

# THE BROADWAY JOURNAL.

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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.

POEMS BY SIR EDWARD LYTTON BULWER. Edited by C. Donald Macleod. New York: Farmer & Daggers, 1845.

MR. C. DONALD MACLEOD, whose name is no doubt familiar to the readers of the "Lady's Book" and "Graham's Magazine," has favored the public with a collection of poems by Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer.

"The work here offered," says the compiler, "contains, I believe, the first general collection. . . . He has published two or three volumes of verse, none of which were well received. 'The Rebel' and the 'Siamese Twins' met quick oblivion, and indeed deserved no better fate. In his last publication, 'Eva and Other Poems,' there were many pieces of exquisite beauty; but there was heaviness enough in the book to sink all. . . . This collection, made from Novel, Drama, and Poems, embraces nearly all that is worthy of his reputation."

These words, from Mr. Macleod's Preface, affect us as an ill omen of the book. We fancy that we see in them a singular deficiency of straight thinking. We profess little faith in the discrimination of a compiler who begins with calling his compilation a "general" one, and proceeds in the same breath to state that he has omitted every thing from this general compilation that has been considered worth publishing at all by the author whose writings he has compiled.

Frankly, Mr. Macleod is young in letters, has given no special evidence of even what is called general ability—none at all of critical ability. We shall be pardoned, therefore, for accepting only *cum grano salis*, his mere *dicta* that the "Rebel" and the "Siamese Twins" "deserved no better fate than quick oblivion"—that there "was heaviness enough to sink all" in *Eva and other Poems*—or that "this collection, made from Novel, Drama, and Poems, embraces nearly all that is worthy of the reputation" of Bulwer. What is here so roundly asserted, may or may not be true. We have no reference either to its truth or its fallacy. What we wish to insinuate is, that Mr. Macleod, being Mr. Macleod and no more, should, in common justice, have either given us *all* the poems of the author, or something that should have worn at least the semblance of an argument in objection to the poems omitted. Mr. Macleod we say, should have done one of these two things, for the sake of the commonest common sense—for the sake of Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer—for the sake of the public—for the sake of himself (Mr. Macleod)—and for the sake of that hope with which he so happily makes an end of his Preface—the hope "that a ray from the Glory which surrounds the Master may wander toward the Alcolyte."

As a common rule, to be sure, rays are about the only things in the world which never wander at all. By way of showing, however, that it is not to any particular dogma of Mr. M. that we object, nor to any particular set of his dogmas, but to the principle of dogmatizing in general, we are willing to admit that we coincide with him in one half of his

opinion about the poems of Bulwer. We think as he does. (Mr. Macleod,) that the omitted compositions were scarcely worth including in a book; but we go even a few steps farther, and maintain that the effusions so cavalierly treated deserved the treatment much less than those which have been honored with a niche in the temple of the American compiler. The matter, indeed, seems to stand thus. What Bulwer thought worth collecting, he collected. What he collected Mr. Macleod has pronounced unworthy collection. The author, in our opinion, knew better the state of the case than the editor; but neither appears aware of the fact, that Sir Edward is more estimable as a judge of poetry than as a poet, and that, to come at once to the point, he has never written a poem at all.

It is but fair to mention, nevertheless, that this opinion of ours, honestly entertained and deliberately expressed, is in direct opposition to that of a somewhat celebrated man who is quoted in the Introduction of Mr. Macleod. "The author of Tremaine says of him," writes Mr. M:—"He is the most accomplished writer of the most accomplished era of English letters:—practising all styles and classes of composition, and eminent in all—Novelist, Dramatist, Poet, Historian, Moral Philosopher, Essayist, Critic, Political Pamphleteer; *in each superior to all others*, and only rivalled in each by himself"—that is to say, we presume, that

"None but himself can be his parallel."

But if Mr. Macleod is serious in thinking that the author of Tremaine (which may be considered as the quintessence of prose) did not intend to be bitterly satirical when he penned all this about the author of the "Siamese Twins," we have only to regret that a gentleman who edits a respectable looking book should labor under so painful an hallucination. We mean to say that Mr. Ward, (who although he did write De Vere is by no means a fool,) could never have put to paper, in his sober senses, anything half so absurd as the paragraph above quoted, without stopping at every third word to hold his sides or thrust his pocket-handkerchief in his mouth.

If Mr. Macleod, however, will insist upon the serious intention, we have to remark that the opinion is the *mere* opinion of a writer remarkable for no other good trait than that of putting his readers decorously to sleep according to rules Addisonian, and with the least possible loss of labor and time. But as the *mere* opinion of even a Jeffrey, a Gifford, or a Macaulay, we have an inalienable right to meet it with another. As a novelist, then, Bulwer is far more than respectable—although he has produced few novels equal and none superior to "Robinson Crusoe"—to one or two of Smollet's—to one or two of Fielding's—to Miss Burney's "Evelina"—to two or three of the Misses Porter's—to five or six of Miss Edgeworth's—to three or four of Godwin's—to the majority of Scott's—to one or two of D'Israeli's—to three or four of Dickens'—to the "Ellen Wareham" of Mrs. Sullivan, or to the "Ellen Middleton" of Lady Georgiana Fullerton. From the list of foreign novels we could readily select a hundred which he could neither have written nor conceived for his life. As a dramatist he deserves more credit, although he receives less. His "Richelieu," "Money," and "Duchesse

de la Valière," have done much in the way of opening the public eyes to the true value of what is superciliously termed "stage-effect" in the hands of one able to manage it. But if commendable at this point, his dramas fail egregiously at others: so that, upon the whole, he can be said to have written a good play only when we think of him in connexion with the still more contemptible "old-dramatist" imitators who are his contemporaries and friends. As historian he is sufficiently dignified, sufficiently ornate, and more than sufficiently self-sufficient and ill-informed. His "Athens" would have received an Etonian prize, and it has all the happy air of an Etonian prize essay revamped. His political pamphlets are very good as political pamphlets, and very disreputable as any thing else. His essays leave no doubt upon any body's mind that with the writer they have been essays indeed. His criticism is really beneath contempt. His moral philosophy is the most ridiculous of *all* the moral philosophies that ever have been imagined upon earth.

"The men of sense," says Helvetius, "those idols of the unthinking, are very far inferior to the men of passions. It is the strong passions which, rescuing us from Sloth, can alone impart to us that continuous and earnest attention necessary to great intellectual efforts."

When the Swiss philosopher here speaks of inferiority, he has reference to inferiority in worldly success. By his "men of sense," he intends indolent men of genius. And Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer is emphatically one of the "men of passions" contemplated in the apothegm. His passions, with opportunities, have alone made him what he is. Urged by a rabid ambition to do much, in doing nothing he would assuredly have proved himself an idiot. Something he has done. While aiming at Crichton, he has hit the target an inch or two above Harrison Ainsworth. Not to such intellects belong the honors of universality. His works bear about them the unmistakeable indications of mere talent—talent, we grant, of an unusual order, and nurtured to its extreme of development with a very tender and elaborate care. Nevertheless it is talent still. Genius it is not. And the proof is, that while we often fancy ourselves about to be enkindled beneath its influence, fairly enkindled we never are. That Bulwer is no poet, follows as a corollary from what has already been said. To speak of a poet without genius is merely to put forth a contradiction in terms.

In taking up Mr. Macleod's volume, of course we had no intention to be elaborate. We have nothing to prove or to disprove. The matter has been long since thoroughly settled to our hands by that strong popular instinct which, when absolutely untrammeled in its development, is as unerring as the sun. What few words we have farther to say it will be unnecessary to say otherwise than at random.

Beyond the obvious external form, there is really nothing distinctive between what Mr. Macleod calls the poetry of Bulwer, and what the world has agreed to understand as his prose. "The Ill-omened Marriage," which is the longest composition of the book before us, is only not exactly similar to any one of the author's novels, because no one of the latter has been done into very indifferent verse. In each we find the same intermingled merit and demerit—a language glowing and sonorous, but inflated and involute—a plot skillfully conceived, but wrought into development with artificiality rather than with art—a mannered epigrammatism of tone that has been termed "brilliant" for want of a more definite epithet—a general interjectional rhetoricianism such as we might imagine would have delighted Curran when drunk—an absolutely ludicrous array of metaphor run mad—and a continuous strain of didacticism, always obtrusive,

sometimes entertaining, often equivocal, now and then sophistical, frequently preposterous, but at no time failing to wear those habiliments of apparent profundity which were wont so cleverly to disguise the no-meaning of the nonsense-verses of Du Bartas.

In his rhythm—in his sole distinctive feature between his poetry and his prose—Bulwer's generally elaborate art seems to have abandoned or to have misguided him altogether. He has contented himself with the dryest and most insensate technicalities of the schools. Clearly, he has no capacity for the construction of true rhythm, and no ear for its appreciation when constructed. All is hard, stiff, pedantic, common-place, and artificial, without the *ars celare artem* which only the divine instinct of the true Genius can bestow.

It is by no means our intention to accuse Mr. Macleod of having undertaken a task above his powers, but on this topic (of rhythm) there are certain passages of his Introduction which have amazed us in no little degree. What, for example, are we to think of a paragraph such as this?

"In versification he is always happy—in some kinds peculiar, as in 'Mazarin,' 'Andre Chenier,' the 'Last Crusader,' and others. In these the music is stately and solemn; the music of a march."

On reading this we turned with some curiosity to "Mazarin" and "Andre Chenier." The versification in these poems is identical. We give a specimen from the latter:

And must I die so soon? sighed forth the young man unresigned,  
And leave this pleasant world before a name is left behind?  
I feel the glorious SOMETHING stir within my burning brain,  
That tells me what my life would be—a prophet and in vain!

The metre here would be called, in the ridiculous Greek prosodies, iambic heptameter acatalectic. In plain English it consists of seven feet, each foot being a short syllable succeeded by a long, and this is one of the very commonest metres in the world;—the iambic *rhythm*—that is to say, the mere succession of iambuses, is unquestionably the *most usual* of all. But the line employed by Bulwer in the present instance, if we add a single short syllable at the end, is identically that of the "Oh, Miss Bailey" ballad—of which we transcribe the first line:

A captain bold of Halifax who dwelt in country quarters.

Now Mr. Macleod maintains that "Miss Bailey" is *peculiar*; but if so the only peculiarity about her lies in her tripping and frisky character—the character universally and justly attributed to this metre in the prosodies. Mr. Macleod, however, not satisfied with having it "peculiar," insists upon making it "stately and solemn—the music of a march."

We might comment, perhaps, on some other *naisseries*, or at least on some other inadvertences of our compiler, and we might find much fault with many of the individual poems compiled, as well as designate among them a vast number of individual beauties that are truly poetical in themselves, although involved in a medley of mere prose. But in doing all this we should demonstrate only what has long ceased to need any demonstration.

