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

LOCKE.

## REVIEWS.

### SATIRICAL POEMS.\*

In prose satire done at random in our newspapers and other journals, we have been by no means, as a people, deficient; but in verse we are scarcely so much satirists as subjects for satire. We have had, to be sure, Trumbull's clumsy "McFingal," Halleck's "Croakers," the "Vision of Rubeta," with its sequel, and one or two other similar things, inclusive of a late volume of poems by William Ellery Channing, which we take to have been intended either for satire or burlesque, on the ground that it is impossible to comprehend them as any thing else. But beyond these works (each of which has its peculiar merits and defects,) we have really nothing to show a foreigner as a specimen of our satirical abilities done into verse.

An ingenious friend at our elbow suggests that this deficiency arises from the want of a suitable field for satirical display. "In England," he says, "satire abounds, because the people find a proper target in the aristocracy, whom they (the people) regard as a distinct race of beings, with whom they have nothing in common; relishing even the most virulent abuse of the upper classes, with a gusto undiminished by any feeling that they (the people) have a personal concern in it. In Russia, or Austria, on the contrary," says our friend, "such a thing as satire is unknown; because it is dangerous to touch the aristocracy, and to satirise themselves would not exactly accord with the people's notions of either the decorous or expedient. It is the same thing" he continues "in America. Here the people who write are the people who read—and thus in satirizing the people we satirize only ourselves, and can feel no real sympathy in the satire."

All this is more verisimilar than true. Our friend forgets that no individual ever considers himself as one of the mass. He, the individual, is the pivot—the immovable and central pivot, on which all the rest of the world spins round. We may abuse the people by wholesale, and with a perfectly clear conscience, so far as regards any compunction for offending one single human being of the whole multitude of which that people is composed. Every one of the crowd will clap his hands lustily, and cry "*encore!* give it to them, the poor miserable vagabonds! it serves them right." It seems to us, however, that we, here in America, have refused to encourage satire—not because what satire we have had, touches us too personally—but because what we have had has been too despicably namby-pamby to touch any body at all. This namby-pambyism, on the other hand, has arisen from the national sin of imitation—a sin perpetrated by all colonies upon the mother countries from which they sprung.

We content ourselves with doing what not only has been done before, but what (however well done) has been done *ad nauseam*. We should not be able to endure infinite repetitions of even absolute excellence in itself—but what is "McFingal" more than a faint echo from "Hudibras"—and what is the "Vision of Rubeta" but an illimitable gilded swill-trough overflowing with Dunciad and water? Let any vigorous, original, and fearless man of genius in America set himself to the task of composing a satire, and there will be no longer any complaints of the American deficiency in this respect, nor any need of transcendental reasons to account for it.

We are led to these ideas by happening upon a copy of Mr. Benjamin's "Infatuation," which we have never had an opportunity of seeing before. It is not sufficiently *pronounced* in its object, to warrant us in classing it with "legitimate" satire; but there is enough in it, we think, to show conclusively that the author *might* succeed if he pleased in this class of writing, at least as well, if not very much better, than any of his countrymen who have preceded him. The poem is full of nerve, point, and terseness—the thrusts are dexterous and well aimed—and the versification peculiarly good of its kind. We have only to regret that the kind is not a more original kind than the hackneyed but undoubtedly forcible Iambic Petameter.

We quote a few lines which embody not only some unusual pungencies of thought and expression, but some novel and very forcible rhythmical effects:

"Now o'er the world Infatuation sheds  
The Polka's poppies into vacant heads.  
Asleep the Polka seems a tangled maze,  
Awake the Polka prompts a hundred lays:  
Polka the halls, the balls, the calls resound,  
And Polka skims, Camilla-like, the ground.  
Where roves in groves the nonsense-dooting nymph,  
And dreams by streams as smooth and clear as lymph,  
Some leaf as brief as woman's love flits by,  
And brings dear Polka to her pensive eye.  
So in swift circles, backward, forward, wheeled,  
The Polka's graces were at first revealed;  
Perchance some posture-master, happy man,  
From Nature drew the Polka's pretty plan.  
Oh, wondrous figure, exquisitely stepp'd,  
In thee who would not, should not be adept?  
Oh Polka, Polka, wherefore art thou so ?  
I've asked ten dandies, and the 'ten do'nt know !'"

A CONTINUATION OF THE VOLUMINOUS HISTORY OF THE LITTLE LONGFELLOW WAR—MR. POE'S FARTHER REPLY TO THE LETTER OF OUTIS.

"I shall not accuse Mr. Poe of plagiarism," says Outis, "for, as I have observed before, such charges are perfectly absurd"—and Outis is certainly right in dwelling on the point that he has observed this thing before. It is the one original point of his essay—for I really believe that no one else was ever silly enough to "observe it before."

Here is a gentleman who writes in certain respects as a gentleman should, and who yet has the effrontery to base a defence of a friend from the charge of plagiarism, on the broad ground that no such thing as plagiarism ever existed. I confess that to an assertion of this nature there is no little

\* Infatuation; a poem, spoken before the Mercantile Library Association of Boston, October 9, 1844. By Park Benjamin. Boston W. D. Ticknor & Co.

difficulty in getting up a reply. What in the world can a man say in a case of this kind?—he cannot of course give utterance to the first epithets that spring to his lips—and yet what else shall he utter that shall not have an air of direct insult to the common sense of mankind? What could any judge on any bench in the country do but laugh or swear at the attorney who should begin his defence of a petty-larceny client with an oration demonstrating *a priori* that no such thing as petty larceny ever had been, or in the nature of things, ever could be committed? And yet the attorney might make as sensible a speech as Outis—even a more sensible one—any thing but a less sensible one. Indeed, *mutatis mutandis*, he might employ Outis' identical words. He might say—"In view, gentlemen of the jury, of all the glaring improbabilities of such a case, a prosecuting attorney should be very slow to make such a charge. I say glaring improbabilities, for it seems to me that no circumstantial evidence could be sufficient to secure a verdict of theft in such a case. Look at it. [Here the judge would look at the maker of the speech.] Look at it. A man who aspires to (the) fame (of being a beau)—who seeks the esteem and praise of all the world (of dandies) and lives upon his reputation (for broadcloth) as his vital element, attempts to win his object—how? By stealing in open day the finest waist-coats, the most beautiful dress-coats (no others are worth stealing) and the rarest pantaloons of another, and claiming them as his own; and that too when he knows that every competitor for (the) fame (of Brummelism) and every fashion-plate Magazine in the world, as well as the real owner, will be ready to identify the borrowed plumes in a moment, and cry him down as a thief. A madman, an idiot, if he were capable of such an achievement, might do it, gentlemen of the jury, but no other."

Now of course, no judge in the world whose sense of duty was not overruled by a stronger sense of the facetious, would permit the attorney to proceed with any such speech. It would never *do* to have the time of the court occupied by this gentleman's well-meant endeavour to show *a priori*, the impossibility of that ever happening which the clerk of this same court could show *a posteriori* had been happening by wholesale ever since there had been such a thing as a foreign count. And yet the speech of the attorney was really a very excellent speech, when we compare it with that of Outis. For the "glaring improbability" of the plagiarism, is a mere nothing by the side of the "glaring improbability" of the theft of the sky-blue dress-coat, and the yellow plaid pantaloons:—we may take it for granted, of course, that the thief was one of the upper ten thousand of thieves, and would not have put himself to the trouble of appropriating any garments that were not of indisputable *bon ton*, and patronised even by Professor Longfellow himself. The improbability of the literary theft, I say, is really a mere trifle in comparison with the broad-cloth larceny. For the plagiarist is either a man of no note or a man of note. In the first case, he is usually an ignoramus, and getting possession of a rather rare book, plunders it without scruple, on the ground that nobody has ever seen a copy of it except himself. In the second case (which is a more general one by far) he pilfers from some poverty-stricken, and therefore neglected man of genius, on the reasonable supposition that this neglected man of genius will very soon cut his throat, or die of starvation, (the sooner the better, no doubt,) and that in the mean time he will be too busy in keeping the wolf from the door to look after the purloiners of his property—and too poor, and too cowed, and for these reasons too contemptible, under any circumstances, to dare accuse of so base a thing as theft, the

wealthy and triumphant gentleman of elegant leisure who has only done the vagabond too much honor in knocking him down and robbing him upon the highway.

The plagiarist, then, in either case, has very reasonable ground for expecting impunity, and at all events it is because he thinks so, that he perpetrates the plagiarism—but how is it with the count who steps into the shop of the tailor, and slips under his cloak the sky-blue dress coat, and the yellow plaid pantaloons? He, the count, would be a greater fool in these matters than a count ever was, if he did not perceive at once, that the chances were about nine hundred and ninety-nine to one, that he would be caught the next morning before twelve o'clock, in the very first bloom and blush of his promenade down Broadway, by some one of those officious individuals who are continually on the *qui vive* to catch the counts and take away from them their sky-blue coats and yellow plaid pantaloons. Yes, undoubtedly; the count is very well aware of all this; but he takes into consideration, that although the nine-hundred and ninety-nine chances are certainly against him, the one is just as certainly in his favor—that luck is every thing—that life is short—that the weather is fine—and that if he can only manage to get safely through his promenade down Broadway in the sky-blue dress coat and the yellow plaid pantaloons, he will enjoy the high honor, for once in his life at least, of being mistaken by fifteen ladies out of twenty, either for Professor Longfellow, or Phœbus Apollo. And this consideration is enough—the half of it would have been more than enough to satisfy the count that, in putting the garments under his cloak, he is doing a very sagacious and very commendable thing. He steals them, then, at once, and without scruple, and, when he is caught arrayed in them the next morning, he is, of course, highly amused to hear his counsel make an oration in court about the "glaring improbability" of his having stolen them when he stole them—by way of showing the abstract impossibility of their ever having been stolen at all.

"What is plagiarism?" demands Outis at the outset, *avec l'air d'un Romain qui sauve sa patrie*—"what is plagiarism and what constitutes a good ground for the charge?"

Of course all men anticipate something unusually happy in the way of reply to queries so cavernously propounded; but if so, then all men have forgotten, or no man has ever known that Outis is a Yankee. He answers the two questions by two others—and perhaps this is quite as much as any one should expect him to do. "Did no two men," he says, "ever think alike without stealing one from the other?"—or thinking alike, did no two men ever use the same or similar words to convey the thoughts, and that without any communication with each other?—To deny it is absurd."

Of course it is—very absurd; and the only thing *more* absurd that I can call to mind at present, is the supposition that any person ever entertained an idea of denying it. But are we to understand the denying it, or the absurdity of denying it, or the absurdity of supposing that any person intended to deny it, as the true answer to the original queries?

But let me aid Outis to a distinct conception of his own irrelevance. I accuse his friend, specifically, of a plagiarism. This accusation Outis rebuts by asking me with a grave face—not whether the friend might not, in this individual case, and in the compass of eight short lines, have happened upon ten or twelve peculiar identities of thought and identities of expression with the author from whom I charge him with plagiarising—but simply whether I do not admit the *possibility* that once in the course of eternity some two individuals might not happen upon a single identity of thought, and give it voice in a single identity of expression.

Now, frankly, I admit the possibility in question, and would request my friends to get ready for me a strait-jacket if I did not. There can be no doubt in the world, for example, that Outis considers me a fool :—the thing is sufficiently plain : and this opinion on the part of Outis is what mankind have agreed to denominate an idea ; and this idea is also entertained by Mr. Aldrich, and by Mr. Longfellow—and by Mrs. Outis and her seven children—and by Mrs. Aldrich and hers—and by Mrs. Longfellow and hers—including the grand-children and great grand-children, if any, who will be instructed to transmit the idea in unadulterated purity down an infinite vista of generations yet to come. And of this idea thus extensively entertained, it would really be a very difficult thing to vary the expression in any material degree. A remarkable similarity would be brought about, indeed, by the desire of the parties in question to put the thought into as compendious a form as possible, by way of bringing it to a focus at once and having done with it upon the spot.

