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By JOHN BISCO.

Slander.

A whisper woke the air—
A soft light tone and low,
Yet barbed with shame and woe ;—
Now, might it only perish there !
 Nor farther go.

Ah me ! a quick and eager ear
 Caught up the little meaning sound !
Another voice has breathed it clear,
 And so it wanders round,
From ear to lip—from lip to ear—
Until it reached a gentle heart,
 And that—it broke.

It was the *only* heart it found,
The *only* heart 't was meant to find,
 When first its accents woke ;—
It reached that tender heart at last,
 And that—it broke.

Low as it seemed to *other* ears,
It came—a thunder-crash to *hers*,—
 That fragile girl so fair and gay,—
 That guileless girl so pure and true !

'Tis said a lovely humming bird
 That in a fragrant lily lay,
And dreamed the summer morn away,
 Was killed by but the gun's *report*,
Some idle boy had fired in sport!
 The very sound—a death-blow came !

And thus her happy heart, that beat,
With love and hope, so fast and sweet,
 (Shrined in *its* *Lily* too
For who the maid that knew
But owned the delicate flower-like grace
Of her young form and face ?)
 When first that word
 Her light heart heard,
It fluttered like the frightened bird,
 Then shut its wings and sighed,
And, with a silent shudder,—*died* !

FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

William Wilson.

What say of it? what say CONSCIENCE grim,
That spectre in my path?
CHAMBERLAIN'S PHARRONIDA.

LET me call myself, for the present, William Wilson. The fair page now lying before me need not be sullied with my real appellation. This has been already too much an object for the scorn—for the horror—for the detestation of my race. To the uttermost regions of the globe have not the indignant winds bruted its unparalleled infamy? Oh, outcast of all outcasts most abandoned!—to the earth art thou not forever dead? to its honors, to its flowers, to its golden aspirations?—

and a cloud, dense, dismal, and limitless, does it not hang eternally between thy hopes and heaven ?

I would not, if I could, here or to-day, embody a record of my later years of unspeakable misery, and unpardonable crime. This epoch—these later years—took unto themselves a sudden elevation in turpitude, whose origin alone it is my present purpose to assign. Men usually grow base by degrees. From me, in an instant, all virtue dropped bodily as a mantle. From comparatively trivial wickedness I passed, with the stride of a giant, into more than the enormities of an Elah-Gabalus. What chance—what one event brought this evil thing to pass, bear with me while I relate. Death approaches; and the shadow which foreruns him has thrown a softening influence over my spirit. I long, in passing through the dim valley, for the sympathy—I had nearly said for the pity—of my fellow men. I would fain have them believe that I have been, in some measure, the slave of circumstances beyond human control. I would wish them to seek out for me, in the details I am about to give, some little oasis of *fatal* amid a wilderness of error. I would have them allow—what they cannot refrain from allowing—that, although temptation may have erewhile existed as great, man was never *thus*, at least, tempted before—certainly, never *thus* fell. And is it therefore that he has never thus suffered? Have I not indeed been living in a dream? And am I not now dying a victim to the horror and the mystery of the wildest of all sublunary visions?

I am the descendant of a race whose imaginative and easily excitable temperament has at all times rendered them remarkable; and, in my earliest infancy, I gave evidence of having fully inherited the family character. As I advanced in years it was more strongly developed; becoming, for many reasons, a cause of serious disquietude to my friends, and of positive injury to myself. I grew self-willed, addicted to the wildest caprices, and a prey to the most ungovernable passions. Weak-minded, and beset with constitutional infirmities akin to my own, my parents could do but little to check the evil propensities which distinguished me. Some feeble and ill-directed efforts resulted in complete failure on their part, and, of course, in total triumph on mine. Thenceforward my voice was a household law; and at an age when few children have abandoned their leading-strings, I was left to the guidance of my own will, and became, in all but name, the master of my own actions.

My earliest recollections of a school-life, are connected with a large, rambling, Elizabethan house, in a misty-looking village of England, where were a vast number of gigantic and gnarled trees, and where all the houses were excessively ancient. In truth, it was a dream-like and spirit-soothing place, that venerable old town. At this moment, in fancy, I feel the refreshing chilliness of its deeply-shaded avenues, inhale the fragrance of its thousand shrubberies, and thrill anew with undefinable delight, at the deep hollow note of the church-bell, breaking, each hour, with

sullen and sudden roar, upon the stillness of the dusky atmosphere in which the fretted Gothic steeple lay imbedded and asleep.

It gives me, perhaps, as much of pleasure as I can now in any manner experience, to dwell upon minute recollections of the school and its concerns. Steeped in misery as I am—misery, alas! only too real—I shall be pardoned for seeking relief, however slight and temporary, in the weakness of a few rambling details. These, moreover, utterly trivial, and even ridiculous in themselves, assume, to my fancy, adventitious importance, as connected with a period and a locality when and where I recognise the first ambiguous monitions of the destiny which afterwards so fully overshadowed me. Let me then remember.

The house, I have said, was old and irregular. The grounds were extensive, and a high and solid brick wall, topped with a bed of mortar and broken glass, encompassed the whole. This prison-like rampart formed the limit of our domain; beyond it we saw but thrice a week—once every Saturday afternoon, when, attended by two ushers, we were permitted to take brief walks in a body through some of the neighbouring fields—and twice during Sunday, when we were paraded in the same formal manner to the morning and evening service in the one church of the village. Of this church the principal of our school was pastor. With how deep a spirit of wonder and perplexity was I wont to regard him from our remote pew in the gallery, as, with step solemn and slow, he ascended the pulpit! This reverend man, with countenance so demurely benign, with robes so glossy and so clerically flowing, with wig so minutely powdered, so rigid and so vast,—could this be he who, of late, with sour visage, and in snuffy habiliments, administered, ferule in hand, the Draconian laws of the academy? Oh, gigantic paradox, too utterly monstrous for solution!

At an angle of the ponderous wall frowned a more ponderous gate. It was riveted and studded with iron bolts, and surmounted with jagged iron spikes. What impressions of deep awe did it inspire! It was never opened save for the three periodical egressions and ingressions already mentioned; then, in every creak of its mighty hinges, we found a plenitude of mystery—a world of matter for solemn remark, or for more solemn meditation.

The extensive enclosure was irregular in form, having many capacious recesses. Of these, three or four of the largest constituted the play-ground. It was level, and covered with fine hard gravel. I well remember it had no trees, nor benches, nor any thing similar within it. Of course it was in the rear of the house. In front lay a small parterre, planted with box and other shrubs; but through this sacred division we passed only upon rare occasions indeed—such as a first advent to school or final departure thence, or perhaps, when a parent or friend having called for us, we joyfully took our way home for the Christmas or Midsummer holidays.

But the house!—how quaint an old building was this!—to me how veritably a palace of enchantment! There was really no end to its windings—to its incomprehensible subdivisions. It was difficult, at any given time, to say with certainty upon which of its two stories one happened to be. From each room to every other there were sure to be found three or four steps either in ascent or descent. Then the lateral branches were innumerable—inconceivable—and so returning in upon themselves, that our most exact ideas in regard to the whole mansion were not very far different from those with which we pondered upon infinity. During the five years of my residence here, I was never able to ascer-

tain with precision, in what remote locality lay the little sleeping apartment assigned to myself and some eighteen or twenty other scholars.

The school-room was the largest in the house—I could not help thinking, in the world. It was very long, narrow, and dismally low, with pointed Gothic windows and a ceiling of oak. In a remote and terror-inspiring angle was a square enclosure of eight or ten feet, comprising the *sanctum*, “during hours,” of our principal, the Reverend Dr. Bransby. It was a solid structure, with massy door, sooner than open which in the absence of the “Dominie,” we would all have willingly perished by the *peine forte et dure*. In other angles were two other similar boxes, far less reverenced, indeed, but still greatly matters of awe. One of these was the pulpit of the “classical” usher, one of the “English and mathematical.” Interspersed about the room, crossing and re-crossing in endless irregularity, were innumerable benches and desks, black, ancient, and time-worn, piled desperately with much-bethumbed books, and so besmeared with initial letters, names at full length, grotesque figures, and other multiplied efforts of the knife, as to have entirely lost what little of original form might have been their portion in days long departed. A huge bucket with water stood at one extremity of the room, and a clock of stupendous dimensions at the other.

Encompassed by the massy walls of this venerable academy, I passed, yet not in tedium or disgust, the years of the third lustrum of my life. The teeming brain of childhood requires no external world of incident to occupy or amuse it; and the apparently dismal monotony of a school was replete with more intense excitement than my riper youth has derived from luxury, or my full manhood from crime. Yet I must believe that my first mental development had in it much of the uncommon—even much of the *outré*. Upon mankind at large the events of very early existence rarely leave in mature age any definite impression. All is gray shadow—a weak and irregular remembrance—an indistinct regathering of feeble pleasures and phantasmagoric pains. With me this is not so. In childhood I must have felt with the energy of a man what I now find stamped upon memory in lines as vivid, as deep, and as durable as the *exergues* of the Carthaginian medals.

Yet in fact—in the fact of the world’s view—how little was there to remember! The morning’s awakening, the nightly summons to bed; the connings, the recitations; the periodical half-holidays, and perambulations; the play-ground, with its broils, its pastimes, its intrigues;—these, by a mental sorcery long forgotten, were made to involve a wilderness of sensation, a world of rich incident, an universe of varied emotion, of excitement the most passionate and spirit-stirring. “*Oh, le bon temps, que ce siècle de fer!*”

In truth, the ardor, the enthusiasm, and the imperiousness of my disposition, soon rendered me a marked character among my schoolmates, and by slow, but natural gradations, gave me an ascendancy over all not greatly older than myself;—over all with a single exception. This exception was found in the person of a scholar, who, although no relation, bore the same Christian and surname as myself;—a circumstance, in fact, little remarkable; for, notwithstanding a noble descent, mine was one of those every-day appellations which seem, by prescriptive right, to have been, time out of mind, the common property of the mob. In this narrative I have therefore designated myself as William Wilson,—a fictitious title not very dissimilar to the real. My namesake alone, of those who in school phraseology constituted “our set,” presumed to compete with me in the studies of the

class—in the sports and broils of the play-ground—to refuse implicit belief in my assertions, and submission to my will—indeed, to interfere with my arbitrary dictation in any respect whatsoever. If there is on earth a supreme and unqualified despotism, it is the despotism of a master mind in boyhood over the less energetic spirits of its companions.

