient.

Again, quite a respectable diddle is this. A well-dressed individual enters a shop; makes a purchase to the value of a dollar; finds, much to his vexation, that he has left his pocket-book in another coat pocket: and so says to the shop-keeper—

"My dear sir, never mind!—just oblige me, will you, by sending the bundle home? But stay! I really believe that I have nothing less than a five dollar bill, even *there*. However, you can send four dollars in change with the bundle, you know."

"Very good, sir," replies the shop-keeper, who entertains, at once, a lofty opinion of the high-mindedness of his customer. "I know fellows, he says to himself, "who would just have put the goods under their arm, and walked off with a promise to call and pay the dollar as they came by in the afternoon."

A boy is sent with the parcel and change. On the route, quite accidentally, he is met by the purchaser, who exclaims:

"Ah! this is my bundle, I see—I thought you had been home with it, long ago. Well, go on! My wife, Mrs. Trotter, will give you the five dollars—I left instructions with her to that effect. The change you might as well give to me—I shall want some silver for the Post Office. Very good! One, two,—is this a good quarter?—three, four—quite right! Say to Mrs. Trotter that you met me, and be sure now and do not loiter on the way."

The boy does n't loiter at all—but he is a very long time in getting back from his errand—for no lady of the precise name of Mrs. Trotter is to be discovered. He consoles himself, however, that he has not been such a fool as to leave the goods without the money, and re-entering his shop with a self satisfied air, feels sensibly hurt and indignant when his master asks him what has become of the change.

A very simple diddle, indeed, is this. The captain of a ship which is about to sail, is presented by an official looking person, with an unusually moderate bill of city charges. Glad to get off so easily, and confused by a hundred duties

pressing upon him all at once, he discharges the claim forthwith. In about fifteen minutes, another and less reasonable bill is handed him by one who soon makes it evident that the first collector was a diddler, and the original collection a diddle.

And here, too, is a somewhat similar thing. A steamboat is casting loose from the wharf. A traveller, portmanteau in hand, is discovered running towards the wharf at full speed. Suddenly, he makes a dead halt, stoops, and picks up something from the ground in a very agitated manner. It is a pocket book, and—"Has any gentleman lost a pocket book?" he cries. No one can say that he has exactly lost a pocket-book; but a great excitement ensues, when the treasure trove is found to be of value. The boat however, must not be detained.

"Time and tide wait for no man," says the captain.

"For God's sake, stay only a few minutes," says the finder of the book—"the true claimant will presently appear."

"Can't wait!" replies the man in authority; "cast off there, d'ye hear?"

"What am I to do?" asks the finder, in great tribulation. "I am about to leave the country for some years, and I cannot conscientiously retain this large amount in my possession. I beg your pardon, sir," [here he addresses a gentleman on shore,] "but you have the air of an honest man. Will you confer upon me the favor of taking charge of this pocket-book—I know I can trust you—and of advertising it? The notes, you see, amount to a very considerable sum. The owner will, no doubt, insist upon rewarding you for your trouble—"

"Me!—no, you!—it was you who found the book."

"Well, if you must have it so—I will take a small reward—just to satisfy your scruples. Let me see—why these notes are all hundreds—bless my soul! a hundred is too much to take—fifty would be quite enough, I am sure—"

"Cast off there!" says the captain.

"But then I have no change for a hundred, and upon the whole, you had better"—

"Cast off there!" says the captain.

"Never mind!" cries the gentleman on shore, who has been examining his own pocket-book for the last minute or so—"never mind! I can fix it—here is a fifty on the Bank of North America—throw me the book."

And the over-conscientious finder takes the fifty with marked reluctance, and throws the gentleman the book, as desired, while the steamboat fumes and fizzes on her way. In about half an hour after her departure, the "large amount" is seen to be "a counterfeit presentment," and the whole thing a capital diddle.

A bold diddle is this. A camp-meeting, or something similar, is to be held at a certain spot which is accessible only by means of a free bridge. A diddler stations himself upon this bridge, respectfully informs all passers by of the new county law, which establishes a toll of one cent for foot passengers, two for horses and donkeys, and so forth, and so forth. Some grumble but all submit, and the diddler goes home a wealthier man by some fifty or sixty dollars well earned. This taking a toll from a great crowd of people is an excessively troublesome thing.

A neat diddle is this. A friend holds one of the diddler's promises to pay, filled up and signed in due form, upon the ordinary blanks printed in red ink. The diddler purchases one or two dozen of these blanks, and every day dips one of them in his soup, makes his dog jump for it, and finally gives it to him as a *bonne bouche*. The note arriving at ma-

turity, the diddler, with the diddler's dog, calls upon the friend, and the promise to pay is made the topic of discussion. The friend produces it from his *escritoire*, and is in the act of reaching it to the diddler, when up jumps the diddler's dog and devours it forthwith. The diddler is not only surprised but vexed and incensed at the absurd behavior of his dog, and expresses his entire readiness to cancel the obligation at any moment when the evidence of the obligation shall be forthcoming.

A very minute diddle is this. A lady is insulted in the street by a diddler's accomplice. The diddler himself flies to her assistance, and, giving his friend a comfortable thrashing, insists upon attending the lady to her own door. He bows, with his hand upon his heart, and most respectfully bids her adieu. She entreats him, as her deliverer, to walk in and be introduced to her big brother and her papa. With a sigh, he declines to do so. "Is there *no* way, then, sir," she murmurs, "in which I may be permitted to testify my gratitude?"

"Why, yes, madam, there is. Will you be kind enough to lend me a couple of shillings?"

In the first excitement of the moment the lady decides upon fainting outright. Upon second thought, however, she opens her purse-strings and delivers the specie. Now this, I say, is a diddle minute—for one entire moiety of the sum borrowed has to be paid to the gentleman who had the trouble of performing the insult, and who had then to stand still and be thrashed for performing it.

Rather a small, but still a scientific diddle is this. The diddler approaches the bar of a tavern, and demands a couple of twists of tobacco. These are handed to him, when, having slightly examined them, he says:

"I don't much like this tobacco. Here, take it back, and give me a glass of brandy and water in its place."

The brandy and water is furnished and imbibed, and the diddler makes his way to the door. But the voice of the tavern-keeper arrests him.

"I believe, sir, you have forgotten to pay for your brandy and water."

"Pay for my brandy and water!—didn't I give you the tobacco for the brandy and water? What more would you have?"

"But sir, if you please, I do n't remember that you paid for the tobacco."

"What do you mean by that, you scoundrel?—Didn't I give you back your tobacco? Is n't *that* your tobacco lying *there*? Do you expect me to pay for what I did not take?"

"But, sir," says the publican, now rather at a loss what to say, "but, sir—"

"But me no buts, sir," interrupts the diddler, apparently in very high dudgeon, and slamming the door after him, as he makes his escape.—"But me no buts, sir, and none of your tricks upon travellers."

Here again is a very clever diddle, of which the simplicity is not its least recommendation. A purse, or pocket-book, being really lost, the loser inserts in *one* of the daily papers of a large city a fully descriptive advertisement.

Whereupon our diddler copies the *facts* of this advertisement, with a change of heading, of general phraseology, and *address*. The original, for instance, is long, and verbose, is headed "A Pocket-Book Lost!" and requires the treasure, when found, to be left at No. 1 Tom street. The copy is brief, and being headed with "Lost" only, indicates No. 2 Dick, or No. 3 Harry street, as the locality at which the owner may be seen. Moreover, it is inserted in at least

five or six of the daily papers of the day, while in point of time, it makes its appearance only a few hours after the original. Should it be read by the loser of the purse, he would hardly suspect it to have any reference to his own misfortune. But, of course, the chances are five or six to one, that the finder will repair to the address given by the diddler, rather than to that pointed out by the rightful proprietor. The former pays the reward, pockets the treasure and decamps.

Quite an analogous diddle is this. A lady of ton has dropped, somewhere in the street, a diamond ring of very unusual value. For its recovery, she offers some forty or fifty dollars reward—giving, in her advertisement, a very minute description of the gem, and of its settings, and declaring that, upon its restoration to No. so and so, in such and such Avenue, the reward will be paid *instanter*, without a single question being asked. During the lady's absence from home, a day or two afterwards, a ring is heard at the door of No. so and so, in such and such Avenue; a servant appears; the lady of the house is asked for and is declared to be out, at which astounding information, the visitor expresses the most poignant regret. His business is of importance and concerns the lady herself. In fact, he had the good fortune to find her diamond ring. But, perhaps it would be as well that he should call again. "By no means!" says the servant; and "By no means!" says the lady's sister and the lady's sister-in-law, who are summoned forthwith. The ring is clamorously identified, the reward is paid, and the finder nearly thrust out of doors. The lady returns, and expresses some little dissatisfaction with her sister and sister-in-law, because they happen to have paid forty or fifty dollars for a *fac-simile* of her diamond ring—a *fac-simile* made out of real pinchbeck and unquestionable paste.

