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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.

THE AMBER WITCH. No 2, of Wiley & Putnam's Library of Choice Reading. Price 37 1-2 cents.

IT was a piece of rare good luck that the projectors of this praise-worthy series of choice books could begin their library with two works, so perfect in their kind as *Eôthen* and the *Amber Witch*; and it will be a piece of luck still more rare, if the works which come after, do not suffer by comparison with them. The British press has given so wide a currency to laudatory criticisms on the *Amber Witch*, that we are deprived of the pleasure of uttering any thing new in the way of praise on the same subject. Any thing savoring of dispraise in respect of this beautiful work, would be entirely new and startling; for we believe that no critic has yet had the temerity to risk his own reputation by undervaluing a production whose merits will be appreciated as readily by the unlearned as the learned reader. Although it is, probably, as truthful a romance as ever has been written, that is, makes as near an approach to the thing it pretends to be, a true history, it is a matter of surprise that the author did not render it more truthful than it is, by suffering the witch to be burned. Not only is the moral of the narrative destroyed by the dénouement, but the moment we begin to suspect that she will be rescued from the flames, the conviction that we are reading a true narrative begins to be shaken. It is, unquestionably, a more delightful romance for ending as it does; but if it be true, that Dr. Meinhold published it as an experiment upon the critical powers of the Tubingen reviewers, we wonder as much at his giving the story an ending so purely artificial, as we do at the obtuseness of the critics who are reported to have received it as a genuine chronicle.

Although a cheaper edition of the *Amber Witch* has already been published, we are sure that even those who may possess it in a homelier form, will be glad to have it in the elegant shape in which it is now presented.

THE CHILDREN OF MOUNT IDA. By Mrs. Child.

THIS classic tale, by Mrs. Child, is the most simple and perfect story that any American woman has yet produced. Were it not for a superlative adjective, here and there, and sometimes a magazine platitude, it might be passed off for an old Greek legend. It has much of the sweet simplicity and touching passion of the story of Cupid and Psyche; and in purity of thought and elevated imagination, we have read no composition of late years that equals it. We trust that those who have been in the habit of representing Mrs. Child as a writer of extravagant fancies, will read this simple and chaste production. A story like this could only come from a mind the reverse of extravagant. Its faults are those which must always mar the productions of an imagination teeming with rich fancies,—faults that appear like beauties in the

writings of a less gifted mind. Mrs. Child has, unconsciously we suspect, drawn the portrait of a perfect woman, a wife and mother, in *Œnone*, a very different being from the Glumdal-clitches who form the ideal of Miss Fuller's women. *Corythus* is, too, we fear, almost as near an approach to as perfect a man as our imperfect nature has yet developed.

The story of *Œnone* and *Corythus* however, is something more than a simple Greek legend; in the disguise of a fiction Mrs. C. has introduced one of the marvelous psychological developments, which have become too common in our day, to be laughed out of countenance by our wise men who will receive no truths less than a century old. The clairvoyance of *Œnone* is not in the least startling on Mount Ida; it harmonises with the old Greek legends, as naturally as though it had sprung from Greece, proving that the fables of her mythology had a deeper foundation to rest upon than the chimeras of barbarous ignorance. *Œnone* hastening her own calamities by her unconscious revelations, made while in the sleep that the unconscious powers of *Corythus* had produced, is so pure and tragic, that it hardly reads like a new invention. There cannot be a finer incident for the uses of tragedy; the clap-traps of poisoned bowls and daggers are mere gewgaws compared with this terrible power by which Fate compels her victims to be the instruments of their own ruin.

Mrs. Child is too pure and gentle a spirit to harrow the soul by pictures of remorse and suffering, but she has employed an incident of daily occurrence, (at least of reported daily occurrence, and for the uses of fiction, it is immaterial whether the reports be true or false,) to produce a catastrophe as purely tragical in its developement as any in the range of fiction.

THE LIBRARY OF COMMERCE; Practical, Theoretical, and Historical. By Freeman Hunt, Editor of the Merchants' Magazine. Vol. I. 142 Fulton street. 1<sup>st</sup> April.

THIS is the first number of "Hunt's Library of Commerce," an important and much needed series of books, which the well known editor of the Merchants' Magazine has undertaken to publish.

The present volume contains a sketch of the commercial intercourse of the world with China; a history of the British Corn laws; and Memoirs of Commercial Delusions: embracing sketches of the Mississippi scheme and the South Sea bubble. The first article, we presume to be from the pen of the editor; the others are republications from English works. The most valuable part of the book is that which relates to Commercial Delusions, because it shows, in a manner which cannot be misunderstood, the disastrous effects which must always follow all commercial speculations, when they are carried to excess. There are speculations of daily occurrence in our community, based upon no surer ground than those projected by Law and Scraggs, which do not create as much distress, only because they are not as widely spread as were the operations of those arch-financiers. A company was projected in Wall street, the past winter, in

which several men of capital embarked, which was hardly more explicit in its objects than one started by a great genius in the time of the South Sea Bubble, entitled "A Company for carrying on an Undertaking of Great Advantage, but Nobody to know what it is." The projector of this surprising adventure is said to have gained two thousand pounds in instalments of 5 per cent. from subscribers to shares. The profits, of course, were nothing to nobody, excepting himself. If the mania for "companies" to do every thing, should ever return to this city, we hope to see a company started for keeping the streets free from mud. We think that if any enterprising genius should open the books for subscription to such stock even now, he could not fail to receive a very great number of subscriptions.

The Library of Commerce is published in a very neat form, and handsomely printed. It will, of course, be a prominent volume on every merchant's book-shelves.

**POPULAR LECTURES ON ASTRONOMY.** By M. Arago, with additions and corrections by Dionysius Lardner, L.L.D. Greeley & McElrath, Tribune Buildings. 1845. Price 25 cents.

If M. Arago should ever chance to see a copy of this work, it would, probably, cause him as much surprise as the last comet did, which caught him napping. It is, unquestionably, a very excellent book for popular reading, and to those who know nothing about Astronomy, it will, as any work on Astronomy could not fail to do, convey many great truths which they will be the better for knowing. Nearly one half of the book has been contributed by Dr. Lardner, and the balance is ascribed to M. Arago, but as it was published from notes improperly taken, to which he never gave his consent, it is hardly doing him justice to pass it off as his work. The publishers give a perfectly satisfactory account of the manner in which it was obtained, and excuse themselves for republishing it by urging a plea very common with certain kinds of people, "if they did not, somebody else would." Perhaps we are a little too strict in regard to the publication of other people's property without their permission, but there are so few in the country who err in this manner, that we may be forgiven for erring on the same side.

M. Arago asks two questions in his lecture on comets, only one of which he answers.

"If the Moon is an old comet, what has she done with her hair?"

"What would be the consequence if the Earth should ever become the satellite of a comet?"

In reply to this last supposition, M. Arago quiets the fears of the Earthites, by a very ingenious theory, from which it appears, that instead of the Earth being alternately vitrified, liquified, and congealed as it approached and receded from the sun, its condition would not very materially be changed, and that at its aphelion and perihelion, its temperature would not vary much more than it does now. "There is nothing, therefore, to prove," M. Arago is made to say, and perhaps did say; "that in the hypothesis that the Earth should become the satellite of a comet, the human race must necessarily perish from thermometric changes." An exceedingly consoling theory; for although we Earthites might not altogether be satisfied with so secondary a position in the Universe, as that of a satellite to a vagabond comet, still we need entertain no harassing fears of danger to life and property in the case of such an event taking place. But we trust it will be a long time before any comet shall think of annexation with an eye to our own planet; and we have no doubt that even our friends at the south, as zealous they are for annexation of another kind, would sturdily oppose this.

**THE WORLD IN A POCKET-BOOK.** Geo. S. Appleton, Philadelphia, and Appleton & Co., New York. 3d edition.

An exceedingly neat pocket volume, the contents of which fulfill the promise of the title, imposing as it is. One of the chapters, "The Genius of the World," is quite novel in its way. The time from Moses to 1840, is compressed into five pages; all the genius of the world in so small a space! Alas for genius!

**IMITATION—PLAGIARISM—THE CONCLUSION OF MR. POE'S REPLY TO THE LETTER OF OUTIS.**

"I have written what I have written," says Outis, "from no personal motives, but simply because, from my earliest reading of reviews and critical notices, I have been disgusted with this wholesale mangling of victims without rhyme or reason."

I have already agreed to believe implicitly every thing asserted by the anonymous Outis, and am fully prepared to admit, even, his own contradictions, in one sentence, of what he has insisted upon in the sentence preceding. I shall assume it as indisputable, then, (since Nobody says it) that, first, he has no acquaintance with myself and "some acquaintance with Mr. Longfellow," and secondly, that he has "written what he has written from no personal motives whatever." That he has been disgusted with "the mangling of victims without rhyme or reason," is, to be sure, a little unaccountable, for the victims without rhyme or reason are precisely the victims that ought to be mangled; but that he has been disgusted "from his earliest reading" with critical notices and reviews, is credible enough if we but imagine his "earliest reading" and earliest writing to have taken place about the same epoch of time.

But to be serious; if Outis has his own private reasons for being disgusted with what he terms the "wholesale mangling of victims without rhyme or reason," there is not a man living, of common sense and common honesty, who has not better reason (if possible) to be disgusted with the insufferable cant and shameless misrepresentation practised habitually by just such persons as Outis, with the view of decrying by sheer strength of lungs—of trampling down—of rioting down—of mobbing down any man with a soul that bids him come out from among the general corruption of our public press, and take his stand upon the open ground of rectitude and honor.

The Outises who practise this species of bullyism are, as a matter of course, anonymous. They are either the "victims without rhyme or reason who have been mangled by wholesale," or they are the relatives, or the relatives of the relatives of the "victims without rhyme or reason who have been mangled by wholesale." Their watchwords are "carping littleness," "envious malignity," and "personal abuse." Their low artifices are insinuated calumnies, and indefatigable whispers of regret, from post to pillar, that "Mr. So-and-So, or Mr. This-and-That will persist in rendering himself so dreadfully unpopular"—no one, in the meantime, being more thoroughly and painfully aware than these very Outises, that the unpopularity of the just critic who reasons his way, guiltless of dogmatism, is confined altogether within the limits of the influence of the victims without rhyme and reason who have been mangled by wholesale. Even the manifest injustice of a Gifford is, I grieve to say, an exceedingly popular thing; and there is no literary element of popularity more absolutely and more universally effective than the pungent impartiality of a Wilson or a Macaulay. In regard to my own course—without daring to arrogate to myself a single other quality of either of these eminent men than that pure contempt for mere prejudice and conventionality which

actuated them all, I will now unscrupulously call the attention of the Outises to the fact, that it was during what they (the Outises) would insinuate to be the unpopularity of my "wholesale mangling of the victims without rhyme and reason" that, in one year, the circulation of the "Southern Messenger" (a five-dollar journal) extended itself from seven hundred to nearly five thousand,—and that, in little more than twice the same time, "Graham's Magazine" swelled its list from five to fifty-two thousand subscribers.

I make no apology for these egotisms, and I proceed with them without hesitation—for, in myself, I am but defending a set of principles which no honest man need be ashamed of defending, and for whose defence no honest man will consider an apology required.

The usual watchwords of the Outises, when repelling a criticism,—their customary charges, overt or insinuated, are (as I have already said) those of "personal abuse" and "wholesale (or indiscriminate) mangling." In the present instance the latter solely is employed—for not even an Outis can accuse me, with even a decent show of verisimilitude, of having ever descended, in the most condemnatory of my reviews, to that personal abuse which, upon one or two occasions, has indeed been levelled at myself, in the spasmodic endeavours of aggrieved authors to rebut what I have ventured to demonstrate.