We dismiss the volume, therefore, with a request which will *not* be complied with—that in any future edition Mr. Macleod will cut out his Introduction, and give us in place of it, the poems of Bulwer which have been, whether rightfully or wrongfully, have been omitted.

WHY A NATIONAL LITERATURE CANNOT FLOURISH IN THE UNITED STATES OF NORTH AMERICA. By Joseph Rocchietti. Turner & Hayden, 10 John street, 1845.

This is a very imposing title page, in more senses than one, for it is a gross imposition upon the reader, since the contents of the book do not offer any reasons why a National

Literature cannot flourish in the United States. A work on a purely literary subject should, at least, be tolerably grammatical, but this book sets all conventional rules of composition at defiance. It is not written in English at all, but in broken English, and very badly broken too. Mr. Rocchietti, according to his own statement, has been fourteen years in America, and during that time a teacher of languages. Such being the fact, his ignorance of English is very puzzling.

"Out of one hundred American ladies who learned modern languages of me," says Mr. Rocchietti, "I cannot reckon five gentlemen."

If Mr. Rocchietti had not assured us that he was an Italian we should have taken him for an Irishman, and as it is, we have doubts respecting his country. Notwithstanding there are many similar obscurities of expression in the book, it contains on the whole much wholesome counsel, which, if put in passable language, might do good. The author should have written it in his native tongue, and then procured a translation into English: in its present form it would be extremely difficult to render it in any spoken language.

Mr. Rocchietti is fond of eggs, and moreover, a marvellous thing in a foreigner, he defends the American practice of eating them out of tumblers, because he likes them in that way himself.

"It is a pity in seeing writers finding fault with nations, because they do eat with a knife and fork, or because they do not eat three eggs in a tumbler. Knives and forks are convenient, when the meat is hot; and I, who am fond of eggs, like to crack four eggs in a tumbler, provided the present sensible American does not care of the puerile English observation. Besides, if I am pleased in looking at the fine architecture of an Italian palace, I am pleased also in seeing that the small, modest and nearly uniform houses of the United States of North America, have the blessed appearance of a nation, whose richest citizens do not outshine the poor. What right has he, the man of talent, or the handsome man, to ridicule *he* who has no talent, or *he* who is deformed? He who ridicules a nation shows his perfect ignorance of nations. Can we find a nation without faults?"

We judge from the following remarks that among the other virtues of the Italians, is a very strict regard for the fifth commandment; Mr. Rocchietti is the first gentleman that we ever knew, who considered it an honor to have an acquaintance with his own mother. It is putting a very literal construction upon "honor thy father and mother."

"There are religious people in this world for whom, had I the mind of Voltaire, and obliged to live with them, I have no doubt they would have rendered me the most religious man: and among like blessed religious persons, my mother, and a few others I have the honor to be acquainted with, are of the number. But history, and the very fanaticism of the middle age, which we have witnessed lately in Philadelphia, are enough to make angels, and Sophy weep."

Our author is both a politician and a prophet, as appears from the following passages.

"How can such a despotical state as Massachusetts, preach abolition against his slave, brother states of the south, it is what a sound mind cannot understand; unless we perceive in it the blind, uncharitable language of the self pocket interest, with which the north holds the tariff, against the interests of the south. The burning of the convent of those innocent Ursulines, and the little knowledge I have of this country, caused me to foretell the last horrors of Philadelphia. It was not a prophecy; it was but a coming event, not different from those we read of in ancient history. If from smoke we argue it must be some fire; from fanaticism we must expect civil wars."

We keep looking in vain for some reason why a National Literature cannot flourish in the United States, but we find almost everything besides. Mr. Rocchietti is as much vexed with American tourists in Italy, as we with English travellers in America. He takes hold of Mr. Headley, whom he handles without mittens, for very good reasons, as he states.

"No nation has yet reached the civilization for which God created us. As the lover of a little discrimination sees better the faults of the lady whom he loves, than the faults of them he does not love, a man of letters, who has at heart the improvements of society, sees the faults of all the countries, with which he feels an interest. Of the blind lovers of my country, I will say here nothing more, than I would of those, who had no kind feeling for Italy. Besides there are so many, who wrote on Italy, that, were I undertaking to comment

on them, it would be a work too long for me, and unfit here. However, as such kind of writers form one of the most extensive branches of our present literature, I will take up "Italy and the Italians," by J. T. Headley, for two good reasons. The first, because I find in it, the least to say against, and the second, because it is the most recent I know of on the subject.

"How could Mr. Headley entitle his short reflections of six months which he spent in that country, "Italy and the Italians," I cannot understand. It seems to me, such a title is rather a too pompous one when we reflect at the same time, that Mr. Headley by this very confession, we learn, that he did not know, at that time, the Italian language.

"It was no more than one or two days had Mr. Headley stepped on a shore of Italy, Genoa, when he found himself offended by two individuals. The first was a mustached officer, who eyed him in askance as he passed; and the second, a black robed priest, not deigning him even a look, as he went. Here, I find the very logic of the wolf, disposed to eat the lamb at the water spring.—The officer offended the writer, because he looked at him; and the priest because he did not deign to look at him! Next, comes an elegantly drest woman, who, I suppose, having seen Mr. Headley offended, because the priest did not look at him, she lifted her quizzing glass, coolly scanning him from head to foot, and with a smile of self-satisfaction on her face, walked on.—For me I always like to see a lady looking at me: it is a sign of kind feeling, and innocence: and children not spoiled by too fond parents, look at strangers with like pleasing curiosity."

The following remarks on the study of the dead languages, we have no doubt are very good; the great difficulty is to understand them.

"Out of one hundred American ladies, who learned modern languages from me, I cannot reckon five gentlemen. I have no doubt there must be good professors of Greek, and Latin, as well as among any other nation in the world; but, a dead language will always be a dead language, even from the mouth of the best professor; and a Buscheron, the deceased professor of the Latin language in Turin, Italy, was one of those rare birds which does not appear on this earth, but during one thousand years, if it does: and when it does, such a bird, I mean such a professor, might be unable to impart his Latin to others."

We are glad to find an encouraging account of our Theatres, which appear to have been a particular object of study with Mr. Rocchietti.

"Ten years ago the theatres in America were thought immoral places: and if Niblo's theatre was frequented by the best class, it was for no other reason, but because it did pass under Niblo's garden. Though every year the American theatre is gaining ground, and as it seems, time will bring it to the consideration which it deserves, it is still in a state of infancy to what it should be; and it is just because it is in a bad repute, that talented American writers did not yet display their genius in such a rich branch of literature.

"Good theatres are so necessary to a civilized country, and such an indispensable branch of literature, that when I met in America persons who did object to them, it seemed as if I had come into a barbarous country, and not in this very country, which can glory to possess the best government of our present century throughout the world."

In the following passage Mr. Rocchietti echoes a thought which we have expressed elsewhere; it will appear heterodox to many, no doubt, but it contains more truth, than, at first blush will appear evident.

"If the English Theatre has not yet reached the Italian or French perfection, it is owing to a national religious veneration for everything written by Shakspeare; and when the English critic will not be awed by the great Shakspeare, and, really Shakspeare is great, I do not see why the English Theatre will not be as good as any."

The only part of the book which has any pertinence to the subject on which it professes to treat, is a short chapter on International Copyright, wherein we find the main principles of the question simply set forth. We have read Mr. Rocchietti's book on account of its title, which has a very taking look; but the first page of it is enough to show that he has no qualifications for the very serious labor which he has undertaken. If we were disposed to be merry over a well-meant performance, we could pick out fun enough from its pages to fill up our paper.

#### AMERICAN ILLUSTRATED BOOKS.

HARPER'S ILLUMINATED AND NEW PICTORIAL BIBLE, Nos. 1 to 17.

VERY great expectations were excited by the announcement of this edition of the Bible, which the first number, with its pink title-page, and red and yellow cover, rather tended to increase in the minds of the multitude; but any one with the

slightest knowledge of art, could have foreseen from the cover alone, that the prodigious sensation which it had begun to cause, would very soon subside into a dead quiet. The first number contained about twice the quantity of illustrations that any of its successors has done; but these were not given with a view to entice the public to take hold of the initial number, of course, because the publishers, being men of unimpeachable honor, and the Bible a work in which professedly religious merchants would not dare to practice deception for the sake of profit, such a thought cannot be entertained; and if the shadow of so foul a suspicion should have crossed the mind of any of our readers, we hope that they will immediately dispel it by illuminating their minds with the torch of charity. We have looked with very great care through the entire work, as far as it has been published, with the expectation of meeting with the "illuminated" parts of it, but have not discovered the smallest trace of any thing that can be called by that name. Here, again, we must caution our readers not to impute any blame to the publishers, since it is very clear that they would never have used the term if they had understood its meaning. The term "new pictorial" is also of doubtful meaning, since it cannot be supposed to apply to the Bible itself, and the oldness of some of the pictures equally forbids its application to the illustrations which it contains. But the whole title, taken together, may, perhaps, elucidate the meaning of its separate members. "Harper's Illuminated and New Pictorial Bible," sounds something clearer. It may be old to somebody else, but it is new to Harper. We think that this must be the solution. So in regard to the "illuminated," which may not be illuminated to another person, but is to Harper. We have been thus particular with the title, because we have heard frequent discussions as to its meaning, which, we hope, we have helped to make understood.

It is greatly to be deplored, that in an undertaking like this, where so much was promised, so much money expended, and so fine a chance afforded to promote the cause of art in this country, that more has not been done. The Bible is too vast a work to be illustrated by one hand alone, not only because its subjects are too various to be grasped by one mind, but because the designs of the same hand, often repeated, must at last grow monotonous and wearisome. A publisher has an undoubted right, as well as another man, to do what he likes with his own; and if the Harpers chose to employ one artist to make a thousand designs instead of dividing so great an amount of patronage among other members of the profession of equal talent, they had a right to do so; an inalienable right secured to them by law, which is not the case with all inalienable rights, as a large portion of our people can attest. But still, we repeat, that when any considerable amount of patronage is to be bestowed upon the fine arts in this country, it should, for the sake of art, be as equally distributed as possible, for it is with patronage, as with manure, a great heap of it will produce nothing better than mushrooms, but when scattered over the earth it will bring forth wheat.

