

THE BROADWAY JOURNAL.

VOL. 2.

EDGAR A. POE,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NO. 19.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1845.

Sonnet.

ON SEEING THE IVORY STATUE OF CHRIST.

The enthusiast brooding in his cell apart
O'er the sad image of the Crucified,
The drooping head, closed lips and pierc'd side,
A holy vision fills his raptured heart;
With heavenly power inspired, his unskilled arm
Shapes the rude block to this transcendent form.
Oh Son of God! thus, ever thus, would I
Dwell on the loveliness enshrined in Thee,
The lofty faith, the sweet humility,
The boundless love, the love that could not die.
And as the sculptor with thy glory warm
Gives to this chiselled ivory thy fair form,
So would my spirit in thy Thought divine
Grow to a semblance, fair as this of Thine.

ANNE C. LYNCH.

A New Mode of Collecting a Library.

The *Knickerbocker Magazine* has received a severe rebuke from the city press, during the last week, for some peculiarities in its general conduct, and especially for the spirit and letter of an article in the last number, upon MR. MATHEWS. The inquiry has arisen in many quarters, what has Mr. Mathews done to subject himself to this extraordinary annoyance and detraction? Of what literary or social offences has he been guilty, that he should be pilloried in the small print and pelted with the pleasant missives of the "Editor's Table?" Better dine with Duke Humphrey than sit down to the scraps and cheese-parings of such a *table*. "What is this?" says an old gentleman, a merchant, a subscriber to the *Knickerbocker Magazine*. "John, get me a copy of BIG ABEL. I must look into it; always my practice. There's that fellow, Pipkins, comes to my store, passes the best hour of the day in abusing Jenkins, drones over cotton, sighs at real estate, shudders at stocks. Memorandum: Make it a rule, when he is gone out to give Jenkins unlimited credit, buy up cotton, hold on to real estate, and invest in Wall street. So much advice is never gratuitous; goes by contraries. Always make it a rule to buy the books upon which the most malice is expended. Malice is too valuable a quality to throw away upon mere emptiness. Never knew it to fail. In consequence have got one of the best libraries in town. Vastly indebted to the Knickerbocker in this respect. Remember reading once in the small type, something to the effect that Coleridge was a bore—stole all his ideas, and didn't understand himself after all. Became the purchaser of a copy of Coleridge's Works. Submitted to six months intellectual discipline, and passed the wisest hours of my life. Very great difference between Coleridge and Clark. Impossible to measure the ocean with a thimble. In the same way saw John Neal called "crazy Neal." Had never paid

much attention to American Literature. Was induced to look for his works. Found them out of print. Very extraordinary circumstance, for a trashy author. Got a copy of "Seventy-Six" at last. Read it, holding my breath all the while. Full of life, passion, and patriotism, with an intense earnestness. Same thing with Simms. The small type called him a "naughty man." Found him, on investigation, a frank, manly Southron; carving his own way to fame, brushing off the mosquitos with a sturdy right arm as he went. An extremely "naughty man," in the way of demolishing shabbiness; but probably with some virtues of his own, or the Harpers would not have published for him, or his chivalric countrymen sent him to the Legislature:—added his forty volumes to the shelf. A lecturer came here, by the name of Hudson. Was tired and exhausted with lectures of all sorts—had made up my mind never to attend another lecture in my life. One day, the small type began to spit and spatter. The Angel was evidently troubling the waters. Took tickets for the course of lectures for wife and family, and attended with them all through. That Hudson had a muzzle which closed upon a truth like a bulldog upon a bone. What compressed force and sinewy intellect! A tremendous fellow at crushing a falsehood.—The bones and cartilage of Error *crunched* in his "bear's paw." Trembled once for the "small type." "Ah! John, you have come. What kept you so long?" "Please, sir, the first edition was exhausted, and had to scramble about among the retailers for a copy." "Strange again; very like 'crazy Neal.' Can the public read the small type? Doubtful. Read us a passage." John reads the vindication of a suspected criminal:

Another officer came in from a bye-way. That was a wicked devil he had in charge—make up your mind that. A murderer? Why, no. A wronger of orphans in their pale and tender youth? Not that either. A cutter to the quick of honest fame? I can't say that. Suspected—that's all. A wicked devil, you see. His coat shows that, by its thin, shivering way of sitting about the shoulders. His spindle limbs that just keep him up; his face covered with no memory of a sufficient meal, even a long way off. Suspected? Who better or more than he? Of all the men that run or walk or ride within the city bounds, he is the guiltiest-suspected wretch. Thrust him in a cell: the ground must be damp: on bread and water; where rats, if any are to be had thereabout, may have free resort to him; and in a few days—a very few days—Suspicion, at a touch almost, will become a fearful certainty. He will be dead! Lawgivers and magistrates—you know—he will be dead!

"Something honest and feelingly spoken in that.—Take another dip." Reads the Indian's reflections during the night of that day which was devoted to the "City at its Crimes."

And now to bed; up-stairs, with candles, one to lead and one to follow, they wait on Lankey and Big Abel. Tidy chambers, and in half a minute Big Abel sound asleep. But still the rain kept patterning down, and stirred poor Lankey's Indian heart with strange effect. In this humor, as he laid awake, he heard in a far-off street

the doleful cry of some late-tarrying man,—“Oysters!”—on a wet drizzly summer’s night the melancholiest sound—delivered to him as though it was sung in a far-off world.

Then, as Lankey thought of turbulent rivers, swelled by this heavy fall of rain, and the roar of the angry Bay stretching far out to sea, there sprung upon the air, from down the dreary hollow they had rambled through that day, a quick, sharp cry for life; a woman’s voice; a fearful cry for dead midnight! Lankey was troubled. He could not sleep; and going to the window, he bent himself upon his hands, and looked abroad. While yet his eyes glowed strangely upon the dark, there came gliding along a woman’s shape, with hair streaming back with the light that was abroad from lamps about, and eyes glistening-wet with sadness or joy too great to keep its fountain in the heart. Ah, what a cry shot up just then against the sky! She spread her hands. There was no one near to see her, save Lankey, none besides, nor far away; all the wide city’s eyes were shut; and she possessed the night alone, with sorrow, for another night, within her breast. For ever so! The keenest hurts, the deadliest wrongs life lays on human souls, have none, save God and the poor heart, to know of them!

Following this dim figure through the perilous night along the winding way, the Little Manhattan called to mind how once an ancient path that led into the hills ran there before it, and how in sadness deep as this the dusky maiden took her way, so long ago, up towards the calm blue heaven, and sought to soothe her spirit with the silence of the woods, the sight of stars, and whispering of the winds of night.

When he sought sleep again, he had a troubled dream in which, by some strange magic in his thoughts, the city passed back out of all its squares and streets and stony flats into his fresh, fair, lovely island-youth; of hill, stream, valley, wood. Ah, how he pined to have them by the hand, kinsmen, as he saw them now, silent in the lodge, or swift at chase, or shining from the ruddy fight! But morning came, and took them all away.

Ah, sad and gentle. A true vein in that! Once more the scene changes to the Battery.

And how bore the old Battery this far-and-wide repose? Settled in the midst of it like a smooth-backed duck in the water! He held his breath and listened for the Bay to speak, and the ships, and the islands. The great trees; not a whisper from them! The grass; not the rustling of a blade! And up and down the paths there moved stout old gentlemen, and thin young gentlemen with canes under their arms, and masters, and ‘prentices, and shopkeepers and shop-boys, throngs of them; and, the very Spirit of the whole thing, there went along, close to the railing, as near the water as he could, an old sea-dog of a grizzled captain, who snuffed the salt air and caught a flavor of the oakum and the tar that lingers round about, and seemed to hush within himself the thousand storms he knew of, off Bahamas and the Capes, and down the hot Gulf Stream. There was a packet captain for you! Not a word of the sea, nor of fine company on ship-board, nor wrecks, nor great northwesterners, nor strange appearances far from the shore, nor spouting whales, cutting voyages, men overboard. But all about a little plot of ground, he mentioned, in Westchester: a few acres only: the soil was good, the plough went always twenty inches in the mould; sufficient for a horse and cow. So much for land. The house (this was his vision of a house) red-roofed, one-storyed, with a dainty balcony before (for smokers in long summer afternoons); a grassy green; some sea-thought there, no doubt! and then, roving there, as easy and as kind and soft in glossy beauty for the eye to dwell on as the summer’s day itself, a smooth, snug, cobby horse. Not far off, a gig; at rest now; but out upon the road once with that cobby horse, they’ll play the mischief all the country round! And, as for drivers, where’s to match the grizzled seaman with his cunning hand! Climbing far away the winding roads; there are such roads there; they get, a truth to tell, a look out to the sea. Ah, there it is again, old sea-dog; all the salt is in you still, and keeps fresh that stormy heart, though beating in the very bloom of silent fields!

