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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.

A COURSE OF ENGLISH READING, adapted to every taste and capacity, with Anecdotes of Men of Genius. By the Rev. James Pycroft, B.A., with additions by J. G. Coggswell. New York, Wiley & Putnam, 1845.

"Miss JANE C.," says Mr. Pycroft, in his preface, "divided her in-door hours into three parts: the house-keeping and dinner-ordering cares of life, claimed one part; hearing two younger sisters say their lessons, a second part; and during the third, and most delightful remainder, she would lock herself up in her bed-room, and move on the marker of Russell's 'Modern Europe,' at the rate of never less than fifteen pages an hour, and sometimes more."

It was to cure this unfortunate person of her strange mania, that Mr. Pycroft composed the book which we have before us. He tells us that the remedy worked well, and the lady was cured of her disorder. But it strikes our mind that a course of medical treatment would have been the safer experiment in such a case. Mr. Pycroft, however, knew his patient, and it appears that he prescribed wisely; but as such cases must be exceedingly rare, we do not discover any very good reason for his publishing his remedy, for so peculiar a disease. The disease, fortunately has never reached this country, to our knowledge, excepting of the type Henry Russell, which was quite a different complaint.

Mr. Coggswell has added a preface to the present edition, as well as an appendix, in which the work is highly commended, and being a scholar of extensive and varied book-knowledge, his opinion upon such a subject, must not be lightly regarded. But, to make use of a refined vulgarism, our own view of the work must be taken from our own point of observation, we cannot pretend to view it from the same altitude with the learned editor.

The utmost that can be done in such an attempt as this of Mr. Pycroft's, is to recommend such books as have come under one's own observation; and as any one man's observation of general knowledge, must be extremely limited, when compared with the necessities of the human mind, and his ability to judge critically of the fitness of a work to meet the cravings of particular classes, still narrower; it is very clear that his labors will be of little benefit to any but those whose necessities are the same as his own. The few words of wisdom to be written on the subject of general reading might be inscribed on your thumb nail. *Read only such works as give you pleasure.* This, it is true, is the burthen of our author's instructions; but it is so overlaid with gossip of one kind and another, that the novice who reads the book for information, will be very likely to miss it entirely. His ideas of the worth of historical writings are very admirable, but his recommendations of particular works are of no worth. Hume, Smollett, Keightly, Robertson, and Gibbon, are his staples, and they probably form the staples of the majority in this country, who flatter themselves that they are studying history, when they are poring over the wordy pages of these writers. The great defect of the book is the lack of general principles, in the

place of which we have particular instructions. But there is much sound sense distributed through the work, which appears to less advantage for want of a proper arrangement. There are many pious mothers, who would sooner see their sons wasting their time in listless idleness, or engaged in entertaining their guests at an evening party with the most wearisome of small talk, than in reading a novel, though it were Caleb Williams, or the Golden Ass of Apuleius. But, Mr. Pycroft says with truth:

"The lowest order of intellectual is preferable to mere physical resources. A book containing but little good, has kept many a youth from company productive of positive evil. The excitement and gross immorality of even the worst class of the old fashioned novels is a less pernicious stimulant than lounging night after night with a cigar to the billiard-room. Not long since, I heard a father say: If I could only see my boy reading Tom Thumb, I should be happy; that would be a beginning; but he avoids a book as if it had the plague. The habit of seeking amusement with books, is so truly valuable in conducting to limit the sphere of youthful temptations, that a parent does wisely, if he encourages it at almost any cost. Children should be taught that books are as natural a source of fun as tops and balls."

How differently do our fathers and merchants generally reason in regard to young men placed under their care. It is almost an universal prejudice among merchants, that books are unbecoming to business men. In a very large wholesale dry goods establishment, in this city, the principal of which was a rigidly pious man, whenever one of the clerks was discovered with a book in his hand, in an interval of business, he was immediately sent on some idle errand, or some unnecessary work as a punishment. Clerks who employ their leisure hours in study, very rarely, if ever, become defaulters. But the greatest number of these unfortunates have either been the gay and dashing, who seek for amusement in theatres and ball-rooms, or the sternly pious, whose source of excitement has been found in religious assemblies.

"In paying so much deference to the excitement class of readers, I only act on the principle that if we wish to keep a child quiet, we must give him such toys as he is in humor to play with. Children are found of all ages; and, as Aristotle says, 'whether young in years, or young in character, matters not for my argument' for doubtless, in his day, as in ours, children often attained to the so-called years of discretion without being able to run alone. I say, then, those of youthful taste and mind must be indulged in their own way, and gradually led on, by timely encouragement, and the influence of superior minds, to mingle works of valuable information with those of more thrilling interest. But, after all, let the taste of youth be what it may, it is better that they should read after their own way, than not at all."

Mr. Pycroft's "plan" for studying any particular subject is very good, but the "course" of study recommended by him, must be objectionable, because he reasons from his own tastes, while he recommends that others should follow theirs.

"And for the study of History, which I will consider under the following divisions:

HISTORY, { MODERN, { of Great Britain;
of the Continent, Colonies, and
of India, America;
of Rome;
ANCIENT, { of Greece;
of the Egyptians, Persians, &c.

"Divide and conquer, that is, choose one department and master it, and you will have accomplished, in point of time and labor, much more than a sixth part of the whole. You would do well to read the lists of books in all these departments, before you decide. For your decision should be deemed irrevocable, otherwise you will be continually changing, in a vain hope of escaping difficulties which really attach to all."

This is the main principle of the plan in every department of study, to divide off, and master a portion at a time, and not attempt to grasp an entire study at once. A very judicious,

and obviously necessary course, such as would naturally be followed by any student who had a serious wish to become tolerably well acquainted with any department of learning.

The part of the book which relates to the translation of the classics is well entitled to consideration. He candidly and honestly admits that it is better to read Plutarch and Xenophon, &c., in the English translations, than in the original, for the reason that they can be comprehended with greater ease and mastered in less time.

"With a little reflection, all must allow, that when a critical knowledge of the text, and an accurate recollection of the matter of sixteen, or more, Latin and Greek books are required, very little time can remain for reading the many works which are so desirable to illustrate them."

"The first thing to consider is, for what purpose are you commencing a course of study. If to humor a literary ambition, to be thought learned, and to excite the wonder of the ignorant, believe me, that till you abandon this vile and degrading purpose, your vanity will increase faster than your learning; what you gain in head you will lose in heart; your mind will be filled, but not refined; and you will excite far more jealousy than admiration. Read, as Bacon said, for the glory of your Creator, and for the relief of man's estate, to improve your talents for the race that is set before you, to prevent that periodical void within, which is doomed to fill, and that with gnawing cares, and soul debasing thoughts. That is true of our faculties, which an old officer told me of his men, that there was no such security for good behaviour as active service." * * * "Among the many who desire to be thought literary characters, nothing is more common than an inclination to lock up the temple of knowledge, and throw away the key; or, on attaining an eminence, to kick away the ladder, that none may follow them. So beware of this class of literary impostors; their life is one continued lie; a lie partly positive, because they pretend to know far more than they do know; and partly a lie in direct, but far more mischievous, because they seek to magnify difficulties, hint that things are not so easy as they seem, and pretend that a peculiar talent is required for their favorite subjects. In every department of knowledge, the man really proficient, is ever desirous to lead others on; and forgetting all the difficulties to be encountered, firmly believes, and as honestly confesses, he could teach his friends in half the time his learning cost himself."

These extracts prove the author a sincere honest man, one in whom you can trust as far as his own knowledge extends; and if he had confined himself simply to the course of reading which he had mastered himself, his book would have been twice as valuable as it now is, when, according to his own account, for much that he has recommended, he has depended upon the advice of others.

In the department of art, where every one thinks it necessary to dabble, though he be profoundly and willingly ignorant of every thing else, he gropes his way like a blind man on a strange road. He stands like Bartimeus in Raffaelle's Cartoon, feeling for something tangible, but missing it. The famous writers in art are very few, and among these few, those who can be read with profit, form but a very inconsiderable part. Mr. Pycroft recommends the whole, which is certainly safe, though it would have been safer to recommend none.

The Lectures of Sir Joshua Reynolds we may expect, as a matter of course, to stand first on the list of an Englishman's enumeration of readable works on Art. But the discourses of Sir Joshua, though very agreeable reading, are pervaded by errors in principle, which render them among the most dangerous books that can be placed in the hands of a neophyte. He is a popular author still, though his countrymen have begun to say that he was great in practice in spite of his errors in theory. Hazlitt is recommended as well as Sir Joshua, but his principles in criticism are the antipodes of the theories of Sir Joshua. Unless the reader have sufficient knowledge to perceive the truth himself, he would be completely bewildered by such conflicting systems. Allan Cunningham, who has contrived to imitate all that is bad in both of these writers, without mingling in their faults any good of his own, is also recommended by Mr. Pycroft. In short, he includes in his catalogue everybody who has written on Art excepting Leonardo and Lanzi. In his list of architectural works he has omitted two of the best of modern

times—Hope's Essay and Gwilt's Cyclopædia. But his remarks on this subject are exceedingly brief, and prove that he felt but little interest in it. He would have acted more judiciously in letting it alone altogether. The space devoted to Biblical Literature is very ample, as might have been expected in a book of this kind from a clergyman.

His directions on the study of poetry and works of taste, are very curious. Johnson's Lives is recommended as a handbook or guide to the poets.

"Cowley, Waller, Philips, Parnell, Rowe, Prior, Gay, Green, Tickell, Somerville, Swift, Collins, Dyer, Churchill, Akenside, Lyttleton, Armstrong, J. Warton, T. Warton, Mason, Beatty, are authors of whom those of limited opportunities may be contented to read such parts only as Johnson, or other critics point out."

This is strange company to find Swift in; and the others, excepting Prior and Gay, would probably be as much astonished at being associated with him, as he with them. Mr. Pycroft, of course, has never read a line of Swift, or he would have shown better discrimination. If there is any book in the English language sure of immortality, it is the Tale of a Tub. But we should think it was too solid food for the digestion of Mr. Pycroft, who seems to have a strange craving for flummery.

"Shakspeare no one should ever cease reading: begin with the tragedies."

We wish that Mr. Pycroft had given some reason why readers of Shakspeare should begin with the tragedies, or what series of the tragedies, whether Titus Andronicus and Pericles, or King John and Richard the Second; and it would not have been amiss in giving so peremptory an order as to never cease reading an author, to state why he should be read at all. There is little need of directing any English reader to Shakspeare, yet we have known men who confessed that they read him, as a duty, but could not take any pleasure in him. There can be no such thing as a universal directory in study. Byron found Milton heavy, and Cobbett made Shakespeare the butt of his irony. To name so humble an instance as ourselves, after these illustrious names, may sound absurdly, but no one is too humble to illustrate a principle; we never could get through with a tithe of Robinson Crusoe, perhaps the most universally read book in the language. Many an idle hour have we loitered away in our summer days with Dr. Doddridge or one of the dramatists of Charles the Second's time, but we never could get up an intimacy with Robinson Crusoe.

Among the works on America which Mr. Pycroft recommends, are Mrs. Butler, Mrs. Tr. llope, Miss Martineau, Captain Hall, Dickens, and Sydney Smith. Why he should omit Marryatt and Hamilton, is not easy to discern. The works of American authors which he recommends, are very few. Anthon's Lempriere, Catlin's Notes on the Indians, Two Years Before the Mast, and Stuart's Letters to Dr. Channing, are all.

Mr. Coggswell, in his Appendix, fills up the deficiencies of the author with a liberal hand. He adds every work that has ever been heard of on the subject of America, excepting one, which he had not, probably, heard of himself. This is an account in *La Mosaique de L'Ouest*, of the discovery of this continent by a Norman navigator, who landed at the mouth of the Amazon, in 1488, four years prior to the discovery by Columbus. This navigator was a native of Dieppe, named Cousin, from which port he sailed on a voyage of discovery, fitted out by the merchants of his nation, whom he had persuaded to engage in the undertaking, upon representations similar to those which Columbus had made to his patrons. Among the adventurers who accompanied Cousin was a boatswain, or mate, *contra-maitre*, named Vincent Pinzon, who

quarrelled with his commander, and afterwards was one of the most sanguine of those who seconded the endeavors of Columbus, as is well known. A very satisfactory library might be formed out of the works which neither Mr. Pycroft nor Mr. Coggswell have alluded to.

