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EDITED BY  
EDGAR A. POE AND HENRY C. WATSON.

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By JOHN BISCO.

## To Isa Singing.

Upon thy lips now lies  
The music-dew of love;  
And in thy deep blue eyes,—  
More mild than Heaven above—  
The meekness of the dove.  
More sweet than the perfume  
Of snow-white jessamine,  
When it is first in bloom,  
Is that sweet breath of thine,  
Which mingles now with mine.  
  
Like an Æolian sound  
Out of an ocean shell,  
Which fills the air around  
With music, such as fell  
From lips of ISRAFEL,  
  
Over thy lips now flow,  
Out of thy heart, for me,  
The songs, which none can know  
But him who hopes to be  
For evermore with thee.  
  
And like the snow-white Dove  
Frightened from earth at even—  
On tempests borne above—  
My swift-winged soul is driven  
Upon thy voice to heaven!

T. H. CHIVERS.

## The Business Man.

Method is the soul of business.—*Old Saying.*

I am a business man. I am a methodical man. Method is the thing, after all. But there are no people I more heartily despise, than your eccentric fools who prate about method without understanding it; attending strictly to its letter, and violating its spirit. These fellows are always doing the most out-of-the-way things in what they call an orderly manner. Now here—I conceive—is a positive paradox. True method appertains to the ordinary and the obvious alone, and cannot be applied to the *outré*. What definite idea can a body attach to such expressions as “a methodical Jack o’ Dandy,” or “a systematical Will o’ the Wisp?”

My notions upon this head might not have been so clear as they are, but for a fortunate accident which happened to me when I was a very little boy. A good-hearted old Irish nurse (whom I shall not forget in my will) took me up one day by the heels, when I was making more noise than was necessary, and, swinging me round two or three times, d—d my eyes for “a skreeking little spaldeen,” and then knocked my head into a cocked hat against the bed-post. This, I say, decided my fate, and made my fortune. A bump arose at once on my sinciput, and turned out to be as pretty an organ of *order* as one shall see on a summer’s day. Hence that

positive appetite for system and regularity which has made me the distinguished man of business that I am.

If there is any thing on earth I hate, it is a genius. Your geniuses are all arrant asses—the greater the genius the greater the ass—and to this rule there is no exception whatever. Especially, you cannot make a man of business out of a genius, any more than money out of a Jew, or the best nutmegs out of pine-knots. The creatures are always going off at a tangent into some fantastic employment, or ridiculous speculation, entirely at variance with the “fitness of things,” and having no business whatever to be considered as a business at all. Thus you may tell these characters immediately by the nature of their occupations. If you ever perceive a man setting up as a merchant, or a manufacturer; or going into the cotton or tobacco trade, or any of those eccentric pursuits; or getting to be a dry-goods dealer, or soap-boiler, or something of that kind; or pretending to be a lawyer, or a blacksmith, or a physician—anything out of the usual way—you may set him down at once as a genius, and then, according to the rule-of-three, he’s an ass.

Now I am not in any respect a genius, but a regular business man. My Day-book and Ledger will evince this in a minute. They are well kept, though I say it myself; and, in my general habits of accuracy and punctuality, I am not to be beat by a clock. Moreover, my occupations have been always made to chime in with the ordinary habitudes of my fellow men. Not that I feel the least indebted, upon this score, to my exceedingly weak-minded parents, who, beyond doubt, would have made an arrant genius of me at last, if my guardian angel had not come, in good time, to the rescue. In biography the truth is everything, and in auto-biography it is especially so—yet I scarcely hope to be believed when I state, however solemnly, that my poor father put me, when I was about fifteen years of age, into the counting-house of what he termed “a respectable hardware and commission merchant doing a capital bit of business!” A capital bit of fiddlestick! However, the consequence of this folly was, that in two or three days, I had to be sent home to my button-headed family in a high state of fever, and with a most violent and dangerous pain in the sinciput, all round about my organ of order. It was nearly a gone case with me then—just touch-and-go for six weeks—the physicians giving me up and all that sort of thing. But, although I suffered much, I was a thankful boy in the main. I was saved from being a “respectable hardware and commission merchant, doing a capital bit of business,” and I felt grateful to the protuberance which had been the means of my salvation, as well as to the kind-hearted female who had originally put these means within my reach.

The most of boys run away from home at ten or twelve years of age, but I waited till I was sixteen. I don’t know that I should have gone, even then, if I had not happened to hear my old mother talking about setting me up on my own hook in the grocery way. The grocery way! only think of

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BARNARD COLLEGE

that! I resolved to be off forthwith, and try and establish myself in some *decent* occupation, without dancing attendance any longer upon the caprices of these eccentric old people, and running the risk of being made a genius of in the end. In this project I succeeded perfectly well at the first effort, and by the time I was fairly eighteen, found myself doing an extensive and profitable business in the Tailor's Walking-Advertisement line.

I was enabled to discharge the onerous duties of this profession, only by that rigid adherence to system which formed the leading feature of my mind. A scrupulous *method* characterised my actions, as well as my accounts. In my case, it was method—not money—which made the man: at least all of him that was not made by the tailor whom I served. At nine, every morning, I called upon that individual for the clothes of the day. Ten o'clock found me in some fashionable promenade or other place of public amusement. The precise regularity with which I turned my handsome person about, so as to bring successively into view every portion of the suit upon my back, was the admiration of all the knowing men in the trade. Noon never passed without my bringing home a customer to the house of my employers, Messieurs Cut and Comeagain. I say this proudly, but with tears in my eyes—for the firm proved themselves the basest of ingrates. The little account about which we quarrelled and finally parted, cannot, in any item, be thought overcharged, by gentlemen really conversant with the nature of the business. Upon this point, however, I feel a degree of proud satisfaction in permitting the reader to judge for himself. My bill ran thus:

*Messrs. Cut and Comeagain, Merchant Tailors,*

To Peter Proffit, Walking Advertiser,	Drs.
July 10. To promenade, as usual, and customer brought home,	\$00 25
July 11. To do do.	25
July 12. To one lie, second class; damaged black cloth sold for invisible green,	25
July 13. To one lie, first class, extra quality and size; recommending milled sattinet as broadcloth,	75
July 20. To purchasing bran new paper shirt collar or dickey, to set off gray Petersham,	2
Aug. 15. To wearing double-padded bobtail frock, (thermometer 706 in the shade.)	25
Aug. 16. Standing on one leg three hours, to show off new-style strapped pants, at 12½ cts. per leg, perhour,	37½
Aug. 17. To promenade, as usual, and large customer brought home, (fat man,) (medium size.)	50
Aug. 18. To do. (small man and bad pay,) (medium size.)	25
Aug. 19. To do. (small man and bad pay,) (small man and bad pay,)	6
	<hr/> \$2 96½

The item chiefly disputed in this bill was the very moderate charge of two pennies for the dickey. Upon my word of honor, this *was not* an unreasonable price for that dickey. It was one of the cleanest and prettiest little dickeys I ever saw; and I have good reason to believe that it effected the sale of three Petershams. The elder partner of the firm, however, would allow me only one penny of the charge, and took it upon himself to show in what manner four of the same sized conveniences could be got out of a sheet of foolscap. But it is needless to say that I stood upon the *principle* of the thing. Business is business, and should be done in a business way. There was no *system* whatever in swindling me out of a penny—a clear fraud of fifty per cent.—no *method* in any respect. I left, at once, the employment of Messieurs Cut and Comeagain, and set up in the Eye-Sore line by myself—one of the most lucrative, respectable, and independent of the ordinary occupations.

My strict integrity, economy, and rigorous business habits, here again came into play. I found myself driving a flourishing trade, and soon became a marked man upon 'Change.

The truth is, I never dabbled in flashy matters, but jogged on in the good old sober routine of the calling—a calling in which I should, no doubt, have remained to the present hour, but for a little accident which happened to me in the prosecution of one of the usual business operations of the profession. Whenever a rich old hunk, or prodigal heir, or bankrupt corporation, gets into the notion of putting up a palace, there is no such thing in the world as stopping either of them, and this every intelligent person knows. The fact in question is indeed the basis of the Eye-Sore trade. As soon, therefore, as a building-project is fairly afoot by one of these parties, we merchants secure a nice corner of the lot in contemplation, or a prime little situation just adjoining or right in front. This done, we wait until the palace is half-way up, and then we pay some tasty architect to run us up an ornamental mud hovel, right against it; or a Down-East or Dutch Pagoda, or a pig-sty, or any ingenious little bit of fancy work, either Esquimau, Kickapoo, or Hottentot. Of course, we can't afford to take these structures down under a bonus of five hundred per cent. upon the prime cost of our lot and plaster. *Can we?* I ask the question. I ask it of business men. It would be irrational to suppose that we can. And yet there was a rascally corporation which asked me to do this very thing—this *very thing!* I did not reply to their absurd proposition, of course; but I felt it a duty to go that same night, and lamp-black the whole of their palace. For this, the unreasonable villains clapped me into jail; and the gentlemen of the Eye-Sore trade could not well avoid cutting my connexion when I came out.

The Assault and Battery business, into which I was now forced to adventure for a livelihood, was somewhat ill adapted to the delicate nature of my constitution; but I went to work in it with a good heart, and found my account, here as heretofore, in those stern habits of methodical accuracy which had been thumped into me by that delightful old nurse—I would indeed be the basest of men not to remember her well in my will. By observing, as I say, the strictest system in all my dealings, and keeping a well regulated set of books, I was enabled to get over many serious difficulties, and, in the end, to establish myself very decently in the profession. The truth is, that few individuals, in any line, did a snugger little business than I. I will just copy a page or so out of my Day-Book; and this will save me the necessity of blowing my own trumpet—a contemptible practice, of which no high-minded man will be guilty. Now, the Day-Book is a thing that don't lie.

"Jan. 1.—New Year's day. Met Snap in the street, groggy. Mem—he'll do. Met Gruff shortly afterwards, blind drunk. Mem—he'll answer, too. Entered both gentlemen in my Ledger, and opened a running account with each.

"Jan. 2.—Saw Snap at the Exchange, and went up and trod on his toe. Doubled his fist, and knocked me down. Good!—got up again. Some trifling difficulty with Bag, my attorney. I want the damages at a thousand, but he says that, for so simple a knock-down, we can't lay them at more than five hundred. Mem—must get rid of Bag—no *system* at all.

"Jan. 3.—Went to the theatre, to look for Gruff. Saw him sitting in a side box, in the second tier, between a fat lady and a lean one. Quizzed the whole party through an opera glass, till I saw the fat lady blush and whisper to G. Went round, then, into the box, and put my nose within reach of his hand. Wouldn't pull it—no go. Blew it, and tried again—no go. Sat down then, and winked at the lean lady, when I had the high satisfaction of finding him lift me up by the nape of the neck, and fling me over into the pit. Neck dislocated, and right leg capitally splintered. Went home in

high glee, drank a bottle of champagne, and booked the young man for five thousand. Bag says it'll do.