But as there is really no end to diddling, so there would be none to this essay, were I even to hint at half the variations, or inflections, of which this science is susceptible. I must bring this paper, perforce, to a conclusion, and this I cannot do better than by a summary notice of a very decent, but rather elaborate diddle, of which our own city was made the theatre, not very long ago, and which was subsequently repeated with success, in other still more verdant localities of the Union. A middle-aged gentleman arrives in town from parts unknown. He is remarkably precise, cautious, staid, and deliberate in his demeanor. His dress is scrupulously neat, but plain, unostentatious. He wears a white cravat, an ample waistcoat, made with an eye to comfort alone; thick-soled cosy-looking shoes, and pantaloons without straps. He has the whole air, in fact, of your well-to-do, sober-sided, exact, and respectable "man of business," *par excellence*—one of the stern and outwardly hard, internally soft, sort of people that we see in the crack high comedies—fellows whose words are so many bonds, and who are noted for giving away guineas, in charity, with the one hand, while, in the way of mere bargain, they exact the uttermost fraction of a farthing, with the other.

He makes much ado before he can get suited with a boarding house. He dislikes children. He has been accustomed to quiet. His habits are methodical—and then he would prefer getting into a private and respectable small family, piously inclined. Terms, however, are no object—only he *must* insist upon settling his bill on the first of every month, (it is now the second) and begs his landlady, when he finally obtains one to his mind, *not* on any account, to forget his instructions upon this point—but to send in a bill, and receipt, precisely at ten o'clock, on the *first* day of every month, and under *no* circumstances to put it off to the second.

These arrangements made, our man of business rents an office in a reputable rather than in a fashionable quarter of the town. There is nothing he more despises than pretence. "Where there is much show," he says, "there is seldom anything very solid behind"—an observation which so profoundly impresses his landlady's fancy, that she makes a pencil memorandum of it forthwith, in her great family Bible, on the broad margin of the Proverbs of Solomon.

The next step is to advertise, after some such fashion as this, in the principal business sixpennies of this city—the pennies are eschewed as not "respectable"—and as demanding payment for all advertisements in advance. Our man of business holds it as a point of his faith that work should never be paid for until done.

**WANTED.**—The advertisers, being about to commence extensive business operations in this city, will require the services of three or four intelligent and competent clerks, to whom a liberal salary will be paid. The very best recommendations, not so much for capacity, as for integrity, will be expected. Indeed, as the duties to be performed, involve high responsibilities, and large amounts of money must necessarily pass through the hands of those engaged, it is deemed advisable to demand a deposit of fifty dollars from each clerk employed. No person need apply, therefore, who is not prepared to leave this sum in the possession of the advertisers, and who cannot furnish the most satisfactory testimonials of morality. Young gentlemen piously inclined will be preferred. Application should be made between the hours of ten and eleven, A. M., and four and five, P. M., of Messrs.

BOGGS, HOGS, LOGS, FROGS, & CO.

#### No. 110 Dog Street.

By the thirty-first day of the month, this advertisement has brought to the office of Messrs. Boggs, Hogs, Logs, Frogs and Company, some fifteen or twenty young gentlemen piously inclined. But our man of business is in no hurry to conclude a contract with any—no man of business is ever precipitate—and it is not until the most rigid catechism in respect to the piety of each young gentleman's inclination, that his services are engaged and his fifty dollars receipted for, *just* by way of proper precaution, on the part of the respectable firm of Boggs, Hogs, Logs, Frogs, and Company. On the morning of the first day of the next month, the landlady does *not* present her bill according to promise—a piece of neglect for which the comfortable head of the house ending in *ogs*, would no doubt have chided her severely, could he have been prevailed upon to remain in town a day or two for that purpose.

As it is, the constables have had a sad time of it, running hither and thither, and all they can do is to declare the man of business most emphatically, a "hen knee high"—by which some persons imagine them to imply that, in fact, he is n. e. i.—by which again the very classical phrase *non est inventus*, is supposed to be understood. In the meantime the young gentlemen, one and all, are somewhat less piously inclined than before, while the landlady purchases a shilling's worth of the best Indian rubber, and very carefully obliterates the pencil memorandum that some fool has made in her great family Bible, on the broad margin of the Proverbs of Solomon.

EDGAR A. POE.

#### TO F.—

Thou wouldest be loved?—then let thy heart  
From its present pathway part not!  
Being everything which now thou art,  
Be nothing which thou art not!

## Blanche.

Fairest where all is beautiful and bright!

M. D. GALLAGHER.

Thou of the sunny brow!  
Thou of the raven hair!  
Of cheeks where brighter roses grow  
Than any gardens bear—  
  
Thou of the deep jet eye!  
Of the clear ruby lip,  
Where untold depths of feeling lie—  
Sweets choicest are to sip—  
  
Thou of the queenly form!  
The stately step and air,  
As born to face Life's coldest storm,  
With soul to do and dare—  
  
Thou of the tender heart!  
The pure and lofty soul  
Which grace to thine each grace impart,  
And crown the beauteous whole—  
  
How shall I sing thy praise?  
Fairest and best of Earth?  
Oh! far the Poet's loftiest lays  
Must fail to reach thy worth!  
  
As to the HOLY ONE  
With proffered heart-felt vows,  
Is he who bentheth blest alone—  
Not HE to whom he bows—  
  
So our pure love must be  
Kindled by thine own rays;  
It can reflect no worth on thee,  
But only us who praise.  
  
And as, to that great source  
Which good to all imparts,  
Our faltering accents most lack force  
When fullest are our hearts,  
  
So we, who best approve  
Thy loveliness and worth,  
Still want for words to speak the love  
That in our hearts hath birth.  
  
Not for that thou art fair  
And beautiful alone,  
Though every bright endowment rare  
Of Beauty is thine own—  
  
Not for thy lofty brow—  
Thine eye of sparkling jet—  
Thy ruby lips—thy cheek's bright glow—  
Thy raven hair—nor yet  
  
For thy commanding form—  
Thy queenly step and air—  
Nor for thy face, though beauties swarm  
In rich profusion there—  
  
Oh! not for one, or each  
Of these bright gifts—thine all—  
Thou livest ever in our speech—  
Our blessings on thee fall,—  
  
But for thine inner self—  
The graces deeper set  
The wealth more worth than glittering pelf  
Gem, crown, or coronet.

For the ennobled mind  
With generous feelings fraught,  
Rich gifts of intellect, combined  
With pure and tender thought—  
  
The gentle heart, imbued  
With charity for all—  
The lofty soul—high, yet subdued  
To pity's softest call.  
  
The love for all are near—  
The self-forgetfulness—  
These are the traits that make thee dear,  
For these, thyself we bless.  
  
For these, till life departs,  
Through weal and woe the same,  
Of Earth's the deepest on our hearts  
Graven shall be thy name.

L. J. CIST.

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

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE VISION OF RUBETA."

## A C T. I I.

SCENE FIRST.—*The drawingroom as in Act 1, Scene 1. Enter CATHARINE, followed by DULRUSE.*

*Cath.* You carry your presumption, sir, rather too far for a gentleman. Or, are you so dull you cannot take a hint?

*Dulr.* So devoted that I will not take it. You have left the other room, Miss Clairvoir, to avoid me; and I have followed, because I will not be avoided.

*Cath.* Sir! sir!

*Dulr.* I say so, Miss Catharine. Love is not so easily repulsed.

*Cath.* This is too insolent! Leave me, sir, this instant: and, for your odious pretensions—

*Dulr.* But—

*Cath.* Odious pretensions, sir,—if you dare repeat them, my father shall forbid you the house. Go, sir.

*Dulr.* Madam, I cannot see what you mean by *odious*. If a sincere and respectful adoration—

*Cath.* Of twenty-five thousand dollars and large expectations—

*Dulr.* You mistake, you mistake. It is yourself, your bewitching person, your exalted character, that I adore; money is of no consideration, where—

*Cath.* It is so inconsiderable as with Miss Mildmay. Her poor five thousand, sir, are quite beneath the regards of an aspirer like Mr. Arnold Dulruse.

*Dulr.* [Aside.] Damnation!

*Cath.* You might as well swear louder, Mr. Dulruse. If you are ashamed that your meanness is detected, go and repeat it.

*Dulr.* Miss Clairvoir, do not be so hasty! Hear me. I did indeed once love your cousin—

*Catk.* Oh sir!

*Dulr.* But was it possible, when you were present—

*Cath.* To adore her longer? No! [Affecting pomposness.] Who sees the stars when the moon is in her glory? and when the golden sun arises in the orient, is not her silver round unnoticed in the west? Is that the style, sir? *Gold* and *silver*, you see: a great difference. There; you now perceive that you are laughed at, and you turn pale with rage. To be serious: have you forgotten that there is a person in the world by the name of Walton?

*Dulr.* But my mother—

*Cath.* Your mother?

*Dulr.* Don't speak so scornfully, Miss Clairvoir; that mother may be yours before long; yes, will be. Who is pale now? Come, Miss Catharine, let us talk reason. I have not only my mother's assurance—

*Cath.* But also your own, which is fully equal.