Lay that book on the centre table where my friends may see it, and now read that passage in the small type of the Knickerbocker. John reads:

“A bald inventory of everything that strikes the eye of the writer, (who you cannot help thinking, has ‘a screw loose’ somewhere in his mental machinery). To us the book seems about as ‘deep’ as a thimble. It requires no thought from those who read it, for the simple reason that it made no such demand upon the author who wrote it. We cannot help giving it as our settled conviction, after a careful perusal, that ‘Big Abel’ is a dreadful failure; that in short ‘to compare it with a bottle of small beer, would be greatly to belie that fluid.’”

“So Dogberry ‘could not help giving it as his settled conviction’ with due reiteration that he was an ——! John, you may go to-morrow and ‘stop’ the Knickerbocker; but stay, I’ll lose my guide to the authors of the country. You may read me the critical passages first and take it away afterwards.”

The Old Gentleman was a logical man in his way. We have given up our space to his conversation though we have much else to say, “if not toothsome yet wholesome,” according to an old writer, which we reserve for our leisure and convenience.

The American Pioneer.

How bravely moves the warrior, in panoply arrayed,
As marching on to battle, he draws his shining blade!
His enemies he scatters, like chaff before the wind,
And drives Despair before him, while Ruin stalks behind,
And gains, perchance a province, to ruthless pillage given,
And from the wretched curses that will drive his soul from heaven!
But never rose a warrior among the sons of men—
Not Coeur de Leon when he marched against the Saracen,
More brave than Peace has nurturéd, and Freedom’s host sent forth,
With neither sword nor trappings, to the conquest of the earth.
Behold the young American, how cheerily he moves,
And proudly as a Paladin protecting those he loves—
His sinewy hands shall wrestle with Nature for her spoil,
The giant trees shall feel his axe, his plough subdue the soil,
And now he eyes his waggon, with its snow-white curtain veil’d,
And his steeds that like Bucephalus their master never fail’d,—
But pride is merged in gladness, and his heart is beating high,
When through the snowy curtains, like stars in June’s soft sky,
The laughing eyes of childhood peer upon his way of toil,
And she, his gentle wife looks forth, to cheer him with her smile.
She smiles, that gentle woman, and yet a sigh will come,
When rises on her reverie the cherished scenes of home,
—The clear and calm Connecticut, the schoolhouse in the glade,
The Church upon the village green, the old elm’s chequered shade;
The seat beneath the hawthorn, when summer days were long,
The seat beside the hearth-stone, when autumn winds were strong,
The friends—but here she pauses and forces back the tear—
Her husband is beside her, and, shall she grieve or fear?
Her husband is beside her, their children at her knee,
They go with blessings dowered to gain the triumph of the Free;
A sovereignty unchallenged by earthly king or lord—
A home of peace and plenty, brave Labor’s just reward:—
The Starry Banner o’er them, what foe will dare molest?
And in God’s forest Temple how sweet the Sabbath Rest!—
And so, in faith, in hope, and love, those pioneers move on,
As though an Angel led the way toward the setting sun.

SARAH J. HALE.

Fancies.

THE PAST—the Present—the Future. The shadowy phantom that broodeth over the by-gone—the stern spirit of the things that be—the dread spectre of the to-come.

Lo! where roll the waters of Oblivion adown that vale dimmed by the pall of sumless ages. Onward they sweep; on—forever on—and no pauses, nor back-turnings

ie theirs. Terrible they sweep—for in their depths exist
e is annihilated. Noiseless they sweep; for, high upon
e livid wave, his stony finger planted on his compressed
ip, triumphant floats grim Silence. And ever, as, out-
gushing from the unfathomable bosom of Eternity, they
have flowed forth on their awful way, stilled have been
the voices of submerged cities and states all glorious, and
only not omnipotent. Stilled have been the tones of ca-
verous India, and proud Assyria, and sepulchral Egypt,
and hallowed Greece, and mighty Rome—aye, Rome,
within whose Coliseum even yet shall ye see, by the mid-
night watch, the ghost of the gladiator dim flitting across
the vacant area, or the mailed spirit of the stern centu-
rion lone stalking within that towering Palladium of his
world. A hundred—a thousand—all nations! Gaze into
that tide, and ye shall see no sight. List by that black-
ened shore, and ye shall hear no sound. As well might
ye there linger for the sweetest dream-murmurs of the in-
fant as for the thunder-shouts of congregated myriads. Yes,
there be kings and their people—lords and their serfs—
heroes and cravens—patriots and recreants—glorious in-
telligences, that have lightened over a wondering world,
and those in whose breasts the foul emissaries of Hell
once revelled. There be joys, and sorrows, and hopes
whose stars have gone down, and memories whose wand
of power hath been dashed to pieces, and high ambition
quenched—materiality and immateriality—all lost, ever-
lastingly lost! And where, too, are so many of our own
old joys and griefs and hopes? Often, oh! often an inef-
fable ecstasy, wildly moving across the heart's strings
like the gathering breath of the west across the chords
of the unfigured wind-harp, hath beaten its unmeasured
music in the throbbing pulse; and often hath the soul
been shaded by the dark flapping wing of agony. But
they are gone—the glory of exultation and the gloom of
anguish; transient as the Day-god's effulgence, or as the
shattered cloud that dims it, when the storm-shroud is
fitfully passing from before the face of Heaven. They
have all gone down in that rolling tide. Awe for the
mighty Past!

The Present—bridge from the Past to the Future, ever
frail, ever changing. Entity, nonentity. Link in the in-
finite chain! At the dawn of creation, when Chaos was
transfused into forms of perfect beauty, and primeval
Night first rolled away before the fiat of the Almighty,
wide over the earth shone God's high power and good-
ness, in characters of living splendor, and were sublimely
hymned through infinity of space, in the undying paeans
of the stars of Heaven! And yet as wondrously are they
graven upon the front of Nature, yet as marvellously
pealed by those far-rolling orbs of fire. Still, in mystic
regularity, revolves the rapid-year; still comes the holy
sunshine, still the storm; still comes the glorious day-
spring, noon and eve, and night in her deep halls unrolls
her starry robe. And yet do the Fates unravel and weave
and cut the threads of human life. There be births,
there be deaths; there be ripenings and strengthenings
and uprisings in proud integrity—and wastings and sink-
ings and a down-sending of earth to earth, and a rotting,
and crawling of the gorged grave-worm—and then, when
ye dig, ye find but cold, damp mould. And oh! in the
march of time, how little changed is man! We are; and
around us, in countless breasts, are glowing the self-same
emotions that glowed in those of old. Joys are elati-
ting, sorrows subduing, hopes shedding their evanescent
smiles; ambition is pluming her insubstantial wings, re-
morse is corroding, revenge is at his fearful labors. And

kingdoms are rising, and kingdoms are tottering, and
kingdoms are falling; and monarchs and slaves—the
great and the lowly—the good and the evil—the demi-
god and the moonling—were not, and are; are, and shall
not be. And as of that strange and deep-sounding an-
them of life that goeth incessantly up, one strain riseth,
its usherer-in, slow floating back, dieth away forever and
forever. We are, and for that we are, joy for the Pre-
sent!