"Feb. 15.—Compromised the case of Mr. Snap. Amount entered in Journal—fifty cents—which see.

"Feb. 16.—Cast by that villain, Gruff, who made me a present of five dollars. Costs of suit, four dollars and twenty-five cents. Nett profit—see Journal—seventy-five cents."

Now, here is a clear gain, in a very brief period, of no less than one dollar and twenty five cents —this is in the mere cases of Snap and Gruff; and I solemnly assure the reader that these extracts are taken at random from my Day-Book.

It's an old saying, and a true one, however, that money is nothing in comparison with health. I found the exactions of the profession somewhat too much for my delicate state of body ; and, discovering, at last, that I was knocked all out of shape, so that I didn't know very well what to make of the matter, and so that my friends, when they met me in the street, couldn't tell that I was Peter Proffit at all, it occurred to me that the best expedient I could adopt, was to alter my line of business. I turned my attention, therefore, to Mud-Dabbling, and continued it for some years.

The worst of this occupation, is, that too many people take a fancy to it, and the competition is in consequence excessive. Every ignoramus of a fellow who finds that he hasn't brains in sufficient quantity to make his way as a walking advertiser, or an eye-sore-prig, or a salt and batter man, thinks, of course, that he'll answer very well as a dabbler of mud. But there never was entertained a more erroneous idea than that it requires no brains to mud-dabble. Especially, there is nothin' to be made in this way without *method*. I did only a retail business myself, but my old habits of *system* carried me swimmingly along. I selected my street-crossing, in the first place, with great deliberation, and I never put down a broom in any part of the town *but that*. I took care, too, to have a nice little puddle at hand, which I could get at in a minute. By these means I got to be well known as a man to be trusted; and this is one-half the battle, let me tell you, in trade. Nobody ever failed to pitch *me* a copper, and got over *my* crossing with a clean pair of pantaloons. And, as my business habits, in this respect, were sufficiently understood, I never met with any attempt at imposition. I wouldnt have put up with it, if I had. Never imposing upon any one myself, I suffered no one to play the possum with me. The rauds of the banks of course I couldn't help. Their suspension put me to ruinous inconvenience. These, however, are not individuals, but corporations ; and corporations, it is very well known, have neither bodies to be kicked, nor souls to be damned.

I was making money at this business, when, in an evil moment, I was induced to merge it in the Cur-Spattering—a somewhat analogous, but, by no means, so respectable a profession. My location, to be sure, was an excellent one, being central, and I had capital blacking and brushes. My little dog, too, was quite fat and up to all varieties of snuff. He had been in the trade a long time, and, I may say, understood it. Our general routine was this:—Pompey, having rolled himself well in the mud, sat upon end at the shop door, until he observed a dandy approaching in bright boots. He then proceeded to meet him, and gave the Wellingtons a rub or two with his wool. Then the dandy swore very much, and looked about for a boot-black. There I was, full in his view, with blacking and brushes. It was only a minute's work, and then came a sixpence. This did moderately well for a time ;—in fact, I was not avaricious, but my dog was. I allowed him a third of the profit, but he was advised to in-

sist upon half. This I couldnt stand—so we quarreled and parted.

I next tried my hand at the Organ-Grinding for a while, and may say that I made out pretty well. It is a plain, straightforward business, and requires no particular abilities. You can get a music-mill for a mere song, and, to put it in order, you have but to open the works, and give them three or four smart raps with a hammer. It improves the tone of the thing, for business purposes, more than you can imagine. This done, you have only to strol along, with the mill on your back, until you see tan-bark in the street, and a knocker wrapped up in buckskin. Then you stop and grind ; looking as if you meant to stop and grind till doomsday. Presently a window opens, and somebody pitches you a sixpence, with a request to "Hush up and go on," &c. I am aware that some grinders have actually afforded to "go on" for this sum ; but for my part, I found the necessary outlay of capital too great, to permit of my "going on" under a shilling.

At this occupation I did a good deal ; but, somehow, I was not quite satisfied, and so finally abandoned it. The truth is, I labored under the disadvantage of having no monkey—and American streets are *so* muddy, and a Democratic rabble is *so* obtrusive, and so full of demnitition mischievous little boys.

I was now out of employment for some months, but at length succeeded, by dint of great interest, in procuring a situation in the Sham-Post. The duties, here, are simple, and not altogether unprofitable. For example :—very early in the morning I had to make up my packet of sham letters. Upon the inside of each of these I had to scrawl a few lines—on any subject which occurred to me as sufficiently mysterious—signing all the epistles Tom Dobson, or Bobby Tompkins, or anything in that way. Having folded and sealed all, and stamped them with sham post-marks—New Orleans, Bengal, Botany Bay, or any other place a great way off—I set out, forthwith, upon my daily route, as if in a very great hurry. I always called at the big houses to deliver the letters, and receive the postage. Nobody hesitates at paying for a letter—especially for a double one—people are *such* fools—and it was no trouble to get round a corner before there was time to open the episiles. The worst of this profession was, that I had to walk so much and so fast ; and so frequently to vary my route. Besides, I had serious scruples of conscience. I can't bear to hear innocent individuals abused—and the way the whole town took to cursing Tom Dobson and Bobby Tompkins, was really awful to hear. I washed my hands of the matter in disgust.

My eighth and last speculation has been in the Cat-Growing way. I have found this a most pleasant and lucrative business, and, really, no trouble at all. The country, it is well known, has become infested with cats—so much so of late, that a petition for relief, most numerously and respectfully signed, was brought before the legislature at its last memorable session. The assembly, at this epoch, was unusually well-informed, and, having passed many other wise and wholesome enactments, it crowned all with the Cat-Act. In its original form, this law offered a premium for *cat-heads*, (fourpence a-piece) but the Senate succeeded in amending the main clause, so as to substitute the word "*tails*" for "*heads*." This amendment was so obviously proper, tha the house concurred in it *nem. con.*

As soon as the Governor had signed the bill, I invested my whole estate in the purchase of Toms and Tabbies. At first, I could only afford to feed them upon mice (whichare cheap) but they fulfilled the Scriptural injunction at so marvellous-

a rate, that I at length considered it my best policy to be liberal, and so indulged them in oysters and turtle. Their tails, at the legislative price, now bring me in a good income; for I have discovered a way, in which, by means of Macassar oil, I can force three crops in a year. It delights me to find, too, that the animals soon get accustomed to the thing, and would rather have the appendages cut off than otherwise. I consider myself, therefore, a made man, and am bargaining for a country seat on the Hudson.

EDGAR A. POE.

### Song.

Hush! a spirit from afar  
Quits its heavenly throne—  
Glorious as the evening star  
In the sky alone.  
  
Hush! it is a spirit laden!  
With a balm for pain;  
And this snowy phantom, maiden,  
Is called *Hope* by men.  
  
See her wings are shadowing thee!  
Softly!—let it come;  
Prophet 'tis, to thee and me,  
Of a happy home.  
  
Softly! or its wings will close—  
Now approaching near it,  
Like a storm-sign to a rose,  
Stalks another spirit.  
  
Ebon-plumed as moonless night,  
With no lights about;  
Maiden, drive it from thy sight!  
For its name is *Doubt*.  
  
See its wings are shadowing thee,  
Never let it come;  
Prophet 'tis, to thee and me,  
Of a troubled home.  
  
Doubt the fallen seraph is,  
*Hope* is gloomy never;  
Then the better angel kiss,  
And hope on for ever.

E. H. BURRINGTON.

### William Wirt.

Perhaps there was no individual in our country more highly endowed with intellectual gifts than the late WILLIAM WIRT—the greatest public blunder of whose whole career was that late in life, and at the eleventh political hour he suffered himself to be announced as a candidate for the Presidency, by a party with whom he had not before acted. But, be this as it may, all must admit who knew him, that whatever Mr. Wirt did, he did conscientiously. We all know and *feel* that to "err is human," and we have yet to learn that error is a proof of selfishness. The Roman Cato, when he found that

"This world was made for Cæsar,"

flew to suicide. He might have shunned the deed, and outlived Cæsar, as Mr. Wirt did the excitement which made him a Presidential candidate, and still, like him, have served his country. "The post of honor is a private station" often more than politicians are aware of; but still, without guile, they have often quit it to return to it without reproach. Until this event, Mr. Wirt pursued the even tenor of his pro-

fession through a long life, dignifying it with the official statesmanship of Attorney General of the United States, and not as a mere lawyer, who, like a drudge-horse, can only go in the gears of a particular vehicle, but adorning and illustrating it with literature and science. His knowledge of history, and of the ancient and modern classics, was as profound as his legal acquirements, while his political information and sagacity kept pace with his other improvements. His genius was of the first order, and he improved it with the most sedulous care. He exerted his mind at times as an author, then an orator, and daily as a lawyer, while his efforts in each department improved his general powers, and gave him that variety of information and knowledge which, when combined with genius, makes what Mr. Wirt really was, a truly great man. Not great only in politics, literature, or law, but great in each and all, like Lord Brougham. Many of his countrymen were his superiors in some departments of learning, as they may be said to have been his superiors in some natural endowments—but, for universality and variety of talent, he was not surpassed.

Mr. Wirt had none of the adventitious aids of high birth, fortune, and connexions to help him up the steep of Fame. He was compelled to force his own way, unaided and unfriended; and, like many other great men of our country, he taught school for a maintenance while he studied law. It was during that time, while he was a student, or immediately after he was admitted to practice, that he wrote the letters of the "British Spy." The description of the *novi homines*, the new men, which he so eloquently gives in one of those letters, applied aptly to himself. The eloquence with which he describes the elevated purposes of oratory, exhibited his own devotion to the art, while it showed his capacity of excelling in it.

It may be said to be almost the peculiar privilege of an American to win his own way by the gifts which Nature has given him, with the certainty that success will wait on merit. Wealth and family influence, it is true, have great weight in the start of a young man; but, in the long run, superior talents will gain the prize, no matter what may have been the early disadvantages of their possessor, provided the resolution to be true to himself comes not too late. The history of almost every departed, as well as of almost every living worthy of our country, proves this remark; and it is right that it should be so. Perhaps this, more than any other feature in a Republic, tends to its durability, while it renders it glorious. The great mass of the people are seldom wrong in their judgments, and therefore it is that with them talents meet with a just appreciation whenever they become known—at least talents for oratory.