Outis will perceive, therefore, that I have every desire in the world to afford him that "fair play" which he considers "a jewel," since I admit not only the possibility of the class of coincidences for which he contends, but even the impossibility of there not existing just as many of these coincidences as he may consider necessary to make out his case.

One of the species he details as follows, at some length :

Some years ago, a letter was written from some part of New England, describing one of those scenes, not very common during what is called "the January thaw," when the snow, mingled with rain, and freezing as it falls, forms a perfect covering of ice upon every object. The storm clears away suddenly, and the moon comes up. The letter proceeds—"every tree and shrub, as far as the eye can reach, of pure transparent glass—a perfect garden of moving, waving, breathing chrys-tals. \* \* \* Every tree is a diamond chandelier, with a whole constellation of stars clustering to every socket," &c. This letter was laid away where such things usually are, in a private drawer, and did not see the light for many years. But the very next autumn brought out, among the splendid annuals got up in the country, a beautiful poem from Whittier, describing the same, or rather a similar scene, in which the line

"The trees, like chrystral chandeliers,"

was put in italics by every reviewer in the land, for the exceeding beauty of the imagery. Now the letter was written, probably, about the same time with the poem, though the poem was not published till nearly a year after.—The writers were not, and never have been, acquainted with each other, and neither could possibly have seen the work of the other before writing. Now, was there any plagiarism here?"

After the fashion of Outis himself I shall answer his query by another. What has the question whether the chandelier friend committed a plagiarism, to do with the question whether the Death-Bed friend committed a plagiarism, or whether it is possible or impossible that plagiarism, generally, can be committed?

But, merely for courtesy's sake, I step aside from the exact matter in hand. In the case mentioned I should consider material differences in the terms of description as more remarkable than coincidences. Since the tree *really* looked like a chandelier, the true wonder would have been in likening it to anything else. Of course, nine common-place men out of ten would have maintained it to be a chandelier-looking tree. No poet of any pretension, however, would have committed himself so far as to put such a similitude in print. The chandelier might have been poetically likened to the chrystallized tree—but the converse is a platitude. The gorgeous unaltered handiwork of Nature is always degraded by comparison with the tawdry gew-gaws of Art—and perhaps the very ugliest thing in the world is a chandelier. If "every reviewer in the land put the passage into Italics on account of the exceeding beauty of the imagery," then every printer's devil in the land should have been flogged for not taking it out of Italics upon the spot, and putting

it in the plainest Roman—which is too good for it by one half.

I put no faith in the *nil admirari*, and am apt to be amazed at every second thing which I see. One of the most amazing things I have yet seen, is the complacency with which Outis throws to the right and left his anonymous assertions, taking it for granted that because he (Nobody) asserts them, I must believe them as a matter of course. However—he is quite in the right. I am perfectly ready to admit anything that he pleases, and am prepared to put as implicit faith in his *ipse dixit* as the Bishop of Autun did in the Bible—on the ground that he knew nothing about it at all.

We will understand it, then, not merely as an anonymous assertion but as an absolute fact, that the two chandelier authors "were not and never have been acquainted with each other, and that neither could have seen the work of the other before writing." We will agree to understand all this as indisputable truth, I say, through motives of the purest charity, for the purpose of assisting a friend out of trouble, and without reference to the consideration that no third person short of Signor Blitz or Professor Rogers could in any conceivable manner have satisfied himself of the truth of the twentieth part of it. Admitting this and every thing else, to be as true as the Pentateuch, it follows that plagiarism in the case in question was a thing that could not by any possibility be—and do I rightly comprehend Outis as demonstrating the impossibility of plagiarism where it *is* possible, by adducing instances of inevitable similarity under circumstances where it is *not* ?

The fact is, that through want of space and time to follow Outis through the labyrinth of impertinences in which he is scrambling about, I am constrained, much against my sense of decorum, to place him in the high-road of his argument, so that he may see where he is, and what he is doing, and what it is that he is endeavouring to demonstrate.

He wishes to show, then, that Mr. Longfellow is innocent of the imitation with which I have charged him, and that Mr. Aldrich is innocent of the plagiarism with which I have not charged him; and this duplicate innocence is expected to be proved by showing the possibility that a certain, or that any uncertain series of coincidences may be the result of pure accident.

Now of course I cannot be sure that Outis will regard my admission as a service or a disservice, but I admit the possibility at once; and not only this, but I would admit it as a possibility were the coincidences a billion, and each of the most definitive peculiarity that human ingenuity could conceive. But, in admitting this, I admit just nothing at all, so far as the advancement of Outis' proper argument is concerned. The affair is one of *probabilities* altogether, and can be satisfactorily settled only by reference to their Calculus.

I shall continue, if not conclude the subject in the next "Journal", and our readers may take it for granted that there will be some very "interesting developments" before I have done.

#### THOUGHTS OF A SILENT MAN.

No. 2.

"La nature n'est pour l'homme que les feuilles éparses de la Sybille, dont nul, jusqu'à ce jour, n'a pu faire un livre."

THE tendency of philosophy in the seventeenth century was towards abstraction and mysticism. The high-toned mind, when lifting itself above common things, cherished a contempt for the claims of ordinary humanity, and lost itself in the pure vacuum of abstract truth; while the restless and fanciful thinkers of the age, unable to imp their wings to so

bold a flight, reached only to the cloudy regions of mysticism, and like the traveller on the Hartz mountains, beheld their own shadows magnified into giants by the fog.

The progress of the human mind is onward, but it pursues a very winding way. Accordingly, we find the succeeding century marked by a spirit of analysis and scepticism;—nothing but demonstrable truth was received. The mind—the organ of intelligence, was alone called into exercise; while doubt was thrown upon the very existence of the soul; that dweller in the inner temple—that recipient and exponent of God's truth through consciousness.

In the progress of the human intellect, we now behold another phase. The present is eminently the age of enquiry. Men speculate upon every thing; they seek to generalise all things. Every fact in nature, every truth in physics, is made the nucleus of a theory which, whether true or false, finds ready receivers. He who is content to satisfy his mind with the exact sciences, and his soul with trusting faith, is regarded as one who lingers last in the march of intellect.

The habit of theorising upon every discovery in art or science, has given to the faculty of imagination, a much higher rank in the scale of mental power than philosophers of former times were willing to allow. In some men this faculty has all the power of a separate and distinct mind—a sort of "double" or ghost of the faculty of reason. Formerly men of imagination were poets, novelists, or painters, now we find them philosophers, metaphysicians and mechanicians. Once the highest province allotted to the imagination was the privilege of decorating truth; but now it often happens that while reason busies herself defining, arranging and combining some abstract theory, imagination is employed in analysing and assimilating the truths of science.

But, as in former times, the spirit of analysis led by imperceptible gradation to scepticism, so it seems to me, that in modern days, the habit of generalization tends decidedly to materialism. Take, for instance, a book recently published, which for lucid arrangement and admirably sustained generalization, is unsurpassed by any work on the same subject: I mean "Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation." It contains no new facts, but is filled with groups of facts, (so to speak) which come to us as new, because they appear so striking in their arrangement. The author is no materialist; on the contrary, he takes great pains to disclaim all such tendencies, yet what a storehouse of materialism would the book afford to one who doubted every truth which did not come through the intellect. His own faith in his theories adds an irresistible charm to his arguments, and it requires a most determined examination of truth to detect in many instances the workings of his imagination from the action of his reason. His system of progression has no limit short of Deity, and, notwithstanding the experience of thousands of years tells us that however the human mind may have advanced, the physical structure has known no other changes than such as are made by climate and modes of life, he talks of that perfect type of Divinity to which man may hereafter attain. Have we not already had in the incarnate Divinity the most perfect type of exalted humanity? Or can it be believed that when "God was made man and dwelt among us," he wore the semblance of an inferior humanity, which, to the noble race destined to succeed us, will seem as degraded in the scale of being as do the various tribes of *Simia* in comparison with the present race of mankind?

In his theory of the geological and vegetable transformation, many discoveries in science seem to bear him out; and although facts might be adduced which would at least throw

some doubts upon it, yet his picture of creation at the period of "carboniferous formation," is so sublime that we would fain believe it as true as it is grand. Its suggestiveness is positively overpowering. He has given us only a few noble strokes of the pencil, but it would require all the genius of a Milton to fill up the outlines he has traced. When he applies his system to animate nature, however, we feel its fallacy. The merest tyro in physiology can bring the most decided testimony against him. All the laws of nature (as they are called) prove the impossibility of generating superior races from inferior ones, or even of producing from the union of the two, a species capable of continuous reproduction. It may be answered that the Almighty, who made those laws, is superior to them; but this does not settle the question, since, if we believe in a departure from the laws of progression in a single instance, we may as well believe in the miracle of instantaneous creation.

There is something frightful to feeble human nature, in the idea of necessity ruling with iron rod over earth's helpless children. How can we imagine heaven filled only by an infinite Intelligence to which we are but as atoms of dust on the rolling wheel of progression? A finite mind shrinks before such a fanciful truth. Jean Paul has given us some idea of such a state of orphanage in his terrific "Dream."—His powerful imagination has carried the horrors of atheism into the world of spirits. He brings before us a vision of the souls of buried children, wandering blindly through a dark vague space, and calling vainly upon a heavenly Father, while the voice of the risen Christ mournfully replies, "we are all orphans—we have no Father in heaven."

"He who first called God our Father, knew more of the human heart than the most profound thinkers of the age." The author of the "Vestiges," may well be classed among the profound thinkers. His book is one of great power, and greater suggestiveness, yet one of his readers at least closed the volume with a feeling of deep sadness. As I sat in my lonely room, pondering over its facts and fancies, my thoughts shaped themselves into the language of earnestness—which is poetry; and safe in my own insignificance, I thus spoke out:

To the Author of the "Vestiges of Creation."

Self-missioned Leader through Creation's maze!  
Dost thou interpret *thus* God's mighty scheme—  
Weaving the cobweb fancies of a dream  
O'er each grey vestige of His mystic ways?  
When thus 'mid chaos thou didst blindly grope,  
Gathering new links for matter's heavy chain,  
Dwelt there not in thy soul the secret hope  
That some strong truth would rend the bond of pain,  
Which fixed thee to Progression's iron wheel?  
Oh teach not suffering earth such hopeless creed:  
For heavy were her curse if doomed to feel  
That, in her frequent hour of bitter need,  
Her lifting eye of prayer could only see  
Necessity's stern laws, graven on eternity.

RUDOLPH HERTZMAN.

#### SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF A LION.

All people went  
Upon their ten toes in wild wonderment.

Bishop Hall's Satires.

I am—that is to say I *was*—a great man; but I am neither the author of Junius nor the man in the mask; for my name, I believe, is Robert Jones, and I was born somewhere in the city of Fum-Fudge.

The first action of my life was the taking hold of my nose with both hands. My mother saw this and called me a genius:—my father wept for joy and presented me with a

treatise on Nosology. This I mastered before I was breeched.

I now began to feel my way in the science; and soon came to understand that, provided a man had a nose sufficiently conspicuous, he might, by merely following it, arrive at a Lionship. But my attention was not confined to theories alone. Every morning I gave my proboscis a couple of pulls and swallowed a half dozen of drams.