The Future—twin sister of the Past—as dark as dread,
and oh! how vacant! Through its undiscovered ways
are yet to travel what multitudes of Earth's own chil-
dren, what myriads of yet uncreated things! How is its
silence to be broken by the shrill cry of youth, the deep
tone of manhood, the bitter murmurings of age; the voice
of rejoicing, the moan of anguish; the hum of the
peaceful traffickers, the giant roar of contending nations,
the crash of falling monarchies! There shall intermin-
gle, and rise to that thunder-pavillioned throne of eter-
nity, the vaunt of the blood-reeking conqueror, and the
cracking of the strings of the poor human heart. There
shall go up the meek prayer of helplessness and inno-
cence, and the high blasphemy of the strong boaster. As
it hath been, so it shall be. Still shall scythed Saturn,
(oh solemn and truthful myth!) devour his progeny, the
bright and golden hours, who ever, as they die, shall be-
queath their awful burthen to their young sisters. Still,
over old earth—her womb one vast charnel house—shall
spread the gorgeous vale, shall rise the cloud-heaving
mount, shall stretch the sombre forest, shall heave the
tide of ocean, shall rush the swelling river, shall dance
the sparkling brooklet. And who may tell how long?
aye, who how long the earth shall roll, the sun shall
blaze, and yet how long shall peal those paeans of the
circling hosts? Mystery for the Future! Joy for the
Present; and Awe for the mighty Past.

R. S. ROWLEY.

The Autumnal Leaf.

Thou faded leaf! it seems to be
But as of yesterday
When thou didst flourish on the tree
In all the pride of May.
Then 'twas the merry hour of spring—
Of Nature's fairest blossoming.
On field, on flower, on spray
It promised fair; how changed the scene!
To what is now, from what hath been!

So fares it with life's early Spring;
Hope gilds each coming day,
And sweetly does the Syren sing
Her fond delusive la,
Then the young fervent heart beats high
Whilst passion kindles in the eye
With bright unceasing play.
Fair are thy tints, thou genia. Hour,
Yet transient as the autumn flower.

Thou faded leaf! how like to thee
Is beauty in her morning pride,
When life is but a summer sea
And hope illumes its placid tide:
Alas! for beauty's autumn hour,
Alas! for beauty's blighted flower!
When hope and bliss have died,
Her pallid brow, her cheek of grief
Have thy sad hue, thou faded leaf

Autumnal leaf! there is a stern
And warning tone in thy decay:
Like thee must man to death return
With his frail tenement of clay.
Thy warning is of death and doom
Of genius blighted in its bloom,
Of joy's o'erclouded ray;
Life, rapture, hope, & ye are as brief
And fleeting as the Autumn leaf.

O. H. MILDEBERGER.

Critical Notices.

The Artist, the Merchant, and the Statesman. By C. Edwards Lester. Vol. I. New-York: Paine & Burgess, 62 John-street.

This book opens with a commentary on the chief portion of its contents, in a likeness of Mr. Powers. The Sculptor, whose name has recently grown into a worldwide one, by the success of his *Greek Slave*, has a square, firm head, un-ideal in its outline, but indicating quick observation, and great depth of purpose; deficient in proportion and geniality in the lower features, with a broad brow, and an eye rather steady than kindling in its glance. The countenance is a criticism on the autobiography of Mr. Powers, of which the book mainly consists. His discourse in these conversations with Mr. Lester, in which the autobiography is disclosed, is plain, sensible, in a judicious spirit of praise and censure, showing the practised and the practical eye, at times glancing off, Yankee-like, sharply to the main chance; independent, as is, or should be characteristic of an American, of old usage and authority, and leaving altogether on the reader's mind an opinion honorable to the sense and intellect of the artist.

The language of the Conversations is generally clear and simple, and such as a sculptor, used to a clear, round outline, might be expected to employ. Throughout there are dropped, from time to time, hints and suggestions likely to be of decided service to art, and to art, particularly, in the United States. The zeal of Mr. Powers for the embellishment of the country by fountain-pieces, statues and monuments, agrees with our own long-entertained sentiments entirely; and in his utter repudiation of the mongrel in monumental architecture, like the proposed Washington Memorial, with its subsidiary library, reading-room, &c., we heartily concur. The most sustained speculation in the Conversations, is that upon a proper monument of Washington; and, although we doubt whether at all points the ground is properly laid out by the artist, we give it at length:

A very laudable effort is now making, not by the Government, which ought to have done it long ago, but by some generous individuals in America, to erect a monument to Washington; and I hope it will be a monument. But a Public Edifice they propose to call a monument, which would have answered their purpose just as well, might have been had without the trouble and expense of building one. I should be sorry to see so great a name as Washington's associated in a monument with Institutions, Libraries, Rooms for Art, Debating Societies, &c.; all dignified by the name of a monument to our great Hero and Father. Almost as soon would I think of changing money in a church, or profaning the altars of God with traffic, as to convert Washington's monument into such a business-like place.

Monuments to the dead should never be made the habitations of the living; they should be resorted to, to teach us how to live and how to die, and an eternal Sabbath should be kept around their graves. Let some imposing but solemn structure be raised over the dust of Washington—single in its purpose and single in its

form. Let it be made of the most durable and massive materials; and let it rise as high as a grateful nation can carry it—without spires, or turrets, or windows, or any other *littleness* to disturb the grandeur and solemnity of its design. Let it, in a word be in harmony with the character of the man.

The most appropriate monument is that which, as far as the nature of such a thing can do, illustrates this character. It should be something analogous. If a man of taste and literary pursuits, his tomb should be embellished with ornaments, and all its proportions should present a classic appearance; if a military hero, his monument should be in keeping with the spirit of loftiness, and breathe the soul of daring and glory, so that his character might be clearly known without reading the inscription. And such is the richness and fertility of the genius of the fine arts, as understood by great artists, their language is even more expressive in the hands of the master, than any other language in the world.

But a monument to such a man as Washington, who is not considered as a scholar, nor even so much as a military hero, or statesman, as one of those exalted characters that stand far above all other men, embracing all that is noble known to humanity, and even something we may almost regard as divine; one who never lived before, nor is likely ever to live again;—his monument should be as distinct from all others, as he was from all other men. A classic monument would not do for him, nor a military monument, nor any other peculiar style; for none of them can reach him. No little thing should be introduced in it; no petty parts or decorations; it should be distinct and unbroken, and rise in solemn grandeur, a simple mass of vast bulk and height, so that it might be seen across a plain fifty miles off, surmounted by his statue of such colossal proportions, it might be recognized, if possible, even at that distance as the statue of Washington. And this would not be so difficult as might appear; for such were his form and general proportions, so different from all other men, and so expressive of himself, that the most feeble attempt at his likeness never fails to be recognized. His person was as distinct from other men as was his character.

But of what form should be this monument, to express the durability of his fame, and at the same time embody and illustrate that solemnity of character so peculiarly his own? Before answering this question, we should look for guidance, and enquire what human structures have stood the longest, and will probably descend farthest into coming ages. And at the same time what are the most expressive, and excite the greatest wonder over successive races of men.

Are they solemn temples or sumptuous palaces, or lofty towers, or massive obelisks, or solid columns, or colossal statues? The learned have spent ages in disputing about the site of Babylon, with her gorgeous temples, and Thebes, with her hundred brazen gates. The ruins even of Roman structures, reared less than two thousand years ago, have long been preserved with sacred veneration; and the temples of Greece are mournful heaps. But the Pyramids of Egypt still lift their awful forms over the desert, and have watched the rise and the fall of a long succession of Empires. Human knowledge gropes back through dim ages to find the era of their beginning, and still time strives in vain to overwhelm them. The obelisks lie scattered around the deserts, or have been carried away by distant travellers; and the Memnon lies prostrate in the dust. The great cities that once stood upon the banks of the Nile, are levelled with the ocean of sand around them; and almost every vestige of the work of man has passed away in the flowing tide of ages. But the Pyramids still stand, and still rear themselves as vast as ever; stupendous beacons to the traveller from distant countries; piercing the clouds, where they catch the first blush of morning that flames on their summits, as fair as in the morning of Creation; defying the barbarous hand of the spoiler and the sweeping desolation of ages.

Why were they made? This question we may answer with certainty—they were raised for monuments. They contained the ashes of the dead, and a platform was left on their tops, we have good reason to infer, to receive colossal statues or figures in illustration of the dead beneath them. This would seem to be certain, for the science which built them never would have left them incomplete without an object.

And where is there anything in the universe human like them but the character of Washington, and what monument could we raise so appropriate to the Father of his Country?