Mr. Wirt had all the qualification for obtaining the popular good will. He possessed a fine person, remarkable amenity of manners, colloquial qualities of the first order, wit at will, and he abounded in anecdotes, which he related with remarkable pleasantness and tact. A stranger, on entering an assemblage where Mr. Wirt was, would immediately on perceiving him, have supposed him a superior man. His person was above the middle height, with an inclination to corpulency; his countenance was "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;" his mouth was finely formed, and a physiognomist would have noted that the compression of his lips denoted firmness, and his smile good humored irony. He had a Roman nose, the eye of cerulean blue, with a remarkable arch expression when he was animated, and of calm thoughtfulness when his features were in repose. His forehead was not high; but it was broad, with the phreno-

logical developments strongly marked—particularly the poetic and perceptive faculties. His hair was sandy, and his head bald on the top, which, with a Byronian anxiety, he tried to hide by combing the hair up over the baldness; and it was much his custom, when engaged in an oratorical display, to preserve its adjustment by passing his hands over it. He was much more careful in this regard than is the eloquent and chivalric Preston, who, though he wears a wig, seems not only indifferent as to who knows it, but of the wig itself; for in the sturdy breeze which blew over the Canton Course, at the Baltimore Convention, it nearly left him—he the while apparently unconscious, as he fulminated to the vast and wrapt multitude. Well! the Carolinian may not love the laurel as Cæsar loved it—because it hid his baldness—but he deserved to have it voted to him long ago for his eloquence.

General Harrison used to tell, as he gladdened the hearth at the Bend with stories of the worthies past and present, how he remembered to have seen Patrick Henry, in the heat of his glorious declamation, twist the back of his wig until it covered his brows; and any one who has heard the Senator from Carolina, would say that the resemblance between himself and his illustrious relative, extended from great things to small.

At the first glance at Mr. Wirt's countenance, when he was not engaged in conversation or business, the observer would have been struck with the true dignity of the man, whose mind seemed to hold all its energies in perfect control. His self-possession was absolute. When he arose to address the court or jury there was no hurry, no agitation about him, as we perceive in many men. On the contrary, he stood collected, while his enunciation was deliberate and slow. He stated his position with great simplicity—in fact, it was generally a self-evident one, the applicability of which to the case, if it were intricate and doubtful, the hearer might in vain endeavor to trace; but when he heard the orator to the conclusion, he would wonder that he had fancied any uncertainty about it: for Mr. Wirt would lead him on by the gentlest gradations until he was convinced. It may be mentioned, too, that Mr. Wirt, like Mr. Clay, was a great taker of snuff, and he handed his box with a grace which would have rivalled even that of the Kentuckian. Lord Chatham, it was said, made his crutch a formidable weapon of oratory: "You talk of conquering America, sir," said he, "I might as well pretend to drive it before me with this crutch." And so Mr. Wirt made, and Mr. Clay makes, his snuff-box an oratorical weapon. Mr. Wirt's language was at times almost oriental—his figures being of the boldest, and his diction correspondent. His speeches in Burr's trial show this, though latterly he chastened, somewhat, both his diction and his thoughts. He sustained himself well in the highest flight of eloquence, his hearers having no fear that he would fall from his eminence, like him in the fable, with the waxen wings. On the contrary, the hearer felt confident of his intellectual strength, and yielded his whole feelings to him without that drawback we experience in listening to some of the ablest speakers, who often have a glaring imperfection, which is continually destroying the effect of their eloquence. Mr. Wirt studied oratory with Ciceronian care, and, in the recklessness with which he let fly the arrows of his wit, he much resembled the Roman. The power of ridiculing his adversary was Mr. Wirt's forte. The appropriate manner in which he applied an anecdote was admirable. After he had demonstrated the absurdity of his opponent's arguments, with a clearness that the most critical logician would have admired; after he had illustrated

his position with all the lights of law,—that law whose seat, Hooker said, "is the bosom of God, and whose voice is the harmony of the world,"—and when Mr. Wirt had a strong case he explored every field of literature and science, bringing their joint sanction to his purposes;—after he had called up the truths of philosophy, the experience of history, and the beauties of poetry, all coming like spirits thronging to his call; after he had expatiated upon the cause with such reflections as you would suppose Barrow or Tillotson to have used when speaking of the "oppressor's wrong"; after he had done all this, Mr. Wirt would, if the opposite party deserved the infliction, pour forth upon him a lava-like ridicule, which flamed while it burned, and which was at once terrible and beautiful—terrible from its severity and truth, and beautiful from the chaste language in which it was conveyed.

Mr. Wirt always struck me as being very much like the late Prime Minister of England, Canning, in his mind. Canning wanted, and Wirt, in a degree, the power of calling up and controlling the stronger and deeper passions of our nature. He had not that withering scorn which Brougham possesses so strongly, nor could he rise above the tempest of popular commotion, as he tells us Patrick Henry could, and soar with "supreme dominion." He wanted deep passion. Comparing him with the leading orators of our country, it would be said that Clay far surpassed him in the power of controlling a miscellaneous assemblage, when the public mind was deeply agitated: that Pinckney, on a question of feudal lore,—Webster in profundity, and on constitutional law—Calhoun in chivalrous statesmanship, and Preston in the glow of vehement declamation—would have had the advantage over him. But, before an auditory who loved to mingle wit with argument, and elegance with strength, who would make truth more beautiful by the adornments of poetry, and poetry useful as the handmaid of truth, adding to all those exterior graces which make oratory so captivating—before such an auditory it may be said, without great hesitation, that Mr. Wirt would have surpassed either of them in general effect. Mr. Wirt's gesture, too, that of which the Grecian thought so much, was in keeping with his other excellencies. The fault was that it was studied; and yet the art with which he concealed his art was consummate. It was only by the closest observation that it could be detected.

For a long time, Mr. Wirt's chief opponent at the Baltimore bar, was Mr. Taney, the present chief justice of the United States. Mr. Taney removed to Baltimore from Frederick on the death of Mr. Pinckney, and there Mr. Wirt and himself were the great forensic rivals. No two men of the same profession could be more different in their intellectual endowments than were these gentlemen. They were as unlike in these regards as they were in their personal appearance. Mr. Taney was then thin. He stooped, and his voice was weak: and such was the precarious condition of his health, that he had to station himself immediately before and near the jury to make himself heard by them. Mr. Wirt always placed himself in front of the trial table, opposite the jury, in oratorical position. Mr. Taney's manner of speaking was slow and firm—never using the least rhetorical ornament, but pressing into the heart of the case, with powerful arguments, like a great leader with unbroken phalanx into the heart of a besieged city. His style was plain, unadorned, and so forcible and direct that it might be called palpable. With his snuff-box—for the chief justice then, too, used snuff—compressed in his closed hands, he reasoned for hours without the least attempt at wit or eloquence. And yet, at

times, he was truly eloquent, from his deep yet subdued earnestness. In a question of bail, in the case of a youth who had shot at his teacher, I remember, though then a youthful student, that a crowded auditory were suffused in tears. It was the fervor of his own feelings, speaking directly, that made him eloquent. He did not appear to know that he was eloquent himself. It was an inspiration which came to him, if it came at all, unbidden—and which would no more answer to his call than Glendower's

"Spirits from the vasty deep."

One of the most interesting cases ever witnessed at the Baltimore Bar, was a trial in a *mandamus* case, in which the right to a church was contested. Mr. Duncan had been established in the ministry in Baltimore by a number of Scotch Presbyterians in an obscure edifice. His talents drew such a congregation that it soon became necessary to build a larger one. It was done; and, in the progress of events, the pastor preached a more liberal doctrine than he had at first inculcated. His early supporters remained not only unchanged in their faith, but they resolved to have it preached to them by one with whom they could entirely agree upon religious matters. The majority of the congregation agreed with Mr. Duncan. A deep schism arose in the divided flock which could not be healed, and which was eventually, by a writ of *mandamus*, carried before a legal tribunal. Mr. Taney was counsel for the old school side, and Mr. Wirt for the defendants. The court-room, during the trial, was crowded with the beauty and fashion of the Monumental City. It was such a display of eloquence, and a full appreciation of it, as is seldom witnessed. Mr. Wirt was always happy in making a quotation; and in concluding this cause he made one of his happiest. After alluding to the old school members, who, as it has been said, were Scotchmen, and after dwelling upon the tragedy of Macbeth, the scenes of which are laid in Scotland, he described their preacher as being in the condition of Macbeth's guest; and said, after a stern rebuke to them, that though they should succeed in their cause, which he felt confident they would not, they would feel like the guilty Thane:

"This *Duncan*  
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been  
So clear in his great office, that his virtues  
Will plead like angels trumpet-tongued against  
The deep damnation of his taking off."

This quotation was made with such oratorical effect that there was a deep silence when Mr. Wirt took his seat, which was succeeded by repeated outbreaks of applause. Mr. Wirt gained the case.

As an author, Mr. Wirt's merits are very high. His "British Spy" contains sketches of some of our first men, drawn with a graphic power which makes us regret that he did not often direct his fine mind to the delineation of character. He was eminently calculated for a biographer. His high tone of moral feeling would have prevented him from becoming the apologist of vice, no matter how high were its endowments; while his great admiration of virtue and talent would have made him the enthusiastic eulogist of those qualifications which render biography so attractive and so useful. The great fault of his "Life of Patrick Henry" is exaggeration. His mind became heated and inflated as he contemplated the excellences of Henry as an orator and a man; and he overcolored that, which, told with more simplicity, would have been more striking. The effects of Henry's eloquence being so wonderful in themselves, narrated in a plainer way, would have more forcibly struck the mind. What they borrowed from the poetry of the biographer, seems

"Like gilding refined gold, painting the lily,  
Or throwing a perfume on the violet."

Mr. Wirt's "Old Bachelor" is deserving of high commendation. It is written in numbers, after the manner of the Spectator, Guardian, and Adventurer, and has much of the eloquence of style which has contributed so largely to the popularity of those celebrated works. It treats of various subjects— oratory, poetry, morality, &c.—and abounds in reflections happily suited to the condition of young men who are entering the learned professions. It is not sparse of wit, while it shows the author's familiar acquaintance with the old worthies of English literature—those who drank of the "well of English undefiled."

It should not be neglected to be said of Mr. Wirt that he was one of those who, in early life, from the pressure of an unfriended condition upon a mind of excessive sensitiveness, fell, for a while, into reckless despondency, alternated by wayward fits of intellectual energy, which had an unfortunate influence upon his habits. Such has often been the situation of men like him, who had the "fatal gift" without any other gift—no friendly home—no cheering voice. Alas! the records of genius for wretchedness are surpassed only by the records of the lunatic asylum. In fact, its history often illustrates and deepens the saddest story on the maniac's wall. But, to the glory of Mr. Wirt, it is known that his energies prevailed, that friends came, that religious hope, which had formerly visited him like the fitful wanderings of a perturbed spirit, at last made her home by his hearth, where a beautiful and gifted family grew up around him, until, full of honors and of years, and of the faith that is beyond them, he was gathered to his fathers.