Dulr. But also your father approves of my passion. You may look incredulous. And what is more, he has not only taken me into favor, but Mr. Walton, he declares, shall never have you.

Cath. It is false; false as your pretended passion. I shall ask him this instant. [As she is going to the door, Dulruse puts himself in the way.] Stand out of my way, sir.

Dulr. But hear me.

Cath. Let me pass, this instant, as you value your safety. I have been, I see, too backward, too forbearing. I wished to spare Miss Mildmay's feelings, and I was silent; I did not care to involve Mr. Walton in a quarrel, and I forbore to tell him; and, for the sake of all concerned, I have withheld your preposterous and insulting declarations from Mr. Clairvoir: but, since this is misunderstood, my patience is at an end; and the next word that you dare address me on this subject, you shall hear your answer from one that will make more impression on you. Let me pass, sir. [Exit.]

Dulr. And the devil go with you, for a pert, insolent, purse-proud—Damnation! [Exit.]

SCENE II.—The dining-room at Mr. Clairvoir's. Enter LETTY, looking for something.

Letty. [Singing.]

"Still so gently o'er me stealing,  
Memory will bring back the feeling"—

Enter DULRUSE. He starts, looks pleased, then goes behind her cautiously, and, as she concludes the second verse, puts his hand about her waist.

Dulr. [Mimicking.] Fee-e-ling!

Lett. With a vengeance! [Extricating herself with a show of anger.] You are very free, Mr. Dulruse.

Dulr. I always am, my dear; quite at home with such pretty rogues as you. Delicious song, that,—must have left quite a bouquet on your lips: let me taste it. [Attempting to kiss her]

Lett. [Boxing his ears violently.] There, take that! And if you're so fond of bouquets, sir, you'd better let Miss Mildmay furnish you: you'll find too many thorns about my posy.

Dulr. Hark you, child! you may think yourself vastly witty; but, let me tell you, you are damned saucy.

Lett. I came to look for Miss Clairvoir's fan, sir, not to meet you. And now I've found it, I wish you more manners, and a good afternoon. [Curtsies contemptuously and is about to leave the room. Dulr. lays hold of her arm, and, in their struggles, he comes with his back against the door and closes it.] Let me go, sir, you'd better, for your own reputation.

Dulr. Yours, you mean. The door is now shut, hussy; and, if you'd have me forgive you that blow, you'll leave these airs for your betters.

Lett. My betters, sir! And who are they? Not you, nor your mother, I can tell you. Let me go.

Dulr. You are very pert.

Lett. You are very impertinent.

Dulr. For a chambermaid, my little black-eyed vixen, you have—

Lett. Too much penetration not to see through such a shallow ditch as you.

Dulr. Come, come! my angel of the bedquilts; though your eyes do flash fire—

Lett. They would find it hard to influence such a mouldy bit of tinder as you are. And so—[Struggling.]

Dulr. Take that, Miss Impudence. [Trying to kiss her.]

Lett. No; that, Mr. Fool! [Trusting the fan in his face.]

Dulr. Damn it, you minx; this is carrying the joke too far.

Lett. Not farther, sir, than Miss Clairvoir did for you a minute ago. [Dulr. in confusion, lets go her arm. Letty opens the door.] You have a high notion of your own capacity, Mr. Dulruse; three women at once. And yet, let me tell you, you have n't heart enough for one of them, though you have effrontery enough for all three. [He springs at her. She darts through the doorway. Then, seeing him pause, Letty puts back her head into the room.] And now hear a last word, sir, which, for your sake, more than my own, I wont speak as loud as you obliged Miss Clairvoir to do:

He that has n't wit enough to make the mistress listen, need' not think to come over the maid; and the man that is so base as to cheat one lady and lie to another, is just worthy to attempt the honor of a poor servingmaid, but is too contemptible to put it ever in peril. Good day, sir. [Curtsies low, and exit, singing significantly,—while he stands unable to move, from confusion and rage:]

"but my feelings I smother:

O thou hast been the cause of this anguish, my mother!"

Dulr. [After a moment.] Bit on every side, by Haeven! [Exit, clenching his hands.]

SCENE THIRD.—St. John's Square. The enclosure is seen. Enter, on the outside, WALTON, walking leisurely, and in the opposite direction, GANTELET. GANTELET, as he comes in front of Mr. WALTON, touches his hat respectfully; WALTON returns the salute, and is about to pass, but checks himself suddenly.

Walt. So, Gantelet; is that you?

Gant. Aat Monsieur Walton sareveece. [Bowing.]

Walt. Your master has returned then?

Gant. No, sare; Monsieur Rontolph haas stop aat Philadelphie.

Walt. And sent you on. I should not have thought, my good Gantelet, that he could have spared you.

Gant. [Bowling humbly.] Monsieur is ver' complaison: de pauvre Gantelet is note really wort' not ting.

Walt. When does he return?

Gant. Dis eveneeng, sare: he stay aat Philadelphie for soam leetel affaire, soam bagatelle, and senda me on, in de morning, wid all hees effaics—hees bags, hees portmanteau, hees fusil, hees everyting.

Walt. Did you leave Mr. Racy at his lodgings?

Gant. Non, monsieur. Ah! I me recall in dis moment, Monsieur Raacie waas gone out, all exp'res for to see Monsieur Wal-tone.

Walt. To see me? When? how long ago?

Gant. Wan, two, tree minoot; ver' leetel vile.

Walt. How unfortunate! I was just going to him. Well, if you should meet him, Gantelet, tell Mr. Racy that he will find me at his lodgings.

Gant. Oui, monsieur. [He touches his hat respectfully, as Mr. Walton moves on, and is about to depart in the opposite direction, when

Enter LETTY, in great haste, from the side at which Gantelet first appeared, i. e., facing Mr. Walton. She moves directly up to the taller; and Gantelet stops to watch the meeting.

Lett. O, Mr. Walton; I am so rejoiced to meet you, sir!

Walt. Well, Letty, what is the matter? Take breath. You need not wait, Gantelet. [Gant. behind Mr. Walton's back, shakes his fist at Letty, who smiles in return maliciously. Exit Gant.]

Lett. Oh, sir, I have just been, as fast as I could go, to Mr. Racy's, and not finding him at home, I thought I would take the liberty to go to you; and I am so glad I have met you, sir! There have been such doings at our house! [Fans herself with her apron.]

Walt. What? Quick!

Lett. Why, sir, there is Miss Mildmay, all in tears, poor thing and Miss Catharine—[Fanning.]

Walt. For Heaven's sake!

Lett. So distressed! I beg pardon. You must know, Mr. Walton, that Mr. Clairvoir—I really don't know how to tell you.

Walt. Letty! this is worse than murder: speak out, at once.

Lett. Then, sir, the truth is, the devil is in the matter. [Untying the strings of her bonnet, and fanning violently.] Mr. Clairvoir has actually forbidden Miss Catharine to think any more about you.

Walt. You dream.

Lett. I wish I did, sir; and that we all did; but the only dreamers are Miss Catharine's father and Mrs. Dulruse, and that wretch, Mr. Dulruse, is at the bottom of the whole business.

Walt. Go on, go on; though I scarcely can believe you.

Lett. Yet it is true, sir. It seems that you have said something about their silly magnetism that has displeased the old gentleman. He and the housekeeper have been talking about it over and over again this afternoon. What was said, I don't know; but suddenly

Mr. Clairvoir comes out of the room, crying out, in a very determined tone, "I'll do it": he sees me on the stairs, tells me to call Miss Catharine: so I did; they had a conversation together; I felt uneasy; I could not help entering the room; and I heard Mr. Clairvoir tell Miss Catharine "that she was not to think of you any more, but he would provide a husband that had more brains, and was more worthy of her." Excuse me sir, they are his words, no ideas of mine.

*Walt.* Never mind; go on.

*Lett.* The rest, sir, is very little. The old man leaves the room, and I went out too; and before I got up stairs I saw Mr. Dulruse go in. Now you must know, sir— But— No, it's right that I should tell you. Mr. Dulruse, sir, has been making love to Miss Clairvoir for more than a week past. [Walter falls back, and stands speechless.] O, dear Mr. Walton! don't look so pale about it: do you think Miss Catharine would think of such a thing as he! Lor', sir, he is beneath my contempt, let alone such a lady as Miss Clairvoir's.

*Walt.* But Catharine never told me!

*Lett.* No indeed; she is not one of those ladies that love to have gentlemen fight about them. Had you heard what she said to Mr. Dulruse, at this interview, like a high-spirited lady as she is, you would not feel concern on that score.

*Walt.* True, true, indeed: I don't know how I could be so weak, as to think for a moment—

*Lett.* Lord, sir, there he is! [While Walton and Letty have been talking, two or three persons have crossed the scene, and, at last, Mr. Dulruse. He looks at the party suspiciously, and passes on, just as Letty notices him.]

*Walt.* Where? who? Ah! [About to spring after Dulruse. Letty stops him.]

*Lett.* For God's sake, Mr. Walton! Think of Miss Catharine—and for such a man!