We do not know who designed the ornaments on the cover of this work, and we are glad that we do not; we hope that no American did it, for it is the most utterly destitute of artistic merit, of any ornamental drawing that we have ever seen; infinitely better designs for such a purpose might have been selected from a case of shilling calicoes. It is simply meaningless, and destitute of grace. The same may be said of the borders which surround the large engravings in the Bible, adding that two of them are paltry, and one hideous. The same borders with the same emblems, grapes and grotesques,

surround all sorts of subjects, without any regard to harmony of expression. The designs enclosed in these borders are all wretched; there is not a tolerable one among them, and the engraving, if possible, is worse than the drawing. We are left entirely in the dark as to the producer of these illuminations, but we cannot believe that they are stolen, or rather borrowed, for two reasons: first, we are not willing to believe that the publishers would sanction such a thing; and second, we do not believe that such bad designs could have been found elsewhere.

The vignette on the first page, to which we find Chapman's name attached, is a very pretty illustration, both in drawing and cutting; it reflects credit on both Mr. Chapman and Mr. Adams. Some of the large vignettes at the heads of chapters are also very good; but we fear that the greater part of them are reproductions, for we see no artist's name attached to them, and they are not of a character which any of our painters would be likely to disown. The little drawings, which are evidently all by Chapman, are most of them exceedingly well done; some of them have a good deal of truth and sweetness. We recognise a good many old acquaintances in one form and another among them, but considering the great number, more than three hundred, they have more originality and character than we had a right to expect. Mr. Chapman shows to better advantage everywhere than on canvass; he makes dreadful work with his colors, but in drawings like these, he possesses, undeniably, a good deal of available talent. It is a kind, too, that many artists of equal and greater pretensions, often lack.

The initial letters, a very important feature in illustrated books, are all as poor as they can possibly be; meagre, feeble, and paltry. They show an utter incapacity for art in the designers, which is mortifying when exhibited in a work of this magnitude, which we must believe is an example of the best that can be done in art amongst us.

The publishers of this Bible had it in their power to do four things.

First: to give an impetus to art in the United States, by employing the best artists in the country to furnish original designs for the work.

Second: to gain the lasting gratitude of their country, by producing an illustrated book which they could point to with a just pride as a monument of the perfection of art among them.

Third: to immortalize themselves.

Fourth: to make a handsome addition to their fortunes.

The last they may do with the present edition, but it could have been done to a greater extent, and the other things accomplished too, by the same outlay which this will cost.

These seventeen numbers contain four hundred and thirty-seven engravings; too many by half. One quarter of the number at one half the cost would be twice as valuable. But one or two good designs, well executed, in each number, from different artists, would be much more satisfactory. One good drawing would be worth the whole four hundred and thirty-seven which the work now contains, and would be more highly prized by the country, and be more profitable to the publishers in the end.

While every country in Europe is putting forth illustrated works of a national character, in the highest reach of art, we have yet done nothing in the same way of which we have any right to boast. But the genius is among us to do great things if it only had an opportunity to exert itself.

In all that relates to the getting up of this Bible, the work reflects great credit on the publishers. The type is very clear and neat; the ink of an exceedingly brilliant jet black, and

the paper of a superior quality. Our remarks about the illustrations are such as we feel ourselves bound to make. It is a work that we could not let pass in silence, and we could not slobber it over with the unmeaning praise of those who feel themselves bound to say something kind in return for a presentation copy.

After writing the foregoing remarks, we accidentally discovered on the back cover of one of the numbers the publishers' advertisement, by which we learn that Mr. Chapman is the designer of the initial letters, the ornamented borders, the shapeless scrawls on the covers, and fourteen hundred out of sixteen hundred designs with which the entire work is to be illustrated. Our strictures were written without any knowledge of these facts, and we shall not, therefore, qualify what we have written. But we feel ourselves bound to repeat, that the ornamental borders betray an entire absence of any knowledge of the first principles of design in that department of art. It is a branch of the fine arts which has received but little attention in this country, but it is one of great importance to our national prosperity; since a very great part of our manufactured goods derive one half or more of their value from the mere art of the ornamentalist. With all our boasting of American genius, we have not yet been able to design a pattern for a cap ribbon. Now, if such things are worth having at all, they are worth producing, but this we can never do, unless a great genius like Raffaelle or Cellini appear among us, or we establish schools for the education of artists, like France and England. We are not a little surprised to see such designs as these in "Harper's Bible" coming from the hands of a member of our National Academy. It would be unjust to our artists, to compare their drawings in this department of art which has been so little cultivated among us, with the productions which emanate from the French and English schools of design; but we surely have a right to expect an evidence of a right aim, let the execution be what it may, in the works of the members of so pretending an institution as that of our National Academy. If our artists do not imbibe correct principles, they can never accomplish anything, let the manipulating skill be ever so great. In all that an artist attempts to do, he must seek to imitate nature. Nothing can be accomplished if this be forgotten. But we are compelled to believe, that the "Harpers' Bible" artist holds such a principle in high contempt. Whoever looks at the monstrosities that he has huddled together around the borders of many of the designs in that work, will see that he turned his back upon Nature, and she turned hers upon him.

#### THE NAVY.

MR. EDITOR.—The fourth number of the "Broadway Journal," (January 25th,) commences with some remarks on "Hints on the Reorganization of the Navy," a pamphlet published by Wiley & Putnam. Agreeing with you in the motto, "Truth, whether in or out of fashion, is the measure of knowledge," and also believing you possess sufficient interest in its subject to look at the pamphlet again, you will not regard this communication either as uncivil or officious. To me it seems the author and reviewer agree in opinion, generally, with this simple difference, the author strives at what he conceives to be the foundation of the evils encompassing the common sailors in the Navy, by first calling attention to the relative position of civil officers in the Navy, showing that chaplains, surgeons, purasers, &c., require some protection by having their rights defined. If a commanding officer so far forgets his dignity, as to curse a surgeon, or chaplain, or purser, "in loud tones on the quarter-deck," it is not very curious, if he should also curse others under his command, or otherwise maltreat them. It is vain to expect any improvement in the condition of the sailors, who are generally without sufficient education to plead before the nation for themselves, while those who are universally admitted

to be their superiors in knowledge and standing in all situations in life, plead in vain to have their rights recognized, and to be protected from aggression or tyranny while serving in the Navy.

The reviewer has not said fairly, that the author "does not appear to know that there are such things as sailors on board of our national ships." The following hints from the pamphlet, (page 47,) are indicative of the author's feelings towards the sailors.

"The Queen's regulations are not limited to the officers in the Navy, but define the position and rights of all, from the smallest boy in the ship to the admiral of the fleet. Means have been taken to improve the condition of seamen. Books and schoolmasters are supplied, and laudable efforts seem to be making for increasing their knowledge. There is nothing in the nature of our naval service to forbid us the imitation of the example; on the contrary, *it is in accordance with the broad principle of obtaining the greatest good for the greatest number.*"

No man who did not regard the condition of sailors, would give as broad a hint as that. The inference is, that notwithstanding our boast of equality of rights, democracy, &c., the sailors of the Queen are better looked after than in our own Navy. The rights of *all*, officers, sailors, and all, are defined in the English Navy, and the author suggests that we should take the hint. Again:

"It is in vain to hope for the general improvement of any community, while one or two classes exclusively enjoy legal protection, and all the other classes belonging to it, are left at the mercy of the few possessing power and authority, undefined by law or regulation. There are wide-spread grievances *among the majority of persons* serving in the Navy. Many remain silent through fear of personal interest; a few have complained, and the complaints of others will naturally, though slowly, follow; and it is pleasant to believe, that in time *all* will obtain redress. A separate act will redress a separate grievance; and as a result of partial legislation, the statute-book of the Navy will present a collection of conflicting laws, unless certain fundamental principles be laid down for the gradual reorganization of the Navy."

Again, page 48:

"The precedence and rank of all classes separately, should be clearly pointed out, and the rights and privileges of all, from the side-boy to the admiral, should be equally respected, and the interests of all protected. The result would be happiness, harmony and efficiency every where, from the forecastle to the cabin."

On page 49, there is a hint for devising the plan or scheme for getting rid of the defects in the present organization of the Navy. It seems to be worth consideration.

The above extracts serve to show that the author of the "Hints" does know something about poor Jack, and has thought of him, as well as others. He seems to urge a strict requirement of ability from all, to discharge properly the duties of the Navy, in all its branches; he asks:

"Is it certain that every man who has passed his examination for a lieutenant's commission, can be entrusted in charge of a watch at sea, night or day?" (Page 56.)

The reviewer answers:

"We happened once to witness an instance where the commander of one of our national vessels would not allow one of his lieutenants to have charge of a watch in the night time, because he was afraid to trust the ship in his keeping."

There is a communication in the New York Courier and Enquirer, of January 28th, evidently written by a lieutenant in the Navy, scouting the idea that any but those who now wear epaulettes, are entitled to any consideration. The bare supposition that a surgeon, chaplain, purser, or physician, can be brought up alongside of a lieutenant, and compared with him, to be fitted for rights, seems to be sickening, and to compare a physician who has been twenty years in the Navy, and possibly fifty in the world, with a commander, is overwhelming, and not to be borne.

To illustrate this point, let me ask, whether a common, friendless sailor is likely to meet much favor at the hands of officers, who, taking advantage of their situation on ship-board, and declaring that none ought to be protected but themselves, would feel themselves privileged to deny all rights and consideration to such men as Dr. Mott, or Dr. Doane, and be offended if a comparison were made between them. Yet were he in the Navy, Dr. Mott would not be thought worthy of being compared with a commander in the Navy; in other words, the sea-officers would consider it an outrageous presumption, even to propose to assimilate Dr. Mott in rank with a commander, were he of the Navy. Such is the inference from the communication referred to above.

The pamphlet is worth looking at again. If you will examine the pay proposed, you will find, I think, it is a very

considerable reduction of the present salaries in very many instances.  
TRUTH.

[We give place to the above communication with a good deal of pleasure; if we misunderstood the author of the pamphlet on the re-organization of the Navy, we regret it, and will very cheerfully correct our mistake. The subject is one of too great importance to be treated lightly, and perhaps, the only way in which any reform can be effected in any department of the government, is by beginning with one offence at a time. We shall recur to the subject again.—ED.]

## The Fine Arts.

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

NO. 1.

BY WILLIAM PAGE.

[We give the first number of a series of articles on a subject which is always of interest among painters. The manifest ability of the writer, and the originality and boldness of his views, must gain for these articles the consideration to which they are entitled, from the profession. To the mere amateur they will be of high interest, as setting before him very plainly, correct principles in an Art which few understand, and all pretend to a knowledge of. We think that any one who reads the initial number will be satisfied of the writer's ability, and will look for the other papers of the series with eager anticipation. Many eminent painters have spent their whole lives in trying to learn the art of using color; and even now there is no settled principle among artists, but each is left to make his own discoveries. Every picture that Sir Joshua Reynolds painted, was an experiment, and he died after a life-time of labor, still in apprenticeship.—ED.]