When contemplating the moral and intellectual character of Mr. Wirt, it has been regretted that he did not turn away from the thorny paths of the law, and devote the whole force of his mind to general literature; but how could he, with the poor rewards of literature, support those nearest and dearest to him? Yet, had circumstances allowed him to have done so, he would have been one of the first literary men of our country. I have frequently heard Mr. Wirt when opposed to some of our most eminent men, and this slight sketch is drawn from opinions then entertained and expressed. I presented, while he lived, the tribute of my admiration, not to the politician, not to the candidate for the Presidency, but to the author of the "British Spy," "The Old Bachelor," "The Life of Henry," a great lawyer and acute statesman, a consummate advocate, and last, though not least, a Christian gentleman: and now that he is dead, I would fain garner to his memory a worthy testimonial—but the will must be taken for the deed.

F. W. THOMAS.

### Sonnet—To Science.

Science! true daughter of Old Time thou art!  
Who alterest all things with thy peering eyes.  
Why prey'st thou thus upon the poet's heart,  
Vulture, whose wings are dull realities?  
How should he love thee? or how deem thee wise,  
Who wouldst not leave him in his wandering  
To seek for treasure in the jewelled skies,  
Albeit he soared with an undaunted wing?  
Hast thou not dragged Diana from her car?  
And driven the Hamadryad from the wood  
To seek a shelter in some happier star?  
Hast thou not torn the Naiad from her flood,  
The Elfin from the green grass, and from me  
The summer dream beneath the tamarind tree?

## Critical Notices.

*The Lost Pleiad; and other Poems.* By T. H. Chivers, M. D.  
New-York: Edward O. Jenkins.

This volume is evidently the honest and fervent utterance of an exquisitely sensitive heart which has suffered much and long. The poems are numerous, but the thesis is one—death—the death of beloved friends. The poet seems to have dwelt among the shadows of tombs, until his very soul has become a shadow. Here, indeed, is no mere Byronic affectation of melancholy. No man who has ever mourned the loss of a dear friend, can read these poems without instantly admitting the palpable truth which glows upon every page.

The tone of the composition is, in these latter days, a marvel, and as a marvel we commend it to our readers. It belongs to the first era of a nation's literature—to the era of impulse—in contra-distinction to the era of criticism—to the Chaucerian rather than to the Cowperian days. As for the *trans-civilization* epoch, Doctor Chivers' poems have really nothing of affinity with it—and this we look upon as the greatest miracle of all. Is it not, indeed, a miracle that *today* a poet shall compose sixty or seventy poems, in which there shall be discoverable *no taint*—absolutely none—of either Byron, or Shelley, or Wordsworth, or Coleridge, or Tennyson? In a word, the volume before us is the work of that *rara avis*, an educated, passionate, yet unaffectedly simple-minded and single-minded man, writing from his own vigorous impulses—from the necessity of giving utterance to poetic passion—and thus writing *not* to mankind, but solely to himself. The whole volume has, in fact, the air of a rapt soliloquy.

We have leisure this week only to give, without comment, a few extracts at random—but we shall take an opportunity of recurring to the subject.

I hear thy spirit calling unto me  
From out the Deep,  
Like Archytas from out Venetia's Sea,  
While I here weep;  
Saying, Come, strew my body with the sand,  
And bury me upon the land, the land !

Oh, never, never more ! no, never more !  
Lost in the Deep !  
Will thy sweet beauty visit this dark shore,  
While I here weep;  
For thou art gone forever more from me,  
Sweet Mariner ! lost—murdered by the Sea !

Ever—forever more, bright, glorious One !  
Drowned in the Deep !  
In Spring-time—Summer—Winter—all alone—  
Must I here weep ;  
Thou Spirit of my soul ! thou light of life !  
While thou art absent, SHELLEY ! from thy wife !

Celestial pleasure once to contemplate  
Thy power, great Deep !  
Possessed my soul ; but ever more shall hate,  
While I here weep,  
Crowd out thy memory from my soul, Oh, Sea !  
For killing him who was so dear to me !

He was the incarnation of pure Truth,  
Oh, mighty Deep !  
And thou didst murder him in prime of youth,  
For whom I weep ;  
And, murdering him, didst *more* than murder me,  
Who was my Heaven on earth, Oh, treacherous Sea !

My spirit wearied not to succor his,  
Oh, mighty Deep !  
The oftener done, the greater was the bliss ;  
But now I weep ;  
And where his beauty lay, unceasing pain  
Now dwells—my heart can know no joy again !

God of my fathers ! God of that bright One  
Lost in the Deep !  
Shall we not meet again beyond the sun—  
No more to weep ?

Yes, I shall meet him there—the lost—the bright—  
The glorious SHELLEY ! spring of my delight !

Ah, like Orion on some Autumn night  
Above the Deep ;  
I see his soul look down from Heaven—*how bright !*  
While here I weep !  
And there, like Hesperus, the stars of even  
Beacon my soul away to him in Heaven !

When thou wert in this world with me,  
Bright ANGEL of the HEAVENLY LANDS !  
Thou wert not fed by mortal hands,  
But by the NYMPHS, who gave to thee  
The bread of immortality—  
Such as thy spirit now doth eat  
In that high world of endless love,  
While walking with thy snowy feet  
Along the sapphire-paven street,  
Before the jasper-walls above,  
And list'ning to the music sweet  
Of Angels in that heavenly HYMN  
Sung by the lips of CHERUBIM  
In Paradise, before the fall,  
In glory bright, outshining all  
In that great City of pure gold,  
The Angels talked about of old.

Because of thine untimely fate,  
Am I thus left disconsolate ?  
Because thou wilt return to be  
No more in this dark world with me,  
Must these salt tears of sorrow flow  
Out of my heart forever more ?  
Forever more as they do now !  
Out of my heart forever more !

Thou wert my snow-white JESSAMINE—  
My little ANGEL-EGLANTINE !  
My saintly LILY ! who didst grow  
Upon my mother's arms of snow—  
Of whom thou wert the image true—  
Whose tears fell on thy leaves for dew—  
All but those deep blue eyes of thine—  
They were the miniatures of mine,  
Thou Blossom of that heavenly TREE,  
Whose boughs are barren now for thee !  
The sweetest bud she ever bore !  
Who art transplanted to the skies  
To blossom there forever more  
Amid the FLOWERS OF PARADISE.

Thus shall thou leave this world of sin,  
And soar into the sky,  
Where angels wait to let thee in  
To immortality.  
And those who had nowhere to rest  
Their wearied limbs at night,  
Shall lay their heads upon God's breast,  
And sleep in sweet delight.

There, Death's dark shades no more shall be  
The mystic veil between  
The World which we desire to see,  
And that which we have seen.  
There, father, brother, husband, wife—  
There, mother, sister, friend—  
Shall be united, as in life,  
In joys that never end.

No pangs shall there disturb the thrills  
Which animate thy breast ;  
But Angels, on the Heavenly Hills,  
Shall sing thee into rest.  
No slanderous tongue shall there inflame  
Thy heart with words of gall ;  
For all shall be in Heaven the same,  
And God shall be in all.

As graceful as the Babylonian willow  
Bending, at noon tide, over some clear stream  
In Palestine, in beauty did she seem  
Upon the cygnet-down of her soft pillow ;  
And now her breast heaved like some gentle billow  
Swayed by the presence of the full round moon—  
Voluptuous as the summer South at noon—  
Her cheeks as rosy as the radiant dawn,  
When heaven is cloudless ! When she breathed, the air  
Around was perfume ! Timid as the fawn,  
And meeker than the dove, her soft words were  
Like gentle music heard at night, when all  
Around is still—until the soul of care  
Was soothed, as noon tide by some waterfall.

The poems of Dr. Chivers abound in what must undoubtedly be considered as gross demerit, if we admit the prevalent canons of criticism. But it may safely be maintained

that these prevalent canons have, in great part, no surer foundation than arrant conventionality. Be these things as they may, we have no hesitation in saying that we consider many of the pieces in the volume before us as possessing merit of a very lofty—if not of the very loftiest order.

*Wiley and Putnam's Library of Choice Reading. No. XV.  
Tales from the German of Heinrich Zschokke, by Parke  
Godwin. New York: Wiley & Putnam.*

The soil of this country, as far as its literature is concerned, is undergoing a remarkable culture. Every variety of implement is at work upon it: ploughing, hoeing, harrowing, be-sprinkling and be-showering it, after the most wonderful fashion. We hope the crop may be answerable to these anxious preliminaries; among which, as one of the most hopeful, is to be counted Herr Zschokke—whom we have in various tales of humor, sentiment and wisdom, in the collection before us.

As in the opening piece, “*The Fool in the Nineteenth Century*,” Zschokke is said to have delineated himself; it may be considered as, in many respects, furnishing a key-note to the author and his method of composition. Several of the tales are intended to exhibit the conveations, false usages, deceipts, and mal-practices of society under the direct light of Nature. “I wished to see,” says the Baron Olivier, who, by obedience to his own instincts and constructions, comes to be regarded as the ‘Fool in the Nineteenth Century’: “I wished to see,” says the Baron, “whether one could live in the nineteenth century in a European city [read an American as well,] without embracing all its humbugs, and all the prescribed notions of honor, manners, justice and respectability.” The result of which course of proceeding is, that the honest Baron is set down by all the world as a wonderfully queer fellow.

“Queer fellow! truly,” quoth he, “that is the proper name for all those who do not succumb to the common-places and disorders of the age. Diogenes of Sinope, was regarded as a fool; Cato the Censor, was considered a pedant by the Romans; Columbus was pointed at as a crazy man in the streets of Madrid; Olivides was condemned to the Inquisition; Rousseau driven from his asylum among the Bernese; and Pestalozzi held as more than half a fool, because he associated with beggars and dirty children, rather than with the be-powdered and be-queered world! And that I should be called a queer fellow,—I that presume only to speak, to think, and to act, naturally and intelligently, according to my right derived from God—is it not rather a reproach to ye yourselves?” So much for the Wise Fool; who at the close of his history, sums up his case with the world in a page of manly and eloquent statement.

The other tales are of various character and merit—all of a popular cast, and with a sprinkling of the better salt of human nature, to savor the reader’s humanity. But one that has particularly taken our fancy, is the History and Adventures of the famous *Jack Steam*: who is indebted for his introduction to the American public, to the accomplished wife of the editor. And, in the words of the introduction, she proves in herself a hearty relish for the humorous—a command of the easy, fluent and unembarrassed style which that species of composition demands. In a word, she has made *Jack Steam* English, without depriving it of its German spirit—a high merit in translation. We wish we had space to follow the illustrious and versatile *Steam* through all the varieties of fortune, sometimes trudging along the path to school, then mounted on the people’s shoulders and riding them like a great donkey; then suddenly unhorsed, and pursued by their most

blest execrations; then up again, like an India-rubber man, to a better elevation than before, till he is borne by his biographer into full possession of the chief-burgo-mastership of Lalenburg, where the historian leaves him in despair of doing justice to his extraordinary position—shrinks, in fact, as he acknowledges, “from the gigantic undertaking of becoming the Plutarch of this hero,” and demands that he may be allowed “to take fresh breath, that he may write with greater vigor hereafter,” should he ever find courage to return to the subject.