Wilson's rebellion was to me a source of the greatest embarrassment;—the more so as, in spite of the bravado with which in public I made a point of treating him and his pretensions, I secretly felt that I feared him, and could not help thinking the equality which he maintained so easily with myself, a proof of his true superiority; since not to be overcome cost me a perpetual struggle. Yet this superiority—even this equality—was in truth acknowledged by no one but myself; our associates, by some unaccountable blindness, seemed not even to suspect it. Indeed, his competition, his resistance, and especially his impertinent and dogged interference with my purposes, were not more pointed than private. He appeared to be destitute alike of the ambition which urged, and of the passionate energy of mind which enabled me to excel. In his rivalry he might have been supposed actuated solely by a whimsical desire to thwart, astonish, or mortify myself; although there were times when I could not help observing, with a feeling made up of wonder, abasement, and pique, that he mingled with his injuries, his insults, or his contradictions, a certain most inappropriate, and assuredly most unwelcome *affectionateness* of manner. I could only conceive this singular behavior to arise from a consummate self-conceit assuming the vulgar airs of patronage and protection.

Perhaps it was this latter trait in Wilson's conduct, conjoined with our identity of name, and the mere accident of our having entered the school upon the same day, which set afloat the notion that we were brothers, among the senior classes in the academy. These do not usually inquire with much strictness into the affairs of their juniors. I have before said, or should have said, that Wilson was not, in the most remote degree, connected with my family. But assuredly if we had been brothers we must have been twins; for, after leaving Dr. Bransby's, I casually learned that my namesake was born on the nineteenth of January, 1813—and this is a somewhat remarkable coincidence; for the day is precisely that of my own nativity.

It may seem strange that in spite of the continual anxiety occasioned me by the rivalry of Wilson, and his intolerable spirit of contradiction, I could not bring myself to hate him altogether. We had, to be sure, nearly every day a quarrel in which, yielding me publicly the palm of victory, he, in some manner, contrived to make me feel that it was he who had deserved it; yet a sense of pride on my part, and a veritable dignity on his own, kept us always upon what are called "speaking terms," while there were many points of strong congeniality in our tempers, operating to awake in me a sentiment which our position alone, perhaps, prevented from ripening into friendship. It is difficult, indeed, to define, or even to describe, my real feelings towards him. They formed a motley and heterogeneous admixture;—some petulant animosity, which was not yet hatred, some esteem, more respect, much fear, with a world of uneasy curiosity. To the moralist it will be unnecessary to say, in addition, that Wilson and myself were the most inseparable of companions.

It was no doubt the anomalous state of affairs existing between us, which turned all my attacks upon him, (and they were many, either open or covert) into the channel of banter or practical joke (giving pain while assuming the aspect of

mere fun) rather than into a more serious and determined hostility. But my endeavours on this head were by no means uniformly successful, even when my plans were the most wittily concocted; for my namesake had much about him, in character, of that unassuming and quiet austerity which, while enjoying the poignancy of its own jokes, has no heel of Achilles in itself, and absolutely refuses to be laughed at. I could find, indeed, but one vulnerable point, and that, lying in a personal peculiarity, arising, perhaps, from constitutional disease, would have been spared by any antagonist less at his wit's end than myself;—my rival had a weakness in the faecal or guttural organs, which precluded him from raising his voice at any time *above a very low whisper*. Of this defect I did not fail to take what poor advantage lay in my power.

Wilson's retaliations in kind were many; and there was one form of his practical wit that disturbed me beyond measure. How his sagacity first discovered at all that so petty a thing would vex me, is a question I never could solve; but, having discovered, he habitually practised the annoyance. I had always felt aversion to my uncourtly patronymic, and its very common, if not plebeian prænomen. The words were venom in my ears; and when, upon the day of my arrival, a second William Wilson came also to the academy, I felt angry with him for bearing the name, and doubly disgusted with the name because a stranger bore it, who would be the cause of its twofold repetition, who would be constantly in my presence, and whose concerns, in the ordinary routine of the school business, must inevitably, on account of the detestable coincidence, be often confounded with my own.

The feeling of vexation thus engendered grew stronger with every circumstance tending to show resemblance, moral or physical, between my rival and myself. I had not then discovered the remarkable fact that we were of the same age; but I saw that we were of the same height, and I perceived that we were even singularly alike in general contour of person and outline of feature. I was galled, too, by the rumor touching a relationship, which had grown current in the upper forms. In a word, nothing could more seriously disturb me, (although I scrupulously concealed such disturbance,) than any allusion to a similarity of mind, person, or condition existing between us. But, in truth, I had no reason to believe that (with the exception of the matter of relationship, and in the case of Wilson himself,) this similarity had ever been made a subject of comment, or even observed at all by our schoolfellows. That he observed it in all its bearings, and as fixedly as I, was apparent; but that he could discover in such circumstances so fruitful a field of annoyance, can only be attributed, as I said before, to his more than ordinary penetration.

His cue, which was to perfect an imitation of myself, lay both in words and in actions; and most admirably did he play his part. My dress it was an easy matter to copy; my gait and general manner were, without difficulty, appropriated; in spite of his constitutional defect, even my voice did not escape him. My louder tones were, of course, unattempted, but then the key, it was identical; and his singular whisper, it grew the very echo of my own.

How greatly this most exquisite portraiture harassed me, (for it could not justly be termed a caricature,) I will not now venture to describe. I had but one consolation—in the fact that the imitation, apparently, was noticed by myself alone, and that I had to endure only the knowing and strangely sarcastic smiles of my namesake himself. Satisfied with having produced in my bosom the intended effect, he seemed to chuckle in secret over the sting he had inflict

ed, and was characteristically disregardful of the public applause which the success of his witty endeavours might have so easily elicited. That the school, indeed, did not feel his design, perceive its accomplishment, and participate in his sneer, was, for many anxious months, a riddle I could not resolve. Perhaps the *gradation* of his copy rendered it not so readily perceptible; or, more possibly, I owed my security to the masterly air of the copyist, who, disdaining the letter, (which in a painting is all the obtuse can see,) gave but the full spirit of his original for my individual contemplation and chagrin.

I have already more than once spoken of the disgusting air of patronage which he assumed toward me, and of his frequent officious interference with my will. This interference often took the ungracious character of advice; advice not openly given, but hinted or insinuated. I received it with a repugnance which gained strength as I grew in years. Yet, at this distant day, let me do him the simple justice to acknowledge that I can recall no occasion when the suggestions of my rival were on the side of those errors or follies so usual to his immature age and seeming inexperience; that his moral sense, at least, if not his general talents and worldly wisdom, was far keener than my own; and that I might, to-day, have been a better, and thus a happier man, had I less frequently rejected the counsels embodied in those meaning whispers which I then but too cordially hated and too bitterly despised.

As it was, I at length grew restive in the extreme under his distasteful supervision, and daily resented more and more openly what I considered his intolerable arrogance. I have said that, in the first years of our connexion as schoolmates, my feelings in regard to him might have been easily ripened into friendship; but, in the latter months of my residence at the academy, although the intrusion of his ordinary manner had, beyond doubt, in some measure, abated, my sentiments, in nearly similar proportion, partook very much of positive hatred. Upon one occasion he saw this, I think, and afterwards avoided, or made a show of avoiding me.

It was about the same period, if I remember aright, that, in an altercation of violence with him, in which he was more than usually thrown off his guard, and spoke and acted with an openness of demeanor rather foreign to his nature, I discovered, or fancied I discovered, in his accent, his air, and general appearance, a something which first startled, and then deeply interested me, by bringing to mind dim visions of my earliest infancy—wild, confused and thronging memories of a time when memory herself was yet unborn. I cannot better describe the sensation which oppressed me than by saying that I could with difficulty shake off the belief of my having been acquainted with the being who stood before me, at some epoch very long ago—some point of the past even infinitely remote. The delusion, however, faded rapidly as it came; and I mention it at all but to define the day of the last conversation I there held with my singular namesake.

The huge old house, with its countless subdivisions, had several large chambers communicating with each other, where slept the greater number of the students. There were, however, (as must necessarily happen in a building so awkwardly planned,) many little nooks or recesses, the odds and ends of the structure; and these the economic ingenuity of Dr. Bransby had also fitted up as dormitories; although, being the merest closets, they were capable of accommodating but a single individual. One of these small apartments was occupied by Wilson.

One night, about the close of my fifth year at the school,

and immediately after the altercation just mentioned, finding every one wrapped in sleep, I arose from bed, and, lamp in hand, stole through a wilderness of narrow passages from my own bedroom to that of my rival. I had long been plotting one of those ill-natured pieces of practical wit at his expense in which I had hitherto been so uniformly unsuccessful. It was my intention, now, to put my scheme in operation, and I resolved to make him feel the whole extent of the malice with which I was imbued. Having reached his closet, I noiselessly entered, leaving the lamp, with a shade over it, on the outside. I advanced a step, and listened to the sound of his tranquil breathing. Assured of his being asleep, I returned, took the light, and with it again approached the bed. Close curtains were around it, which, in the prosecution of my plan, I slowly and quietly withdrew, when the bright rays fell vividly upon the sleeper, and my eyes, at the same moment, upon his countenance. I looked;—and a numbness, an iciness of feeling instantly pervaded my frame. My breast heaved, my knees tottered, my whole spirit became possessed with an objectless yet intolerable horror. Gasping for breath, I lowered the lamp in still nearer proximity to the face. Were these—these the lineaments of William Wilson? I saw, indeed, that they were his, but I shook as if with a fit of the ague in fancying they were not. What was there about them to confound me in this manner? I gazed;—while my brain reeled with a multitude of incoherent thoughts. Not thus he appeared—assuredly not *thus*—in the vivacity of his waking hours. The same name! the same contour of person! the same day of arrival at the academy! And then his dogged and meaningless imitation of my gait, my voice, my habits, and my manner! Was it, in truth, within the bounds of human possibility, that *what I now saw* was the result, merely, of the habitual practice of this sarcastic imitation? Awe-stricken, and with a creeping shudder, I extinguished the lamp, passed silently from the chamber, and left, at once, the halls of that old academy, never to enter them again.