IMITATION I understand to be the means whereby in Art the effects of Nature are imitated, or reproduced, and the more nearly the means used correspond with, or are analogous to those used by nature in the production of her effects, the nearer will be the impression made on the eye by such artistic result to that made by the real object in nature itself.

Sir Joshua Reynolds declares that Gerard Douw, with his high finishing, was a closer imitator of nature than Raphael. This is false, or, to say the least, calculated to mislead the understanding. In the imitation of the minutiae of the merely external portions of inanimate objects, he no doubt was, for this is what he saw most clearly before him. But to say that Raphael did not also find in nature what he wished to represent, viz. beauty of form and exalted harmonious expression, would be to my mind a palpable absurdity. These he saw in nature, and transferred to his works; and though the judgment of the world has left but little doubt which is to be preferred, it is still less doubtful that they equally proceeded on the principle of the "immediate imitation of nature,"—each expressing to the best of his abilities that of which he had the clearest perception—as did Titian and Correggio in color and chiaro-scuro, they having a keener relish for these qualities, than for expression or form.

Then who will pretend to say, that Raphael would not have been exalted to a higher pitch of excellence by the addition of the minute exactness of Gerard Douw, the color of Titian, or the clare obscure of Correggio, if these could have been superadded to his own, if you will, higher possessions, without displacing any of his already attained excellencies. And that such a thing might be, needs only eyes to see that in nature herself all this, and more, is accomplished; there the minuteness that puts Douw's best efforts to shame, and causes Titian's color to pale at the comparison, and the light and dark of Correggio to look heavy and dull, lie side by side with a diviner exaltation of expression than ever Raphael could dream, and add to its force and truth.

In Sculpture we have an illustration. The busts of our countryman, Hiram Powers, which have all the breadth of the finest antique heads, and a minuteness of finish in all the details unknown to that gifted people the Greeks, and still

more so to modern nations, without disturbing either breadth of form or expression, shall yet make the world wonder that such things should have been done in our midst, and never a cry of a miracle, a miracle!

It may here be well, to a clearer understanding of the subject, to observe, that in Sculpture the means used are fully adequate to the end to be produced—being, with a perfectly pliant substance, wet clay, to imitate or reproduce the form of any natural object, giving only one body for a like form of body in another substance. Which will at once show the wide difference between these two imitative arts, when we consider that in Painting the flat surface must appear rotund, or otherwise the form of the thing to be imitated, where the form is not, but only the appearance; to say nothing of the light, dark, and color, necessary to give those other innumerable qualities demanded in a picture. And this brings us to the means used in the latter art to convey impressions as of natural objects, more particularly color.

Now there are but three primitive colors used by the Creator to adorn and beautify this all-beautiful world of his creation, viz.: Red, Yellow, and Blue. Yet these three,—to which all tints, hues, and variations are to be traced, together with Light and Dark, so imperfectly represented in painting by White and Black—are all the feeble means we have, with our own short sight, to compete with that infinite variety of nature which has been the love and admiration of all mankind from the beginning. It will then seem evident, that *economy* with these slender means must be of the last importance; and that he who uses these most ingeniously and with the least outlay of them, so that he produces the desired effect, and has most power in reserve, will be the truest artist.

If white and black are the extreme limits of our scope with which we must represent, if at all, that infinite stretch in nature between her intensest ray of light, and that outer darkness where no light is—for after we have used our utmost skill to make the surface of our canvas, or the plane on which we produce our picture, as dark as pigments will make it, it will cast a shadow in noon-day darker than itself; and so when our brilliant white has been exhausted in imitating light, a little diamond would blaze upon its surface. This being so, may well teach us how limited is our power to cope with the Infinite, and, that humility and the following humbly, afar off, in Art, as in Religion, the Almighty leading makes us most like what we would most wish to be.

Now to bring these indefinite extremes of nature within our own range of mental vision, let us suppose them divided into five degrees, equally removed from each other, the first being light, and the last perfect darkness; but though this simple division will answer our purpose for illustration in writing, the artist must make an almost infinite subdivision in his practice. Then suppose in like manner the painter's representatives of light and darkness, so divided into a like number of degrees, so that the medium or third degree in the scale is equally removed from each extreme in either case, will not this give us the nearest approach that we can get in art, to the medium or third degree in nature in the scale which we have indicated above? If so, let us fix this in our minds as the centre whence all analysis begins. We shall hereafter have occasion to refer to this more particularly.

The painting of human flesh has always been considered the best test of the powers of a colorist; and the human face may well be considered as the highest test, as the well-known focus (so to speak) of expression. Goethe has well said in his "Theory of Colors," that here nature seems to have exhausted all her resources, having so used all the pri-

primitive colors, and so interwoven and combined them, that we scarce know which predominate, (I quote from memory) and, he might have added, that all other known qualities, too, present themselves to our eyes here, or rather evade our search and strive to hide themselves from our observation, as any painter who has tried to represent them, well knows.

Although one of these abovenamed primitive colors—blue, has been found to exist in nature, in the case of the blue sky, as the product of light over dark, (that is, the darkness of space beyond, seen by us through the light of the atmosphere of earth, producing, as darkness seen through light always does, the blueness;) and has on this account been rejected by some as a primitive color; yet as it cannot be resolved back again to the other two primitives, or be produced by any known combination of these, we must occupy it.

I should wish to call this color of the sky an accidental color, in contradistinction to the local color of the violet, or any other blue thing where the color cannot be separated from the substance, but is always a part of it.

Now it will be clearly seen, that if we had the pigments capable of representing perfect light and perfect dark, we should very readily produce a complete resemblance to this color of the sky, by making a ground of perfect darkness, and when this was dry, so as not to mix these extremes, or the pigments representing them, passing over it a layer of perfect light, so as to allow that dark to appear through as in the reality.

This accidental blue is not alone produced by the atmosphere, but is also to be found in the blue veins, where it is likewise nothing more than the darker masses of blood covered by, and seen through, not only the light coating of the veins, but the skin, and the light resting on the surface of the flesh; so that I have often known it produced in painting without the use of any blue pigment, only indeed by drawing the lines of dark red where the veins were to be represented, and then passing over these a light corresponding to the light color of the skin and coating of the veins; the veins appearing more or less blue, as the red color under had been darker or lighter.

Indeed, to show that this method, so far as it can be used, is the only way in which these or other like effects in nature can be truly represented, is the object for which I now undertake to write, and I trust I shall be able to demonstrate it clearly enough; at least to make more obvious to the mind of some wavering searcher after truth, the necessity of a devoted adherence to that *reason* by which alone any thing can be done worthy the name of Art.

Not that I would discard that higher quality which sometimes soars beyond the reach of reason, called by so many names and so little known—inspiration or genius; but that so far as I have yet learned, the highest geniuses have been found the truest advocates of, and the most indebted to this faculty, of any other class of men—and that they have never used any other means than simple reason for the attainment of that which simple reason can teach. When we have scaled the summit of this pyramid, we shall do right, perhaps, to unfold our wings and make an essay at the moon;—but until we have used all the stepping stones that she presents, we had best keep our wings to ourselves, and out of sight, lest by a too violent fluttering of their half fledged pinions in the vain effort to fly whilst so near the surface of the earth, and before we well know how to crawl, we measure our own short length in the dust, or at least, throw it into other's eyes, a thing which has been too often done of late to need a repetition.

But to return to the imitation of flesh. Now in imitating

the appearance of this human substance, we are first to ask how nature has arranged her material, that is colors, to produce it, knowing, that like causes will produce like effects, and that “Art is *formation*, as nature is.”

When we look at flesh we see *into* it—that is, the vision penetrates below the surface and sees what, if the surface were perfectly impervious to the vision, could not be seen at all, the red blood far beneath or under the skin. If then we wish to imitate this quality of flesh, it will be very apparent that the truest way in which to do it will be to paint our red color on our canvas at first, as the basis of the flesh, to be afterwards more or less obscure, as the blood approaches nearer to, or is farther removed from the surface. And again, this flesh is sufficiently transparent to be penetrated by the natural light which illuminates it, making the red color more or less apparent, as more or less light falls upon or into it, for we see more of the peculiar properties or qualities of flesh beneath than on the surface.

This source of light is not from within the flesh itself—outward, but from without, penetrating inwards; it would of course illuminate most brilliantly the parts nearest itself, that is, the outside of the flesh, or skin, and fade as it penetrates deeper and deeper into the body, losing itself at a certain depth in total darkness.

It must then follow from the facts, that to come nearest to the representation of these qualities, the flesh to be painted should not only be begun red, but darker than it is intended to remain when finished.

Red color has the peculiar property of retaining its hue more fully through all the gradations down towards darkness than any other of the primitive colors, as in the deeper shades of either yellow or blue, they seem as it were to lose their identity, so that they cannot be discerned as color when illuminated by the small amount of light necessary to make the red perfectly apparent. This if rightly understood will explain the well known fact that a red color seen in day light side by side with a blue of an apparently equal depth, shows itself much darker in comparison when seen at twilight, and is consequently rendered, by all good engravers in their copy of a picture when this color occurs, darker than the color itself appears to ordinary eyes. So that we see nature here, is as wise in the use of this color, as the basis of the color of flesh, as we always find her to be when we search her meaning out; for had any other of the primitive colors than red been used for the color of the blood, it could not have been seen in such deep shadow as that in which the human blood circulates.

If there be any yellow in a complexion to be imitated, it must of course occur nearer the surface than the red, and consequently the red be seen through it, and so must it be painted over the red, and not mixed with it.

But as in the finest complexions, there is least yellow according to the poets, who have ever admired the white and red. If we take a pigment most resembling in color and its degree of transparency, and opacity, the skin, and pass over the already represented blood color, every where obscuring that as it is obscured in nature, where it never comes fully to the surface of the flesh, but is always seen *through* that surface, we shall have the unity of color as well as the quality of the blood seen through the skin, which is one of the most prominent characteristics of flesh.

Thus far have we treated the local qualities of flesh quite generally, but to a more thorough understanding of the subject, it must be considered in connection with those peculiar modifications of light which nature presents in such endless variety.

We must be indulged a little farther in these general remarks before we can descend effectually to their more practical application.

#### A NEW DISCOVERY IN ART.

We gave an extract in our second number, from the London Art Union, announcing a new discovery in the Art of Copying Engravings, which promised something really astounding. Since then we have received a copy of the engraving produced by the newly invented process, which may be seen at our office, 153 Broadway. The following account of this marvellous invention we take from the January number of the Art-Union of London. It is a subject of vast importance which interests, not artists and amateurs alone, but the whole civilised world.