I have then to refute only the accusation of mangling by wholesale—and I refute it by the simplest reference to *fact*. What I have written remains; and is readily accessible in any of our public libraries. I have had one or two impotent enemies, and a multitude of cherished friends—and both friends and enemies have been, for the most part, literary people; yet no man can point to a single *critique*, among the very numerous ones which I have written during the last ten years, which is either wholly fault-finding or wholly in probation; nor is there an instance to be discovered, among all that I have published, of my having set forth, either in praise or censure, a single opinion upon any critical topic of moment, without attempting, at least, to give it authority by something that wore the semblance of a reason. Now, is there a writer in the land, who, having dealt in criticism even one-fourth as much as myself, can of his own criticisms, conscientiously say the same? The fact is, that very many of the most eminent men in America whom I am proud to number among the sincerest of my friends, have been rendered so solely by their approbation of my comments upon their own works—comments in great measure directed against themselves as authors—belonging altogether to that very class of criticism which it is the petty policy of the Outises to cry down, with their diminutive voices, as offensive on the score of wholesale vituperation and personal abuse. If, to be brief, in what I have put forth there has been a preponderance of censure over commendation,—is there not to be imagined for this preponderance a more charitable motive than any which the Outises have been magnanimous enough to assign me—is not this preponderance, in a word, the natural and inevitable tendency of all criticism worth the name in this age of so universal an authorship, that no man in his senses will pretend to deny the vast predominance of good writers over bad?

"And now," says Outis, "[and now too, say I]" "for the matter of Longfellow's imitations—in what do they consist? The critic is not very specific in this charge. Of what kind are they? Are they imitations of thought? Why not call them *plagiarisms* then, and show them up? Or are they only verbal imitations of style? Perhaps this is one of them, in his poem on the "Sea Weed,"

—“drifting, drifting, drifting,  
On the shifting  
Currents of the restless main.”

resembling in form and collocation only, a line in a beautiful and very

powerful poem of MR. EDGAR A. POE. (Write it rather EDGAR, a Poet, and then it is right to T.) I have not the poem before me, and have forgotten its title. But he is describing a magnificent intellect in ruins, if I remember rightly—and, speaking of the eloquence of its better days, represents it as

—“flowing, flowing, flowing,  
Like a river.”

Is this what the critic means? Is it such imitations as this that he alludes to? If not, I am at fault, either in my reading of Longfellow, or in my general familiarity with the American Poets. If this be the kind of imitation referred to, permit me to say, the charge is too paltry for any man, who valued his reputation either as a gentleman or a scholar."

Elsewhere he says:—

Moreover, this poem contains an example of that kind of repetition which I have supposed the critic meant to charge upon Longfellow as one of his imitations—

Away—away—away—&c.

I might pursue it farther, but I will not. Such criticisms only make the author of them contemptible, without soiling a plume in the cap of his victim.

The first point to be here observed is the complacency with which Outis *supposes* me to make a certain charge and then vituperates me for his own absurd supposition. Were I, or any man, to accuse Mr. Longfellow of imitation on the score of thrice employing a word in consecutive connexion, then I, (or any man) would only be guilty of as great a sotticism as was Outis in accusing *me* of imitation on the score of the *refrain*. The repetition in question is assuredly not claimed by myself as original—I should therefore be wary how I charged Mr. Longfellow with imitating it from myself. It is, in fact, a musical effect, which is the common property of all mankind, and has been their common property for ages.

Nevertheless the quotation of this

“drifting, drifting, drifting”

is, on the part of Outis, a little unfortunate. Most certainly the supposed imitation had never been observed by me—nor even had I observed it, should I have considered it *individually*, as a point of any moment;—but all will admit, (since Outis himself has noticed the parallel,) that, were a second parallel of any obviousness to be established from the same brief poem, “The Sea-Weed,” this second would come in very strong corroboration of the first. Now, the sixth stanza of this very “Sea-Weed” (which was first published in “Graham’s Magazine” for January 1845) commences with

“From the far off isles enchanted;”

and in a little poem of my own, addressed “To Mary,” and first published at page 636 of the first volume of the “Southern Literary Messenger,” will be found the lines:

“And thus thy memory is to me  
Like some enchanted far off isle  
In some tumultuous sea.”

But to show, in general, what I mean by accusing Mr. Longfellow of imitation, I collate his “Midnight Mass for the Dying Year” with “The Death of the Old Year” of Tennyson.

#### MIDNIGHT MASS FOR THE DYING YEAR.

Yes, the Year is growing old,  
And his eye is pale and bleared,  
Death, with frosty hand and cold,  
Plucks the old man by the beard,  
Sorely,—sorely!

The leaves are falling, falling,  
Solemnly slow;  
Caw, caw, the rooks are calling;  
It is a sound of woe,  
A sound of woe!

Through woods and mountain-passes  
The winds, like anthems, roll;  
They are chanting solemn masses,  
Singing, Pray for this poor soul,  
Pray,—pray!

And the hooded clouds, like friars,  
Tell their beads in drops of rain,  
And patter their doleful prayers;  
But their prayers are all in vain,  
All in vain!

There he stands in the foul weather,  
The foolish, fond Old Year,

Crowned with wild flowers and with  
heather,  
Like weak, despised Lear,  
A king,—a king!

Then comes the summer-like day,  
Bids the old man rejoice!  
His joy! his last! O, the old man  
gray,  
Loveth her ever soft voice

Gentle and low.

To the crimson woods he saith—  
To the voice gentle and low,  
Of the soft air like a daughter’s breath,  
Pray do not mock me so!  
Do not laugh at me!

And now the sweet day is dead;  
Cold in his arms it lies;  
No stain from its breath is spread  
Over the glassy skies,  
No mist nor stain!

Then, too, the Old Year dieth,  
And the forests utter a moan,

Like the voice of one who crieth  
In the wilderness alone,  
Vex not his ghost !

Then comes, with an awful roar,  
Gathering and sounding on,  
The storm-wind from Labrador,  
The wind Euroclydon,  
The storm-wind !

How! how! and from the forest  
Sweep the red leaves away !

## THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

Full knee-deep lies the winter snow,  
And the winter winds are wearily sighing ;  
Toll ye the church-bell sad and low,  
And tread softly, and speak low,  
For the Old Year lies a-dying.

Old Year, you must not die,  
You came to us so readily,  
You lived with us so steadily,  
Old Year, you shall not die.  
He lieth still : he doth not move ;  
He will not see the dawn of day ;  
He hath no other life above—  
He gave me a friend, and a true, true love,  
And the New Year will take 'em away.

Old Year, you must not go,  
So long as you have been with us,  
Such joy as you have seen with us,  
Old Year, you shall not go.  
He frothed his bumpers to the brim ;  
A jollier year we shall not see ;  
But though his eyes are waxing dim,  
And though his foes speak ill of him,  
He was a friend to me.

Old Year, you shall not die ;  
We did so laugh and cry with you,  
I've half a mind to die with you,  
Old Year, if you must die.

He was full of joke and jest,  
But all his merry quips are o'er ;  
To see him die, across the waste  
His son and heir doth ride post haste,  
But he'll be dead before.

Every one for his own ;  
The night is starry and cold, my friend,  
And the New Year, blithe and bold, my friend,  
Comes up to take his own.

How hard he breathes ! Over the snow  
I heard just now the crowing cock.  
The shadows flicker to and fro :  
The cricket chirps : the light burns low :  
'Tis nearly one o'clock.

Shake hands before you die ;  
Old Year, we'll dearly rue for you,  
What is it we can do for you ?  
Speak out before you die.

His face is growing sharp and thin—  
Alack ! our friend is gone !  
Close up his eyes ; tie up his chin ;  
Step from the corpse and let him in  
That standeth there alone,  
And waiteth at the door.  
There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,  
And a new face at the door, my friend,  
A new face at the door.

I have no idea of commenting, at any length, upon this imitation ; which is too palpable to be mistaken ; and which belongs to the most barbarous class of literary piracy ; that class in which, while the words of the wronged author are avoided, his most intangible, and therefore his least defensible and least reclaimable property, is appropriated. Here, with the exception of lapses, which, however, speak volumes, (such for instance as the use of the capitalized "Old Year," the general peculiarity of the rhythm, and the absence of rhyme at the end of each stanza,) there is nothing of a visible or palpable nature by which the source of the American poem can be established. But then nearly all that is valuable in the piece of Tennyson, is the first conception of personifying the Old Year as a dying old man, with the singularly wild and fantastic manner in which that conception is carried out. Of this conception and of this manner he is robbed. What is here not taken from Tennyson, is made up mosaically, from the death scene of Cordelia, in "Lear"—to which I refer the curious reader.

In "Graham's Magazine" for February 1843, there appeared a poem, furnished by Professor Longfellow, entitled "The Good George Campbell," and purporting to be a translation from the German of O. L. B. Wolff. In "Minstrelsy An-

Would, the sins that thou abhorrest,  
O soul ! could thus decay,  
And be swept away !

For there shall come a mightier blast,  
There shall be a darker day ;  
And the stars, from heaven down-cast,  
Like red leaves be swept away !

Kyrie Eleison !  
Christie Eleison !

cient and Modern by William Motherwell, published by John Wylie, Glasgow 1827," is to be found a poem partly compiled and partly written by Motherwell himself. It is entitled "The Bonnie George Campbell." I give the two side by side :

## MOTHERWELL.

Hie upon Hielands  
And low upon Tay,  
Bonnie George Campbell  
Rade out on a day.  
Saddled and bridled  
And gallant rade he ;  
Hame cam his gude horse,  
But never cam he.

Out cam his auld mither  
Greeting fu' sair,  
And out cam his bonnie bride  
Rivin' her hair.  
Saddled and bridled  
And booted rade he ;  
Toom hame cam the saddle,  
But never cam he.

"My meadow lies green,  
And my corn is unshorn ;  
My barn is too big,  
And my baby's unborn."  
Saddled and bridled  
And booted rade he ;  
Toom hame cam the saddle,  
But never cam he.

## LONGFELLOW.

High on the Highlands,  
And deep in the day,  
The good George Campbell  
Rode free and away.  
All saddled, all bridled,  
Gay garments he wore ;  
Home came his gude steed,  
But he nevermore.

Out came his mother,  
Weeping so sadly ;  
Out came his beatuful bride  
Weeping so madly.  
All saddled, all bridled,  
Strong armor he wore ;  
Home came the saddle,  
But he nevermore.

"My meadow lies green,  
Unreaped is my corn,  
My garner is empty,  
My child is unborn,  
All saddled, all bridled,  
Sharp weapons he bore :  
Home came the saddle,  
But he nevermore !

Professor Longfellow defends himself (I learn) from the charge of *imitation* in this case, by the assertion that he *did* translate from Wolff, but that Wolff copied from Motherwell. I am willing to believe almost anything rather than so gross a plagiarism as this seems to be—but there are difficulties which should be cleared up. In the first place how happens it that, in the transmission from the Scotch into the German, and again from the German into the English, not only the *rhymes*, and *alliterations*? Again ; how are we to imagine that Mr. Longfellow with his known intimate acquaintance with "Motherwell's Minstrelsy" did not at once recognize so remarkable a poem when he met it in Wolff? I have now before me a large volume of songs, ballads, etc. collected by Wolff; but there is here no such poem—and, to be sure, it should not be sought in such a collection. No collection of his *own* poems has been published, and the piece of which we are in search must be fugitive—unless, indeed, it is included in a volume of *translations* from various tongues, of which O. L. B. Wolff is also the author—but of which I am unable to obtain a copy.\* It is by no means improbable that here the poem in question is to be found—but in this case it must have been plainly acknowledged as a translation, with its original designated. How, then, could Professor Longfellow have translated it as original with Wolff? These are mysteries yet to be solved. It is observable—peculiarly so—that the Scotch "Toom" is left untranslated in the version of Graham's Magazine. Will it be found that the same omission occurs in Wolff's version?

In "The Spanish Student" of Mr. Longfellow, at page 80, will be found what follows :

Scene IV.—*Preciosa's chamber.* She is sitting with a book in her hand near a table, on which are flowers. A bird singing in its cage. The Count of Lara enters behind, unperceived.

*Preciosa reads.*

All are sleeping, weary heart !  
Thou, thou only sleepless art !

Heigho ! I wish Victorian were here.  
I know not what it makes me so restless ! [The bird sings.]  
Thou little prisoner with thy motley coat,  
That from thy vaulted, wiry dungeon singest,  
Like thee I am a captive, and, like thee,  
I have a gentle gaoler. Lack-a-day !

All are sleeping, weary heart !  
Thou, thou only sleepless art !  
All this throbbing, all this aching,  
Evermore shall keep thee waking,  
For a heart in sorrow breaking  
Thinketh ever of its smart !