After a lapse of some months, spent at home in mere idleness, I found myself a student at Eton. The brief interval had been sufficient to enfeeble my remembrance of the events at Dr. Bransby's, or at least to effect a material change in the nature of the feelings with which I remembered them. The truth—the tragedy—of the drama was no more. I could now find room to doubt the evidence of my senses; and seldom called up the subject at all but with wonder at the extent of human credulity, and a smile at the vivid force of the imagination which I hereditarily possessed. Neither was this species of skepticism likely to be diminished by the character of the life I led at Eton. The vortex of thoughtless folly into which I there so immediately and so recklessly plunged, washed away all but the froth of my past hours, engulfed at once every solid or serious impression, and left to memory only the veriest levities of a former existence.

I do not wish, however, to trace the course of my miserable profligacy here—a profligacy which set at defiance the laws, while it eluded the vigilance of the institution. Three years of folly, passed without profit, had but given me rooted habits of vice, and added, in a somewhat unusual degree, to my bodily stature, when, after a week of soulless dissipation, I invited a small party of the most dissolute students to a secret carousal in my chambers. We met at a late hour of the night; for our debaucheries were to be faithfully protracted until morning. The wine flowed freely, and there were not wanting other and perhaps more dangerous seductions; so that the grey dawn had already faintly appeared in the east, while our delirious extravagance was at its

height. Madly flushed with cards and intoxication, I was in the act of insisting upon a toast of more than wonted profanity, when my attention was suddenly diverted by the violent, although partial unclosing of the door of the apartment, and by the eager voice of a servant from without. He said that some person, apparently in great haste, demanded to speak with me in the hall.

Wildly excited with wine, the unexpected interruption rather delighted than surprised me. I staggered forward at once, and a few steps brought me to the vestibule of the building. In this low and small room there hung no lamp; and now no light at all was admitted, save that of the exceedingly feeble dawn which made its way through the semi-circular window. As I put my foot over the threshold, I became aware of the figure of a youth about my own height, and habited in a white kerseymere morning frock, cut in the novel fashion of the one I myself wore at the moment. This the faint light enabled me to perceive; but the features of his face I could not distinguish. Upon my entering he strode hurriedly up to me, and, seizing me by the arm with a gesture of petulant impatience, whispered the words "William Wilson!" in my ear.

I grew perfectly sober in an instant.

There was that in the manner of the stranger, and in the tremulous shake of his uplifted finger, as he held it between my eyes and the light, which filled me with unqualified amazement; but it was not this which had so violently moved me. It was the pregnancy of solemn admonition in the singular, low, hissing utterance; and, above all, it was the character, the tone, *the key*, of those few, simple, and familiar, yet *whispered* syllables, which came with a thousand thronging memories of by-gone days, and struck upon my soul with the shock of a galvanic battery. Ere I could recover the use of my senses he was gone.

Although this event failed not of a vivid effect upon my disordered imagination, yet was it evanescent as vivid. For some weeks, indeed, I busied myself in earnest inquiry, or was wrapped in a cloud of morbid speculation. I did not pretend to disguise from my perception the identity of the singular individual who thus perseveringly interfered with my affairs, and harassed me with his insinuated counsel. But who and what was this Wilson?—and whence came he?—and what were his purposes? Upon neither of these points could I be satisfied; merely ascertaining, in regard to him, that a sudden accident in his family had caused his removal from Dr. Bransby's academy on the afternoon of the day in which I myself had eloped. But in a brief period I ceased to think upon the subject; my attention being all absorbed in a contemplated departure for Oxford. Thither I soon went; the uncalculating vanity of my parents furnishing me with an outfit, and annual establishment, which would enable me to indulge at will in the luxury already so dear to my heart,—to vie in profuseness of expenditure with the haughtiest heirs of the wealthiest earldoms in Great Britain.

Excited by such appliances to vice, my constitutional temperament broke forth with redoubled ardor, and I spurned even the common restraints of decency in the mad infatuation of my revels. But it were absurd to pause in the detail of my extravagance. Let it suffice, that among spendthrifts I out-Heroded Herod, and that, giving name to a multitude of novel follies, I added no brief appendix to the long catalogue of vices then usual in the most dissolute university of Europe.

It could hardly be credited, however, that I had, even here, so utterly fallen from the gentlemanly estate, as to

seek acquaintance with the vilest arts of the gambler by profession, and, having become an adept in his desppicable science, to practise it habitually as a means of increasing my already enormous income at the expense of the weak-minded among my fellow collegians. Such, nevertheless, was the fact. And the very enormity of this offence against all manly and honourable sentiment proved, beyond doubt, the main if not the sole reason of the impunity with which it was committed. Who, indeed, among my most abandoned associates, would not rather have disputed the clearest evidence of his senses, than have suspected of such courses, the gay, the frank, the generous William Wilson—the noblest and most liberal commoner at Oxford—him whose follies (said his parasites) were but the follies of youth and unbridled fancy—whose errors but inimitable whim—whose darkest vice but a careless and dashing extravagance?

I had been now two years successfully busied in this way, when there came to the university a young *parvenu* nobleman, Glendinning—rich, said report, as Herodes Atticus—his riches, too, as easily acquired. I soon found him of weak intellect, and, of course, marked him as a fitting subject for my skill. I frequently engaged him in play, and contrived, with a gambler's usual art, to let him win considerable sums, the more effectually to entangle him in my snares. At length, my schemes being ripe, I met him (with the full intention that this meeting should be final and decisive) at the chambers of a fellow-commoner, (Mr. Preston,) equally intimate with both, but who, to do him justice, entertained not even a remote suspicion of my design. To give to this a better coloring, I had contrived to have assembled a party of some eight or ten, and was solicitously careful that the introduction of cards should appear accidental, and originate in the proposal of my contemplated dupe himself. To be brief upon a vile topic, none of the low finesse was omitted, so customary upon similar occasions that it is a just matter for wonder how any are still found so besotted as to fall its victim.

We had protracted our sitting far into the night, and I had at length effected the manoeuvre of getting Glendinning as my sole antagonist. The game, too, was my favorite *écarté*. The rest of the company, interested in the extent of our play, had abandoned their own cards, and were standing around us as spectators. The *parvenu*, who had been induced by my artifices in the early part of the evening, to drink deeply, now shuffled, dealt, or played, with a wild nervousness of manner for which his intoxication, I thought, might partially, but could not altogether account. In a very short period he had become my debtor to a large amount, when, having taken a long draught of port, he did precisely what I had been coolly anticipating—he proposed to double our already extravagant stakes. With a well-feigned show of reluctance, and not until after my repeated refusal had seduced him into some angry words which gave a color of *pique* to my compliance, did I finally comply. The result, of course, did but prove how entirely the prey was in my toils; in less than an hour he had quadrupled his debt. For some time his countenance had been losing the florid tinge lent it by the wine; but now, to my astonishment, I perceived that it had grown to a pallor truly fearful. I say to my astonishment. Glendinning had been represented to my eager inquiries as immeasurably wealthy; and the sums which he had as yet lost, although in themselves vast, could not, I supposed, very seriously annoy, much less so violently affect him. That he was overcome by the wine just swallowed, was the idea which most readily presented itself; and, rather with a view to the preservation of my own char-

acter in the eyes of my associates, than from any less interested motive, I was about to insist, peremptorily, upon a discontinuance of the play, when some expressions at my elbow from among the company, and an ejaculation evincing utter despair on the part of Glendinning, gave me to understand that I had effected his total ruin under circumstances which, rendering him an object for the pity of all, should have protected him from the ill offices even of a fiend.

What now might have been my conduct it is difficult to say. The pitiable condition of my dupe had thrown an air of embarrassed gloom over all; and, for some moments, a profound silence was maintained, during which I could not help feeling my cheeks tingle with the many burning glances of scorn or reproach cast upon me by the less abandoned of the party. I will even own that an intolerable weight of anxiety was for a brief instant lifted from my bosom by the sudden and extraordinary interruption which ensued. The wide, heavy folding doors of the apartment were all at once thrown open, to their full extent, with a vigorous and rushing impetuosity that extinguished, as if by magic, every candle in the room. Their light, in dying, enabled us just to perceive that a stranger had entered, about my own height, and closely muffled in a cloak. The darkness, however, was now total; and we could only *feel* that he was standing in our midst. Before any one of us could recover from the extreme astonishment into which this rudeness had thrown all, we heard the voice of the intruder.

"Gentlemen," he said, in a low, distinct, and never-to-be-forgotten *whisper* which thrilled to the very marrow of my bones, "Gentlemen, I make no apology for this behaviour, because in thus behaving, I am but fulfilling a duty. You are, beyond doubt, uninformed of the true character of the person who has to-night won at *écarté* a large sum of money from Lord Glendinning. I will therefore put you upon an expeditious and decisive plan of obtaining this very necessary information. Please to examine, at your leisure, the inner linings of the cuff of his left sleeve, and the several little packages which may be found in the somewhat capacious pockets of his embroidered morning wrapper."

While he spoke, so profound was the stillness that one might have heard a pin drop upon the floor. In ceasing, he departed at once, and as abruptly as he had entered. Can I—shall I describe my sensations?—must I say that I felt all the horrors of the damned? Most assuredly I had little time given for reflection. Many hands roughly seized me upon the spot, and lights were immediately reprocured. A search ensued. In the lining of my sleeve were found all the court cards essential in *écarté*, and, in the pockets of my wrapper, a number of packs, fac-similes of those used at our sittings, with the single exception that mine were of the species called, technically, *arrondées*; the honors being slightly convex at the ends, the lower cards slightly convex at the sides. In this disposition, the dupe who cuts, as customary, at the length of the pack, will invariably find that he cuts his antagonist an honor; while the gambler, cutting at the breadth, will, as certainly, cut nothing for his victim which may count in the records of the game.

Any burst of indignation upon this discovery would have affected me less than the silent contempt, or the sarcastic composure, with which it was received.

"Mr. Wilson," said our host, stooping to remove from beneath his feet an exceedingly luxurious cloak of rare furs, "Mr. Wilson, this is your property." (The weather was cold; and, upon quitting my own room, I had thrown a cloak over my dressing wrapper, putting it off upon reaching the scene of play.) "I presume it is supererogatory to

seek here (eyeing the folds of the garment with a bitter smile) for any farther evidence of your skill. Indeed, we have had enough. You will see the necessity, I hope, of quitting Oxford—at all events, of quitting instantly my chambers."

