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SPENDING MONEY FOR WORTHLESS OBJECTS.

If men would always insist on having the worth of their money, according to their own standard of value, there would no longer be such a word as poverty in common use. Paying more for a thing than it is worth is as injurious to the seller as to the buyer, for it stimulates unprofitable industry, and leads to the production of articles which develope neither our mental nor physical resources. Perhaps there is no stronger, or more indisputable evidence of this truth, than that afforded by the picture dealing of Italy. By some strange freak of the mind of cultivated Europe, which it is difficult to trace to its origin, a monstrously fictitious value has been, for the last hundred years, attached to old paintings, and above all others to old Italian paintings. Italy, which was once the exclusive home of art, has become, under the effects of this false taste, the most degraded of all the schools of art in the world; all her intellect and industry have been wasted upon the production of works to gratify the morbid tastes of picture fanciers, until she has long since abandoned all attempts at improvement and rests satisfied with furbishing up and imitating the productions of her infancy. Under a delusion like this everything like truth and honesty must of course be smothered, and in their place chicanery, deception, and lying flourish. A mind bent upon deception cannot give birth to anything like greatness in art; and it is by no means difficult to understand why the Italians, who once produced the most glorious examples in art, should now be fallen beneath every other nation in the world in their artistic efforts.

The last number of the Foreign Quarterly Review contains a very learned and pleasant article on Pictures and Picture dealing, being a review of the Catalogue of the gallery of Cardinal Fesch, who appears to have been one of the most extensive picture buyers of his own or any other age.

He began to form his museum in France, when the property cast loose by the Revolution, and the spoils of half Europe, were to be gathered with little trouble, and at moderate cost. Having afterwards, in common with the rest of his family, found that country no longer a licensed residence, he naturally sought a home in the metropolis of his church, and on transporting his pictures to Rome, he stipulated for their removal, at pleasure, from the papal states, exempt from the usual restrictions or export duties. To the choice productions of the ultra-montane schools which the collection already possessed, the constant augmentations which it subsequently received added but few gems. And these from Italian pencils. The cardinal had little more to wish for, eminent rank and ample wealth were his, and the picture-gallery he was intent on forming had attained a European reputation. But the desire of acquisition had become a chronic disease, ever gaining force in its inroads upon his means. Not long before he died he negotiated with one Roman picture-dealer to pay for some indifferent picture with his service of Sévres china, representing the battles of Napoleon, sets of which were made only for the emperor's nearest relations. To another he gave a set of silver plate by a similar transaction, and at length death itself snatched away the octogenarian from some uncompleted bargains. But his craving for canvass was not to be satiated even by wholesale dealings, which at once added hundreds to his pictorial investments. There was an understanding in his household, that for every picture offered at his palace, however execrable in merit or condition, four pauls (about twenty-one pence) were to be at once given. To clean and patch up these, he gave permanent

employment to several young restorers, and many were the guesses as to what became of the bargains, after emerging from their hands. During the residence of his nephew, Joseph Bonaparte, in America, it was a common belief that they were shipped to the new world, and there converted into cash. When, on the cardinal's death, the mystery was revealed, endless repositories of pictures were discovered, the exact number of which has not been, and perhaps could not be, ascertained, but it is estimated at 16,000 or 18,000.

We imagine that shipments of old paintings to this country rarely pay the cost of transportation and the charges of sale. It is by no means uncommon to see warranted Guidos and Corregios sell at less than a dollar, and pictures by the old Dutch masters hardly ever reach higher than half a dollar. So that a profitable speculation might have been made in this country in the life time of the Cardinal by purchasing a lot of undoubted originals and sending them to Rome, where they were sure of commanding four pauls, at least, a price that connot be safely reckoned on in our auction rooms.

Italy since the revival of art, has been the great cradle or school of painters for Europe, and a vast proportion of the pictures required for religious or ornamental decoration, has emanated from her studios, galleries, or churches. From thence came the gems which Charles I. contrived to accumulate, notwithstanding the difficulties of an empty treasury, and a troubled reign. There did the stately Arundel, the earliest English virtuoso, resort. France and Spain, for three hundred years; England, Germany, and South America, during the last century, have been working the same mine. After the disastrous occupation of Italy by the French, in 1798, and the subsequent convulsions of that ill-fated land, the sword of France and the gold of England combined to cull from her temples and palaces all that was most choice in this branch of art. Since the peace the drain has been continued, and though fewer pieces are now sent out for devotional uses, a new demand of amateurship has arisen from Russia and the United States, nations till then unknown in the market, while England is annually glutted by traffickers in old canvass and cracked panels. Yet the competition of these rival purchasers may, with little dexterity, be accommodated, as their principles of choice do not by any means clash. The Russian taste in pictures, as in equipages and jewellery, is regulated rather by a semibarbarous magnificence, than by refinement, and their expenditure is in proportion to their colossal fortunes. Provided a picture have the name of a great master, and a corresponding price, the wily Italian owner may almost calculate upon transferring it in the course of the season to some Russian prince, although the subject be forbidding, the treatment mean, the restorations ill-disguised, or even the authenticity questionable.

We think that the reviewer underrates the taste of United States' Amateurs by classing them with the Russians. It is true that some of our travellers bring home from Rome some of the poorest trash in Italy, for which they probably pay sufficiently high, but generally their prices do not reach much above the minimum of Cardinal Fesch. We saw in the warehouse of a French importer, a short time since, a lot of original paintings, landscapes and devotional pieces, in handsome gilt frames, which were offered at twenty dollars the pair at wholesale. This will not be considered surprisingly cheap for a pair of undoubted originals by the old masters, if the following statement in the Review be correct, as it doubtless is, for the writer appears perfectly familiar with his subject.

Of the class of pictures now largely exported to the United States, it may be sufficient to mention, that a commercial traveller in that line, who came to Rome in 1837, had a commission to buy up any painting of whatever subject, or whatever substance, and in what-

ever state, not exceeding the price of sixteen pence! Akin to this is a variety of British Colonial emigration, which may be new to our readers. Chancing to visit lately at the close of the season, the warerooms of an obscure London picture-dealer, we found them encumbered with the refuse of various auction rooms, which had evidently been bought up on this Yankee principle. Whilst gazing in astonishment at the rare conglomerate, we were informed that they were a speculation for Botany Bay!

There is abundant food for thought to our political economists in the following extract; but we differ altogether with the writer as respects the advantage which Italy has derived from the sale of pictures. The *incalculable national wealth*, should read incalculable national degradation and poverty. It is not that there is anything hurtful to the health, or morals, in painting pictures: the harm all arises from making pictures to be passed off for what they are not. The Algerines certainly added vast sums of money to their national coffers by their piracies, but it cannot be said that they enriched themselves by such gains.

There is a consideration suggested by the incredible number of paintings produced in Italy during the last five centuries, which ought not to be lost upon our money-getting generation. The sums which during that long period have been and still are sent there, in payment of exported pictures, have afforded incalculable national wealth. Let not this be forgotten by penny-wise Legislatures, who would measure the beautiful by the scale of utility, and estimate genius and its highest productions by the returns of the outlay on their raw material. Let them remember that trifling sums now doled out for the improvement of public taste, and the encouragement of art, are surely and profitably invested; and that nothing but the inadequacy of their amount, can prevent them rapidly yielding an almost usurious interest.—Could our own school of painting be raised to the perfection attained by those of Italy in the sixteenth, and Flanders in the seventeenth centuries, what need were there to send abroad our annual thousands for the purchase of their works! Or, were our designs as tasteful as the French, why should our neighbours export their fashions and fancy goods, to eclipse ours wherever civilisation has penetrated? These matters are now beginning to be understood among us; much still remains to be known, and far more to be done: but it is well to have at length entered upon the right path:—*sero* let it be *serio*.

It is not easy to understand why a gentleman should wish to possess objects of high cost that can give him no pleasure; and yet we see that purchasers of paintings will pay enormous prices for works which they have no capacity to enjoy; an instance of this kind is related by the reviewer which shows a most remarkable combination of simplicity and ambition on the part of the purchaser, and of a brilliant imagination and utter want of honesty on the part of the seller.

Among the cleverest of the Roman picture-dealers is Signor A., a most fair-spoken fellow and facetious withal, who, conscious of his own talent, is ever ready to adduce some instance of its happy exercise. 'Tis but a year or two since he made a wholesale transaction, which, in a short half-hour, transferred to a young Irish peer the accumulated rubbish of his magazine. At the lucky moment of the *sailor's* visit, there arrived a liveried servant with an official looking missive, which A. apologised for opening, and after glancing at it, said, 'Very good, but I have no time now to look at your pictures; come again.' The servant hesitated, and to the inquiries of the stranger, A. said it was only the particulars of a lot of pictures which had been sent to him for sale, the heritage of an old Bolognese family, but that he had never had leisure to open the boxes, which must stand over till he could attend to the matter. On his lordship pressing to have a sight of them, A. reluctantly opened the cases, protesting that it was of no use, as it would take much time to clean and arrange and value this collection, before which, of course, the pictures were not for sale. The list exhibited Guidos, Domenichinos, Caraccis, Carlo Dolces,—in short, just that class of names which impose upon an Anglican amateur,—and the dingy canvasses were freely acknowledged to be so completely obscured by dirt and old varnish that their merits were undistinguishable. The more the dealer seemed anxious to divert his customer to the brightly varnished ornaments of his own walls, the less willing was he to lose sight of this singular chance of procuring a genuine gallery ready made, and ere the parties separated, a transfer was made to the peer of a mass of trash which scarcely merited the outlay of cleaning, in exchange for a thousand louis-d'or.

Another story is told which displays a much higher reach of imaginative power, and shows a degree of dramatic skill which ought to be turned to a more profitable account than playing tricks upon ignorant travellers.

M. Kerschoff, a Russian amateur, was invited to accompany some Florentine gentlemen on a shooting party into the Maremma. Whilst they pursued their sport, he, disgusted by ill-success, returned to wait for them at a cottage where their horses were put up. Having got into conversation with its occupant, the latter inquired if his guest was fond of pictures, as he had something curious that might interest him. After a long story how his father had, on his death-bed, confided to him the secret, that a picture concealed in the house was of value sufficient to make the fortune of all his family, but that having been feloniously obtained, it would, if ever shown or sold in that neighbourhood, certainly bring him into trouble—the rustic produced a very pleasing Madonna and Child, in a very antique carved frame, which the Russian cordially admired, and being asked to guess the artist, named Raffaelle. 'That,' said the peasant, 'was, I do believe, the very one my father mentioned, but you can see if it was so, as he gave me this bit of paper, with the name written in it.' On the dirty shred there was in fact scrawled 'Raffaelle Sanzi'; and its possessor went on to hint that, being anxious to realize what he knew to be most valuable property, and seeing no great chance of then disposing of it safely, he would accept from him, as a foreigner, a price far below its value. The negotiation thus opened, ended in the Russian offering 35,000 francs, or 1,400*l.*, which after due hesitation was accepted. The prize was huddled into a clothes-bag, and its new master, without waiting to take leave of his friends, started for Florence, and thence hurried on to Rome, lest it should be stopped by the Tuscan government. There he boasted of his acquisition, and showed it to several connoisseurs, who sang its praises, until Signor Vallati, a skilful dealer, whose name will be presently again mentioned, quickly recognized the real artist. It was in fact a beautiful repetition, with slight variations, of Raffaelle's famous 'Madonna del Gran-duca': it was painted by Michelini, who avows that he sold it for 150 crowns; and the shooting-party was a conspiracy by several well-born swindlers to take in their Russian friend! The latter returned to Florence to seek redress by a prosecution, which was compromised by their returning most of the price. Being curious to see or obtain the subject of so strange a tale, we subsequently inquired for the picture, but were told it might probably be met with as an original, in some great German collection, having been there resold by the Russian, at a price almost equal to what he had himself originally paid!