When I came of age my father asked me, one day, if I would step with him into his study.

"My son," said he, when we were seated, "what is the chief end of your existence?"

"My father," I answered, "it is the study of Nosology."

"And what, Robert," he inquired, "is Nosology?"

"Sir," I said, "it is the Science of Noses."

"And can you tell me," he demanded, "what is the meaning of a nose?"

"A nose, my father," I replied, greatly softened, "has been variously defined by about a thousand different authors." [Here I pulled out my watch.] "It is now noon or thereabouts—We shall have time enough to get through with them all before midnight. To commence then:—The nose, according to Bartholinus, is that protuberance—that bump—that excrescence—that—"—"Will do, Robert," interrupted the good old gentleman. "I am thunderstruck at the extent of your information—I am positively—upon my soul." [Here he closed his eyes and placed his hand upon his heart.] "Come here!" [Here he took me by the arm.] "Your education may now be considered as finished—it is high time you should scuffle for yourself—and you cannot do a better thing than merely follow your nose—so—so—so—" [Here he kicked me down stairs, and out of the door.]—"so get out of my house and God bless you!"

As I felt within me the divine *aflatus*, I considered this accident rather fortunate than otherwise. I resolved to be guided by the paternal advice. I determined to follow my nose. I gave it a pull or two upon the spot, and wrote a pamphlet on Nosology forthwith.

All Fum-Fudge was in an uproar.

"Wonderful genius!" said the Quarterly.

"Superb physiologist!" said the Westminster.

"Clever fellow!" said the Foreign.

"Fine writer!" said the Edinburgh.

"Profound thinker!" said the Dublin.

"Great man!" said Bentley.

"Divine soul!" said Fraser.

"One of us!" said Blackwood.

"Who can he be?" said Mrs. Bas-Bleu.

"What can he be?" said big Miss Bas-Bleu.

"Where can he be?" said little Miss Bas-Bleu.—But I paid these people no attention whatever—I just stepped into the shop of an artist.

The Duchess of Bless-my-soul was sitting for her portrait; the Marquis of So-and-So was holding the Duchess' poodle; the Earl of This-and-That was flirting with her salts; and his Royal Highness of Touch-me-Not was leaning upon the back of her chair.

I approached the artist and turned up my nose.

"Oh, beautiful!" sighed her Grace.

"Oh my!" lisped the Marquis.

"Oh shocking!" groaned the Earl.

"Oh abominable!" growled his Royal Highness.

"What will you take for it?" asked the artist.

"For his nose!" shouted her Grace.

"A thousand pounds," said I, sitting down.

"A thousand pounds?" inquired the artist, musingly.

"A thousand pounds," said I.

"Do you warrant it?" he asked, turning the nose to the light.

"I do," said I, blowing it well.

"Is it *quite* original?" inquired he, touching it with reverence.

"Humph!" said I, twisting it to one side.

"Has *no* copy been taken?" he demanded, surveying it through a microscope.

"None," said I, turning it up.

"Admirable!" he ejaculated, thrown quite off his guard by the beauty of the manœuvre.

"A thousand pounds," said I.

"A thousand pounds?" said he.

"Precisely," said I.

"A thousand pounds?" said he.

"Just so," said I.

"You shall have them," said he, "what a piece of *virtu!*"

—So he drew me a check upon the spot, and took a sketch of my nose. I engaged rooms in Jermyn street, and sent her Majesty the ninety-ninth edition of the "Nosology" with a portrait of the proboscis. That sad little rake, the Prince of Wales, invited me to dinner.

We were all lions and *recherchéés*.

There was a modern Platonist. He quoted Porphyry, Iamblicus, Plotinus, Proclus, Hierocles, Maximus Tyrius, and Syrianus.

There was a human-perfectibility man. He quoted Turgot, Price, Priestley, Condorcet, De Stael, and the "Ambitious Student in Ill Health."

There was Sir Positive Paradox. He observed that all fools were philosophers, and that all philosophers were fools.

There was *Aestheticus Ethix*. He spoke of fire, unity, and atoms; bi-part and pre-existent soul; affinity and discord; primitive intelligence and homōmeria.

There was Theologos Theology. He talked of Eusebius and Arianus; heresy and the Council of Nice; Puseyism and consubstantialism; Homousios and Homouioisios.

There was Fricassée from the Rocher de Cancale. He mentioned Muriton of red tongue; cauliflower with *velouté* sauce; veal à la St. Menehoul; marinade à la St. Florentin; and orange jellies en mosaiques.

There was Bibulus O'Bumper. He touched upon Latour and Markbräunen; upon Mousseux and Chambertin; upon Richbourg and St. George; upon Haubrion, Leonville, and Medoc; upon Barac and Preignac; upon Grâve, and upon St. Peray. He shook his head at Clos de Vougeot, and told, with his eyes shut, the difference between Sherry and Amon-tillado.

There was Signor Tintontintino from Florence. He discoursed of Cimbabué, Arpino, Carpaccio, and Argostino—of the gloom of Caravaggio, of the amenity of Albano, of the colors of Titian, of the frows of Rubens, and of the waggeries of Jan Steen.

There was the President of the Fum-Fudge University. He was of opinion that the moon was called Bendis in Thrace, Bubastis in Egypt, Dian in Rome, and Artemis in Greece.

There was a grand Turk from Stamboul. He could not help thinking that the angels were horses, cocks and bulls; that somebody in the sixth heaven had seventy thousand heads; and that the earth was supported by a sky-blue cow with an incalculable number of green horns.

There was Delphinus Polyglott. He told us what had become of the eighty-three lost tragedies of *Æschylus*; of the fifty-four orations of Isœus; of the three hundred and ninety-

one speeches of Lysias; of the hundred and eighty treatises of Theophrastus; of the eighth book of the Conic Sections of Apollonius; of Pindar's hymns and dithyrambics; and of the five and forty tragedies of Homer Junior.

There was Ferdinand Fitz-Fossillus Feltspar. He informed us all about internal fires and tertiary formations; about æeriforms, fluidiforms, and solidiforms; about quartz and marl; about schist and schorl; about gypsum and trap; about talc and calc; about blonde and horn-blende; about mica-slate and pudding-stone; about cyanite and lepidolite; about haematite and tremolite; about antimony and calcedony; about manganese and whatever you please.

There was myself. I spoke of myself;—of myself, of myself, of myself;—of Nosology, of my pamphlet, and of myself. I turned up my nose and spoke of myself.

"Marvellous clever man!" said the Prince.

"Superb!" said his guests; and next morning her Grace of Bless-my-soul paid me a visit.

"Will you go to Almacks, pretty creature?" she said, tapping me under the chin.

"Upon honor," said I.

"Nose and all?" she asked.

"As I live," I replied.

"Here then is a card, my life, shall I say you *will* be there?"

"Dear Duchess, with all my heart."

"Pshaw, no!—but with all your nose?"

"Every bit of it my love," said I:—so I gave it a twist or two and found myself at Almacks.

The rooms were crowded to suffocation.

"He is coming!" said somebody on the staircase.]

"He is coming!" said somebody farther up.

"He is coming!" said somebody farther still.

"He is come!" exclaimed the Duchess—"he is come, the little love!"—and seizing me firmly by both hands, she kissed me thrice upon the nose.

A marked sensation immediately ensued.

"Diavolo!" cried Count Capricornutti.

"Mille tonnerres!" ejaculated the Prince de Grenouille.

"Tousand teufel!" growled the Elector of Bluddenruff.

This was not to be borne. I grew angry. I turned short upon Bludennuff.

"Sir," said I, "you are a baboon."

"Sir," he replied, after a pause, "Donner und Blitzen."

This was all that could be desired. We exchanged cards. At Chalk-Farm, the next morning, I shot off his nose—and then called upon my friends.

"Bete!" said the first.

"Fool!" said the second.

"Dolt!" said the third.

"Ass!" said the fourth.

"Ninny!" said the fifth.

"Noodle!" said the sixth.

"Be off!" said the seventh.

At all this I felt mortified, and so called upon my father.

"Father," I said, "what is the chief end of my existence?"

"My son," he replied, "it is still the study of Nosology; but in shooting off the Elector's nose you have overshot your mark. You have a fine nose, it is true; but then Bludennuff has none. You are damned, and he has become the hero of the day. I grant you that in Fum-Fudge the greatness of a lion is in proportion to the size of his proboscis—but, Good Heavens! there is no competing with a lion who has no proboscis at all."

EDGAR A. POE.

## THE ART OF THE USE OF COLOR IN IMITATION IN PAINTING.

NO. V.

BY WILLIAM PAGE.

I HAVE heard it regretted by a painter, whose acknowledged abilities should have taught him better, that he had not the pigments wherewith fully to represent nature, forgetting that if his wish for infinite means were granted, he with his limited capacities could no more wield them, than an infant the club of Hercules; indeed, until we have outstripped all that has gone before us in Art, we have no right to call for more, when even now, we waste so large a proportion of what we have. It seems to have been the opinion of Titian, who was well qualified to judge in the matter, from a saying recorded in his life, that his countrymen, "the Venetian painters, would have colored much better if yellow (pigment) had been as plenty as common earth, and white as scarce and dear as gold," that even in that school of painting most skilled in the use of colors, and famous therefor throughout the world, even more limitation of means, rather than increase, would have been attended with advantage. If in his time and country this was true, how much truer must it be now, when we have some colors of such intensity that artists by common consent throw them aside, from their very brightness, as useless, and yet complain of their limited means. Let any painter have learned so to use what he has, that in a landscape of his painting there shall breathe an atmosphere of morning, noon, or evening, such as Claude's never lack, the waters limpid, clear and glittering as a mirror, the leaves of his trees reflecting on their glossy surfaces the light of the sky as well as the rich deep colors of the earth, and suffering the sky-light to shine through them, as in nature—their branches spreading wide, with atmosphere of light seen to float between the nearer and farther parts, so that a bird might not there seem to spread his wings in vain, in that not quite empty space, and we shall hear no more calling out for aid—we shall then have true art, such as has ever won the admiration of mankind, and need but to be again given to our eyes to fill them with tears of delight. But before this can be done, we must ask well the why, and how—we must peer into things, not skim the mere surface—we need to see through the subject; if we would paint a flower, we must well consider how its rosy hue differs in its qualities from all other colors called rosy; if it seem to have moisture in it, or is dry to the vision; and when we have learned to see wherein one substance differs from another in either its local or accidental color, or absorbing, or throwing off of light, from its surface; it will go hard, but we shall find a means to represent it that no eye can mistake it for what it is not intended to be. For the different applications of pigments can be made to imitate equally well all qualities that the eye discerns in things, as these opposites, wet and dry, hard and soft, transparent and opaque, rough and smooth, &c., &c., as well as the different modifications and combinations of these in different degrees and relations: for instance, the look of wetness on silks or satins, of whatever color; and dryness and absorbency, in woollen cloths; the dry look of sky or atmosphere, and the wet look of its reflection in water. This wetness may always be produced by glazing with transparent color, and dryness by its opposite, by what is called scumbling, that is, passing an opaque color thinly over another.

Something of wetness is also produced by using even opaque colors considerably thinned with oil, so that when used they somewhat melt, as it were, together. This is a very common mode with our painters, whether the substance to be imitated be clouds, flesh, metals, or even a dry dusty road—where its application is about as efficient as that of the old lady's broom, who wanted "to sweep the cob-webs from the sky." indeed, if we were gravely told that she did so, and were also told that these painters do well, the one and the other would be equally credible. It would not be very astonishing if some of these *artists* were discovered to be the actual descendants of this identical old lady, and who

have inherited an ambition as laudable as her own, which will not suffer them to pause or rest until they have brushed away, not only the "cobwebs" but nature's entire self from their canvass, if not from the face of the earth. "Nature puts them out," and if in their turn, they put out nature, why not? She never did them any good.