Thou speakest truly, poet ! and methinks  
More hearts are breaking in this world of ours  
Than one would say. In distant villages  
And solitudes remote, where winds have wafted  
The barbed seeds of love, or birds of passage  
Scattered them in their flight, do they take root,

\* Sammlung vorzüglicher Volkslieder der bekanntesten Nationen, großtentheils zuerst male, metrisch in das Deutsche übertragen. Frankfurt, 1837.

And grow in silence, and in silence perish.  
Who hears the falling of the forest leaf?  
Or who takes note of every flower that dies?  
Heigho ! I wish Victorian would come.  
*Dolores!* [Turns to lay down her book, and perceives the Count.  
Ha !

*Lara.* Senora, pardon me.  
*Preciosa.* How's this? *Dolores!*  
*Lara.* Pardon me—  
*Preciosa.* *Dolores!*

*Lara.* Be not alarmed; I found no one in waiting.  
If I have been too bold—

*Preciosa* [turning her back upon him]. You are too bold !  
Retire ! retire, and leave me !

*Lara.* My dear lady,  
First hear me ! I beseech you, let me speak !  
'Tis for your good I come.

*Preciosa* [turning toward him with indignation]. Begone ! Begone !

You are the Count of Lara, but your deeds  
Would make the statues of your ancestors  
Blush on their tombs ! Is it Castilian honor,  
Is it Castilian pride, to steal in here  
Upon a friendless girl, to do her wrong ?  
O shame ! shame ! that you, a nobleman,  
Should be so little noble in your thoughts  
As to send jewels here to win my love,  
And think to buy my honor with your gold !  
I have no words to tell you how I scorn you !  
*Begone !* The sight of you is hateful to me !  
*Begone, I say !*

A few passages farther on in the same scene we meet the following stage directions:—"He tries to embrace her, she starts back and draws a dagger from her bosom." A little farther still and "Victorian enters behind."

Compare all this with a "Scene from Politian, an Unpublished Tragedy by Edgar A. Poe," to be found either at page 13, or at page 106, of the second volume of the "Southern Literary Messenger."

The scene opens with the following stage directions:

*A lady's apartment, with a window open and looking into a garden.*  
*Lalage* in deep mourning, reading at a table, on which lie some books and a hand mirror. In the back ground, *JACINTA* leans carelessly on the back of a chair.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Lalage* reading. "It in another climate, so he said,  
Bore a bright golden flower but not i' this soil.  
[Pauses, turns over some leaves, and then resumes.]  
No ling'ring winters there, nor snow, nor shower,  
But ocean ever, to refresh mankind,  
Breathes the shill spirit of the western wind."  
Oh, beautiful ! most beautiful ! how like  
To what my fever'd soul doth dream of Heaven !  
O happy land ! [pauses] She died—the maiden died—  
O still more happy maiden who couldst die !

*Jacinta!* [Jacinta returns no answer, and Lalage presently resumes.]

Again a similar tale,  
Told of a beauteous dame beyond the sea !  
Thus speaketh one Ferdinand i' the words of the play,  
"She died full young"—one Bossola answers him  
"I think not so; her infelicity  
Seemed to have years too many." Ah luckless lady !  
*Jacinta!* [Still no answer.] Here's a far sterner story,  
But like, oh very like in its despair,—  
Of that Egyptian queen, winning so easily  
A thousand hearts, losing at length her own.  
She died. Thus endeth the history, and her maids  
Lean over her and weep—two gentle maids  
With gentle names, Eiros and Charmion.  
Rainbow and Dove—*Jacinta!*

\* \* \* \* \*

[Jacinta finally in a discussion about certain jewels, insults her mistress, who bursts into tears.]

*Lalage.* Poor Lalage ! and is it come to this ?  
Thy servant maid !—but courage !—tis but a viper  
Whom thou hast cherished to sting thee to the soul !

[Taking up the mirror.]

Ha ! here at least's a friend—too much a friend  
In earlier days—a friend will not deceive thee.  
Fair mirror and true ! now tell me, for thou canst,  
A tale—a pretty tale—and heed thou not  
Though it be rife with woe. It answers me.  
It speaks of sunken eyes, and wasted cheeks,  
And beauty long deceased—remembers me  
Of Joy departed—Hope, the Seraph Hope  
Inurned and entombed !—now, in a tone  
Low, sad, and solemn, but most audible  
Whispers of early grave untimely yawning  
For ruined maid. Fair mirror and true ! thou liest not !  
Thou hast no end to gain—no heart to break.  
Castiglione lied who said he loved—  
Thou true—he false !—false !—false !

[While she speaks a Monk enters her apartment, and approaches unobserved.]

*Monk.* Re'uge thou hast

Sweet daughter ! in Heaven. Think of eternal things !  
Give up thy soul to penitence, and pray.

*Lalage.* I cannot pray !—my soul is at war with God !

[Arising hurriedly.]

The frightful sounds of merriment below  
Disturb my senses—go, I cannot pray !  
The sweet airs from the garden worry me !  
Thy presence grieves me—go !—thy priestly raiment  
Fills me with dread—they ebony crucifix  
With horror and awe !

*Monk.* Think of thy precious soul !

*Lalage.* Think of my early days !—think of my father  
And mother in Heaven ! think of our quiet home  
And the rivulet that ran before the door !  
Think of my little sisters !—think of them !  
And think of me !—think of my trusting love  
And confidence—his vows—my ruin—think—think  
Of my unspeakable misery !—begone !

Yet stay ! yet stay ! what was it thou saidst of prayer  
And penitence ? Didst thou not speak of faith  
And vows before the throne ?

*Monk.* I did.

*Lalage.* 'Tis well.  
There is a vow were fitting should be made—  
A sacred vow, imperative, and urgent—  
A solemn vow.

*Monk.* Daughter, this zeal is well.  
*Lalage.* Father ! this zeal is any thing but well.  
Hast thou a crucifix fit for this thing ?  
A crucifix whereon to register  
A pious vow ?

Not that—oh ! no ! no ! no ! [Shuddering.]  
Not that ! not that ! I tell thee, holy man,  
Thy raiments and thy ebony cross affright me :

Stand back ! I have a crucifix myself—  
I have a crucifix ! Methinks 'twere fitting  
The deed—the vow—the symbol of the deed—  
And the deed's register should tally, father !  
Behold the cross wherewith a vow like mine  
Is written in Heaven !

[Draws a cross-handled dagger and raises it on high.]

*Monk.* Thy words are madness, daughter !  
And speak a purpose unholy—thy lips are livid—  
Thine eyes are wild—tempt not the wrath divine—  
Pause ere too late !—oh ! be not—be not rash !  
Swear not the oath—oh ! swear it not !

*Lalage.* 'Tis sworn !

The coincidences here are too markedly peculiar to be gainsayed. The sitting at the table with books, etc.—the flowers on the one hand, and the garden on the other—the presence of the pert maid—the reading aloud from the book—the pausing and commenting—the plaintiveness of what is read, in accordance with the sorrow of the reader—the abstraction—the frequent calling of the maid by name—the refusal of the maid to answer—the jewels—the "begone"—the unseen entrance of a third person from behind—and the drawing of the dagger—are points sufficiently noticeable to establish at least the imitation beyond all doubt.

Let us now compare the concluding lines of Mr. Longfellow's "Autumn" with that of Mr. Bryant's "Thanatopsis:"

Mr. B. has it thus :

So live, that when thy summons comes to join  
The innumerable caravan that moves  
To that mysterious realm where each shall take,  
His chamber in the silent halls of Death,  
Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night,  
Scourged to his dungeon ; but, sustained and soothed  
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave  
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

Mr. L. thus :

To him the wind, aye and the yellow leaves  
Shall have a voice and give him eloquent teachings.  
He shall so hear the solemn hymn that Death  
Has lifted up for all, that he shall go  
To his long resting-place without a tear.

Again, in his "Prelude to the Voices of the Night" Mr. Longfellow says :—

Look then into thine heart and write !

Sir Philip Sidney in the "Astrophel and Stella" has :

Foole, said my Muse to me, looke in thy heart and write !

Again—in Longfellow's "Midnight Mass" we read :

And the hooded clouds like friars.

The Lady in Milton's "Comus" says :

When the grey-hooded even  
Like a sad votarist in palmer's weeds.

And again :—these lines by Professor Longfellow will be remembered by every body :

Art is long and time is fleeting,  
And our hearts, though stout and brave,  
Still like muffled drums are beating  
Funeral marches to the grave.

But if any one will turn to page 66 of John Sharpe's edition of Henry Headley's Select Beauties of Ancient English Poetry, published at London in 1810, he will there find an Exequy on the death of his wife by Henry King, Bishop of Chichester, and therein also the following lines, where the author is speaking of following his wife to the grave :

But hark ! my pulse, like a soft drum,  
Beats my approach—tells thee I come !  
And slow howe'er my marches be,  
I shall at last sit down by thee.

Were I disposed indeed, to push this subject any farther, I should have little difficulty in culling, from the works of the author of "Outre Mer," a score or two of imitations quite as palpable as any upon which I have insisted. The fact of the matter is, that the friends of Mr. Longfellow, so far from undertaking to talk about my "carping littleness" in charging Mr. Longfellow with imitation, should have given me credit, under the circumstances, for great moderation in charging him with imitation alone. Had I accused him, in loud terms, of manifest and continuous plagiarism, I should but have echoed the sentiment of every man of letters in the land beyond the immediate influence of the Longfellow *coterie*. And since I, "knowing what I know and seeing what I have seen"—submitting in my own person to accusations of plagiarism for the very sins of this gentleman against myself—since I contented myself, nevertheless, with simply setting forth the *merits* of the poet in the strongest light, whenever an opportunity was afforded me, can it be considered either decorous or equitable on the part of Professor Longfellow to beset me, upon my first adventuring an infinitesimal sentence of dispraise, with ridiculous anonymous letters from his friends, and moreover, with malice prepense, to instigate against me the pretty little witch entitled Miss Walter; advising her and instructing her to pierce me to death with the needles of innumerable epigrams, rendered unnecessarily and therefore cruelly painful to my feelings by being first carefully deprived of the point ?

E. A. P.

#### A COMMISSION OF LUNACY.

I was once called to decide upon the case of a person who was thought by his friends to be insane. He had been sent to a mad house, and in one of his lucid intervals had demanded a trial of the county judge, and a trial was granted. A jury of six men, of whom I was one, were to decide upon his case. He was a healthy looking gentleman, with nothing unusual in his appearance excepting a restlessness of his eyes, which might not have been observed had he not been accused of insanity. The proofs of his madness were very clear, but he showed so much coolness and clear thinking in his cross-questioning of witnesses, that I felt some hesitation in pronouncing him unsound of mind. His case was a very sad one, and he melted the hearts of all who heard him when he appealed to the jury.

"I deny that I am insane, gentlemen," he said, when the judge gave him leave to speak, "but that is a matter of course. No man ever thought himself insane; neither can any man ever think himself so; for, having no standard of soundness but what exists in his own mind, he cannot be unsound to himself though he may be manifestly so in the mind of another. But who shall determine what is madness and what is not? Be careful, gentlemen, how you pronounce me mad, lest to-morrow I be called to pronounce you so. The proofs

that have been offered to you of my madness are to me proofs of entire soundness of mind. I would be mad were I anything different from what I have been represented. They have brought three physicians, who all say that I am mad. Yet I will compel you to admit that the madness is in them and not in me. I was sick, very sick, sick at heart, for you must know that I had lost my Bessy and my little boy, my little boy." Here the unfortunate hesitated and seemed to lose himself entirely. "I said that I was sick, but it was Bessy. But it must have been me. Yes, I was sick, very sick, sick at heart, for my little boy and Bessy. Bessy again. Yes, Bessy had been sick but now it was I. I was sick, and they brought me a physician. He felt my pulse, he looked upon me with his cold gray eyes, and then reached me a tumbler half full of a nauseous liquid which he said would quiet me, and do me good. But all the while I was quieter than a rock, and colder, and harder. I thought that he needed the stuff more than myself, so I caught his head between my knees, and though he struggled hard yet I poured it down his throat, gentlemen, and he was glad enough to escape. Then they brought another to me, who gave me a little globule of sugar, a pin's head was a cannon ball beside it, and told me that it would cure my fever. Do you blame me for thrusting the madman out of my chamber? Then they brought me another, who would give me no medicine at all, but ordered them to swathe me in wet sheets. Him too I drove from my presence, the lunatic. Yet these are the men who come here to swear to my insanity. Ah, gentlemen, I am not mad, but I wonder that I am not. The combined powers have taken away my Bessy and my little boy, and I shall never, never, never see them more. Never."