*Walt.* You are right; let him go. You are a good and sensible girl, Letty. What next?

*Lett.* O sir, don't flatter me, or I shall begin to think all men alike. Mr. Dulruse has been complimenting me at a prodigious rate, I can tell you, sir,—and I mean to tell somebody else too.

*Walt.* What! a general lover? But that is none of my business.

*Lett.* No, sir? I should have thought it was. But you and Miss Catharine have such high notions of delicacy, you never will listen to other people's secrets.

*Walt.* Nor should you either, Letty. But you are a good girl. [Offers her money.] A shawl, or ring or two.

*Lett.* No, sir; thank you; I have my pride, as well as my betters. Wait till your wedding day. Come, you are going to flatter me again, Mr. Walton: don't turn my head. Well, sir, to finish my story, and quickly; for people are beginning to look at us:— When Mr. Dulruse had done with the mistress he comes to make love to the maid, though I believe he was in search of his mother. I gave him his dismissal as quickly as Miss Catharine had done, (you need not smile—I did, sir;) and then, without saying a word to anybody, I put on my things and ran all the way to Miss Catharine's uncle's; for I knew if anybody could help her, it was Mr. Racy; and I think it high time he should interfere. Speak of the—old boy—I do declare here he is.

Enter RACY.

*Racy.* Eh, what the devil, Schuyler! Making love to my little Letty? Too bad that! Hark you, child; don't you let him teach you nonsense!

*Lett.* Not such a child as you take me for, Mr. Racy; and if I were, I should not go to an old widower for instruction. [Curtseys coquettishly.]

*Racy.* You imp! [Drives her off.]

*Lett.* [Coming back.] Oh, Mr. Walton, please tell this old gentleman what I told you; but, pray, for Miss Catharine's sake, don't let him teach you wickedness. [Exit.]

*Racy.* Ha, ha, ha! give an inch and they'll take a yard. O, the devil! I forgot we're in the street. I wonder what makes the

girls so free with me, Schuyler; eh, my boy? From the mistress to the maid, they say just what they please to old Frank Racy.

*Walt.* They know his good nature, sir.

*Racy.* What, what! Now that's but half what you mean; there is something more in the corners of your mouth. I say, Walt, do you know I was seeking you?

*Walt.* And I was in search of you, sir.

*Racy.* Well, that's odd; but, I'll bet you a supper, I've the best news. Frank Randolph's got back from Richmond! he will be here in an hour, you dog! his damned *Parlez-vous* came on this morning with all his luggage. There's news for you, Long-legs. Gad! we'll have a night of it. Why, how devilish grave you look! What is in the wind, now?

*Walt.* Let us move on and I'll tell you. Your niece—

*Racy.* What, what! I might have look'd for some curs'd catastrophe when a waitingmaid was in the plot. [Puts his arm through Walton's.] Well, well, my niece? [Exeunt.]

END OF ACT II.

## Critical Notices.

*Wiley & Putnam's Library of Choice Reading.* No. XXII.  
*Essays of Elia.* By Charles Lamb.

Of all the British essayists Charles Lamb is the most original—if we may be permitted to use comparatively a purely positive term. He is the founder of that school in which Douglas Jerrold and Cornelius Webbe have been the most successful disciples,—aped at second hand, or at twentieth hand, by the William Joneses of our own continent—a set of little people, who, wriggling hither and thither like the *entozoa*, grow fat, like them, on the substance of alien brains.

Of all original men, too, Lamb, we think, has the fewest demerits. Of gross faults he has none at all. His merest extravagances have about them a symmetry which entitles them to critical respect. And his innumerable good qualities who shall attempt to depict? For the present we shall let him speak entirely for himself in an account of his

### FIRST PLAY.

At the north end of Cross-court there stands a portal, of some architectural pretensions, though reduced to humble use, serving at present for an entrance to a printing-office. This old door-way, if you are young, reader, you may not know was the identical pit entrance to old Drury—Garrick's Drury—all of it that is left. I never pass it without shaking some forty years from off my shoulders, recurring to the evening when I passed through it to see my first play. The afternoon had been wet, and the condition of our going (the elder folks and myself) was, that the rain should cease. With what beating heart did I watch from the window the puddles, from the stillness of which I was taught to prognosticate the desired cessation! I seem to remember the last spurt, and the glee with which I ran to announce it.

We went with orders, which my godfather F. had sent us. He kept the oil shop (now Davies's) at the corner of Featherstone buildings, in Holborn. F. was a tall grave person, lofty in speech, and had pretensions above his rank. He associated in those days with John Palmer, the comedian, whose gait and bearing he seemed to copy: if John (which is quite as likely) did not rather borrow somewhat of his manner from my godfather. He was also known to, and visited by, Sheridan. It was to his house in Holborn that young Brinsley brought his first wife on her elopement with him from a boarding-school at Bath—the beautiful Maria Linley. My parents were present (over a quadrille table) when he arrived in the evening with his harmonious charge. From either of these connexions it may be inferred that my godfather could command an order for the then Drury-lane theatre at pleasure—and, indeed, a pretty liberal issue of those cheap billets, in Brinsley's easy autograph, I have heard him say, was the sole remuneration which he had received for many year's nightly illumination of the orchestra and various avenues of that theatre—and he was content it should be so. The honor of Sheridan's familiarity—or supposed familiarity—was better to my god-father than money.

F. was the most gentlemanly of oilmen; grandiloquent, yet courte-

ous. His delivery of the commonest matters of fact was Ciceronian. He had two Latin words almost constantly in his mouth (how odd sounds Latin from an oilman's lips!) which my better knowledge since has enabled me to correct. In strict pronunciation they should have been sounded *vice versa*—but in those young years they impressed me with more awe than they would now do, read aright from Seneca or Varro—in his own peculiar pronunciation, monosyllabically elaborated, or Anglicized, into something like *verse verse*. By an imposing manner, and the help of these distorted syllables, he climbed (but that was little) to the highest parochial honors which St. Andrew's has to bestow.

He is dead—and thus much I thought due to his memory, both for my first orders (little wondrous talismen!—slight keys, and insignificant to outward sight, but opening to me more than Arabian paradeses!) and moreover, that by his testamentary beneficence I came into possession of the only landed property which I could ever call my own—situate near the road-way village of pleasant Puckeridge, in Hertfordshire. When I journeyed down to take possession, and planted my foot on my own ground, the stately habits of the donor descended upon me, and I strode (shall I confess the vanity?) with larger paces over my allotment of three-quarters of an acre, with its commodious mansion in the midst, with the feeling of an English freeholder that all betwixt sky and centre was my own. The estate has passed into more prudent hands, and nothing less than an agrarian can restore it.

In those days were pit orders. Beshrew the uncomfortable manager who abolished them!—with one of these we went. I remember the waiting at the door—not that which is left—but between that and an inner door in shelter—O when shall be such an expectant again!—with the cry of nonpareils, an indispensable play-house accompaniment in those days. As near as I can recollect, the fashionable pronunciation of the theatrical fruiteresses then was, “Chase some oranges, chase some numparels, chase a bill of the play;”—chase *pro* choose. But when we got in, and I beheld the green curtain that veiled a heaven to my imagination, which was soon to be disclosed—the breathless anticipations I endured! I had seen something like it prefixed to Troilus and Cressida, in Rowe's Shakespeare—the tent scene with Diomede—and a sight of that plate can always bring back in a measure, the feeling of that evening.—The boxes at the time, full of well dressed women of quality, projected over the pit; and the pilasters reaching down were adorned with a glistening substance (I know not what) under glass (as it seemed), resembling—a homely fancy—but I judged it to be sugar-candy—yet, to my raised imagination, divested of its homelier qualities, it appeared a glorified candy!—The orchestra lights at length arose, those “fair Auroras!” Once the bell sounded. It was to ring out yet once again—and incapable of the anticipation, I reposed my shut eyes in a sort of resignation on the maternal lap. It rang the second time. The curtain drew up—I was not past six years old and the play was Artaxerxes!

I had dabbled a little in the Universal History—the ancient part of it—and here was the court of Persia. It was being admitted to a sight of the past. I took no proper interest in the action going on, for I understood not its import—but I heard the word Darius, and I was in the midst of Daniel. All feeling was absorbed in vision. Gorgeous vests, gardens, palaces, princesses, passed before me. I knew not players. I was in Persepolis for the time, and the burning idol of their devotion almost converted me into a worshipper. I was awe-struck, and believed those significations to be something more than elemental fires. It was all enchantment and a dream. No such pleasure has since visited me but in dreams.—Harlequin's invasion followed; where, I remember, the transformation of the magistrates into reverend beldams seemed to me, a piece of grave historic justice, and the tailor carrying his own head, to be as sober a verity as the legend of St. Denis.