Abased, humbled to the dust as I then was, it is probable that I should have resented this galling language by immediate personal violence, had not my whole attention been at the moment arrested by a fact of the most startling character. The cloak which I had worn was of a rare description of fur; how rare, how extravagantly costly, I shall not venture to say. Its fashion, too, was of my own fantastic invention; for I was fastidious to an absurd degree of coxcombry, in matters of this frivolous nature. When, therefore, Mr. Preston reached me that which he had picked up upon the floor, and near the folding doors of the apartment, it was with an astonishment nearly bordering upon terror, that I perceived my own already hanging on my arm, (where I had no doubt unwittingly placed it,) and that the one presented me was but its exact counterpart in every, in even the minutest possible particular. The singular being who had so disastrously exposed me, had been muffled, I remembered, in a cloak; and none had been worn at all by any of the members of our party with the exception of myself. Retaining some presence of mind, I took the one offered me by Preston; placed it, unnoticed, over my own; left the apartment with a resolute scowl of defiance; and, next morning ere dawn of day, commenced a hurried journey from Oxford to the continent, in a perfect agony of horror and of shame.

I fled in vain. My evil destiny pursued me as if in exultation, and proved, indeed, that the exercise of its mysterious dominion had as yet only begun. Scarcely had I set foot in Paris ere I had fresh evidence of the detestable interest taken by this Wilson in my concerns. Years flew, while I experienced no relief. Villain!—at Rome, with how untimely, yet with how spectral an officiousness, stepped he between me and my ambition! At Vienna, too—at Berlin—and at Moscow! Where, in truth, had I not bitter cause to curse him within my heart? From his inscrutable tyranny did I at length flee, panic-stricken, as from a pestilence; and to the very ends of the earth *I fled in vain*.

And again, and again, in secret communion with my own spirit, would I demand the questions "Who is he?—whence came he?—and what are his objects?" But no answer was there found. And now I scrutinized, with a minute scrutiny, the forms, and the methods, and the leading traits of his impudent supervision. But even here there was very little upon which to base a conjecture. It was noticeable, indeed, that, in no one of the multiplied instances in which he had of late crossed my path, had he so crossed it except to frustrate those schemes, or to disturb those actions, which, if fully carried out, might have resulted in bitter mischief. Poor justification this, in truth, for an authority so imperiously assumed! Poor indemnity for natural rights of self-agency so pertinaciously, so insultingly denied!

I had also been forced to notice that my tormentor, for a very long period of time, (while scrupulously and with miraculous dexterity maintaining his whim of an identity of apparel with myself,) had so contrived it, in the execution of his varied interference with my will, that I saw not, at any moment, the features of his face. Be Wilson what he might, *this*, at least, was but the veriest of affectation, or of folly. Could he, for an instant, have supposed that, in my admonisher at Eton—in the destroyer of my honor at Oxford,—in him who thwarted my ambition at Rome, my revenge at

Paris, my passionate love at Naples, or what he falsely termed my avarice in Egypt,—that in this, my arch-enemy and evil genius, I could fail to recognise the William Wilson of my schoolboy days,—the namesake, the companion, the rival,—the hated and dreaded rival at Dr. Bransby's? Impossible!—But let me hasten to the last eventful scene of the drama.

Thus far I had succumbed supinely to this imperious domination. The sentiment of deep awe with which I habitually regarded the elevated character, the majestic wisdom, the apparent omnipresence and omnipotence of Wilson, added to a feeling of even terror, with which certain other traits in his nature and assumptions inspired me, had operated, hitherto, to impress me with an idea of my own utter weakness and helplessness, and to suggest an implicit, although bitterly reluctant submission to his arbitrary will. But, of late days, I had given myself up entirely to wine; and its mad-dening influence upon my hereditary temper rendered me more and more impatient of control. I began to murmur,—to hesitate,—to resist. And was it only fancy which induced me to believe that, with the increase of my own firmness, that of my tormentor underwent a proportional diminution? Be this as it may, I now began to feel the inspiration of a burning hope, and at length nurtured in my secret thoughts a stern and desperate resolution that I would submit no longer to be enslaved.

It was at Rome, during the Carnival of 18—, that I attended a masquerade in the palazzo of the Neapolitan Duke Di Broglio. I had indulged more freely than usual in the excesses of the wine-table; and now the suffocating atmosphere of the crowded rooms irritated me beyond endurance. The difficulty, too, of forcing my way through the mazes of the company contributed not a little to the ruffling of my temper; for I was anxiously seeking, (let me not say with what unworthy motive) the young, the gay, the beautiful wife of the aged and doting Di Broglio. With a too unscrupulous confidence she had previously communicated to me the secret of the costume in which she would be habited, and now, having caught a glimpse of her person, I was hurrying to make my way into her presence.—At this moment I felt a light hand placed upon my shoulder, and that ever-remembered, low, damnable *whisper* within my ear.

In an absolute phrenzy of wrath, I turned at once upon him who had thus interrupted me, and seized him violently by the collar. He was attired, as I had expected, in a costume altogether similar to my own; wearing a Spanish cloak of blue velvet, begirt about the waist with a crimson belt sustaining a rapier. A mask of black silk entirely covered his face.

"Scoundrel!" I said, in a voice husky with rage, while every syllable I uttered seemed as new fuel to my fury, "scoundrel! impostor! accursed villain! you shall not—you shall not dog me unto death! Follow me, or I stab you where you stand!"—and I broke my way from the ball-room into a small ante-chamber adjoining—dragging him unresistingly with me as I went.

Upon entering, I thrust him furiously from me. He staggered against the wall, while I closed the door with an oath, and commanded him to draw. He hesitated but for an instant; then, with a slight sigh, drew in silence, and put himself upon his defence.

The contest was brief indeed. I was frantic with every species of wild excitement, and felt within my single arm the energy and power of a multitude. In a few seconds I forced him by sheer strength against the wainscoting, and thus,

getting him at mercy, plunged my sword, with brute ferocity, repeatedly through and through his bosom.

At that instant some person tried the latch of the door. I hastened to prevent an intrusion, and then immediately returned to my dying antagonist. But what human language can adequately portray *that* astonishment, *that* horror which possessed me at the spectacle then presented to view? The brief moment in which I averted my eyes had been sufficient to produce, apparently, a material change in the arrangements at the upper or farther end of the room. A large mirror,—so at first it seemed to me in my confusion—now stood where none had been perceptible before; and, as I stepped up to it in extremity of terror, mine own image, but with features all pale and dabbled in blood, advanced to meet me with a feeble and tottering gait.

Thus it appeared I say, but was not. It was my antagonist—it was Wilson, who then stood before me in the agonies of his dissolution. His mask and cloak lay, where he had thrown them, upon the floor. Not a thread in all his raiment—not a line in all the marked and singular lineaments of his face which was not, even in the most absolute identity, *mine own!*

It was Wilson; but he spoke no longer in a whisper, and I could have fancied that I myself was speaking while he said:

"You have conquered, and I yield. Yet, henceforward art thou also dead—dead to the World, to Heaven and to Hope! In me didst thou exist—and, in my death, see by this image, which is thine own, how utterly thou hast murdered thyself."

EDGAR A. POE.

Romance.

Romance, who loves to nod and sing,
With drowsy head and folded wing,
Among the green leaves as they shake
Far down within some shadowy lake,
To me a painted paroquet
Hath been—a most familiar bird—
Taught me my alphabet to say—
To lisp my very earliest word
While in the wild wood I did lie
A child—with a most knowing eye.

Of late, eternal Condor years
So shake the very Heavens on high
With tumult, as they thunder by.
I have no time for idle cares
Through gazing on the unquiet sky.
And when an hour with calmer wings
Its down upon my spirit flings—
That little time with lyre and rhyme
To while away—forbidden things!
My heart would feel to be a crime
Unless it trembled with the strings!

Critical Notices.

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

Of this number of the Library we said a few words in our last, but we shall be pardoned for referring to it again, as it contains several of the most characteristic, as well as most meritorious compositions of one of the most remarkable men of his time.

The quizzical Letters entitled "Copyright and Copy-

wrong" should be read by all true friends and fair enemies of International Copyright. The strong points of the question of copyright, generally, were never more forcibly, if ever more ludicrously, put.

"The Bridge of Sighs" is, with one exception, the finest poem written by Hood. It has been much admired and often quoted—but we have no hesitation in complying with a friend's request, to copy it in full. We must omit it, however, till next week.

"The Haunted House" we prefer to any composition of its author. It is a masterpiece of its kind—and that kind belongs to a very lofty—if not to the very loftiest order of poetical literature. Had we seen this piece before penning our first notice of Hood, we should have had much hesitation in speaking of Fancy and Fantasy as his predominant features. At all events we should have given him credit for much more of true Imagination than we did.

Not the least merit of the work is its rigorous simplicity. There is no narrative, and no doggrel philosophy. The whole subject is the description of a deserted house, which the popular superstition considers haunted. The thesis is one of the truest in all poetry. As a mere thesis it is really difficult to conceive anything better. The strength of the poet is put forth in the invention of traits in keeping with the ideas of crime, abandonment, and ghostly visitation. Every legitimate art is brought in to aid in conveying the intended effects; and (what is quite remarkable in the case of Hood) nothing discordant is at any point introduced. He has here very little of what we have designated as the phantastic—little which is not strictly harmonious. The metre and rhythm are not only, in themselves, admirably adapted to the whole design, but, with a true artistic feeling, the poet has preserved a thorough monotone throughout, and renders its effect more impressive by the repetition (gradually increasing in frequency towards the *finale*) of one of the most pregnant and effective of the stanzas:

O'er all there hung a shadow and a fear ;
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
The place is haunted !

We quote a few of the most impressive quatrains:

The coot was swimming in the reedy pond,
Beside the water-hen so soon affrighted,
And in the reedy moat the heron, fond
Of solitude, alighted.

The moping heron, motionless and stiff,
That on a stone as silently and stillly
Stood, an apparent sentinel, as if
To guard the water-lily.