Jack Steam was, in fact, the son of the deceased burgo-master, Peter Steam, “one of the greatest men of his century.” Peter’s lofty and philanthropic spirit had never disturbed the peace of Europe. In sagacity, he surpassed all his contemporaries; in judgment, he was infallible; in decision, perfectly correct; and in sallies of wit, there never was one like him. *And he was all this upon the simple ground that he was first magistrate of the town.* Not what he had actually done, but what he might have done, would, if it were written, fill whole folios, and he take rank, if not above, still near to the most commanding princes in the history of the world. He died too early for the fortunes of Lalenburg, and only the virtues of his successor, Mr. Burgomaster Tobias Crack, could mitigate the just, but silent scorn of the States, for the loss of the great Peter Steam. The pedigree of Jack Steam, (for a busy-body, great man and politician,) was thus, it will be seen, of the first complexion. If the reader knew of all that passes in the city of Lalenburg in this authentic history, he would say that Lalenburg was New York, and Jack Steam —. But we must leave the book, reluctantly; accrediting Mr. Godwin for good editorial service and an excellent collection.

*The Fortune Hunter; or The Adventures of a Man About Town. A Novel of New-York Society. By Mrs. Anna Cora Mowatt, author of *Fashion*, etc. New-York: William Taylor.*

We have received this novel at too late a period to do more than mention it this week, and make an extract from its pages. Hereafter we shall do it that full justice which is demanded by the celebrity and varied talent of its fair author. As a specimen more of manner than matter, we copy the whole of Chapter IV:

“Oh! Love, young Love, bound in thy rosy bands!”  
*BYRON.*

“PRAY, Miss Walton—Arria—pray do not so quicken your pace,” said Mr. Chadwick, a few moments after he and Miss Walton had left the house of the Clintons.

“Excuse me; I was hurrying home, like another Cinderella—for the hour at which I was order—at which I promised to return, has already struck. Had we not better make haste?”

“Must you, then, abridge a pleasure which I have so seldom enjoyed—so long anticipated, that of acting as your protector, and—being alone with you?” said he, in a tremulous voice.

Arria replied not, but her step—perhaps unconsciously—became slower. More than a square further they walked in perfect silence.

“Arria?”

“Mr. Chad?”

“Say Edgar, rather; have we not known each other long enough for you to call me by that name? To me it seems as though you had been a familiar spirit, ever since I learned to dream of woman. You are the Egeria that, in my earliest youth, I pictured to myself, and thought I could love—the one being in whom I find my beau ideal, in manhood, and whom, therefore, I do love! Am I presumptuous in saying this? Have I hoped too much, because you evinced toward me the same frank and affectionate manner with which you delight your friends? Was it all my own hopeful folly, when I fancied sometimes that I had awakened your—your—sympathy? Nay, that was not the word I should have used, for I know how fully you sympathize with

all around you. I—you—dear *Arria!* Will you not permit me to call you by that name?"

The timid glance—the moist eye a moment lifted to his—the trembling arm he held within his own—these spoke all that Arria's tongue refused to express.

"I have not, then, deceived myself!" murmured Edgar, in a voice tremulous with happiness. "You listen to me—you do not turn away? You—oh! you have been all the world to me, and you permit me to hope that I am something to you. The thought of you, Arria, has for many anxious months formed my whole happiness. Do you believe it in my power to form yours? Will you trust it in my keeping?"

"If I can always make you feel as joyful as now, my happiness will be secured," half whispered Arria.

"You will consent, then, ever to remain near me, and cheer my hours of solitude; ever to teach me such sweet and holy lessons of truth and goodness as I have already learned from your lips—to give me some foretaste of that abode of future happiness, in the reality of which only the existence of such beings as you are could make me believe? And what have I to offer in return?"

Edgar fancied he heard Arria breathe "your love!"—but it was the expression of her countenance rather than the movement of her lips which conveyed the idea.

"I have only the wealth of the heart to lay at your feet," he continued, with a touch of humor which was natural to him: "and that will not purchase 'house and lands,' and all else that, if we had the fairy's wishing cap, we might desire. I am but a young student, with all the gold I may ever possess not yet disengaged from the rough soil of my brains. But as I am now, even so was my father thirty years ago, and he rides in his carriage to-day. I have health, I have energy, and I hope ordinary abilities. Is not this all that a young man in this happy land need desire? Some foreigner says that it is as easy for an American to make a fortune when he has none, as it is for him to spend one if he chances to have one left to him. I think my prospects bright while Arria smiles, and should they ever be darker?"

"Her smile must brighten them still?"

"It shall—it will! Come the worst that Fate can send, that smile shall disarm her wrath. With you to protect, what an incentive shall I have for exertion! And have I indeed secured to myself such a lifelong source of joy? I can hardly credit my own happiness. Ah! Arria, will you never repent that you consented to become the light of the poor student's home?"

"Shall I ever love him less? You question my love when you ask?"

"I would as soon question!"

"Hush! Speak lower; we are just home. Bid me a hasty good night! I am afraid that that is Mrs. Lemming at the window."

"You shall not thus fear her long, loveliest and best beloved!"

"Hush! hush!" whispered Arria timidly. "Leave me now, I beg of you."

"Adieu, then, mine own Arria—mine for ever!"

"Adieu, de—dear Edgar!"

She had hardly uttered the words before the door opened and she sprang into the house. But they resounded in Edgar's ears when he sought his pillow that night in his dreams; in his dreams they were re-uttered in the same tenderly harmonious tone: and when the morning sun fell brightly on the placid countenance of the sleeper, he awoke to spring up, repeating to himself, "de—dear Edgar!"

#### Wiley & Putnam's Library of Choice Reading. No. XVI. Prose and Verse. By Thomas Hood. Part I.

This collection is designed to embrace Hood's more earnest writings—in the words of the editor, "those which were written most directly from the heart, which reflect most faithfully his life and opinions." Heretofore his lighter effusions, his puns and quibbles, are all that the American public have had an opportunity of appreciating.

Part I. contains the Preface to Hood's own; The Pugsley Papers; The Dream of Eugene Aram; Black, White, and Brown; I remember—I remember; The Portrait; Literary Reminiscences; My Apology; The Lost Heir; An Undertaker; Miss Killmansegg; Fair Ines; A Ballad; Ruth; Autumn; A Song; and the Ode to Melancholy;—a very judicious selection. We shall speak of it again hereafter. In the meantime we quote a few well-considered words from the Preface of the American editor:

"The grand law of morality which protects the rights of the author, and distributes his works to the world in accordance with those rights, will be found to be the just measure by which his writings can be received with any advantage. A complicated system of checks and counter checks—all of them necessary—depends upon the recognition of that primary right. The due responsibility of the author, the force of his character depends upon it. A just competition, the sacred right to be "free and equal" between the native and the foreign author, depend upon it. A proper Nationality in our case depends upon it.—Follow out the system where you will, it will be found, here as elsewhere, that only the just and right are profitable."

#### The Waverley Novels; with the Author's latest Corrections and Additions. Complete in Five Vols., (3340 pp.) for Two Dollars and Fifty Cents. Vol. III. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.

This volume contains Kenilworth; the Pirate; the Fortunes of Nigel; Peveril of the Peak; and Quentin Durward. In New-York the work is for sale by Messrs. Burgess, Stringer & Co.

#### Pictorial History of the World. By John Frost, LL. D.

No. VI. of this beautifully printed work is published—for sale by Messrs. Burgess, Stringer, & Co.

#### The Godolphin Arabian; or the History of a Thorough-Bred. A Sporting Romance. By Eugene Sue. New-York: E. Winchester.

We have read this tale with great interest. It is in Sue's best manner—full of a rich pathos—and in all respects excellent, without being intense.

#### Praise and Principle; or For What shall I Live? By the "Author of Conquest and Self-Conquest," "Woman an Enigma," etc. New-York: Harper & Brothers.

A duodecimo of some 250 pages, neatly bound. The story is really admirable—equal to Sandford and Merton—and somewhat resembling it in general tone and manner.

#### The Wandering Jew. By Eugene Sue. No. XV. New-York: Harper & Brothers.

Here is a vast amount of reading matter furnished for three cents. The story proceeds with interest.

#### Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures. New-York: E. Winchester.

A complete collection. Of course it is unnecessary to say one word in behalf of the unfortunate Caudle.

#### Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine. No. CCCLVII. New American Edition. Vol. XXI—No. 1. New-York: Leonard Scott & Co.

This, the July No., commences a new volume, and contains some excellent papers—among others, "House-Hunting in Wales," and a continuation of the "Suspiria de Profundis."

#### The Breach of Promise. A Novel. By the Author of "The Jilt," "Cousin Jeffrey," etc. New-York: Harper & Brothers.

This is No. 57 of the "Library of Select Novels." "The Jilt" is one of the best fictions of its class, and the "Breach of Promise" has a strong family resemblance.

#### Life in Dalecarlia. The Parsonage of Mora. By Frederika Bremer. Translated by William Howitt. New-York: Harper & Brothers.

This is No. 58 of the "Library of Select Novels," and one of the best compositions of its noted authoress. It is peculiarly wild and entertaining.

*An Encyclopædia of Domestic Economy, &c. New-York: Harper & Brothers.*

This will be completed in 12 numbers, embracing 1000 engravings. No. 7 is issued.

*The Treasury of History. No. VII. New-York: Daniel Adee.*

This, we presume our readers know, is the valuable work of Mauder. The republication will be completed in twelve numbers.

### Bridal Ballad.

The ring is on my hand,  
And the wreath is on my brow;  
Satins and jewels grand  
Are all at my command,  
And I am happy now.

And my lord he loves me well,  
But, when first he breathed his vow,  
I felt my bosom swell—  
For the words rang like a knell,  
And the voice seemed his who fell  
In the battle down the dell,  
And who is happy now.

But he spoke to re-assure me,  
And he kissed my pallid brow,  
While a reverie came o'er me,  
And to the church-yard bore me,  
And I sighed to him before me,  
Thinking him dead D'Elormie,  
“ Oh, I am happy now !”

And thus the words were spoken,  
And this the plighted vow,  
And, though my faith be broken,  
And, though my heart be broken,  
Behold the golden token  
That proves me happy now !

Would God I could awaken !  
For I dream I know not how,  
And my soul is sorely shaken  
Lest an evil step be taken,—  
Lest the dead who is forsaken  
May not be happy now.

EDGAR A. POE.