There is nothing mean or trivial in nature, where all things know and keep their proper places, where all things are grand or beautiful. It is when the misnamed artist tears it from its proper relation and throws it into a chaos of his own creation, or holds it up mutilated, and shorn of *all* its beams, before us, that any true quality becomes disgusting. He who has a true sense of art, will take wide views in his imitations of nature, not forgetting that this *relation* of one quality to another, is the very essence of what he can learn from a study of nature; he will not allow one quality to usurp the place of another, but keep all within the limits wherein alone they can be beautiful. He will not, as the French painters do, sacrifice *harmony* to relief—which is the product of contrast, or like them degrade an expression of enthusiasm, by painting it in the face of one engaged in manufacturing a "leettle boot," but give to an eagle the wings of an eagle, and to a lobster his claws. If therefore, we would paint gold, it should look solid—if flesh, it should not be glass, or rose-leaves, but seem to possess all we know of flesh—not forgetting the very down spread every where on its surface. Let no painter flatter himself that he can dispense with any of these, that men's eyes will be so grossly deceived as to accept less than all: if they do so deceive themselves, the painter will be the greater sufferer. This has been the rock on which modern Art has split—that it was to be attained by some other means than imitation. The English by making pleasing combinations of colors, and light and dark, without reference to the imitation of natural objects. The French by clothing heroes and clowns in the cast-off forms of the antique. The Germans, by imitating the puerile attempts of the Italians, previous to the time of Leonardo da Vinci.—And we, in a medley of all these. All would storm Art—and all choose the side away from Nature, not knowing that the same gate through which those who have ever reached the citadel of Art, stands now wide open to all who seek it in that path which lies right through the very heart of Nature. If any doubt this, let them look back to those early works of Italy to which I have referred, and see how simply those men began. If they would paint the early history of Moses—what did they do? why they designed their pictures in every thing directly from the people about them, to their very *clothes*. The fall of Ninevah they painted from their own cities, and in this child-like way that Art begun to be developed, which afterwards found such noble advancement by the genius of Raffaelle, equally indebted to nature for his "Divine." The Venetian, the Dutch, the Spanish—Murillo's Peasants and Beggars—undoubtedly his best pictures, and painted before he left Spain—all these and whatever else the world has seen in Art, worthy to be so called, is just that which each could with his powers translate from nature into his pictures; and because your eyes cannot find in Nature what your eyes are taught to see in the works of Raffaelle, will you say that it is not there and never was? Can you see the *character* and expression in nature that is found in the works of the wonderful Hogarth? Yes? well this will only prove that you are nearer to Hogarth than to Raffaelle, and no more. But you must be indeed blind if you cannot see in Nature as great beauty as any that Raffaelle has given us, if not the same. It is the littleness of the man, that makes any *truth* a trifle,—to the Great all truth is Grand, and the love of Nature and its true worship must go before all who would travel far or profitably. Who has painted the best portraits of individuals? The greatest painters, Raffaelle and Titian—and why? if not because they could best imitate what was set before them. Did they leave any thing out? Yes, and why? Because they *could not* paint it *all*; and therefore chose that which to them seemed the truest characteristics of their sitters—and imitated them—and yet take away the *color* from the portraits of the one, and the *expression* from the other, and will much be left? The best History painters must always paint the best portraits, for it is through the one that they attain the other—and it is by no means a matter of wonder that Benjamin West's *Great Pictures* are so meagre if what Hazlitt says of them be true, "that there is not in all his works, *one truly fine head*,"—and so far as my observation of his works goes it is undeniable.

#### THE DIGNITY OF TAILORS.

The editor of the "Mirror of Fashion" quotes the quizzical essay on the aesthetics of dress from Blackwood's Magazine with great unction, and grandly remarks, "we are pleased to notice the growing favor with which our profession is regarded by writers of mark in both hemispheres."

This is very fine. It evinces a proper *esprit de corps*. The man who will not stick up for his profession will never stick to it. The reason why the profession of a maker of coats and trousers should be accounted less dignified than the profession of a maker of any thing else for the comfort or convenience of mankind, we never have been able to answer, or get answered in a satisfactory manner. Not only do other artisans affect a contempt for tailors, but even men who do nothing at all, and ignominiously live upon the produce of other people's labors, speak sneeringly of tailors, while indebted to them for all their consequence. If Mr. Scott, the editor of the Mirror of Fashion, uses his shears with as much precision and grace as he wields his pen, we should have no hesitation in submitting to his operations in the important matter of a fit. We copy the remainder of Mr. Scott's remarks without the smallest particle of resentment, on account of the vigor with which he *presses* upon the press. His defence of the editor of another "Mirror" is handsomely done, and gives a fine chivalresque tone to his article. But as poor Nick Biddle once said, when he had the Bank at his command, it is the privilege of strength not to be afraid of doing right; Mr. Scott should not press so hard upon poor writers; it cannot be the destiny of every man to dress well, and it should not be forgotten that an author may carry a good heart underneath a threadbare vest.

"What a great pity it is, on account of the Trade, that writers are generally so poverty-stricken as not to be able to wear good clothes; but how puerile do the ekings of their weakness appear in venting them against the Tailor, instead of the fiat which made them creatures with minds capable of connecting ideas. It is the universal poverty of writers of mark, which has called down upon the head of our esteemed fellow-citizen, N. P. Willis, the abuse of the newspaper press in several instances,—until they have become surprised to learn, that the imputation of "not paying tailors' bills" cannot be applied to him with impunity; and we are heartily glad to note the fact, for he is about the only person in our country capable of writing an intelligible article on the subject of dress. Even H. Hastings Weld, Esq., preferred employing us to write articles in that line, expressing himself wholly incompetent to the task; and if he—one of the best essayists in the country—acknowledged this fact, is it to be wondered at, that it is not one of the topics of newspaper literature in the country? Surely not. Editors generally are utilitarians, write because they must, and the topics with which they make themselves acquainted are those which *pay*, and as much as ever they make themselves capable of doing justice to these; which furnishes ample reason for the field of *fashion* being left undescribed by the great mass of writers who have sprung up through poverty from obscurity, leaving it solely to those who were supported with more ease and elegance during their school days, or such as have talents of the most brilliant and peculiar orders.

From these facts, it is not to be wondered at if writers generally, through envy, contribute their *mote* to our prejudice in the social scale of being; yet this truth remains secure, that the inditing of new and peculiar sentiments, and drafting an *outré* garment, are dictated by the same quality of impulse, whether of ingenuity or enthusiasm. There is no business requiring sentiments so near akin with the poetical, as ours. We do not—with the painter or sculptor—imitate nature, but we create anew or change her appearance. Thus we conclude that the taste in the selection of ideas and the mode of dressing them, requires a similar exercise of the mind with that which produces a new style of person by a peculiar change in the formation of his dress."

Mr. Scott's comparison of the poet, the painter, and the tailor, is in the highest style of art. It is not exactly like the parallel between poetry and painting by Dryden, but it is something like it inasmuch as there is a parallel in each case. That is a fine artistic touch upon the poor devil author, which ascribes want of fashionable knowledge in the "great mass of writers" to the fact that they "have sprang up through poverty from obscurity." The great mass of them, we fear, have rather "sprang" down through "poverty to obscurity" than up.

*Letter from James Given in New York, to his Cousin Hugh Hughes, of Pool Lane, Liverpool.*

Dear Hughey.

Globe Hotel, March 10, 1845.

I cannot express to you how sensibly I felt the kindness which prompted somebody, I need not say who, to send me a draft for a hundred pounds, when my wilful absence from home had, I will confess to you, deprived me of any right to expect even a sum much less than that. But let me ask you, Hughey, why did anybody dare to take this liberty with me? how did they know that I would not resent it as an affront, and—But you are laughing at my folly, I know. However, wait until I return to Bold street, and then see who will laugh. In the mean time let us laugh at something else, if we can.

The draft was on a famous banking-house in Wall street, which is the money-centre of the New World. You have heard of Wall street, even in Pool lane, I dare say, and you have doubtless figured in your mind some such place as Castle street or St. George's crescent. But never were two places more unlike. There is an exchange, and a church, and banking houses and brokers' offices in each, to be sure, but they are not at all alike for all that. The buildings in Wall street are huge incongruous masses of stone, destitute alike of ornament and symmetry. The Exchange is a vast heap of granite with a facade formed of impossible stone columns, which would make king Cheops open his eyes if he were ever to walk this way during his metempsychosis. You ascend to the principal room by a flight of steps some twenty feet high, which occasions a dreadful waste of time. How it happened that the New York merchants, who are proverbial for their economy of time, should commit such a blunder as to place their bourse at an almost inaccessible height, is quite past an ordinary comprehension. But Franklin Myrtle says his countrymen invariably lose their senses, and perpetrate all manner of absurdities, whenever they meddle with architecture. A gentleman who is famous for his calculations told me that a New York merchant loses every year at least thirty-two hours in ascending and descending the steps of the Exchange. The great room is indeed a great room,—a rotunda, lighted by a lantern in the roof, and surrounded by huge marble pillars, without capitals, which were brought in blocks from Italy. The walls are stuccoed, and are entirely destitute of ornament. It is the coldest, most barren-looking interior, that I have ever seen. I think that there can be but few lively bargains struck in such a cheerless cavern. A few stalactites pendant from the ceiling, or even a charcoal drawing on the walls, would deprive it in a degree of its desolate aspect. In an upper room of the same building is the Board of Brokers, where the stock dealers meet every day to make their purchases and sales. The stock jobbers are a lawless band, who give a practical illustration of the follies of mercantile law, which steps in between two private parties and deprives them of the liberty of settling their own business in their own way. A merchant fails in business, and the law comes to his aid; suits and assignments follow, he is sent to Coventry himself, his creditors get nothing, but some lawyer gets all. When a broker fails, the law cannot touch him, he disposes of his effects to the best advantage, compounds with his creditors to their satisfaction, and in twenty-four hours is a whole man again—at least I am told so; of course I know nothing about the matter.

As we walked through Wall street, Frank told me a good many strange stories about different individuals, whom we met frisking past us with long marble-covered books under their arms, for Frank was a denizen of Wall street once himself;—how one gentleman with very long legs and a starched cravat, imported his desserts (not his deserts,) from Paris, and how another, who had made a million in a few weeks, ate nothing but pâtes-de-foie-gras while his million lasted, which was but a month or two, and had hardly been able to procure a mutton chop since. Among other things, he told me of an acquaintance of his who, a few weeks before, had lost his senses together with every thing that he was worth, and that one of the unfortunate man's creditors opened a subscription for him which his other creditors swelled up to a sum sufficient to put him on his legs again, and restore him to his reason. This must give you a high opinion of the Wall street brokers, as it did me; and you would like to see one of them. Well, Frank shall sketch you a specimen. It is an easy thing to give a specimen of a geological formation, but not so easy to give a specimen of a stratum of society, because it takes a great many individuals to make one general character. The Jewish race predominate in Wall street, but it requires an amalgamation of Jew and Gentile to make up a genuine Wall street character; so you see what a difficult task it will be for my artist friend, but he will succeed, I have no doubt.

I have only space enough for Frank—so, once more, I subscribe myself your friend, and resign the pen to him.

J. G.



A SPECULATOR IN STOCKS.