The vine unpruned, and the neglected peach
Drooped from the wall with which they used to grapple ;
And on the cankered tree, in easy reach,
Rotted the golden apple.

Howbeit, the door I pushed—or so I dreamed—
Which slowly, slowly, gaped—the hinges creaking
With such a rusty eloquence, it seemed
That Time himself was speaking.

The startled bats flew out, bird after bird,
The screech-owl overhead began to flutter,
And seemed to mock the cry that she had heard
Some dying victim utter.

A shriek that echoed from the joisted roof
And up the stair and further still and further,
Till in some ringing chamber far aloof
It ceased its tale of murther.

Meanwhile the rusty armor rattled round,
The banner shuddered and the ragged streamer ;
All things the horrid tenor of the sound
Acknowledged with a tremor.

The very stains and fractures on the wall,
Assuming features solemn and terrific,
Hinted some tragedy of that old hall,
Locked up in hieroglyphic.

Some tale that might, perchance, have solved the doubt
Wherefore amongst those flags so dull and livid,
The banner of the BLOODY HAND shone out
So ominously vivid.

Those dreary stairs, where with the sounding stress
Of ev'ry step so many echoes blended,
The mind, with dark misgivings, feared to guess
How many feet ascended.

Yet no portentous shape the sight amazed ;
Each object plain, and tangible, and valid ;
But from their tarnished frames dark figures gazed,
And faces spectre-pallid.

Not merely with the mimic life that lies
Within the compass of Art's simulation :
Their souls were looking through their painted eyes
With awful speculation.

On every lip a speechless horror dwelt ;
On every brow the burden of affliction ;
The old ancestral spirits knew and felt
The house's malediction.

Rich hangings, storied by the needle's art,
With scripture history, or classic fable ;
But all had faded, save one ragged part,
Where Cain was slaying Abel.

The death-watch ticked behind the panneled oak,
Inexplicable tremors shook the arras,
And echoes strange and mystical awoke,
The fancy to embarrass.

Prophetic hints that filled the soul with dread,
But through one gloomy entrance pointing mostly,
The while some secret inspiration said,
That chamber is the ghostly !

Had Hood only written "The Haunted House" it would have sufficed to render him immortal.

Wiley & Putnam's Library of Choice Reading. No. XX. The Indicator and Companion. By Leigh Hunt. Part II.

This volume contains some two or three papers which are worth preserving—which have in them the elements of life—and which will leave a definite and perhaps a permanent impression upon every one who reads them. In general, however, it is made up of that species of easy writing which is not the easiest reading. We find here too much of slippishness, both in thought and manner, and too little of determined purpose. The tone is not that of a bold genius uttering vigorous things carelessly and inconsiderately, with contempt or neglect of method or completeness, but rather that of a naturally immethodical and inaccurate intellect, making a certain air of ruggedness and *insouciance* the means of exalting the commonplace into the semblance of originality and strength. Hunt has written many agreeable papers, but no great ones. His points will bear no steady examination. The view at first taken of him by the public is far nearer the truth, perhaps, than that which seems to have been latterly adopted. His "Feast of the Poets" is possibly his best composition. As a rambling essayist he has too little of the raw material. As a critic he is merely saucy, or lackadaisical, or falsely enthusiastic, or at best pointedly conceited. His judgment is not worth a rush—

witness his absurd eulogies on Coleridge's "Pains of Sleep" quoted in the volume before us. In his "Remarks upon (on) De Basso's Ode to a Dead Body," he has said critically some of the very best things it ever occurred to him to say; but if there be need to show the pure imbecility and irrelevancy of the paper as a criticism, let it only be contrasted with what a truly critical spirit would write. The highest literary quality of Hunt is a secondary or tertiary grade of Fancy. His loftiest literary attainment is to entertain. This is precisely the word which suits his case. As for excitement we must not look for it in him. And, unhappily, his books are not of such character that they may be taken up, with pleasure, (as may the "Spectator,") by a mind exhausted through excitement. In this condition we require repose—which is the antipode of the style of Hunt. And since for the ennuyé he has insufficient stimulus, it is clear that as an author he is fit for very little, if really for any thing at all.

Introductory Lectures on Modern History, delivered in Lent Term, 1842, with the Inaugural Lecture delivered in December, 1841. By Thomas Arnold, D. D., Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford, &c. Edited from the Second London Edition, with a Preface and Notes, by Henry Reed, M. A., Professor of English Literature in the University of Pennsylvania. New-York: D. Appleton & Co.

We take it for granted that there are few of our readers unacquainted with the great celebrity of these Lectures, or with the high estimation in which they are held by the historical scholars of Europe. We feel called upon, therefore, to say only a very few words of the book. It would be difficult, indeed, to say too much, were we to discuss its excellencies. Independently of his sterling worth as mere historian, Dr. Arnold must command the attention and respect of every American by his earnest and most influential zeal as an Apostle of Liberty. The Preface (by Dr. Reed) to this American edition, is an admirably written commentary on the man.

The Messrs. Appleton have recently published "The Life and Correspondence" and "The Miscellaneous Works" of Doctor Arnold, both edited by Arthur P. Stanley, M. A. These volumes are published uniformly with the one now before us; and all are in the beautiful style so usual with the Appletons.

A Treatise on Domestic Economy, for the Use of Young Ladies at Home and at School. By Miss Catherine E. Beecher. Revised Edition, with Numerous Additions and Illustrative Engravings. New-York: Harper & Brothers.

This volume is so well known, and so thoroughly appreciated, that we need only call attention to the issue of an improved edition. It is very generally adopted as a text-book in female schools. It has been examined by the Massachusetts Board of Education, and by them deemed worthy of admission as a part of the Massachusetts School Library—an honor which speaks for itself.

Simms' Magazine,

For August, is capital. It contains several of the finest kind of Magazine papers, and is as ably edited as any journal of its species in America—if not more ably edited than any. We invite attention to several Sonnets (anonymous,) and to the articles entitled "The Epochs and Events of American History, as suited to the Purposes of Art in Fiction;" "The Sutler's Yarn;" "Bayard the Chevalier;" and "A Foreigner's First Glimpses of Georgia."

As a matter of course we find Mr. Simms agreeing with

ourselves, "The Democratic Review," and in fact with all the unprejudiced critics of the country, in condemning, nearly altogether, the very *mediocres* poems of Mr. Lord. We quote a sentence or two of Mr. Simms' critique.

Metaphysical poetry requires deep sedateness of mood, habitual contemplation, and much of that quieting sort of thought which a rare experience of the world alone can give. Wanting all this, the poems of Mr. Lord, which aim at this character, are vague, wordy, purposeless; without those leading views of his topic which alone can justify the author in attempting it. We see the fruits of his reading, not of his genius, in the poem called "Worship." Here is a little of Bryant, and here something more of Coleridge. Phrases from these and other poets are conspicuous upon every page—some of these strangely obtrusive, as at p. 8, the "temple-hunting martlets" of Shakspeare. The ode "To an American Statesman," strikes us as a very decided imitation of that to the American flag, by Drake, and faint efforts in the way of Tennyson and Longfellow, are evident as we turn his pages.

That Mr. Lord can think, and may, by severe training, and sometimes scourging, be made to think, we have proof in this little volume. We see here and there the head or tail of an idea, the wing or the pen-feathers of a fancy, which elaboration might have rendered legitimately his own. That he has a spiritual mood at work is apparent also. But there is no one piece in the collection, no, nor no one paragraph of any length, which may be considered tolerably perfect, and fit for selection.

Simms' Magazine is published in Charleston, by Burges & James.

Harper's Illuminated and Illustrated Shakspeare.

Nos. 63 and 64 are issued; embracing "The Tempest," and some of the most exquisite specimens of wood engraving, and of design, which have ever been published in America. It is difficult to avoid enthusiasm while speaking of these admirable plates. The edition should be in the hands of every one who reads—or sees.

The Mission, or Scenes in Africa. Written for Young People. By Capt. Marryat. New-York: D. Appleton & Co.

Captain Marryat is not surpassed by any writer of this age in the faculty of interesting the youthful mind. These two neat duodecimos are full of entertainment, and in point of moral purpose, not only unobjectionable, but commendable in the highest degree.

The Abbey of Innismoyle: A Story of Another Century. By the author of "Father Clement," "The Decision," etc., etc. Philadelphia: James M. Campbell. New-York: Saxton & Miles.

This is a handsome duodecimo—a republication from the English edition. The story is quite celebrated. It is full not only of romantic but of religious interest. An excellent gift book for the young.

The Medici Series of Italian Prose. Nos. 2 & 3. The Florentine Histories, by Niccolo Machiavelli. In 2 vols. Translated and Edited by C. Edwards Lester. New-York: Paine & Burgess.

Messrs. Paine & Burgess are rendering good service to the cause of Letters in America by this series of translations from the Italian. The neatness of the mechanical execution deserves also high praise—although a little more margin might be desired.

Neither "The Florentine Histories" nor Niccolo Machiavelli, need be commended by us. The author of "The Prince" was a man of profound thought, of great sagacity, of indomitable will, and unrivalled during his time if not in knowledge of the human, at least in knowledge of the Italian heart. He has been grossly maligned, not because misunderstood in himself, but in his relations to his age and

countrymen. The "Florentine Histories" show his great powers—but not in their clearest light.

A Latin Grammar, Comprising all the Rules and Observations necessary to an Accurate Knowledge of the Latin Classics. By James Ross, LL.D. With Latin Idioms, and a New Prosody, and Other Important Additions and Emendations. By N. C. Brooks, A. M., Principal of the Latin High School, Baltimore. Philadelphia: Thomas, Cowperthwait & Co.

Mr. Brooks, one of the very best classical scholars in this country, has, in this edition of Ross, effected some important improvements of which we may take occasion to speak more fully hereafter:—as also of his

First Lessons in Latin: a Series of Exercises, Analytical and Synthetical, in Latin Syntax: designed as an Introduction to Ross' Latin Grammar, but suited to any other Grammar of the Language.

This work is also published by Messrs. Thomas, Cowperthwait & Co., of Philadelphia.

The History of The Volunteers of 1782. By Thomas Mc Nevin, Esq. New-York: R. Martin & Co.

A pamphlet of about 120 pages duodecimo—full of interest to Americans as well as Irishmen.

The Treasury of History. New-York: Daniel Adee.