Washington's fame we well know can never die—it would outlive the Pyramids, without a monument and without a line of eulogy. But a long line of generations is to follow us; and when they come upon the stage for their brief hour in the sweep of ages, each one to ask that distant Republic whose history will then have grown dim, what monument of gratitude she left to her Glorious Deliverer, let them turn to some pyramidal structure surmounted by a vast statue of Washington, of everlasting bronze:

"Like some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale and midway leaves the storm;
Though round its base the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

As connected with another eminent American, of another day and an entirely different cast of character, the artist's interview with General Jackson is worthy of particular mention.

The general arrangement and spirit of the book are extremely creditable to Mr. Lester, although there are certain defects and blemishes which we regret to find marring the volume. One of these is the inharmonious and inartistical union, in the same volume, of two subjects with so little to connect them, (although they are brought together in the general title of the work,) as an autobiography of Hiram Powers, the Sculptor, and a Treatise on the Consular System. Of this the editor is acquitted by the modest requirement of the Sculptor, that he should not be left to stand alone, in his autobiographical disclosures, in a book by himself. To the style of the work, in Mr. Lester's portion of it, we might take some exception, in an extreme colloquialism which, although not offensive in the eagerness of a first reading, will injure it as a permanent record. There are great spirit and naturalness in Mr. Lester's use of this style; and we prefer it infinitely to the stilted assumption of a scholastic manner. We would have been glad to have found somewhere in the volume, or in Mr. Powers' discourse, a recognition of his young contemporary, CRAWFORD, who, though of an entirely different school and faith from Powers, has labored too long and too truly, to be out of mind when the talk is of American Sculptors, who have honored their country in their labors. It is possible that Mr. Lester intends to supply this, and other omissions, in his second volume, which is to include, we are told, sketches of various American artists. On the whole, we are pleased with this work, in the part we have given our attention to, (of the other portion of it we may speak at length hereafter) and believe it will be of service in its province.

Mr. Powers we have been in the habit of regarding as one of the few representative Americans, ranking in art with Webster, Jackson, Forrest, and other strong-minded and sturdy-working men in other departments. He has in him the true indigenous sinew and straightforwardness of the place—the freedom from petty ligatures of schools, and fashions, and tastes, with which old-world people are apt to be oppressed. He has had a long and hard fight with fortune, such as every original and un-conventional man may lay his account in sustaining; and he has come out of it, as every such man will, with a bright renown and an honor untouched through all its trials. We, for one, do not regret the learning of short-hand by Mr. Lester, as that seems to have enabled him to give us these excellent and judicious Conversations, and we shall look for his concluding volume of the Artist, Merchant and Statesman, with a good hope of profitable entertainment.

In paper, typography, and general appearance, the volume is neatly presented by the spirited publishers.

Specimens of English Dramatic Poets, who lived about the time of Shakspeare. With Notes: By Charles Lamb. In two Volumes. Wiley & Putnam's Library of Choice Reading, Nos. XXIX—XXX.

If the Cheap Era in Literature had begun with the first settlement of America, the improved Power Press^{been} set in motion, throwing off its thousand sheets per hour, and steamboats and railroads been ready to blaze its issues through the country,—and it had happened that these *Specimens* had been the first work to engage their services, the whole face of its Literature would, according to all ordinary modes of calculation, have been changed, and would now present the aspect of a Jupiter rather than an Adonis. As it is, we set out in our career at the period of the predominance of the French school, and the school of Pope; and it is only within a very recent period, that we have given any indications of a desire to escape from it.

We have tinkled in the minor key, jingling our ten feet and keeping close to our regular measures, with the painful pertinacity of the droning minstrel of the streets. So deeply has the infection struck that, although England (our model and guide in these matters heretofore) has more than once in that time been swept by manlier lyres and braver singers, we have gone on in the old tune, assuaging and mollifying, even in our copies of these better spirits, strength and manhood and manly earnestness down to a poor, piping treble. The restoration and triumph of the Old Masters of English verse, in their own country, has been no triumph nor restoration to us. We have gone on in the old way in spite of new editions of Ben Jonson, and Beaumont and Fletcher, Webster, Decker, Massinger, and all the others of that hardy brood. Once in a long while a voice has been raised in a corner, in behalf of this noble peerage of elder poets—but without any obvious change in the popular sentiment. Now however the change has fairly come! The country after undergoing the weariness of droning poetasters for half a century and more, has at length discovered that there is a kind of Literature more in harmony with its circumstances, and much truer to the breadth and grandeur of its national developements. The publication of these *Specimens*, is but the effervescence, of a spirit, long, quietly and patiently at work, under the surface. And their reception will be full of good omens to the future literary history of the country.

We have conveyed our general opinion of this work in what we have already said: a word or two as to its peculiar merits. No where in the whole compass of its Literature, are the resources of the English tongue in power, in sweetness, terror, pathos, in description and dialogue, so well displayed. These two volumes are by the best hearts of England of their day and generation.—They speak the sorrow and the belief, the joy and the agitation of their times, like men. They dip their pens in the very life-blood of humanity, and write so as to stir the life-blood. Their fear is real fear, their joy is real joy, their grief, grief indeed, and no make believe. They therefore speak to all men of all times. These genuine words of theirs cutting their way through all of war, and darkness and discordant history that stands between, reach the present day, and with a vital fire come home to our hearts, asthey did to the hearts of their contemporaries. See with what fire, and eagerness and inspired animation they address themselves to the loves and griefs and passions of men and women!

The forest deer being struck,
Runs to an herb that closeth up the wounds;
But when the imperial lion's flesh is gor'd,
He rends and tears it with his wrathful paw,
And highly scorning that the lowly earth
Should drink his blood, mounts up to th' air.

Sometimes like Women or unwedded Maids,
Shadowing more beauty in their airy brows
Than have the white breasts of the Queen of Love

Now comes my Lover tripping like the Roe,
And brings my longings tangled in her hair.
To joy her love I'll build a kingly bower,
Seated in hearing of a hundred streams.

Then, as in Arden I have seen an oak
Long shook with tempests, and his lofty top
Bent to his root, which being at length made loose
(Even groaning with his weight) he 'gan to nod
This way and that, as loth his curled brows
(Which he had oft wrapt in the sky with storm)
Should stoop; and yet, his radical fibres burst,
Storm-like he fell, and hid the fear-cold earth;
So fell stout Barrisor, that had stood the shocks
Of ten set battles in your highness' war
Gainst the sole soldier of the world Navarre.

Ferd. Is she dead?

Bos. She is what you would have her.

Fix your eye here.

Ferd. Constantly.

Bos. Do you not weep?

Other sins only speak; murder shrieks out.

The element of water moistens the earth,

But blood flies upward and bedews the heavens.

Ferd. Cover her face; mine eyes dazzle; she died so young.

Bos. I think not so: her infelicity

Seem'd to have years too many.

Ferd. She and I were twins;

And should I die this instant, I had lived

Her time to a minute.

The whole brood of modern bards bend before them, like the slender woodland before the majestic breath of God. To Charles Lamb, who by wise and delicious pains-taking makes us masters and friends of these noble spirits, thanks indeed. What he says, descriptively, of his plan in introducing them is well put.

The kind of extracts which I have sought after have been, not so much passages of wit, though the old plays are rich in such, as scenes of passion, sometimes of the deepest quality, interesting situations, serious descriptions, that which is more nearly allied to poetry than to wit, and to tragic rather than comic poetry

And what he says, here and throughout these choice volumes in explanation or praise of his authors, is in admirable harmony with their own noble verse. One or two of these masterly notes will satisfy the reader into whose hands he entrusts himself.

*To move a horror skilfully, to touch a soul to the quick, to lay upon fear as much as it can bear, to wean and weary a life till it is ready to drop, and then step in with mortal instruments to take its last forfeit: this only a Webster can do. Writers of an inferior genius may "upon horror's head horrors accumulate," but they cannot do this. They mistake quantity for quality; they "terrify babes with painted devils," but they know not how a soul is capable of being moved; their terrors want dignity, their affrightments are without decorum.