In this age of wonders it is, at all events, a consolation to know that matter is not endowed with intellectual power—that machinery cannot think; for imagination may scarcely limit the boundaries to which science may attain, or calculate the extent to which the work of man's hand will do the work of man. We do not, at the present moment, design to speculate upon the ultimate result of accumulated marvels, to which every day seems to add at least one; we are not called upon to say whether we would or would not arrest—for instance—the progress of an invention which at first sight, seems to threaten ruin to a very numerous and important class of the community; we cannot stay its onward course if we would. With reference to this branch of our subject, we shall only say, by way of introduction, that whatever shall tend to make cheap—that is to say, accessible to the many—good ART and good LITERATURE, is a boon to mankind; an advantage to society at large, although it may prejudice—as all innovations inevitably do—existing interests. We shall be called upon to consider this topic at greater length; at present let it suffice that, if the invention we are about to notice will fully accomplish that which is assumed, the engraving *must be first produced*; the mind must have been exercised before the mechanic can be employed. We are, we verily believe, on the eve of other inventions—capable of no inference so satisfactory. It will be our duty to announce and describe them ere long.

The new process by which engravings may be multiplied *ad infinitum*, we have now to consider. All we know of it may be briefly told. Some months ago we stated that “a discovery had been made, by which, in a few days, a large and elaborate line engraving might be so accurately copied that there should be no perceptible difference between the original and the copy; that an engraving on steel or copper might be produced from an impression of the print—the original plate never having been seen by the copyist; and that such a plate should be warranted to yield from 10,000 to 20,000 impressions. We stated, also, that it was stated to us, that the producer would undertake to supply a Bank of England note so exactly copied that the person who signed and issued it should not be able to swear which was the original and which the copy.”

Farther we may add, that the inventor—an Englishman—is an engraver by profession. He has produced our example under serious disadvantages—being in ill health, having had to work in dark frosty weather, and having been far too much hurried by us, in consequence of our desire to issue our copies with our January part. Moreover, the steel was not prepared expressly for the purpose, and was by no means fortunate for work.

*We have no doubt whatever that, under more auspicious circumstances the inventor may produce a plate so exactly resembling the original proof that there shall be no perceptible difference between the two even to the practised eye; and that he may achieve this work within eight days.*

And we think that all who examine this example fairly will be of our opinion.

This is all we know about the matter. We subjected the invention to the severest test—by selecting a subject so accessible that any person who will take the trouble to do so may compare the original with the copy.

It would be idle to attempt to solve this mystery; the inventor has taken out no patent, neither can he do so, insomuch as, if he do, any unprincipled person may at once adopt it—with little probability of being able to prove that his process has been the medium by which the print has been produced.

It is not very likely that such a secret can be very long retained; it will no doubt be soon universally known, and extensively acted upon. If as perfect as it may be—as we verily do believe it will be—there is no knowing to what extensive changes in legislation it may conduce; for if any printed or written document can be forged with so much ease and certainty as to defy detection, the consequences may be more appalling than we care to anticipate.

The Art-Union also contains a hint of another wonderful discovery in the art of reproduction, called “Anastatic printing,” which is not of equal importance with the other, but is quite as marvellous.

“It is the reproduction of any engraving or lithograph, in an unlimited quantity, in an inconceivably brief space of time. Any journal for instance, say the *Times*, might in twenty minutes be prepared for reprinting merely from a single number, and worked off with the ordinary rapidity of the steam-press. It is our purpose fully to describe in the next number of the Art-Union, the process whereby this is effected, and to show the admirable applicability of the invention to all those kinds of croquis drawings, sketches, &c. &c., which have hitherto been presented to the public eye as wood-engravings—by giving as a specimen a page of drawings by distinguished artists printed in this manner. The proprietors are scarcely yet prepared to work their patent on an extensive scale as they contemplate. We have, however, seen a set of drawings, fresh from the hands of the artists, prepared for printing, and printed off in little more than a quarter of an hour! In less than a quarter of an hour from the time of receiving the sketch the printer will present to the artist proofs of his work, which shall resemble the original as perfectly as if it had been reflected on paper touch for touch.”

There is an English artist now in this country, who pretends to be in possession of the secret of the process of copying engravings, as detailed above; in fact, he pretends to be the inventor or discoverer of the method. We speak of his pretensions, for we have no evidence of the truth of his statement. But the secret cannot long remain a secret, if it be of any importance to the welfare of the world. Nature makes no exclusive endowments. It is not a little remarkable that no important discovery has ever been made, without several persons laying claim to the right of it. As the steam-engine, the electric fluid in clouds, the Daguerreotype, the electrotype, and many others. In the case of the electrotype, the claims of the two discoverers were thoroughly examined by a competent body, and priority of invention awarded, without detracting from the honorable character of either claimant. If all disputes of a similar nature could be as fairly determined, it would save the world much unprofitable wrangling.

“Early in the year 1838, Mr. Thomas Spencer, an eminent picture-frame maker in Liverpool, and an intelligent cultivator of science for its own sake, was led to observe points of similarity, almost amounting to identity, between chemical and electrical forces: his inquiries on the subject led him to institute a long series of ingenious experiments, in the course of which he found that under certain circumstances of galvanic action, a solution of sulphate of copper could be dissolved, and that the copper thus separated from the acid might be atomically deposited on another copper plate, where it would form a new layer of copper, exhibiting a perfect facsimile of the original plate in the most minute particulars. This discovery received the name of the electrotype, and it was hailed as a most valuable means of multiplying medals, copperplates, and raised ornaments. Some months after Spencer's publication of his discovery, Professor Jacobi, of St. Petersburg, obtained the same results at which the English inventor had previously arrived, and forthwith claimed for himself the exclusive merit of the discovery. When the British Association for the promotion of Science met in Glasgow, Spencer and Jacobi appeared before the Chemical Section, where their rival claims were discussed with great earnestness and attention. The prejudices of the scientific body were in favor of Jacobi: he was an eminent professor, having known rank and position in the scientific world; he belonged to the same order as the majority of his judges, and they naturally felt some interest in the maintenance of his fame. On the other hand, men of science felt that there was something derogatory to their order, in the fact that an important discovery, making revelations which escaped the cognizance and even the suspicions of professional chemists, should be assigned to a simple tradesman of Liverpool, whose name was now heard of for the first time beyond the precincts of his limited locality. Nor was this prejudice confined to the professional philosophers. We were present at the meeting, and took some interest in the matter. We know that the feelings generally were against Spencer, until he produced such overwhelming evidence that Jacobi himself was left without the power of reply. The decision of the Chemical Section was, that both gentlemen had independently arrived at the same result, but that the priority of invention was undoubtedly Spencer's.”

VALENTINES.—Mr. Coleman has got the prettiest collection of Valentines that we have ever seen; some of them are very brilliantly illuminated with all manner of ingenious devices, and would make suitable presents for all seasons. It is equal to a show to look through his assortment of lace edged papers; it is the greatest glorification of Cupid that we ever met with; out of sight more gorgeous and taking than George Cruikshank's “Triumph of Cupid,” which we thought the greatest triumph of the little rogue. In addition to the Valentines, we hear Mr. Coleman has an Artist, from the Herald's Office, we believe, who emblazons to order, in a very beautiful style, verses or designs, in gold and crimson.

## THE BISHOP.

The case of the Bishop is one with which the public have no business, for although he is in a certain sense a public character, yet it is but a very small part of the public who should have been allowed to know anything of the charges which caused his suspension from the sacred office which he had filled so long. As to his guilt or innocence we have no opinion to express; but as to the propriety of infesting the community with the highly objectionable details of his trial, we think that there can be no difference of opinion. He was legally tried according to the Canons of his own sect, and all that the public had any need of knowing about the matter, was the verdict of his judges. If they, knowing the Bishop and his accusers thoroughly, were not competent to decide upon his case, the public who can know but little of either, surely are not. It is altogether an unhappy affair, and every body concerned in it, in any shape, is a subject of compassion, rather than ridicule or censure. If the Bishop had been tried for an ecclesiastical offence, we should never have heard of a bench of Bishops running about from one bookseller to another bargaining for the copy-right of the trial. But it was the taint of uncleanness which gave popularity to the trial, and caused it to be hawked about the streets like the dying speech of a murderer; as it was the virulence and personal abuse in the Carey trials, and the Potts and Wainright controversies, which caused them to monopolize for nine days the talk of the town.



### A SUSPENDED BISHOP.

We give an illustration of the Bishop's case from a very sincere desire to avoid any committal on the subject. The bishop appears here "suspended." Dr. Seabury and the six Bishops who believed him innocent of the charges laid at his door, will say that the dragon on whose back he rides is the foul spirit of Detraction by which he is suspended; while the eleven and his enemies will call it the unclean monster that instigated him to his misdeeds, and now keeps him suspended from his church. The old man rides securely in a serene atmosphere, and whether he go up or down, we wish him well.

## Original Poetry.

## THE TWO PATHS.

Aye, they in plodding on so steadily  
Did gain a heap of gold,  
While I, who hurried on so merrily,  
Gained brighter wealth ten-fold.

A wealth of thought and cheerfulness  
The coining of the soul,  
And more than all, a hope to bless,  
With promise fill'd my bowl.

They ride in princely chariot proud,  
By blooded coursers drawn,—  
They feast in stately halls the crowd  
Of friends in lace and lawn.

My carriage is the wide-winged thought,  
By fancy wheeled above,—  
My home the world-wide space unbought,  
My feast the feast of love.

They labored on till life was waning  
To live above all strife,—  
I lived the whole, the present gaining,  
And with me *cherish'd life*.

We copy the following poem from the American Review, the new Whig Magazine, on account of its unusual beauty. It will have been read by many of our city subscribers, we have no doubt, before it reaches them in our columns, but there are others to whom it will be as welcome as it is new.

Mr. Willis copies it into the Mirror with the following remarks. "In our opinion it is the most effective single example of fugitive poetry ever published in this country; and unsurpassed in English poetry for subtle conception, masterly ingenuity of versification and consistent sustaining of imaginative lift. It is one of those 'dainties bred in a book,' which we feed on. It will stick to the memory of everybody who reads it."

## THE RAVEN.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,  
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,  
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,  
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.  
"Tis some visiter," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door—  
Only this, and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,  
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.  
Eagerly I wished the morrow;—vainly I had tried to borrow  
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore—  
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore—  
Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain  
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before  
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating  
"Tis some visiter entreating entrance at my chamber door—  
Some late visiter entreating entrance at my chamber door;—  
This it is, and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,  
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;  
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,  
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,  
That I scarce was sure I heard you"—here I opened wide the door;  
Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing,  
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;  
But the silence was unbroken, and the darkness gave no token,  
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, "Lenore!"  
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word, "Lenore!"  
Merely this and nothing more.