It was a perfectly clear case of lunacy, and a pitiable one. But when we retired to the jury-room, one of the jurors would not agree with the other five. He stretched himself upon a bench, threw a handkerchief over his head, and requested us to wake him when we had come over to his way of thinking. For myself, I was not disposed to be bullied out of my opinion, so I too lay down upon a bench, determined not to yield an inch of my right to think for myself, and in a few minutes fell fast asleep; but I had better have kept awake, for the moment that my eyelids fell I had to perform the part of a juror again.

It was the same ill-lighted room, the same dull judge who slept through half the trial, the same clownish spectators, the same everything, except the defendant, who yet seemed to be the same person in a different habit.

He was a good looking youth, indeed, I had never seen a finer; his dark chesnut hair and sandy beard were equal to a patent of nobility, for they proclaimed his Saxon blood, and proved him of a race that came upon the earth to conquer it. His eyes were grey and his complexion fair. But, poor man! he was out of his mind. His father was a merchant, and he wept while he gave evidence to his son's insanity. He, the son, would wear his beard, and this was the proof of his madness. In spite of the jeers, the sneers, and the laughter of the world, he would let his beard grow as nature intended. Poor fellow! We all pitied him. So intelligent, so gentle in his manners, so happily circumstanced, and yet mad! He had the hardihood to declare in open court, that he saw no reason why he should deprive his face of the covering which God had put upon it.

"No reason!" cried his mother, "O my son, does not your father shave, your uncle, your brother, all the world shave but yourself? No reason for shaving? O! my son!"

"True," replied the unfortunate youth as he stroked his beard with ineffable content, "true, but they are all mad or

they would not. I need my beard to protect my face and throat from the wet and cold. It helps to hide the sharp angles of my jaws, it makes me more comely, adds to my strength and keeps me in health. Do I not look more like a man than my father, with his smooth, pale face, who has nothing but his clothes to distinguish him from a woman? Look at him, he has scraped all the hair off his chin and placed another man's hair on his head. Beautiful consistency. To shave his chin and put false hair on his head! What a mad outrage upon nature. Hair is not always necessary to the head for it often falls off as we grow old, but it never drops from the chin. I appeal to this honorable court—"

"Silence!" cried the honorable court, who at that moment woke up.

"Justice never sleeps, excepting on the bench," observed the youth in a low voice.

"Go on," said the honorable court, whose business, when out of court, was horse dealing, which fitted him in an eminent degree for the responsibilities of his office.

"I appeal to this honorable court," continued the insane youth, "I appeal to you, gentlemen of the jury, and I would, if I were permitted, appeal to these fair ladies (there were several old gossips in the room) to say whether I am not more sane than my father."

"I can't allow such audacious remarks as those in this place," said the honorable court, rising and wiping its honorable face with a dingy handkerchief. "This thing mustn't proceed no further. I don't know, gentlemen of the jury, as I have ever been more seriously affected in my life, than I have been by this melancholy trial."

"Probaby not," said the maniac.

"The court will allow no interruption from no one," said the honorable court, fixing its dreadfully stern eyes on the madman and stretching out its stumpy fore-finger in a threatening manner. "My heart has been melted by the scene we have witnessed."

"A very little heat will melt ice," said the mad youth.

"My feelings is too much for me to proceed," continued the honorable court, "I resign the case into your hands, gentlemen of the jury, only remarking that the young man is mad, and so you must give in your wurdick."

The poor youth was immediately put into a strait-jacket and dragged away, yet he still seemed to stand at the bar, but his appearance was changed. He wore a broad brimmed hat made of oaten straw, a linen blouse which reached below his knees, and a shirt of snowy whiteness open at the throat, so that his manly neck was fully exposed. His complexion was brown, his eye clear and bright, his laughing mouth displayed teeth of a pearly lustre, and he appeared to receive great pleasure in snuffing the fragrance of a bunch of field flowers which he held in his hand. I thought, as I looked at him, that I had never seen a youth who bore so many marks of unequivocal soundness of mind and body. But he was mad, notwithstanding all. His own father was the first witness examined. Poor old man! he could hardly articulate the words which a sense of duty to his child compelled him to utter.

"Nothing but a hope that judicious medical treatment may restore my son to his senses, could induce me to this dreadful alternative," said the old man after he had been sworn. "My poor son has been afflicted with his disorder for two years. We have tried all gentle means to cure him, but he grows worse and worse. The proofs of his madness are so glaring that he cannot be kept from the mad-house. He is now in his twenty-fifth year; he has had a good education, the best that money could procure; he has made the tour of Europe; he has had all the advantages which my extensive business connexions could give him, and yet, gentlemen, regardless of my wishes and his own welfare, he has married a poor young woman and gone to bury his splendid accomplishments on a farm. Is it not dreadful, gentlemen, to witness such a sacrifice? I offered him a share in my business, I proposed to establish him in a splendid distillery, but such was the poor creature's derangement of intellect that even this brilliant offer could not draw him from the obscurity of the country. Look at his dress, gentlemen; if the court, please, is not that *prima facie* evidence of his insanity?"

The court thought it was, but would not give a decided

opinion without first looking into somebody's reports.

"Look at him, gentlemen, would any body believe that he was the son of a rich merchant? That disgraceful blouse like a common laborer's. That coarse straw hat! O, gentlemen, pardon a father's weakness! I can say no more."

The mother of the insane man appeared next, but her distress was too great to admit of her giving her evidence in a straight forward manner.

She believed her son to be crazy. Had first suspected it on his return from Paris on account of his plain clothes; he had left off coffee and tea and drank nothing but cold water; he talked strangely about the country; quite unlike her other children, who were fond of style and lived respectably; insanity not peculiar to the family; was not influenced by her husband; had seen her son laugh with the coachman; had opposed his marriage; thought it a decided proof of insanity to marry out of one's own circle; had been the first to propose sending her son to the insane retreat.

After the witnesses delivered their testimony, the court told the maniac that he might address the jury.

"I have nothing to say in regard to the testimony," said the youth, "but that it is all true. I prefer the sweets of a country life to the bitter toils of business. I have a wife whom I love; she brought me no fortune, it is true, but she helps me, daily, to earn one. I have a little farm which yields more than I need; I have good health, a quiet conscience, and two lovely children whose minds and bodies I am striving to rear in conformity with the dictates of nature. For these I prefer a moderate fortune in the country to an immoderate one in the city. Besides, I look upon the judgment pronounced upon Adam in the light of a command, and I was never happy until the sweat of my own brow seasoned my daily food."

The jury pronounced him mad without leaving their seats.

"A righteous wurdick!" said the honorable court.

He was led from the court-room, and yet he still stood there, such are the inconsistencies of dreams.

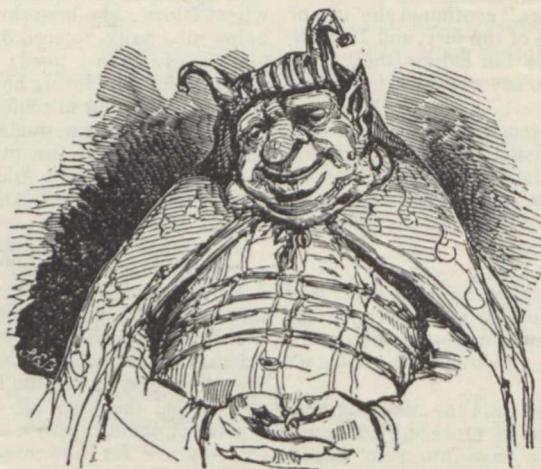
He was now dressed in rusty clothes; his countenance was subdued by thought; he was unhappy but not uneasy; his eyes were cast down, his lips were more closely pressed together, and the vigorous look of youth was changed for a gravity of demeanor that sat upon him well, though it seemed too grave for his years. There was literally a cloud of witnesses to his insanity. He had been heard to pity a condemned felon; he had said irreverend things of the law; he had spoken against the clergy; he had abused physic; he had given his money to vagabonds; he laughed at the fashions; he had cried at a wedding; he was opposed to war; he had been struck without returning the blow; he had pitied a slave holder; he had——. But the jury would hear no more. They pronounced him mad with one voice. All Bedlam seemed now broken loose. No sooner was one maniac pronounced upon than another occupied the stand. The obscure little court-room began to look like the ante-room of the revolutionary tribunal. To expedite business a whole lot of maniacs were put up together and judged in a lump.

One was a young girl of eighteen who had married her father's poor clerk whom she loved, when she might have married her father's rich partner whose money her friends loved; a Wall-street broker who had refused usury on a note; a grocer who had recommended a customer not to buy his sugar because he could buy cheaper elsewhere; a man who corrected a post office error when his letter had been undercharged; a political orator who had refused an office because he did not think himself entitled to one; a lawyer who refused to advocate the cause of a rogue on the pretence of conscientious scruples; a critic who doubted his own infallibility; a lieutenant of marines who gave up his commission and earned his bread by his own labor; an editor of a newspaper who had never called names; an English traveller without national prejudices; a midshipman who never damned the service; an artist who painted from nature; an author who was satisfied with a review of his book; a young lady who was offended at being told that she was pretty; a poet who considered himself inferior to Shakespeare. These were all pronounced mad. But the noise of their removal woke me, and finding that the other jurors had gone over to the one who was for rendering a verdict of not insane, I too, instructed by my dream, concluded to coincide with them, lest I should establish a precedent by which I might at some future day be pronounced mad myself.

HARRY FRANCO.

### PORTRAIT OF AN ANNEXATIONIST.

It has not been for lack of interest, or of opinion, that we have kept silent on the important subject of annexation. But seeing that the thing was determined upon, we saw no good in wasting our little space in the reading world by fretting and fuming to no purpose. The deed has been done, and the whole country has been standing with open mouth ever since it was done, waiting to see how it would affect the various powers,—England, France, and Mexico; but no intelligence has yet been had from either. There is one great power, however, a crowned head, of whom nobody seems to have had a thought, who has felt more interest in the matter than any other potentate, and from whom we have heard by mesmeric express. To him the news of the joint resolutions came like a cool wind in summer, bracing up his nerves and giving him a sensation of ineffable satisfaction. His imperial majesty, Satan the first, received the intelligence with unbounded and inexpressible delight, inexpressible at least in words. To give the public some idea of his content, our artist has furnished us with a fac simile of his serene highness as he appeared while listening to the joint resolutions which were read to him, by his private Secretary, with all their amendments.



The likeness is indisputable, and the satisfaction immense; though commonly of a lean habit, it will be seen that he has grown fat upon it; his fancy is tickled to a degree past bearing, with visions of prospective fields of carnage, of an extended area of —— Freedom; of battles by sea; of captives in prison; of broken-hearted widows; of weeping orphans; of national debts; of privateers; of pirates; of burning villages; sinking ships; heroes; chieftains; gold lace; epaulettes, cripples, drunkards, idlers, ruined cities, and innumerable other delights which he feels sure will follow on the heels of annexation.

But, hold! The intended annexees refuse to be annexed. His majesty is more displeased than any holder of scrip; he fumes and scolds; he drives even his favorites from him in his wrath. It is not to be wondered at; he has not had a taste of his favorite pastime, war, in so long a time, that he cannot quietly pocket a disappointment like this. Our artist has sketched him again; but he looks like another personage though he is the same.

He has put on his crown of iron horns to give intensity to his anger. He will play the —— with those foolish annexees who will not accept the terms of denationalization which have been offered to them. But his majesty will again be satisfied: there is little doubt of the work being done to his mind by and by.



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

NO. VI.

REYNOLDS, ALSTON, STUART.

To the method recommended by me in an earlier article, for painting a head, I propose now to add another hint, which I think will not be lost, the more so as I shall be able to bring *authority*, besides its own self-evident truth.

In the picture, such as it was when we left it some weeks back, perhaps some greater purity of complexion might be desired; if so, take a very little *white* in your brush together with drying oil, and scumble it thinly over all your flesh, and if the reds were of sufficient strength to bear this slight weakening, it will be as pure as a white lily. This comes naturally after what I have said of this mode, and perfectly harmonises with it; where this has been done, should it not answer the expectations or wishes of the painter, let him begin it all over again, and do it more thoroughly from the beginning; and the end will not disappoint him if he be reasonable. If there is any thing in it, it cannot be perfected at one trial, but should not, therefore, discourage those who have for years, it may be, made vain efforts to satisfy themselves by the ordinary means.