His notes on the poets are highly amusing.

"Of Addison—read Cato, and Psalm 23." This differs widely from Dr. Blair's advice, "Give your days and nights to Addison."

"Of Pope—the Essay on Criticism, and the Dunciad, show that Pope could write as strong lines as any writer." Pope was strong in the Dunciad, among poets, in the same sense that the skunk is strong among animals.

"Of Coleridge—like Shelley and others of the same school, he often failed in the single step which would have attained to the *sublime*, and therefore their writings seem to remain in the regions of the ridiculous." Here is a very common error among thoughtless writers. The step from the sublime to the ridiculous, is the step downwards—not from the ridiculous to the sublime. One may fall in a moment from a height which he has been all day in reaching, but no one ever fell upward by a false step.

The book is published in a very handsome manner, and but for the leaden tint of the ink, would look like an English edition.

THE CHIMES, A Goblin Story. By Charles Dickens, Esq. New York, E. Winchester. Republished.

THE Chimes are in the Dickens vein, but not the true vein—there's neither a laugh nor a tear among them all. If the Christmas Carol had not come first, the Chimes would never have come at all. It is the first time that Boz has attempted to repeat himself; and he has failed as signally as though he had attempted to imitate somebody else. The Carol was a bright bubble, a perfect sphere with all the primitive colors playing upon its surface; the Chimes is nothing more than a painted shell. Scrooge and Tiny Tim will live for ever, but there is nobody in the Chimes whose life will last a twelvemonth. Toby Veck has no individuality, but such as his clothes give him—which is nothing. Richard and Meg, and Alderman Cuite, the Member of Parliament, the Goblins of the Bells, and all, are misty, unsubstantial personages. It is Boz, but living Boz no more. The Chimes, too, give out a tone that is becoming wearisome: we do not like the key note—it has that dismal wail which is becoming fashionable among dandies and misers, *the cant of philanthropy*. Mr. Dickens has almost caricatured the tribe in the exaggerated portrait of Sir Joseph Bowerley, intended probably to personify the "new generation." He gives Young England some terrible thwacks—hard enough, we should think, to demolish so young a gentleman.

In calling the Chimes a failure, we only compare it with the other productions of the same author; compared with the successful works of many others, it is prodigious. No one can read it without feeling that Dickens is a thorough good fellow: one who sympathises keenly with the lower orders of society, and who sees through the flimsy veil which respectable rogues throw over their own actions. Like all of his productions, it is bold, rapid, and sincere. You cannot perceive any marks of doubt or hesitancy: no erasures, no after-thoughts, no mending of passages; but you are conscious of having before you the first conception of the author, in its original integrity, without having been submitted to the emasculating corrections of a calculating prudence, or the refinements of a fastidious taste. It is this freshness which distinguishes all his writings, that gives them one of

their chief attractions. His copy goes from his hand to the printer before the ink is dry. There are many slovenly passages in his writings in consequence, but no stiff ones. The Chimes contains many passages of unapproachable beauty, and some impersonations which are equal to any thing that he has done before in the same way. The wind is his favorite element: he writes of its pranks in a spirit of love. In Martin Chuzzlewit, and in the Christmas Carol, it seemed like a witch element to him. Of the same nature it appears in the Chimes:

"For the night wind has a dismal trick of wandering round and round a building of that sort, and moaning as it goes; and of trying with its unseen hand, the windows and the doors: and seeking out some crevices by which to enter. And when it has got in; as one not finding what it seeks, whatever that may be; it wails and howls to issue forth again: and not content with stalking through the aisles and gliding round and round the pillars, and tempting the deep organ, soars up to the roof, and strives to rend the rafters; then flings itself despairingly upon the stones below, and passes, muttering, into the vaults. Anon, it comes up stealthily, and creeps along the walls; seeming to read, in whispers, the Inscriptions sacred to the Dead. At some of these it breaks out shrilly, as with laughter; and at others, moans and cries as if it were lamenting. It has a ghostly sound too, lingering within the altar; where it seems to chaunt, in its wild way, of Wrong and Murder alone, and false Gods worshipped; in defiance of the Tables of the Law, which look so fair and smooth, but are so flawed and broken. Ugh! Heaven preserve us, sitting snugly round the fire! It has an awful voice, that wind at Midnight, singing in a church!

"But high up in the steeple! There the foul blast roars and whistles! High up in the steeple, where it is free to come and go through many an airy arch and loop-hole, and to twist and twine itself about the giddy stair, and twirl the groaning weathercock, and make the very tower shake and shiver! High up in the steeple, where the belfry is; and iron rails are ragged with rust; and sheets of lead and copper shrivelled by the changing weather, crackle and heave beneath the unaccustomed tread: the birds stuff shabby nests into corners of old oaken joists and beams; and dust grows old and grey; and speckled spiders, indolent and fat with long security, swing idly to and fro, in the vibration of the bells, and never loose their hold upon their thread spun castles in the air, or climb up sailor-like in quick alarm, or drop upon the ground and ply a score of nimble legs to save a life! High up in the steeple of an old church, far above the light and murmur of the town, and far below the flying clouds that shadow it, is the wild and dreary place at night; and high up in the steeple of an old church, dwelt the Chimes I tell of."

We have heard a good many wonderful stories of miserly hearts being melted, and churls made amiable, by the mere reading of the Christmas Carol, but we fear that the good done by the Chimes will not be as great. There are parts of it that make riches appear hateful, but none that render poverty pleasant. Mr. Filer and Alderman Cuite are very gross caricatures, so is Lady Bowerley; but there is something inexpressibly fine, a satire terribly scorching on the benevolence of the upper classes, in her ladyship's charitable designs.

"Let him be made an example of, by all means," returned the lady. "Last winter, when I introduced pinking and eyelet-holing among the men and boys in the village, as a nice evening employment, and had the lines,

Oh let us love our occupations,
Bless the squire and his relations,
Live upon our daily rations,
And always know our proper stations,

set to music on the new system, for them to sing the while: this very Fern—I see him now—touched that hat of his, and said, 'I humbly ask your pardon my lady, but *an't* I something different from a great girl? I expected it, of course; who can expect anything but insolence and ingratitude from that class of people?' That is not to the purpose, however. Sir Joseph! Make an example of him!"

In that kind of writing called grotesque, Dickens stands at an unapproachable height; his page teems with phantoms; the commonest objects assume a fantastic shape the moment he touches them; rusty hinges, battered doors, toppling chimneys, bits of lead, scraps of tin and old nails become instinct with life, and suddenly assume a new character as though the wand of an enchanter had touched them. But his grotesques have not that aimless merely grotesque existence which the wizard shapes of other authors have; they speak to us smoothly, and their words are imbued with a wisdom above that of ordinary men.

"The voice of Time," said a phantom, "cries to man, Advance! Time is for his advancement and improvement; for his greater worth, his greater happiness, his better life; his progress onward to that goal within its knowledge and its view, and set there, in the period when Time and he began. Ages of darkness, wickedness, and violence, have come and gone; millions unaccountable, have suffered, lived, and died; to point the way before him. Who seeks to turn him back, or stay him on his course, arrests a mighty engine which will strike the meddler dead; and he the fiercer and the wilder, for its momentary check!"

"I never did so, to my knowledge, Sir," said Trotty. "It was quite by accident if I did. I wouldn't go to do it, I'm sure."

"Who puts into the mouth of Time, or of its servants," said the Goblin of the Bell, "a cry of lamentation for days which have had their trial and their failure, and have left deep traces of it which the blind may see—a cry that only serves the Present Time, by showing men how much it needs their help when any ears can listen to regrets for such a past—who does this, does a wrong. And you have done that wrong to us, the Chimes!"

The English Reviewers have all spoken highly of the Chimes, and the Edinburgh gives it a notice longer than the book itself; but the same causes which help to render it popular there, have hardly an existence here. Our rich and poor occupy different positions. The poor here is the privileged class. We have no Aldermen Cutes, no Toby Vecks, God be praised for it. The Chimes is a politico-comic production, and will be more popular with politicians than idle readers. The illustrations which ornament the London edition are by famous artists, but have nothing but the names of the artists to recommend them.

THE NATURAL BOUNDARIES OF EMPIRES, AND A NEW VIEW OF COLONIZATION. By John Finch, Esq., Corresponding Member of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, and of the Natural History Societies of Montreal, New York, New Brunswick, Delaware, etc. London: Longmans, 1844. Imported by Wiley & Putnam.

(Second Notice.)

As this book is not likely to be placed in the hands of our reading public, we give a few more extracts from it, to show more fully than our notice of last week could do, the general spirit which pervades it.

"War," said the great captain of his age, "war is the trade of barbarians. The whole art consists in assembling a force superior to your adversary." This can be accomplished by a great naval power, which is thus enabled to seize, much to her own detriment, on various small isolated portions of the world, and on extensive kingdoms which have not yet arrived at their full power, or which have become imbecile and weak from age.

"Happy therefore would it be for every nation, if the ocean would rise with storm and with tempest against ships of war, and tranquil seas and favouring gales were reserved for honest merchant ships and gaily painted yachts. Then when the land was infested by war, each one who was peaceably inclined might advance to the shore and embark in his yacht, with a plentiful store of provisions and wine, sail about on the tranquil surface of the ocean, and return to the land when the war was over. Less tyranny would be practised, and the independence of nations would be much promoted."

It is hardly possible that a work like this, which makes war upon the deepest rooted prejudices of the world, can exert any influence in removing the errors which grow out of them. Reformers must not be too radical, if they would do good. The world has but little sympathy with those who have keener sight than itself. It was a difficult thing for Columbus to persuade the monarchs of his time to aid him in his attempt to discover a new Continent; but now that everything is discovered, every nation sends out ships on voyages of discovery. If the Genoese had aimed at nothing more than an island, it is probable that any of the Christian monarchs would have seconded his designs. But a new Continent was too much for their understanding. So, an amendment of an odious law, or the curtailment of what are called the national defences, may sometimes be accomplished, but an attempt to abolish altogether, would be resisted by the conservative instincts of society.

There is food for deep thought, for missionaries of all kinds, in the following extract.

"In Upper Lusatia, in Germany, is a tribe of people called Wends, descended from the good Saxons who resisted with such true valour the armies of Charlemagne. They dress in the skins of sheep, and

dwell in tents. They are perfectly happy, for they lead a pastoral life, and cordially pity those unfortunate people who are compelled to reside in towns. Towns! where Mother Earth is carefully hidden from view by a heavy pavement of brick or of stone; where the air is polluted by a thousand vicious exhalations, and where sleep, silence and solitude are unknown.

In the midst of Christian Europe they retain a solemn Pagan rite, and a grove of majestic oak trees, near the centre of their territory, is their object of religious adoration. They were formerly under the government of the Elector of Saxony, who allowed them to pursue their own course without interference, having perceived the folly of any attempt to control them. In the exchange of territory which took place in Europe during the year 1815, they were transferred, along with some other Saxon subjects, to the jurisdiction of Prussia. The monarch of that country, when informed of the circumstance, issued an immediate order that they should pay a tax and contribution, and attend Christian worship. An officer was appointed to execute the decree.

It was soon discovered that, unless they were caught and chained to the benches, it was impossible to procure their attendance in the cathedral of Luchaw. Two companies of infantry were then detached to cut down the sacred grove; but the tribe threatened destruction to all who engaged in the attempt. The commissioner of Prussia, wishing to avoid bloodshed in a newly acquired territory, desisted from this part of the enterprise.

The project of converting them forcibly to Christianity having failed, it was thought highly desirable that they should pay tribute, and a large sum was demanded. The chiefs of the tribe replied, that money was totally unknown among them; that flocks of sheep and herds of cattle were the only things they possessed, and they could not, with any convenience to themselves, part with any of them. They said that if the King was hungry, and came that way, they would kill a lamb and roast it for his dinner; but they resolutely refused to pay any tax, and immediately assembled in arms to defend their property. The Prussian officer finding he could do nothing with this inexorable race, was obliged to leave them in possession of their ancient freedom.

Like this tribe, the people of every country have certain habits, customs, feelings, opinions, and prejudices, by which they are distinguished from other nations. These customs are so powerful, that it is impossible to eradicate them; nor would it be desirable.

As medals are more valued for the variety of their impressions, so nations present a more pleasing aspect from the variety of their customs, the difference of their opinions, and the distinct character of their political institutions.