Then into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,  
Soon I heard again a tapping somewhat louder than before.  
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window lattice;  
Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore—  
Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery explore;—  
'Tis the wind and nothing more!"

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,  
In there stepped a stately raven of the saintly days of yore;  
Not the least obeisance made he; not an instant stopped or stayed he;  
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door—  
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door—  
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,  
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,  
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no craven,  
Ghastly grim and ancient raven wandering from the Nightly shore—  
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore!"  
Quoth the raven "Nevermore."

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,  
Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore;  
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being  
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door—  
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,  
With such name as "Nevermore."

But the raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only  
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.  
Nothing farther then he uttered—not a feather then he fluttered—  
Till I scarcely more than muttered "Other friends have flown before—  
On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my hopes have flown before.  
Then the bird said "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,  
"Doubtless" said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store  
Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful Disaster  
Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one burden bore—  
Till the dirges of his Hope the melancholy burden bore  
Of "Nevermore"—of "Nevermore."

But the raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,  
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird, and bust and door;  
Then upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking  
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—  
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore  
Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing  
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;  
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining  
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamplight gloated o'er,  
But whose velvet violet lining with the lamplight gloating o'er,  
She shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer  
Swung by angels whose faint foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor.  
"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—by these angels he hath sent  
thee  
Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!  
Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe and forget this lost Lenore!"  
Quoth the raven "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!—  
Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,  
Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—  
On this home by Horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore—  
Is there—is there balm in Gilead—tell me—tell me, I implore!"  
Quoth the raven "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil—prophet still, if bird or devil!  
By that Heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore—  
Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Aidenn,  
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore—  
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore."  
Quoth the raven "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked, upstarting—  
"Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore!  
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!  
Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door!  
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"  
Quoth the raven "Nevermore."

And the raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting  
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;  
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon that is dreaming,  
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;  
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor  
Shall be lifted—nevermore!

## CHRONOLOGY.

BY R. H. SCHOOLCROT.

THE original tribe of the Phœnicians believed that their ancestors were grasshoppers, and came out of the ground. The Persians believed that Zoroaster lived twenty years in the wilderness on one cheese, which never grew old, and that he was purified in flames of fire, which fell from the skies. The Ahouandates or Wyandots, believed that their ancestors, and indeed all the Indian tribes, crept out of the ground, as men, not grasshoppers, at a certain mountain. The Oneidas have put a little more imagination into the same idea, and boldly proclaim that they sprang out of a rock complete men, club in hand. Now, one of these theories is, historically, just as good as another, with this qualification, that if there be any preference, on the score of thought, it is in favor of the red men of our continent.

The Monatons, or as we have the word, Manhattanese, may have looked back as far as Adam, for aught that is on record, for their origin, but all that we know of these traditions on this point is, that they were of the Mohegan stock—a sub-type of that great Algonquin family, who spread, under various names, and modification of dialect, from the farthest southern limits of Virginia to the gulf of St. Lawrence. Local names have much bewildered and befogged writers, but philology teaches us a lesson on this subject which is easily read. Were old Powhattan and his kinsfolk alive, they might tell us the claims *they* had to originality of type and sovereignty, and if they had as much self-complacency as most nations, there is but little doubt that their old grey-headed chroniclers would have made out a strong plea for the red sons of the "Ancient Dominion." They went, however, to their graves, without the inquiry being made, so far as we know.

The next people, in point of position, following the sweep of the gulf stream north, who have claims to such a pre-eminence, and who have asserted these claims, are the Lenne Lenapes, of Pennsylvania, who, with their closely affiliated bands, the Nanticoes of Maryland and eastern Virginia, and the Minci of New Jersey and the west banks of the Hudson, spread their lodges over all this part of the Atlantic coast. A river is often a national boundary, across which wars are conducted, and it was so with the MOHEGAN, the CHATINUC, or as we call it, the HUDSON RIVER. This stream separated the Mohegans from their affiliated tribe the Minci, whom, by the way, they thought it no disparagement to their lineage, to fight and plunder whenever they deemed it best. Their relationship to the Minci, and through them to the Lenapes, or Delawares, they nevertheless freely acknowledged. They told the Moravians these things, and as this benevolent brotherhood were better christians than they were philologists of ethnographers, and believed, moreover, on indisputed authority, that all mankind were brothers, they found no difficulty in reporting the Manhattanese to be veritable Delawares, although they were actually two removes, by tribal affinity, from the Lenape type.

The Manhattanese cared nothing about these questions. Neither is there any evidence that they gave much heed to missionary instruction of any kind. They admired Holland gin and Dutch manufactured tobacco, much more than Dutch theology—the latter of which was, however, sound. If Hans Megolipensis, and the Reverend Mr. Pyrlaus were alive, there is no doubt but they would affirm this position. Certain it is, that the Manhattanese fought the nations east, west and north all around them; sung their war songs, trapped beaver, worshipped *whom they would worship*, and died.

They had their villages at CAPSEE, and WARPOES, and NANTONK, and many other places, now covered by the great city, where they feasted, and danced, and sung. If any one was sick they raised a high pole before the priest's or juggler's door, upon which they hoisted offerings of animals and other things, to the gods of the air. As they were idolators, and not sure, a long time together, which of their numerous gods was the *strongest*, this was the inquiry—they were constantly in doubt on this point, and it is no wonder, on philosophical principles, that where their divinity was so infinitely multiplied, there should be very little power in any single god. Generally the sick person died, while these ceremonies were in process, and he was buried very near the village. In this way, the dead, in the course of long years, were strewed throughout the island, and it may, without exaggeration, be added, that the city has its foundations on Indian bones. Whether this be the cause that there is so much evil in it, and so strong an inclination to worship the devil, in sundry classes, high and low, we must leave to nice observers of cause and effect, moral and physical, to settle.

It is true, observes the reader, you told us that the Manhattans were Mohegans, but who, pray, were the Mohegans, and what was their particular lineage and origin? This inquiry also, we may endeavor, in due time, to answer.

## THE CONCERT ROOM.

THE EUTERPEAN SOCIETY.—This Society, venerable in its age, though youthful in its spirit, gave its Annual Concert and Ball at Niblo's Saloon, on Wednesday the 29th ult.

The programme was excellent as usual, consisting mostly of instrumental pieces. Three overtures were played—the Felhsen Muelhe, Macon and La Sirene; the two last by Auber. A septette by Hummel, and three instrumental solos performed by Messrs. Rapetti, Ribas, and Ensyn.

The Septette by Hummel was undoubtedly the best performance of the evening. Mr. Timm, on the piano, executed his portion exquisitely, and Mr. Boucher, (violoncello) is justly entitled to the same praise. The other parts were well sustained, and the Amateurs deserve much commendation for the careful way in which they played their several portions. The overtures were ably led by Dr. Quin, and we must do the Amateur and professional gentlemen concerned the justice to say, that his efforts were, by them, most warmly seconded.

Miss Northall is a very young singer, and has very much to learn before she can take her stand as a public performer. Her education has been but indifferently attended to; she has contracted a very vicious style, which, if not speedily corrected, will ruin her prospects forever. She has been lavishly and injudiciously lauded by our friends of the Mirror, whose good nature, and total absence of musical critical acumen, will naturally lead them into puffing anybody, and unless real and judicious friends can be found, to tell her some wholesome, but bitter truths, she will quietly sink from before the public, as too many have done before her. We shall take that necessary but unpleasant duty upon ourselves, when we next have the opportunity of hearing her.

One word about our friend the leader, before we close the notice of this excellent society. Doctor Quin, a highly talented and eminent physician, Homeopathic, has for many years been the life, soul, and almost body of the Euterpean Society. He is one of the very few amateurs of music whose enthusiasm is real, earnest and unaffected. His mind highly educated and refined, has carried him far beyond the trivialities which delight the ordinary amateur. Music has been to

him, like his profession, a study. The old masters are as familiar to him as Latin, Greek, German, and French. He has studied their beauties and feels them knowingly. We have the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with him, and can therefore speak confidently upon the subject. We cordially congratulate the Euterpean Society upon the possession of such a leader, and we feel assured that while he continues with them the cause for which the society was established will never want an able and earnest advocate.

MISS BRAMSON'S CONCERT.—This very clever young lady gave a concert at the Tabernacle on the 30th ult. She was assisted by her sister, a mere child of some six or seven years of age, a Mr. Napoleon Knight, a Mr. Rosbach, Signor Rapetti, and a skeleton band.

It is a singular fact, and one which shows the perversity of human nature, that the public appreciation of an artist, rarely comes up to his own appreciation or that of his friends. How often do we see the Tabernacle taken by artists who firmly and modestly believe that the public will, or ought, to rush in crowds to fill it, but how seldom do we see the public fulfil the expectation of the artist. Concert-givers are hard to convince—they will not learn by the experience of others: they see failure upon failure, but they attribute them in every instance to the want of that particular attraction which they believe themselves to possess in the highest degree. If Mr. Bramson had been content with the Apollo Saloon, or the Minerva Rooms, the audience would nearly have filled either, and he would have been money in pocket.

Miss Bramson is a very excellent pianist, she has a light elastic touch, a flexible wrist, good execution, and for one so young, she exhibits much taste and expression. She ought to be withdrawn from the public, and her education should be attended to with the greatest care; her mind should be directed to a higher school than that of Herz and Czerny; a succession of the preludes of Old Sebastian Bach or Cramer, should be interspersed with Mozart, Hummel, Weber, Beethoven, and a host of other great and classical Piano Forte writers. Teachers but too often begin at the wrong end, making the light, easy, and frivolous works, the grand course, while the classical works sometimes are added, but only as entrees. This is altogether wrong.

Miss Bramson the less, plays as well as a child of five or six years can be expected to play.

Mr. Napoleon Knight is a failure. Had Napoleon never ventured into Russia, in all human probability, he would have remained unconquered still; and by parity of reasoning, had Mr. Napoleon Knight remained in England, his reputation would be now as great as ever (!!) We do not appreciate his peculiarities; want of correct intonation, vulgarity of pronunciation, and coarseness of style, are looked upon by us as faults, though they may be considered beauties in the region whence he comes.

Signor Rapetti did as much as could be expected with the incompetent band under his direction.

#### VARIETIES.

#### THE CURSE OF CRITICISM.

MALICE often makes the pretence of criticism the convenience of circulating her detractions; but honest criticism has no more evil in it than the scalpel of the surgeon. Doubtless much harm is done by malicious spirits who assume the office of the critic to gratify their propensities for inflicting pain. Such "imps of fame" have brought discredit upon the honorable and necessary office which malicious men, above all

others, are least qualified to fill, let their pretensions be what they may.