A gentleman of Boston, who was well acquainted with Gilbert Stuart, was invited by him to look at a picture, which he had just finished, and whilst they were looking at it, Mr. S. told my informant, as something worth knowing, "that a wonderful effect could sometimes be produced in flesh by passing white all over it." But this was all—there seemed to have been no system, or thorough knowledge of the principle, so as to make any thing certain of it, so far as he disclosed it. And, indeed, his pictures sufficiently testify to the truth of this supposition—for though his heads of aged persons, particularly old men with ruddy-veined complexions, are often as fine as could be desired, it is a well-known fact, that those of young women of delicate color, or children, are greatly inferior, bearing no comparison with the former; whereas, had he been thoroughly grounded in this mode, there would have been no disparity in his more careful pictures, at least not in favor of the coarser subject, but rather, on the other hand. But if a general principle for the painting of flesh be a true one, and such as is to be depended upon, it will meet all cases, and be as applicable to the one as the other.

Reynolds, too, in some notes of his written for the guidance of his pupils, and now to be found in Taylor's translation of Mérimée, on Oil Painting, [page 334,] says:

"In respect to painting the flesh tints, after it has been finished with very strong colors, pass white over it very thin with oil. I believe it will have a very wonderful effect"—"or paint carnation too red, and then scumble over it with white and black."

This, too, shows how indefinite his knowledge of the cause must have been, for it is evident from some of his works that I have inspected, that he did not so build up his picture from dark to light as I have described.

In a portrait of Charles Carroll, painted by Sir Joshua, when our revolutionary hero was a young man, it had been reduced by time to a state of the first painting, having been thickly impasted with white lead, and the shadows laid in gray and solid—the glazings, most likely, of carmine and lake, had entirely flown, except in inconsiderable streaks here and there; and these washes of fleeting colors were probably all that he depended on for his imitations of nature. His methods must have been various, throughout his life, for some of his pictures are said to retain all their color; but he never arrived at what he considered the true way, or he would certainly have continued to use it, and he

is known to have kept changing, to the end of his life, seeking what he could not find.

More than six years since, in conversation with the late Washington Alston, I took occasion to speak to him in general terms of this theory of the use of colors, which then, as now, interested me very much; he said, that in theory it seemed very clear and satisfactory, and admitted that in his younger days, twenty or thirty years before, he had himself made many experiments of a somewhat similar kind, and did not doubt but that it would be as good in practice as in thought, if it could be carried out; but he had his doubts that light colors so passed over darker ones, as I have described, "would have the look of a white *veil*." The conversation was never renewed, and as I was then too modest to point to any of my own pictures where I had made a feeble attempt to do the thing I preached, and was not then aware of what I have given above in favor of passing white over the surface of flesh, from Reynolds or Stuart, I had nothing to offer in defence but the simple question, "well, is not the skin actually in some degree a *veil*?"

Now I have heard it argued by some persons, who doubt every thing when they first hear it, "if this theory is true, why did not Alston know it? and Stuart?" and so they reject it;—"can any thing be more absurd?"

With great respect for the memory of Mr. Alston, and admiration for many of his works, yet I cannot by any means subscribe to their *perfection* in color, particularly his latter; the best color that I have ever seen of his, must have been produced at least twenty years before, and perhaps when he was yet endeavoring to attain the right way. Many seem to think that the works of Titian are scarcely finer in color than those of Alston; if so, I have greatly overrated the works of the former master, and should never despair of the genius of our people in renewing the old Venetian glory. The pictures of Alston are low in tone, which to my mind constitutes their chiefest merit so far as their coloring is concerned; but to look upon this as his chief excellence does him great injustice. It is the delicacy of his taste in design for which he must be wisely distinguished. I do not mean to be understood to say that he had not also a fine eye for color, but that, considered as imitations of nature, his flesh wants depth, as well as clearness or transparency, being often *foxy*—and when cool, having something of leaden solidity.

If I have offended any one of the innumerable admirers of this most distinguished painter by these remarks, let them believe, which is true, that I would much rather have left unsaid any unfavorable word of his pictures, than have uttered one syllable which I did not most conscientiously believe. Moreover, people are so disposed, when they have once set up their idol, to attribute to it not only all the knowledge they themselves possess, but all they have not, that to have said at least as much as this seemed to me a duty. If he had not the knowledge of the best means of using his materials, as I am quite certain he had not, the fact that thus crippled he has done so much better than others, only argues his more extraordinary abilities, and it would not be detracting too much from any mere man, to say that there are some things that he does not know. I could find it in my heart to say that even Raffaelle was ignorant on some points where the whole strength of others was to be found. No one, I believe, has ever attributed to him what is known to have been well understood by Paul Veronese, and others of his school.

To any one acquainted with Alston's method of painting, it will be apparent that he more nearly approached that which I have endeavored to set forth, than most of the other painters about. He alternated the three primitive colors all through

his flesh, solidly to be sure, and on the surface instead of laying them over each other, and often mixed them all together, producing a sort of neutral olive tint, and passed this mixture thinly over all his masses, for unity, and again touched into this with red yellow and blue; but reason will teach us that this is but a small approach to the system of Nature, and had it been so used by Titian, it might very safely be doubted—no name being a sufficient authority for what reason rejects as inconsistent with its teachings, at least if we except Revelation; and an ingenious painter may so use a wrong method, like a skillful lawyer making the worse appear the better side, that it will need a jury of more than ordinary penetration to detect the error.

As to light passed over a darker color “ appearing like a veil,” as supposed by Mr. A., what Reynolds says in its favor, will be deemed a fair offset.

Most of the better of our painters who have travelled abroad, and copied from the pictures of this greatest of all colorists, (Titian) agree that where they had done their best to imitate them, an impenetrable *mystery* seemed to hang over his flesh that nothing but nature could parallel—looking, as I have heard it somewhat coarsely expressed, “as if it could sweat.” When any of Alston’s pictures call forth such significant remarks from those who contemplate them, it may be time to doubt our eyes and look again.

I should like well to end this article with an urgent recommendation to those who have read what I have written with any fixed attention, if they have not already done it, to look up the essays of William Hazlitt on Art, particularly one first published, I believe, in the Edinburgh Encyclopædia under the title of “The Fine Arts,” and since republished in the same covers with some nonsense, by Haydon on Painting, and read them with the attention which the best writings on the subject in the English language demand. For in theory, they say all that need be said, and had the *practical* knowledge of their author kept pace with his clear profound thoughts and perceptions, the world would not now, perhaps, lack at least one modern example of a painter worthy to stand beside the great departed ones of old. As it is, we have gained a critic of unequalled excellence, who needs first to be fairly accepted, to prepare the way for the practical talent that will inevitably, soon or late, bring into use what he has so ably prepared for the painter who can put his truths into his pictures.

WILLIAM PAGE.

#### THE GREAT TOWER OF TARUDANT.

(Concluded from page 171.)

At the dawn of day next morning, King Abdallah was roused from sleep by a strain of solemn music, that sent a thrill of joy and gratitude through his frame, and gave unusual fervency to his sunrise prayers. When he had bathed and breakfasted, the same emir who had received him into the city, came to conduct him to the royal palace. They proceeded through several noble streets, crowded with animated but orderly multitudes, and soon reached the queen’s palace, which stood upon a slightly elevated platform in the centre of the city. This edifice was not of great extent, but its beauty and splendor excited the king’s admiration more than anything he had yet beheld. It was a glowing mass of precious stones; the foundations were of emerald, the walls of beryl, the roof of amethyst, supported by lofty and elegant columns of topaz, while the doors and windows were set with diamonds, pearls, and other gems of richest worth. A beautiful garden environed it, whose plants and flowers were scarcely more numerous than the brightly plumaged birds that sang and sported amidst them.

On the terrace before the palace the king was met by the fairy who had guided him through the desert. She said, “King of Tarudant, my sister awaits your arrival in the great hall of audience; I will conduct you to her presence.” Taking Abdallah’s hand, she led him through apartments whose magnificent beauty baffles description; they were full of what seemed to them on entering, to be martial looking guards, but as he passed through their bending ranks, they changed into beautiful boys, holding olive branches and wearing white garments.

The king of Tarudant entered the audience chamber with a throbbing heart, for a mysterious impression in the depths of his soul assured him that his destiny depended on the fairy queen, and that even more than the recovery of his kingdom

was involved in the events that were about to occur. As he passed the arched and lofty portal, which was cut through one enormous sapphire, his eager eyes glanced rapidly over the brilliant throng of courtiers, guards, and emirs, till they rested on the person of the sovereign herself. He had expected to behold a grave and majestic figure, but he saw instead a form delicate even to slightness, so exquisitely moulded, that not the countenance alone but every visible part possessed a defined expression of beauty and goodness. The loveliness of her face was radiant like a star; it shone with such sweetness and simplicity, that the tender woman, the pitying angel and the sinless child seemed combined in its gracefully animated lineaments. While the king’s eyes drank in these wondrous charms, their fascinating influence glided onwards to his heart, and there stamped an impression that nor time nor eternity could ever efface.

Still holding the hand of his guide, whose form and features seemed almost unlovely contrasted with those of her sister, the king walked slowly onwards amid the murmuring salutations of the multitude that filled the hall. As he approached, the queen arose from the throne of pure gold whereon she had been seated, and descending its steps of sardine stone, came towards him, with a group of beautiful young girls bearing up the train of her flowing purple robe. When within a few steps she stopped, and the king was about to speak, when at that moment the fairy, whose hand he held, withdrew it, and moving forward met her sister with a warm embrace. While the kiss of greeting yet lingered on their lips, the two forms mingled into one! By a sudden, almost imperceptible transition, the sisters became before the eyes of Abdallah, a single being, possessing the traits of both, and yet not wholly like either. The stately elegance of one was subdued and softened by the graceful beauty of the other. The rich carnation that had glowed in the cheeks of the mountain queen, was visible beneath the pale complexion of the fairy from the well, whose clear blue eyes shone brightly as ever, but with a deep tenderness that added to their charms a thousand fold. In the smile that dwelt upon those ruby lips the king could recognise familiar lines, but the gentle sweetness to which his heart responded, awoke no echo in his memory. The raiment, too, of the sisters, had combined in the garments that covered the new-formed person—the blue, star-spangled dress of the desert fairy appearing above the queenly purple robe.

While the king yet stood gazing in amaze at this transfigured being, she addressed him in a voice of most melodious sweetness. “Be not alarmed, O king of Tarudant, at beholding your friend and guide thus merged into another. Though much has been added to me, nought has been taken away. My sister and I were one from the beginning. How we were separated, you shall be informed: know now, that by your means alone, through the sufferings of your kingdom, and through your steadfast faith, could we be reinstated. It is at length accomplished. Bright is the future that awaits you. I know the thought that fills your mind, the cherished hope that glows in your heart. I have not witnessed your courage and your constancy with an unmoved soul; they deserve and shall receive the highest reward that I can bestow.

The king sank upon his knees before the beautiful fairy, and fervently kissed her hand; she gently bade him rise, and when he stood once more upon his feet, behold, the multitude that but now had filled the hall, had vanished every one. Silence reigned within those royal walls, and there was none to break it save the king and the glorious being whom his soul adored. Then, unseen by mortal eye, unheard by mortal ear, the vows of everlasting love and faith were breathed; the kiss of plighted troth exchanged, and side by side the fairy Queen and King Abdallah knelt down to ask a blessing on their union from the Giver of all good.

That same night the blaze of torches and bonfires, the shouting and dancing of the people announced and celebrated throughout the airy kingdom, the nuptials of its queen.

After a week, a brief, brief week of enjoyment and festivity, King Abdallah and his bride descended from the mountain capital, determined to recover the kingdom of Tarudant and overthrow the Egyptian magician and his thrice accursed tower. They were accompanied by a numerous train of gay and beautiful youths and maidens, who, to distant lookers-on, exhibited all the appearance of a powerful army marching to meet some formidable foe.

As they passed across the desert, the blessed influence of the fairy was exerted with such strength that springs of wa-

ter burst from the sand wherever she pointed the golden sceptre which she carried; while along the line of march as soon as her train had passed, flowers and plants sprung up; so that when they had reached the borders of Tarudant, there was a broad belt of rich vegetation extending across the deserts, and uniting the two kingdoms.