This tragedy, Marlowe's Edward II, is in a very different style from "mighty Tamburlaine." The reluctant pangs of abdicating Royalty in Edward furnished hints which Shakespeare scarce improved in his Richard the Second; and the death-scene of Mar-

lowe's king moves pity and terror beyond any scene, ancient, or modern, with which I am acquainted.

Marlowe is said to have been tainted with atheistical positions, to have denied God and the Trinity. To such a genius the history of Faustus must have been delectable food: to wander in fields where curiosity is forbidden to go, to approach the dark gulf near enough to look in, to be busied in speculations which are the rottenest part of the core of the fruit that fell from the tree of knowledge. Barabas the Jew, and Faustus the conjuror, are offsprings of a mind which at least delighted to dally with interdicted subjects. They both talk a language which a believer would have been tender of putting into the mouth of a character though but in fiction. But the holiest minds have sometimes not thought it blameable to counterfeit impiety in the person of another, to bring Vice in upon the stage speaking her own dialect, and, themselves being armed with an Unction of self-confident impunity, have not scrupled to handle and touch that familiarly which would be death to others. Milton, in the presence of Satan, has started speculations harder than any which the feeble armory of the atheist ever furnished: and the precise, strait-laced Richardson has strengthened Vice, from the mouth of Lovelace, with entangling sophistries and abstruse pleas against her adversary Virtue; which Sedley, Villiers, and Rochester wanted depth of libertinism sufficient to have invented.

This scene in the Merry Devil of Edmonton has much of Shakespeare's manner in the sweetness and goodnaturedness of it. It seems written to make the reader happy. Few of our dramatists or novelists have attended enough to this. They torture and wound us abundantly. They are economists only in delight. Nothing can be finer, more gentlemanlike, and noble, than the conversation and compliments of these young men. How delicious is Raymond Mounchensey's forgetting, in his fears, that Jerningham has a "Saint in Essex;" and how sweetly his friend reminds him! — I wish it could be ascertained that Michael Drayton was the author of this piece; it would add a worthy appendage to the renown of that Panegyrist of my native Earth; who has gone over her soil (in his Polyolbion) with the fidelity of a herald, and the painful love of a son; who has not left a rivulet (so narrow that it may be stepped over) without honorable mention; and has animated Hills and Streams with life and passion above the dreams of old mythology.

After all, Love's Sectaries are a "reason unto themselves." We have gone retrograde in the noble Heresy since the days when Sidney proselyted our nation to this mixed health and disease; the kindest symptom yet the most alarming crisis in the ticklish state of youth; the nourisher and the destroyed of hopeful wits; the mother of twin-birds, wisdom and folly, valor and weakness; the servitude above freedom; the gentle mind's religion; the liberal superstition.

No one will doubt, who reads Marston's Satires, that the author in some part of his life must have been something more than a theorist in vice. Have we never heard an old preacher in the pulpit display such an insight into the mystery of ungodliness, as made us wonder with reason how a good man came by it? When Cervantes with such proficiency of fondness dwells upon the Don's library, who sees not that he has been a great reader of books of Knight-Errantry? perhaps was at some time of his life in danger of falling into those very extravagances which he ridicules so happily in his Hero?

The blank uniformity to which all professional distinctions in apparel have been long hastening, is one instance of the Decay of Symbols among us, which, whether it has contributed or not to make us a more intellectual, has certainly made us a less imaginative people. Shakespeare knew the force of signs:—"a malignant and turban'd Turk." "This meal-cap Miller," says the Author of God's Revenge against Murder, to express his indignation at an atrocious outrage committed by the miller Pierot upon the person of the fair Marieta.

The insipid levelling morality to which the modern stage is tied down would not admit of such terrible passions as these scenes are filled with. A puritanical obtuseness of sentiment, a stupid infantile goodness, is creeping among us, instead of the vigorous passions, and virtues clad in flesh and blood, with which the old dramatists present us. These noble and liberal casuists could discern in the differences, the quarrels, the animosities of man, a beauty and truth of moral feeling, no less than in the iterately inculcated duties of forgiveness and atonement. With us all is hypocritical meekness. A reconciliation scene (let the occasion be never so absurd or unnatural) is always sure of applause. Our audiences come to the theatre to be complimented on their goodness. They compare notes with the amiable characters in the play, and find a wonderful similarity of disposition between them.

Of all the English Play-writers, Chapman perhaps approaches nearest to Shakspeare in the descriptive and didactic, in passages which are less purely dramatic. Dramatic imitation was not his talent. He could not go out of himself, as Shakspeare could shift at pleasure, to inform and animate other existences, but in himself he had an eye to perceive and a soul to embrace all other forms. He would have made a great epic poet, if, indeed, he has not abundantly shown himself to be one; for his Homer is not so properly a Translation as the Stories of Achilles and Ulysses re-written. The earnestness and passion which he has put into every part of these poems would be incredible to a reader of mere modern translations. His almost Greek zeal for the honor of his heroes is only paralleled by that fierce spirit of Hebrew bigotry, with which Milton, as if personating one of the Zealots of the old law, clothed himself when he sat down to paint the acts of Sampson against the uncircumcised.

We repine, we confess, at the taking down of this book from our shelf, (it has been the dear companion of many joyful years,) and leading it out into the market place. But as we hope for many sharers, through it, in our old and long-time enthusiasm for the Elders—we submit that our fell-grief be made common, and that all mankind be let in to 'joy in our joy, and sadden in our sadness.'

Farewell, old Friends!—The million spread their hands to take you.

*Wiley & Putnam's Foreign Library. No. 1. Vol. II.
Memoirs of Benvenuto Cellini. Written by Himself.
Translated by Thomas Roscoe, Esq..*

We made but scant mention last week of this interesting work; but we may supply the omission of words of our own by the following well written remarks from the *Evening Post*:

A better book than the autobiography of BENVENUTO CELLINI could hardly have been chosen for the first number of the Foreign Library. The old adage "*ce n'est que le premier pas qui conte!*" must have been in the minds of the publishers in the selection. It is a very happy one, and if it is to be taken as an indication of the works which are to follow, augurs well for their success.

In the original, this book is a classic. Its reputation among Italian critics is very great, and by scholars, all the world over, it has always been regarded as giving Cellini high rank as an author. To American readers it is comparatively unknown. The present translation has never before been published in this country; it is extremely felicitous and spirited; one forgets entirely that he is not reading the author's own words in his own tongue, so admirably are the difficulties of translation overcome. The notes and observations of the Italian editor are included in this edition, and form an instructive and interesting addition to the text.

Benvenuto Cellini was born at Florence, in the year 1500.—There and at Rome he spent the greater part of his life. He died in 1570. His eminence as an artist, or rather, artisan in gold, silver and precious stones, and his exploits in the service of the state, and in the course of his personal adventures, made him famous in Italy and throughout Europe. The shop in which he worked is pointed out on one of the bridges at Florence, and spe-

cimens of his handicraft are carefully preserved as heir-looms in ancient families, and exhibited as curiosities of note in the cabinets of *virtuosi*, and in royal museums.

At the age of fifty-eight he wrote his autobiography. Thus the narrative embraces the first half of the sixteenth century, a brilliant and eventful era. During the time, the fine arts reached the culminating point in Italy, under the patronage of the Medici, in the works of Michael Angelo, Raffael, and Titian.—These great masters, and others of almost equal eminence, were contemporaries and intimates of Cellini, and figure in his pages. Besides these, the circle of his acquaintance and friendship included many of the first men of his times; he was the favorite and confidant of two popes, of a king, and of cardinals and dukes royal without number. The pictures he gives of the habits and manners, the ways of thinking, speaking and acting of the men with whom he came in contact, especially the more illustrious, are vivid and life-like, and doubtless more correct from the fact of their being incidental and unstudied, and no part of the author's main design.—The great object of Cellini's book is his own glorification. He is his own hero. He reaches the very acme of egotism. Not even his "Holiness" himself can stand on the same level—it is "*cgo et pontifex meus*" throughout, and the same disrespect of persons marks his intercourse with the whole tribe of dignitaries. Never was genius more conscious of itself and its divine prerogatives; never was a man predestined to immortality with a fuller acquiescence on his own part. This spirit pervades the book, and is half the secret of its excellence. It is an egotism that forces our admiration. One cannot help sympathising with the complete self-satisfaction of the author. A man so perfectly at ease with himself is invulnerable to censure; he disarms prejudice and forestalls criticism by asserting the infallibility of his own judgment. He is always in the right—his opinion invariably correct; his taste never at fault; his quarrel never unjust. He maintains himself in all sorts of controversies with a firmness which would pass current anywhere for obstinacy; suffers daily contradiction from "fools," "simpletons" and "blockheads," unmoved; receives as matters of course the flatteries of princes; and executes summary vengeance on his foes, as though he were the appointed arbiter of fate. All this, while it would be disgusting in most autobiographies, gives to this one of its highest charms. It is impossible to find fault with Cellini for his egotism; one might as well quarrel with Swift for his humor.