We do not remember of ever meeting with a sadder account of the wrongs inflicted by malicious criticism than that contained in a statement of the death of an artist in Paris, the last month, by suicide.

Samuele Jesi was an Italian engraver, who undertook twenty years ago to make a line engraving of the portraits of Leo the Tenth and the Cardinals de Medici and de Rossi, from a painting by Raffaelle in the Pitti Palace at Florence. For twenty years this work was his sole care and hope, he gave his life literally to his plate, and when it was finished he entrusted the publication of it to the celebrated print sellers, Messrs. Goupil and Vibert. After so long a period of patient labor, and utter exhaustion of resources, it may readily be believed that the result was a matter of harrowing anxiety to the devoted artist. The engraving is represented as the first of its class, a pure line engraving, and so treated that every object and material in the composition are represented with a most appropriate feeling. But competition among artists in Paris is very great, and criticism proportionally keen. It appears that in some quarters an ungenerous feeling was shown towards the work of Signor Jesi, which so affected him that he put an end to his existence by shattering his skull against the marble chimney piece of his sleeping room.

He was the pupil and friend of Rafaelle Morghen, and his early works are said to resemble, in a striking manner, those of his master.

#### A NEW WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

MR. ROBERT KERR has published a large lithographic print of a design for a Washington Monument, which is much less objectionable than that of Mr. Pollard's, as a work of art; but which has the same incongruous principle of uniting in one structure, a house and a monument; two things so entirely unlike, that they can never be made to harmonize together. Mr. Kerr says, that the "principle of utility" has been kept in view in making his design. But his idea of utility differs essentially from our own. The utility of a house consists of its habitability; the utility of a monument consists of its monumental completeness; when its perfectness as a monument is destroyed, its utility is destroyed, even though it be made a house of refuge for the homeless.

"Such a structure cannot be a small one," says Mr. Kerr; but small and large are mere relative terms; his own structure is to be 220 feet high, which Mr. Pollard would consider very small, for it is only half the altitude of his design. The true size for a monument of a hero is the life size; there is no greatness in mere expansion of dimensions. The Greeks erected colossal statues in honor of the victor in one battle, but the conqueror of three was represented of a life size, which is the true standard of dignity. A glance at the monster Washington, by Greenough, in the capitol, will satisfy any body how much the human form loses in dignity of expression by exaggeration.

Mr. Kerr's monument shows infinitely more invention than Mr. Pollard's, but we do not think it worth while to survey in detail a work which is grossly wrong in principle. We do not object to it because it is not classical, but because it is not perfect in itself. It seems to be but little more than three choragic monuments set on top of each other, and made habitable. The choragic monuments, though the largest among the Greeks, were of the lowest order; and the use of any structure resembling them, for such a purpose as a monument

in honor of Washington, would always have a be-littling effect upon the feelings, even though it were as vast as St. Peter's. The only description of monument in honor of Washington, which can be devised, that will not outrage good feeling, must represent him either in his own majestic proportions, or else, by some figure symbolical of his greatness, in which simplicity and truth, united with grace of execution, will create the feeling of veneration, which mere magnitude can never do.

### THE SNOW.

**THE SNOW-STORM OF TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY.**—This is the grand event of the season. We have not had such an avalanche of snow since the winter of 1836. After a season of unexampled mildness, just as the days were getting longer, and the sun hotter, and every body had given up all hopes of a sleigh-ride, there comes upon us such a fall of snow flakes, as we shall rarely witness. The streets, for two days, have been nearly impassable, but such is the exciting effect of snow, that many people were out for the fun of it, who could not be tempted out by fine weather. We have not heard so much hearty laughter for a year, as we heard in the streets yesterday. Men would get almost smothered in attempting to cross the street, and boys had the finest sport conceivable, in throwing snow-balls at each other; added to all, was the merry jingle of the sleigh-bells, which are always stirring to the blood. We would not exchange one good old-fashioned snow storm, like this that has just visited us, for a twelve-month in the tropics. But amid all the hearty merriment, caused by the falling snow, the shouting voices of boisterous apprentices, and muffled-up omnibus drivers, we could not keep our thoughts from the poor sailors on the coast, and the poor women and children in our cellars. God help them all. Perhaps there were some good monks, like the brothers of St. Bernard, out yesterday in the snow-drifts, seeking, with baskets of provender and bundles of flannel, for the feeble folk who were overtaken by the storm; we hope so! The wind howled frightfully through the Park trees in the evening, and towards morning, a disastrous fire broke out in the Tribune Buildings, and heightened somewhat the desolate grandeur of the whole scene. It was worth looking at. Such a combination of sublime elements is not often witnessed; a hurricane, a snow-storm, and a conflagration. It was a subject for Cole.

But a snow-storm is nothing in the city. It is one of the delights of the country. While the snow lasts it is a high holiday. All labor partakes of the character of an amusement; bells jingle, horses sweat, neighbors visit, boys are kept from school, turkeys are killed, cider is drank, something hot is always at hand, fiddlers find full employment, parties are made, dinners are given, balls are got up in a hurry, darkies grin with delight (poor things) to see others so happy, and every thing is jollity and merriment.

### THE MAGAZINES.

THERE are two kinds of Magazines, those that appear on the first of the month, and those that appear in the middle of it. The first are the five dollar ones without illustrations, the others the three dollar ones with them. Instead of illustrations, perhaps it were safer to say pictures; and again, instead of pictures, it would be safer still to say engravings. There is still another point of difference between the Magazines. One kind are printed in Philadelphia and the other in New York. Nothing higher than three dollars in the shape of a Magazine, has ever thriven in Philadelphia; nothing lower than five dollars has ever done well in New York. We have thus, we believe, given the distinguishing features of the two species of the Magazines.

We might distinguish them still farther, as: the three dollar species have pinkish colored covers, fifty leaved, and are of both sexes; while the five dollar species are generally males, have a hundred leaves, and are bluish or brown covered. In other respects the points of difference are not very marked. The three Magazines now before us are of the five dollar kind.

**THE KNICKERBOCKER** comes first, being the oldest Magazine alive, and entitled, as a matter of course, to precedence. The number for this month contains the customary variety of papers, among which is the fourth paper of a series on Cuba, which contains much valuable and interesting information regarding that Island. The Editor's Table, which has a marked idiosyncrasy, has the customary set out of pleasant dishes, among which every taste is sure to find something to its liking.

**THE DEMOCRATIC REVIEW** is embellished with a very truthful looking portrait of Auguste Davezac, which is itself illustrated by what the writer calls, "a very brief sketch of the skeleton of Major Davezac's Life." This brief sketch of the skeleton of the Major's Life is altogether a work of supererogation. The portrait itself tells the whole story. We have never seen a better summary of a character than that made by the lines of the Major's portrait. Were it not for the concluding passage of the "Sketch of the Skeleton of Major Davezac's Life," we should think that he wrote it himself. But it appears to be the work of one who has been in the "same legislative councils" with the Major.

"In regard to his political character," says the writer of the "Sketch of the Skeleton," "we can testify from intimate intercourse in the same legislative councils, as well as much other political association, that he is one of the *most thoroughly ingrained* Democrats we have ever known. It is not only a thought in his head, but a deep rooted feeling in his heart. And as the English Queen said that the name *Calais* would be found visibly impressed upon her head after her death, so do we almost believe that Democracy may be found stamped on that of our venerable friend; unless, indeed, that of Andrew Jackson should have monopolized the whole surface of the Organ—a point of no great importance, synonymous as the latter may almost be regarded as being for the former."

We regard this brief sketch as the most remarkable piece of writing that we have ever encountered in any Magazine, whether three dollar or five dollar. The Democratic contains several fine papers, embodying much wholesome thought and many aids to reflection. The article on Army Organization manifests considerable learning on a subject which is happily falling into disrepute every day. The "first eight days in England" by Judge Carleton of New Orleans, evinces much more good will than discrimination. The Judge had no need to go to Manchester to see little children with naked feet in mid winter. Our own streets are full of such sights, and more mud than can be found in any city in Europe. There are all sorts of ways of attracting attention in a Coffee House. Mr. Weed informed us in his letters from Dublin, that he made quite a sensation one morning by calling out to the waiters to take away the silver fork they had brought him, and give him a steel one in its place. Judge Carleton, finding himself in the Coffee-room of a Liverpool hotel, where nobody seemed disposed to notice him, determined to arrest the attention of somebody; and adopted the following ingenious expedient.

"Opposite to me," says the Judge, "sat a stout gentleman whose abstraction announced that silence was not to be broken. He seemed unconscious of my presence; nevertheless I resolved to unlock his frozen speech. But how?—I studied my part, and throwing down my knife, I exclaimed, 'At last I have seen that beautiful, that unspeakably beautiful England! I studied its geography when a boy, its history when a man, and the half had not been told me!'" Such an exclamation as this in a room where gentlemen were quietly eating their breakfast, gained the Judge the attention which he coveted, as a matter of course.

The article on Pascal; Mr. Tuckerman's Essay on Bryant's poetry; and the characteristic story of South-Western Life, by the writer who calls himself C. Wilkins Eimi, are well worth reading.

**THE AMERICAN REVIEW** for this month is a decided improvement upon the first number. It contains many pleasant articles, and a poem by Mr. Poe, which is not ascribed to that gentleman, for what reason we are at a loss to conceive, for it is a piece of verse which the best of our poets would hardly wish to disown. The prefatory remarks of the Editor are rather mystifying, and seem to tend to the disparagement of the poem as *principally* recommended by its versification.—

"The Literary Prospects of 1845," is a very agreeable and genial paper by Mr. Duyckinck, who is one of those rare men that devote their time and abundance to the cultivation of letters, not as a means

of dissipating time and procuring a refined enjoyment, but as the means of doing good to others, and promoting social reform. The Review of Alison's History by Mr. Headley, is long and able, but too much in the *massacrante* style for the dignity of a review. It would be difficult to account for the popularity of Alison's History in this country, were it not that we make it a point to read everything that is popular in England; and that it is a passion with the English to read everything that is called history. "Words" by E. P. Whipple, is a very bright and sparkling essay. The article on Post Office reform, must be a commendable paper, since it advocates reform of some kind; but we widely differ with the writer in regard to the opening idea of his essay. "Of all the manifold devices supplied by the ingenuity of man to promote the progress of civilization, a National Post Office stands in the foremost ranks of importance." Now we think that the very reverse is the truth. A National Post Office which puts a curb upon individual enterprise, is not only a drag upon civilization, but it will continue to be, what it has long been, one of the most prolific sources of political corruption in our system. Any modification of our present Post Office laws cannot be otherwise than beneficial; but any alterations short of abolishing the system entirely, will always leave something to be reformed. The American Review was established with the professed design of counteracting the influences of the Democratic Review, and it seems to be admirably adapted to that end. We have never seen two works so nearly alike. Extract from each the mere partisan slang which marks their political essays, and it would be difficult to decide which was which.