About noon, on the third day (for the fairy caused the cavalcade to proceed with more than morbid speed) they came in sight of the great tower, standing in its solitary magnificence, amid a desolation more terrible than that of the desert, in whose monotonous sands there was nothing to remind the beholder of former animation or prosperity, while here on every side were strewed the wrecks of recent life and happiness. Drawing nigh, they perceived that the edifice, though still glittering with gems and gold, with silver, brass and ivory was much dilapidated, and stained and weather-beaten, as though a thousand years had beheld it instead of a few short weeks. The smoke, too, which yet gushed from its summit, was thin and pale, and swayed about uncertainly, as if scarcely able to rise through the atmosphere. Of the monstrous green birds, two alone were left, who were perched upon the top of the tower, feebly flapping their wings, seemingly too weak to fly.

They halted before the great gate of the tower, and the queen directed Abdallah to take a bow and three arrows from one of the youths in her train. With one arrow he pierced one of the birds which fell back dead upon the tower. Its companion uttering a low shriek, attempted to fly away, but after vainly fluttering its wings in the air for a moment, it slowly fell to the ground, and lay there gasping in the last extremity.

The king shot a second arrow at the centre of the tower, which caused the edifice to reel to and fro, as though rocked by an earthquake. A third bolt directed at the great gates, sent the tower tumbling to the ground with a thunderous shock that might have been heard half-way to Mount Atlas. For a minute all was darkness, so filled was the air with dust and smoke; then there was the rushing of innumerable wings, as the genies who had filled the tower fled affrighted away—those only remaining who were too much bruised to escape.

Presently there emerged from the ruins, crawling on his hands and knees amid the rubbish, a little deformed figure, which none could ever have believed to be the haughty Araphaxad, who had known him only in the days of his grandeur. Yet he it was, in his true natural shape, such as he wore on his first appearance in Tarudant. He crept humbly towards the king, and lifted up his hands imploring pardon. Abdallah drew his sword, and would have cut off the wretch's head, but the fairy stayed his arm, saying, "Suffer him to live—revenge does not become a king. He may repent him of his evil deeds, and grow a better man. Besides, he hath great and wondrous skill, which, rightly directed, will restore the kingdom even with more speed than it was destroyed. Spare him, therefore, and use him, but trust him not, he is a good servant but a terrible master."

Abdallah hearkened to the voice of the queen. The magician was spared, and, controlled by the wisdom of the fairy, and the firmness of the king, exerted his vast powers, through many years as successfully for good purposes as he formerly had for evil. Tarudant recovered and indeed excelled its former prosperity, and when at the end of a lengthened reign, Abdallah was summoned to his fathers, he left the most flourishing kingdom of the Moslem world to a son who inherited much of the goodness and wisdom of his fairy mother, and left the kingdom unimpaired to a long line of equally fortunate successors.

ROBERT OLIVER.

#### THE UNIVERSEALITY OF HUMAN EMOTIONS.

Ralph Waldo Emerson says in one of his essays, "what one man has felt all men may feel." It is a simple truth which any body might utter, although, simple as it is, there are but few who seem to know it. Grave men spend years of their lives; many, all their lives, in the study of human nature as it is revealed in history, when they have only to study themselves, to know all of their kind, that they are capable of knowing. A man may comprehend the feelings of all other men who have capacities like his own, but he

can neither go a step above or below his own level. An angel and a devil, are alike incomprehensible to him. He must be a strangely organized being who can find no second self. In reading Eôthen I was startled to discover that the author of that pleasant book had once experienced a sensation which had troubled me at the same period of life, and which I had never been able to make any body comprehend. Perhaps another, in reading his description of his feelings, may not comprehend them as I do, unless he has himself experienced them. He is speaking of the effect of the great pyramid on his mind.

"When I was very young, between the ages of three and five years, being then of delicate health, I was often in time of night the victim of a strange kind of mental oppression; I lay in my bed perfectly conscious, and with open eyes, but without power to speak, or move, and all the while my brain was oppressed to distraction by the presence of a single and abstract idea, the idea of solid immensity. It seemed to me in my agonies that the horror of this visitation arose from its coming upon me without form or shape; the close presence of the direst monster ever bred in Hell, would have been a thousand times more tolerable than that simple idea of solid size; my aching mind was fixed, and riveted down upon the mere quality of vastness, vastness, vastness; and was not permitted to invest it with any particular object. If I could have done so the torment would have ceased. When at last I was roused from this state of suffering, I could not of course in those days, knowing no metaphysical distinctions except by the dreadful experience of an abstract idea, find words to express the nature of my sensations, and even now I cannot explain why it is that the forced contemplation of a mere quality, distinct from matter, should be so terrible. Well, now my eyes saw and knew, and my feet informed my understanding that there was nothing abstract about the great Pyramid; it was a big triangle, sufficiently concrete, easy to see, and rough to the touch; it could not, of course, affect me with the peculiar sensation which I have been talking of, but yet there was something akin to the old nightmare agony in the terrible completeness with which a mere mass of masonry could fill and load my mind."

Not only did I suffer the same unspeakable agonies in my early childhood, but often since, my mind has been oppressed by the contemplation of a solid mass of masonry, and the sufferings of my early years recalled vividly to my recollection, in the same manner that the author was affected by a sight of the Pyramid of Ghizeh. There is nothing oppressive in the sight of a well proportioned building, or in a high mountain, but such heaps of granite and marble as the Exchange and Custom-House, in Wall-street, seem to weigh upon the mind like a nightmare.

H. F.

#### THE THEATRE.

##### THE NEW COMEDY BY MRS. MOWATT.

The plot of "Fashion" runs thus: Adam Trueman, a blunt, warm-hearted, shrewd, irascible, wealthy, and generous old farmer of Cattaraugus county, N. Y., had a daughter, (Ruth) who eloped with an adventurer. The father forgave the daughter, but resolving to disappoint the hopes of the fortune hunter, gave the couple a bare subsistence. In consequence of this, the husband maltreated, and finally abandoned the wife, who returned, broken-hearted, to her father's house and there died, after giving birth to a daughter, Gertrude. That she might escape the ills of fortune-hunting by which her mother was destroyed, Trueman sent the child, at an early age, to be brought up by relatives in Geneva; giving his own neighbours to understand that she was dead. The Geneva friends were instructed to educate her in habits of self-dependence, and to withhold from her the secret of her parentage, and heirship;—the grandfather's design being to se

cure for her a husband who will love her solely for herself. The friends by advice of the grandfather, procured for her when grown up to womanhood, a situation as music teacher in the house of Mr. Tiffany, a quondam foot-pedlar, and now by dint of industry a dry-goods merchant doing a flashy if not flourishing business; much of his success having arisen from the assistance of Trueman, who knew him and admired his honest industry as a travelling pedlar.

The efforts of the dry goods merchant, however, are insufficient to keep pace with the extravagance of his wife, who has become infected with a desire to shine as a lady of *fashion*, in which desire she is seconded by her daughter, Seraphina, the musical pupil of Gertrude. The follies of the mother and daughter so far involve Tiffany as to lead him into a forgery of a friend's endorsement. This crime is suspected by his confidential clerk, Snobson, an intemperate blackguard, who at length extorts from his employer a confession, under a promise of secrecy provided that Seraphina shall become Mrs. Snobson. Mrs. Tiffany, however, is by no means privy to this arrangement: she is anxious to secure a title for Seraphina, and advocates the pretensions of Count Jolimaitre, a quondam English cook, barber, and valet, whose real name was Gustave Treadmill, and who, having spent much time at Paris, suddenly took leave of that city, for that city's good, and his own; abandoning to despair a little laundress (Millinette) to whom he was betrothed, but who had rashly entrusted him with the whole of her hard earnings during life.

Gertrude is beloved (for her own sake) by Colonel Howard "of the regular army," and returns his affection. The Colonel, however, makes no proposal, because he considers that his salary of "fifteen hundred a year" is no property of his own, but belongs to his creditors. He has endorsed for a friend to the amount of seven thousand dollars, and is left to settle the debt as he can. He talks, therefore, of resigning, going west, making a fortune, returning, and then offering his hand with his fortune, to Gertrude.

At this juncture, Trueman pays a visit to his old friend Tiffany, and is put at fault in respect to the true state of Gertrude's heart (and indeed of every thing else) by the tattle of Prudence, Mrs. Tiffany's old-maiden sister. She gives the old man to understand that Gertrude is in love with T. Tennyson Twinkle, a poet who is in the sad habit of reading aloud his own verses, but who has really very respectable pretensions, as times go. T. T. T. nevertheless, has no thought of Gertrude, but is making desperate love to the imaginary money-bags of Seraphina. He is rivelled, however, not only by the Count, but by Augustus Fogg, a gentleman of excessive *haut ton*, who wears black and has a general indifference to every thing but hot suppers.

Millinette, in the mean time, has followed her deceiver to America, and happens to make an engagement as *femme de chambre* and general instructor in Parisian modes, at the very house (of all houses in the world) where her Gustave, as Count Jolimaitre, is paying his addresses to Miss Tiffany. The laundress recognizes the cook, who, at first overwhelmed with dismay, finally recovers his self-possession, and whispers to his betrothed a place of appointment at which he promises to "explain all." This appointment is overheard by Gertrude, who for some time has had her suspicions of the Count. She resolves to personate Millinette in the interview, and thus obtain means of exposing the impostor. Contriving therefore to detain the *femme de chambre* from the assignation, she herself (Gertrude) blowing out the candles and disguising her voice, meets the Count at the appointed room in Tiffany's house, while the rest of the company (invited to a ball) are at supper. In order to accomplish the detention of Millinette, she has been forced to give some instructions to Zeke (re-baptized Adolph by Mrs. Tiffany) a negro footman in the Tiffany livery. These instructions are overheard by Prudence, who mars everything by bringing the whole household into the room of appointment before any secret has been extracted from the Count. Matters are made worse for Gertrude by a futile attempt on the Count's part to conceal himself in a closet. No explanations are listened to. Mrs. Tiffany and Seraphina are in a great rage—Howard is in despair—and Trueman entertains so bad an opinion of his granddaughter that he has an idea of suffering her still to remain in ignorance of his relationship. The company disperse in much admired disorder, and everything is at odds and ends.

Finding that she can get no one to hear her explanations, Gertrude writes an account of all to her friends at Geneva. She is interrupted by Trueman—shows him the letter—he comprehends all—and hurries the lovers into the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Tiffany, the former of whom is in despair, and the latter in high glee at information just received that Seraphina has eloped with Count Jolimaitre.

While Trueman is here avowing his relationship, bestowing Ger-

trude upon Howard, and relieving Tiffany from the fangs of Snobson by showing that person that he is an accessory to his employer's forgery, Millinette enters, enraged at the Count's perfidy to herself, and exposes him in full. Scarcely has she made an end when Seraphina appears in search of her jewels, which the Count, before committing himself by the overt act of matrimony, has insisted upon her securing. As she does not return from this errand, however, sufficiently soon, her lover approaches on tip-toe to see what has become of her; is seen and caught by Millinette; and finding the game up, confesses every thing with exceeding nonchalance. Trueman extricates Tiffany from his embarrassments on condition of his sending his wife and daughter to the country to get rid of their fashionable notions; and even carries his generosity so far as to establish the Count in a *restaurant* with the *proviso* that he, the Count, shall in the character and proper habiliments of cook Treadmill, carry around his own advertisement to all the fashionable acquaintances who had solicited his intimacy while performing the *rôle* of Count Jolimaitre.