"The shuddering tenant of the Frigid Zone
Boldly proclaims the happiest spot his own;
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease.
The naked Negro, panting at the Line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine;
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the wealth they gave.
Such is the patriot's boast, where'er he roams,
His first, best country, ever is, at home."

"This circumstance contributes much to the comfort and happiness of the human race; each nation considers its own law, custom, and institution—soil, climate, and provision—habit, manner, and government, as far superior to all others. There is one thing which every nation adores, and that is itself; each nation believes itself the most free, the most wise, the most brave, the most every thing.

"The praise and the superiority of his native land is the pleasing theme of every orator in every country. He who assures his audience they are the best and most enlightened people on the face of the earth, will always receive abundant applause. Were it otherwise, it would show a great want of proper feeling; for ingratitude is one of the worst vices that can be charged against individuals; but the man who is grateful for kindness conferred on him, possesses many other good qualities. An orator and his audience thus mutually delighted with each other, present a very pleasing spectacle.

"Frequently a community considers its own law, government and religion, so excellent, it desires to enforce them on other nations. Hence arises one cause of war."

Our next extract is of a similar character; but we are not sure that the reasoning is correct. The government of a country cannot be said to form the people, but the people must create the government, let its character be what it may. Every nation makes its own rulers; it matters not what names they may bear, whether kings or senators.

"The most important circumstance connected with the welfare of man, is the government which exercises a control over his actions and his thoughts; for, in every country where the human race have existed for some time under one species of power, his sentiments and his ideas become gradually assimilated to the government under which he is placed. A single glance at the countries that were formerly prosperous and flourishing under free institutions, and which are now rendered desolate and oppressed by despotic power, would confirm so irresistibly this view of the subject, and has been so often illustrated by various writers, that it is not worth while to cite any examples. They will readily occur to any one who is conversant with history.

"There is not any nation which desires to have a good government; that is, it is not the first and principal object which they desire. The first wish of all nations, and which they are unhappy if they do not attain, is to be governed according to their peculiar ideas and prejudices. There is no doubt they believe these to be founded in truth and justice; but how far this is from being actually the case, the history of every country will elucidate. Even if a nation should desire it,

—as governments are carried on by human agents, and their power is exercised over human subjects,—how is it possible it should be perfect? they of necessity partake of the general imperfection of all human things. Can we construct a temple which shall continue to attract for ages the admiration of mankind with diminutive bricks, or will you raise a pile of timber to last for centuries?

“Let us therefore make a few enquiries what the human race are. In the first place, in respect to their form, which has some relation to the subject, although it may appear a distant one; and in the next, with respect to their disposition or character, on which, in point of fact, governments depend for their development. Do we find perfection of form or character in any member of the human race with whom we have ever been acquainted? A French author has very truly observed, that we are surrounded by merely halves and quarters of men.

With reverence be it spoken, the reason why angels are not permitted to visit the earth, except at very distant intervals, is because they would be stared at as curiosities; and yet the accounts which are given to us of angelic natures is, that they merely exhibit all the good qualities of which man is capable, wrought to the highest degree of intensity. Who ever saw perfection in the human figure? and what lumps of men we see around us, and what a variety! Why is it that the statues of the Apollo di Belvidere and the Venus de Medici always excite in us such emotions of pleasure and delight? If we met Apollos walking in the street, and Venuses were our companions every moment of our leisure hours, we should pass by the statues without observation. It is because they are very beautiful and differ from anything we see in common life, that they attract our notice.

“Monarchy, especially hereditary monarchy, is expensive; it is so of necessity. All people, all nations, connect ideas of dignity with expense and luxury. It is a false association of ideas, but so general, that it is adopted by every nation. It is therefore necessary that the monarch presiding over the destinies of a nation should excel all his subjects in luxury and expense, as much as he exceeds them in power. There have been but two monarchs since the commencement of time who were maintained at a very trifling cost to their subjects; and the nations over whom they ruled were so exasperated against them on that account, that they put one to death and were constantly conspiring against the other. The first was the beautiful white ox that reigned in Egypt, and of whom an account is given in the pages of Herodotus. He was one of the best monarchs the world ever saw; he never engaged in bloody wars to gratify an unreasonable ambition, or to extend his dominion; and while he chewed the cud, his subjects were peaceful and happy. It was under his reign that some of those beautiful temples were built, which have attested to a later age the power and magnificence of ancient Egypt, and which the modern degenerate nations of Europe make not even an attempt to imitate. A plentiful supply of grass, with a little corn and pure water, were all that he required; but at length his subjects were so indignant against him, because he would not spend more money, that they rose in rebellion, effected a revolution, and cruelly put him to death.”

AMERICAN PROSE WRITERS.

NO. 3.

R. H. DANA.

If fancy (as we justly conceive the case to be) represent the leading traits in the intellectual constitution of Mr. Willis: *sentiment*, we apprehend, with no less characteristic force, forms the most prominent features in the genius and writings of Mr. Dana. No mere sentimental, our author is emphatically a man of sentiment; no hypocritical Joseph Surface, full of cant and moral pretensions, but a genuine man of feeling, unlike, or rather superior to, Mackenzie's hero, in being, in addition, a true philosophic observer of life and character, a stern self-student, and, a powerful painter, according to the stereotyped phrase, of men and manners.

This attribute of sentiment, in the instance of our author, is at one and the same time, a moral and an intellectual quality, religious, high-toned, upright, masculine, partaking of the softness of Mackenzie and the stern dignity of Wordsworth. Apart from this faculty, Mr. Dana is a writer of great purity and power, of much acuteness and elegance in other walks than in those of philosophic sentiment or of sentimental description; but in those he is a master, and ranks first among his contemporaries and countrymen. He has vast powers in depicting the struggles of the darker passions, jealousy, hatred, suspicion and remorse. Paul Felton has touches of Byronic force, and discloses a similar vein to that so fully opened and with such popular effect in the works of Godwin and Chas. Brockden Brown.

This, however, is what one would call, perhaps, with a certain degree of innocence, the uncomfortable portion of Mr. Dana's genius, and of which the tendency is doubtful. It is an open literary question, as to the extent that such characters as that of Paul Felton should be taken, for the delineation of real characters. An idiot, a madman, a monomaniac, may be made very effective in vigorous description, but is not the simple-hearted Jonathan Fords, for example,

a better character both for study and imitation? Doubtless more than one Paul Felton has birds, but we do not go to nature, in bad extravagances or capricious words, for instruction or delight—else the records of a Prison or a Lunatic Asylum would form the truest volumes of history, instead of merely furnishing a few supplementary chapters of strange idiosyncrasies, or morbid developments. But, we have no idea of going into a deep question of psychological criticism at present; merely remarking that we have not the remotest idea of any, but the purest intention, in the mind of the creator of that wretched man, as he has himself called him, and yet from false sympathy or an unhappy bias, that way, the readers of that most terrible history may become unaware so strangely interested in the character and fate of the hero, as to feel the ill effects of such an unmanly weakness long after he had hurriedly perused the story—the wonderful truth and fidelity of the analysis of the heart, and the vivid description of the darkest passions, set off and release the hateful moral deformity of the diabolical passions, that festers and finally utterly corrupts the heart of their victim. Otherwise, as a picture of naked hideousness, the tale could be read only by the wisest and the weakest.

The sentiments of the writer even in the midst of these harrowing scenes, comes in as an angel during a whirlwind excited by the most malicious fiends in hell, spreading a heavenly calm, and casting a pure bright effulgence over an atmosphere of gloom and despair.

In Paul Felton, Mr. Dana has exhibited power in depicting passion, as well as sentiment: and the same criticism applies to his Thornton, though in a much inferior degree. Yet he is most at home in pictures of domestic life; in describing the charm of home scenes, in realizing the ideal of conjugal felicity. Strange, that the author, who as a man is so enthusiastic on such a theme, should, as a poet, (for he is one as much in Tom Thornton and Paul Felton, as in the Buccaneers,) delight in pictures, also, of gloom, of crime, of remorse.

Sentiment furnishes the key, also, to the criticisms of Dana. We noticed this in his lectures a few winters since on the poets and dramatists. He finds this, his favorite faculty, beautifully expressed by the ballad writers and the Shaksperian dramatists among the old writers; and by Wordsworth and Coleridge, among the new; and to them he has given his heart. The single critical paper in the volume of Dana's selected works, on the acting of Kean, is full of it, no less than of acuteness and deep insight into the mysteries of art, both of which indeed are colored and refined by it, to a point and degree that may be honestly declared as not being very far distant from perfection. The paper is almost equal in its way, to Elia's admirable miniature sketches: differing, as widely in spirit, as they resemble each other in execution.

As a writer of sentiment, love, in its forms both of sentiment and passion, (for it varies in different natures, and is the offspring of the temperaments of the affections and of the fancy, according to the individual constitution, mental or moral, or sensitive of the recipient and cherisher of it,) constitutes the staple of Dana's inventions and speculations—of love in all of its degrees, he is a delicate limner or a vigorous painter, according as the subject is a delicate woman or a manly man: a quiet, retired, meditative nature, or a stirring, active, ambitious character. The female character has full justice done it, by the writer of Edward and Mary. Judging from his writings on this subject, Mr. Dana has been a happy man. Yet he can paint a weak credulous mother, or a dashing, heartless woman of fashion (see Tom Thornton) with as subtle skill as he can delineate the fond, confiding heart, the clear and wise judgment, the gentle and amiable tastes, of a true woman and a good wife.

We have other points to speak of, than that only of our author's sentiments, however, and must not dwell too long on that.

Mr. Dana has been connected in ties of literature and family connection, with the first artist and finest poet of our country. Allston and Dana married sisters, and remained to the last intimate associates. We have heard Mr. D. speak of his works out at Cambridgeport (we think where Allston resided) and his conversations there with the Poet Painter, as among his richest pleasures, nor should we forget that Bryant was the early associate, as he remains the oldest friend of our author. Some of Dana's finest portrait contributions, were included in Bryant's New York Review. The father, too, is happy in a son who has written one of the best books

of its class since the world renowned fiction of De Foe. With these connections to boast of, the nobility of genius has had to contend with comparative neglect and poverty: sure ever of a high place in the esteem and admiration of good critics, honest readers and worthy men, whose applause constitutes his fame, but who have little else to give beyond sympathy and respect.

The late reviews of American novelists, in the Quarterly, just and fair in the main, was yet guilty of omissions that should have been noticed at the time, and filled up by a competent critic. It is not our purpose, at present, to occupy the whole ground, nor fill the entire vacancy—that is to be left to the writer, who can honestly appraise the merits of the authors less unnoticed, in a sort of article supplementary. Three comic writers, at least as worthy of notice as Miss Leslie,—Neale, Matthews, and the author of Harry Franco, our best comic satirists since Paulding's Salmagundi, have escaped notice entirely; while two serious writers, of unquestionable excellence, Allston in his *Monaldi*, and Dana, in certain prose dramas, among prose fictions, what the masterpieces of Heywood or Middleton would prove by the side of the Shaksperian drama, have been passed by without ever attracting a casual remark.