We have no room for further extracts from this interesting article, but enough has been quoted to show the purchasers of old pictures the risk which they run in buying a work by the old masters. It is next to an impossibility for an American to become possessed of a genuine fine picture by one of the old painters; and it will be better therefore for all those who are ambitious of decorating their houses with good works of art to give orders to our own artists, who can, in nine cases out of ten, produce better pictures at less prices than those which are now ostentatiously hung up in the parlors of many of our wealthy citizens as the works of the "old masters." Many of the houses of our rich merchants are disfigured by the worst daubs that ever came from Italy or Belgium, while their upholstery and carpets are of the most delicate and beautiful workmanship. We are by no means disposed to dampen the ardor of any lover of art; but we have no doubt that an improper outlay of money for unworthy objects has a greater tendency to depress the interests of true art, than the most stringent parsimony can have. A Wall Street Broker who has recently become rich and liberal, last year purchased a landscape from one of our artists at a generous price, because he liked it. He confessed he was utterly ignorant of the technical merits of a picture, but he knew when he was pleased and he was willing to pay for the pleasure. If all purchasers of works of *virtu*, would be guided by the same principle in their selections, they would be always sure of getting the worth of their money, and merit would generally receive its reward.

ELEONORA.

Sub conservatione formae speciae salva anima.

Raymond Lully.

I am come of a race noted for vigor of fancy and ardor of passion. Men have called me mad; but the question is not yet settled, whether madness is or is not the loftiest intelligence—whether much that is glorious—whether all that is profound—does not spring from disease of thought—from

moods of mind exalted at the expense of the general intellect. They who dream by day are cognizant of many things which escape those who dream only by night. In their grey visions they obtain glimpses of eternity, and thrill, in awaking, to find that they have been upon the verge of the great secret. In snatches, they learn something of the wisdom which is of good, and more of the mere knowledge which is of evil. They penetrate, however rudderless or compassless, into the vast ocean of the "light ineffable" and again, like the adventurers of the Nubian geographer, "*agressi sunt mare tenebrarum, quid in eo esset exploraturi.*"

We will say, then, that I am mad. I grant, at least, that there are two distinct conditions of my mental existence—the condition of a lucid reason, not to be disputed, and belonging to the memory of events forming the first epoch of my life—and a condition of shadow and doubt, appertaining to the present, and to the recollection of what constitutes the second great era of my being. Therefore, what I shall tell of the earlier period, believe; and to what I may relate of the later time, give only such credit as may seem due; or doubt it altogether; or, if doubt it ye cannot, then play unto its riddle the Oedipus.

She whom I loved in youth, and of whom I now pen calmly and distinctly these remembrances, was the sole daughter of the only sister of my mother long departed. Eleonora was the name of my cousin. We had always dwelled together, beneath a tropical sun, in the Valley of the Many-Colored Grass. No unguided footstep ever came upon that vale; for it lay far away up among a range of giant hills that hung beetling around about it, shutting out the sunlight from its sweetest recesses. No path was trodden in its vicinity; and, to reach our happy home, there was need of putting back, with force, the foliage of many thousands of forest trees, and of crushing to death the glories of many millions of fragrant flowers. Thus it was that we lived all alone, knowing nothing of the world without the valley,—I, and my cousin, and her mother.

From the dim regions beyond the mountains at the upper end of our encircled domain, there crept out a narrow and deep river, brighter than all save the eyes of Eleonora; and, winding stealthily about in mazy courses, it passed away, at length, through a shadowy gorge, among hills still dimmer than those whence it had issued. We called it the "River of Silence;" for there seemed to be a hushing influence in its flow. No murmur arose from its bed, and so gently it wandered along, that the pearly pebbles upon which we loved to gaze, far down within its bosom, stirred not at all, but lay in a motionless content, each in its own old station, shining on gloriously forever.

The margin of the river, and of the many dazzling rivulets that glided, through devious ways, into its channel, as well as the spaces that extended from the margins away down into the depths of the streams until they reached the bed of pebbles at the bottom,—these spots, not less than the whole surface of the valley, from the river to the mountains that girdled it in, were carpeted all by a soft green grass, thick, short, perfectly even, and vanilla-perfumed, but so be-sprinkled throughout with the yellow buttercup, the white daisy, the purple violet, and the ruby-red asphodel, that its exceeding beauty spoke to our hearts, in loud tones, of the love and of the glory of God.

And, here and there, in groves about this grass, like wildernesses of dreams, sprang up fantastic trees, whose tall slender stems stood not upright, but slanted gracefully towards the light that peered at noon-day into the centre of the valley. Their bark was speckled with the vivid alternate splendor of ebony and silver, and was smoother than all save the cheeks of Eleonora; so that but for the brilliant green of the huge leaves that spread from their summits in long tremulous lines, dallying with the Zephyrs, one might have fancied them giant serpents of Syria doing homage to their Sovereign the Sun.

Hand in hand about this valley, for fifteen years, roamed I with Eleonora before Love entered within our hearts. It was one evening at the close of the third lustrum of her life, and of the fourth of my own, that we sat, locked in each other's embrace, beneath the serpent-like trees, and looked down within the waters of the River of Silence at our images therein. We spoke no words during the rest of that sweet day; and our words even upon the morrow were tremulous and few. We had drawn the God Eros from that wave, and now we felt that he had enkindled within us the fiery

souls of our forefathers. The passions which had for centuries distinguished our race, came thronging with the fancies for which they had been equally noted, and together breathed a delirious bliss over the Valley of the Many-Colored Grass. A change fell upon all things. Strange brilliant flowers, star-shaped, burst out upon the trees where no flowers had been known before. The tints of the green carpet deepened; and when, one by one, the white daisies shrank away, there sprang up, in place of them, ten by ten of the ruby-red asphodel. And life arose in our paths; for the tall flamingo, hitherto unseen, with all gay glowing birds, flaunted his scarlet plumes before us. The golden and silver fish haunted the river, out of the bosom of which issued, little by little, a murmur that swelled, at length, into a lulling melody more divine than that of the harp of Aeolus—sweeter than all save the voice of Eleonora. And now, too, a voluminous cloud, which we had long watched in the regions of Hesper, floated out thence, all gorgeous in crimson and gold, and settling in peace above us, sank, day by day, lower and lower, until its edges rested upon the tops of the mountains, turning all their dimness into magnificence, and shutting us up, as if forever, within a magic prison-house of grandeur and of glory.

The loveliness of Eleonora was that of the Seraphim; but she was a maiden artless and innocent as the brief life she had led among the flowers. No guile disguised the fervor of love which animated her heart, and she examined with me its inmost recesses as we walked together in the Valley of the Many-Colored Grass, and discoursed of the mighty changes which had lately taken place therein.

At length, having spoken one day, in tears, of the last sad change which must befall Humanity, she thenceforward dwelt only upon this one sorrowful theme, interweaving it into all our converse, as, in the songs of the bard of Schiraz, the same images are found occurring, again and again, in every impressive variation of phrase.

She had seen that the finger of Death was upon her bosom—that, like the ephemeron, she had been made perfect in loveliness only to die; but the terrors of the grave, to her, lay solely in a consideration which she revealed to me, one evening at twilight, by the banks of the River of Silence. She grieved to think that, having entombed her in the Valley of the Many-Colored Grass, I would quit forever its happy recesses, transferring the love which now was so passionately her own to some maiden of the outer and every-day world. And, then and there, I threw myself hurriedly at the feet of Eleonora, and offered up a vow, to herself and to Heaven, that I would never bind myself in marriage to any daughter of Earth—that I would in no manner prove recreant to her dear memory, or to the memory of the devout affection with which she had blessed me. And I called the Mighty Ruler of the Universe to witness the pious solemnity of my vow. And the curse which I invoked of Him and of her, a saint in Helusion, should I prove traitorous to that promise, involved a penalty the exceeding great horror of which will not permit me to make record of it here. And the bright eyes of Eleonora grew brighter at my words; and she sighed as if a deadly burthen had been taken from her breast; and she trembled and very bitterly wept; but she made acceptance of the vow, (for what was she but a child?) and it made easy to her the bed of her death. And she said to me, not many days afterwards, tranquilly dying, that, because of what I had done for the comfort of her spirit, she would watch over me in that spirit when departed, and, if so it were permitted her, return to me visibly in the watches of the night; but, if this thing were, indeed, beyond the power of the souls in Paradise, that she would, at least, give me frequent indications of her presence; sighing upon me in the evening winds, or filling the air which I breathed with perfume from the censers of the angels. And, with these words upon her lips, she yielded up her innocent life, putting an end to the first epoch of my own.

Thus far I have faithfully said. But as I pass the barrier in Time's path formed by the death of my beloved, and proceed with the second era of my existence, I feel that a shadow gathers over my brain, and I mistrust the perfect sanity of the record. But let me on.—Years dragged themselves along heavily, and still I dwelled within the Valley of the Many-Colored Grass—but a second change had come upon all things. The star-shaped flowers shrank into the stems of the trees, and appeared no more. The tints of the green carpet faded; and, one by one, the ruby-red asphodels

withered away; and there sprang up, in place of them, ten by ten, dark eye-like violets that writhed uneasily and were ever encumbered with dew. And Life departed from our paths; for the tall flamingo flaunted no longer his scarlet plumage before us, but flew sadly from the vale into the hills, with all the gay glowing birds that had arrived in his company. And the golden and silver fish swam down through the gorge at the lower end of our domain and decked the sweet river never again. And the lulling melody that had been softer than the wind-harp of *Aeolus* and more divine than all save the voice of Eleonora, it died little by little away, in murmurs growing lower and lower, until the stream returned, at length, utterly, into the solemnity of its original silence. And then, lastly the voluminous cloud uprose, and, abandoning the tops of the mountains to the dimness of old, fell back into the regions of Hesper, and took away all its manifold golden and gorgeous glories from the Valley of the Many-Colored Grass.

Yet the promises of Eleonora were not forgotten; for I heard the sounds of the swinging of the censers of the angels; and streams of a holy perfume floated ever and ever about the valley; and at lone hours, when my heart beat heavily, the winds that bathed my brow came unto me laden with soft sighs; and indistinct murmurs filled often the night air; and once—oh, but once only! I was awakened from a slumber like the slumber of death by the pressing of spiritual lips upon my own.

But the void within my heart refused, even thus, to be filled. I longed for the love which had before filled it to overflowing. At length the valley pained me through its memories of Eleonora, and I left it forever for the vanities and the turbulent triumphs of the world.

* * * * *

I found myself within a strange city, where all things might have served to blot from recollection the sweet dreams I had dreamed so long in the Valley of the Many-Colored Grass. The pomps and pageantries of a stately court, and the mad clangor of arms, and the radiant loveliness of woman, bewildered and intoxicated my brain. But as yet my soul had proved true to its vows, and the indications of the presence of Eleonora were still given me in the silent hours of the night. Suddenly, these manifestations they ceased; and the world grew dark before mine eyes; and I stood aghast at the burning thoughts which possessed—at the terrible temptations which beset me; for there came from some far, far distant and unknown land, into the gay court of the king I served, a maiden to whose beauty my whole recreant heart yielded at once—at whose footstool I bowed down without a struggle, in the most ardent, in the most abject worship of love. What indeed was my passion for the young girl of the valley in comparison with the fervor, and the delirium, and the spirit-lifting ecstasy of adoration with which I poured out my whole soul in tears at the feet of the ethereal Ermengarde?—Oh bright was the seraph Ermengarde! and in that knowledge I had room for none other.—Oh divine was the angel Ermengarde! and as I looked down into the depths of her memorial eyes I thought only of them—and of her.