We presume that not even the author of a plot such as this, would be disposed to claim for it any thing on the score of originality or invention. Had it, indeed, been designed as a burlesque upon the arrant conventionality of stage incidents in general, we should have regarded it as a palpable hit. And, indeed, while on the point of absolute unoriginality, we may as well include in one category both the events and the characters. The testy yet generous old grandfather, who talks in a domineering tone, contradicts every body, slaps all mankind on the back, thumps his cane on the floor, listens to nothing, chastises all the fops, comes to the assistance of all the insulted women, and relieves all the *dramatis personae* from all imaginable dilemmas:—the hen-pecked husband of low origin, led into difficulties by his vulgar and extravagant wife:—the die-away daughter aspiring to be a Countess:—the villain of a clerk who aims at the daughter's hand through the fears of his master, some of whose business secrets he possesses:—the French grisette metamorphosed into the dispenser of the highest Parisian modes and graces:—the intermeddling old maid making bare-faced love to every unmarried man she meets:—the stiff and stupid man of high fashion who utters only a single set phrase:—the mad poet reciting his own verses:—the negro footman in livery impressed with a profound sense of his own consequence, and obeying with military promptness all orders from every body:—the patient, accomplished, and beautiful governess, who proves in the end to be the heiress of the testy old gentleman:—the high-spirited officer, in love with the governess, and refusing to marry her in the first place because *he* is too poor, and in the second place because *she* is too rich: and, lastly, the foreign impostor with a title, a drawl, an eye-glass, and a *moustache*, who makes love to the supposititious heiress of the play in strutting about the stage with his coat-tails thrown open after the fashion of Robert Macaire, and who, in the end, is exposed and disgraced through the instrumentality of some wife or mistress whom he has robbed and abandoned:—these things we say, together with such incidents as one person supplying another's place at an assignation, and such *équivoques* as arise from a surprisal in such cases—the concealment and discovery of one of the parties in a closet—and the obstinate refusal of all the world to listen to an explanation, are the common and well-understood property of the play-wright, and have been so, unluckily, time out of mind.

But, for this very reason, they should be abandoned at once. Their hackneyism is no longer to be endured. The day has at length arrived when men demand rationalities in place of conventionalities. It will no longer do to copy, even with absolute accuracy, the whole tone of even so ingenious and really spirited a thing as the "School for Scandal." It was comparatively good in its day, but it would be positively bad at the present day, and imitations of it are inadmissible at any day.

Bearing in mind the spirit of these observations, we may say that "Fashion" is theatrical but not dramatic. It is a pretty well-arranged selection from the usual *routine* of stage characters, and stage manœuvres—but there is not one particle of any nature beyond green-room nature, about it. No such events ever happened in fact, or ever could happen, as happen in "Fashion." Nor are we quarrelling, now, with the mere *exaggeration* of character or incident;—were this all, the play, although bad as comedy might be good as farce, of which the exaggeration of possible incongruities is the chief element. Our fault-finding is on the score of deficiency in verisimilitude—in natural art—that is to say, in art based in the natural laws of man's heart and understanding.

When, for example, Mr. Augustus Fogg (whose name by the bye has little application to his character) says, in reply to Mrs. Tiffany's

invitation to the conservatory, that he is "indifferent to flowers," and replies in similar terms to every observation addressed to him, neither are we affected by any sentiment of the farcical, nor can we feel any sympathy in the answer on the ground of its being such as any human being would naturally make at all times to all queries—making no other answer to any. Were the thing absurd in itself, we should laugh, and a legitimate effect would be produced; but unhappily the only absurdity we perceive is the absurdity of the author in keeping so pointless a phrase in any character's mouth. The shameless importunities of Prudence to Trueman are in the same category—that of a total deficiency in verisimilitude, without any compensating incongruousness—that is to say, farcicalness, or humor. Also in the same category we must include the rectangular crossings and recrossings of the *dramatis personae* on the stage; the coming forward to the foot-lights when any thing of interest is to be told; the reading of private letters in a loud rhetorical tone; the preposterous soliloquising; and the even more preposterous "asides." Will our play-wrights never learn, through the dictates of common sense, that an audience under no circumstances can or will be brought to conceive that what is sonorous in their own ears at a distance of fifty feet from the speaker cannot be heard by an actor at the distance of one or two?

No person of common ingenuity will be willing to admit that even the most intricate dramatic narrative could not be rendered intelligible without these monstrous inartisticities. They are the relics of a day when men were content with but little of that true Art whose nature they imperfectly understood, and are now retained solely through that supine spirit of imitation which grows out of the drama itself as the chief of the imitative arts, and which has had so much to do in degrading it, in effect, by keeping it stationary while all of its sisters have been making rapid progress. The drama has not declined as many suppose: it has only been left out of sight by every thing else. We must discard all models. The Elizabethan theatre should be abandoned. We need thought of our own—principles of dramatic action drawn not from the "old dramatists" but from the fountain of a Nature that can never grow old.

It must be understood that we are not condemning Mrs. Mowatt's comedy in particular, but the modern drama in general. Comparatively, there is much merit in "Fashion," and in many respects (and those of a telling character) it is superior to any American play. It has, in especial, the very high merit of simplicity in plot. What the Spanish play-wrights mean by dramas of *intrigue* are the worst acting dramas in the world:—the intellect of an audience can never safely be fatigued by complexity. The necessity for verbose explanation on the part of Trueman at the close of "Fashion" is, however, a serious defect. The *dénouement* should in all cases be full of *action* and nothing else. Whatever cannot be explained by such action should be communicated at the opening of the play.

The colloquy in Mrs. Mowatt's comedy is spirited, generally terse, and well seasoned at points with sarcasm of much power. The management throughout shows the fair authoress to be thoroughly conversant with our ordinary stage effects, and we might say a good deal in commendation of some of the "sentiments" interspersed:—we are really ashamed, nevertheless, to record our deliberate opinion that if "Fashion" succeed at all (and we think upon the whole that it will) it will owe the greater portion of its success to the very carpets, the very ottomans, the very chandeliers, and the very conservatories that gained so decided a popularity for that most inane and utterly despicable of all modern comedies—the "London Assurance" of Bourcault.

The above remarks were written before the comedy's representation at the Park, and were based on the author's original MS., in which some modifications have been made—and not at all times, we really think, for the better. A good point, for example, has been omitted, at the *dénouement*. In the original, Trueman (as will be seen in our digest) pardons the Count, and even establishes him in a *restaurant*, on condition of his carrying around to all his fashionable acquaintances his own advertisement as *restaurateur*. There is a *piquant*, and dashing deviation, here, from the ordinary *routine* of stage "poetic justice," which could not have failed to tell, and which was, perhaps, the one original point of the play. We can conceive no good reason for its omission. A scene, also, has been introduced, to very little purpose. We watched its effect narrowly, and found it null. It narrated nothing; it illustrated nothing; and was absolutely nothing in itself. Nevertheless it might have been introduced for the purpose of giving time for some other scenic arrangements going on out of sight.

The comedy was thus cast:

Adam Trueman . . . . .	Mr. Chippendale.
Count de Jolimaire . . . . .	W. H. Crisp.
Colonel Howard . . . . .	Dyott.
Mr. Tiffany . . . . .	Barry.
Mr. T. Tennison Twinkle . . . . .	De Walden.
Mr. Augustus Fog . . . . .	Bridges.
Mr. Snobson . . . . .	Fisher.
Zeke, a colored servant . . . . .	Skerrett.
Master of the ceremonies . . . . .	Gallot.
Mrs. Tiffany . . . . .	Mrs. Barry.
Gertrude . . . . .	Miss Clara Ellis.
Seraphina Tiffany . . . . .	Miss Kate Horn.
Prudence . . . . .	Mrs. Knight.
Millinette . . . . .	Dyott.

A well written prologue was well delivered by Mr. Crisp, whose action is far better than his reading—although the latter, with one exception, is good. It is pure irrationality to recite verse, as if it were prose, without distinguishing the lines:—we shall touch this subject again. As the Count, Mr. Crisp did every thing that could be done:—his grace of gesture is preeminent. Miss Horne looked charmingly as Seraphina. Trueman and Tiffany were represented with all possible effect by Chippendale and Barry:—and Mrs. Barry as Mrs. Tiffany was the life of the play. Zeke was caricatured. Dyott makes a bad colonel—his figure is too diminutive. Prudence was well exaggerated.

ted by Mrs. Knight—and the character in her hands, elicited more applause than any one other of the *dramatis personae*.

Some of the author's intended points were lost through the inevitable inadvertences of a first representation—but upon the whole, every thing went off exceedingly well. To Mrs. Barry we would suggest that the author's intention was, perhaps, to have *élite* pronounced *ee-light*, and *bouquet*, *bokett*:—the effect would be more certain. To Zeke we would say, bring up the table bodily by all means (as originally designed) when the *fou tool* is called for. The scenery was very good indeed—and the carpet, ottomans, chandelier, etc. were also excellent of their kind. The entire "getting up" was admirable. "Fashion," upon the whole, was well received by a large, fashionable, and critical audience; and will succeed to the extent we have suggested above. Compared with the generality of modern dramas, it is a good play—compared with most American dramas it is a *very* good one—estimated by the natural principles of dramatic art, it is altogether unworthy of notice.

P.

## THE CONCERT ROOM.

**SIGNOR SANQUIRICO'S CONCERT.**—The Opera House was well filled on Monday evening, on the occasion of the artist's benefit. Signora Pico, Madame Otto, Mesdames Desjardines and Felicia, Signors Antognini, De Begnis, Meyer, and Messrs. Grøneveldt, Kyle, &c. &c., assisted him in his endeavors.

The two first pieces we were fortunate enough to miss. No. 3, *Grand Duo, Conveniente Teatrali*, Donizetti, sung by Pico and Sanquirico, is a dashing, sparkling, frothy sort of composition, and was executed with less spirit than these artists usually display. No. 4 of the first act, was, according to the programme, No. 5 of the third act. It was a duett for the flute and clarionette by Messrs. Kyle and Grøneveldt. It was the best thing of the evening. The composition was very pleasing, but somewhat commonplace. The execution generally was admirable, although there were some parts which might have gone much better. Mr. Kyle has one very great fault—we allude to his want of accentuation in his rapid passages, which frequently renders his brilliant execution crowded and confused. If Mr. Grøneveldt has a fault, it is in the exact opposite of this—viz., too much accentuation; the too great use of which renders the style hard, pedantic, and inelegant. This fault is, however, but rarely observed in Mr. Grøneveldt. No. 5, *Aria Finale*, from *Betley, Se Crudele*, by Madame Otto. Whenever we hear this lady's beautiful voice, we feel a regret that her musical education has not been more carefully attended to. She always reminds us of a lady we knew in Baltimore, who sang just like a bird, so freely, so entirely without effort did the rich volume of sound roll from her parted lips. Madame Otto's defects in style, and the imperfection of her execution, must necessarily preclude the possibility that she should do any justice to the higher walks of Italian or German vocal music. In the national Tyrolean ballads, her voice is wonderfully effective, and as friends to her and to her talent, we should advise her, for the sake of keeping up her popularity, to sing such songs only as are within the compass of her execution. In *Ocean, thou mighty monster!* from Weber's Oberon, Madam Otto sang out of tune, so much so, and so continually out of time, as to distress the orchestra and to ruin the scena. The practice which Madame Otto continually exhibits, both in her Italian and English singing, of taking breath audibly between the syllables of words, is quite fatal to effect, and its correction should occupy her attention most earnestly.

No. 6 was Rossini's *Duo, I Marinari*, sang by Signor Antognini and executed by Signor Sanquirico. We are not behind the curtain in the affairs of Italian artists, but if ever one man evidenced a determination to sacrifice another, Sanquirico did on Monday last. This beautiful duett is familiar to every one; it is among the happiest of Rossini's later compositions, and requires to be sung *con amore*, with vigor and with spirit. Signor Sanquirico drawled it out like a country psalm-singer; and he drawled it out of tune, and the more he was urged onward by Antognini and the band, the more cool and determined he seemed, and the more he would not go. We do not know the reason for this conduct, but be it what it may, it was disrespectful in the highest degree to the public, and ungenerous, nay, unjust to Antognini. The duett was of course hissed, although the hissing was meant for Sanquirico, and Signor Antognini as soon as he sung the last note turned his back upon the company and bounced off the stage, dashing his music on the floor. Now the public had done nothing to offend the Signor; he might at least have made the usual obeisance, before exhibiting his anger. Verily, these Italian artists are models for amiable temper, brotherly love, good will and charity to all!

The orchestral arrangements of this duett by Signor Milon, were, as far as we could judge from the imperfect way in which they were played, very clever, clear, effective, and well conceived. The brass

instruments, particularly, were well treated. We should like to hear it done justice to.

The dancing was dreadful. Md'lle Desjardines has but a very imperfect idea of the meaning of the word *grace*; her "toe" is neither "light" nor "fantastic," and her "motion" is the most prosaic we ever witnessed.