The next play to which I was taken was the Lady of the Manor, of which, with the exception of some scenery, very faint traces are left in my memory. It was followed by a pantomime, called Lun's Ghost—a satiric touch, I apprehend, upon Rich, not long since dead—but to my apprehension (too sincere for satire), Lun was as remote a piece of antiquity as Lud—the father of a line of Harlequins—transmitting his dagger of lath (the wooden sceptre) through countless ages. I saw the primeval Motley come from his silent tomb in a ghastly vest of white patch-work, like the apparition of a dead rainbow. So Harlequins (thought I) look when they are dead.

My third play followed in quick succession. It was the Way of the World. I think I must have sat at it as grave as a judge; for, I remember, the hysterical affections of good Lady Wishfort affected me

like some solemn tragic passion. Robinson Crusoe followed; in which Crusoe, man Friday, and the parrot, were as good and authentic as in the story.—The clownery and pantaloony of these pantomimes have clean passed out of my head. I believe, I no more laughed at them, than at the same age I should have been disposed to laugh at the grotesque Gothic heads (seeming to me then replete with devout meaning), that gape, and grin, in stone around the inside of the old Round Church (my church) of the Templars.

I saw these plays in the season 1781-2, when I was from six to seven years old. After the intervention of six or seven other years (for at school all play-going was inhibited) I again entered the doors of a theatre. That old Artaxerxes evening had never done ringing in my fancy. I expected the same feelings to come again with the same occasion. But we differ from ourselves less at sixty and sixteen, than the latter does from six. In that interval what had I not lost! At the first period I knew nothing, understood nothing, discriminated nothing. I felt all, loved all, wondered all—

#### Was nourished, I could not tell how—

I had left the temple a devotee, and was returned a rationalist. The same things were there materially; but the emblem, the reference, was gone!—The green curtain was no longer a veil, drawn between two worlds, the unfolding of which was to bring back past ages to present a “royal ghost;”—but a certain quantity of green baize, which was to separate the audience for a given time from certain of their fellowmen who were to come forward and pretend those parts. The lights—the orchestra lights—came up a clumsy machinery. The first ring, and the second ring, was now but a trick of the prompter's bell—which had been, like the note of a cuckoo, a phantom of a voice, no hand seen or guessed at which ministered to its warning. The actors were men and women painted. I thought the fault was in them; but it was in myself, and the alteration which those many centuries,—of six short twelvemonths—had wrought in men. Perhaps it was fortunate for me that the play of the evening was but an indifferent comedy, as it gave me time to crop some unreasonable expectations, which might have interfered with the genuine emotions with which I was soon after enabled to enter upon the first appearance to me of Mrs. Siddons in Isabella. Comparison and retrospection soon yielded to the present attraction of the scene; and the theatre became to me, upon a new stock, the most delightful of recreations.

#### *Studies in Religion.* By the author of “*Words in a Sunday School.*” New York: C. Shepard.

This is a neat duodecimo of about 225 pages, without Introduction, or any clew to the author's name, beyond what we find in the title. The work consists of twenty-four well-written and instructive essays, which from their brevity and character we may as well denominate sub-sermons or sermonoids.

#### *Short Patent Sermons.* By Dow, Jr. Originally published in the New York Sunday Mercury. Vol. I. New York: Paige, Nichols, & Krauth.

These patent sermons have had a wide celebrity, and in great measure deserve it from their wit and *bonhomie*, totally devoid of offence. Who Dow Jr. is, we have never yet been able to say. For anything we know to the contrary, he may be our friend of the United States' Journal. We have heard him discourse by the hour in a strain very much akin to that of the volume before us.

#### *My Uncle Hobson and I; or Slashes at Life with a Free Broad-Axe.* By Pascal Jones. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

This is a handsomely printed duodecimo of about 270 pages. We have not had an opportunity of reading it thoroughly, but some of the chapters have much of that sort of humor which is found in the *Chronicles of Pineville*—that is to say in the worst portions of the *Chronicles*. The announcement on the cover that the book is an “Interesting American work” is in bad policy and worse taste.

We comply, this week, with the suggestion of some friends—that we should copy in the "Broadway Journal" Hood's magnificent ] .

## BRIDGE OF SIGHs.

"Drowned! Drowned!"—HAMLET.

One more Unfortunate,  
Weary of breath ;  
Rashly importunate,  
Gone to her death !

Take her up tenderly,  
Lift her with care ;—  
Fashion'd so slenderly,  
Young and so fair !

Look at her garments  
Clinging like cerements ;  
Whilst the wave constantly  
Drips from her clothing ;  
Take her up instantly,  
Loving, not loathing —

Touch her not scornfully ;  
Think of her mournfully,  
Gently and humanly ;  
Not of the stains of her,  
All that remains of her  
Now, is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny  
Into her mutiny  
Rash and undutiful ;  
Past all dishonor,  
Death has left on her  
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,  
One of Eve's family—  
Wipe those pale lips of hers  
Oozing so clammy.

Loop up her tresses  
Escaped from the comb,  
Her fair auburn tresses ;  
Whilst wonderment guesses  
Where was her home ?

Who was her father ?  
Who was her mother ?  
Had she a sister ?  
Had she a brother ?  
Or was there a dearer one  
Still, and a nearer one  
Yet, than all other ?

Alas ! for the rarity  
Of Christian charity  
Under the sun !  
Oh ! it was pitiful !  
Near a whole city full,  
Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,  
Fatherly, motherly,  
Feelings have changed :  
Love, by harsh evidence,  
Thrown from its eminence ;  
Even God's Providence  
Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver  
So far in the river,  
With many a light  
From window and casement,  
From garret to basement,  
She stood, with amazement,  
Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March  
Made her tremble and shiver ;  
But not the dark arch,  
Or the black flowing river :  
Mad from life's history,  
Swift to be hurl'd—  
Anywhere, anywhere  
Out of the world !

In she plunged boldly,  
No matter how coldly  
The rough river ran,—  
Over the brink of it,  
Picture it,—think of it,  
Dissolute Man !  
Lave in it, drink of it  
Then, if you can !

Take her up tenderly,  
Lift her with care ;  
Fashioned so slenderly,  
Young and so fair !

Ere her limbs frigidly  
Stiffen too rigidly,  
Decently,—kindly,—  
Smooth, and compose them ;  
And her eyes close them,  
Staring so blindly !

Dreadfully staring  
Through muddy impurity  
As when with the daring  
Last look of despairing  
Fixed on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,  
Spurred by contumely,  
Cold inhumanity,  
Burning insanity,  
Into her rest.—  
Cross her hands humbly,  
As if praying dumbly,  
Over her breast !

Owning her weakness,  
Her evil behaviour,  
And leaving, with meekness,  
Her sins to her Saviour !

## The Fine Arts.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY AT THE ROTUNDA.—The disparity of wealth between the rich and the poor, has of late years attracted the attention of lovers of equality. The "shallow benevolent" would remedy all the evils of life by re-modeling the whole structure of society; they seem to think, with Alphonso the Seventh, that it is a pity the Almighty did not consult *them* while creating the universe—they could have shown Him how much better its moral structure might have been. These gentlemen seem to think that it is in the power of man to remove from the earth all sickness, pain, and poverty; they forget that it is declared by the highest authority, that we "shall have the poor always with us;" consequently that there must always be poor and rich. It would be well for society if these well-meaning persons, instead of wasting their energies in attempting things impossible, could be induced to confine their efforts to practical ameliorations. A little examination of the subject would soon convince them, that however great the difference between the pleasures of the rich and the pleasures of the poor, the difference is capable of being brought down by education to very narrow limits; it would be found, that the enjoyments belonging to

the wealthy are confined to ostentatious display, and those accomplishments which require leisure for their acquirements.

The Supreme Being, although He has been pleased to confer on but few the power of producing works of intellectual beauty, has yet given to almost all men the capacity, with a little cultivation, of appreciating and enjoying such works, independently of wealth or poverty. Take, for example, the pleasure to be derived from hearing fine Music. It is well known that in many parts of Germany—one of the poorest countries in Europe—all the people, whatever their stations in life, are equally capable of enjoying the compositions of Mozart and Beethoven. We have heard it related by a gentleman of great benevolence, taste, and talent, that in travelling once through a mountainous district of Germany, where the people were so poor that they had no horses, he was much surprised to hear a fine voice before him on the road, singing one of Mozart's compositions. On coming up with the singer he found a sturdy peasant, with a wheelbarrow, and on it a load of wood enough for a horse, and in front of the wood a rude music stand, with a piece of music on it. This rude son of the soil was studying his part for the evening performance. He belonged to the village amateur operatic company. All those villagers who had voices, learned to sing, while many of the others played upon different instruments. One of the means of enjoyment which God had given them had been cultivated, and Mozart had lived as much for the peasants of the mountains, as for Joseph the Second, his patron (!), or the nobles of Vienna.

Again: we see in England, among the poorest of the laborers, a taste for the beautiful productions of Nature: each cottager, although his food be but the coarsest bread and his drink the simple spring water, has his patch of garden, and the woodbine that clusters over his door appears as beautiful and smells as sweet to him, as to his wealthy employer.