I wedded;—nor dreaded the curse I had invoked; and its bitterness was not visited upon me. And once—but once again in the silence of the night, there came through my lattice the soft sighs which had forsaken me; and they modelled themselves into familiar and sweet voice, saying:

“Sleep in peace!—for the Spirit of Love reigneth and ruleth, and, in taking to thy passionate heart her who is Ermengarde, thou art absolved, for reasons which shall be made known to thee in Heaven, of thy vows unto Eleonora.”

EDGAR A. POE.

A PEEP BEHIND THE CURTAIN.

MAN IN LOVE.

“There’s no killing like that which kills the heart.”

The sad effect which disappointment in love has upon the *female* heart, has ever been a fruitful theme with the poet and novelist, but we are singularly in the dark as to the manner in which the lordly sex meet a similar calamity; and this is the more strange since there is not a man living over the age of twenty-five, who could not favor us with some choice revelations, if he only saw fit. The Sorrows of Wer-

ter have come down to us in all their naturalness and pathos, but German nature and human nature are two different things, and nobody at the present day thinks of opening his jugular vein for anything short of a *pecuniary* misfortune. How heroes of romance and fancymen demean themselves under sorrows of the heart is nothing to the purpose; the question that concerns us is, how do veritable flesh and blood in the shape of lawyers, doctors, merchants, editors, *feel*, when, after making a solemn tender of their persons, they find they have their labor for their pains. Do they bless us or do they curse us? Do they seek relief in solitude or in smoking? The following letter will throw some light on the subject, and although its details seem almost too sacred for the public eye, yet as the parties have all passed off the stage, we can see no good reason for withholding it. It was found among the papers of a lady lately deceased, and makes no pretension to elegance of style, yet we envy not the feelings of that female who can peruse it without emotion, and who in view of the intense suffering the softer sex are capable of producing, is not fully convinced that it is a *great charity to be a woman!* Ineffably captivating and winning as we undoubtedly are, we should still remember that one loveliest attribute is mercy.

—, May 10th, 1820.

My Dear Sister :

A sad calamity has befallen our family. Our darling brother has been—refused. It took place this morning. We had long known that he was suffering from an attack of the tender passion, but in consequence of severe losses at play, and our father’s obduracy, who refused to advance him a single stiver, it reached its crisis, before we were prepared for it. It was a hard thing for him, a *man* and a Howard, to acknowledge to another, and that other a *woman*, that he found himself insufficient for his own happiness:—but when he reflected that his ancestors had all done the same thing before him, and that it would not be considered as derogating from his dignity, he resolved to smother his pride and follow in their footsteps. His strongest feelings too were enlisted in the question, for he had ever present with him a gnawing sense of emptiness, so to speak, which extended to his pocket.

The most tender affection had ever subsisted between us, and on this occasion he sought my confidence. He had composed his offer, and had again and again recited it to the corner cupboard, and affectionately kissed the key hole: but fearing when he should address it to a sentient being, he might lose his self-possession and break down in the middle, he asked of me the favor of rehearsal. You will blush for my weakness, but I acknowledge the bare tho’t of such a scene completely unnerved me,—but when I reflected upon the state of his finances, and that success to him was as the very breath of his nostrils, I conquered my emotions, and acceded to his solicitations. Ah! my sister, what a sweetly interesting moment! and if my agitation was so great at this, how shall I ever endure the reality?

I endeavored to enter into the spirit of the scene, and according to custom essayed some faint objections; but he obviated them in a moment, and indeed the effect was truly tremendous when he came down upon his knees and alluded to self-destruction.

I pronounced it perfect, but still he was not satisfied. “There are other ways,” he said, that may be more effective, for “instance, I am more at home on horseback, and as I have it all cut and dried, and on the very tip of my tongue, perhaps it might get jerked off, as it were, without my knowing it.” But I had insuperable objections to this plan, for though I was aware that if refused, he might show his sense of injury by spurring on and leaving her, yet still there were advantages in being under cover not lightly to be relinquished. Had he been more conversant with our sex, he would have known there is no sight so moving to the female heart, as that of a *real, live* man prostrate before her, weeping, perspiring, and imploring! Yes, my sister, this is no fiction,—many a man surprised and overwhelmed by a refusal, has “bowed his pride” and cried all over his broadcloth. Forgive the inelegance of my expressions, but truth must not be sacrificed to euphony.

“I will do so,” he exclaimed with enthusiasm, “and will this moment seek her residence,” and it was a beautiful sight as he flung himself into the saddle, and riding rather with the steed than on him, rose and fell gently in his seat with the regularity and precision of the piston of a steam engine.

Occupied with pleasing thoughts of the great beauty and wealth of our intended sister, I was unconscious of the lapse of time, till I was roused by the tramp of a flying steed. Can this be the look of successful love, thought I, as with convulsed brow and clenched fists he flung himself into the apartment? Oh! what a spectacle

for a sister's eye! He was red to the very roots of his hair, and language not the most courtly fell from his quivering lips. I approached him—I endeavored to throw myself into his arms. He repulsed me. He used opprobrious epithets. "All alike, all alike," said he. I felt the cutting injustice of the expression, for never could I answer to my conscience to be guilty of such cruelty.

Our mother, ah! what a tie that is, sought her son. She hung over him and pressed into his hand a "trifle" which she had privately subtracted from our father's vestments. Heaven grant he may not miss it. The sight of his mother's tears and the unexpected "tin" completely unmanned him, and the crystal sluices gave way.

Nor did she forget his mortal nature—a potent cordial soothed his exasperated feelings and he sunk into a powerful slumber. I have just left him: a continuous hum sounds from his chamber. It has been a day of intense excitement to us all, for we feared at one moment it would strike to his vitals. To me it seemed that he was severely handled, but our dear mother, who has an uncommon acquaintance with men and things, remarked that he was not more so than is usual with men of sensibility and true feeling, and particularly where the charms of the beloved one are not entirely of a personal nature—that their exercises are frequently of an extraordinary character—that love is the strongest feeling in the manly heart except the passion for tobacco. Oh! what a responsibility is ours! When we consider that a proposal of marriage involves, not merely the bestowal of a name or of an immense fist, but the expenditure of money, *absolute money*; it seems to me, that nothing but a previous engagement can justify a refusal.

But to our brother. No other connexion promised equal advantages. Old Van Bokkeleyn's estate is dreadfully encumbered, and neighbor Vanduzen has gone on foolishly adding to his family till his property is not worth dividing.

3 o'clock. Our brother is awake but complains of an internal sense of *gouiness*. I have witnessed mortal anguish in many shapes—I have seen the loss of teeth, *eye teeth*, I have witnessed fearful contusions, but never have I beheld aught that penetrated to the very depths of my soul like the wailings of a *re-fused* man!

"Oh Love! what is it in this world of ours,
That makes it fatal to be loved?"

Yours,

S****.

TO ——.

I would not lord it o'er thy heart,
Alas! I cannot rule my own,
Nor would I rob one loyal thought,
From him who there should reign alone;
We both have found a life-long love
Wherein our weary souls may rest,
Yet may we not, my gentle friend
Be each to each the *second best*?

A love which shall be passion-free,
Fondness as pure as it is sweet,
A bond where all the dearest ties
Of brother, friend and *cousin* meet,—
Such is the union I would frame,
That thus we might be doubly blest,
With Love to rule our hearts supreme
And Friendship to be *second best*.

M.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S DESPATCHES.—The Albion is a greater admirer of "F. M. the Duke," so much so as to treasure up every scrap that falls from F. M. the Duke's pen. In copying into its columns the last letter of "F. M. the Duke," &c. to the editor of the Morning Post, the Albion says:

Colonel Gurwood rendered a great service to the country and to military history, by collecting and compiling his Grace's public Despatches; and any other person, or persons, would confer an equal favor on all lovers of brevity, anti-circumlocution and coming to the point, if he or they would collect and lay before an admiring world, all the noble Duke's short notes, terse answers, and pithy replies to a parcel of people who are constantly bothering themselves about him. We could supply a number of choice little bits ourselves to any patriotic collector who may feel disposed to enter the field on this service. All remember the recent reply to the London reporter, who wrote to the Duke for permission to enter his residence, and report to the public the sayings and doings of the Queen and Prince Albert, who had gone to pay his Grace a private visit:

"The Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Mr. —,

and does not see what Strathfieldsay House has to do with the public."

On another occasion, a person addressed himself to the Duke, sending copies of several letters and papers, all of which were enclosed in a case of *tin*. The Duke acknowledged the receipt of them as follows:

"The Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Mr. —, has received his letters and the tin case."

These brief despatches of his Grace, are a proof of the good that may be done by a little wholesome criticism. There was a time when the letters of "F. M. the Duke" were not such perfect specimens of style, as the readers of Cobbett's papers will remember. The following is one of the Duke's despatches from Paris, with Cobbet's admiring comments, which we fear have been omitted by Colonel Gurwood in his edition of the great captain's works. It is a letter to Lord Castlereagh, concerning the stolen pictures in the *Louvre*.

Having, as far as relates to the *Museums*, taken a sufficient view of the "greatest Statesman" of the age, I now come to that of "the greatest Captain." The writing that I am now about to notice relates to the same subject. The Captain was one of the *Commanders* at Paris, at the time above spoken of; and it is in that capacity that he writes. But, we ought to observe here, that he is not only a great Captain, but a great *Ambassador* also; that he was Ambassador at the Congress of Vienna just before the time we are speaking of; and that he was formerly *Secretary of State* for Ireland.

The paper, from which I am about to make a quotation, is a "dispatch" from the "greatest Captain" to Lord Castlereagh, dated at Paris, 23d September, 1815, soon after the Museums had been rifled.

I shall not take up much of your time with the performance of this gentleman; a short specimen will suffice; and that shall consist of the three first paragraphs of his "dispatch."

MY DEAR LORD,

"There has been a *good deal of discussion* here lately respecting the measures which I have been under the necessity of adopting, in order to *get for* the King of the Netherlands his Pictures &c., from the Museums; and lest these reports should reach the Prince Regent, I *wish to trouble you*, for his Royal Highness's *information*, with the following statement of what has passed.

"Shortly after the arrival of the Sovereigns at Paris, the Minister of the King of the Netherlands *claimed* the Pictures, &c. belonging to his Sovereign, *equally with those of other powers*; and, as far as I could learn, *never could get any satisfactory reply* from the French Government. After several conversations with me, he *addressed* your Lordship an *official Note*, which was laid before the Ministers of the Allied Sovereigns, assembled in conference; and the subject was taken into consideration repeatedly, with a view to discover a mode of doing justice to the *Claimants* of the specimens of the arts in the Museums, without injuring the feelings of the King of France. In the mean time, the Prussians had obtained from His Majesty not only all the really Prussian Pictures, but these belonging to the Prussian territories on the left of the Rhine, and the Pictures, &c., belonging to all the allies of His Prussian Majesty; and the subject pressed for an early decision; and your Lordship wrote your Note of the 11th inst. in which it was fully discussed.

"The Ministers of the King of the Netherlands, still having no satisfactory *answer* from the French Government, appealed to me as the General in Chief of the army of the King of the Netherlands, to know whether I had any objection to employ His Majesty's Troops to obtain possession of what was his *undoubted property*. I referred this application again to the Ministers of the Allied Courts, and no objection having been stated, I considered it my duty to take the necessary measures to obtain what was his right."

The great characteristic of this writing (if writing it ought to be called) is the thorough-paced *vulgarity* of it. There is a meanness of manner as well as of expression, and, indeed, a suitableness to the subject, much too natural, in all its appearances, to have been the effect of art.

The writer, though addressing a minister of State, and writing matter to be laid before a Sovereign, begins exactly in the manner of a quidnunc talking to another that he has just met in the street. "There has been a *good deal of discussion*" (that is to say, *talk*) *here*?" that is to say, at Paris, Castlereagh being, at that time, in London. The phrase "*to get for*" is so very dignified, that it could have come only from a great man, and could have been inspired by nothing short of the consciousness of being "*the Ally of all the nations of Europe*," as the writer calls himself in another part of this famous "dispatch."