We have repeatedly called attention to this valuable work of Mauder. It will be completed in twelve numbers. No. VIII. is issued.

Blackwood's Magazine,

For August, has been republished by Messrs. Leonard Scott & Co. in their usual prompt and accurate manner. The most interesting papers (at least to us) are No. 8 of "North's Specimens of the British Critics," and "A Letter from London by a Railway Witness."

Godey's Lady's Book,

For September, opens with a very fair engraving by Welch from one of the finest paintings ever done by Sully. It appears in the Magazine as a fancy piece—but the heads are those of his two beautiful and accomplished daughters. How much is lost in the absence of the artist's inimitable color!

Among the contributions we notice "The Cheap Dress," a very well narrated tale by Mrs. Annan. Mr. Simms has a Mesmeric Sketch, rather overstrained. Mrs. Hale and F. E. F. contribute to the number, which ends with a wood engraving from a sketch drawn by C. R. Leslie in the album of John Howard Payne. Mr. Godey maintains and will maintain his ground.

The Edinburgh Review. No. CLXV. For July 1845. American Edition—Vol. XXIII, No. 1. New York: Leonard, Scott & Co.

The most interesting papers in this number are "The Vestiges of Creation," "The Oregon Question," and Mrs. Norton's "Child of the Islands." "The Vestiges of Creation" is slashingly condemned. The reviewer says:

Everything is touched upon [what is the meaning of "touched upon?"] while nothing is firmly grasped. We have not the strong master-hand of an independent laborer, either in the field or closet, shown for a single instant. All in the book is shallow; and all is at second hand. The surface may be beautiful; but it is the glitter of gold-leaf without the solidity of the precious metal. The style is agreeable—sometimes charming; and noble sentiments are scattered here and there—but these harmonies are never lasting. Sober truth

and solemn nonsense, strangely blended, and offered to us in a new material jargon, break discordantly on our ears, and hurt our better feelings.

These opinions are just. The "Vestiges" is merely a well-written and very suggestive romance;—but bad English does not look well in a Quarterly, and "hurts our better feelings."

An Encyclopdia of Domestic Economy, comprising such subjects as are most immediately connected with House-keeping, etc., etc. Illustrated with nearly 1000 engravings. To be completed in 12 numbers. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Nos. IX & X are issued. It is an invaluable work of reference.

Cosmos: A Survey of the General Physical History of The Universe. By Alexander Von Humboldt. New York: Harper and Brothers.

The Mess. Harper have issued the First Part of this renowned book, with the fame of which the whole literary world of Europe is now ringing. We shall speak of it, in detail, as it proceeds. Our readers will need no suggestion to procure the Parts as they come from the press. The price of each is one shilling.

Graham's Magazine,

For September, opens with decidedly the finest steel engraving ever published in this country—at least in a Magazine. It is the work of Smillie and Hinshelwood—subject, a lake and forest scene. There is also a really praiseworthy plate of fashions—well designed, well drawn, well colored, and we dare say as authentic as need be. It is French. The literary contents are nearly all good—although we are surprised to find a very indifferent poem by Mr. Longfellow. Mrs. Annan has here also the best tale of the number, "The New Neighbourhood." Fanny Forrester, Mrs. Butler, Mrs. Stephens, and Park Benjamin, are among the contributors. The Foreign Correspondence (literary) is very interesting—one of the best features of the Magazine.

Arthur's Magazine,

For September, was received at so late a day, that we are unable to do it justice this week. We shall recur to it. It looks well.

The Fine Arts.

SALE OF PICTURES AT BORDENTOWN.—We mentioned, a week or two since, that the remaining portion of Joseph Bonaparte's collection of pictures was to be disposed of at public sale, at Bordentown, on the 17th and 18th of September, 1845. The gallery will be open for examination every day until the day of sale. For the information of those who intend to be present at the sale, but who may not be able to procure a catalogue previous to going on, we subjoin the Terms of Sale:

1st. The sale will commence at 11 o'clock on each day, and proceed in regular order, according to the catalogue.

2d. The purchasers to give their names and places of abode, and (if required by the auctioneer) to deposit part of the purchase money; in default of which, the lot so purchased to be immediately put up again and re-sold.

3d. All bills to be settled in full within three days from the day of sale, (before delivery of the paintings,) otherwise they may be re-sold at the expense of the purchaser.

The pictures will be sold by Thomas Birch, Jr., who, be-

ing himself a painter of merit, will, undoubtedly, do full justice to the beauty and the character of the works entrusted to his care.

On looking through the catalogue we find the names of many eminent masters. *Rubens* has four pictures; subject, figures and animals—and a fifth, in which the figures are by *Rubens*, and the fruit and flowers by *Sneyders*. *Rembrandt* has two pictures; subject, Turkish heads. *A. Carracci* has one; subject, Christ and his Disciples at Sea. *Gaspar Poussin* has one; a rich Landscape. *Guercino* has one; subject, Herod receiving the head of John the Baptist on a charger. The design embraces a group of ten figures. *Canaletti* has one; subject, view of London Bridge. *Sneyders* has several; subject generally, Birds, with Landscape, &c. There are also many pictures by *David Teniers*, *Berghem*, *Van Eyck*, *Ruysdael*, *Terburgh*, *Adriensen*, *Swebach*, *Vanderlinck*, *Bloemart*, &c. The *Vernets* have also many beautiful Landscapes and Marine views. *Lebrun*, *Philip de Cham-pagne*, *St. Denis*, *Laurent de la Hyre*, &c., are well represented. There are besides very many pictures in the various schools—the Italian, Dutch, Flemish, and French, ancient and modern.

We had almost forgotten to state that there are many interesting pieces of sculpture, executed chiefly by *Canova*, *Bartolini*, and *Rosio*—marble busts of Napoleon's sisters, Pauline and Eliza—his father, Charles Bonaparte, and his wife Maria Louisa—two splendid Medici Vases of Porphyry, three feet in height—one of them presented to Joseph Bonaparte by the King of Sweden—also some antique Bronze Castings from Pompeii, with other interesting items which we have not, at present, space to enumerate.

From what we have said, it will be found that this collection is worthy the attention of connoisseurs in art, for though we do not claim for them the position of first class pictures, yet can we safely assert their general, and, in some cases, remarkable excellence. We shall probably refer to this collection previously to the day of sale.

ONE THOUSAND POUNDS are hereby offered to the Artist who shall produce the best OIL PAINTING of the BAPTISM OF CHRIST by immersion in the River Jordan, to illustrate the accounts of the Evangelists:—Matthew, 3d chapter, 13th to 17th verses; Mark, 1st chapter, 9th to 11th verses; Luke, 3d chapter, 21st to 23d verses; and the following lines from the first book of Milton's "Paradise Regained."

*I saw
The prophet do him reverence, on him rising
Out of the water, heaven above the clouds
Unfold her crystal doors," &c.*

Lines 79 to 85; again, line 288:—

—“As I rose out of the laving stream.”

It is required that the size of the work shall not be less than 12 feet by 10, nor greater than 15 feet by 12; that the two principal figures shall be at least as large as life; that the time shall be immediately before the immersion, while John is uttering the words of administration, or immediately after it, while John and Christ are standing in the water to the depth of about two-fifths of their height.

Two years, from this date, will be allowed for the completion and sending in of the pictures. They must be forwarded—in frames not exceeding two inches in width—to a place in London hereafter to be advertised. The whole of the works will be publicly exhibited in the Metropolis, for a period of time, not exceeding two months, during which the competing Artists (being so far their own judges) shall by successive eliminations reduce the number of the paintings to FIVE, out of which we will select the one to which the prize shall be awarded.

With the view of obtaining suitable accommodation for the exhibition, it is requested that the names and addresses of all Artists intending to compete, together, if possible, with the size of their pictures, may be sent to either of our addresses by the 1st of January, 1846, when the precise mode of elimination will be advertised and the MONEY FUNDED for this SPECIFIC OBJECT, in the names of three respectable individuals in London, whose names will be published; and, in the

meantime, references will be given, if required, both in London and Edinburgh.

The competition is open to Artists of all Nations.

The £1000 will be paid to the successful competitor before the close of the exhibition; the picture and copyright to become our property.

The utmost care will be taken of the paintings; but we cannot hold ourselves responsible in any case of injury or accident; nor can we defray any of the expenses of their conveyance or removal.

THOMAS BELL,

DON ALKALI WORKS, SOUTH SHIELDS.

CHARLES HILL ROE,

HERMITAGE, ASHTON ROAD, BIRMINGHAM.

April 3, 1845.

The City in the Sea.

Lo! Death has reared himself a throne
In a strange city lying alone
Far down within the dim West,
Where the good and the bad and the worst and the best
Have gone to their eternal rest.
There shrines and palaces and towers
(Time-eaten towers that tremble not!)
Resemble nothing that is ours.
Around, by lifting winds forgot,
Resignedly beneath the sky
The melancholy waters lie.

No rays from the holy heaven come down
On the long night-time of that town;
But light from out the lurid sea
Streams up the turrets silently—
Gleams up the pinnacles fair and free—
Up domes—up spires—up kingly halls—
Up fanes—up Babylon-like walls—
Up shadowy long-forgotten bowers
Of sculptured ivy and stone flowers—
Up many and many a marvelous shrine
Whose wreathed friezes intertwine
The viol, the violet, and the vine.

Resignedly beneath the sky
The melancholy waters lie.
So blend the turrets and shadows there
That all seem pendulous in air,
While from a proud tower in the town
Death looks gigantically down.

There open fanes and gaping graves
Yawn level with the luminous waves;
But not the riches there that lie
In each idol's diamond eye—
Not the gaily-jewelled dead
Tempt the waters from their bed ;
For no ripples curl, alas !
Along that wilderness of glass—
No swellings tell that winds may be
Upon some far-off happier sea—
No heavings hint that winds have been
On seas less hideously serene.

But lo, a stir is in the air !
The wave—there is a movement there!
As if the towers had thrust aside,
In slightly sinking, the dull tide—
As if their tops had feebly given
A void within the filmy Heaven.
The waves have now a redder glow—
The Hours are breathing faint and low—
And when, amid no earthly moans,
Down, down that town shall settle hence,
Hell, rising from a thousand thrones,
Shall do it reverence.

EDGAR A. POE

Musical Department.