## Original Poetry.

## THE BELLE OF BROADWAY.

SHE walks in the light of her beauty arrayed,  
Like a queen by the hearts of a nation obeyed;  
There's a lustre around her, a splendor that vies  
With the brightest of stars in the bluest of skies.  
  
I've seen her at morning all laughing and gay,  
With the step of a fairy bewitching Broadway;  
I've seen her at evening all jewels and plumes,  
Outflashing the gas in the brilliantest rooms.  
  
They may talk of Circassia and sing of Cashmere,  
Where the maids are so fair and the shawls are so dear;  
But for elegant figures deliciously drest,  
The East cannot rival our land of the West.  
  
And the belle of all belles is the belle of Broadway:  
She's as plump as a Venus and light as a fay;  
Her smile—oh! what rapture its sweetness bestows,  
While the blush of her cheek shames the blush of a rose!  
  
If my pen were a diamond whose sparkles would flow  
Like the lightning's swift gleam to the paper below,  
By the dazzle of words I might hope to convey  
Some glance at the charms of the belle of Broadway.  
  
But Sully himself would resign in despair  
The pencil that pictures the fairest of fair,  
Nor attempt in his exquisite style to pourtray  
The perfection of grace in the belle of Broadway!

P. B.

417 Houston St., March 10.

We have had frequent requests within the last ten days, for a copy of "Florence Vane"—a little poem recited by Mr. Poe in his late Lecture on the Poetry of America. To oblige our friends, therefore, (and ourselves,) we publish the lines, from memory, as accurately as we can.

## FLORENCE VANE.

BY PHILIP P. COOKE, OF WINCHESTER, VA.

I LOVED thee long and dearly,  
Florence Vane!  
My life's bright dream and early  
Hath come again.  
I renew in my fond vision  
My heart's dear pain—  
My hopes and thy derision,  
Florence Vane.

The ruin lone and hoary,  
The ruin old  
Where thou didst hark my story,  
At even told—  
That spot—the hues Elysian  
Of sky and plain  
I treasure in my vision,  
Florence Vane.

Thou wast lovelier than the roses  
In their prime;  
Thy voice excelled the closes  
Of sweetest rhyme;  
Thy heart was as a river  
Without a main—  
Would I had loved thee never,  
Florence Vane.

But fairest, coldest, wonder,  
Thy glorious clay  
Lieth the green sod under,  
Alas the day!  
And it boots not to remember  
Thy disdain,  
To quicken love's pale ember,  
Florence Vane.

The Hies of the valley  
By young graves weep;  
The pansies love to dally  
Where maidens sleep—  
May their bloom, in beauty viewing,  
Never wane  
Where thine earthly part is lying,  
Florence Vane.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE CONVERSATIONAL MEETING,  
ON THE SUBJECT OF AERIAL NAVIGATION.

President J. J. MAPES in the Chair; C. L. BARRITT, Acting Secretary.

The idea of navigating the air seems to have been known to the ancients, if we believe the many fabulous stories of flying. Strabo says that a people of Scythia had a means of elevating themselves in the air by means of smoke, though it is not mentioned in what manner, or whether by any of the mechanical contrivances which have since been in use. Montgolfier of France, however, in his first experiments used smoke, and may possibly have obtained his ideas of ballooning from this remark of Strabo's.

Roger Bacon, in his "De Mirabili Potestate, &c," makes particular mention of a flying machine, and says that he knows the name of the inventor, though he had not seen the machine. What this machine could have been, it is impossible to imagine. It is hardly possible that it had any shape or form, other than in the speculation of that great man. For it is not improbable that it might have been an original idea with him, but put forth in this manner to avoid the terrors of the church and the vulgar, who looked upon him and his many discoveries as something super-human, and a little bit as if in too close league with the devil. That this vulgar prejudice had its influence there can be no doubt, and to have advanced a theory so bold as that of flying, at that early date, would have been rather too much of the marvellous for the safety of the projector.

The only real project for a balloon, however, was that of the Jesuit Francis Lana, in 1670. In his plan he proposed to use metal globes, made very thin, and exhausted of the air. The specific gravity of these globes, being much less than the surrounding atmosphere, must necessarily cause them to rise. It in fact was the only rational project ever suggested, and on which Montgolfier based his experiments. The use of hydrogen gas, which had been discovered by Cavendish, was tried, but that gas being so light and escaping so rapidly, was found impracticable. Their (the brothers Montgolfiers') experiments with rarified air, created by means of a fire underneath the balloon, was the first successful experiment ever made. Air has a power of buoyancy equal to fifteen pounds to the square inch, and is capable of expanding at a temperature of 212°, or boiling heat, to 37.5 parts its bulk at 32° temperature. The ascension of Montgolfier's balloon was caused by this expansion of the air in the balloon, which, like a cork in water, being the lighter substance, rises to the top. The specific gravity of hydrogen gas is .088; oiphant gas, .980; oil gas, on an average, .900, and atmospheric .1000. Hydrogen gas being the lightest gas known, therefore is best adapted for balloon navigation, if it could be retained; oiled silk, the usual substance for balloons, being not sufficiently impervious to the escape of that gas. A globe of air, at the surface of the sea weighs 1.25 lbs. avoirdupois, and hydrogen is six times lighter. A sphere, therefore, of hydrogen, 12 feet in diameter, would rise with a force of 57 lbs., and one of 24 feet diameter, with eight times the force—or, 456 lbs. The weight of the material, of which the balloon is made, of course, would have to be deducted from the upward pressure of the atmosphere. This bulk of the gas is taken at the pressure of the atmosphere at the surface of the earth. Atmosphere, at an elevation of about three miles, expands to double its bulk, or at 15,740 feet elevation—some 5000 feet less elevation than was attained by M. Gay Lussac. This difference in the pressure would cause a balloon to burst if filled with gas at the surface of the earth, and not allowed to escape as it ascended into a rarer medium.

Mr. Green, in his experiments, used coal gas, or carburetted hydrogen, in his balloon, when he crossed the English channel; it being less penetrating than pure hydrogen. His balloon was up some eighteen or twenty hours. In some of his more recent experiments on the powers of retaining carburetted hydrogen gas, he has had balloons suspended in the air for weeks. The experiments to apply machinery to direct the balloon, and to overcome the currents of air at great altitudes, have never been successful. All balloons are at the mercy of the winds. The muscular power of birds, shows conclusively that the power required to move in the air, or to fly, is so great over that of the size of the bird, that no machine ever could be built, that could carry, suspended in

the air, machinery enough to propel it—as the size of the bird is to the muscular power of its wings, no machine on land could be made. The buoyancy of air being so well known, and the gravity of iron and wood, materials of which any machinery must be built, equally as well known, it is an easy calculation to say how far ballooning would succeed for practical purposes.

Signor Muzzi's balloon exhibiting in this city is the most perfect specimen of a balloon ever made. It is the nearest to success; as a mere model in a still atmosphere, and for the length of a room, it may succeed, though on an enlarged scale, it would probably be a failure, so far as the application of his invention is concerned. The balloon is a sphere, with the ends flattened—on each flattened side are two large wings, which can be adjusted to certain inclinations, as we may desire, for ascending and descending; on the periphery, or the greatest diameter of the sphere, between the wings, he has a tail, also working by means of pulleys, to direct the balloon, as birds with their wings when flying. The experiments, thus far, have shown that he can proceed by changing the inclination of his wings, so that as he rises, by force of the gas, the pressure of the atmosphere on the inclined surface of the wings, will shoot him ahead at an angle of about forty-five degrees elevation, and by changing the inclination of the wings, a similar downward movement takes place, not unlike the undulating movements of the chipping bird, except that the motion is in straight lines. This motion can be varied from right to left, like a ship beating against a head wind, though it cannot come nearer the wind than about eight points of the compass. To maintain an elevation, it is proposed to prepare wood, so as always to have a supply of hydrogen. His mode of preparing the wood, is by kyanizing: the sap is exhausted from the capillary tubes, and immediately plunged in alcohol, which, under the pressure of the atmosphere, rushes into the tubes, and thus saturates or charges the wood with the liquid. To preserve it from evaporation, it is coated with wax, &c., and as it is wanted, is burned; the hydrogen of the alcohol being used for replenishing the gas. As an experiment, it is ingenious, and Signor Muzzi deserves great credit for the experiment—though the numerous contingencies upon balloon navigation, makes it highly improbable that it will ever be equal to steam. Hydrogen gas is too difficult to use, and carburetted hydrogen could not be replenished, even could the mechanical difficulties be overcome.

#### THE GREAT TOWER OF TARUDANT.

BY ROBERT OLIVER.

(Continued from page 138.)

WHEN the great green bird beheld this dove, it shivered as though struck with mortal fear, and letting go the king's arm, flew away as fast as it could, uttering prolonged and doleful shrieks. The little dove started at once in chase, and the king perceived as his eyes followed its flight, that it grew larger and larger with every beat of its wings, and that its form was changing with its size, so that presently it was a noble eagle in shape as well as dimensions. It was soon close to the monster, which finding itself about to be overtaken, soared suddenly upward as if seeking refuge in a higher region. Its brave adversary followed, and the king rode forward till he was beneath them in order to witness the struggle. Up they went till each became a speck upon the clear blue sky, when they closed with a clashing of beaks and talons, which the king in his excited fancy even thought he heard. The combat was brief as it was fierce. In a few moments the birds were coming down faster than they went up, and the king with great joy presently beheld the green monster tumbling dead to the earth, while the eagle, which had not quitted its hold of the carcass till near the ground, swept triumphantly in a circle thrice around his head, then alighting at his side, changed at once into the fairy, and looked him in the face with the same serene aspect that had cheered his heart when she rose from the well.

"Again I owe you my life, divine fairy!" exclaimed the king when his astonishment had subsided, "and wonderful was the manner of its preservation. But I am burning with curiosity to know why you left me at so perilous a juncture, and why you came to my rescue in such singular guise?"

"Know first, O king, that yonder carcass when it sought thy destruction, was animated, not by the life of a bird but by

the spirit of a most wicked and powerful genie, who had assumed that form, the better to work his evil will and that of his master, Arphaxad the Egyptian, who sent him against thee. When thy watchful eye discovered his approach and thwarted his plan of crushing thee, I felt that my own strength was unable to cope with his, and not daring to venture an uncertain struggle, trusted to thy courage to keep him at bay for a moment, while, with the speed that fairies alone possess, I flew to my sister on Mount Atlas, and obtained the holy form of a dove, by which I knew he would be put to flight. Weakened as he then was by terror and the loss of blood, it was easy with the shape and strength of an eagle to complete his overthrow and drive him bodiless back to his master."

"He is not dead, then?" said the king, looking around a little anxiously.

"There is no life in the bird," replied the fairy, "but that genie belongs to an immortal race. His strength, however, is broken for a time, and it will be long ere he again assails you; indeed, he never will if you fastly abide in my counsels."

"Then, indeed, he never will!" exclaimed Abdallah with enthusiasm—"but tell me, O fairy, why cannot you conduct me to the presence of your sister with as much speed as you but now went thither? I am impatient to behold such majesty and loveliness as she must possess."

"Be contented," answered the fairy, "your progress is as great as is good for you. Time and space you cannot transcend as I do, and you have much yet to encounter, much to overcome, before you reach my sister's blessed city."

There was a slight severity in the fairy's tone as she said this, so that the king judged it best to suppress the answer which rose to his tongue.

They had now resumed their journey, and for some hours went on together in silence. Night approached, but the adventures of this eventful day were not yet concluded. As the sun was setting Abdallah perceived a damsel, mounted on a dromedary, coming swiftly towards them from the north. As she drew nigh he saw that she was gaily attired, and had a handsome, smiling countenance. She looked at him very intently, and he returned her gaze with eagerness, for besides that he was amazed at her appearance in the lonely desert, there was something very fascinating in her face.