* This neglect may furnish some excuse for the foregoing remarks and the critical observations that may follow, albeit, we had hoped the task might have been committed to other hands. Nor shall we attempt to disentangle the meshes of the tales themselves; skilful unwinding of the thread of a narrative, or the decomposition of a plot, or an analysis of the conduct of the incidents, ranking in our opinion, when well done, almost with the original poem that gave birth to the fiction. And as we do not write tales, but merely criticisms upon them, we shall speak of the qualities displayed in the construction of these narratives, rather than the incidents or the characters they contain. Another and an equally good reason, as it appears to us, for the present sketch, may be found in the fact, that our authors had been gradually lost sight of by the generation of readers that have risen since he wrote. To a large number, we fear, nothing of Dana is known beyond his name; with whom, too, his name is getting to be matter of tradition. It is now nearly a quarter of a century, since we have seen anything in print by the author of the *Idle Man*. During which period so many candidates for public honor and claimants for a niche in the temple of fame have been pouring in, that the public eye is well nigh clouded by the sparkling ephemera, and the public ear confounded by loud clamors and noisy appeals. In the midst of this hubbub, the silent speculative genius of Dana, and the power, the purity, and the classic genius of Dana's writings, have passed almost unregarded.—Among the thousands who devour James, the tens who study Dana may be easily enumerated; the lovers of historical melo-drama, see nothing in simple, undisguised, unaffected, yet most real and vigorous, true dramatic painting. Perhaps the American is too much of a philosopher for those readers, who are captivated by detailed narrative and circumstantial description; though, as a mere writer of tales full of striking characters, closely crowded with stirring incidents, set in a frame of poetic description, and enshrined within a halo of imagination, Dana is in the first rank of novelists. It is wrong to speak of him as a mere tale writer: for his tales are not only as long as certain short novels (as long and longer than *Rasselas*, *Zadig*, *Candide*, the *Man of Feeling*, or the admirable fictions of Richter, Zschokke, and other German novelists) but they are as closely woven, that they read sometimes like abstracts of longer works. There is nothing to be spared; the utmost economy is observed, consistent with real richness and vigor. Yet, as we said, the evident philosophic character of the author, the basis, indeed, of his portrait character, as well; the love of speculating upon character, the motives to action, the principles of conduct, may deter the mere readers for amusement, since Dana is manifestly a teacher of men, and is to be estimated rightly only in that character. He had selected prose fiction, we imagine, only as a vehicle for conveying certain pictures of life, portraits of individuals, certain wholesome moral satire, an ideal of contented private enjoyments, and of a life of action, enlightened duty. His invention is probably, therefore, voluntary, and the offspring of ready impulse. Hence a want of the popular manner and of the "taking" style. He is not a popular writer, and has, rightly, not aimed at popularity. This he confesses, and

justifies with sense and honesty. His real mind—the cast of a writer's mind must be popular, to render his writings such, yet there is no element of that kind in our author's intellectual constitution. He is too honest to disguise his defects to individuals; too sincere to please the literary mob. He is sure of the aristocracy of genius and scholarship and true worth; the class composed of the wisest and best—the true aristocracy. To take an elevated example, he, like Milton, will always be read by the choice few, while, like him, he must remain caviere to the mass of readers.

We insinuate nothing, by way of comparison between the two; for Milton is first among the greatest, while Dana would be too wise to accept of a place among the greatest at all. He is first among the lesser lights, the *Dii Minores* of our literary firmament.

The facts of Mr. Dana's literary career are known to few. Beside the history of his literary connexions, mentioned before, we have heard of little else. We once heard Mr. D. speak of his life as passed in his room. He has been much of an invalid, and has led, we understand, a retired life. The only account the public at large, even here, at home, have of one of the first men we can point to, is to be found in Blackwood's Magazine for 1824 or 5. It occurs in a paragraph, in a series of papers on American writers, ascribed to John Neal, and evidently from his pen. It is instinct with the shrewdness and sense of that very clever man, and dashed off in his slashing off-hand style. Without a number of the Magazine by us, we must quote from memory. Neal complains of Dana's indolence and careful polish; though he gives high and just praise for soundness, purity, and true genius, he adds certain censure on his excessive care, somewhat after this manner. *Dance* (a misprint) is pure, sound, full of genius, but timid, where he has a fair chance, shuts the wrong eye and is apt to miss. Fond of carving heads, or cherry stones with his friend Bryant; but the public care nothing for the *otto* of prose. Neal says, that he almost ruined himself and damned the North American Review, by an article on Hazlitt's Poets—an exaggerated sentence in the true John Neal style. When or how long Dana edited the North American Review, we cannot exactly discern. Two only of his reviews have attracted much attention—on Moore and on Hazlitt's lectures—the latter harsh, and we think, unjust. Mr. Dana thinks (or did think) Hazlitt very much inferior to the notion his admirers entertain of him. The paper on Moore is just, manly, and creditable to the critic's heart, as well as his taste. Much excellent matter is doubtless buried under a heap of quarterly rubbish. Neal, in a concluding sentence, reproves our author for his silence and indolence, stating that Dana had done in several years as much as he (Neal) could have done in as many weeks or months. Very likely, but with a difference; with a different quality, we make bold to think, however, and hardly destined to survive its year or deeds. Neal, with great cleverness, and wit, and industry, has furnished hardly anything, except a few critical sketches and moral essays, with a few brilliant tales, that show how much more might have been accomplished. Neal could have been the first magazine writer of his day; but he could never equal Dana, lacking, as he does, the profound and subtle genius of the latter.

In a general survey of the genius of Dana, we may remark his defect of wit and humor. He sometimes indulges in playful sarcasm, as in the letters from town (would he had given us more), which are models of their kind—elegant, familiar, and Addisonian, in the best sense—the natural union of sense and gaiety, of reflection and feeling.

Dana is a master of characters: his observation is keen and benevolent, and can at the same time grapple with vigorous and strongly-marked characters. He has painted a character in the First Letter, which somewhat resembles his own; and which, together with the character of Edward, and a few touches (of the maiden kind) in the youthful character of Paul Felton, go to make up a pretty fair and just idea of the author.

Dana has more imagination than fancy, and which gives his fictions the air of reality. He is too habitually serious to be fanciful or fantastic. His imagination delights in tragic situations, and dark characters, and terrible deeds, that carry a fearful moral with them. His style is admirable; close, clear, precise, final. He is equally powerful in his critical capacity, as he is an original writer. His essays are musings, the finest reflections of a scholar, and many given to reverie and sentimental disquisition. The man, too, is but the natu-

ral converse of the author—kind, sincere, honorable; without a meanness, without a flaw—such is Richard H. Dana, one of our very best writers; one of our very best men.

J.

BARBARITIES OF THE THEATRE.

DULLNESS and absurdity are not the only or the least causes of the decline and fall of the present Drama. The stage has something to answer for, on the score of positive inhumanity. In Hogarth's delightful print of the Strolling Players behind the scenes, the characters are represented as preparing for a burletta. The imperial Eagle of Jove is feeding one of the bantlings of the company with pap out of his projected talons; the tragedy Queen raves to the imaginary gods, while a rent is getting stitched on her leg; two imps are quarrelling for a pot of porter; a lady is pleasantly distressed at the appearance of her first pair of breeches, and reinforces her courage with a glass of cordial; the mitre is filled with play books, and a cat is tossing the royal globe on the floor as a bauble. It is a very happy print to look at, for every character in it, is steeped to the very crown in that sovereign bath for the misfortunes of the world, the humor of a full overflowing heart. But alas! the picture has its reverse, and the same great master might have drawn upon the same scene for additional materials to his shuddering prints of the Four Stages of Cruelty. He might have set his burletta in motion, and anticipated a scene which has just occurred at Drury Lane, and forms one of the most horrible realities, yet one so obvious that it may occur again, at any moment, of the theatrical life. Miss Clara Webster, a dancer of ability and a favorite with the audience, was performing in the opera of the Revolt of the Harem, in the bath scene, where there is a miserable attempt at the representation of water, and women bathing in it, that, when we witnessed it at the Park Theatre, seemed as natural and agreeable to the eye, as the stiff, tawdry French pictures smeared on band boxes. There is nothing to be said against the indecency of such an exhibition, for it was too painful and revolting to produce any other feeling than an uncomfortable disgust. Painted actresses with staring eyes, fixed on a narrow strip of foothold, like rope-walkers, illuminated in a glare of light, like Dante's figures in purgatory, offer the least attractive subject of contemplation in the world. Miss Webster was engaged in this gross show of tinsel, when her gauze dress took fire from the lights placed below. She was immediately enveloped in flames, and ran about the stage shrieking for help, avoided and shaken off by the other dancers, at the peril of their lives, till the carpenter at the side scene, rolled himself over her, and extinguished the fire at the cost of great personal suffering to himself. She was taken home to die—and the play went on to the conclusion. This reads like a reflection on the humanity of an English audience. So it occurred. Yet, as they were men and women, that vision, clad in fire, must rise up before them as a horrible portent—the extremest agony of pain, lit up by the blaze of a theatre. What light foot can tread the boards again? This disaster will, doubtless, attract the attention of men of sense and feeling, who busy themselves in England, in all such cases, Sydney Smith may find a deeper horror, and a more available subject for relief in this, than in the famous Railway Disaster with locked doors. A similar fatal occurrence in France, vividly related by Froissart, took place in a species of mummery and masking, at the Court of Charles VI.*

* The narrative is a very curious one, and brings before us "the form and pressure" of the period, with all the natural incidents of such an event. It may serve, while it fixes the reader's attention profitably upon this class of occurrences, to relieve by its historic distance, the painfulness of the more recent misfortune. We follow the old English of Lord Berner's translation, modernizing the spelling.

It remains for theatrical managers to take the strictest precautions against the recurrence of similar accidents in future. We have often noticed with alarm, the flaring of the foot-lights at the very steps of the actresses. The lights should be carefully protected, as recommended by the London Coroner, with a net-work of wire, and as he exhibited, the dresses might also be rendered incombustible. Such steps are suggested, not only by humanity, but by the interests of managers. An occurrence of the kind happening here, would damn the boards of any theatre to perpetual infamy. The whole class of dangerous theatrical performances should be at once modified and amended. There is little pleasure for the audience as safety for the performers, in these exhibitions. Ellsler really delights us by her grace of motion, and piquant archness in walking across the stage; she simply shocks all agreeable feeling when she transports herself on a wire, or hangs suspended from the ceiling. The blue-lights and sulphur are a nuisance which, out of the theatre, would be indictable at common law. On what principle a manager fills the house with soot and smoke, unless to give color to the assertions of those pious people who maintain that the stage is the devil's portal, we are at a loss to conceive. Mr. Povey may, very mysteriously, by some unknown laws of assimilation, continue to grow fat in such an atmosphere, but it is death to the audience.

"It fortuned that a marriage was made in the king's house between a young knight of Vermandois and one of the Queen's gentlewomen; and because they were both of the king's house, the king's uncles, and other lords, ladies, and damsels made great triumph; there were the dukes of Orleans, Berry, and Burgundy, and their wives, dancing and making great joy. The king made a great supper to the lords and ladies, and the queen kept her estate, desiring everyone to be merry: and there was a squire of Normandy, called Hogremyn of Gensay, who advised to make some pastime. The day of the marriage, which was on a Tuesday before Candlemas, he provided for a mummery against night: he devised six coats made of linen cloth, covered with pitch, and thereon flax like hair, and had them ready in a chamber. The king put on one of them, and the Earl of Jouy, a young lusty knight, another, and Sir Charles Poictiers the third, who was son to the Earl of Valentinois, and Sir Evan of Foix another, and the son of the Lord Nantouillet had on the fifth, and the squire himself had on the sixth, and when they were thus arrayed in these said coats, and sewed fast in them, they seemed like wild savages full of hair from the top of the head to the sole of the foot. This device pleased well the French king, who was well content with the Squire for it. They were apparellled in these coats secretly in a chamber that no man knew thereof but such as helped them. When Sir Evan of Foix had well advised these coats, he said to the king, 'Sire, command straitly that no man approach near us with any torches or fire, for if the fire fasten on any of these coats, we shall all be burnt without remedy.' The king answered and said, 'Evan, you speak well and wisely: it shall be done as you have devised,' and incontinent sent for an Usher of his chamber, commanding him to go into the chamber where the ladies danced, and to command all the varlets holding torches to stand up by the walls, and none of them to approach near to the savages that should come thither to dance. The usher did the king's commandment, which was fulfilled. Soon after the Duke of Orleans entered into the hall, accompanied with four knights and six torches, and knew nothing of the king's commandment for the torches, nor of the mummery that was coming thither, but thought to behold the dancing, and began himself to dance. Therewith the king with the five other came in; they were so disguised in flax that no man knew them; five of them were fastened one to another: the king was loose, and went before, and led the device.