But, what are "these reports," of which the great Captain speaks in the latter part of this paragraph? He had spoken of *no reports* before. He had mentioned "*discussion*," and a "*good deal*" of it; but, had said not a word about *reports*; and these reports pop out upon us like "*these six men in buckram*," in Falstaff's narrative to the Prince.

The Captain's "*wishing to trouble*" Lord Castlereagh, "*for the Regent's information*," closes this paragraph in a very suitable manner, and prepares the mind for the next, where the Regent would find trouble enough, if he were compelled to find out the English of it. The Dutch Minister "*claimed* the Pictures belonging to his sovereign, *equally with those of other powers*." What! did this Dutchman claim the *whole*; those belonging to the Dutch sovereign and those belonging to all the other powers besides! This, to be sure, would have been in the true Dutch style: but, this could hardly be the fact. If it were, no wonder that the Duke had learned, that the Minister "*never could get any satisfactory reply*;" for, it must have been a deal indeed that would have satisfied him.

The phrase, "*he addressed your Lordship an official Note*" is in the *counting-house* style; and then to say to Lord Castlereagh, "*your Lordship wrote your Note of the 11th of September*," was necessary, lest the latter should imagine that *somebody else* had written the

Note! Nor are the four *ands* in this paragraph to be overlooked; for never was this poor conjunction so worked before, except, perhaps, in some narrative of a little girl to her mother.

The narrative is, in the last quoted paragraph, continued with unrelaxed spirit. The Dutch Minister can still obtain no satisfactory answer; he asks the Duke whether he have *any objection* to use force, and asserts, at the same time, that the *goods* in question are his master's "*undoubted property*." Upon this the Duke applies to the other ministers, and "*no objection having been stated*," he considers it *his duty* to obtain "*what was his right*;" that is to say, the Dutch king's right.

Never was there surely a parcel of words before put together by any body is so clumsy a manner. In a subsequent part of the "*dispatch*," we have this: "I added, that I had no instructions regarding the Museum, *nor no grounds on which to form a judgment*." In another place we have "*the King of the Netherland's Pictures*." In another place we have "*that the property should be returned to their rightful owners*."

But, to bestow criticism on such a shocking abuse of letters is to disgrace it; and nothing can apologize for what I have done, but the existence of a general knowledge of the fact, that the miserable stuff that I have quoted, and on which I have been remarking, proceeded from the pen of a man, who has, on many occasions, had some of the most important of the nation's affairs committed to his management. There is in the nonsense of Castlereagh a frivolity and a poppy that give it a sort of liveliness, and that now-and-then elicit a smile: but, in the productions of his correspondent there is nothing to relieve; all is vulgar, all clumsy, all dull, all torpid insanity.

S O N N E T .

Fair eyed Sincerity forbids me write
'Dear Love,' but smiles assenting on 'Dear Friend';
(Since time has swept my passion into night;)
Nor dare I with this pure emotion blend
Aught sensuous, or of ideal rapture born:
For now am I in love with Cheerfulness;
And almost have forgot that mood forlorn,
Which bids the poor soul hug her own distress.
Now, evening bells ring in my evening peace,
And tranquil morn salutes me for a friend:
My wane of passion is my mind's increase,
And every hour I rather live than spend.
Then, if you mourn, morn not for me that live
So rich in pity I can spare to give.

HORUS.

REVIEWS.

LIFE OF GODFREY WILLIAM VON LEIBNITZ.—On the basis of the German work of Dr. J. E. Guhrauer. By John M. Mackie. Boston: Gould, Kendall and Lincoln, 59 Washington street. 1845.

On the 21st of June (O. S.) 1646, Catharine, wife of Frederick Leibnitz, gave birth to a boy, who was soon to astonish not only his native city of Leipsic, but even the world. When being baptized on the third day of his existence Godfrey William (this was the name he received at the baptismal font) raised his head and opened his tiny eyes, and seemed consciously to receive the symbolic rite, as became a being who was to live always in the presence of his Maker. The delighted father, noting this event in his family journal, thus comments: "This is my desire; and so do I prophetically look upon this occurrence as a sign of faith, and a most sure token, that this my son will walk through life with eyes upturned to heaven, burning with love to God, and abounding in wonderful works to the honor of the Most High, the increase and purification of the Christian Church, and the salvation of both his and our souls."

The boy lived to accomplish the prophecy. Before he was twelve years old, he was so far advanced in his studies, that he could read the Latin language with ease, and had begun to stammer in Greek, and wrote verses with great readiness and felicity. This forwardness he owed entirely to innate genius, for his stupid teacher would have restrained his ardor, had it not been for the timely interference of a friend. In his Fragment of Personal Confessions, he holds the following language: "Two things were of special service to

me, even from boyhood; first, that I was strictly a self-taught scholar; and secondly, that in the study of every science, even at the outset, and before I had made myself thoroughly acquainted with what was commonly known and received in it, I thought to make original discoveries. By this course, I secured the advantage of not encumbering my mind with things of no value, which depended on authority rather than intrinsic merit; and also, that of never being satisfied until I had laid bare the roots and fibres of every science, and had discovered its fundamental principles, upon which all subordinate views and minor details naturally depend." This is the road that all great minds must take and which can alone lead to great results; but this is precisely the one which is most commonly disapproved of by "dull respectabilities," to whom the authority of age is a guaranty of accurate knowledge, and who like their ease too well to allow their equanimity to be disturbed by those who would attempt to teach them something new.

Before he had attained the age of twenty, Leibnitz published a treatise *De Arte Combinatoria*, upon which he looked in his after years as a depository of the germs of his subsequent manifold philosophical views and discoveries. In his 21st year, this precocious youth received the degree of a Doctor at the University of Altdorf with great applause, after being refused the honor, through intrigues, in his native city. In consequence of the brilliant display of his extraordinary abilities at the examination for the doctorate, he had a professorship offered to him, which he declined, as it would have interfered with his contemplated plan of reform in science.

Stimulated by the desire of knowledge, on his taking up his residence at Nuremberg, Leibnitz wished to become initiated in the mysteries of the secret society of Rosicrucians, who believed themselves so well versed in chemistry, that they hoped the day was not far distant when their labors would be crowned by the discovery of the long-sought philosopher's stone. His age and want of influential friends were in the way of his accomplishing this object; not disheartened, however, he fell upon a stratagem which succeeded beyond his expectations. He wrote a letter to one of the directors of the society, a reverend clergyman, full of the obscurest terms and phrases, which he gathered from various books on chemistry, respectfully suing for admission into the learned fraternity. The artifice succeeded; not only was the mysterious circle opened, but the situation of secretary with a small salary was offered to him, which he gladly accepted. In this singular office he remained only through the winter of 1666; long enough to learn the follies of the gold-seeking fraternity.

The accidental acquaintance with the distinguished statesman John Christian Baron von Boineburg, which soon ripened into friendship, was a turning point in Leibnitz's career; it gave him an opportunity to mingle with princes and distinguished literary men. His sphere of action was soon sufficiently enlarged to gratify his highest ambition; now we find him busy in politics, law or philosophy,—now in theology or scientific discovery; thus active, he rapidly earned an European reputation. In what esteem his sagacious friend the Baron held him, we learn from a letter introducing him to the acquaintance of the distinguished statesman Hermann Conring. "He is a young man from Leipsic, of four-and-twenty, doctor of laws, and learned beyond all credence. Being acquainted with the whole course of philosophy, he is a good mediator between the old and new systems; he is a mathematician, also understanding physics, medicine, and the whole range of mechanics; and is, withal, ardent and industrious. In religion he is an independent

thinker; and for the rest, belongs to your (the Lutheran) church. The theory, and what is to be wondered at, the practice also, of law, is perfectly familiar to him. He is devoted to you with love and veneration." The Baron's generous and correct opinion of the young man, proved him to be an equally uncommon individual—"Genius too seldom has the privilege of being tried by its peers."

Leibnitz continued to deserve this high opinion by his untiring activity and brilliant discoveries. Some men arrive at the climax of their greatness long before the evening of their life sets in, and then only contemplate the trophies of their early days. But it was not so with Leibnitz; he may be said to have lived each day on new glories.

We cannot think of the discovery of the differential calculus without regretting that it should have been the cause of so much bitter feeling between such illustrious rivals as Leibnitz and Newton, who, unknown to each other, about the same time wrought out of their meditations such a treasure for science; and we regret the more, for Sir Isaac showed the want of that ingenuousness which elevates his rival so much above him. Although the Royal Society in London decided upon the claims of priority in favor of their countryman, such competent judges as Euler, Lagrange, La Place, and Poisson have reversed the verdict, and at last justice has been done to the long neglected name of Leibnitz, whom national partiality would have deprived of his due meed of praise.

To show how much philosophy is indebted to Leibnitz, we should have to give an account of its condition previous to his time and since. Although his philosophy is scattered through different essays, prompted by variety of causes, and always bearing some relation to time and circumstances, it is sufficiently complete and original; and as his biographer asserts, much of its wisdom passed into his living.

That he brought a capacious mind and a right spirit to the investigation of truth, is evident from what he says in a letter to De Montserat—"I have found that the greater number of sects are right in much which they affirm, but not in what they deny. The Formalists, like the Platonists and the Aristotelians, are in the right when they recognise the fountain of things in the final and formal causes; but they are in the wrong, when they neglect the efficient and material causes, and, like Henry More in England, and certain Platonists, conclude that there are appearances which cannot be accounted for mechanically. On the other side, the materialists, or those who occupy themselves exclusively with mechanical philosophy, are in error in discarding metaphysics and attempting to explain everything directly or indirectly, through the imagination. I flatter myself that I have penetrated into the harmony of the different kingdoms; and have seen that both parties are right, if they only would not exclude each other." Would that man should always bring such spirit to all investigation; our common stock of knowledge, besides being purified, would receive large additions. There would be then but little chance for sects or fanatics, either in science or philosophy. All error presupposes some truth, and its success is only proportionate to the truth it may involve; for pure falsehood can never exist.

After repeated unsuccessful attempts at a reconciliation of the Romish church with the Protestant, Leibnitz abandoned his darling idea for a union of all the Protestant churches in Europe against the church of Rome. But as the only fruit of these noble efforts, he secured himself a place in the ranks of the first Protestant theologians. That age was not far enough advanced to comprehend his Christian spirit; and even our own is not yet ripe for such a union of Christians: as long as ignorance and vice wear the mask of sanctity, and faith in sectarian dogmas supplies the place of love to man manifest in good deeds, we shall look in vain for that blessed event.

Of all that Leibnitz has written, the *Theodicea* has, perhaps, made him most widely known. In it his philosophy is reduced to practical life, and made intelligible to all minds, and by the very quality which makes it an incomplete work as a systematic exposition of philosophy, it has been made more serviceable to the spread of sound views of life. It is a pity that while this work is known to other nations, and highly valued by them, it is not, to our knowledge, translated into English.

His intellectual activity finds no parallel in history; he

knew all that was of importance to others to know, and besides he excogitated many new things, that the world was some time or other to learn from him, and some of which it has not learnt yet. He was always laboring to extend his own information and that of others, and spared no efforts to acquaint himself with discoveries in science or art. And all this he did for the sake of knowledge, as well as for the good of the race; for we are willing to take his own testimony. In a letter to Magliabechi, thus he says: "For I can suggest much to others, but cannot alone execute all that occurs to me; and I would gladly give to others the fame of many of my inventions, if only the public welfare, the good of the race, and the glory of God might thereby be promoted." And in another instance, alluding to the publication of his discovery of the differential calculus, he gives utterance to the following generous sentiment: "But it gives me pleasure to see the fruits of seeds scattered by my own hand growing in the gardens of others." His unlimited good will towards man manifested itself in his activity for the welfare of the own nation as well as of others; now we see him serve the Imperial Elector of Hanover—now zealously engaged in laying the foundation of the Academy of Sciences at Berlin—or projecting one at Dresden; then advising Peter the Great upon the best means of civilizing his Russians; and now holding counsel with Charles VI. in Vienna.