So with regard to his exaggerations. Some of his stories are exceedingly marvellous, and far more creditable to his imagination than his veracity. As an artist he was famous for giving rare tints to diamonds and other precious stones—his facility as an author in imparting a happy gloss of the fanciful to a rough narrative of facts is no less admirable. The Preface attributes most of his exaggeration to his "confined education, his susceptible nerves, his superlative credulity and superstition, and his wild imagination." To this fair apology it may be added, that a "strict adherence to truth," and a rigid "abstinence from fiction," was by no means the characteristic of the writers of his time, especially where their own exploits formed the subject matter of their narrations.—Cellini's book is a running commentary on the era in which he lived—it reflects with wonderful accuracy and minuteness the very form and spirit of the age; but it partakes of it itself. The incredibility of his stories, his sublime indifference to dates and circumstances, his neglect of historic order or precision, while they unfit the book to be what it does not pretend to be, a work of historical accuracy, make it more faithful to the time in which it was written. We are almost driven to make as anomalous an assertion as this, that if the book had been more reliable it would have been less authentic.

New Books received, to be noticed more fully in our next:

*The London Medical Student, (second series,) by Punch,
with Illustrations, by Leech. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.*

Observations in the East, chiefly in Egypt, Palestine, Syria, and Asia Minor. By John P. Durbin, D. D. Late President of Dickinson College, Author of "Observa-

tions in Europe," &c. In two volumes. New-York: Harper & Brothers.

The Democratic Review, for November.

The Adventures of Gilbert Gurney. By Theodore Hook, Author of "Merton," "Sayings and Doings," "Jack Bragg," &c. &c. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.

Appleton's Literary Miscellany, No. V. The Life of Frederick Schiller, by Thomas Carlyle. New-York: D. Appleton & Co.

Prairiedom; Rambles and Scrambles in Texas, or New-Estremadura. By A Southron. New-York: Paine & Burgess.

The Historical Essays and Narratives of the Merovingian Era, or Scenes of the Sixteenth Century, with an Autobiographical Preface, by M. Augustin Thierry. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.

Martin's Illustrated Family Bible, No. XI. New-York: R. Martin & Co., 26 John-street.

The Wandering Jew, No. III. Superbly Illustrated.—Harper & Brothers. New-York.

New-York Illustrated Magazine of Literature and Art. Edited by Lawrence Labree. New-York: Robinson & Co.

Harper's Illuminated Pictorial Bible, No. XLII.

Republication of the London Quarterly Review, for September. New-York: Leonard Scott & Co.

The Shilling Library. Published Every Saturday.—New-York: Homans & Ellis. No. 1.—*The Mother's Medical Adviser.* No. 2.—*Cotton from the Pod to the Factory.*

The Missionary Memorial. New-York: Walker & Co.

Von Raumer's America. New-York: J. & H. G. Langley.

Song.

I.

Farewell! 'Twere vain to bid thee wear
Mine image in thy breast,—
Thou at another shrine wilt breathe
The vows that made me blest.
Yet I know when thou art lonely,
When a cloud lies on thy heart,
O'er thy memory, like a sunbeam,
Some thought of me will dart.

II.

And when low words of melody
Shall chain thy raptured ear—
When beauty's cheek beneath thy glance
Its quick, pure blush shall wear—
Though I languish all forsaken,
Yet I know those tones, in thee,
And that kindling brow will waken
Some memory of me.

III.

And when soft fingers clasp thy hand,
When fond arms thee entwine;
When thou seest thyself reflected
In brighter eyes than mine,
Oh, then from out the Past my face,
Though prized no more it be,
Will beam upon thy memory,
As once it beamed on thee.

MARY E. HEWITT.

The Drama.

By a certain fluttering in the Press, we can discern as clearly as by the spreading of its wings, that the bird would take under them the warmth of the rising sun, that a new spirit is abroad in the Drama. The advent of this better feeling we predicted long since. Among its earliest indications was the reception of the new comedy 'Fashion' (to which we cannot altogether give our critical approval, but which, as from the hand of a well-liked woman, was a fortunate pioneer,) and of its authoress as a performer on the same boards where her play had been successfully produced. To these, are to be added, the interest excited in Mr. Hudson's admirable Lectures, appealing to the higher standards; the general attention called to the peculiar reception of Mr. Forrest, and Miss Cushman, an American actor and actress in England. Accumulating in the same direction we have another comedy, from the pen of Mr. Epes Sargent, the offer of a handsome (but inadequate) sum for a new play of American Life and Manners, by Mr. Manager Burton; a small offer for a shorter piece of a similar complexion, by Marble, the Comedian—and, to crown all, the appearance of an American actor upon the stage, in the person of Mr. Murdoch, who at a bound has passed his English rivals who were making a handsome figure in the country, or are on their way to do so, and satisfied the American Public once for all, that if they will be at the pains to look at home when they are in want of actors, they may possibly find them. That a great change has come over the American Dramatic world within a very recent period—would be manifest at once, if we should ask what chance of success Mr. Murdoch might have entertained as an American Actor, if he had presented himself a couple of years ago! We believe that the universal answer would be that in spite of his great acknowledged talents, he must have come near failing altogether, or at least that he would have sorely felt the want of that popular and journalistic support which has, lately, been so liberally accorded to him. As we were among the first to stake our faith on this young American performer, we feel bound to accompany him in the future stages of his success. In Philadelphia where he played the week ending on the 8th November, he has had a great reception; his first house at the Walnut St. Theatre, being according to the correspondent of the N. Y. Spirit of the Times, the largest audience ever within its walls. The press and the people have appeared with greater unanimity and enthusiasm, if possible, in his behalf than even in New York. We give the account of two or three of the most judicious and sagacious of our Philadelphia contemporaries.

From Neal's Saturday Gazette.

Quite a sensation has been created during the week, at the Walnut street Theatre, by the return to the stage of our townsman and long-established favorite, Mr. Murdoch, who after years of retirement and careful study, once more presents himself as a candidate, not, as heretofore, for a second place, but for a station in the front rank of theatrical merit; and it was a source of much pleasure to observe how cheerily the call to such an ordeal, on the part of an American actor, was responded to by the public, who, knowing that no crude attempt was to be offered to their consideration, and that all necessary preliminary training had been encountered, came in crowds to form opinion and to record their judgment. At once grappling with the utmost difficulty, Mr. Murdoch first presented himself as Hamlet; and a more arduous selection could not have been made, both as regards the part itself and the *prestige* of many "illustrious predecessors," several of whom have so identified themselves with Hamlet, that it is not easy to have an idea of the

character which is not incorporated, as it were, with them. But Mr. Murdoch's personation was triumphantly received,—rarely, if ever, have we heard such bursts of enthusiastic applause within the walls of a theatre, as greeted him throughout, and as followed the fall of the curtain. So has it been also, on every night of his appearance, the house being crowded by brilliant audiences on each occasion; and the experiment may, therefore, be regarded as one of the most successful on record.

And this from the *Saturday Courier*:

The success of this gentleman, since his return to the stage, has been most gratifying to his friends, and a source, we doubt not, of great felicity to himself. From our too settled servility hitherto to foreign dictation in theatrical affairs, it was to be feared that native genius, however eminent, would not excite sufficient interest to insure a fair hearing. But in the case of Mr. Murdoch, that fear has been entirely dissipated, especially in this, his native city, where his houses have been thus far crowded from pit to dome, with most intelligent and attentive audiences. To say that Mr. Murdoch who was ever a favorite, has greatly improved since he has left the stage, would be but a faint expression, in regard to one who has grasped with a nervous arm, an unfaltering foot, an indomitable resolution, the very highest range of his profession. His readings, points, and bearings evince the close and hearty study he has accorded to their perfection, and his audiences appear keenly alive to their many beauties.