There is another source of enjoyment as much within the reach of all persons as those already mentioned, but not equally cultivated by the moderns: we mean the sense of the Beautiful. This sense, the most important aid to our intellectual enjoyment, was cultivated to the highest point by the Greeks and the Etruscans. The very earthenware utensils of the latter people are now sought after as models for the most costly porcelain, manufactured for the wealthy alone; yet the pleasure the Etrurian derived from contemplating the form of his earthenware pitcher, was no doubt greater than can ever be felt by the pampered possessor of its porcelain copy. All things animate or inanimate, have forms which may be beautiful or not beautiful, and to distinguish between these requires cultivation and study. What the course of study should be, is not exactly agreed upon; but the mode adopted by European governments for improving the taste of their manufacturers, has been, to open to them Public galleries, containing the choicest works of the pencil and the chisel. They have observed, that in France, where such galleries have been open to the people for generations, the manufactures have acquired an unrivalled degree of beauty, and the people a keen sense of the pleasure to be derived from the contemplation of works of Art. This is, however, a dollar and cent mode of viewing the subject: in a moral point of view, it has far higher claims to our attention, but we must defer enlarging upon this point until a future occasion.

We have been led to the foregoing reflections by the recent opening in our Park of the City Gallery. The Pictures contained in the Rotunda were formerly, it will be remembered, in the possession of the late Lumen Reed, Esq. of Greenwich street. At his death they passed into the posses-

sion of his family, who wished to dispose of them to some private institution, as they would not consent that the collection should be divided. This was deemed by many gentlemen a favorable opportunity for founding a Public Gallery, which should become also the property of the public. A meeting was called at the suggestion of the Rev. Orville Dewey. It assembled at the residence of Mr. Jonathan Sturges, Mr. Ingham, we believe, being elected Chairman. Several proposals respecting the purchase were made, but the mode finally adopted was, that each gentleman present should subscribe as much as he felt inclined, and the deficiency, whatever it might be, should be made up by Dollar Subscriptions from the people at large. Then it was that the fine spirit of liberality shone out preeminent. One gentleman present, whose hand ever follows the dictates of his generous heart, and whose warmest wishes have ever been for the prosperity of the Fine Arts, put his name down at once for fifteen hundred or two thousand dollars; others subscribed a thousand, some eight and some five hundred dollars, and by this means the purchase money was raised, all but about one thousand dollars. But it should be clearly understood, that however large the amount subscribed by individuals, it only entitles them to an equal vote with the dollar subscriber. So that the men who subscribed their hundreds, placed themselves, voluntarily, and for the sake of the Art, on a level with the working man who had put down his name upon the dollar list. Too much praise cannot be awarded to these true fosterers of the beautiful art; while the many, and particularly the fashionable many, expend their so-called enthusiasm in wordy expletives and mawkish lamentation upon the fallen state of the Arts in this country, a few gentlemen honorably distinguished as New York merchants, step forward, and give the only substantial proof of their interest in Painters and the Painter's Art. Again we say, all honor to these generous men! their names should be placed in every artist's studio, for remembrance and eulogy; and our citizens in future times, while enjoying the delights and benefits of this liberal institution, should remember with gratitude those to whom they are indebted for its establishment.

In furtherance of the objects of this public gallery—the objects being, to our mind, the general understanding and appreciation of fine works of Art—in order we say to further these desirable ends, we shall give a copious criticism on each picture in the gallery.

**THE PAINTINGS AT THE AMERICAN ART-UNION.**—The picture marked No. 11—property of the Artist—is called the “Death Struggle.” It is painted by C. Deas, of whom we shall have more to say by and bye. The subject of the picture we take to be as follows: A Trapper has been found trespassing upon the Indian hunting ground. He is met by an Indian—a quarrel ensues, and being both mounted a desperate struggle commences. Being both bold, though wily and desperate men, we may suppose a long and cautious encounter to have taken place—each being aware of the other's prowess. At length, worn out by skirmishing, they close: wounds are inflicted on either side, but the Indian appears to have suffered the most. The issue of the conflict seems doubtful, but now a more fearful character is given to the contest. The horses, maddened by the wounds which had been dealt out alike to man and beast, break from the control of their riders, and rush headlong towards a frightful precipice. The Trapper and the Indian seem to cling closer, each anxious so become the victor, though conscious that certain impending death will speedily conquer both. On, on, speed the horses; wilder and wilder they grow in their flight

—the height is gained—without let or pause over they go! Man and beast food for the Buzzards! But no! their downward progress is arrested by a boldly jutting rock. It is in this position that the artist has chosen to present them to the public.

On the right hand of the spectator, a bold mass of rocks jut out from the main body, some two or three yards below the brink. On these rocks the horses and their riders have fallen. The situation of the Indian is by far the most precarious, his horse being upon the outer edge of the rocks, from which it is evident that its violent struggles will speedily dislodge it. The Indian has clasped the body of the Trapper, who holds on with his right hand, in which is his knife, to the limb of a huge tree, which stands boldly out on the extreme point of the land. A beaver, which had been hastily secured by the Trapper, and which was most probably the cause of the dispute, has fixed itself upon the naked arm of the Indian, which it lacerates most terribly. On the ground above, an Indian warrior is watching the combat with the most fearful interest depicted upon his face.

It will be seen from this description, that the subject is treated with great boldness—that there is actual life in every portion of the picture. The figures of the Trapper and the Indian are drawn with masterly force, and the distinctive characteristics of the opponents preserved with admirable fidelity; more particularly the features of the two races—for while the face of the Indian exhibits no other expression than that of tiger-like ferocity, in the face of the bold Trapper may be discovered, mixed with unmistakeable evidences of indomitable firmness, an expression of horror at his appalling situation. The action of these figures is really admirable. Every portion of the picture gives evidence of rapid improvement in the artist's conception and execution; and in no part is the improvement more visible than in the drawing and coloring of the horses. In his previous efforts the form was certainly there, but it was wooden, texture and all. But in this picture the anatomy is well made out, and the animals have flesh upon their bones, which seems to quiver as in agony and terror. The right eye of the Indian warrior, watching above, is badly drawn; it is what may be technically called, looking down the cheek; which, from his position, could not be.

In whatever point we examine this picture—in color, execution, or a composition—we are compelled to acknowledge the high talents of the Artist. He has grasped the subject with the hand of a master. There is a bold, daring energy in the design, which gives unquestionable evidence of originality—a qualification but rarely to be met with among the artists of the present day; and he has worked out his design with an intensity of purpose, which proves that he has the true artistic feeling for his profession. There is, however, even now, too much carelessness in his execution. In the picture under notice, the masses of foliage in the back ground seem to have been daubed on with the finger, and rubbed off with the coat sleeve.

Mr. Deas is quite a young man; he has a long life before him; his prospects are most auspicious; and if he be true to himself and to his Art, he will acquire a wide-spread, honorable, and lasting reputation.

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**CHRIST HEALING THE SICK.**—The good and the wise have appreciated, and in the way of patronage, have certainly done justice to this great and moral composition. It was in a philosophical and moral point of view that West ever considered the department of art which he had embraced as a

profession, and in this sense he always wished to employ it. This fact is nobly evinced in his leaving behind him so imperishable a record of gospel dispensation as "Christ Healing the Sick"—a painting having for its basis the 14th and 15th verses of the 21st chapter of Mathews, and depicting in the most vividly truthful manner some sixty individuals who resorted to the Jewish Temple in Jerusalem, about the year of our Lord 33, and there received, at Christ's hands, a cure of their many different maladies.

Mr. Morris, a well-known amateur, has been exhibiting this great picture through some of the states with very gratifying success. It is his intention to visit New York this fall or next spring, and we have no doubt that he will reap a profitable harvest from his speculation upon the good taste and piety of our citizens.

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We are full of expectation that the ensuing season will bring forth many beautiful things in the way of landscapes. The pleasant country is over-run by artists from our city, who are rifling nature in her loveliest and most secret haunts. However we poor town-tied denizens will forgive the thefts, willingly, if properly acknowledged upon canvass, for then we can revel in scenes which we may never be able to visit, and snuff up in imagination the incense of the flowers, which only bloom for us through the painter's art.

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Through the kindness of the owner, we have been admitted to a private view of one of the most exquisite pieces of sculpture that ever crossed the Atlantic. It is the work of the sculptor to the king of the Belgians. The subject is a female; the title, *Coming from the Bath*. As it is about to be exhibited, we shall defer our critical account of it. Thus much however, we will say, that in all the attributes of female loveliness, delicacy and roundness of form, perfection of proportion, intellectuality, gentleness, and modesty, it could hardly be excelled.

We are happy to say that this exquisite work of art is in the possession of an American gentleman, who saw it in Belgium, and being struck by its extraordinary merit, purchased it at a great price. We shall have more to say about it shortly.

### Musical Department.

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**THE BELL RINGERS AT PALMO'S.**—This very clever company of wandering minstrels have been giving several concerts during the past and present week at the Tabernacle, and also at Palmo's Theatre. Since they last played here, they have travelled almost the entire length and breadth of this vast continent. They have also been to Havanna, Cuba, &c., &c. Their success has been everywhere most signal; indeed it could scarcely be otherwise, for their entertainments are so excellent in their way, and of so popular a character, that they are calculated to please every description of audience. They have much improved since we last heard them—they have acquired a greater degree of dexterity, and they produce more striking effects. One of their most effective pieces is undoubtedly the *Blue Bells of Scotland*, with variations. The variations consist of passages of great brilliancy and difficulty, which are executed with a precision altogether remarkable.