We have a corroboration of his noble character from the pen of his secretary and friend Eckhart, who says "He spoke well of every one—put the best construction upon the actions of others, and ever spared his enemies, when having it in his power to dispossess them of their places."

To our apprehension, the crowning eminence in Leibnitz's character is his capacity for friendship. A person that is capable of generous and devoted friendship, is incapable of much wrong; for that pure flame either purifies the dross of the human heart, or it is extinguished; we speak of friendship that is unchangeable, ready for all sacrifice, and knows no sex—a friendship that is very rare, and of which great souls alone are capable. The capacity for such a friendship is the test of true greatness.

Such a friendship existed between Sophia Charlotte, queen of Prussia, and Leibnitz, who, on her demise, writing to their mutual friend, Miss Von Pollnitz, gives vent to his grief in the following strain: "I infer your feelings from my own. I weep not; I complain not; but I know not where to look for relief. The loss of the queen appears to me like a dream; but when I awake from my reverie, I find it but too true.—Your misfortune is not greater than mine, only your feelings are more lively, and you stood in the midst of the general calamity. This encourages me to write to you and beg that you will moderate your sorrow, if possible, lest you do yourself an injury. It is not by excessive grief we shall best honor the memory of one of the most perfect princesses of the earth, but rather by our admiration of her virtues; and the reasonable world will be on our side. My letter is more philosophical than my heart, and I am unable to follow my own counsel; but it is, notwithstanding, rational." This affliction deranged his usual course of life for some time, and he himself narrowly escaped an attack of severe illness.

Great as Leibnitz was, yet his influence, while active, was diminished by the fact of his being unmarried. A single man is never identified so much with society as to exert all his powers for its benefit. A great man, when he lives single, may be said to bury a good half of himself under the ground, for no better purpose than that, when grown old, he may enjoy his own reproaches for his folly. Yet these are the very men who can seldom find a counterpart of themselves in woman; their union in the marriage bond is unfrequently but a separation in spirit. They seem to be destined, socially and intellectually, to live solitary, like the eagle on its rocky peak, occupied with their brood of thoughts, and surveying with aching eyes the wide universe spread before them, the greatest bliss of which—communion, they are not allowed to taste. That Leibnitz was aware of the advantages and disadvantages of marriage, we learn from his saying, "Marriage is a good thing—only a wise man must spend his whole life in meditating it." Although alive to the kindly sympathies of the softer sex, he lived alone; and the world lost the benefit of that part of his character which is only developed in wedlock.

Absorbed in higher themes, he suppressed those emotions which pervade the mass of men, and by which only it is possible for another human being to gain a permanent hold

upon mankind. His only passion was to seek after knowledge, that it may benefit the race; his writings are so purely intellectual, so free from the fire of common passions that, while he deserves to be ranked among the greatest geniuses, and greatest benefactors that ever lived, he has not had even the half of the meed of praise which was bestowed by the thoughtless multitude upon men of smaller stature.

Leibnitz was a poet of the highest order; of course, we do not take the word in its vulgar and limited meaning; he was the highest type of genius; he had the key to Nature's mysteries, which he expounded to the less favored sons of Eve. He was permitted, priestlike, to comprehend the counsels of God, that he might reveal to his fellow mortals the wisdom and benevolence of our heavenly Father. To us, he is an intellectual Howard, visiting the dens of ignorance to rescue truth from the mire of error. In his time there was none equal to him, not even Newton; and since, none has appeared that can measure himself with the German sage.

Mankind owes gratitude to its great men, as they are its teachers and fashioners, its ornaments and redeemers; and every nation should do its part in acknowledging itself their debtor—willing to pay the interest, although unable to discharge the full liability. And we are glad that at last there was found one, who took upon himself the honorable responsibility of acknowledging this indebtedness on the part of the Anglo-Saxon race to the genius of Leibnitz, by presenting the English reader with the life of the sage. The writer has our thanks, for he has admirably acquitted himself of the task: the interest and unity of his theme are well supported by a chaste diction.

But while we thank him for what he has done, we beg leave to dissent from his conclusion; we should have been much better pleased had he preserved those German peculiarities, which he thought not adapted to the wants of the Appalachian literary public.

There are two views to be taken of the life of a man;—first, as he makes one identity standing out in distinct lineaments of society—next, as that identity sends out its roots into society in different directions, both to prop itself and strengthen the social frame work. The writer has taken chiefly the first view of the life of Leibnitz. To us it would have been more satisfactory, had it been conformable to our way of viewing these matters. Biography is a key to history, and only such biographies as represent this two-fold view of an individual, can be good keys to unlock the true spirit of history that time holds in its fasnesses—the past and the distant.

We have another reason to thank the writer for his work. Every thing that makes us better acquainted with the great and good men of other countries, is calculated either to strengthen national sympathies, or remove prejudices that ignorance or national vanity begets. The work in hand will contribute its share to this desirable result; inasmuch as there is room in the Anglo-Saxon race for the happy influence of those kindly feelings which lead us, on all occasions, to view the man of another clime as a brother, and deserving at our hands that regard to which humanity, civilization, and Christianity give him a title.

POEMS. By William W. Lord. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Of Mr. Lord we know nothing—although we believe that he is a student at Princeton College—or perhaps a graduate, or perhaps a Professor of that Institution. Of his book, lately, we have heard a good deal—that is to say, we have heard it announced in every possible variation of phrase, as “forthcoming.” For several months past, indeed, much amusement has been occasioned in the various literary coteries in New York, by the pertinacity and obviousness of an attempt made by the poet’s friends to get up an anticipatory excitement in his favor. There were multitudinous dark rumors of something *in posse*—whispered insinuations that the sun had at length arisen or would certainly arise—that a book was really in press which would revolutionize the poetical world—that the MS. had been submitted to the inspection of a junto of critics, whose fiat was well understood to be Fate, (Mr. Charles King, if we remember aright, forming one of the junto)—that the work had by them been ap-

proved, and its successful reception and illimitable glorification assured.—Mr. Longfellow, in consequence, countermanaging an order given his publishers (Redding & Co.,) to issue forthwith a new threepenny edition of “The Voices of the Night.” Suggestions of this nature, busily circulated in private, were, in good time, insinuated through the press, until at length the public expectation was as much on tiptoe as public expectation, in America, can ever be expected to be about so small a matter as the issue of a volume of American poems. The climax of this whole effort, however, at forestalling the critical opinion, and by far the most injudicious portion of the procedure, was the publisher’s announcement of the forthcoming book as “a very remarkable volume of poems.”

The fact is, the only remarkable things about Mr. Lord’s compositions, are their remarkable conceit, ignorance, impudence, platitude, stupidity and bombast:—we are sorry to say all this, but there is an old adage about the falling of the Heavens. Nor must we be misunderstood. We intend to wrong neither Mr. Lord nor our own conscience, by denying him particular merits—such as they are. His book is *not* altogether contemptible—although the conduct of his friends has inoculated nine-tenths of the community with the opinion that it is—but what we wish to say, is that “remarkable” is by no means the epithet to be applied, in the way of commendation, either to anything that he has yet done or to anything that he may hereafter accomplish. In a word, while he has undoubtedly given proof of a very ordinary species of talent, no man whose opinion is entitled to the slightest respect will admit in him any indication of genius.

The “particular merits” to which, in the case of Mr. Lord, we have allusion, are merely the accidental merits of particular passages. We say *accidental*—because poetical merit which is not simply an accident, is very sure to be found, more or less, in a state of *diffusion* throughout a poem. No man is entitled to the sacred name of poet, because from 160 pages of doggrel, may be culled a few sentences of worth. Nor would the case be in any respect altered, if these few sentences, or even if a few passages of length, were of an excellence even supreme. For a poet is necessarily a man of genius, and with the spirit of true genius even its veriest common-places are intertwined and inextricably intertwined. When, therefore, amid a Sahara of platitude, we discover an occasional Oasis, we must not so far forget ourselves as to fancy any latent fertility in the sands. It is our purpose, however, to do the fullest justice to Mr. Lord, and we proceed at once to cull from his book whatever, in our opinion, will put in the fairest light his poetical pretensions.

And first we extract the *one* brief passage which aroused in us what we recognised as the Poetical Sentiment. It occurs, at page 94, in “Saint Mary’s Gift,” which, although excessively unoriginal at all points, is upon the whole, the least reprehensible poem of the volume. The heroine of the story having taken a sleeping draught, after the manner of Juliet, is conveyed to a vault (still in the same manner) and (still in the same manner) awakes in the presence of her lover who comes to gaze on what he supposes her corpse:

And each unto the other was a dream;
And so they gazed without stir or breath,
Until her head into the golden stream
Of her wide tresses, loosened from their wreath,
Sank back, as she did yield again to death.

At page 3, in a composition of much general *eloquence*, there occur a few lines of which we should not hesitate to speak enthusiastically were we not perfectly well aware that Mr. Lord has no claim to their origination:

Ye winds
That in the impalpable deep caves of air,

*Moving your silent plumes, in dreams of flight,
Tumultuous lie, and from your half-stretched wings
Beat the faint zephyrs that disturb the air !*

At page 6, in the same poem, we meet, also, a passage of high merit, although sadly disfigured :

Thee the bright host of Heaven,
The stars adore :—a thousand altars, fed
By pure unwearied hands, like cressets blaze
In the blue depths of night; nor all unseen
In the pale sky of day, with tempered light
Burn radiant of thy praise.

The disfiguration to which we allude, lies in the making a blazing altar burn merely like a blazing cresset—a simile about as forcible as would be the likening an apple to a pear, or the sea-foam to the froth on a pitcher of Burton's ale.

At page 7, still in the same poem, we find some verses which are very quotable, and will serve to make our readers understand what we mean by the eloquence of the piece :

Great Worshipper ! hast thou no thought of Him
Who gave the Sun his brightness, winged the winds,
And on the everlasting deep bestowed
Its voiceless thunder—spread its fields of blue,
And made them glorious like an inner sky
From which the islands rise like steadfast clouds,
How beautiful ! who gemmed thy zone with stars,
Aroundt hee threw his own cerulean robe,—
And bent his coronal about thy brows,
Shaped of the seven splendors of the light—
Piled up the mountains for thy throne ; and thee
The image of His beauty made and power,
And gave thee to be sharer of His state,
His majesty, His glory, and His fear !

We extract this *not* because we like it ourselves, but because we take it for granted that there are many who will, and that Mr. Lord himself would desire us to extract it as a specimen of his *power*. The "Great worshipper" is Nature. We disapprove, however, the man-milliner method in which she is tricked out, item by item. The "How beautiful!" should be understood, we fancy, as an expression of admiration on the part of Mr. Lord, for the fine idea which immediately precedes—the idea which we have italicized. It is, in fact, by no means destitute of force—but we have met it before.

At page 70, there are two stanzas addressed to "My Sister." The first of these we cite as the best thing of equal length to be found in the book. Its conclusion is particularly noble.

And shall we meet in heaven, and know and love ?
Do human feelings in that world above
Unchanged survive ? blest thought ! but ah, I fear
That thou, dear sister, in some other sphere,
Distant from mine will (wilt) find a brighter home,
Where I, unworthy found, may never come :—
Or be so high above me glorified,
That I a meane angel, undescreid,
Seeking thine eyes, such love alone shall see
As angels give to all bestowed on me ;
And when my voice upon thy ear shall fall,
Hear only such reply as angels give to all.

We give the lines as they are: their grammatical construction is faulty; and the punctuation of the ninth line renders the sense equivocal.