Mr. Murdoch has performed, during the present week, another brilliant and triumphant engagement in this same city. In our notices of the Theatre, we shall always have an eye to its reform and elevation. We are, in this respect, on the eve of a great dramatic Revolution.

Miss CUSHMAN, THE ACTRESS.—We notice that some of the American papers say Miss Cushman has not been doing well at the English provincial theatres. There are few, if any, of our own celebrated actresses who have pocketed so many English sovereigns as our fair American friend, who has so lately left her home and country to seek fame and fortune in a foreign land.

Miss Cushman has just completed an engagement of twelve nights at Manchester, for which she received 2000 dollars. Her engagements at Bristol, Bath, Sheffield, and other places, have been excellent and most profitable.—*English paper.*

Musical Department.

Another leaf has again been added to Leopold De Meyer's wreath of laurels, and another two or three thousand dollars have wandered into the pockets of the artist, on the occasion of his first Concert, last Friday evening.—The Tabernacle was crammed; but this was no more than we expected.

The performance consisted of

1. *Duett from Don Giovanni*, Mozart, by Madame ADLER and Signor Ph. MAYER. It was rather indifferently performed, and the introduction Mr. Perabeau played, was altogether out of place; for, though he behaved like a madman, he could not make the audience believe that he was a great performer on the Piano. The piece itself would have been of more effect in the middle of the performance.

2. *Russian Airs*, Second Set, composed and performed by L. DE MEYER. If we never knew what Piano-forte music is, or can be, we might have learned it that evening. The most beautiful harmonies, the most delicate passages, the most brilliant arpeggios, each one by itself, and all combined—this was what the artist offered to an enraptured audience. He was encored, but declined playing, fearing, perhaps, to be too much fatigued at the end of the performance, to do justice to himself.

3. *Casta Diva*, from Norma, Bellini, by Madame ADLER. Perhaps Pico's Casta Diva, which incessantly

haunted our ears that evening, prevented our appreciating Madame Adler's singing. We shall, therefore, wait for another opportunity to speak of her style and voice.

4. *Carnival de Venice* arranged and performed by LEOPOLD DE MEYER, was rapturously encored, and Mr. De Meyer kindly repeated it, with a different introduction.

5. *Aria from Lucia di Lammermoor*, Donizetti, by Signor Ph. MAYER. A little hoarseness which prevailed in the beginning, wore off soon, and Mr. Mayer acquitted himself exceedingly well.

6. *Overture to William Tell*, arranged and performed by L. DE MEYER. We have in vain ransacked the dictionaries of Webster, Walker, and others—no words could be found to express the effect produced by this composition. We will leave it, therefore, to our readers to imagine to themselves something so beautiful as to be indescribable, and they will have something like Mr. De Meyer's performance of Rossini's Overture.

7. *Recitative and Grand Aria*, from Massaniello, by Madame ADLER. Much better sung than the former pieces of this lady. It would have gained her at once the good-will of the audience, if the brilliant roulades and coloratures at the end had not spoiled all the effect.—More scale singing we would recommend to this lady.

8. *Grand March*, Marocaine, by LEOPOLD DE MEYER. That the house did not break down under the thunder of applause is the only thing we wonder at, and we would advise all artists, who think of producing such a sensation as Mr. De Meyer, to secure the Tabernacle, if they will not risk the lives of their audience. After being encored, Mr. De Meyer gave us a fantasia on Yankee Doodle, improvised or not, we cannot say; but it is *so short*, was the last word of thousands, as they left the Tabernacle, highly delighted with the evening's entertainment.

HUBER, THE VIOLONCELLIST, the Composer, the Pianist—for all of these is he, although the violoncello is the instrument of his heart, and his choice shows the earnestness of his musical feeling and the purity of his taste,—is attracting more and more the attention of the musical *connisseurs* and the public. It is only from his unaffected simplicity and freedom from all display, that he has not created as great an excitement among the public generally.

Upon this, the most expressive of all instruments, his power is very great. The most touching, the most passionate strains, notes of flute-like delicacy and *arpeggio* passages, whose full tone fills the saloon like the swell of an organ, come from his magic bow with the same facility.

His compositions are replete with passages of great feeling and power, and though in a style peculiar to himself, have much of that passionate earnestness and *abandon* which is found in the compositions of Schubert.

To the above remarks, from the Evening Gazette, we only add, that he is a Piano manufacturer at the same time. We have tried an instrument of his make, and in many points find it superior to those of Erard. It is a great deal lower in price. We understand the chief object of Mr. H. is to establish a manufactory of grand pianos in this city.

U. C. HILL'S FESTIVAL CONCERT.—Between three and four thousand people made the walls of the Tabernacle resound with their bravos and encores during the evening. It was a Festival Concert in the true meaning of the word. Chorists and Solists all tried their utmost; the orchestra was never better than on this occasion. Besides Leopold De Meyer, who drew down thunders of applause, no one astonished the audience more than Mr. Boucher. For the last four years he had not played in public, and here he comes out with a beautiful composition of his own, the performance of which would have given credit to a Servais, Franchomme, or Knoop.

We hope Mr. Boucher will no longer withhold from the public his talent and genius. Nothing serves more to make the violintello popular than such playing.

MISS NORTHALL sang the Duett of *Eliza el Claudio* in good style; in fact, better than on former occasions. This young lady is destined, if she keeps on, to adorn all our public concerts and musical festivals. Mr. Meyer supported her well.

MADAME OTTO, has, it seems, improved in voice and style during her late absence from this country. *In questo semplice* could not have been sung better. Her higher notes are clear as silver bells.

MESSRS. KYLE AND AUPICK did their part well, and only want of space prevents our going more into detail. We hope we shall have another opportunity to speak of the merits of these two eminent musicians.

Now, Mr. Hill, the sooner you get up another Festival Concert, the better for the public and yourself.

MISS BRAMSON gives a Concert to-night (Tuesday evening) at Nillo's, which we shall notice in our next.

MR. WOLLENHAUPT, a young pianist, lately arrived from Leipzig, makes quite a sensation amongst musicians. He is a pupil of the *Leipzig Conservatoire*.

OLE BULL plays again on Thursday evening in Philadelphia.

LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR will be brought out next week at the Park, with Miss Delcy as Prima Donna.

L. DE MEYER has announced his second Concert for Friday next. He will be assisted by Miss Northall, Madame Lazare and Mr. P. Mayer.

Editorial Miscellany.

THE CHURCHMAN AND DR. CHEEVER.—The Churchman is no friend to Dr. Cheever, his theology and his opinions, and from our own reflections, we can easily understand how a difference may arise in the premises. But we can see nothing in the case to justify the spirit of an article, in the last number of that organ, on the "Wanderings of a Pilgrim." In the first place the price is printed wrong, apparently with design, for the sake of a joke long since discarded by penny-a-liners. Price 3s. 6d. In the first place this is *not* the price of the book, which is legibly printed on the cover thirty-seven and a half cents. Supposing it were forty-four cents—what joke can there be in British shillings and pence that there is not in American currency? Yet such is the fact to the theological critic (not the editor) of the Churchman. The reading of that man must have been miserably confined even among the book shelves of his own creed. The spirits of Old Latimer and of South and of Fuller and of Corbet and of Sterne and of Swift, should rise up and thrust such a witling as that from even the outer court of the sanctuary! He is a disgrace to a church renowned for wit and humor and the soul of the gentleman.

What follows is of a piece for candor—a passage being isolated and battered with dirty adjectives till we confound the innocent words with the shabbiness thrown upon it. With a foul mouth you may thus mar the whiteness of the Parian marble. If a dirty fellow *will* brush against a gentleman, the gentleman *will* be mistaken for a dirty fellow, and in this way vulgar and malevolent critics vilify pure authors.