They were encored in several of their performances, and complied with the wish of the people who wanted to hear the same pieces, by playing entirely different pieces at each encore. A more absurd custom could not possibly exist. For what do people encore a song, if not for the desire to

hear it again? and if such is their wish, why do not public performers condescend to gratify them? The custom should be at once abolished.

Mrs. Timm sang two songs during the evening, but she seemed nervous, and did not acquit herself as well as we have heard her.

Master Sconcia played two solos on the violin. He is a very clever lad, and displays much aptitude for the instrument, but he is on the wrong track. Why does he expose himself to such absurd comparison, by striving to play compositions which Vieuxtemps and Ole Bull have made entirely their own. They are utterly beyond his power, and all that he can hope to accomplish at present, is to render them with as little caricature as possible. We speak more harshly than we wish, but we do it in all kindness. We are sure that with proper care, Master Sconcia would grow up to be a fine violinist, but if he pursues his present course, his claim to public approbation will cease with his round jackets.

We advise all our friends to go and hear the Bell ringers.

### The Drama.

We continue our extracts from Mr. Murdoch's very interesting MS—"The Stage."

**AMERICAN DRAMATIC WRITING.**—To keep alive a pure and elevated taste for the drama, it is important not only that we cherish the high classic excellence of Shakspeare and the writers of former times, but that we mould into dramatic form the materials of our own national history, and even those of contemporary life. The stage cannot fulfill its whole office, if it does not present, in due proportion, the features of character as they exist, the story of man as he is, the phases of American life.

**ITS MATERIALS.**—And what a world of fit material our eventful history affords, downward from the era of the Indian, the cavalier, the puritan, the Swede, the Hollander, each so graphically marked in character, action, and costume, aided by wild scenery, startling event, and stirring incident—whether for the lofty style of the tragic pen, or the broad pencil of grotesque humor!

Who yet has brought out, in the serious drama, the "play," properly so-called—the rich materials furnished by such sources, and by the still nearer men and times of the Indian and French wars, and even the period of the Revolution? Have not our young writers been too prone to cast their efforts into the mould of the classic tragedy, while they overlooked the nearer access to 'men's business and bosoms,' opened by dramatic character and incident? There lies yet unexplored the whole mine of western life and character, so graphic in itself, so rich in situation and incident; the Roman grandeur of the life of our southern plantations, the quiet home scenes of rural and village life in the nooks and valleys of New England, so exuberant in quaint and picturesque peculiarity, in sly humor and local manners—yes, and so abundant, too, in instances of the loftiest heroism of romance, befitting the majestic features of her mountain scenery, and the sternness of her climate.

**ITS CHARACTER.**—It is the genius of her young writers that our country must look for a regenerated drama, breathing the spirit of freedom and of high-toned manhood, of pure and noble sentiment and generous feeling—an ideal of human life, such as may draw from every American heart the response which we give when we enter the studio of the painter, who has just finished a faithful and speaking portraiture of our intimate friend. Yes, these are the very features: it

is a perfect likeness. Let us have a drama of which we can say, 'Yes, this is our mode of life and character: this is true, this is real.' Not that it is prosaic and literal, but true—true to the idea, true to the sentiment—a free not a close copy, but a genuine study of nature.

**ITS SENTIMENT.**—I would by no means be understood, however, as disposed to limit American dramatic writers so rigorously, to national themes, as to exclude all others. No: an important end of a national drama would be that of imbuing the mind of our people with appropriate national feeling, in regard to the forms of life and character in other countries. The direct and impartial vision which every American ought to turn upon the doings of men in other lands, should find fitting reflection in the language of our dramatic writers. The sentiments of the American, as he contemplates the usurpations perpetrated by custom, and the paraphernalia of ceremony, should breathe in their expression his native air of freedom and disdain. The mirror which he holds up to nature should be pure from every stain of conventional and 'bated breath.' Do I assert too much in saying that the American drama ought to be the treasury of free, noble sentiment and glowing expression, for whatever concerns the moral and political life of man?

**MATERIALS OF AMERICAN TRAGEDY.**—It has been objected, by some writers on dramatic composition, that modern life, in no nation, furnishes the appropriate themes of the higher or tragic drama, and that a country so young as ours, cannot offer, in its whole territory, the requisite data. But this question has, I think, been settled by the perfect success of English authors, who have written on subjects drawn from no remoter era than that of the colonization of our own country. The men of the English commonwealth, and of the times immediately preceding and subsequent, furnish in the vigorous, stern, and lofty stamp of character, of one party, the philosophic and intellectual elevation of another, and the very recklessness and unbridled license of a third, the most abundant and the most effective materials of mental and moral delineation. They leave nothing wanting for the purposes of graphic effect, rich character, bold relief, and vivid coloring. The whole of that portion of English and American history, is thoroughly dramatic. The mere silent perusal of it by the solitary student, converts the imagination into a theatre, where the monarch and the meanest of his rebellious republican subjects, the courtier and the humble citizen, the devotee and the man of the world, the fanatic and the hypocrite, the hero and the saint, the cavalier and the puritan, the cultivated European, and the savage of the American forest, all meet to fret their hour upon the busiest stage that the history of the world has recorded.

Regard, too, the "pith and moment" of the great enterprise then first agitating the modern world—the great question of political liberty, in which all the actors just enumerated were more or less involved, and there is stamped on that era an impress of interest as broad and deep as humanity itself. It is a period which sheds its influence on every subsequent stage of man's history.

**AMERICAN MATERIALS FOR "MIXED" PLAYS.**—But grant, for the moment, that the sources whence we might derive a national drama, are comparatively limited, in the department of purely tragic composition,—there still remains that peculiar form of dramatic writing, for which the genius of the Anglo-Saxon race has so markedly a predilection, and in which, hitherto, it has so preeminently excelled,—I allude to the serious and serio-comic play, the sphere in which Shakspeare loved to move.

Our early history is peculiarly rich in the materials for the construction of this species of the drama. The varieties of national and individual character are, in this period, numerous and distinctly marked, to a degree unparalleled in other times, and in other regions of the world: nor is there any lack of event, or incident, or striking situation, or of field for the display of character and sentiment.

The remark applies equally to our own times. The last ten years afford, on our own continent, ample materials of every description for the composition of historical plays of a character which, were our authors awake to the value of the subject, might live to distant times.

The mixed play, in which the serious business of life predominates, but does not exclude the free working of humor and individuality in character and domestic incident, is the staple of the stage. The purely tragic and the merely comic are the extremes of life, and cannot sustain their interest, in dramatic representation, with that firmness and that uniformity which belong to the other. It is in this department of the drama, that, as a nation, we are most deficient; and it is to this that our young authors should turn their attention, as at once an inviting and a sure field of action,—for the writer, whether we regard his personal success, or the effective aid he would render to the stage, by attracting to it the natural, patriotic feeling of the people.

Of the regular tragedy we have a large supply already furnished by the classic writers of England. Of broad comic delineation there will always be furnished enough to meet the transient demand for it. Of light and polished comedy, touched by the pen of classical elegance, England itself now affords no specimen. The reserve of sentiment, the smooth uniformity of character, and the tame monotony of life, which our day exhibits, leaves no point of effect, no striking light, no contrast in color for the pencil of the dramatist.

This poverty of production in classic comedy, we share in common with the mother country; and above this disadvantage we cannot rise. The evil is inwrought with the very texture of contemporary life. But in the department of historic and domestic plays we are rich in resources. Let our writers but develope them.

**AMERICAN MELO-DRAME.**—Nor need American authors neglect that wide field of dramatic display which lies in the humbler sphere of spectacle, where scenery and costume and array, aided by music, effect so much to excite the feelings of wonder and delight in the juvenile spectator, and those whose confined mode of daily life allows so little scope for observation and variety, and whose faculties are necessarily athirst for action through the eye.

**HISTORIC MELO-DRAME.**—The whole ancient world of history lies open for such purposes to the dramatic writer; and the displays of Egyptian worship, and Grecian art, and Roman triumphs, and chivalric pomp, may all be converted into practical lessons in history, imparted through the senses, and imprinted indelibly on the memory. The scenes of Mexican splendor on our own continent, might form an appropriate sphere for similar effects.