"Turn away your eyes from her," said the fairy sternly, "she is false and evil—every glance is fraught with terrible danger."

For the first time the king was disobedient. He could not restrain his eyes from following the fair stranger as she passed across their track. He was still gazing, when, apparently by accident, her dromedary stumbled, and she was thrown upon the sand. Putting spurs to his horse, the king was rushing forward to her assistance, when he felt upon the back of his head a sensation which seemed as if caused by a volume of hot, thick air, suddenly impelled against it. Turning, he beheld a prodigious serpent, from whose throat came the breath he felt, and whose jaws were already open to devour him. It was a most disgusting creature, hideous in form, mottled with black and yellow scales, and covered with a filthy looking slime. The king shuddered as he glanced at the monstrous reptile; and as usual he turned for aid to the fairy. His heart sank when he beheld her standing afar off, with folded arms and sorrowful downcast face.

He felt that on himself depended his salvation from this new and formidable foe. The thought that his own weak wilfulness had deprived his hitherto protectress of the power to help him, inspired his heart and arm with fresh energy, and he resolved to redeem the position he had lost, or die in the attempt. Leaping from his horse, which had crouched to earth, convulsed with fear at sight of the serpent, Abdallah sprang behind the reptile, and before it was able to turn its head, cut with his sabre right through the middle of its body. The lower part expired instantly; the upper, spread forth two small wings from the side of its head, and raised itself, though with difficulty, some few feet above the earth. Abdallah remounted his horse, which had regained its courage, but even on horseback the serpent was beyond the reach of his sword, while it was able to assail him by spitting down its venom. He was hesitating what to do when suddenly the fairy stood before him, and put into his hand her silver wand, the point of which had grown sharp like a javelin. The king at once hurled it at the reptile with such good aim that its heart was pierced, and it fell dead on the sand.

"Bravely done," exclaimed the fairy, "you have fully atoned for your disobedience—but let it not be repeated. You will never encounter a more terrible enemy than this. Thank Allah for your deliverance."

When he had recovered breath, the king felt curious to know what had become of the damsel, but he dared not look around for her. The fairy, however, knew his thought, and said, "There she lies. She and the serpent are one."

The king made no reply, for he yet felt full of shame, and dared not ask more questions of the fairy.

Such were some of the perils that beset the king of Tarudant in his progress through the desert. Each day he encountered some ferocious wild beast, or formidable monster; but each day his strength and courage increased, until victory became so certain and easy, that he scarcely regarded dangers from which he would once have shrunk aghast. But these conflicts grew less and less frequent, and nearly a week had passed without a hostile meeting of any kind, when one fine morning Abdallah and his guide found themselves at the edge of the desert, in full view of the mountain whose summit was the termination of their pilgrimage.

The king's heart beat high with hope and his eyes kindled with delight as he gazed upon the scene before him. He beheld a vast plain extending on either hand, till it mingled with the skies, while in front it sloped very gently upwards to a mountainous elevation, where it ended in a table land that stretched away to the right and left farther than his sight could reach. So gradual was the ascent, that the mountain-top was distant enough to appear blue and misty, though it was free from clouds and the sunlight streamed brightly upon it. Beyond the table-land, the loftiest peaks of Mount Atlas abruptly reared their hoary heads, venerable with the snows of a thousand ages, and seeming in their sublime scenery conscious of the awful solitude in which they dwelt, far above the din and conflict of the earth, the disturbing thunders, the shattering lightnings, the heaven-veiling clouds, abiding, like the celestial principle they represent, in a region pure and calm, where nor human feet nor human passions ever can penetrate.

Rivers of clear sparkling water rolled over the mountain's brow, and descended the plain, spreading life and beauty to the verge of the desert, amid whose sands they finally vanished, but not uselessly, for year by year their ceaseless influence reclaimed a portion of the sterile soil.

"I congratulate you, king of Tarudant," said the fairy, "your troubles are nearly at an end. On yonder mountain's top is my sister's capital city: if your sight were as keen as mine, you could perceive the summit of its highest tower. The setting sun will see us at its gates. Let us proceed."

They passed rapidly onward, for even Abdallah's horse was animated with new vigor by the cheerful scenes through which their course now lay. They were indeed moving amidst beauty and enjoyment far exceeding all that the king had ever seen. The country was covered with a rich and graceful and variegated vegetation, among which, at intervals, arose the embattled walls and stately towers of some fair city, whose white fabrics sparkled gloriously in the sunlight; while yet more frequently, tall airy minarets springing from the depth of shady groves, marked the sites of pretty villages, too modest wholly to show themselves.

The land, indeed, swarmed with inhabitants living not only in cities and villages, but in isolated dwellings—in charming cottages, begirt with flowery gardens—in elegant mansions crowning gentle heights. And all this population was busy and joyous; no one was idle—no one looked sad or discontented. On every side the travellers beheld groups of men and women engaged in the various offices of cultivation, working steadfastly, but with evident pleasure, some merrily singing, some making the air ring with laughter, as they gave and received good-humored jests, or in unenvious rivalry outstripped their fellow laborers. Bands of bright and happy-looking children were rambling among the bushes gathering berries, or running gaily across the fields, bearing messages from group to group. The song of unmolested birds resounded from the trees, and the gentle voices of domestic animals, rejoicing in green pastures, were borne along on every breeze that blew.

The king and the fairy journeyed amid these charming scenes along a path bordered by graceful trees whose boughs were bent with clusters of rich fruit, and occasionally they crossed on sculptured bridges sparkling and murmurous streams, in the clear depths of which were visible the glan-

cing movements of brightly colored fishes. Abdallah's delight continually increased, though he could not help sometimes mournfully contrasting the desolation of his own kingdom with the prosperity around him, and he urged on his horse to the top of its speed impatient to reach her presence from whose beneficent sway flowed so much beauty and happiness. Even the grave fairy at his side partook of his enthusiasm, and as if kindled by the thought of meeting her good sister, the cold, pale elegance of her features warmed into a softer and far more enjoying expression.

At length they were upon the mountain's top, in full view of the fairy capital. Involuntarily, as the sight burst upon his eyes, Abdallah checked his horse, that he might contemplate its wondrous magnificence. It was square, of vast extent, and surrounded by a high wall of crystal so transparent that the people and buildings within were almost as distinctly seen as though nothing but air intervened. This wall was surmounted by battlements of silver on which were standing in long array, rank after rank of silent, stern-visaged warriors, covered with glistening steel and armed with spears and bucklers. Structures of superhuman splendor were ranged along broad streets, through which flowed to and fro the restless surges of a mighty population, whose picturesque and varied garb accorded well with the light and fanciful architecture. The sun was declining in the west, and its beams invested the city with rainbow hues and rendered its brilliancy almost too dazzling for mortal eyes.

Recovering from his trance of admiration, the king advanced to the chief gate of the city, each leaf of which was formed of one immense piece of jasper, while the gate-posts were covered with the most resplendent precious stones. With infinite astonishment he perceived as he drew nigh to the wall that the armed men upon the battlements had changed into smiling maidens dressed in white robes with scarlet sashes, and holding bunches of flowers instead of war-like weapons. As he approached these descended, and throwing open the jasper gates, received him with songs of welcome and strewed his way with flowers. He dismounted from his horse at the request of his companion the fairy, who told him that none but human feet were permitted to tread those holy streets, and entering the city proceeded amid the greeting shouts of the multitude to a noble square not far from the gate.

Here he was met by a venerable emir who received him with great courtesy, saying that the fairy queen had deputed him to meet her distinguished guest and attend to all his wants. The king desired repose and refreshment after so long a journey, and was at once conducted to the nearest palace there to pass the night, while his fairy guide went on without delay, to the dwelling of her sister.

(To be Continued.)

#### THE CONCERT ROOM.

**GRAND CONCERT OF THE GERMAN SOCIETY.**—Some twenty-five hundred persons visited the Tabernacle on Saturday evening. We regret that we are unable to record the exact proportion which the "upper ten thousand" bore to the mass, but if the exact amount of tickets given away can be ascertained, the result will show the number of the "upper ten" present upon this occasion. There were several serious people there.

We observed quite a number of the subjects of Pico-dom. They may be distinguished by their very long hair, and their plaintive style of countenance, as though "grief had passed in that direction." They may also be distinguished by the steady enthusiasm with which they applaud to the echo the most trifling effort of their Queen of song.

Whoever arranged the programme made a great mistake. The last piece should have been first, and the first, last. The idea of placing a symphony which takes three quarters of an hour to play, at the end of a long concert, is preposterous. This was clearly demonstrated at their preceding concert, when more than half the audience left during the first movement; and on the present occasion many hundreds left before and during the symphony. Such a scuffling of feet

and slamming of doors, we have rarely heard in a concert room. To listen in comfort was impossible, and Beethoven suffered, and we suffered with him, for want of common sense in those who arranged the programme.

## PROGRAMME.

## PART I.

1. Overture to *Freischutz*, . . . . . C. M. Weber.
2. Rondo de la Cenerentola. Signora Rosina Pico. Rossini.
3. Grand variations di Bravura on the Romance of Joseph: "A peine au sortir de l'enfance." (For the piano-forte.) Mr. Wm. Scharfenberg. H. Herz.
4. Choruses, Festlied: "Tretet in die Runde," . . . . Stuntz.
- " Die Abendglocken," (Evening Bells.) By several amateurs. Mangold.

## PART II.

5. Overture.—*Fingal's Cave*. Mendelssohn.
6. Grand Aria de la Norma. Signor Rosina Pico. Bellini.
7. Concertino.—(Clarionet.) Mr. Theodore W. Groeneveldt. C. M. Weber.
8. Choruses. "Liebe und Wein;" Mendelssohn. Fest-Marsch: "Tone du Feierlied." Speier. By several amateurs.

## PART III.

9. Grand Sinfonia in C Minor. Beethoven.
1. *Allegro con Brio*.
2. *Andante con Moto*.
3. *Minuetto and Trio*.
4. *Allegro and Presto. Finale*.

Director, U. C. Hill.

Leader of the German choruses, Mr. Charles Perabeau.

The overture of *Der Freischutz* was better performed than we ever heard it in this country, and we feel bound to compliment all concerned. The basses in particular were excellent, firm, distinct and marked. Mr. Hill conducted admirably, with one exception: during the *agitato* movement, he changed the beat so frequently, that a slight wavering was the result. Changing the beat backwards and forwards from four to two, and from two to four, can only produce one effect—uncertainty.

The Rondo by Madame Pico was well sung. Her execution in many passages was beautifully distinct and rapid, as she gave both emphasis and feeling to the recitative. But poor Rossini was turned upside down, for with the exception of the two first bars of the Rondo, we scarcely heard a note of the original composition. Madame Pico pleased us by no means as well in *Casta Diva*. She, as usual, displayed many peculiar excellences, but she took such unaccountable liberties with the tempo, that the accompaniments were all abroad. It is true that the Philharmonic Orchestra has never been particularly famous for *accompanying*, and certainly its least creditable efforts are in Italian music. We reiterate, that, even allowing that the singer takes licences, still the accompaniments on almost every occasion, are utterly disgraceful both to the Director and to the members of the band, and the reputation of the Society cannot fail to suffer from such culpable and unartist-like negligence. Signori Milon and Lo. Bianco did some little towards keeping the recitatives straight.