### Musical Department.

**FRENCH OPERA.**—*La Juive* has been produced at the Park in a style of unexampled splendor. It is essentially a *show* piece, and as such it is very imposing. Its success in Paris and London was very great, but although the scale of production was of much greater extent in both those cities than it could be here, yet for magnificence of appointments and costume, and correctness of detail, *La Juive* as produced by the French company here, has scarcely been excelled in Europe. The scene of the opera is laid in Germany; the time about the fifteenth century. The characters are as follows:

Eleazer, a Jew goldsmith,	M. Arnaud.
Rachel, the Jewess,	M'le Calvé.
Cardinal de Brogny, President of Council,	M. Douvry.
Prince Leopold,	M. Cœuriot.
Princess Eudoxia,	Md'me Cassini.
The Grand Provost of the City of Constance,	M. Garry.
Emperor Sigismond,	Montassier.
Albert, a Captain in the Emperor's Guard,	Jules.
A Nobleman, attendant of the Emperor,	Chaffary.

Leopold, prince of the empire, and husband to Eudoxia, has become deeply enamored of Rachel, the daughter of

Eleazer, a Jew goldsmith. The scene opens in the city of Constance, a short time previous to the triumphal entry of the emperor Sigismond, who is on his way home, having completely routed the Hussites. The people are feasting, frolicking, and drinking on this great holiday. The Provost has decreed that no hand shall be lifted in labor during the day. Presently the sound of a hammer is heard proceeding from the house of the Jewish goldsmith. He and his daughter are torn from the house, and would have fallen victims to the bitter hatred of the populace, but for the interference of Rodolph, who, disguised as a Jew, and wearing the distinguishing badge of that persecuted people, comes to their assistance. The officer of the guard recognizes the Prince, and compels the people to retire. Rodolph, having deceived Eleazer as to his religion, is a welcome visitor at the house. On the evening of that eventful day, when the Jewish household are partaking of the evening meal, the Princess Eudoxia is ushered in. She purchases some valuable ornaments to present to her husband, and directs the Jew to bring them to the grand banquet on the morrow. When the Princess and the Jew depart, Rodolph urges Rachel to fly—acknowledges himself a Christian, and threatens if she refuses, to give himself up to the sanguinary law, which consigns both Jew and Christian to death if acknowledging a mutual passion. She at last consents, but as they are about to leave the house, they are met by the Jew returning. Eleazer discovers the perfidy of Rodolph, and would have killed him, but for the prayers of Rachel; however, both father and daughter spurn the deceiver from the house with scorn and contumely.

At the banquet scene, whither the Jew and his daughter proceed by the command of the Princess, Rachel discovers in the husband of Eudoxia, the pretended Jew, her recreant lover. They are both condemned to death. However, urged by the prayers of Eudoxia, and prompted by her own deep love, which even her wrongs could not destroy, Rachel acknowledges herself alone guilty, and the Prince is pardoned.

Previous to the period at which our story begins, the President of the council, Cardinal de Brogny, then in power in Rome, had caused Eleazer to be most unjustly banished from that city, and the Jew, in revenge for such injury, had stolen from the Count—not then a priest—his only daughter. This child, now grown to womanhood, was the condemned Jewess—condemned, too, to a fearful death by her own father. Eleazer and Rachel are led, with much pomp and ceremony to the place of execution. Rachel is about to be cast in the boiling cauldron, when the Jew discloses to the Christian Cardinal the fearful secret, which, in his bitter hatred he had stored up for years. But too late, too late—for triumphing in the agony of his enemy, he rushes to his fearful doom, and perishes with his adopted child. The opera thus concludes.

We must say that Mad'me Calvé, as Rachel, exceeded our expectations, for the character is not in her line, and we therefore did not look for much; we were sure that what she did she would do well, for she is too good an artist to do any thing badly. But Mad'me Calvé caught much of the spirit of the part, and only wanted the *physique* to render her execution all that could be desired. Her singing and acting in the duet with Rodolph, in the 2d Act, were truly admirable, as also in the trio which follows. Her dressing was, as usual, admirable.

Md'me Cassini appears still too nervous to do herself justice. She evidently sings much better than her present performances would lead the public to suppose. If she would strive to cast off the diffidence which now so evidently oppresses her, she would be heard to much greater advantage, and her acting would necessarily become less awkward and

constrained. She cannot but feel that the public is kindly disposed towards her, and would gladly second her improved efforts. Take courage, then, Maadme.

M. Arnaud made up for the Jew most admirably, and sang with his usual fine taste. On this occasion, however, two faults were very prominently displayed—namely, a too constant use of the falsetto, and a too great contrast caused by an injudicious, and too frequent use of his full power.—Shouting upon good and strong notes is a very general fault with singers in this country; Antognini has fallen into it, and Perozzi and Valtellina were much condemned for it.—We trust that M. Arnaud will ponder and improve.

M. Cœuriot we were glad to see had recovered from his recent illness, with voice and energy quite unimpaired. He is a great favorite with the public, and independent of his excellent singing, his acting is full of force and passion, and forms the very life of the piece.

M. Garry did the little he had to do with much care and skill.

M. Douvry sings with much skill; his taste is excellent, and his judgment is not to be cavilled at, but he has an unfortunate habit of singing out of tune. We believe that he might avoid it by taking proper care, for it only occurs at intervals. He has a voice of good compass, but the music awarded to the Cardinal is too low for him. We are entirely opposed to any innovations upon the music written by the composer, but in this or any similar case, where the music is beyond the range of the voice of the person who is entrusted with its execution, we could forgive some slight alteration for the improved effect.

The chorusses were given with much precision, and the effect was commensurate with the effort. The Band was, as usual, excellent. The brass, to be sure, was very predominant, but the fault rests more with the composer's partition than with the band or its leader.

The French press has endeavored, by puffing and raving to an extraordinary extent, to elevate Halévy to the rank of classical composers. Upon what grounds they founded their opinions, we are at a loss to discover. Halévy is undoubtedly a man of ability; he understands his business, but he evidently possesses no original genius. Out of Paris his music has been characterized as heavy and labored. We find it not only heavy and labored, but boisterous and noisy; wanting in that species of melody which goes home to the heart: that melody which, being the offspring of an ardent temperament, a vivid imagination, and a deep appreciation of the beautiful, rather than the result of study, decides at once upon the originality of thought in the composer. That there are several pieces of great beauty in the Opera, we freely acknowledge. Indeed, it would be strange if *some* beauties could not be found in a work of some four hours' duration; but the little that is good, while it affords a pleasing relief to the hearer, only serves to render the cumbersome whole the less endurable. The music, generally, is in truth well suited to a melo-dramatic spectacle, being but little elevated above the music usually devoted to that class of entertainment.

The instrumentation, while it displays the writer's perfect acquaintance with the elements of the Orchestra, is in the worst possible school. Its chief characteristic is noise. The brass instruments are used incessantly; sometimes, to be sure, with masterly effect, as in the drinking chorus in the 1st Act; but there is a total want of repose—the ear is never rested. How unlike the delicious partition of Auber, Herold or Meyerbeer! Their scores display the true artistical coloring;

their musical chiaro oscuro is perfect, and we experience feelings of delight while hearing them, similar to those which affect us while gazing upon a delicious landscape by Salvator Rosa—not that we would affect to draw any comparison; we speak only of the effect of the perfect unity.

The "getting up" of the Opera is indeed admirable.—The costumes are rich and true to the period; the magnificent suits of armor make a very imposing appearance, and the banners, &c., &c., add to the general effect. As a spectacle, we doubt if it has ever been equalled upon the American stage.

The next Opera to be produced is Meyerbeer's "Huguenots."

*An Apology for Church Music and Musical Festivals, by Edward Hodges, Mus. Doct. of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge.*

The Standard proceeds with a quotation from the "Life of Mary Graham," which is excellent but not to the point, seeing that it is an eulogy upon sacred music, rather than a depreciation of it, and concludes with a touching exhortation to those who are affected by it not to mistake the feelings excited by music only, for the influence of genuine religious sentiments: after which the article proceeds,

"And now one word to church music generally—a word which we think it the more imperative to offer, because we have observed a strong disposition amongst some of the best ministers of the Church, to increase its quantity by chanting, to the organ, the 'Te Deum,' the 'Jubilate,' the 'Nunc dimittas,' [dimittis] and other portions of the church service, so eloquent, so full of masculine dignity in their composition, that music, or any other added ornament, cannot fail to deform them." The word that we would say, we shall put into the form of a question. Has church music proved favorable to devotion amongst the humbler classes? Has the addition of an organ increased the congregation of country churches? Nay, has it not had the reverse effect? Has it not deprived the people frequently of the interest which they took in what we may intelligibly, though not properly call as a distinction, the vocal part of the church service? Our own experience certainly concludes unfavorably to the use of instrumental music in Divine worship; and for a reason which we have hinted above, we wish to see all the musical part of the service within the old limits, which were sufficient to give rest to the clergyman.

"To return to the Westminster festival. Might it not be as well held in Westminster Hall as in Westminster Abbey, where all occasion of offence would be removed? The purpose of the celebration is good; the celebration itself blameless: the only objection is to the place—why not change the place? Why set an example of treating lightly the reverence due to sacred things? One more last word. We know to what irritable race musical people belong; and therefore we declare that we shall not defend in controversy any of the opinions which we have advanced above. Our fair readers, of all ages, and sexes, and professions, may call us Goths, with a perfect assurance that they will not be answered."

However, notwithstanding the "assurance" with which the foregoing paragraph terminates, the editor was induced to bestow yet more last words upon the subject in his paper of April 2. This effect was elicited by the remonstrances of a correspondent who signs himself "an Humble Churchman," who had adduced several pertinent quotations from the works of the Rev. W. Jones, of Nayland, one of which shall be here introduced.

"Music will need no other recommendation to our attention, as an important subject, when it shall be understood, as I mean to show in the first place, that it derives its origin from God himself; whence it will follow, that so far as it is God's work it is His property, and may certainly be applied as such to His service. The question will be, whether it may be applied to any thing else."

The signal excellence of this pious sentiment will, I am sure, be a sufficient justification of its insertion in this place, notwithstanding it does in a manner anticipate the orderly course of the subject. The editor of the STANDARD comments upon the letter thus:

"The great respect in which we hold the opinions of our correspondent, 'An Humble Churchman,' causes us to deviate, though very reluctantly, from the resolution which we avowed at the time, not to defend in controversy our opinions upon the subject of church music. Upon a careful perusal of our correspondent's letter, however, we discover, as we think, that our dispute may be brought within a very narrow compass. Is the enjoyment derived from music, sensual or intellectual? If it be *sensual* merely, then all the extraordinary effects ascribed to music are, plainly, objections to its admission as a part of an *intellectual service*. Now, we agree with our correspondent that the reception of musical sounds, through the agency of the senses, is not, alone, conclusive—that the pleasure derived from those sounds is purely *sensual*; but when we find that the pleasure is just as great where the sounds do not and cannot, in any way, convey any definite idea to the understanding, we must conclude that with the senses it begins and ends—in other words, that it is *purely sensual*; and that such it is, appears plainly enough to us from the fact, that it acts as powerfully upon irrational animals as rational; and that those of our own species, who delight in music, are as much affected by it when it is accompanied by the words of an unknown language, or unaccompanied by any words whatever. This appears to us as decisive against the intellectual character of music. The question then is, as to the convenience of an alloy of what is not intellectual, infused into 'the singing of the heart and of the understanding.' Some are excited by music; some are excited by dancing; some are excited by opium, and by less innocent means of intoxication. Under excitement produced by any of these means,

their devotions may appear to themselves more sincere, and to others more fervent; but the heart of man, "deceitful above all things," never deceives itself more completely, or perhaps more fatally, than when it mistakes the fever of excitement for the steady glow of piety.