#### LITERARY NOTICES.

THE TREASURY OF HISTORY, No. 2. Price 25 cents. Daniel Adey, 107 Fulton street.

A work of great value at a very low price. As a book of historical reference it will be indispensable in a library. We are happy to perceive that this edition of Mauder's Encyclopædia of History is to be enriched by a History of America, by John Inman.

A CHAUNT OF LIFE AND OTHER POEMS, with Sketches and Essays, by Ralph Hoyt, in Six Parts. Part 1. 1844.

There is too little material in this delicate volume to base an opinion of the author's poetic ability upon. The poems are but five short pieces of verse, besides the Chaunt—the Sketches and Essays do not appear. The author says that "these compositions appear in compliance with the wishes of many of the writer's friends." We cannot conceive of a better reason for publishing a volume of poems, or one better calculated to disarm criticism. The embellishments of Mr. Hoyt's modest volume are rather an injury to it.

CATLIN'S NEW WORK. North American Indian Portfolio, containing Hunting Scenes, Amusements, Scenery and Costume of the Indians of the Rocky Mountains and Prairies of America, a series of 25 magnificent lithographic plates, printed in tints by Day & Hage, accompanied by full and interesting letter press descriptions. Half bound morocco, price £5 5s. Or with the plates beautifully colored in the style of Drawings, mounted on tinted cards, enveloped in a handsome portfolio, price £10 10s. Henry G. Bohn, York street, Covent Garden.

ROME AS SEEN BY A NEW YORKER IN 1843-4. New York and London: Wiley and Putnam. 1845.

It would be idle to look for any thing new in a book professing to give the observations of a looker-on in Rome, even though he is a New Yorker, and we are not disappointed therefore upon inspecting the work before us; but if we find nothing new in its pages, we find nothing that is objectionable, saving a few remarks on classic Art, wherein the author appears to make some very common mistakes about ideality and actuality. In other respects the book is a very agreeable one, and perhaps fully equal to its pretensions. In external appearance it is one of the neatest specimens of book-making that we have encountered since we began to look into books, with the special design to discern their defects and merits. The author's name is not given, but it is understood to be from the pen of Mr. W. M. Gillespie, whose letters in the Tribune, a year or two since, were very generally admired.

THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF BARON MUNCHAUSEN. New York: Farmer and Daggars, 30 Ann street.

We have not met the Baron before for many a long year, and we welcome him back to us now, as we would any other old friend who had delighted us in our youth. We have often wondered that some of our publishers did not re-introduce the marvellous story-teller to the present generation of wonder-loving boys.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE, for January. Republished by Leonard Scott & Co., 112 Fulton street.

The present number contains a paper from Christopher North, on Coleridge, very much in the manner of his early essays, which gained him his great renown.

THE SOUTHERN QUARTERLY REVIEW. No 13. January, 1845. Charleston.

It is a matter of surprise that a work of this character should not be more extensively known. The proprietor seems to have no particular ambition to give it a circulation north of the Potomac; for we cannot find that he has any agents for the sale of it in any of the northern cities, excepting Boston. Being a New-Englander and a resident of S. Carolina, it is very natural that Boston and Charleston should form his two points *d'appui*. Southern Reviews not being articles of prime necessity, like rice and turpentine, will not be sought after with the same perseverance that those commodities are by northern speculators. If the South would have us take her literary productions she must send them to us. The only food that the north has ever sought at the South is food for the body. These remarks must not be taken unfairly; we only mean what we say, and have no thought of disparaging the work before us, which strikes us as being equal in most points to the North American.

It is a genuine quarterly Review, modelled after the recognized standards, which it seems ambitious of equaling, not excelling. It is a form of literature that has never succeeded well in this country, and we doubt whether it be calculated to meet the requirements of our people. Some of the articles in the present number of the Southern Quarterly are apparently able, and one of them, a Review of Mrs. Gray's History of Etruria, by George Frederick Holmes, is learned, but too ambitiously smart. The longest and most imposing article, on Education in Europe, is from the pen of the editor, Mr. Whitaker.

#### MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

Madame Pico is in Boston. She was engaged to sing at the Philharmonic Society, and intends, we understand, to give several Concerts on her own account. It is also rumored that after giving Concerts in various places, Madame Pico, with Sanquirico, Valtellina and others, will perform at the Italian Opera, Chiara di Rosenberg, Cenerentola, &c. &c.

It is reported that Madame Valtellina will be the Prima Donna at the Opera House with Pico. The season to commence in a week or two.

It is also rumored that Signora Amalia Ricci will appear at the Opera shortly in one of Donizetti's operas.

The Seguins are playing with distinguished success at Charleston. Miss Moss is with them, and performs the character of the Queen in the Bohemian Girl.

Mr. George Loder's Concert takes place on the 22d inst. Mendelschon's splendid composition, the *Lobgesang*, or Hymn of Praise, is to be performed, for the first time in this country. The solo parts are to be sung by Mrs. E. Loder, Miss Watson, Signor Antognini. The chorus will be sustained by the members of the New York Vocal Society, with others; and the instrumental part by the principal members of the Philharmonic Society. It will be a fine performance in every respect. There will be a miscellaneous act in which many popular singers will appear.

The new grand Opera House is at present but an air built house, and if promises are not resolved into action, so it will remain. We hear of many offering to take shares to a large amount, but nothing we believe is as yet definitely settled.

We understand that the New York Harmonist Quartette Club propose to give a series of Concerts in a week or two.

#### BITS OF NEWS.

Longfellow's Poets and Poetry of Europe will be published in about six weeks.

Carey and Hart have in press a new work of native humor by the author of Major Jones's Courtship, which will be illustrated by Darley of Philadelphia. The same publishers will soon issue a genuine Southwestern book, rich in adventure and humor, such as are encountered by voyagers down the Mississippi; the author is a Kentuckian. We shall give due notice of its appearance.

Mr. Petre, the British Consul in Philadelphia, a gentleman hardly more distinguished for his fine social qualities than for his profound

and almost universal acquaintance with the classic authors, has ready for the press the "Poets and Poetry of Greece and Rome."

*A New Edition of Carlyle.*—Carey and Hart have in press, a complete edition of the Critical and Miscellaneous Writings of Thomas Carlyle, with a Preface by Ralph Waldo Emerson. This is to be published for the author's benefit.

Powers, the sculptor, has nearly finished a work for a distinguished gentleman in Philadelphia, which is said by good critics in Italy very much to surpass his Eve.

The Harpers will publish, in a few days, a new edition of Halleck's Poems, which will contain, it is said, some pieces never before published.

Leutze is engaged on the greatest of all his pictures, the Landing of the Norsemen in America. One of the most celebrated of the living sculptors of Germany, in writing to a gentleman in Philadelphia in regard to Leutze, relates, that several eminent artists and men of letters from Denmark were in his studio, and looked with expressive silence on his unfinished picture some time, and when they turned away, exclaimed simultaneously, "It breathes the very spirit of our Sagas!"

**TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.**—There are a good many enquiries as to the success of our undertaking, for which we are extremely grateful. Many of our good friends, we are informed, are waiting to see whether we succeed before they lend us their aid. Excellent friends! The world is full of such, and every prosperous undertaking is sure of their support. They are always ready to go on a second voyage of discovery when everything has been discovered. They are always the first in at every death. They monopolize all the fat offices under Government, let what party be in power that will. They always wait to see whether a thing will succeed, before they will lend the light of their countenance to it. They are the patrons of genius, after genius has overcome its first difficulties. They know nothing of the early streaks of morning, but are sure to be up with the sun. We have a great respect for the entire class, because they are so numerous; they are in fact the majority, out of whose sixpences we expect to make our profits; we therefore hasten to assure them that our success is complete, beyond the possibility of a contingency; if they aid us they will have the pleasant feeling, so grateful to the class, of knowing that they aid those who can afford to do without their assistance. Of course they will now send along their subscriptions, and request their friends to subscribe too; when they write anything good they will, of course, send it to us, and instead of requesting pay, will give us something for inserting their brilliant effusions in our columns. To the opposite of this class, those who generously gave us a push at the outset, with no other motive than a desire to help us forward, we return our sincere thanks, and hope that we may not disappoint their expectations. It is our misfortune that people will insist on making comparisons between our Journal and the London weekly papers; such as the *Athenaeum*, the *Literary Gazette*, and *The Spectator*. It would be idle to attempt a rivalry with these long established and costly journals. We have not a tithe of the materials in New York to compose a weekly magazine of the character of the *Athenaeum*. We have neither learned societies, new books, nor works of art to comment upon. We have neither buyers nor readers to depend upon; and above all, we have hardly any of the same class of advertisers that exist in London. There, the weekly press is almost entirely supported by publishers, here publishers advertise only in daily journals. Furthermore our paper contains nearly as much reading as the *Literary Gazette*, and is sold at one third the price of that paper. But with all these disadvantages, which we were wide-awake to before we began our Journal, the way opens before us; and we have little doubt of permanent success. Many readers complain that our paper is not scrappy enough; but nothing is more easy than to fill our columns with shreds and patches; with all manner of cold bits like a beggar's wallet; but it is our ambition to do something better. A beggar who had never been used to anything but discarded crusts and cast off garments, would of course have an uncomfortable feeling if seated before an untouched sirloin; he would miss the refuse of the table which his appetite had become inured to. This is the exact case with our weekly magazine readers, they have been so long accustomed to stale reading and little scrappy bits of news which they had seen elsewhere, that they cannot at once accustom themselves to a well considered article of moderate length, which they had never seen before. One of our principal objects was to establish a journal which could be depended upon for an expression of honest opinion, whether it were able or not; and this point we mean to keep constantly in view; let our statements be worth what they may, they shall be honest.

There are a good many people who have been saying the last year or two, that a work, something like ours, was needed, and if established, would be supported; we expect that all such will lend us their aid, and when they see that we are well under way they can either withdraw their support, or claim to be put upon the list of eleemosynary subscribers. We have found more difficulty than we had anticipated, in securing a certain kind of reporting, which we mean to secure as soon as we can find it, which will add greater value to our columns. The engravings of new buildings have been delayed, too, because we have not found the kind of talent which we think it necessary to employ. But it is among us, and we mean to bring it out.

We have in the hands of an artist a portrait of a distinguished prose writer, which we hope to give in our next number accompanied by an essay on his genius.

The communication from E. G. S. of Hartford, has by some accident been misplaced. It will appear as soon as we can lay our hands upon it.

The paper by "E. S." "B. H." "H. F. B." and "Also" have been received.

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