"When they entered the hall every man took so great heed to them that they forgot their torches. The king departed from his company, and went with the ladies to sport with them, as youth required, and so passed by the queen and came to the Duchess of Berry, who took and held him by the arm to know what he was; but the king would not show his name. Then the duchess said, 'You shall not escape me till I know your name.' In the mean season great mischief fell on the other, and by reason of the Duke of Orleans; howbeit it was by ignorance, and against his will, for if he had considered before the mischief that fell, he would not have done as he did for all the gold in the world: but he was so desirous to know what personages the five were who danced, he put one of the torches that his servant held so near, that the heat of the fire entered into the flax (wherein if fire take there is no remedy) and suddenly was on a bright flame, and so each of them set fire on one another; the pitch was so fastened to the linen cloth, and their shirts so dry and fine, and so joining to their flesh, that they began to burn and to cry for help. None durst come near them. They that did, burnt their hands, by reason of the heat of the pitch. One of them, called Nantouillet, advised him that the buttery was thereby. He fled thither and cast himself into a vessel full of water, wherein they rinsed pots, which saved him, or else he had been dead as the others were. Yet he was sore burnt with the fire. When the queen heard the cry that they made, she doubted of the king, for she knew well that he should be one of the six: wherewith she fell in a swoon, and knights and ladies came and comforted her. A piteous noise there was in the hall. The Duchess of Berry delivered the king from peril, for she did cast over him the train of her gown, and covered him from the fire. The king would have gone from her. 'Whither will you go?' quoth she, 'you see well how your company burns. What are ye?' 'I am the king,' quoth he. 'Haste you,' quoth she, 'and get you into other apparel, that the queen may see you, for she is in great fear of you.' Therewith the king departed out of the hall, and in all haste changed his apparel, and came to the queen; and the Duchess of Berry had somewhat comforted her, and had shewed her how she should see the king shortly: therewith the king came to the queen; and as soon as she saw him, for joy she embraced him and fell in a swoon; then she was borne unto her chamber, and the king went with her. And the bastard of Foix, who was all on fire, cried out with a loud voice, 'Save the king, save the king!'

There is a host of minor grievances, each sufficient in itself to account for the general disappearance of the audiences, without recurring to the unfortunate laws of the drama, for a single argument. There is one sentiment that, we have observed, always comes home to the house, and is delivered with an air of perfect naturalness, by the actors. It is the passage in Hamlet where "the air bites shrewdly—it is very cold." There is no mock unction in the player's art here. We should have no plays performed in winter but such as Macbeth, Hamlet, and others lying in hyperborean regions, to keep up the historical keeping which Mr. Macready so much values. Masaniello, or the Tempest, are absurdities.

Now we have a very great respect for the cast-iron stove at the Park Theatre, with its open mouth in the lobbies, and the pieces of coal, set on like oysters, to roast. It does something to fill up a vacuum in the deserted hall, and it is society for the door-keepers, who have frequently nothing else to look at; but bless you! for all purposes of warming the Theatre, it might as well be round the corner, or supply fuel for the political bonfires in the Park. Within there is neither flue, nor fire, or pipe visible or perceptible. It is a comfort even to see poor Grandfather Whitehead warm his feeble fingers, in the person of Mr. Chippendale, over the painted embers of Langley's inhospitable hearth. Pity the poor actors! We have seen a strong current of air sweep the ribons of an actress's hair, and a star, too, round into her face, that she could scarcely sing for the annoyance. Bare necks look pitiable in such northern blasts. Oh "the pity of it, the pity of it," Mr. William B. Astor!

There is another word to be said, too, of those curiously contrived instruments of torture for the audience, the boxes, which to gentlemen who have legs, recal the idea very sensibly, of Ravaillac's boots. The problem of what infinitesimal quantity of straw will protect the covering of the seats from too exhaustive a friction on the boards underneath, has been very satisfactorily solved too. Verily, if a man goes to destruction through the gate of the theatre, he goes to it like a Popish anchorite, without ever treading the soft primrose path.

E. A. D.

NATIONAL NOMENCLATURE.

OUR countrymen are very much in the habit of pointing to the Patent Office in Washington to prove the fertility of the inventive powers of the nation. But it would require a dozen such collections to weigh against the contrary evidence of the Blue Book. Combination is the word for the Patent Office. Imagination or invention, we can lay no claim to, if we look to our national nomenclature for the proof. In the immense catalogue of American names, there is hardly one we can claim as our own. They are all of foreign or Indian derivation. The inconceivable repetition of certain names of towns, proves us to be the most unimaginative people in the whole world. There are one hundred and eighteen towns and counties in the United States, called Washington. In all Europe, there is but one London; we have five Londons, one New London, and seven Londonderrys. We have six towns called Paris, twenty-one Richmonds, sixteen Bedfords, nine Brightons, nine Chathams, eleven Burlingtons, sixteen Delawares, fourteen Oxfords, fourteen Somersets, nine Cambridges, twenty-five Yorks, and other English names in proportion. There are twelve towns with the prefix of Big, four Great, and sixteen Little. There are nine Harmonys, seventy-eight Unions, and eighteen Concords; forty-four Liberties, and thirteen Freedoms; twenty-one Columbias, and seven Columbuses. There are one hundred and four towns and counties of the color Green, five Vermillions, and twenty-four

Browns. Almost every name in Scripture, has been reproduced on our soil: Goshens fifteen, Canaans eleven, Salesms thirty, Bethlehems eleven. All the classical writers have been largely honored in our national baptisms: there are fifteen Miltos, five Homers, nine Addisons, two Byrons, two Drydens, and only one Virgil. We have five Avons, three Stratfords, one Romeo, and one Juliet, but no Shakspeare. We have twelve Athenes, eight Romes, one Romulus, and four Scipios. Of Troys we have sixteen. "Ilium fuit" need be written no longer. We have six Sheffields, and twelve Manchesters. There are one hundred and fifty towns and counties called New Somethings and only six Old. The most imaginative name on our roster, is Richland, which is multiplied no less than thirty-eight times, we have precisely the same number of Springfields; and Bloomfields, and Greenfields without number. Of Oranges there are twenty-six, and not one Lemon. We have three Dresdens, fourteen Berlins, twenty Hanovers, and four Viennas. All the cities of the East are multiplied a great many times, with the exception of Constantinople, in place of which, we have a Constantine. The national habit of imitation is very strongly shown in our names: there are few that occur but once. Smallpox, a town in Joe Davies county, Illinois, stands alone yet, or it did when the census was taken; so does the town of Jim Henry, Miller county, Missouri; but they will, doubtless, be imitated before long. We have ninety-one Jacksons, sixty-nine Jeffersons, fifty-eight Monroes, fifty Madisons, thirty-two Harrisons, nineteen Adamses, sixteen Van Buren, twenty-one Clays, three Websters, and not one Tyler. Of Bentons there are fourteen, Franklins eighty-three, and Lafayettes thirty-four. The popularity of an individual can hardly be inferred from the number of times his name occurs on the map. Clinton is multiplied twenty-seven times, Decatur nine, and Perry fifty-one.

The indigenous shrubs and fruits of the country give names to but few towns. The Pepperidge, one of the most beautiful of our forest trees, has never been used at all, nor the Persimmons; but we have a Willow and a great many Oaks.

We have thought it would be a good way to compel the country to tax its imagination, by passing a law prohibiting the use of a name for a town or county that had ever been used before for the same purpose; but such a law would lead to worse consequences still, all our towns would then be numbered, as our new streets are now, and we should have Nine hundred and twenty-first city, Fifty-fourth county, New York, and we should see letters directed to Eighty-fourth city, Sixty-fifth street, Forty-first county. Sooner than live in such an arithmetical world as that, we would infinitely prefer a dozen Joe Davieses, and ninety-one Jacksons.

THE DEVICES OF BEGGARY.

MR. BUMBLE, the beadle in Oliver Twist, was very indignant at a pauper, who went and starved himself to death, on purpose to bring odium upon the parish overseers; and Mrs. Corney, the matron of the poor house, made terrible complaints that some old woman or other, always took it into her head to die, just as she, (Mrs. Corney,) was going to take a comfortable cup of tea. The poor are terrible bugbears to the rich; little emaciated children and pallid old creatures, with their rags fluttering in the winter wind, are forever intruding themselves upon the elegant repose of the well-off. A clergyman, who published his complaints on this subject, not long since, made a very feeling statement of his griefs, in not being able to eat his breakfast in quiet, for the obtrusiveness of street beggars, who would be asking for some-

thing to eat. Probably they did not know his profession, or they would have kept clear. That any man, woman, or child ever begged, but from sheer necessity, for something to eat, we do not believe. It is a very prevalent opinion, however, among the well-to-do, that beggars go about from sheer wantonness, with crying infants in their arms, or with shrivelled limbs, on purpose to disturb the upper classes, by exciting their sympathies. One day, last week, we saw a fat lawyer, whose person was enclosed in a blue cloth cloak, with an abundance of velvet, talking rather harshly to a little boy, with some almanacs in his hand, standing in his bare feet on the rugged ice of the pavement.

"Look at this little rascal," said the legal gentleman, "he goes about without shoes or stockings, on purpose to make people buy his almanacs."

The culprit was a beautiful little fellow, of some ten years with a profusion of glossy hair, and a look of intelligence which showed that he or his parents had seen better times. His feet were the color of mahogany, and they looked as though they were touched with the frost; his dress was exceedingly scant, but he had a very healthy look, notwithstanding. Indeed I have rarely seen a prettier boy. In spite of his rags, and destitution, he had such a look of happy innocence, that I doubt not John Jacob Astor would gladly have changed places with him, and given his twenty millions for the poor boy's ruddy cheeks, bright eyes, and frosted feet.

"Is it true," I asked, "that you go bare-footed to sell your almanacs?"

The little fellow blushed at the question, and looked down at my boots, at which I blushed in return.

"Indeed, I should be very glad to wear shoes, if I could get them," he said, "but it is more than a month since I have had any. Perhaps it is some other boy that the gentleman means."

"No, no, you are the very scamp," persisted the lawyer.

"There's a boy boards with my mother, it may be him," continued the youngster.

"Does your mother take boarders?" I inquired.

"She takes this little boy, because he has got no mother, and when he gets a shilling by selling almanacs, he gives it to her. Will you buy one of my almanacs?"

"Don't you?" said the lawyer, "depend upon it, he's a cheat."

"I hope he is," I replied, "there's something to be hoped of a boy who can endure such hardships as this little fellow does, for the sake of two or three cents profit on the sale of an almanac. Just cast your eyes on the opposite side of the street, and look at the sleek negro, dressed in a cocked hat, and a laced coat, at the entrance of that fancy bazaar; what do you think he wears that finery for? Is it not to entice customers into his employer's shop? Look a little further, at those immense sheets of plate glass in a hatter's window, what do you think they are for? Solely to admit light, or to induce customers to drop in? for what purpose do you carry that bundle of tape-tied papers under your arm, if not to gain clients, by persuading the world that you are overrun with them, knowing as you do that it is the way of the world to help the prosperous? And will you censure this little fellow for practising the only arts that he possibly can, to attract customers, by leaving off his shoes and stockings, this bitter morning?"

"Well, there's something in that, I believe I will buy an almanac, for the truth is I want one; but I don't like to encourage roguery;" said the lawyer.

"Very possible!" thought I, "seeing that you live by it."

Original Poetry.

THE RING.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF LUDWIG UHLER.)

BY MARIA LOWELL.

There rode upon a morning
A knight across the lea,
Of his lady many a warning
And anxious thought had he.

"My little trusty ring of gold
From care can set me free;
In thee my loved one's pledge I hold;
How stands her constancy?"

Now while he looks upon the ring,
It flies from off his hand,
It rolls and bounds with many a spring
Across the meadow land.

Across the meadow would he skim
To catch it as it flew,
But golden blossoms dazzle him,
And grass bedropped with dew.

The ring a falcon spieth
From off a linden tree;
And downward swiftly fieth,
The ring on high lifts he.

On mighty plumes his way doth take
In the free air to swing,
His brothers follow in his wake
To seize the little ring.

But none can win the little ring,
It drops adown the sky,
The knight he watch't it falling
On the deep sea silently.

The fish are gaily dancing
To seize the golden prize,
But down the ring is glancing,
Beyond the reach of eyes.

"Oh little ring, in meadows fair
The flowers drew thee aside,
Oh little ring, in the blue air
The birds behind thee glide.

"Oh little ring, from ocean's spring
Thou draw'st the fish above,
I fear thou tellest, little ring,
Strange news of her I love!"

The Drama.