"As to our correspondent's reference to the Jewish ritual, we would remind him that other means of excitement than music were permitted in that ritual; wisely permitted according to the purpose of the Jewish dispensation, and to the state of the peculiar people to whom that dispensation was given: according, we may add, to the state of the surrounding country. The Gospel, however, without changing the object of man's adoration, or the moral purpose of man's improvement, introduced a system of worship not more strongly contrasted in the glorious comprehensiveness of its objects, than in the severe simplicity of its forms. It is the Gospel of the poor, as well as of the rich—of the rude, as well as of the refined; as such it was dispensed by its Divine Author; as such it ought to be dispensed by his servants. There is not one word in the noble liturgy of our own Church, which is not as plain to the comprehension of the most ignorant as of the most learned; not one word, which gravely addressed to the general understanding, may not, under the grace of Divine Providence, reach the understanding and the heart too, of the humblest worshipper. What needs there then the aid of music? We had almost said, what justification is there for exposing men to the danger of mis-taking animal sensation for a masculine devout conviction? Our own experience certainly has been, that the introduction of instrumental music is the reverse of beneficial, more particularly in country churches; otherwise we should not have alluded to it—subject so much out of the province of a daily newspaper. But we think, we must repeat it, that the church organ has done much to fill Dissenting chapels, and to repel the humbler classes of our fellow-subjects to much worse places than Dissenting chapels. We have no wish to see our Cathedrals closed, or to have their choirs silenced. Let those who delight in music, and are satisfied that music aids their devotions, repair to those Cathedrals; they are generally of the higher and middle classes, and therefore will feel little inconvenience. But let us, the poor, unlearned, rude, and humble, still have the severe simplicity of our parochial service.

"Our correspondent will observe that our objections are all strictly practical; and he, at least, will not charge us with any spirit of Puritanism. We can assure him that as far as respects the effect of church music upon the class to which we ourselves belong, we have merely stated the result of very general, not local, observations, continued through a great number of years.

"This allusion to the subject must be final, on our part; but we anxiously hope that it may be taken up by others better qualified than we are, and who can command a field of discussion more worthy of the subject."

Nevertheless this allusion was not final, for a few days afterwards appeared some further remarks upon the subject, wherein the Editor shewed some tendency to shift his ground, and fell back upon one of Queen Elizabeth's injunctions to the clergy, (of which more hereafter,) as his army of reserve. Again he was induced to touch upon the matter in consequence of what fell from the Duke of Newcastle in the House of Lords; on which occasion the Editor reiterated his recommendation to hold the festival in some other place than Westminster Abbey.

## The Drama.

*At Niblo's* Mrs. Mowatt concluded her engagement on the 26th ult. Her last appearance was as the Duchess in "Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady," and Katherine, in "Katherine and Petruchio." The former of these pieces is one of the best things of its kind. It has all the neat epigrammatic spirit of the French Vaudeville—the ingenuity of its construction is remarkable—its incidents are vivid yet natural—its characters are well sustained—its sentiments are occasionally noble—and, upon the whole, we know nothing of the same nature which combines so much of truthfulness with so much of pure *jeu d'esprit*. Not its least merit is its unity to effect.

Nothing, we think, could be better than Mrs. Mowatt's personation of the Duchess. The part, to be sure, affords little opportunity for histrionic display—but the astonishment at Ruy Gomez' audacity—this astonishment at first merged in indignation—then gradually becoming admiration—and this suddenly converted into love—were points so admirably managed by the fair actress, as to leave nothing to desire. The beautiful lips of Mrs. Mowatt have, we fear, a singular facility in the expression of contempt.

In Ruy Gomez Mr. Crisp was intolerable. He entirely misconceives the character. The Spaniard, as designed by Planché, is a dashing, ardent, chivalric cavalier, urged to the extreme of audacity by the madness of his passion, but preserving through all a true dignity, and the most uncompromising respect for the lady of his love. Mr. Crisp makes him an impudent trickster—at times even a vulgar chuckling mountebank—occasionally a simpering buffoon. The Marquis of Santa Cruz was well represented by Nickerson. Miss Taylor spoke and stepped more like a chambermaid

than a prince.

Even of the "Katherine and Petruchio," as Shakespeare conceived it, we have no very exalted opinion. The whole design of the play is not only unnatural but an arrant impossibility. The heart of no woman could ever have been reached by brute violence. But, as this drama originally stood, it contained many redeeming traits of nature and truth. These, it was the opinion of Cibber, interfered with the spirit of the thing, and accordingly he left them out—or if one or two were suffered to remain, our modern managers unsparingly uprooted them. The "Katherine and Petruchio" of Niblo's, is absolutely beneath contempt—a mere jumble of unmeaning rant, fuss, whip-smacking, crockery-cracking, and other Tom-Foolery of a similar kind. With a play of this character nothing could be done—and, as far as we could perceive, nothing was.

In taking leave of Mrs. Mowatt for the present, we have only again to record our opinion that, if she be true to herself, she is destined to attain a very high theatrical rank. With the one exception of mere physical force, she has all the elements of a great actress. Her conceptions of character are good. Her elocution is excellent, although still susceptible of improvement. Her beauty is of the richest and most impressive character. Her countenance is wonderfully expressive. Her self-possession is marvellous. Her step is queenly. Her general grace of manner has never, in our opinion, been equalled on the stage—most decidedly it has never been surpassed. These qualities alone would suffice to assure her a proud triumph—but she possesses a quality beyond all these—enthusiasm—an unaffected freshness of the heart—the capacity not only to think but to feel.

*At the Park* the French operatic troupe have been delighting large, fashionable, and intellectual audiences, *La Juive* has been the attraction. The admirable manner in which it is brought upon the stage, cannot be too highly commended. For farther comments on this opera, we refer the reader to our Musical Department.

*At Castle Garden*, Pico has been singing—delightfully of course—and Herr Cline has been performing his usual wonders upon the tight rope. The audiences have been large and very respectable.

*At the Chatham*, a vast number of people without coats, have been thrown into raptures by the representation of "The Female Horsethief," in which the leading character is one Margaret Catchpole, and the leading incident her riding *en homme* a very lazy and very stupid little horse.

## Editorial Miscellany.

Few American writers have been received with more favor than Mr. Mathews in England. The notices his writings have called forth have been remarkable (we remember particularly one by Douglas Jerrold, whose sympathy is an honor to any man,) for a spirit of generous appreciation of his good qualities, and the interest and faith shown in the development of the man. A critic in Tait's Magazine thus speaks of the volume of Poems on Man.

This is a slight book in its exterior form, and the frame-work of the intention of it is slighter still. The American writer, Mr. Cornelius Mathews, is the secretary of the Author's Copy-right Protection Club in New York; and is known in his own country by the "Motley Book" "Puffer Hopkins," and other humorous prose works of the like order, indicating a quick eye and a ready philosophy in the mind that waits on it; generous sympathies towards humanity in the mass; and a very distinct and characteristic nationality. He has written also a

powerful fiction called "Behemoth." The small volume before us consists of poems; and both for their qualities and defects, they are to be accounted worthy of some respectful attention. To render clearer the thought which is in us, we pass to general considerations. The contrast between the idea of what American poetry should be, and what it is, is as plain as the Mississippi on the map. The fact of the contrast faces us. With abundant flow and facility, the great body of American verse has little distinct character of any kind, and still less national character. There is little in it akin to the mountains and rivers, the prairies and cataracts among which it arises. This sound from the forest is not of them. *It is as if a German bullfinch, escaped from the teacher's finger into the depth of the pines, sate singing his fragment of Mozart in learned modulation, upon a rocking, snowy branch. And we find ourselves wondering how, in the great country of America, where the glory of liberty is so well comprehended, and where nature rolls-out her waters and lifts her hills, as in attestation of a principle worthy of her beauty,—the poetry alone should persist in being lifeless, flat, and imitative, as the verse of a court-rhymers when he rests from the bow of office among the fens of Essex.* It is easier to set this down as a fact (and the American critics themselves set it down as a fact), than to define the causes of it. And the fact of the defective nationality of the literature of a young country, suggests the analogy of another fact—the defective individuality attributable to a young person; and the likeness may be closer than the mere analogy expresses. Nationality is individuality under the social and local aspect; and the nationality of a country's literature is the individuality of the writers of it in the aggregate. It is curious to observe, that the 'wild oats' sown in literature by the youthful author as by the youthful nation, are, generally speaking, as barely tame as any stubble of the fields. Perhaps there is a bustling practicalness in both cases, which hinders that inner process of development necessary to the ulterior expression. Perhaps the mind, whether of the nation or of the man, must stand, before the cream rises. However this may be, we have given utterance to no novel form of opinion on the subject of American poetry in the mass. And let no one mistake that opinion. We do not forget—how should we?—such noble names as Longfellow's may nobly lead, as Whittier's may add honor to; we believe in the beautiful prophecy of beauty contained in the poems of Lowell. But in speaking of these poets, we do not speak of poetry in the gross; and in speaking of some of these, the English critic feels, unawares, that he would fain clasp the hand of an American poet, with stronger muscles in it, and less softened by the bath. Under which impression we are all the readier, let our readers understand, to meet the hand of Mr. Mathews, while it presents to us the slender volume called 'Poems on Man, in his various aspects under the American republic.'

"The volume is 'dedicated to the hopeful friends of humanity, by their servant, the author.' It consists of short poems in various metres, and with no connecting link associated in the reader's mind,—descriptive, as the title indicates, of the different ages and conditions of men in the republic; and remarkable, as we have hinted, for their very defects. For the poems are defective precisely in that with which the verse-literature of the country overflows,—we mean grace and facility. They are not graceful, but they are strong. They give no proof of remarkable facility in composition; and we are tempted sometimes to think of the writer, that he is versed better in sympathy and aspirations, than in rhythms and rhymes. His verses are occasionally incorrect, and are frequently ragged and hard. His ear is not 'tuned to fine uses,' and his hand refuses to flatter unduly the ear of his audience. But he writes not only 'like a man,' but like a republican and American. *Under this rough bark is a heart of oak; and perchance a noble vessel, if not a Dodonean oracle, may presently be had out of it. The wood has a good grain, the timber is of large size; and if gnarled and knotted, these are the conditions of strength, and perhaps the conclusions of growth; it is thus that strong trees grow, while slim grasses spring smoothly from the ground.* And the thoughtful student of the literature of America will pause naturally and musingly, at the sight of this little book, and mark it as something 'new and strange,' considering the circumstances of the soil."