Mr. Scharfenberg's pianoforte piece, was a beautiful performance. This master, to great brilliancy of execution, firmness of touch, strength and flexibility of wrist, adds the charm of perfect distinctness and marked emphasis. Of all the movements the Adagio was the least successful in performance. Here was an absence of passion and expression, without which an adagio is pointless. Charming as was the performance of Mr. Scharfenberg, we have heard him do more justice to himself. In more profitable concerns, we trust that he will not forget that the public expect much gratification from his solo playing.

The German Chorusses were not as well executed as on the previous occasion, nor was the selection as pleasing. The pieces were long and heavy in the extreme, and though grateful to a musician's ear from their fine harmony, prove ineffectual and tiresome to the general taste.

The leader of the Chorusses, Mr. Perabeau, would have made a much better impression if he had conducted himself in a more quiet manner. It would have been quite as easy, and much more respectful to the audience, to have removed the books from the chair to the piano stool, instead of casting them upon the ground and slamming the chair down to the instrument. The first chorus, *Festlied*, would have been more appropriately called a pianoforte Solo, accompanied by voices, so entirely overpowering was the noise of the instrument. In choral quartettes the instrument should always be secondary, in most of them entirely tacit. Here was another point which was as injudicious as it was annoying; at certain parts he would give isolated notes to the voices, with the full weight of his arm, producing a most unpleasant effect, and conveying rather the idea of a practice than a performance.

Two members of the Brooklyn Glee Club, not members of the Manner Chor, distinguished themselves in the extreme parts (first tenor and second bass) by the beauty of their voices and the correctness of their taste and execution.

Mr. Grøneveldt's Solo on the Clarionet, was, as usual, a masterly and exquisite performance. In every point, tone, taste, style, expression and execution, he left us little to wish for. He was accompanied a trifle better than at the Philharmonic Concert, but still the accompaniments were slovenly and unartist-like.

The performance of Mendelssohn's *Fingal's Cave*, was a failure in comparison with its first appearance at the Society's concert. The tempo was too fast; many passages were in consequence rendered obscure, and the poetical beauties which characterize the composition, could not be developed in the unseemly haste which hurried them onward.

The grand sinfonia in C minor, was, however, a redeeming performance. It was played throughout, with one or two exceptions in the finale, most admirably. The andante was a masterly performance, and excited universal admiration.

The materials of the concert were chosen with taste and judgment, and on the whole it was probably the best benefit concert ever given in the city.

## MUSICAL REVIEW.

BERTINI'S METHOD FOR THE PIANO-FORTE. Published by Oakes, and sold by E. H. Wade, 197 Washington St., Boston.

We gave a preliminary notice of this great work in our last number, since when we have looked through it attentively, for the purpose of judging of its value impartially, to the end that we might benefit the public, by displaying its merits or by exposing its faults. We say that we have looked into the work, and it gives us much pleasure in being able to say, that the more we examined it, the more delighted we were with the beautiful simplicity of its construction, its lucid explanation, its natural and progressive arrangement. Its system is purely inductive. Not as in the old instruction books, are unexplained symbols placed before the pupil to commence with at once; nothing is introduced, which does not follow in a natural and undeviating course. To teach by the old books, pre-supposes some weeks of previous study of the theory, without the assistance of manual practice. This is so much time wasted, for the natural embarrassment, consequent upon placing the fingers for the first time upon the keys, will drive all previous non-practical study from the learner's mind, and will tend rather to retard, than to accelerate his progress. It is in fact twice learning the same thing. It is true that there are exercises of various kinds, which might be used with these exploded and very imperfect methods, and which most good masters availed themselves of, but these are unaccompanied by marginal directions, and from the dry uninteresting surface presented to the student's eye, are mostly looked upon with indifference, if not with disgust.

Our opinion upon these matters is the result of an experience of many years, during which time all kinds of methods have come under

our notice. We have felt how utterly inadequate these were to fulfil the end for which they were intended, namely, to assist the master in explaining to the pupil, and to assist the pupil when absent from the master. Much that is necessary between master and pupil, can never be written down; it must be communicated orally, *but we conscientiously believe that Bertini has produced a progressive work as near perfection as possible.*

It will be impossible, within the limits of our space, to enter into a full consideration of every portion of this important work, but we shall, from time to time, call the attention of our young readers to particular parts of it deserving their especial attention.

The work commences with a very clear and striking exposition of the key-board, or entire scale of the instrument. It is so clearly explained that the dullest mind can comprehend it.

The hands of the pupil are then placed upon the key-board, and the fingers are accustomed by slow degrees, to move equally in the natural position. Meanwhile, upon each page, the marginal directions are gradually preparing the mind of the pupil to receive understandingly the rudiments of the theory. The entire exercises upon time, are truly invaluable; they are clear, decided, embracing almost every variety, and being enforced both by theory and practice, cannot fail, if carefully digested, to make the pupil, in a short period, perfectly familiar with the subject.

The scales are here made a very important feature. They are treated in every position, and the fingering being carefully marked, their difficulties are rendered comparatively easy, and the results from a constant practice of them would be, certainty and firmness of touch and fingering, and a wonderful facility in reading at sight.

The studies are numerous, and form a very important portion of the work. They are in every key, and embrace nearly all the peculiarities and difficulties, that are to be met with in solos of moderate importance.

We cordially recommend this work to all teachers, as the most comprehensive method now published, and as the best assistant to their instruction, affording as it does, a certain means of strengthening the memory of the student between lesson and lesson.

To parents, and to others who wish to commence the study of music, we earnestly recommend a perusal of this work, as we are sure that a mere glance at its contents, the simplicity of its arrangement being so evident, will convince them of its value, and of its superiority over every other method.

We hope yet to see it in general use, so satisfied are we of the benefits it will confer, and surely if any thing will tend to confirm the public confidence in it, some of the eminent men whose names are attached to the circular, who vouch for its excellence, will exert that happy influence.

The public and the Profession owe a debt of gratitude to the enterprising publisher Mr. Oakes, for bringing forward this valuable and expensive work, and we earnestly hope that he will reap the reward of his public spirit.

#### MUSICAL ITEMS.

The Seguins and Frazer commenced an engagement at the St. Charles theatre, New Orleans, on Monday, March the third. The Bohemian Girl was the opera selected.

Anderson having concluded his engagement, which, during its course, has proved the most exciting and successful known for years, has proceeded to Mobile.

Madam Hammerskold, whom we mentioned some time since as a much praised pianist and songstress, together with Mr. Barton the flutist, gave a concert this week at Mobile. We presume that they are *en route* for the north.

The Swiss Bell Ringers are making their way to Natchez, Vicksburg, and other towns on the river, after which they will proceed to Havana. The enterprising Mr. Corbyn, late manager at Niblo's, is their guardian and guiding spirit.

The little Miss Bramsons are at Baltimore giving Concerts, we believe.

There is to be a benefit Ball given at Washington, for those who suffered by the burning of the theatre in that city.

HOME NEWS.—Great efforts are being made to get up a short season at Palmo's. The committee are striving to unite the scattered members of the late party, and to establish at least a season

of twelve nights, with Pico for the great attraction. We sincerely believe that it would be a signal failure, for, with all Borghese's faults, and she had many, as we had occasion to shew, she was still a great favorite with the largest class of the opera patrons.

Our old friend, De Begnis, is positively negotiating for a three years' lease of the Opera House, with Palmo, Palmo's creditors, and the landlord, and if an arrangement can be made, by which his gains will be secured to him, he purposes to import an entirely new company from Italy, by the Fall. De Begnis should be supported by all who wish to see the Italian Opera established in the city, for he possesses two things qualifying him for manager, which no other individual does—great firmness and long experience.

The New York Vocal Society gives its first Soirée on Saturday next, March 22nd. The programme will be very interesting, and, from the high character which the Society has won for itself, will doubtless be admirably performed. Not more than five hundred tickets will be issued, and these can only be procured through Members of the Society.

The most beautiful, as well as the best sounding room in the city for Concerts, the Minerva Room, has been engaged for the Soirée.

**MITCHELL'S OLYMPIC THEATRE.**—This delightful place of amusement continues its career of perfect success. It is, without a doubt, the most respectable as well as the best managed Theatre in the city. The company is excellent for all its purposes, its pieces are well chosen, and every arrangement is calculated to insure the visitor an evening of complete enjoyment. Miss Taylor and Miss Clark, continue the prime favorites of the public, and well do these talented and persevering young ladies deserve their success. Mitchell and Holland preside over the department of fun, and sorrow must indeed be heavy on the heart, if it will not vanish for a couple of hours before their merry magic. The two new pieces produced here on Tuesday evening were highly successful. The one a farce, entitled *Medical Science*, from the pen of Mr. Thomas Picton Milner, is a sprightly and witty production. We regret that our want of space prevents us noticing it at length this week. This young gentleman is, we believe, the grandson of the celebrated Sir Thomas Picton. The other piece is a burlesque upon the popular opera of the Bohemian Girl. We shall particularise in our next.

**THE PARK THEATRE** opened on Wednesday last, with a new play, now playing with great success in London, called *Green Bushes*. Mrs. Mowatt's new comedy, *Fashion*, is underlined, and will be immediately produced.

**THE BOWERY THEATRE** is also singularly successful, but we have been unable to visit it of late. We shall, however, in future, devote special attention to the theatrical establishments of the city.

It is confidently stated that Mr. Hamblin is endeavouring to make arrangements to purchase or lease the building lots on Anthony street, for the purpose of erecting a splendid theatre.

Niblo is going to hold on to the gardens: no one we should judge would be rash enough to take them from him.

#### LITERARY NOTICES.

*Inaugural Address*, delivered before the Mechanics' Institute of the State of New York, by James J. Mapes, President. 1845.

Unlike the greater part of the addresses which we have heard and read, this impresses us less with the importance of the speaker than of his subject. Indeed, we have rarely read an essay in which the writer has contrived so completely to overshadow himself in the greatness of his theme. Mr. Mapes is too much of an enthusiast in the cause of science to waste his own, or his hearer's time, with any superfluous flourishes of rhetoric, or by introducing in a practical discourse any extrinsic subject. He is plain, direct, and impressive. His great aim is to impress upon the minds of his hearers the importance of cultivating the intellect by storing it with facts. He makes a forcible appeal in behalf of the arts of design, which we trust will not be without an influence upon those who heard it. The importance of an artistic education to our mechanics, is but imperfectly understood. Without an ability to design, the most stringent tariff would do little towards aiding our manufactures. The address contains an idea, not altogether new, but new in its application, respecting the use of Caryatides in architecture. We should be glad to see it adopted by way of an experiment; to substitute the form of some living thing

in the place of the eternal columns which disfigure so many of our public buildings. Anything would be a relief to the wearisome effect of the five orders, even though it were disorder itself.

We congratulate the Mechanics' Institute on having for a President a gentleman who unites to extensive information an original genius, and a disinterested zeal in the propagation of knowledge. We have hardly a right to expect wit in a discourse like this, but we see little scintillations of it bursting forth here and there, as if by stealth, and without the consciousness of the lecturer.

With a president like Mr. Mapes, and so intelligent an officer as Mr. Barritt, the actuary, the Mechanics' Institute must exert in the community an influence of inestimable benefit.

*Cruikshank's Omnibus*, with numerous illustrations. Philadelphia: E. Ferratt & Co. For sale by W. H. Graham, 162 Nassau st.

The purchaser of this little volume will be sure to get the worth of his money. Although Cruikshank's name is very nearly a synonym for fun, yet his designs are not pure fun, for like the works of genius, they are tinged with a dash of melancholy. One could weep almost as readily as laugh at some of his most humorous sketches.