THE CHATHAM.—Chatham street has been a favorite location for theatres during the past twenty-five years. Since Barriere had his Pavilion and lemonade garden, where the Chatham street chapel afterwards stood, there have been some half a dozen different Thespian temples erected in the neighborhood. The first dramatic representation that we ever witnessed was under Barriere's management, and we remember hearing a good many discussions among the frequenters of that classic spot, about the relative merits of Mrs. Entwistle and Mrs. Waring. It was here that General Morris, then only a colonel, produced his first Opera of Briar Cliff, in which that immortal song was introduced, "William was holding in his hand, &c." long before the days of Henry Russell and the "Tree," and long before "long time ago," even; here, too, Mr. Woodworth, the coadjutor of the Brigadier in the Mirror, produced the beautiful native Opera of the "Forest Rose," and the celebrated Micah Hawkins brought out some of his classic dramas. These were the palmy days of the drama, when the celebrated

Colonel Stevenson, since a tobacco inspector, kept the refreshment room and served drinks to the ladies who frequented that charming spot. But these days are gone, never more to return, as some poet says. Mrs. Entwistle, we believe, has been gathered to her fathers, and Mrs. Waring became Mrs. Blake a long time since, and has doubtless grown old. The beautiful Mrs. Wallack first unveiled her charms to the public here, and the great Andrew Jackson Allen here made his most brilliant displays of costumery. A low comedian named Stevenson, used to give immense delight here by singing the favorite song "Such a beauty I did grow." Sanquirico and De Begnis were then eating macaroni in Italy, little dreaming that they would ever come to America and sing comic songs in the Tabernacle. How destiny shuffles men about, as though they were a pack of cards, excepting that in cards there are as many kings as knaves, while among men there are but few kings, and of knaves a good many.

The Chatham street people are essentially dramatic in their character: they are exceedingly fond of theatrical display, as may be seen by walking through that renowned thoroughfare any sun-shiny morning, or clear evening. Every thing here has an air of exaggeration and caricature. It was here that the big boot was first set up. You look in vain for repose or quiet. It appears, therefore, the most natural thing in the world that a theatre of some kind should always exist in Chatham street. The Park Theatre has been closed, to make room for the classic equestrians, but the Chatham is still devoted to the legitimate drama; what that is we do not very clearly comprehend, but we believe that tragedies and comedies in five divisions, which do not represent real life, are generally called the legitimate drama. The prices of admission to the Chatham theatre are by no means extravagant, a shilling being the price to the pit, and two shillings to the dress circles. A corner of the pit is partitioned off to form a saloon, at the entrance of which hangs-a transparency, informing the patrons of the drama that the best of liquors are sold within at three cents per glass, and that pigs' feet and soured tripe may be obtained at the bar. This is all legitimate, of course; the city authorities confer the privilege of selling the best of liquors at three cents per glass to the youngsters who frequent this Thespian temple, as a special license; and take part of the profits of the same, to help support the rogues of one kind and another that are made by such means. We thus see how regularly and beautifully the cog-wheels of society are moved, apparently giving motion to each other, without revealing the power which sets the whole a-going. By way of antidote to the "best of liquors," the theatrical decorator has made an imitation of the entrances of the House of Detention in the two ornamental doors at the sides of the proscenium, which seem to say to the youngsters in the pit, "take care!" This is a very happy idea, and the Egyptian style of architecture harmonises very well with the other parts of the house, particularly the view of West Point on the drop curtain, which contains some very remarkable examples of drawing in perspective.

We heard a very eloquent sermon a Sabbath or two since, on the destitution of the Turcomans in respect of good books. The preacher, who was a bishop, shewed himself perfectly familiar with the reading of the Sultan's subjects, and begged very hard for aid to send them something better. We wonder whether there be a licentiate, or a doctor of divinity in this great city, who has ever troubled himself to inquire into the nature of the mental food which is nightly administered to the young care-for-naughts, who fill the pit and galleries of this theatre? Yet it is surely of as much importance, in

every respect, that the apprentices and newspaper boys of our city should be rightly instructed, as the learned barbarians of the east. These boys may possibly go to church once a week, but they go to the theatre every night. It is admitted that the stage is the most powerful method of enforcing a moral truth; and we do not see why some of those benevolent souls who bestow so much consideration upon the production of tracts to be circulated at home and abroad, should not give some attention to the amusements of the destitute youth of our city. It is one of the best and most commendable designs of "young England," to elevate the amusements of the poor, and to furnish them with the means of rational enjoyment to entice them from the ale-house and the ring. There are sometimes highly objectional representations put upon the stage, which must have an injurious effect, beyond calculation, on the morals of the young who witness them. If some of the publications of the tract society were dramatised, we have no doubt that they would be highly popular. What people admire most is novelty; and a religious drama, divested of sectarian cant, would possess this charm in a high degree. The popular taste may easily be discovered by watching the causes of popular approbation; and we have always remarked, that among audiences like those of the Chatham, the best sentiments and the most virtuous actions receive the warmest applause.

Bulwer's Lady of Lyons was recently played here to a crowded house, and the virtuous sentiments contained in it produced rounds of applause. We could not but feel vexed that the author had so spoilt an admirable moral, one so well adapted to benefit an audience of apprentices, in misrepresenting the true story upon which his drama was founded. La Perouse, or the Bellows-Mender, was the tale which he worked into a play; but by changing the course of action, by which the hero raised himself from poverty, he entirely destroyed the beauty of the moral, and rendered his drama much less effective than it would have been, if he had adhered to the integrity of the narrative. La Perouse, the original of Claude Melnotte, to prove himself worthy of the wife whom he had unworthily won, goes to Paris, and by industry and strict integrity in trade acquires a fortune, and returns to claim his bride, who has retired to a convent; but Bulwer has made him a soldier, who makes himself rich by robbing the Italians, and returns after two years of butchery and plunder, tricked out in epaulettes and plumes, and rescues his bride just as she is about to sell herself for money to his rival, after having sworn fidelity to her first husband. The whole teaching of his play is mischievous, and the sentiment of it exceedingly mawkish. As a work of art, the Lady of Lyons does not rise above the low standard of the conventionalities of the stage. People make long harangues at the elbows of others, who conveniently remain deaf and blind to all that passes, until the proper time comes for them to open their ears and eyes. Claude Melnotte returns from Italy after an absence of nearly two years, and is not recognised by his wife during a long conversation, because it would disturb the denouement of the plot if he were to do so. There are, in truth, as many gross inconsistencies in the drama now, as in the days of Nick Bottom. While, in all other departments of art improvements have been made to meet the exactions of a critical age, the stage has remained unchanged for the last two hundred years; we do not mean in the machinery of the stage, which is of no account, but in the construction of the drama, which is every thing. If Shakspeare could be laid on the shelf for half a century, an incubus would be removed from the drama, and it would rise to a level with the other arts.

VARIETIES.

LETTER FROM DR. A. SIDNEY DOANE.

New York, Jan. 23, 1845.

To the Editor of the Broadway Journal.

SIR,—On the 16th of January I was requested by my friend DR. S. VITAL BODINIER, recently from Paris, to witness the extirpation of a humor from the neck of a female, which he said would be performed without her consciousness, and without suffering, "while she was in a *magnetic sleep*," he having operated twice under similar circumstances in Paris, and with success.

Being rather incredulous, but at the same time extremely anxious to see so great a boon conferred upon suffering humanity, I went to No. — Chambers street, previous to the hour appointed for the operation (which was half-past one), in order to witness the process of putting the female to sleep. After being in the house about five minutes, the patient came into the basement room and seated herself in an easy chair. She seemed extremely bright and nowise sleepy, with a rosy cheek, black eyes, and dark hair. After an inquiry or two as to her health, and feeling her pulse, which was natural, Dr. B. proceeded to make what are termed "magnetic passes," and so successfully, that in five minutes the eyelids drooped, and in ten minutes—say at twenty minutes of twelve—she was sound asleep. I learned from Dr. B. that she had been placed in this state some ten or twelve times previously, with a view to secure her entire insensibility. Dr. Bodinier now demonstrated on the female the operation to be performed, and requested me to examine the tumor. It was a lymphatic tumor in the parotid region, which had existed for five years, but had increased very rapidly within a few months. I left the patient at twelve o'clock, still sleeping soundly.

I returned to the house at quarter past one, in company with Prof. J. W. Francis and Mr. J. S. Redfield, the publisher. A few moments after, we were joined by Drs. Mott, Delafield, J. Kearney Rodgers, Taylor, Nelson, Dr. Alfaro, a highly distinguished physician from Madrid, Mr. Parmly the dentist, and one or two others. Descending to the basement, we found the patient still asleep, a fact of which I believe all the medical gentlemen present were satisfied. Every thing being arranged, Dr. Bodinier stated briefly that the operation would be neither rapid nor brilliant, on account of the facial nerve, the division of which caused great deformity. He then with a convex bistoury made an incision two inches long, beginning below the lobule of the ear, dissected the tumor from its lateral attachments, separated it from the subjacent parts with the blunt edges of a pair of curved scissors, and removed it; it was the size of a pullet's egg, and the operation occupied two and a half minutes only. During this operation I stood at the head of the patient. There was not the slightest change in her face or respiration; she continued to sleep on quietly and calmly through the whole of it. Dr. Bodinier seemed to be operating rather upon a cadaver than on a living being. The wound was now dressed, and the patient still remaining unconscious, previous to the departure of the gentlemen who witnessed the operation, Dr. B. invited them to return and see the patient roused. I availed myself of the invitation, and went again to the house at ten minutes past four. She was still sleeping, but at quarter past four, the time indicated, she was demagnetized by Dr. B., Drs. Taylor, Parmly, and others being present. I immediately inquired, "How she felt?" She answered, "rather tired." "Had she suffered during her sleep?" She said, "No." "Had she been cut?" She

replied "No, the operation was to be performed the next day," as Dr. B. had previously stated to her would be the case. She was now shown the tumor, at which she seemed much surprised and gratified. Since that time the patient has recovered rapidly, and to-day, Thursday, one week since the operation, the wound is entirely healed, and she has resumed her duties in the family.

The operation was performed very skilfully, and Dr. B. justified the high expectations formed of him, by his great reputation in Europe, and the manner in which Prof. Berard, of the Hospital La Pitie, the celebrated Orfila, Dean of the Faculty of Medicine, and the illustrious Guizot, Minister of Foreign Affairs, have spoken of him in their letters to this country.

This, however, is not the only case in which surgical operations have been performed, the patient being in a magnetic sleep. Some six years since, a schirrous breast was extirpated at Paris by Prof. J. Cloquet, the details of which were communicated by him to the "Academie Royale." Dr. Bodinier also, as we have already stated, operated twice in June last, at Paris, successfully. Some two years since a leg was amputated at Bangor, and lately I see by the papers that at Augusta, a tumor has been removed from the breast.

I have thus complied with your request to state what I witness solely from a sense of justice to the distinguished surgeon who performed the operation. I have told you what I saw. You can draw your own conclusions.

Respectfully yours,

32 Warren Street.

A. SIDNEY DOANE, A.M., M.D.

THE MOZART - INSTITUTE OF FRANKFORT - ON - THE - MAINE.

ON the 15th of February, 1828, a society of Amateurs was formed in Frankfort, under the name of the "Lieder-Kranz," *Wreath of Songs*; partly for social intercourse, but mainly for the practice of *Vierstimmigen Mannergesang*, quartette chorusses, songs composed for four male voices, first and second tenor and first and second bass. As every thing new in art or literature creates a sensation in modern times, it was very natural that the performances of the Lieder-Kranz should cause a considerable excitement. The society continued for several years to prosecute its objects, and by the amount of its fine talents and a continual striving after the most classical compositions, it ventured at last to give a public performance. It did so on several occasions, prompted by a holy desire to honor the greatest poets of the fatherland, Schiller and Goethe; to do honor to the European master of sound, Mozart; and to make a thank-offering to the immortal Guttenberg. It did so, too, to gratify the feelings of the heart for the sufferings of others, and to turn the natural sympathy for misfortune to productive effect.

The satisfaction shown by the public at these performances, was the best acknowledgment of their merit; at the same time, it gave an impulse to the perfection of the German Mannergesang; and finally, it was an exhortation to unite with the whole Fatherland in a grand national vocal festival. The Lieder-Kranz entertained the joyful hope, that its intentions would everywhere be received with eagerness.

Its object was not by this Festival to prepare a mere passing enjoyment for the participants, but to lay the cornerstone of an imperishable institution. The proceeds of the Vocal Festival were to be appropriated to the foundation of a Musical Institute, to be called the "Mozart-Stiftung;" intending thereby to erect a moral monument to the greatest tone-poet of the world. The first performance of the Lieder Kranz for the benefit of the Mozart Institute, took place at Frankfort in July, 1838, and the constitution of the society

provided that an annual concert should be given by the Lieder-Kranz for the same purpose.

The Constitution of the "Mozart-Stiftung" consists of forty sections, detailing the manner in which its objects shall be attained, the principal of which are the education of youthful musical talent, and the production of musical compositions. Youths of all countries, where the German language is spoken, can receive the aid of the Institute, provided that their lives are blameless, and their musical talents respectable.