After quoting from the poems of the Child, the Citizen, the Merchant, and the Reformer, the Magazine concludes:

However the reader may be inclined to be critical (and perhaps he will be more inclined than the critic), upon these extracts,—however he may be struck by the involutions and obscurities which to some extent disfigure them,—he will be free to admit that the revo-

rence for truth, the exultation in right, the good hope in human nature, which are the characteristics of this little book, and that the images of beauty which mingle with the expression of its lofty sentiment,—are not calculated, when taken together, to disturb the vision and prophecy of such among us as are looking at this hour towards America, as the future land of freemen in all senses, and of poets in the highest of all.

THE BRITISH CRITIC thus comments on the advertising advantages afforded by the various London Daily papers:

The *Morning Chronicle* has this advantage as an advertising medium, that it is the single organ of a great party, and therefore is read not only by that party but by the other parties, curious always to learn what are the designs and doings of their opponents. The *Chronicle* is not nearly so crowded with advertisements as is the *Times*, and therefore those that appear there are more certain to be seen; while it possesses this important further recommendation, that it publishes no supplements wherein to hide the larger portion of its advertisements from human eye. The conclusion to which we have arrived, therefore, from a review of the circumstances, is, that all those classes of advertisements which may be termed *general*, or addressed to the world at large, as distinguished from those addressed to particular persons—in other words, for announcements intended to catch the eye, the *Chronicle* is a better medium than the *Times*; the latter deserves the preference for such as persons are likely to seek; and for this reason, that nobody would find an advertisement in the *Times* by accident, but everybody goes to the *Times* to look for an advertisement.

The same remark applies to the *Morning Herald* and the *Morning Post*. But the latter being the especial journal of fashion, is peculiarly fitted for certain classes of advertisements addressed to the fashionable, and is ill fitted for *general* announcements. Tradesmen appealing to the *beau monde*, and publishers, will find the *Post* one of their best journals; but for all matters of business, or announcements addressed to men of business, it is worthless.

Of the evening papers, the best medium for advertising is unquestionably the *Sun*. In London there is a very absurd prejudice against the evening papers. Here everybody reads the morning papers, and few look into an evening one. The inhabitant of London appears to consider that London is all the world; he forgets that the evening papers, though not patronised here, are very largely read in the country, and therefore are really very excellent localities for an advertisement, particularly as the number is small, and each one is sure to take the eye of the reader.

Of all the evening papers the *Sun* is the best, not only as having the largest circulation, but as being much consulted throughout the provinces for its early information. This characteristic has given to the *Sun*, although a party paper, a less exclusive circle of readers than any of its contemporaries, save the *Times*, and an announcement there thus finds its way to all parties, sects, and ranks in the country. It is seen in every newsroom, and read at almost every inn. The *Sun* therefore, is good for advertisements of all kinds. The *Standard* enjoys a highly respectable circulation, and is well adapted for advertisements directed to the higher classes. The *Globe* is especially patronised at the inns, and by the commercial classes, and is therefore a good medium for business advertisements.

AT A LATE meeting of the Directors of the London and Croydon Atmospheric Railway,

"Mr. Joseph Samuda, one of the patentees of the atmospheric railway, said he would undertake to work fifteen trains per day each way, at an average travelling speed of forty miles an hour, from one end of the line to the other; the average weight of each train being from thirty to forty tons. Mr. Gibbon, the acting engineer of the Dalkey railway, said that the atmospheric system worked with a precision and regularity which did not belong to the locomotive. During the greater part of Sunday last ten trains were running per hour, each train weighing about forty tons. The cost of working is ten to twelve in favor of the atmospheric system over the locomotive."

THE HON. ROBERT T. CONRAD, of Philadelphia, author of "Aylmere," is engaged, we learn, on another drama—probably a tragedy. "Aylmere" was well received, and has much merit. Mr. Forrest gave Judge Conrad a thousand dollars for it.

WE BEG leave to thank our friends for the cordial support they are now affording us. The biographical sketch of William Wirt, commencing on the fourth page of this number, is from the pen of the well-known author of "Clinton Bradshaw," "East and West," "Howard Pinckney," etc., etc. As a biographical sketcher Mr. Thomas is unsurpassed; and he has kindly promised us a succession of such papers as the one now published. For the Song, commencing "Hush! a spirit from afar!" we are indebted to the British Critic.

CAMPBELL, the poet, according to a writer of recollections in the Dublin University Magazine, was an adept in the use of literary Billingsgate. We have heard some proficients, but never met with a better specimen than this. Of course the whole story is to be taken of Campbell, Hazlitt, Northcote and all, with a bag of salt. "Of all the false, vain, selfish blackguards," said Campbell, "that ever disgraced human nature, Hazlitt was the falsest, vainest, and most selfish. He would sacrifice a million of men, had he the power to do so, to procure even one moment's enjoyment for himself. He would worm himself into your confidence only to betray you, and commit the basest act of ingratitude without a blush or sigh for its commission. I remember when I edited the *New Monthly*, Hazlitt used to write occasionally for it. Somehow he got acquainted with Northcote, the sculptor fellow—a conceited old booby, to be sure, but still a respectable man, as it is said, well to do in the world, puffed up a good deal with absurd vanity, and reduced by Hazlitt to the charming belief that his reminiscences were worth remembering and being remembered. Well, he persuaded this old stone-cutting donkey to invite him once a week to his house, and got liberty from him to retail his weekly gossip for the edification of the million. I published some of his papers in the Magazine; they were pungent; they satisfied the prurient curiosity of old maids and gossips; they sold remarkably well, and Northcote began to fancy himself a second Johnson. One morning before I was up, I received a letter from this old fool, complaining bitterly of the insertion in the Table Talk of some horribly severe remarks on—and—. He swore by every thing that men believe and disbelieve, that he had never spoken as was represented—that Hazlitt was betraying and belying him, and that henceforth the '*blackguard penny-a-liner*' should be excluded from his house. I was rather amazed at this. The fact is, I did not care a rush what appeared in the Magazine, so that it *told* and *sold*; and, as Hazlitt put his name to the nonsense, I did not suppose he would dare to fabricate anything. Northcote, however, asserted that he had, and to pacify the old fool, I wrote him a letter, assuring him that Hazlitt should never again write a line for the *New Monthly*. One expression which I used, excited Hazlitt's rage to an extent scarcely credible—"the infernal Hazlitt." Oh! how he foamed and swore when he read this. But I did not value his passion at a button; though, I admit, I kept out of his way for a week, as I was told he intended to assault me. There is not a more degraded or disagreeable office for a literary man of any position, than to edit a magazine. It is a constant round of Billingsgate and fighting with his publisher, and an uninterrupted series of lies and sneaking statements to the various contributors."

THE RECENT congress of German booksellers at Leipsic, it is said, have taken steps to establish a literary agency on this side of the Atlantic, (New York is mentioned as the city,) for the sale and protection of the current German literature. The

sale of German books of general literature, in the original language, is hardly, we should think, as yet of sufficient importance to render this measure necessary. With the exception of elementary school books, the bible, and a few standard works, the demand might perhaps be more cheaply supplied by the home editions. But if the design be, to protect *translations*, the agency may become, at once, very useful and important. There is nothing more disreputable than the careless, ignorant, and wilfully malicious manner in which foreign writers are frequently treated. It certainly should be a privilege of the author to name his own translator; a privilege which should be protected by copy-right. Foreign agents, both French and German, might not only be of service to the writers of their own countries, but might benefit our own people by introducing to their attention, with care and judgment, and simultaneously with the original publication, the best specimens of the continental literature. An intimate knowledge of the men of letters of Europe might wean our readers and writers from their frequent slavish subserviency to an imitation of English authors.

TIECK's readings at Berlin must be something of a bore, as any man's would be, who held an audience for three hours without respite, with matters they might be fully put in possession of, by reading, in half an hour. The Berlin correspondent of the Foreign Quarterly Review says: "Tieck continues to give readings; which, in spite of his wonderful talent in interpreting dramatically the great master pieces, people are pretty unanimous in voting excessively wearisome. They are wearisome because of the frivolous etiquette which reigns in the *salon*; wearisome, because Shakespeare himself, if he were to read for three hours, without a minute's pause, would in the end be fatiguing. But Tieck is surrounded by a set of persons who take a pride in the infliction. They sit and listen with religious silence, if not with religious fervor. They languish in *ennui*; and would not move a leg, or cough, or turn in their chairs, for any small consideration!"

TAGLIONI, hints the London Athenæum, is growing old; a sad thing, as Sydney Smith has told us, in the case of a dancer: "When youth is gone all is gone." We trust a suggestion of the circumstance will allay the anxiety for her appearance on the American stage. It is quite too much our fate to get foreign singers and dancers and actors before us, and pay roundly for them,—only when they are superannuated. When a stage player begins to break down in Europe he thinks of America. It is time that our managers should compliment their audiences, if not by the production of some native novelties, at least by the introduction of foreigners of some pith and vitality. In the midst of universal life and energy, our literature and art have been, for the most part, feeble and decrepid, an anomaly that, as Carlyle would say, should be forthwith picked out.

"LWEI FRAULN," is the title of the Countess Hahn Wah'n's last novel. That authoress is about to visit England, as Frederica Bremer is said to be coming to the United States. George Sand, we think we saw it stated, was going to Constantinople. Female genius is restless and migratory.

"DR. DRESSEL, at Rome," says the Foreign Quarterly, "has lately made a very successful attempt to apply the Daguerreotype to the copying of ancient MSS. and palimpsests. In less than eleven minutes he produced a most perfect copy of forty-two folio lines of a half obliterated Greek MSS. of the 12th century."

Arago has submitted to the French Academy an important improvement for speed and safety.

**TO CORRESPONDENTS.**—We regret that Agnes Seymour should have cause to suspect us of neglect. “Eudocia,” was handed, for immediate insertion in the Journal, to the former associate editor, who still retains the MS. As soon as we can procure it of him, it shall be carefully transmitted, as desired—or if.

Again—many thanks to the author of the Correspondence with a Governess. We sincerely value his (or is it not her?) good opinion. A volume embodying all the poems mentioned, will probably be published by Wiley & Putnam, in the fall. We have reason to complain of our Boston agents—but will apply a remedy to that grievance forthwith. No. 2 of the Correspondence was published in the Journal of the 19th ult.

We doubt the originality of the “Grecian Flute,” for the reason that it is too good at some points to be so bad at others. Unless the author can re-assure us, we decline it.

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