*The Democratic Review* for March.

This is altogether a very excellent number; it is, in fact, the best that we have seen of this magazine. The first article, on Tyler, which we hope is from the pen of the editor, because it will induce us to read his political speculations hereafter, if it be, is the best paper in it; and may be read with pleasure by any one, without regard to political prejudices, merely for the easy strength of the style and the confident impudence (we know of no other word that will exactly express our meaning) of its tone. The paper on Fiction by Major Davezac we are very happy to commend, because we have seen some of the Major's Essays that we could not approve with a clear conscience. The account of the four Presidents of Texas is highly interesting, and the other papers are both readable and profitable.

*Military Maxims of Napoleon*. Translated from the French by J. Akerly. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1845.

Mr. Akerly's name is new to us, but we think that it cannot be new in literature, for he writes with the elegance and precision of a practised author. His translation reads like an original composition, and we should never dream of its being rendered from another language than that in which it is written. As a specimen of elegant book-making, we have rarely seen this little volume surpassed by any issue from the American press. The maxims themselves are not subjects for criticism, but we should be glad to know the author's motives in publishing them. He has dedicated his volume to the officers of the regular army of the United States, who, we trust, will never have occasion to use it as a text book.

We cannot allow this opportunity to escape us of rebuking the aristocratic and exclusive spirit, more peculiar to our own country than any other in the world, which is manifested in the dedication of this book, of making a distinction between the officers and the rank and file of the army. In England, and France, and Russia, we always hear the Army or the Navy spoken of as a body—here, it is always the *officers* of our Army or of our Navy. At public dinners, in Congressional speeches, in newspaper paragraphs, the universal phraseology is, "the gallant officers of our army," &c. If we should ever again be involved in war, all this nonsense will, of necessity, be abolished; for it is idle to expect that the citizens of the republic will serve in either department of the public defence, to be treated as mere automata, and be excluded from all the honors and emoluments which their valor might win. God grant that the experiment may never be tried; but it requires no spirit of prophecy to foresee, that under the present system of conferring offices, disgrace and defeat would be the result of every engagement with an enemy.

*Martin's Illustrated Family Bible*. Part 2.

The second number of this magnificent work—in all points the best edition of the Bible that has yet been issued in this country—extends to the 22d chapter of Genesis. It contains an exquisitely engraved picture by J. Brain, in line, after a Holy Family by Leonardo da Vinci—a *chef d'œuvre* in art worthy to accompany a *chef d'œuvre* in publication, as this Bible is.

*Hunt's Merchants' Magazine*.

THE March number of this valuable periodical contains a paper on the consular system of the United States, which should be carefully

read by every man who can exert the smallest degree of influence in the National councils. There are some abuses existing in the economy of our government, which all admit and none pretend to justify, but which, nevertheless, no one attempts to remove. The Consular system is the chief of them. The Consulship of Liverpool is said to be worth \$20,000 per annum, while that of Cadiz, of Leghorn, of Genoa, and of many other important ports is not worth enough to pay the expenses of the Consul's office. Yet the responsibilities are as great in one port as another. It is the more remarkable that no attempts should have been made to equalize the incomes of these ports, since they might be made so large an addition to the patronage of the executive; there are not more than half a dozen consulships at present worth the acceptance of an ambitious man. But these offices might be increased to a very great extent, and the country would be a gainer, as well as political adventurers. Since Mr. Polk will be freed from the troublesome business of securing his re-election, we trust that he will look about him to see what abuses of the government he can rectify, and we have no doubt of his attention being called to the subject of the Consular agents to begin with.

Besides this lively and important paper, there are three or four in the Merchants' Magazine, relating to our national resources, of great ability.

"*The New World*."

But for fear of disparaging the "Broadway Journal," we would say, unhesitatingly, that the "New World," under the editorial guidance of Charles Eames, is the very best weekly paper of its class, published in this country. Not to mention the more solid qualities which render him a good editor, editorially considered, Mr. Eames is one of our most vigorous and original thinkers; and unlike some original thinkers whom we have in our mind's eye, he has the faculty of imparting to his readers, through an accurate and exceedingly graceful style, a full consciousness that he *does* think both vigorously and originally, and knows well what he is thinking about—a very great deal to say of any man, as times go.

*Anastasis*; or the Doctrine of the Resurrection of the Body rationally and Scripturally considered. By George Bush, Professor of Hebrew, New York City University. Second edition, New York and London: Wiley and Putnam, 1845.

We simply announce the publication of a second edition of this much talked-of work; we shall review it at length hereafter.

#### LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Messrs. Wiley and Putnam have announced a series of *Minor Classics*, something in the way of *Dove's Classics*, etc.; the aim, however, as regards externals, being to reconcile the utmost possible cheapness, with a proper attention to the mechanical execution. The series will be entitled, "*Wiley and Putnam's Library of Choice Reading*," and will be issued rapidly, at convenient intervals, in a novel and agreeable book form. Each volume will include the matter of an ordinary English octavo, and will be sold at three shillings. The works published will be new or old, drawn either from the best contemporary writers, or from the antique "well of English undefiled." A very important, and to our minds the most interesting branch of the undertaking, will be an *American Copyright Series*. The "Library" will open, in a few days, with *Eothen*; *Mary Schweidler*, the *Amber Witch*; and *Undine* with *Sintram and His Companions*. Perhaps the first of the American Series will be Headley's "*Letters from Italy*," of which only a fourth part has been as yet published. We may expect this in April. The motto of the "Library" is from Lainé—"Books which are books." The editorial conduct of the whole is entrusted to a gentleman whose fine taste and great ability are matters not to be questioned.

Farmer and Daggers have republished Mrs. Gore's very piquant novel "*Cecil, or the Adventures of a Coxcomb*." (pp. 24.) Jones and Welsh, 104 Nassau-street.

**BISHOP HORNE'S COMMENTARY ON THE PSALMS**, with an Introductory Essay by Rev. Edward Irving, and a Memoir of the Life of the Author, has been published by Robert Carter, 58 Canal-st. The work enjoys a high reputation and cannot fail of a hearty welcome in the religious community. The introductory essay is in Irving's best style; and contains some rich veins of thought and eloquence of a high order. It is a fine, large, well-printed octavo, and is sold at the low price of a dollar and a half.

PHIL PURCEL, and other stories of Ireland, by William Carleton.—William Carleton, as every body knows who has read his stories, feels

to his inmost heart, the genuine traits of Irish humor, not only feels, but can reproduce them in fiction. How much we all owe "ould Ireland," for her inimitable fun, half laughter and half pathos, the humor of light and shade, ever hearty, frank, and native! The names of the stories in this book, "Ned M'Keown," "Shane Fadh's Wedding," "Lary M'Farland's Wake," &c., show that the book is genuine. Published by Wm. H. Graham, 162 Nassau street.

Saxton & Miles, 205 Broadway, have just published "a Tale of Trials, told to my children, by Mrs. Opie," in a form which combines elegance with cheapness.

### MISCELLANY.

**MR. NICHOLS' LECTURE.**—On Tuesday next, the 18th, Mr. Thomas L. Nichols will lecture, at the Society Library, on "Emigration and the Right of Naturalization"—an excellent subject, and one that will be well handled, we feel very sure. Mr. Nichols has both ability and the independence needful to put it in the best light.

**Charles King, Esq.**, one of the editors of the N. York Courier and Enquirer, has been selected by the New Jersey State Historical Society, and is expected to deliver an Historical Oration, at the quarterly meeting to be held in Newark, in May next.

**A NEW PLEASURE.**—At one of the recent public meetings, so common now when every class has become legislative, it was "Resolved, That the great majority of the people were in a state of unexampled destitution and unparalleled suffering." Upon which the Rev. Mr. . . . rose and said, "I have very great pleasure in seconding this resolution."

A daughter of Judge Sanburn, in Iowa, has shot two full-grown bears this winter. The animals, it appears, came prowling about the dwelling, and none of the "sterner sex" being at home, this heroine took down her father's rifle and shot them.

**"AMERICAN SEAMEN."**—Complaints are made about the scarcity of American seamen. We are told that of all the seamen in our mercantile marine, not more than one-fourth are Americans; that while the laws required two-thirds of every ship's crew to be Americans, not an American ship has left an American port within the last twenty-five years, with Americans for one half its crew. And we are told that Britain has more seamen than employment for them in time of peace, in its military or mercantile marine; that France can raise more seamen in a day, than the United States in a month; that the Swedish seamen in American service make an average of one for every vessel; and that the United States, with twenty millions of people, and a commerce only second in the world, and rapidly becoming the first, have not more than ten thousand native seamen."—*Daily paper.*

A writer in the Tribune, "J. S. of Maine," contends that the Report of Mr. Reade, Chairman of the Committee on Naval affairs in Congress, stating, that out of 109,000 seamen sailing in American ships, only 9000 were Americans, must be incorrect, inasmuch as the state of Maine furnishes 11,000 sailors, the principal part of whom are captains and mates, and he sets down the proportion of foreigners, one to four instead of one to twelve. His calculations may be correct for the state of Maine, but we have no question of the truth of the statement in Mr. Reade's report. It is a very common thing for some of our New York ships to leave port without an American on board, excepting the officers. The subject is one of vast importance to the country, particularly when there is a speck of war in the horizon; but instead of compelling our merchant vessels to take a certain number of boys, as has often been proposed, it will be better to open the line of promotion in our navy, to make it an inducement for American youth to enter the service. This would immediately fill our national vessels with American young men, and as but a small part of them could become officers, the remainder would form an efficient corps of hardy, intelligent sailors, who would have the honor of their country at heart, and an *esprit de corps* would be infused into the service, such as has never pervaded it, and would render our marine an invincible body.

**To READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.**—We thank "A." for his communication; the intelligence which it gives will be of service. The exceedingly pleasant letter of Horace H.—will be duly attended to. Two or three of our Engravings were copied from designs by Gavarni, in a recently published French work; we stated the fact in regard to the first one, and supposed that it would be understood that the others were copies also; but it appears that they were supposed to be originals. It was our intention to publish none but original designs, and we tried to procure those that were worthy a place in our paper, but we could not readily meet with such, and therefore we selected some that were admirable as drawings, and entirely beyond the reach of the greater part of our readers in the original work in which they appeared. We have, at last, procured assistance in this department of our Journal, which will save us from the necessity hereafter of copying from any foreign work. We shall commence next week or the week after, the publication of a series of original drawings by artists of genius, which will leave no doubt of their perfect originality. We feel that in giving some passages in the Life of a Lion, as an originality, we are keeping fully within the spirit of our promises. The article formed one of a collection published many years ago, and now quite out of print. It will not be necessary to call the attention of our readers to the elegant essay of Rudolph Hertzman. Those who read his initial number will need no call to anything bearing his signature.

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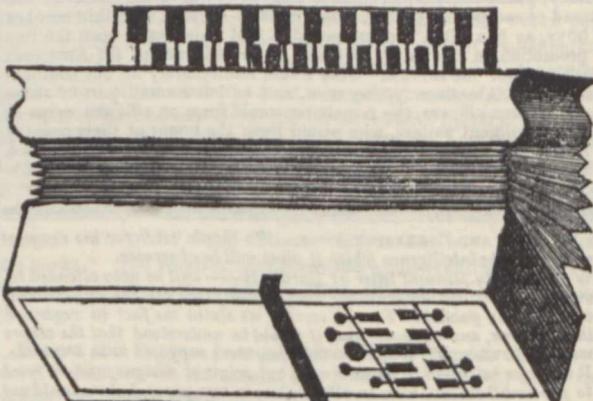
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