It was natural that all artists glowing with a true love for this science, should contribute, either by concerts or by their compositions, to the perfection of the Mozart Stiftung, and the completion of this admirable work. The noble Franz Litzt was one of the first who gave concerts for the benefit of the institute; among other contributors we find the names of Spohr, Ferdinand Hiller, Mangold. Dr. Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, the composer of the Lobgesang, has promised to write six Vierstimmige Mannergesange for the benefit of the institution. Franz Litzt has given it four imposing choruses. The highly-esteemed Schnyder Von Wartensee, one of the honorary members of the Lieder-Kranz, gave the institute a sum of money for the formation of a particular fund for the purchase of classical music. This happened very opportunely, for they were enabled to purchase thereby a great part of the works of Sebastian Bach from the estate of (alas, too early dead!) John Nep. Schelble, the worthy founder of the "Cecilien Verein" in Frankfort. From New York, also, the sum of one hundred and sixty florins was sent to the Mozart Institute by friends of the cause.

Slowly, but surely, this magnificent work approaches to completion, and the joyful consciousness of a noble deed will compensate its high-hearted founders for the indefatigable zeal which they have shown in their interest for the German National Monument—the Mozart-Stiftung.

CHARLES PERABEAU.

PLACES WORTH VISITING.

THE GOVERNOR'S ROOM IN THE CITY HALL.—The suite of rooms in the City Hall, called the Governor's Room, can be visited, free of cost, at any time of day, by application to the keeper. The chief attraction here, consists of the pictures, of which there are a good many, mostly authentic portraits. The Mayors of the city are all here, of the common kit-cat size; and the Governors of the State are represented at full length. The best picture among them all, is the portrait of Governor Yates, by Vanderlyn. It is the best that he ever painted; superior, in truth, to his Caius Marius. It proves that the only true historical painting, is portraiture. The best painted head in the collection, perhaps the best in the country, is the portrait of Governor Marcy, by Page; the general effect is inferior to some others in the room, owing to an ill-disposed flag suspended over the head of the Governor, and an uncomfortable prominence which is given to a ponderous table cover; but in other respects it is an admirable painting; one that does honor to the arts in this country, and which should be seen by every foreigner who would form a just estimate of the advance of art among us. There are also two portraits, by Inman; one, the most elaborate of all his pictures, of Mr. Van Buren; the other, one of his most free and dashing subjects, of Governor Seward. Here, too, is a full length portrait of Lafayette, painted by Mr. Morse, the President of the National Academy; it is a very passable portrait, but the most unnatural piece of coloring that was ever seen. But its merit as a painting will always be of secondary interest; as a portrait of a man, whose name will ever be dear to an

American, it will seem full of grandeur and beauty. It is much superior to the portrait which hangs in the House of Representatives at Washington.

Some of the most interesting pictures here, are the portraits of the heroes of our last war; may it ever remain the last! Those of Perry and Hull, particularly, are very spirited, though not to be commended as mere works of art. The citizens of New York pay a good round price for these pictures, and they should avail themselves oftener than they do, of their right to inspect them. The children of the charity schools in London, have the privilege of visiting the lions in the Tower, free of charge; and the children of our Public Schools should be allowed to visit the Governor's Room on a certain day of the week. It is the only free gallery in the city, and should be made the most of.

WALL STREET ARCHITECTURE.

A BLOCK of brick stores has just been built upon the site of the old Wall Street Church, in which a novelty in street architecture has been introduced, that will probably be extensively copied hereafter. It consists of clustered pillars and gothic ornaments, the effect of which is by no means unpleasant. There is now every possible style of architecture in Wall Street, excepting only the Egyptian. There are sphinxes at the entrance of some of the banks, we believe, which must be owned are a very suitable emblem for such a purpose. The Cyclopean is the favorite style in this region; and it appears to have been adopted to give an impression of stability to the corporations which do their business in the buildings. Herodotus relates an anecdote of a certain king who employed an architect to build him a treasury for his wealth, which it should be secure from thieves. But the architect left a stone loose in the building by which means he and his son entered it and stole the king's gold. The public should not place too great faith in these Cyclopean structures in Wall street, lest there be a loose stone somewhere, through which the contents of the vaults may be abstracted. There are two buildings in Wall street, which are probably the costliest that were ever built in any part of the world; the Custom House and the Exchange. One is a mountain of granite and the other of marble. They will doubtless stand forever, monuments of the inefficiency of mere money to produce anything great in art without the assistance of knowledge or genius.

CATALOGUE OF THE MERCANTILE LIBRARY IN NEW YORK, 1844.—The library of this all-important institution now contains 21,000 volumes, the use of which can be had for the mere trifle of two dollars the year. We are surprised to learn that the members of the association do not increase more rapidly. Every merchant in the city should see that his clerks are all subscribers to it; and where they cannot afford it, it would be to the interest of the employer to present the employed with the necessary funds. The present Catalogue is divided into three parts. In the first, works are arranged in *alphabetical* order, under their authors' names, or, if anonymous, under the leading word in the title. In the second, they are *classified* under general heads, which are themselves arranged alphabetically. The Classified Catalogue forms an *index* to the Alphabetical Catalogue, and reference can readily be made from the former to the latter, as the first word in the title of every book is the same in both. Biographies, only, stand, in the body of the Catalogue, under their authors' names, and, in the index, under the names of their subjects. The third part, or *Appendix*, comprises *Novels*, which are not in the other divisions of the Catalogue.

THE DIFFERENCE.—The Chimes, by Dickens, was sold in London at a dollar and a quarter; it is sold here at a six-pence. The London edition is better printed, of course, and better bound, with gilt edges, and illustrations; but the illustrations are by no means good ones, although they are by such celebrated artists as Maclise and Leech. The book is about equal to a shilling volume, and the publisher and author divide the enormous profits on the sale of the work between them—which is right and proper. Such a book, so published, in the United States would not sell at all. We doubt whether one copy could be disposed of at such a price. Two of our publishers paid thirty dollars each for their copies, to the importer; they issued their editions at the lowest possible fraction—four cents to the trade; and the next day the entire book was reprinted by a newspaper publisher and sold for two cents. Knavery and swindling can descend no lower. But this is neither knavery nor swindling, but fair and legal trade; by which nobody makes any thing, and all for the want of a copyright law. Lawrie Todd states that Galt got three thousand guineas from the sale of the book of that name; we are informed that Mary Clavers, the author of two very popular books, has not received fifteen hundred dollars for all that she has ever written. One of the publishing houses that paid thirty dollars for an early copy of the Chimes, had the MS. of an original work by an American author of established reputation, whose writings have been extensively republished in England, offered to them gratis, upon condition of their publishing it, and they declined it.

BITS OF NEWS.

MAYOR HARPER has refused to sign the bill, giving the use of the Rotunda, in the Park, to the New York Gallery of Fine Arts, because he thinks it would be establishing a bad precedent. The reason is a good one. To show the Common Council that it was not owing to hostility to the cause of art, the Mayor informed them that he was a member of the institution. The price of life-membership is one dollar.

JOHN P. RIDNER, Esq. of this city, for several years the superintendent of the Apollo Association, has recently been appointed an honorary secretary of the Art-Union of London, and is authorised to receive subscriptions for that institution. The engraving to be distributed by that association to the subscribers of the present year, which will terminate on the 31st of March next, will be executed by Mr. G. T. Doo, from a celebrated painting by W. Mulready, R. A., called "The Convalescent."

THE Harpers, it is said, are going to publish a new work by Cornelius Matthews, in April, to be called "Little Abel and Great Manhattan."

MR. PRESCOTT is engaged upon a new work, the "Conquest of Peru," which will probably equal in interest his last publication.

SIMMS'S Monthly Magazine has just made its appearance from the Charleston press. It professes to be a Southern and Western Review, and the first article in it is called "Americanism in Literature," which is chiefly remarkable for containing nothing in relation to that subject. There are papers by Mr. Headley and Ever A. Duyckinck, and a few slight notices of books by the editor. Mr. Simms complains of the great amount of money which the South expends for Northern productions in art and literature, and of the small amount which the North pays for Southern works of a like class. Probably not without good reason; and if he were earnest in his desire to produce a Southern magazine, he should, in his initial number at least, have filled his columns with the product of southern pens. The best things in the present number come from the north.

It is said that Bishops are going out of fashion. Several ladies have been seen in Broadway without these appendages.

LITERARY NOTICES.

APPLETON'S HISTORICAL LIBRARY. History of France, from the earliest period to the present time. By M. Michelet. Translated by G. H. Smith, F.G.S. D. Appleton & Co., 200 Broadway. No. 1, pp. 158. Price 25 cents.

The merits of Michelet, as a historical writer, are too universally well known to require any commendation at this time. The need of a work like this has long been felt among English readers, and the American publishers have conferred an obligation upon the public by the issue of this marvellously cheap edition of a desirable work. The present number contains 158 pages in double columns of neatly printed matter. The end of the second book, included in this number, reaches to the time of Hugh Capet, and the third begins with a geographical picture of France. This cannot fail to be a profitable publication, for even though the publisher should reap no profit from it, the public will. We have but one charge to prefer against the publication. It does not inform us where the translation was made. It may be inferred from the absence of any note of copyright that it is republished from an English edition; but it is an inference which we have no right to draw.

FOREST LIFE. By Mrs. Mary Clavers, in two volumes. Farmer & Daggers, 30 Ann Street.

A new edition of a very popular work. Mrs. Clavers was a resident of Michigan when Forest Life first came out, but she is now a resident of this city.

As a narrative writer she deserves a place at the head of American female authors, and as a delineator of character she is greatly in advance of them all. Since her return to city life she has published nothing but an occasional sketch in a magazine; but the materials for a book are as abundant in our high-ways, as in the by-ways of the west. And we hope to see an announcement before long, of a work from her hand, sketching the peculiarities of city life, wherein she would be free to exercise her fine powers of observation, without the fear of displeasing one of their high mightinesses, the editors of the pictorial magazines. It is not a little remarkable that these gentlemen are extremely fond of tales of love, seeing that they generally have so little of that commodity themselves, excepting for themselves.

UNCLE PETER'S FAIRY TALES. Farmer & Daggers, 30 Ann Street.

This little book was designed for English children between the ages of eight and fourteen, and it contains too many local allusions, we should think, to prove a very profitable book for readers of the same age on this side the Atlantic. It is not as prettily printed as a book of Fairy Tales should be, but well enough for the price asked for it. It has several entirely unpronounceable names in it, which will render it less acceptable to those for whom it was designed than it would otherwise be. Children being very delicate critics, and requiring the purest and most idiomatic English in their reading. In other respects it is a delightful work of the class to which it belongs; and a friend, in whose judgment we have implicit faith, says that he pities any grown up man who is not fascinated by it.

Poor Jack. Illustrated with Wood Cuts from designs by Stansfield: Farmer & Daggers, 30 Ann Street.

Poor Jack is the best of Captain Marryatt's sea stories—novels is not the right name for books like his. We have always felt exceedingly mortified to hear him abused by our countrymen, who appear to have strangely misunderstood his character. Captain Marryatt is a genuine sailor; there's nothing about him but suffers a sea change. He must not be judged by the standards by which other men are measured. As a delineator of the sailor character, he has never been approached, but they are not sailors only that he has delineated; sailor's wives, children, tradesmen, in short, all who live by navigation, from the bum-boat women to the ship carpenter, are all presented in his pages with the truthfulness of a daguerreotype. His stories are all clumsily constructed, but we read them, not for the sake of the plot, but for the characters which they contain, as we read Shakespeare's historical tragedies.

LAWRIE TODD. By John Galt, with an original preface by Grant Thorburn. New York: Farmer & Daggers, 1845.

We have here a new edition of this once popular work, with a preface from the Original who furnished the author with the hints for his volume. Mr. Thorburn informs us that Galt received three thousand pounds from the sale of this work alone. An incredible sum, considering the character of the book. If the author had accomplished no

other good by writing this book, it was enough to have made a simple-hearted old man perfectly happy. Mr. Thorburn has grown fat, figuratively, upon the reputation of Lawrie Todd; he looks as smiling as one of his own perennials whenever any one asks him if he was really the Original of Galt's hero. The career of Mr. Thorburn has been an exceedingly common one, and it is proof of his simple heartedness that he regards himself as an evidence of divine goodness, in having attained to the venerable age of seventy-two. But we have known a parrot that attained to a greater age even than that.