Of that species of composition which comes most appropriately under the head, *Drivel*, we should have no trouble in selecting as many specimens as our readers could desire. We will afflict them with one or two :

SONG.

O soft is the ringdove's eye of love
When her mate returns from a weary flight;
And brightest of all the stars above
Is the one bright star that leads the night.

But softer thine eye than the dove's by far,
When of friendship and pity thou speakest to me ;
And brighter, O brighter, than eve's one star
When of love, sweet maid, I speak to thee.

Here is another

SONG.

Oh, a heart it loves, it loves thee,
That never loved before
Oh, a heart it loves, it loves thee,
That heart can love no more.

As the rose was in the bud, love,
Ere it opened into sight,
As yon star in drumlie daylight
Behind the blue was bright—

So thine image in my heart, love,
As pure, as bright, as fair,
Thyself unseen, unheeded,
I saw and loved it there.

Oh, a heart it loves, it loves thee
As heart ne'er loved before ;
Oh, a heart, it loves, loves, loves thee,
That heart can love no more.

In "The Widow's Complaint" we are entertained after this fashion :

And what are these children
I once thought my own,
What now do they seem
But his orphans alone ?

In "The New Castalia" we have it thus :

Then a pallid beauteous maiden
Golden ghastly robes arrayed in
Such a wondrous strain displayed in,
In a wondrous song of Aidenne,
That all the gods and goddesses
Shook their golden yellow tresses,
Parnassus' self made half afraid in.

Just above this there is something about aged beldames dreaming

— of white throats sweetly jagged
With a ragged butch-knife dull,
And of night-mares neighing, weighing,
On a sleeper's bosom squatting.

But in mercy to our readers we forbear.

Mr. Lord is never elevated above the dead level of his habitual platitude, by even the happiest thesis in the world. That any man could, at one and the same time, fancy himself a poet and string together as many pitiable inanities as we see here, on so truly suggestive a thesis as that of "A Lady taking the Veil," is to our apprehension a miracle of miracles. The idea would seem to be, of itself, sufficient to elicit fire from ice—to breathe animation into the most stolid of stone. Mr. Lord winds up a dissertation on the subject by the patronizing advice—

Ere thou, irrevocable, to that dark creed
Art yielded, think, *Oh Lady, think again !*

the whole of which would read better if it were

Ere thou, irrevocable, to this d—d doggrel
Art yielded, Lord, think ! think !—ah think again.

Even with the great theme, Niagara, our poet fails in his obvious effort to work himself into a fit of inspiration. One of his poems has for title "A Hymn to Niagara"—but from beginning to end it is nothing more than a very silly "Hymn to Mr. Lord." Instead of describing the fall (as well as any Mr. Lord could be supposed to describe it) he rants about what *I* feel here, and about what *I* did not feel there—till at last the figure of little Mr. Lord, in the shape of a great capital I gets so thoroughly in between the reader and the waterfall that not a particle of the latter is to be discovered. At one point the poet directs his soul to issue a proclamation as follows :

Proclaim, my soul, proclaim it to the sky !
And tell the stars, and tell the hills whose feet
Are in the depths of earth, their peaks in heaven,
And tell the Ocean's old familiar face
Beheld by day and night, in calm and storm,
That they, nor aught beside in earth or heaven,

Like thee, tremendous torrent, have so filled
Its thought of beauty, and so awed with might!

The "Its" has reference to the soul of Mr. Lord, who thinks it necessary to issue a proclamation to the stars and the hills and the ocean's old familiar face—lest the stars and the hills and the ocean's old familiar face should chance to be unaware of the fact that it (the soul of Mr. Lord) admitted the waterfall to be a fine thing—but whether the cataract for the compliment, or the stars for the information, are to be considered the party chiefly obliged—that, for the life of us, we cannot tell.

From the "first impression" of the cataract, he says:

At length my soul awaked—waked not again
To be o'erpressed, o'ermastered, and engulphed,
But of itself possessed, o'er all without
Felt conscious mastery!

And then
Retired within, and self-withdrawn, I stood
The two-fold centre and informing soul
Of one vast harmony of sights and sounds,
And from that deep abyss, that rock-built shrine,
Though mute my own frail voice, I poured a hymn
Of "praise and gratulation" like the noise
Of banded angels when they shout to wake
Empyrean echoes!

That so vast a personage as Mr. Lord should not be o'ermastered by the cataract, but feel "conscious mastery over all without"—and over all within, too—is certainly nothing more than reasonable and proper—but then he should have left the detail of these little facts to the cataract or to some other uninterested individual—even Cicero has been held to blame for a want of modesty—and although, to be sure, Cicero was not Mr. Lord, still Mr. Lord may be in danger of blame. He may have enemies (*very little men!*) who will pretend to deny that the "hymn of praise and gratulation" (if this is the hymn) bears at all points more than a partial resemblance to the "noise of banded angels when they shout to wake empyreal echoes." Not that we intend to deny it—but they will:—they are *very little people* and they *will*.

We have said that the "remarkable" feature, or at least one of the "remarkable" features of this volume is its platitude—its flatness. Whenever the reader meets anything not decidedly flat, he may take it for granted at once, that it is stolen. When the poet speaks, for example, at page 148, of

Flowers, of young poets the first words—

who can fail to remember the line in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*.

Fairies use flowers for their charactery?

At page 10 he says:

Great oaks their heavenward lifted arms stretch forth
In supppliance!

The same thought will be found in "Pelham," where the author is describing the dead tree beneath which is committed the murder. The grossest plagiarisms, indeed, abound. We would have no trouble, even, in pointing out a score from our most unimportant self. At page 27 Mr. Lord says:

They, albeit with inward pain
Who thought to sing thy dirge, must sing thy Pæan!

In a poem called "Lenore," we have it

Avaunt! to-night my heart is light—no dirge will I upraise,
But waft the angel on her flight with a Pæan of old days.

At page 13, Mr. Lord says of certain flowers that

Ere beheld on Earth they gardened Heaven!

We print it as printed—note of admiration and all. In a poem called "Al Aaraaf" we have it thus:

—A gemmy flower,
Inmate of highest stars, where erst it shamed
All other loveliness:—'twas dropped from Heaven
And fell on gardens of the unforgiven
In Trebizond.

At page 57 Mr. Lord says:

On the old and haunted mountain,
There in dreams I dared to climb,
Where the clear Castalian fountain
(Silver fountain) ever tinkling
All the green around it sprinkling
Makes perpetual rhyme—
To my dream enchanted, golden,
Came a vision of the olden
Long-forgotten time.

There are no doubt many of our friends who will remember the commencement of our "Haunted Palace."

In the greenest of our valleys
By good angels tenanted,
Once a fair and stately palace
(Radiant palace) reared its head.
In the monarch Thought's dominion
It stood there.
Never seraph spread a pinion
Over fabric half so fair.
Banners yellow, glorious, golden,
On its roof did float and flow—
This—all this—was in the olden
Time, long ago.

At page 60, Mr. Lord says:

And the aged beldames napping,
Dreamed of gently rapping, rapping,
With a hammer gently tapping,
Tapping on an infant's skull.

In "The Raven" we have it:

While I pondered nearly napping,
Suddenly there came a rapping,
As of some one gently tapping,
Tapping at my chamber door.

But it is folly to pursue these thefts. As to any property of our own, Mr. Lord is very cordially welcome to whatever use he can make of it. But others may not be so pacifically disposed, and the book before us might be very materially thinned and reduced in cost, by discarding from it all that belongs to Miss Barrett, Tennyson, Keats, Shelley, Proctor Longfellow and Lowell—the very class of poets, by the way, whom Mr. William W. Lord, in his "New Castalia" the most especially effects to satirize and to contemn.

It has been rumored, we say, or rather it has been announced that Mr. Lord is a graduate or perhaps a Professor of Princeton College—but we have had much difficulty in believing anything of the kind. The pages before us are not only utterly devoid of that classicism of tone and manner—that better species of classicism which a liberal education never fails to impart—but they abound in the most outrageously vulgar violations of grammar—of prosody in its most extended sense.

Of versification, and all that appertains to it, Mr. Lord is ignorant in the extreme. We doubt if he can tell the difference between a dactyl and an anapoëst. In the Heroic (Jambic) Pentameter he is continually introducing such verses as these:

A faint symphony to Heaven ascending—
No heart of love, O God, Infinite One—
Of a thought as weak an aspiration—
Who were the original priests of this—
Of grace, magnificence and power—

O'erwhelm me; this darkness that shuts out the sky—

Alexandrines, in the same metre, are encountered at every step—but it is very clear from the points at which they are met, and at which the cœsura is placed, that Mr. Lord has no idea of employing them as Alexandrines;—They are merely excessive that is to say defective Pentameters. In a word, judging by his rhythm, we might suppose that the poet could neither see, hear, nor make use of his fingers. We do not know, in America, a versifier so utterly wretched and contemptible.

His most extraordinary sins, however, are in point of English. Here is his dedication, embodied in the very first page of the book:—

"To Professor Albert B. Dod, These Poems, the offspring of an Earnest (if ineffectual) Desire towards the True and Beautiful, which were hardly my own by Paternity, when they became his by Adoption, are inscribed, with all Reverence and Affection, by the Author."

What is any body to make of all this? What is the meaning of a desire *toward?*—and is it the "True and Beautiful" or the "Poems" which were hardly Mr. Lord's "own by paternity before they became his [Mr. Dod's] by adoption?"

At page 12, we read:

Think heedless one, or who with wanton step
Tramples the flowers.

At page 75, within the compass of eleven lines, we have three of the grossest blunders:

Oh Thou for whom as in thyself Thou art,
And by thyself perceived, we know no name,
Nor dare not seek to express—but unto us,
Adonai! who before the heavens were built,
Or Earth's foundation laid, within thyself,
Thine own most glorious habitation dwelt,
But when within the abyss,
With sudden light illuminated,
Thou, thine image to behold,
Into its quickened depths
Looked down with brooding eye!

At page 79, we read:

But ah! my heart, unduteous to my will,
Breathes only sadness; like an instrument
From whose quick strings, when hands devoid of skill
Solicit joy, they murmur and lament.

At page 86, is something even grosser than this:

And still and rapt as pictured Saint might be
Like saint-like seemed as her she did adore.

At page 129, there is a similar error:

With half-closed eyes and ruffled feathers known
As them that fly not with the changing year.

At page 128 we find—

And thou didst dwell therein so truly loved
As none have been nor shall be loved again,
And yet *perceived* not, etc.

At page 155, we have—

But yet it may not cannot be
That thou at length *hath* sunk to rest.

Invariably Mr. Lord writes didst did'st; couldst could'st, etc. The fact is he is absurdly ignorant of the commonest principles of grammar—and the only excuse we can make to our readers for annoying them with specifications in this respect is that, without the specifications, we should never have been believed.

But enough of this folly. We are heartily tired of the book, and thoroughly disgusted with the impudence of the parties who have been aiding and abetting in thrusting it before the public. To the poet himself we have only to say—from any farther specimens of your stupidity, good Lord deliver us!

The Big Bear of Arkansas, and Other Tales.—Illustrative of characters and incidents in the South and South-West—edited by W. T. Porter, with ten original engravings from Designs by Darley. Philadelphia: Carey and Hart.

Most of these sketches were originally published in the New York "Spirit of the Times," where they attracted much attention. The two first in the volume are, we think, much overrated by the editor—they seem to us dull and forced. Many of the others are irresistibly comic and fresh. "The great Kalamazoo Hunt" is a study in this

species of writing; and "Swallowing an Oyster" by our friend Field, of the inimitable "Reveillé," is a jewel of a thought, *set* to perfection. The designs by Darley (who has *genius* of a high order) are good, of course, but not so good as we expect to see from him.

The Sale of a Distillery: A Pencilling of the Present Age. By Wm. Oland Bourne.