A poor little girl was discovered in an attitude, to reproduce which would make the fortune of a sculptor; so peculiar and so original was its character. Children so young should not be brought before the public.

The third part consisted chiefly of selections from *Il Barbiere*. We have noticed this opera so frequently that any remark at the present time would be superfluous.

Signor De Begnis was the Figaro, and we never were more pleased with his performance; it was subdued and in perfect keeping. Pico sang her music charmingly; her execution was distinct and rapid, and her ornaments, generally, in good taste. But her acting is devoid of grace or originality, and she is more the country hoyden than the refined Rosina.

Sanquirico sang his Scena *Manca un foglie*, with a great deal of spirit, but his performance was by no means equal to many of his previous performances of the same scena.

Mr. P. Meyer sang Donizetti's *Vi Raviso*. He has a very fine Baritone voice, but he does not seem to know much about the art. He sings without style, just as one untaught would sing. He appears to be perfectly at home before the public, which is a great advantage to a young artist. We think that Mr. Meyer would find it worth his while to study diligently, for we are sadly in want of such a voice at our concerts, and he might reap a rich harvest of professional engagements during many months of the year.

The duett between De Begnis and Sanquirico was well acted and well sung, and gave much satisfaction to the audience.

When we left Pico, Sanquirico and De Begnis had been called out, and we have every reason to believe, from the severe enthusiasm of the audience, that every person concerned in the concert, even the gentleman who so kindly and so gracefully draws up the curtain when the bell rings, shared the like honor.

#### N. Y. VOCAL SOCIETY.

*Mr. Editor:*

Sir—BEING one of the numerous and delighted auditory at this Concert last, Saturday evening, I take the liberty of offering a few remarks on the performances thereof.

It was a rich repast to the *unprejudiced* amateur, being strictly classical, and at the same time performed by the very "*élite*" of the musical residents in the city, in a manner worthy of, and only to be executed by the N. Y. Vocal Society—in a word, this society stands in the same relationship to the admirers of the highest class of vocal music as the Philharmonic does to the instrumentalists.

The first act consisted of a liberal gleaning from the ever beautiful opera of "*Semiramide*," in which Mrs. Loder sang to the admiration of every one, and proved, (if proof were necessary) that she, being an educated vocalist, is as equal to the classical music of one school as another. The chorusses went with a precision and an unity of effect so indispensable to the proper performing of the chromatic intricacies with which Rossini's concerted music abounds. I would suggest that if the pianos and fortés were even more strictly observed than they were, the effect would be still nearer to perfection. The rendition of the beautiful quartette and chorus "*Di Tanti Regi*," conceived in Rossini's happiest mood, was greatly impaired by Mr. Watson's singing flat almost entirely throughout the quartette—the result I believe of severe cold. Miss De Luce gave her cavatina, "*Ah! quel Giorno*" in a highly creditable manner. With a fine rich voice, all she has to do is to get *schooled*—or in other words, to gain style and expression, by practice and example, without which the finest voice will fail to make the *artiste*. Miss Watson's quiet and well conceived singing in the aria and chorus "*In si barbara*," gives great promise for the future. It was a pleasing and very chaste performance, and shows what she will do when more experienced. Mr. Timm conducted the first part and presided at the Piano as Mr. Timm always does preside! Mr. Kyle performed a solo on the flute with great *éclat*, although at a concert of that kind I could have wished the subject chosen had been a little more of the legitimate order,—the arrangement of the two airs, "*Rory O'More*" and the "*Angel's Whisper*," is however exceedingly clever. The second part of the concert was conducted by Mr. G. Loder in admirable style, and consisted of a feast, to be enjoyed only at this society, where the immortal compositions of the fine English writers of the "*Madrigal*" and "*Glee*!" are alone to be heard to the best advantage. They were all performed in admirable style, and but for the lateness of the hour, and length of the programme, there would have been several *encores*—the satisfaction evinced by the audience, consisting of most of our musical connoisseurs and amateurs, and a very large portion of the leading professors, gives evidence that the N. Y. Vocal Society is looking up.

K.

#### MUSICAL REVIEW.

"*Avezzana's Quick Step.*" Performed by the American Brass Band and dedicated to Captain Avezzana, and the officers and members of the New York Italian Guard, by C. Chianei.

"*My Bark which o'er the tide.*" Barcarole, from the new Opera of the Daughter of St. Mark; composed by M. W. Balfe.

The above are published by Millett at his Music Saloon, 329 Broadway.

"*Farewell, farewell, we meet no more below.*" Sung by Mrs. E. Loder written by Alfred Wheeler, Esq., music arranged and dedicated to Mrs. J. S. Bennett of New York, by Austin Phillips.

"*Annerock Polka.*" Composed and dedicated to his friend, Ferdinand Graubner, by Charles Perabeau.

The above are published by Firth, Hall & Pond, 239 Broadway, and No. 1 Franklin Square.

*The Quick Step* by Mr. Chianei, is very well adapted to the purpose, and must prove highly effective when played by the band.

The song we noticed last week. It is the Barcarole from Balfe's new Opera. It is more expensively got out than the Boston edition, having a full title, handsomely engraved.

We understand that Mr. Millett has several other songs from the Daughter of St. Mark in advance of the publisher.

Mr. Austin Phillips always makes a pretty song. He has a happy vein of unfailing thought. Many of his compositions are exquisite in their sentiment, and always musicianlike in their arrangement, although we sometimes discover evidences of carelessness in the accompaniments. The song under notice is a sweet and plaintive melody in F, well suited to the melancholy sentiment of the poetry. It is a song well adapted for teaching, and doubtless Mr. Loder's singing will render it popular.

Mr. Perabeau's Polka is spirited and melodious. There is only one Polka in the world, and that is the *first* one—every other must perforce be a copy, for so peculiar and distinct is its character, that the fancy can have but little play. Mr. Perabeau's Polka is certainly one of the best, and one of the most pleasing of the thousand and one which have come under our notice of late.

#### STODART & DUNHAM'S PIANO FORTE MANUFACTORY.

Of the numerous articles of luxury with which our country abounds, the Piano Forte is, without doubt, the most interesting in its manufacture, the most universal in its adoption, and by far the most important in our social arrangements for innocent and refined enjoyment. Of its manufacture we shall speak at length below, as we feel assured that the subject will prove highly interesting to our readers.

As to the universality of its adoption, the fact is well accredited. We find it in every country of Europe, in many parts of Asia, (the firm of Stodart & Co. have sent out many Pianos to China,) in Africa, in Australia, throughout the length and breadth of this vast continent—nay, even the very face of the ocean is dotted over with Piano Fortes.

Of its social importance every one can speak, for its benefits are not confined to one particular class; it will be often found where the grosser luxuries of the palate and the vanities of dress have never intruded: and where it has found its way, it has always brought pleasure and frequently solace and consolation.

It may not be generally known, that in this country, nay, in this city, the finest square Piano Fortes in the world are produced. We know that it has been the fashion until very lately, for all those who could afford such expensive luxury, to import from Europe their instruments, believing no article good, but such as bore the European stamp. But experience has fully demonstrated the absurdity of this practice, and justice has at length been reluctantly yielded to our own manufacturers.

Of the many admirable makers in this city, Stodart & Dunham certainly rank among the very highest and best. Their name is known all over the country, and it is indeed, as natural to expect to see the name of Stodart upon a Piano, as that of Erard upon a Harp, for so many, many years has the name been associated with the manufacture of Pianos, both in this, and in the old country.

We will now conduct our readers to the factory of Messrs. Stodart and Dunham. It is situated in Thirteenth street, between the Third and Fourth avenues, directly opposite the Manhattan Reservoir. The length of the building is one hundred and forty feet, and it is four stories in height. We shall proceed regularly with the description of the manufacture, from the wood in the lumber-yard, to the elegantly finished instrument.

The Lumber-Yard is the first point which demands attention. Around its spacious area, are stacked the various kinds of wood used in the manufacture of Pianos, such as pine, oak, ash, rosewood, ma-

hogany, holly, maple, &c. &c. Many thousand dollars worth of such stock will be found here, continually exposed to every change of weather—cold, heat, rain, &c., &c., in order to insure it to all climates. The wood remains in this state two or three years; that which is nearest the drying-room is used first, the whole mass is then advanced forward and the new stock, as it arrives, is placed in the rear of all. So that it is all worked down in rotation.

The Veneer-Room is the next opened for inspection. Here are laid the finely cut veneers, pile upon pile, containing thousands of feet of the richest, rarest, and most expensive mahogany and rosewood. The room itself is perfumed with the luxurious odor from the wood, and it is truly a beautiful sight to observe the various and exquisite figures in the graining of the different sorts of wood. We can safely say that we never beheld more beautiful specimens of veneers, both as regards gorgeousness of color, and elegance of figure, than were shown to us by our frank and gentlemanly conductor, Mr. Dunham. The art of cutting up veneers, is that in which Mr. D. excels, and doubtless many thousands of dollars have been saved to the establishment by his steady hand, and his mathematically correct eye. The difficulty consists in cutting the figure to match, and at the same time avoiding all unnecessary waste. The wood used here is all of the best quality; the finest Spanish mahogany, and the choicest rosewood from the Rio Janeiro market. The wood is grown in the interior west of Rio, and is brought to that port on the backs of mules, whence it is shipped to all parts of the world. We can scarcely judge of the value of the stock in this room, but we should think about a thousand or fifteen hundred dollars.

The Drying-Room comes next. Here the wood which is taken from the yard is piled up in layers, carefully divided, over and around a stove, by which the room is heated to an unbearable degree. A long hot pipe is carried the entire length of the room, over which the wood wanted for immediate use is placed. It is thoroughly dried, then taken out, cooled, and dusted, and after having undergone once more the same operation, it is conveyed through a trap-door to the case-room.

We shall resume the notice of this establishment in our next.

#### MISCELLANY.

THE RECOMPENSE OF ENGLISH AND AMERICAN ARTISTS.—The London Art Union in commenting upon a picture by Edwin Landseer, of a couple of spaniels, says:—

"Our readers will scarcely credit that which we can vouch for as a fact—the picture was begun and finished within two days! It will be readily believed that the painter received a very large sum for the work; and it is notorious that his paintings are purchased not only as fast as, but faster than, they are produced. It is by no means unjust to infer, therefore, that in the nineteenth century an artist might, if he pleased, obtain by the work of his own hands a fortune equal to that of the most fortunate of our 'Merchant Princes'—and far beyond that which any predecessor in Art achieved during the golden age of Leo X. It is known that one living painter has actually amassed a store of wealth that would make a Lombard-street banker stare—amassed it entirely by his own unaided labour. Such facts as these may not be forgotten by the historian of Art in Britain in the nineteenth century."

If the fortune amassed by a British artist would make a Lombard-street banker stare, it would go well nigh to deprive an American artist of his sight. Our artists consider it a privilege to be allowed to live at all; but in England, it appears that a great artist lives like a merchant prince. During the past year one of the best painters that America has yet produced, was forced to leave this city to seek employment in a provincial town, and another has been compelled to go to England for employment, two, in truth, Inman and Doughty; while another has found the patronage in France, which he tried after in vain at home. Wilkie lived grandly and died rich, but Alston lived poorly and died in debt.

The English artists speak in very high terms of a landscape by Doughty, a snow scene in New Hampshire, in the last exhibition of the British Institution.

The celebrated Barberini Vase, was broken to pieces in the British Museum, by a drunken fellow who was moved by an ambition like that of the incendiary of Ephesus.

The iconoclast was fined three pounds. The Museum possesses, however, a copy of the Vase, which was cast from a model produced at Rome.

A MISTAKE. *The announcement, in several papers, that Edgar A. Poe is to become editor of "The Aristidean" (the new Democratic five-dollar Monthly) is a mistake. "The Aristidean" will continue to be edited, and no doubt well edited, by T. D. English.*

ERRATUM. *In our notice last week of a poem by Mrs. Nicholls, we spoke of her rhythm as anapæstic. We meant to say dactylic, of course.*

To CORRESPONDENTS. *A thousand thanks to Kate Carol.*

*The capital essay of "R. H." will appear next week.*

*Many thanks to "Violet Vane," and the "Stranger."*

*Notices of "Human Magnetism," "The Lady's Book," "Graham's Magazine," and several other works, are necessarily deferred until next week.*

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