While Mr. Thorburn lives, Lawrie Todd will find plenty of readers, and when he shall be numbered among the departed, a long time hence, we hope, Lawrie Todd will preserve his memory to another generation.

THE BOOK OF BRITISH BALLADS. New York: James W. Judd & Co., New World Press.

This is a reprint from Mr. Hall's illustrated edition, with a very sensible and straight forward introduction by Park Benjamin. The Ballads are fifty-two in number; some of them, but not all, the best in the language. Mr. Hall's book was a very costly one, and probably the best specimen of illustration in wood cuts ever published in England; and we have no doubt but that a republication of the prints would have been profitable here. It is the designs, more than the cuts, which make the high cost of illustrated books, and as these could have been got for nothing, we regret that the experiment was not tried of publishing a fac simile. The book is a valuable one as it is, and we are glad to learn that the Editor has found it a profitable one.

MIKE MARTIN, OR THE LAST OF THE HIGHWAYMEN. By F. A. Durivage. Boston: Charles H. Brainard & Co., 1845.

This is the story of an Irish pick-pocket of the same name, who was hung in Boston twenty-three years ago. His confession was very ample and romantic, and Mr. Durivage has worked it up into a romance of the Jack Sheppard school. Such characters, if held up in a proper light, may do good after their execution, to others besides the surgeon; but when made the heroes of romance, there is but too much danger that their evils will live after them. The rope that ends their lives does not always end their mischiefs. All writers who take a thief for their hero, should also take the History of Jonathan Wild for their model.

PUNCH'S SNAPDRAGON. Farmer & Daggers, 30 Ann Street.

Some two or three hundred years hence, Punch will be looked upon as a veritable personage, and learned lecturers will read essays before Village Lyceums on his life and times. One half the good things attributed to Rabelais are as old as Herodotus; but there seems to be a disposition with the world to father upon one individual all its jokes and smart sayings. Punch's Snap-Dragon, as republished, is a rich two shillings' worth of fun and satire.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF NATIONS. Parley's Cabinet Library, Part 1. John Allen, 139 Nassau St. New-York.

This well known series of children's books has reached the seventeenth number, which is now before us. The frontispiece is a well cut wood engraving of a street scene in Paris, which gives a lively and truthful representation of one of the picturesque views in the French Capital.

The Southern Quarterly Review for January, contains the following articles:

Education in Europe by D. K. Whitaker, the Sieur de la Salle, by J. D. B. De Bowe. Literature of the Bible, by Rev. Dr. Hamilton of Mobile. Life and Writings of Rabelais, by G. F. Holmes. La Havane, by Hon. A. H. Everett, Works of Wilhelm Hauff, by Miss M. E. Lee, Miss Gray's History of Etruria, and Memoirs of Aaron Burr, by F. B. Porter of Tuscaloosa.

CHEMISTRY, as exemplifying the Wisdom and Beneficence of God. By Geo. Fownes, Ph. D., F. R. S., etc. In 1 vol. small 8vo. Price 50 cents. Wiley and Putnam.

Works of this class are valuable only for whatever positive information they may contain. If such a project for impressing men with an idea of God's power were carried out, as that proposed in the Bridgewater treatises, and other works of a similar kind, every object in creation from an ant to an elephant, and every member of every animal would require a separate volume, before the plan could be complete. But we trust that the perception of mankind is not yet so completely blunted, as to require this kind of pointing to the wisdom of God, as displayed in his works.

THE CONCERT ROOM.

THE NEW YORK VOCAL SOCIETY.—After endeavoring to correct existing abuses, the next duty of a journalist is to call the attention of the public to any thing which may be in operation for its benefit or amusement. We regret to say that even when awakened, the public is but too often neglectful of much that is truly excellent, unless it happens to hit decidedly the taste or fashion of the moment, irrespective of its merits or its tendency. Such is the case, unfortunately, with the Society in question, for although its objects are of the highest musical importance, and its performance fully equal to the noble works it executed, yet it has asked in vain for public sympathy and support. We cannot account for this lukewarmness, otherwise than that it has not yet become the *fad* to admire classical Vocal Music. To repine at this want of appreciation, is vain; to remonstrate, useless; we can only hope that taste will be of a rapid and healthy growth, far outstripping the petty brushwood and creeping parasites, which encumber it with rank luxuriance.

The Vocal Society was founded in the early part of the year 1843. Mr. George Loder, we believe, originated the idea, and on suggesting it to some musical friends, a meeting of the profession was called, and after some discussion, it was determined to establish a society, for the purpose of practising and performing the highest class of Vocal Concerted Music, whether Glees, Quartettes, &c., or Chorusses. The Society to be called the New York Vocal Society, and to consist of Professors of Music, with a due proportion of amateurs, Ladies and Gentlemen. Both professor and amateurs to be vocalists, of course. A Constitution was then formed, and the Society met for practice, after electing a President, in the person of Fanning C. Tucker, Esq.

Having seen it fairly started upon its doubtful voyage, we will examine the materials of which it was composed, for upon these depended its durability and the success of its undertaking. Among the Ladies of the orchestra, were Mrs. Edw. Loder, Mrs. Burkhardt, Mrs. Weidenhofer, Mrs. W. A. King, the Misses Watson, DeLuce, Cumming, Windmuller, &c. Among the gentlemen, were Messrs. G. Loder, Timm, H. C. Watson, Alpers, W. A. King, Beames, Maynard, Massett, Kyle, J. A. Kyle, Ensign, Ives, Reiff, with many others, equal in every way to their duties.

From such an array of names, it would appear to us that the public should have placed unlimited confidence in the stability and sterling excellence of the undertaking, to which these names were appended as a guarantee. But on glancing over the list, the eye dwelt not upon a long array of Madames and Signors! they were, alas! but simple Mistress, Miss, or Mister! Was it to be credited that any vocal music worth the hearing, could proceed from throats neither Italianized nor Frenchified—in short, from throats where the nightingale never nested? The idea could not for one moment be entertained; and so the Vocal Society was left to struggle, unaided and unsheltered by public fostering, against every difficulty. It did struggle, however, and manfully too, for, by the self-sacrifice of the principal professors, assisted by the amateur members, and some twenty subscribers, (we should like to publish their names, that they might be honored as true lovers of music) four admirable Concerts were given in 1843-4, and the first season concluded, leaving the Society free from debt. This was a great achievement, considering the adverse circumstances; but the Society had made nothing: no dividend was paid to the actual members, and the hopeful spirit (a vile spirit of gain!) was dead in the breasts of many of them, and their interest in the Society (monied interest) had ceased forever. Had there been but a dividend of two dollars each, it would have served to have kept up the spirit of hope among the mercenary, and have induced them to cling to the Society for the shadowy chances of the future. Those who sacrificed time and money to sustain the character of the Society, were by no means disheartened; they did not labor for a consideration; the Art and its interests animated their endeavors throughout, and neither the want of appreciation in the public, nor the lukewarmness, and even treachery of some of its own body, could induce them to slacken their efforts in what they deemed a just cause.

We will give a brief account of the works which were performed at the four Concerts of this Society. Some twenty of the finest English and Italian madrigals were performed in a manner never equalled in this country; several exquisite glees, both English and German; two grand pieces, called Psalms, by Spohr, beside selections from the Last Judgment, and smaller pieces by the same great composer; a wonderful composition called the *Forty Second Psalm*, and an exquisite *Ave Maria*, by Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, also pieces by Haydn, Hummel, Weber, and many other great names. The most important of

these pieces were produced by the Vocal Society for the first time in this country, which would in any other land be more than sufficient to establish firmly its high character in the public estimation. The vocal performances, as may be imagined from the well-known abilities of its members, were admirable in every respect. All the competent judges who attended the concerts, were unanimous in saying, that concerted vocal music had never before been heard to such perfection in this country.

We shall, in a future number, discuss its prospects for this its second season, and place in a prominent view its advantages as a school for classical music.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Mr. Editor.

My brother did not expect that you would print his letter about the boys, and we have had the laugh on him all the week; they have been at a Polka party every night since, which has made him dreadfully out of temper. But I tell him that there is a certain quantity of nonsense in every man, and that it is much better it should evaporate in his youth, when frivolousness seems natural, than to be locked up by restraint until he gets old, and then burst out when nobody expects it. For my own part, I despise a frivolous old man, as much as I do a grave young one; and I am well pleased to see the boys follow the course of nature, and dance before they get too heavy. Of all things I dislike to see a stout old gentleman in a cotillion.

But there is one thing, Mr. Editor, which I wish you would attend to—Punning. A gentleman who visits our house, puns about everything. I cannot open my mouth, but he answers me with a pun. I am sure it is dreadful uncivil; don't you think so? Dr. Johnson, I have been told, said that a man who would make a pun upon another's name would pick a pocket. And really, the gentleman I allude to, makes such dreadful puns about everybody, that I have thought it best to lock up all my trinkets whenever he calls upon us. Can't you write something very severe about this vile habit? I am afraid that I shall fall into it myself, if I admit the punning gentleman into my company any more. I have written off a long list of his puns, which I mean to send you, to satisfy you of the enormity of his offence. What makes it more singular, is the fact, that none of us ever laugh at his puns, although he always laughs himself. Your friend,

MARY ANN P.

P.S. We have lost three silver mugs lately; do you think that the punning visitor could have taken them?

A PAINTER'S SKETCH.

In search of brighter clime or sky
Still let the restless wanderer roam,
No fairer meets the painter's eye
Than mantles o'er our English home.
Green are our woods, and sweeter streams
Ne'er onward rolled in brighter beams.

More varied scenes what land can boast,
From castled craig to mountain vale?
Field, forest, sea-encircled coast,
The pencil charm: the pictured tale
Of sun and shade, of shifting skies,
No fairer clime than ours supplies.

Dear is the woodland cot, where trees,
Low bending o'er the rushy brook,
Fling their wild branches to the breeze,
Around the hereditary nook;
While chequered sunbeams trembling throw
Above the thatch, a golden glow.

If to thine eye be dearer still
The riven craig or crumbling wall,
The leaping foam from mountain rill,
Or deepest glen or loftiest fall,
Or hoary castle, dim and gray,
That mournful mocks the eye of day;

Turn to the wilds in northern land,
Whose circling mountains shroud the sky—
From snowy wreath and icy band,
Mysterious grandeur frowns on high—
Ben Nevis hoarsely shouts aloud,
And Lomond answers from its cloud.

Fill from the farthest spring of Thames,
And pledge Old England's wide names;
Fill to the high and honoured names
Which Genius hallows—not in vain—
Since bounding hearts in worship burn,
Before each consecrated urn.

W. H. CROME.

NOTICE TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—Our promised Engraving of "a Suspended Bishop," we are compelled to omit this week in consequence of an accident to the artist who had it in hand. It will be given next week.

The communication of "G. H. S." "Somerville," and "G. T." are left at the desk of our publishing office.

In reply to "E. V." we pay for all communications that are worth pay, according to agreement. We shall be happy to receive his sketches.

The letter of Dr. Doane was intended for our last week's paper, but it arrived too late.

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No considerable review in England, representing either the high or low parties in Church or State—no weekly or daily publication has failed to express the wonderful power and beauty of this volume of Biography.

NEW HISTORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. D. Appleton and Co. have recently published—History of the French Revolution—its causes and consequences; by F. Maclean Rowan; 2 vols 18mo, cloth 75 cts., or 1 vol. 63 cts.

"This work has many and valuable recommendations. Its compilation has been effected with care and good judgment; its style is essentially popular, its arrangements clear and methodical, and the whole form as condensed, comprehensive, and succinct a history of the most important event of this age, (both in itself and its consequences,) as we remember to have seen in so brief a space."—English Critic, Sept. 16, 1844.

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The celebrity of this work on the continent, and the want in English literature of a good history of France, has induced the publishers to introduce it to the American public at a price within the means of all.

DISEASES OF THE TEETH.

Washington, D. C., May, 1844.

THE neglect of the Teeth is the cause of much suffering and regret, and should not be disregarded by the most thoughtless.

The undersigned having received the benefit of Dr. A. G. Bigelow's professional skill, and believing him well qualified in the science of Dental Surgery, and an accomplished and skillful operator, we most cheerfully certify to the ease and safety with which Dr. B. performs the various and important operations, so essential to the usefulness, durability, and beauty of the Teeth.

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