Mr. Bourne has very vigorous talent. The "Sale of a Distillery" is the best poem we have yet seen on the subject of intemperance. The conception is a most forcible one, and the execution (with very slight exception) masterly.

The Dossay Portraits, from "Punch," with Six Hundred Humorous Illustrations. Philadelphia: Carey and Hart.

A reprint of a series of very pungent satirical papers—the point of which will not be so fully appreciated among us as could be desired.

THE PRIME MINISTER; OR THE SINGULAR FORTUNES OF A PEASANT AND A PEER. By Heinrich Zschokke, author of "Hortensia, or the Transfigurations," etc. Translated from the German. New York. E. Winchester.

Zschokke's works have been very popular, and have in them all the elements of the best popularity. "The Prime Minister" is strongly marked with its author's manner, and is very entertaining. The pamphlet is finely printed, and tasteful altogether.

THE CONQUEROR WORM.

Lo! 'tis a gala night
Within the lonesome latter years!
A mystic throng, bewing'd, bedight
In veils, and drown'd in tears,
Sit in a theatre, to see
A play of hopes and fears,
While the orchestra breathes fitfully
The music of the spheres.

Mimes, in the form of God on high,
Mutter and mumble low,
And hither and thither fly—
Mere puppets they, who come and go
At bidding of vast formless things
That shift the scenery to and fro,
Flapping from out their Condor wings
Invisible Wo !

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

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

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

EDGAR A. POE

MUSICAL REVIEW.

My Cynosure. Words by Park Benjamin, composed for and dedicated to his friend Wynant Van Zandt, by Herman S. Saroni.

This is a very charming ballad in E flat, suited to a light soprano or tenor voice. The melody cannot be said to be very original, but it is graceful, flowing, and pathetic. The symphony and accompaniments are both pleasing and appropriate, and as a whole it is one of the most pleasing ballads that has come under our notice for a considerable period. The words, by Park Benjamin, are well adapted to music, having the force, passion, and terseness of diction, for which the author is so well known. In the third bar, third line, second page, the A flat in the bass should be A natural.

Slumber, Infant, Slumber. A duett for two soprano voices, poetry by R. Moncton Milnes, Esq. M. P., composed and dedicated to Miss Sarah Henriquez, by Herman S. Saroni.

This duett is really beautiful from its simplicity. The melody is most admirably adapted to the words, and we do not know any simple duett that we would more gladly listen to when warbled from the lips of youth and innocence. We think that Mr. Saroni has been extremely fortunate in this composition; he may write many works of more pretension, but we prophecy for this duett a popularity far beyond his expectation. Were we inclined to be very critical, we might point out a resemblance, and a very marked one, too, in the first phrases, to the well known melody of "Flow on thou shining River," but we believe the imitation to have been accidental.

Mr. Saroni is a rising and very promising young man. He has a happy faculty of writing for the popular taste, and yet, with all the necessary simplicity, there is generally a positive evidence of a power to do greater things. We feel much pleasure in being able to speak of him as he deserves.

The poetry of this duett is by a living English poet of well tried celebrity. The sentiment is sad—the language is simple and touching.

We recommend this duett to our readers in all sincerity. They will find our warm recommendation by no means exaggerated.

G. G. Ferari's celebrated Instruction-Book for the Voice. Published by F. Riley, 297 Bowery.

Among the numerous vocal Instruction-Books published within the last twenty years, the one now under consideration has best maintained its stand. It has been universally praised, and is very generally adopted, particularly in England, where its sale has been really enormous. It is also very much used here, it being popular and comprehensive in its character.

The introductory remarks appended by the author, are very valuable to every one studying the art of singing, and should be read attentively, over and over again, until the pupil has got them nearly perfect by rote. The examples introduced, should also be studied attentively, as a knowledge of them will greatly facilitate the acquirement of a correct and tasteful style of reading.

The exercises are very copious, comprising most of the difficulties which are to be found in music above the common standard. Those upon the shake (il trillo) are important in many ways, and should be practised in every key. There are others equally valuable, and equally deserving of especial attention, which we would point out, if we were not so limited in our space. We must, therefore, leave them to be dwelt upon by the teacher, or, if the pupil is studying alone, we must direct the attention particularly to the introductory remarks, where many special points for practice are strenuously advocated.

We can recommend Ferari's work to teachers and students as an excellent elementary work, well calculated to prepare the voice and mind for more advanced and difficult practice.

Mr. Riley has produced a work, valuable to the public, and one, which is also we trust, valuable to himself. He should be well remunerated, for the getting out of such a work as this involves considerable risk in outlay.

Bohemian Waltzes, arranged from the Bohemian Girl, and dedicated to Miss S. A. P. Bull, by J. C. Scherpf.

Alpine Horn Quick Step, arranged for the Pianoforte, and dedicated to Miss Mary C. Baxter, by J. C. Scherpf.

The Alhambra Quick Step, arranged for the Pianoforte, by J. C. Scherpf.

The Three Sisters. No. 1 of six Rondinos, for three performers on one Pianoforte, by Charles C. Zerny.

All of the above pieces published by F. Riley, 297 Broadway.

No. 1 is a second sett of the Bohemian (Girl) Waltzes. We like them better than the first sett; they are more carefully arranged, more natural, more flowing. They make very charming short waltzes, and are certain to gain extensive popularity.

In the fifth bar, fourth line, first page in the bass, the chord in the position 4-5 with its resolution, followed by F in the next bar, would have been much better.

The two following pieces are very melodious Quick Steps, which must doubtless put a very spirit into the feet of our volunteer companies. When Mr. Scherpf shall pay more attention to his general harmony and rhythm, he will become one of the most popular arrangers of the day.

The piece by C. Zerny is a very catching show piece, for three performers on the piano.

J. PIRSSON'S PIANOFORTE MANUFACTORY.—A visit to this factory will most amply repay the trouble of a journey of one block down Walker from Broadway. It is a neat, compact, and yet extensive building, covering several lots, and arranged with so much order, that the various departments seem to work one into the other. Mr. Pirsson has always been a hard-working man; by sheer industry and indomitable perseverance, combined with mechanical skill and practical ingenuity, he has worked himself to his present rank among the first masters in the city, and enjoys, deservedly, a very large share of public patronage.

Having but recently described the manufacture of Pianofortes in our columns, we shall have but little to say on that head; but there are several important improvements which have been effected in Mr. Pirsson's factory and patented by him, about which we purpose saying a few words.

The improvement to which Mr. Pirsson attaches the most importance to the *Arched Bottom*, which differs materially from those used by other makers. He not only finds that it tends greatly to improve the quality of the tone, making it more rich and sonorous, but that it adds most marvellously to the general strength of the instrument, rendering it almost an impossibility, that any portion of the wood work should give way, the breadth of even a hair. This is undoubtedly an improvement, and as such is deserving of considerable attention.

The other improvements connected with the action, though of a more minute character, are not the less important,—the reversed lever, by which the power is always preserved equal, and which prevents all noise in the working of the hammers; also, the improved action of the pedals—an improvement very much needed. There are many minor additions in the moveable portions of the action all tending to strengthen and perfect it, but of which it is not necessary for us to speak at present.

Mr. Pirsson's Pianofortes are distinguished for the exceeding sweetness, brilliancy and power of their tone, the springiness of their touch, and the beauty of their exterior form, and material and finish.

We can recommend these instruments to our friends and the public. Those who wish to see the instruments, will have every facility afforded them by Mr. Pirsson, whose extreme good nature and obliging manners have won him a host of friends, both in and out of the profession.

THE BROADWAY JOURNAL.

ONSLAUGHT UPON THE CRITICS, BY ONE OF THE MIRROR SCHOOL.—Our remarks under this head have been misunderstood by some of our friends. We simply used the words "by one of the Mirror School" in reference to a remark made in the Evening Mirror, which was something to this effect—"that the best criticisms upon Music were written by persons who were not professors and who were ignorant of Science." We are entirely opposed to this opinion, and the person of whom we were writing offering so perfect an illustration of the folly of the remark, we involuntarily termed him "one of the Mirror School" without intending any offence to the friends of the Mirror.

We would on no account institute a comparison between the writers in the two papers, for while we dissent from the opinions of the Mirror Critic, we cannot but admire him for the brilliancy of his imagination and the gentlemanly tone of all his remarks; and, disputing the truth of the remark which we have questioned above, we believe, sincerely, that were his *knowledge* as thorough as his *feeling* of the subject, he would be the best, as he is now the most poetical critic in the country,

CONCERT AT ST. PETER'S CHURCH.—The Grand Sacred Concert announced in our last paper, took place at St. Peter's Church on Sunday evening last. The weather had been miserable all day and partially clear a short time previous to the opening of the doors; and yet, though the storm doubtless kept hundreds away, there were assembled between six and seven hundred persons.

The principal performers were Mrs. Loder, Miss De Luce, Miss Schmidt, Miss Watson, and Mr. Massett.

The chorus, all members of the N. Y. Vocal Society, with two exceptions, was full and efficient, and was conducted by Mr. H. C. Watson.

Mr. W. A. King presided at the Organ and played a most lovely duett by Mozart, with Mr. H. C. Timm.

The selection of music was unexceptionable, being comprised entirely of the beauties of the great masters. The Concert gave great and general delight.

We have been promised a criticism of the performance, and if it reaches us in time, it shall appear.

FINE ARTS.

There are exhibiting in the rooms of the Art Union four landscapes by George Brown of Boston, now in Florence, which will place his name at the head of American landscape painters. Two are views in Florence, on the Arno, and two in the Bay of Naples. They bring Italy home to us, are rather take us to her beautiful shores. The view of the "Castillo de' Ova," Bay of Naples, we regard as the finest of the four. It is the perfection of landscape painting; atmosphere, figures, buildings, water, ships, clouds, and sun-shine are perfect. It is a marvel of art. The "festa of St. John," a view on the Arno, in Florence, is of a different character, and quite as perfect in its kind, but it is not as pleasing a picture as the other; the architecture is delightful and the river is the purest water that we have ever seen upon Canvas. We heard Doctor Dewey speak of Mr. Brown as a copyist of Claude, but he has no need to copy Claude or any other painter; he copies nature with rare felicity and in a manner peculiar to himself, which stamps him as a man of genius beyond all doubt or cavil. But those who would enjoy these pictures must look at them with their hearts and thoughts full of nature, and not with a view to compare them with the works of other artists.

There is one thing to regret about these paintings, that they should not have fallen into the hands of the Art Union, instead of private individuals. The public would do well to use and examine them before they are removed.

In our remarks upon the exhibition we attributed to Mr. Casilear by some unaccountable dip of the pen, a small landscape in the rooms of the Art Union, which was painted by Mr. Durand.

MISCELLANY.

AMERICANS IN EUROPE.—General Tom Thumb is in Paris, where he attracts more attention than any one of his countrymen has done since the time of Doctor Franklin. One of the most unmistakable signs of his popularity is the counterfeiting his name and person by the Theatre des Varietes. But the General's father procured an injunction upon the counterfeit dwarf, and the great original has all to himself in Paris.

Miss Cushman is still performing in London, where she is a ioness, although she never attained to that dignity at home. Mr. Forrest has been at the provinces, where he appears to have been well received.

Professor Risley, with the young professors, has been delighting the Russians, in St. Petersburg and Moscow. A Mr. C. Russell, probably a Pennsylvanian, has been *doing* the people in small English towns, by advertising Concerts, which never came off, and then walking off with the money. Mr. Carter the Lion-tamer, has been a long while creating a sensation in Europe. Mr. Hackett is playing Jonathan Wildfire in Ireland.

A mental calculator, in the shape of a boy six years and a half old, had been presented to the French Institute, by the distinguished savan, M. Arago.