**DOMESTIC PIECES.**—Let dramatic composition assume forms of truth and dignity, of utility and moral effect,—let them, even in their gayest displays, contribute something to the aliment of the mind; and one source of objection to the drama will be entirely removed. We have a convincing proof of the truth of this assertion, in the unprecedented success of the popular domestic piece, entitled *The Drunkard*, or *The Fallen Saved*, as performed at the Boston Museum. This play, acted upwards of a hundred times, continues to draw

overflowing houses in consequence of the structure of the piece. It turns on scenes, and incidents, and characters, which appeal, incessantly, to the actual feelings and knowledge of the audience. It proves, more impressively than ever, that the drama has its foundation in the human heart, and cannot be eradicated from it; that the best way of reforming the theatre, is to let it take its natural way to the feelings of the people, through the medium of true delineations of life, which are always full of moral instruction. The crowded audiences which this piece attracts from all ranks and conditions of life, the sanction which its excellent effect, in a moral point of view, has drawn from the most influential minds, including those within the circle of the clerical profession itself,—all serve to show what dramatic writing may effect, when turned into the channels which we have suggested.

I can imagine no way in which a mind of noble qualities can impart more immediate, more extensive, or more permanent benefit to a community like ours, than by fusing its best conceptions into the mould of the drama, and thus rendering them at once universally accessible, and universally influential and effective.

**PARK THEATRE.**—On Tuesday evening Mr. & Mrs. Chas. Kean appeared in Shakspeare's comedy of "Much Ado about Nothing." Mrs. Kean's exquisite performance of *Beatrice* is too well known in this city to require any comment. On this occasion her acting charmed us as much as ever, and left us in full possession of the opinion we have long entertained, that she need fear no rival in this and most other characters in *legitimate comedy*. The great novelty of the evening was the first appearance—in this country at least—of Mr. C. Kean in *comedy*; and we certainly felt much curiosity to see whether, like his great predecessor Garrick, he could be claimed by either of the antagonistic Muses as her legitimate offspring; and the result has brought us to the conclusion, that tragedy is decidedly his *forte*; and that however well he may conceive and execute such characters as *Benedick*, *Don Felix*, and many others, he has one natural defect sufficient to mar, in a great measure, the effect of his performance of them. We allude, of course, to his *voice*. Where there is a want of euphony in this organ, it is sure to be more conspicuous, more noticeable, in dialogue of a colloquial nature, than it would be in the declamation of tragedy; and the reason is obvious. In the various passions pourtrayed in tragedy, there are so many transitions and modulations of the voice—(anger, terror, despair, love and melancholy, each producing an almost total change)—that let the imperfection be ever so great, we lose sight of it in the interest of the scene, and in our admiration of the author's delineation. The quality of the voice is, indeed, a secondary consideration, and never detracts from our admiration of the genius of a great actor. We need only instance the cases of John Kemble and the elder Kean, the former particularly, whose defect in this respect was so great, that it gave one the idea, when hearing him, of a man afflicted with the asthma; and yet he was perhaps, the most noble tragedian England ever produced.

We have made these observations, not in any ill will towards Mr. Kean: quite the contrary. His conception of *Benedick* was that of an accomplished artist; he sustained the spirit, wit, and raciness of the character admirably throughout; and not a point was lost in his hands. He certainly possesses a true comic vein, and must always please a discriminating audience.

We must not conclude our notice without mentioning Mr.

*Bland*, a gentleman engaged by Mr. Simpson as one of his stock company. Mr. Bland enacted the part of *Don Pedro* (the Prince)—by no means a difficult part, by the bye—but he shewed, at once, that he was an actor much above the ordinary standard of those who do not come over here as stars. He delivered the poetry with excellent emphasis and discretion, and his action is easy, graceful, and gentlemanly. If we are not much mistaken, he is capable of shining in a higher walk; but he must abide his time, we suppose. We understand he has since admirably played the *Banished Duke* in "As you Like it," so that he evidently possesses versatility. We congratulate the manager and the public on his engagement.

The only other cast in the play worth mentioning was the Dogberry of Mr. Bass. He played it with much humor, and elicited the hearty laughter of the audience. After listening to him some few minutes, we thought he was somewhat like the late *John Reeve*; and before he had finished, we set him down as one of the best imitators of that droll original we had ever seen.

The comedy was, altogether, well put upon the stage. There was a due attention to costume, scenery, &c. for which the management deserve much credit.

### Editorial Miscellany.

THE HARPERS will immediately resume the publication of Humboldt's "Cosmos" of which they have as yet issued only the first Part. In London, the work is now being published in monthly numbers. *The Appletons* will soon have ready the works of Dante with Biography, Notes, etc., etc., in one large volume, and embellished with Flaxman's designs. Great preparations are making in the way of Annuals and other Gift Books. Mr. Saunders has nearly ready his "Missionary Memorial"—Mr. Robert Hamilton his "May-Flower"—Mr. John Keese "The Opal"—Mr. T. S. Arthur "The Snow-Flake"—and there are one or two others on the *tapis*. The two next months will bring forth a great variety of new books in every department.

The "Chambersburg Times" does us the honor to make up the whole of its first page from a single number of "The Broadway Journal." This would be all very well, had it not forgotten to give us credit for our articles, contributed and editorial—and had it not forgotten *not* to make certain improvements in our compositions to suit its own fancy. Copying, for example, a little poem of our own called "Lenore", the Chambersburg editor alters "the damnèd earth" into "the cursed earth." Now, we prefer it damned, and will have it so.

GRAND ORATORIO OF THE SEVEN SLEEPERS.—The performance of this Oratorio, under the direction of Mr. George Loder, will take place at the Tabernacle on Thursday next, Sept. 18th. Those who read our remarks upon this fine work by Carl Loewe, in our last number, will need no further inducement to urge them to attend its performance.

AT THE approaching Anniversary Soirée of the Manchester Athenæum, Thomas Noon Talfourd will preside, and Chas. Dickens, Eugène Sue and many other literary celebrities, will be present.

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

J. BALLARD, Professor of the GUITAR, SING-ING, and FLUTE, No. 135 Spring Street.

### PIANO-FORTES

CHEAP FOR CASH.—The subscribers have on hand a handsome assortment, 6, 6½ and 7 octave, mahogany and rosewood pianos, which they will warrant and sell low for cash or approved paper.

GLENN, ROGERS & CO., Manufacturers,  
152 Fulton street, East of Broadway.

### PIANO FORTES.

H. WORCESTER, NO. 139 THIRD AVENUE, Corner of 14th Street, respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has a good assortment of Piano Fortes, in Rosewood and Mahogany cases, from 6 to 7 octaves. Persons wishing to purchase will find it to their advantage to call and examine before purchasing elsewhere.

NEW NOVELS OF GREAT INTEREST,  
JUST PUBLISHED BY H. G. DAGGERS,  
30 ANN STREET, NEW YORK.

THE COTTON LORD. By Mrs. Stone. A Romance of the Rich and Poor, written by a Lady of brilliant talents. 25 Cents.

FRANKENSTEIN, by Mrs. Mary W. Shelley, wife of the illustrious poet. "It is among the most exciting and terrible of modern romances."—Tribune. 25 Cents.

LAWRIE TODD, by John Galt, with an original Preface by the original Lawrie Todd, viz.: Grant Thorburn, Esq. "Mr. Thorburn's Preface is worth more than the price asked for the novel." 25 Cents.

THE NUN; or, Life in a Convent. By one of the Sisterhood. "A terrible exposition of the secret practices of Roman Catholics." 25 c.

POOR JACK. By Captain Marryatt, author of Midshipman Easy, Peter Simple, &c. 25 Cents.

N.B. All of the above will be sent for One Dollar to any person ordering them through Postmasters, who are by law authorized to remit money to publishers. Any Postmaster ordering the above shall be presented with either novel he may select.

### SEVEN SLEEPERS.

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF MR. GEORGE LODER.

THE BRILLIANT ORATORIO OF THE SEVEN SLEEPERS, will be performed at the TABERNACLE, on Thursday Evening, September 18th, commencing at 8 o'clock. Mr. H. C. TIMM will preside at the organ.

The Solo parts will be performed by the following Ladies and Gentlemen:

Antipater, Proconsul at Ephesus,  
Honorio, his wife,  
Martinus, Bishop at Ephesus,

Mr. S. Pearson.  
Mrs. Strong.  
Mr. S. P. Cheney.

Malchus,	The Seven Sleepers,	Mrs. E. Loder, Miss Cheney, Miss De Luce, Mr. J. Johnson, Mr. S. O. Dyers, Mr. R. Andrews, Mr. D. S. B. Bennett.
Serapion,		
Johannes,		
Constantine,		
Dionysius, Marcianus, Maximianus,		

The Chorus of Shepherds—Chorus of Priests—Chorus of Warriors—and chorus of the Ephesian People, will be sustained by about one hundred and fifty performers selected with particular reference to their musical qualifications.

A powerful orchestra has been engaged for the occasion.

Tickets 50 cents each, for sale at the stores of Firth & Hall, 1 Franklin Square.

Atwill, 201 Broadway.

Saxon & Miles, 205 Broadway.

F. Riley, 297 Broadway.

Scharfenburgh & Luis, 361 Broadway.

Firth, Hall & Pond, 239 Broadway.

G. F. Nesbitt, cor. Wall and Water streets—at the door of the Tabernacle on the evening of the performance, or of

H. MIGGS, 446 Broadway.

### A. G. BAGLEY'S

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