Mr. Sheppard, a Bass singer of considerable merit, as we have been told, who appeared at the Park Theatre four or five years since, has arrived in this city, and purposes giving a concert in the early part of the ensuing month. He has numerous warm and influential friends in New York, and will doubtless have a crowded room.

Mr. Frederick Horncastle has arrived at Boston, from London, and intends giving his highly popular entertainments founded on English character and Irish music.

The Misses Bramson are giving concerts at New Haven.

The French Opera Company opened at Niblo's on Monday evening. We understand that they have met with remarkable success, but we have been unable to attend.

Signor Antognini is in Canada, and is engaged to get up two grand musical entertainments for parties there. He has sent to New York for Vocal and Instrumental music to be presented on each occasion.

Signor Pico and Lycion De Begnis open the Royal Olympic Theatre at Montreal early in September.

The little Misses Kilmiste, better known as the Infant Sisters, gave two concerts, or rather entertainments, at Palmo's Theatre this week. The following announcement will be found curious and amusing.

For Two Nights Only.—Fashionable and elegant performances of the little Misses Kilmiste, known as the Infant Sisters. Tuesday evening, Aug. 26th, will be performed the admired Burletta, called Disappointment. Principal characters by the Infant Sisters. Mr. Hyde, of London, will perform Overtures, Operatic Airs, and Brilliant Variations, upon a Penny Whistle. The whole concluding with the admired Burletta, called Papa Jerome, or Les Petites Amantes.

A letter has been received in New Orleans from Mexico, datel July 22, giving an account of the reception of Mad. Borghese and other members of the Italian company, late of this city. It was enthusiastic in the extreme. They were in the finest health. The engagement will conclude about the last of November or the beginning of the following month, and then the company will return to New Orleans.

A NEW song, rather popular, commences with the words, "Ha! ha! LAUGHED the ivy!"

Miss Delcy and the rest of the English opera company will begin their engagement at the Park shortly. Mr. Raplino will direct the operas.

We shall attend to the Musical Publications of Mess. E. Ferrett & Co. very particularly in our next. We acknowledge the receipt of Strauss' Waltzes—Beauties of La Norma—and Airs from The Bohemian Girl. Mess. Ferrett & Co. publish this music at a wonderfully low price.

The Drama.

UNDER this head there is but little to observe. In New-York, during the last fortnight, the theatres, without exception, have been unusually well attended. At the Park the present company is by no means strong. Mrs. Mowatt concluded a short engagement on the 23d; playing Pauline, Gertrude, in her own "Fashion" and other rôles. Her audiences were large and highly respectable. The enthusiasm

was unabated. She is evidently improving, and that rapidly. We have no hesitation in prophesying for her a brilliant future—if she be but true to herself. Her worst mannerism is an audible drawing in of the breath. Her action is unequalled in spirit and grace. Some of the intonations of her voice, are rich beyond expression, and have an obvious effect upon the finer spirits of an audience. Her elocution is of a noble order. She is much better supported than formerly by Mr. Crisp. He also, has improved. We noticed this, especially, in the greater dignity which he gives Melnotte while personating the Prince. It was his fashion, once, to play the part, at this point, as if a brainless coxcomb were the author's intention. *Mr. Bass* is a great acquisition to any theatre, and we are surprised to see the coolness with which so truly admirable an actor has been received. His Damas was Nature herself. The part could not have been more truthfully done. Miss Fanny Gordon is a fifth or sixth rate performer, with whom we were not particularly pleased.

On Monday last, Mr. Hackett made his bow to a Park audience as Falstaff. Of course he was warmly received. The boxes were thoroughly filled, and with a judicious audience.

In looking over the play-bills of the Park for the coming season, we were surprised not to find the name of Mr. Murdoch. For several months it had been understood, through the city, that he was to perform here at a very early period. We now learn that he will not appear till towards the close of October—on account of Mr. Simpson's foreign engagements. Mr. Murdoch is an American, has noble views of his art, and has labored diligently in its acquisition. He has omitted nothing in the way of self-discipline, and will inevitably rank high.

At the Bowery Mr. J. M. Scott has been playing his usual characters with success. This theatre has great capabilities which it is a pity were not improved. The stage appointments want richness, but we presume it is the intention to remedy this evil in the end. Much of the forest scenery is ill conceived. Light is undoubtedly wanting, on the audience, and color in the panelings of the boxes, as well as the ceiling. The general *coup d'œil* of the theatre cannot be compared for an instant with that of the Park, yet its capabilities, we say, are greater. A trifling outlay would render it the handsomer theatre.

At Niblo's the audiences have been, as usual, large and respectable. In the performances no particular variation.

The Chatham Street has been doing very well with Mazeppa.

Mr. Burton of the Walnut Street Theatre offers a premium of One Thousand Dollars for the best original American Comedy.

Signora Suarez, one of the stars of the *Teatro de Tacon*, Havana, took a benefit on the 4th inst.

S'r'a Corcuera, another star, was to have hers on the 11th.

Mr. Arrilla, director of the Equestrian company which arrived from France at Matanzas on the 30th July, died on the 5th of August, of the yellow fever.

The dramatic company of Senors Robunos gave a great representation in Puerto Principe, for the benefit of the sufferers by the last great fire in Matanzas.

J. M. Scott, has the agency of the western theatrical circuit, which comprises some thirty or forty theatres. It is said that he will take about two hundred actors and actresses with him.

Editorial Miscellany.

CAREY & HART will publish in October "Literature and Art in America, with an Introductory Plea for Copyright, Universal and Perpetual: by Rufus W. Griswold"—in one volume octavo.

THE FIRST complete American edition of the Poems of James Montgomery, the chief of the religious poets of the nineteenth century, will be published in a few days by Louis & Ball, of Philadelphia, in two volumes, demi octavo, with fine illustrations on steel.

MR. KENNEDY, author of "Horse-shoe Robinson," &c., has in preparation the Life of William Wirt; and the Poet Dana is advancing rapidly in his Memoirs of the Life and Works of Washington Allston.

LONGFELLOW and Bryant will soon have out illustrated editions of their respective poems.

IT IS remarkable that the sturdy republican and puritan Milton—the most *American* of all writers, in his theories and feelings—has never yet found a publisher in this country. We are glad to learn that *H. Hooker*, of Philadelphia, will in a few days issue, in two large and elegantly printed octavos, his Complete Prose Writings, with an Introduction by Rev. Dr. Griswold.

A PROFESSORSHIP of English Literature and Belles Lettres has been established in the University of Vermont, and the Rev. Wm. Shedd, of Brandon, Vt., an Alumnus of the institution, has been chosen to fill it.

WE FORGOT to say, last week, that the "Schnell Post," published in New-York, has, by a ministerial edict, been forbidden to be taken at the Cabinets de Lecture, of Leipsic. The exact reason of the prohibition does not yet appear.

MESSRS. F. W. Thomas (author of "Clinton Bradshaw") and Judge A. B. Meek, of Tuscaloosa, Ala., (now at Washington,) are about to establish a Monthly Magazine. We know both parties as men of talent.

MR. KENDALL is proceeding with his Life of Jackson.

OUR FRIEND of "The Germantown Telegraph" (a very excellent paper) asks us, with much pertinence, why we call our sheet "The Broadway Journal" when it is published in Nassau street. Be it known, that we originated in Broadway—were merely seduced by circumstances into Nassau street *pro tem.* Our destiny however is Broadway. It is Broadway to which we speak. We shall get back to Broadway at our earliest convenience.

Talking of titles;—while the very respectable "Telegraph" demurs to our "Broadway" moiety, two or three prints not quite so respectable (at least in common sense) object to the "Journal" half. "A journal," say they, "is a daily, and nothing else." The word "journal," to be sure, from the French *journée*, was a term originally applied to a daily record of events, and was precisely equivalent to "diary"—but in common with a multitude of words its primitive meaning gradually amplified itself, until it vanished altogether. A journal now is merely a record, generally speaking, and for the primitive meaning we fall back upon "diary."

The *argumentum ad absurdum* will soon reduce our inquisitors to reason. If primitive meanings are to be adhered to, we might maintain that Mr. T.— is no sycophant merely because he is not in the habit of discovering figs.

SOME TIME ago we published, as the composition of William Gilmore Simms, a little poem called "The Whippoorwill." It belongs to Dr. Bird, of "Calavar" memory.

THE MISSES SEDGWICK (nieces of the authoress) have established a school at 42 West Washington Place. Their accomplishments are well known, and of their capacity for the task assumed, no one acquainted with them can entertain a doubt. The Mirror says justly:

The name of Sedgwick alone is a recommendation for a school: it is associated with candor, benevolence, and knowledge of the physical and moral laws, and we believe it is rarely in vain that one of a name should show such excellence; it kindles aspiration and imparts life to others who bear it.

"HERE THE journeymen," says the last number of *Graham's Magazine*, "place two scales upon one another at right angles, thus X." The sentence is a fine exemplification of the expediency of "letting well alone." It would have been wiser to stop at the "right angles."

AN exchange paper says:—

"In the United States Gazette of Friday last, we find, credited to the London World of Fashion for July, a story entitled 'Mary, or the Blighted Blossom.' It looked to us at once like an old acquaintance; and on turning to our files we found that on the 19th of February last was published in this paper, credited to the Buffalo Daily Gazette, a narrative headed 'Mary, or the Triumph of the Heart over Itself,' which is word for word, so far as we continued the examination, the same as the 'Mary' first noticed, and which we have a dim recollection of having at the time copied from the U. S. Gazette. This is only one instance among many in which British periodicals have appropriated to themselves, without acknowledgement, the productions of American minds."

Very true:—and, what is more, it is astonishing to see how a Magazine article, like a traveller, spruces up after crossing the sea. We ourselves have had the honor of being pirated without mercy—but as we found our articles improved by the process (at least in the opinion of our countrymen) we said nothing, as a matter of course. We have written paper after paper which attracted no notice at all until it appeared as original in "Bentley's Miscellany" or the "Paris Charivari." The "Boston Notion" once abused us very lustily for having written "The House of Usher." Not long afterwards Bentley published it anonymously, as original with itself,—whereupon "The Notion," having forgotten that we wrote it, not only lauded it *ad nauseam*, but copied it *in toto*.