A NEW WATERLOO DISPATCH.—Apropos to the Duke of Wellington's dispatches. The captain [Allen] of the new packet ship WATERLOO of this port, has written home a letter to Mr. Kernick, the agent of his ship, which strikes us a better example of a dispatch than any contained in the great English captain. We doubt whether a nearer or better written dispatch came from the original Waterloo after the great fight.

LIVERPOOL, May 4, 1845.

We arrived safe at this port on the first instant, in a passage of nineteen and a half days. For three days after leaving New York we had fine and fair breezes. On the morning of the fourth day, at 9 A.M. our fore-topmast broke short off in the sheave hole, bringing the whole mass of sails, rigging, spars, &c. supported by it, together with the main-topgallant-mast, and all above it, down on deck. You may judge our condition, as we had the main-royal and fore-topmast steering-sails set at the time. Fortunately, the weather was fine and a smooth sea, so that we were enabled to save everything without cutting a rope. I cannot account for the topmast's breaking off. I was on deck at the time, and saw it go; otherwise I could not have believed but that it was done in a squall. It was fortunate our spare topmast was sheaved and ready for use, as the iron sheave went overboard when the mast fell. This has been the hardest job I have ever experienced at sea, as from the length of the top-foremast I had to get down the fore-yard, and almost strip the foremast to get the new topmast up. We had to make new cross-trees. It was two days before we could get sail on the foremast, and in three days we were completely rigged again. It detained us considerably, as the wind came ahead and we could make but poor progress without forward sail. From long. 60 to long. 30, we had winds east and northeast; the last five days gave us a fine run. The Waterloo is a fast ship. I am highly pleased with her: she has been much admired in Liverpool. Our passengers were delighted with their passage. Having ample time for it, I will coper the vessel here.

Professor Hackley, of Columbia College, delivered a lecture on Tuesday evening last, in the chapel of the college, foot of Park Place on Astronomical science, but with particular reference to the establishment of an Observatory in the city.

Professor Bush, on Thursday evening, delivered a lecture at the Stuyvesant Institute on the Human Soul, physiologically and theologically considered, in which he adduced a large array of proof, both from reason and scripture, that the proper idea of the soul includes that of a spiritual body, and that consequently the prevalent theory of the future resuscitation of the material body is entirely baseless and delusive.

Professor George Tucker has resigned his chair as professor of Moral Philosophy in the Virginia University, the vacancy to be filled on the first of July.

THE FRANKING PRIVILEGE.—During the discussion in favor of abolishing the franking privilege, it was contended that members of Congress had franked their shirts home to be washed. The romance created a smile, but it seems that something like it has actually occurred. A Mr. Beach, of Georgia, in debate, charged Mr. Giddings of Ohio, with having franked a "calico frock" marked Pub. Doc. It turns out to have been E. D. Potter, who franked home the frock. The postmaster says it was McNulty's frank, but the package was directed to Mrs. E. D. Potter, and at the next mail some more dry-goods were franked in the same manner. It was time to end this abuse of the franking privilege.

PARK THEATRE.—The French company appear here early in June. We copy a list of its members from the *Courier des Etats Unis*.

Prima donna, M'le Calvé, who has left here such a brilliant recollection in the popular mind. Madame Canini, second prima donna, who disputes the palm with M'le Calvé, for talent and grace. Madame Cœuriot, duenna, who is considered by the Louisiana papers as far beyond Madame Lecourt, whose place she takes, although Madame Lecourt was an excellent actress. M'le Maria and Eugénie, and Madames Richer et Mathieu, all four of whom are known to the public. The male part of the company consists of M. Amand, first tenor at the grand opera, who possesses, they say, a first rate voice. M. Cœuriot, first tenor of the comic opera,—Garry, barytone. Dovury, first bass. Montassier, first youth, of whom every body speaks well; and M. M. Reecher, Dessonville and Mathieu, whom we know already.

The orchestra will have M. Eugene Prevot for director, a composer of great talent, who will be accompanied by six of the most distinguished musicians of the New Orleans theatre. This orchestra will be completed by the New York artists, whose attention is called to the advertisement in the "Courrier." The company intend to perform the best operas of the French *repertoire*, among which they mention in advance, Robert le Diable, the Huguenots, the Queen of Cyprus, the Favorite, and La Juive, for which the managers have already gone to considerable expense. It will be seen the programme is a brilliant one.

The Sea Serpent.—The Albany Citizen says that there are the remains of a wonderful animal in that city. It is the petrified vertebra of a monster called by the Naturalists Zuyglycon—a creature which must have been half alligator and half whale. It was discovered embedded in a chalk formation on the banks of the Alabama river, and was boxed up and sent to Professor Emmons of that city. The vertebra, extending from a portion of the head to the tip of the tail, is eighty feet in length as it lies upon the floor. The creature must have been, in life, from ninety to one hundred feet long.]

The St. Louis Reveille announces a new book, entitled "The Theatrical Apprenticeship of Sol. Smith," by the worthy of that ilk. The work is said to be nearly ready for the press, and is full of instruction and fun as far as it has been done.

T. D. McGee, editor of the Boston Pilot, is about to return to Ireland, to become connected with a leading repeal press there, the *Nation*. On Tuesday evening, a company of his friends gave him a splendid complimentary supper at the Stackpole House.

A newspaper will shortly be started in the Choctaw nation, to be conducted by a native editor.

"Silvius, or the Roman Odd Fellow," a new play by A. J. H. Du-ganne, was so murdered by the Walnut street, Philadelphia, actors, that the author rushed out of the theatre in despair.

The Hon. Benjamin F. Butler is to deliver the annual address before the Belles Letters Society of Dickinson College, on the 9th day of July next, being the day preceding the commencement. Ralph W. Emerson is to deliver the annual address at the commencement at the Wesleyan University in August.

LIABILITIES OF AN EDITOR.—Lord Denman has laid down the law recently, that an editor has no right to insert any paragraph before he has ascertained "that the assertion made in it is absolutely true." So then, in the case of the late discoveries made by the Earl of Rosse's telescope, an editor ought to have proceeded to the different planets mentioned before he inserted any statement respecting them. According to Lord Denman, the Man in the Moon and Orion would both recover swinging damages from almost every editor in the United Kingdom for the reflections cast by the Earl's telescope on their characters as planets.—*Punch*.

WORKS ISSUED IN LONDON AND EDINBURGH, BETWEEN THE 14TH AND 30TH APRIL.

- Abercrombie: Essays and Facts. 18mo. pp. 318. New edition, pp. 604. Always Happy. Written for children. By a mother.
 Arthur. The Potato Problem Solved—or the cause of disease in the potato pointed out.
 Bain. *Era Astræa*; or the Age of Justice. An Ode.
 Balurnie. The Philosophy of the Water Cure. pp. 426.
 Bechstein. Natural History of Cage Birds. pp. 320.
 Bernays. Manual of Family Prayers and Meditations.
 Bickersteth. Signs of the Times in the East a Warning to the West. pp. 460.
 Bloxam. Principles of Gothic Ecclesiastical Architecture.
 Boys E. G. Family Sermons, short, plain and practical.
 Breach of Promise, The—A novel. By the author of the Jilt.
 Brougham, Lord. Lives of Men of Letters, and Science of the time of Geo. III.
 Budge. Practical Miner's Guide. 8vo., pp. 324.
 Brock, General. Life and Correspondence. Edited by F. B. Tupper, Esq.
 Cameron. Personal Adventures and Excursions in Georgia, Circassia and Russia. 2 vols., pp. 690.
 Chatterton, Lady. Lost Happiness, or the Effects of a Lie. A novel.
 Clark, W. G. Cottage Prayer Book and Helps to Devotion.
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- Cotton, H. The Succession of the Prelates and Members of the Cathedral Bodies in Ireland.
 Dinneford, C. Family Medicine Directory.
 Distinction, a Tale. By the author of "The Baroness." 12mo. pp. 142.
 Encyclopedia Metropolitana. Part 59 and conclusion.
 Fistiana, or the Oracle of the Ring. 18mo., pp. 174.
 Gilbert, C. M. Treatise on the special diseases of the skin.
 Glossary of Forms used in Grecian, Roman, Italian and Gothic Architecture.
 Grover, Capt. The Bokhara Victims. pp. 316.
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 Hook, W. F. An Ecclesiastical Biography, containing the lives of Ancient Fathers and Modern Divines.
 Hubert; or the Orphans of St. Madeline, a legend of the Vaudois. By a clergyman's daughter.
 Hughes, H. Female Characters of Holy Writ.
 Jackson, E. Practical Companion to the Work Table.
 Jervis, Rev. J. J. W. Five Discourses on the Book of Genesis.
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 Johnson, G. W. The Principles of Practical Gardening.
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 Knight's Weekly Volume. Vol. 43, The Dutch in the Medway. Vol. 44, The History of the Dog.
 Lane, W. System of Practical Arithmetic.
 Lives of the English Saints. Part 2.
 Marks, R. Sermons: with Prayers for Families and Sick Rooms.
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 Maxwell, W. H. History of the Irish Rebellion of 1798, and the Insurrection of 1803.
 Melville, H. Sermons on the Less Prominent Facts and References in Sacred History.
 Monti, V. The Death of Basseville. A poem.
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NEW WORKS FORTHCOMING FROM THE LONDON PRESS.

* * Among numerous other works which are noticed to appear in London, during the present month of May, we find the following:

- The Hope of the Apostolic Church, or the Duties and Privileges of Christians in Connection with the Second Advent: being lectures in Lent, 1845, by 12 clergymen of the Church of England. Among these are Messrs. Bickersteth, Marsh, Dibdin, &c.
 Sybil, or the Two Nations. By D'Israeli.
 Bishop Thirlwall's History of Greece, revised throughout.
 The Ascent of Mount Ararat, achieved for the first time. By Professor Parrot. Being one of the volumes of Cooley's "World Surveyed."
 The Mission, or Scenes in Africa. By Capt. Maryatt.
 Memoirs of John Constable, Esq. By C. R. Leslie, R. A.
 Dr. Wolf's Narrative of his Mission to Bokhara, (preparing for early publication.)
 Outlines of Organic Chemistry, for the use of students. By William Gregory, M.D.
 Flowers of the Matin and Even Song. By Mary Roberts.
 Temper and Temperament. By Mrs. Ellis.

BY HARPER AND BROTHERS.

- Memoirs of Celebrated Statesmen of the English Commonwealth. By John Forester. With additions by the Rev. J. O. Charles, of Boston.
 Hallam. Constitutional History of England from the accession of Henry VII to the death of George II.
 Mackenzie. Life of Commodore John Paul Jones.
 Burton. Anatomy of Melancholy.
 Dick. Practical Astronomy. By the author of "Celestial Scenery" and "Improvement of Society."
 Mrs. Sherwood. The Life of John Martin, a sequel to Henry Milner. G. P. R. James. The Smuggler, a novel.
 Eugene Sue. De Kohab, or the Court Conspirator.
 Gardner, D. P. The Farmer's Dictionary.
 Liddell and Scott. New Greek and English Lexicon: edited by H. Drinker, A. M., and Professor Atherton.
 Beecher, Miss. Treatise on Domestic Economy.
 Beecher, Miss. The Duty of American Women to their Country.
 Beecher, Miss. The American Housekeeper's Receipt Book.
 Marco Polo. Travels and Noyages of Marco Polo. With notes by Hugh Murray, Esq.
 Atherton. Eclogues and Georgics of Virgil. With English notes.
 Dr. Galt. A New Treatise on Insanity.
 Atherton. A Key to Latin Versification.
 Lever. The Nevilles of Garretstown.
 Life of the Rev. Dr. Proudfit. By the Rev. Dr. Forsyth.
 Aids to Composition, &c. By R. G. Parker.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The author of "Night, a Poem," will find a notice of his book in one of our back numbers, we will give it a review of greater length if he should desire it.

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