ROBERT DALE OWEN, in a late letter to "The Tribune," fully exculpates himself from the charge of having plagiarized a song, bodily. He says:

I published in the year 1887, a historical drama, entitled "Pocahontas," indulgently noticed by the press at the time, and in that drama, introduced the Song in question (at page 76.) To this drama notes were appended, and the note to page 74 read as follows;

'Tis home where'er the heart is, &c.

"This Song is altered from some fugitive ballad that pleased me at the time that I read it, and has remained in my memory; though I have forgotten or never knew, the author's name."

I need hardly add, that the lines appeared in the "Chaplet of Mercy," as mine, equally without my consent or knowledge; sent thither, doubtless, by some friend who may have seen the Song in the little work in question, and had overlooked the disclaiming note.

To THOSE wishing a neat wedding, visiting, or business Card, we recommend *Valentine's* Card Engraving and Printing establishment, No. 1 Beekman street. His work is neatly, and even beautifully executed, and his charges are moderate.

STRANGERS visiting New York will find at Johnson's (formerly Holt's) Hotel—(the Pearl Street House)—as fine accommodations as at any in the city. The arrangements, throughout, are excellent—and we really can call to mind no similar establishment where as much true comfort is to be obtained in conjunction with so much of respectability and economy. Mr. Johnson, the host, is one of the most gentlemanly men in the world.

MESSRS. BURGES & JAMES, of Charleston, S. C., have in press the writings of Hugh Swinton Legaré," to be prefaced by a sketch of his life. There will also be a portrait. The work will be in two volumes, containing Selections from Mr. L's Contributions to the Southern and to the New York Review; Detached portions of his Diplomatic Correspondence; A Journal of the Rhine; Orations and other Miscellaneous Matter—together with Private Letters. The same publishers propose also to issue "A Selection of Miscellanies in Criticism and Literature, by William Gilmore Simms"—in three handsome volumes duodecimo.

"FREDERICA BREMER," says a late Liverpool Albion, "will shortly pass through Liverpool, *en route* for the United States."

MR. MATHEWS' "Big Abel and Little Manhattan" will appear in September, as one of Wiley & Putnam's "Library of American Books."

A VERY PRETTY poem, which (unfortunately for us) we did not write, appears in Wednesday's "Tribune" with the initials E. A. P. appended.

THE BARON Von Raumer has published his long promised work on the United States. An English translation will immediately appear.

MR. JOHN BRITTON, the eminent antiquarian and topographer, has produced sixty-six volumes, containing 1866 engravings of noted accuracy, and costing in the outlay \$50,000. A subscription has been opened for a memorial to be presented to the venerable topographer, and £300 have been collected.

THE commencement of Brown University is to be held on the first Wednesday of September. The oration before the Society of Undergraduates will be delivered by Rev. Mr. Lambert, of New Bedford, Mass., and a poem by R. S. S. Andros. Dr. Hawes, of Hartford, Ct., will deliver an address before the Society for Missionary Inquiry, and on the afternoon of Commencement day, an oration before the Phi Beta Kappa Society will be pronounced by Rev. William R. Williams, D. D., of New York city.

WE THANK the New-York Correspondent of the "Cincinnati Gazette," for the gentlemanly tone of his reply to some late pettish comments of our own. We saw only a portion of one of his letters. Had we seen more, we should at once, through the precision and purity of his style, have recognised a friend.

HON. EDWARD EVERETT and family have taken passage in the Liverpool steamer for Boston of September 4th.

MR. Henry Erben, who is building an organ for Trinity Church, says that thirty men can get inside one of the pipes.

Mr. Jocelyn is said to have completed a fine portrait of Gov. Baldwin, of Connecticut.

LIBERAL BEQUEST.—The late Captain Joseph H. Dwight of Oxford, N. Y., bequeathed nearly all his estate to the Roman Catholic Church, for a new College. The bequest is supposed to be worth \$15,000 or \$20,000.

TO CORRESPONDENTS—*We are somewhat at a loss to comprehend A. M. J. o' Attleboro'. To what previous poems does he allude? We thank him cordially for his last favor. It shall appear forthwith. The rhythmical information desired is unattainable in book form. See meanwhile one of the three numbers (we believe the third) of "The Pioneer" published at Boston by Mr. Lowell.*

The length of "Blanche," excludes it for the present.
"Sleep" is on file.

To D. R. of Utica—The address desired, is Boston, Mass.

WEDDING, VISITING, and PROFESSIONAL CARDS, engraved and printed at VALENTINE'S, 1 Beekman Street—Lovejoy's Hotel.

TO TAILORS.

SCOTT'S AMERICAN FASHIONS. Just published and for sale at 146 Broadway.

The present Report for fall and winter, 1845-6, is more valuable to the Tailor, than was the one of last year, for which we were awarded a Diploma by the American Institute.

TERMS.—Report of Fashion with Pattern-sheet and pamphlet, \$1.50
Do. European, do. do. 1.00
Mirror of Fashion—a monthly paper—per annum, 1.00
Scott's Tractate, a new work on Cutting Garments, 2.00
Do. Treatise on Cutting, 47 engravings—morocco bound, 10.00

The above works may be sent by mail to any place in the Union, for a few cents each.

MARTIN'S ILLUSTRATED FAMILY BIBLE. Part 8, of this truly magnificent work will be published on the 1st of Sept. Price 25 cents.

I have examined, with considerable care, the "Devotional Family Bible," now in course of publication by R. Martin & Co., 29 John St., and regard it, in point of mechanical execution, among the most beautiful specimens of book making that I have ever seen. It possesses, at the same time, other and higher merits—a concise and instructive argument, prefixed to the several books, a lucid table of contents at the head of each chapter, a chronological index, a column of various renderings, copious marginal references, and at the bottom of every page, comprehensive, judicious, and pious practical observations, by the Rev. Alex. Fletcher. In the midst of all, the text is left unembarrassed and clear. It will be one of the most beautiful, instructive, and valuable Family Bibles, any where to be found in the English language.

JOHN KNOX, D. D.

MEDICI SERIES OF ITALIAN PROSE.

PAINES AND BURGESS, 62 JOHN ST., HAVE just published, Nos 2 and 3 of the Medici Series of Italian Prose.

The Florentine Histories. By Nicolo Machiavelli. In 2 vols. Translated by C. Edwards Lester, Esq. Price 50 cents per vol. paper, 75 cents cloth.

OPINION OF JARED SPARKS, ESQ.

"With the Florentine Histories, I am well acquainted. Formed on the classical models of antiquity, it is executed with consummate skill, few historical compositions are so successful in attaining the two great ends of entertainment and instruction. The style is spirited, clear and vigorous, the narrative rapid and condensed, the reflections of the author, though brief and sententious, are always appropriate and often profound.

There is probably no work within the same compass in which the instructive lessons of History can be studied with more profit and effect."

PIANO FORTES. The Subscribers, while returning thanks to their numerous friends and to the public, would, at the same time call attention to their Stock of Instruments, of six and seven octaves, just finished, in elegant Rosewood and mahogany cases.

The subscribers, from their long experience in every department of the business, have been enabled to add several important improvements to the ACTION, so that their Instruments, they feel assured will prove, upon examination, equal to any in the market.

STODART & DUNHAM, 361 Broadway.
Manufactory, 13th st., between 3d and 4th Avenues.

A CARD.

WM. A. KING, PROFESSOR of the PIANO-FORTE, ORGAN, &c. has removed to No. 22 Bank street, where his terms for giving instruction can be ascertained. my17

PIANO FORTE MANUFACTURER.—JAMES PIRSSON, 88, 90, & 92 Walker Street, near Elm. A Large Stock of the finest instruments always on hand. Terms moderate. **FOR SALE**—A Splendid Harp, nearly new. To be sold at a great bargain for cash.

PIANO FORTES.—V. F. HARRISON, 23 Canal Street, N. Y.

Instruments made with the most recent improvements, such as Iron Frames, &c., with a compass of 6 and 7 octaves. They are made from choice materials, and highly finished, with the most faithful workmanship, the result of 23 years experience in the business.

N. B. Wanted, a second-hand Parlor Organ.
Piano Fortes on hire by the month.

PIANO FORTES.—JOHN PETHICK, (formerly Mundy & Pethick,) invites the attention of the musical public to the elegant and varied assortment he now has at his Old Establishment, corner of Cottage Place and Bleecker street, which he will sell at prices unusually low.

J. P. having been actively engaged in the business for the last twenty years, and, for a large portion of that time manufacturing for two of the largest Music Stores in the city, feels warranted in saying that his instruments will bear a favorable comparison with those of the best makers in this country or Europe, and that they contain all the real improvements of the day.

Second hand Pianos Bought, Sold and Exchanged, also Tuned and Repaired.

New York, April 23d, 1845.

PIANO FORTES.—THOMAS H. CHAMBERS, (formerly Conductor to Dubois & Stodart), No. 385 Broadway, will keep a complete assortment of the latest approved Grand Action Piano Fortes, of the most superior quality; such as he is prepared to guarantee for their excellence of Tone, Touch, and External Finish, and to endure in any climate. A liberal discount from the standard prices. Piano Fortes Tuned and Repaired. Piano Fortes always on hire.

THE BÖHM FLUTE.

PHILIP ERNST, Teacher of the FLUTE and GUITAR, would inform the lovers of Music that he has now for sale several of the above celebrated instruments, constructed in every respect in accordance with those now in use at the Paris and London Royal Academies. To be seen at PHILIP ERNST'S Music Saloon, 395 Broadway, near Walker.

MUSIC.

A Rare Opportunity of Acquiring a Thorough Musical Education.

G. H. DERWORT, Professor of Singing, Guitar and Piano Forte, has opened a class for Young Ladies, from 7 to 10 years of age, among whom are three of his own daughters, whom he proposes to thoroughly instruct in the art of Singing.

Mr. Derwort's system is the result of many years' observation and experience, during which he has successfully taught in Germany, London, and New York. His method cannot fail to impart to his pupils a clear perception, and a thorough knowledge of the grammatical principles of music, with the ability to harmonize any simple given melody.

Parents and Guardians are invited to call at his Rooms, 427 Broadway, when every inquiry will be answered.

Terms \$20 per annum, payable quarterly in advance. Lessons three times a week.

Private instruction as heretofore.

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