Just censure is one thing, and this wholesale abuse is another. It is very possible that a practised knight of

the quill might prick Dr. Cheever gracefully, and the public might be gratified at the spectacle, for the public loves to see an author tickled; but the public requires this spirit to be done "gently", and has no affection for the weapons of fish-women or scavengers, clerical or otherwise.

MR. UPCOTT, the great collector of Autographs, recently died at his residence near London. His house has been often visited by American tourists to whom he was uniformly courteous, showing them the unique treasures of his house, literally lined with books, and being led by them too often to anticipate the sale of a portion of his collections in this country. When we saw him some years since, he was daily expecting letters from the United States respecting such a purchase for some twenty thousand dollars! He was anxious that his collections should be unbroken. He would choose a particular topic, and cut up books and magazines and newspapers till he had exhausted the subject. He had such a collection of cuttings from newspapers contemporary with the American Revolution and relating to that struggle, which Mr. Brodhead purchased and presented to the New-York Historical Society. It is probable that his books and autographs will be sold at auction.

PICTURE OF NEW-YORK.—We have seen some exceedingly beautiful wood cuts, forming a part of a pictorial description of New-York city. Among the designs furnished are views of ten Episcopal, two Unitari-



an, three Presbyterian, and several other Churches; the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, Society Library, Bloomingdale Asylum, Blind Asylum, &c., together with several Brooklyn buildings, viz: First Unitarian Church, Church of the Pilgrims, the Long Island Tunnel.

This volume, we are informed, will comprise about 200 pages, including forty illustrations by the best wood engravers of New-York, and will be published by Messrs. Homans & Ellis early next month. Our city has long wanted a pictorial guide book for the use of strangers and citizens; and the specimens before us lead us to think that justice will be done to some of our noble institutions, especially those of a charitable order.

Messrs. Homans & Ellis have also in hand, preparing by a resident clergyman, a brief account of all the Churches in Brooklyn and New-York, with numerous illustrations.

It is to be hoped that every facility will be afforded by clergymen to the publishers to enable them to furnish a work whose details may be relied upon. One fact is al-

ready elicited by the enquiries instituted, viz: that there are *forty-two* churches erected in the city of Brooklyn, and forty-five congregations, three of whom worship in temporary rooms. This is probably a larger number of Churches than are contained in any city with a similar number of inhabitants, say 60,000.

The drawing we now give is of St. Thomas' Church, in Broadway, at the corner of Houston. It is one of the most beautiful structures of which our city may boast. Its dimensions are 62 feet in width, 113 feet in depth; built of dark stone, in the Gothic order, with two towers, each 80 feet high.

BIOGRAPHICAL, ANCESTRAL AND ROMANTIC ITEMS FROM LATE EUROPEAN JOURNALS.—The daily papers give but a brief abstract of the foreign intelligence on the arrival of the Steamers, chiefly confined to a few dry political facts, the price current, with a stray anecdote or two of a dwarf or a calf with two heads. It is singular how uniformly a few passages of the latter description come up, on such occasions, in the papers. A man snatches at an 'extra' in great haste and, ten to one, his eye first alights upon some such important item as the delivery of five children at a birth in one of the Orkney Islands. The finest portions, the gems of the literary, scientific and artistic world, are scantily given, if not altogether neglected. We have thought the endeavor to supply this defect might meet with favor, from our readers, and have gleaned the following paragraphs, none of which are likely to be met with in the newspapers of the day. If the plan meets with favor we shall continue it. For our own part, we think we are supplying a deficiency, and that our columns could not be better employed.

ITEM I. A new work by Ariosto !

From Florence, we heard of a discovery of great interest which has just been made by Signor Zampieri, conservator of the Grand Ducal Library. Amongst the manuscripts in that establishment he has found one containing the greater part of an epic poem by Ariosto, of which hitherto the existence was unknown—and whose title is *Rinaldo l' Ardito* ('Rinaldo the Bold'). The work has been originally composed of 244 octave verses, divided into twelve cantos; of which the first, the beginning of the second, and the sixth are wanting in the manuscript in question. The Grand Duke has ordered its publication, at the government expense; and directed that a copy shall be sent to each of the great libraries of Europe, in the hope that a search will be made in those various institutions for the absent portions of the poem.

ITEM II. News of Tycho Brahe.

From Copenhagen, too, we have accounts of a discovery of interest—which we report as we find it, though we think it probable there is some mistake in the terms. They state that Professor Heiberg, who is occupied in collecting materials for a History of the Life and Labors of the Illustrious Swedish Astronomer Tycho Brahe,—which he purposed publishing in the course of next year, wherein will fall the 300th anniversary of the birth of the great savant—lately caused searches and excavations to be made amongst the ruins of the Chateau and Observatory of Tycho, in the little Swedish Isle of Hveen, situate in the Sound, which was the property of the latter. These researches have, it is said, produced some curious results. A number of the tools used by the philosopher for the construction of his astronomical instruments have been found,—many of the completed instruments themselves, and some in an unfinished state—and several manuscripts in the Latin language, bearing the signature of Tycho Brahe, and containing astronomical observations, reflections on the events of his day, and occasional poetry.

ITEM III. A Jewel-Fountain in South America,

Last week, says the London *Athenaeum*, we gave our readers some account—from a report sent by the French Consul to his government,—of a diamond mine which has been discovered in the Province of Bahia; and we have since found some details in a Brazilian paper,—which we are tempted to quote, for the singular effect produced by a narrative of facts that can only be given in language recalling the marvels of Oriental fiction. "Some years ago," says the journal in question, "veins of gold were accidentally discovered in the Assuara; and a crowd of contrabandists soon flocked to that desert portion of Bahia—situate not far from the southern banks of San Francisco—in search of fortune. The

gold, however, was but the harbinger of more marvellous wealth ere long to be found. The labors of the miner extended on every side; and diamond-strata were soon discovered, of richness incalculable. In every stream and on every hill of these districts, and of the vast plain of Sincara, treasures inestimable, in gold and precious stones, presented themselves spontaneously to the hand of man. Attracted by the rumour, multitudes of emigrants from the town and province of Bahia, from Minas, and even from Rio Janerio, crowded thither to quench the universal thirst at this jewel-fountain. It is scarcely three years since the first ounce of gold was found in this region—then a desert; and it contains already a population exceeding forty thousand souls. It would be difficult, says this journal, to credit all that is told of the product of these new mines, if the letters and reports of trust-worthy eye-witnesses did not confirm the wildest of them. One letter says, "Gold is common and abundant in every brook, and throughout the entire district; but no man regards it—all are gathering diamonds." "Our readers may form an idea," the paper adds, "of the importance of these treasures, when they know that a single packet-ship exported lately, from Bahia to Europe, diamonds to the amount of 1,000 contos des reis (upwards of 106,000,) although the larger portion of these precious stones are carried first to Rio Janerio,—where, because of a greater abundance of capital and better acquaintance with the sort of traffic, they fetch higher prices."

ITEM IV. Two anecdotes for Bibliomaniacs—Gold and Fame.

A PRECIOUS VOLUME.—A curious circumstance occurred last week at the sale of the books of the late Dean of Lincoln.—Amongst the persons attracted was Mr. John Deighton, the bookseller, of Cambridge: he was looking over the lots shortly before the auction commenced, when on taking up a copy of Doane's 'Death, Judgment, Heaven, and Hell,' he thought the volume felt very ponderous; and on examining it, he discovered that in the book-binder's "fly-leaf," at the beginning, several coins were sewed. He called the attention of the auctioneer to the circumstance; and it was ascertained that a manuscript letter was fastened to the leaf, and that seven guineas and two half-guineas of the reign of Charles II. were strongly sewed within, like so many buttons. The coins were quite bright and fresh; and though many of the books in the library were sadly damaged by damp and neglect, this volume and its contents had escaped injury for the lapse of 160 years. The letter had no signature, but from its style seemed to be the writing of a father to his son at one of the universities. The lot, made interesting by this circumstance, was withdrawn from the auction.—*Stamford Mercury*.

The *Gazette des Tribunaux* furnishes an anecdote from one of the bye-ways of Parisian life, which is worth reporting in the *Athenaeum* rather for its touching character than for any direct relation which it has to literature. Some days since, a widow, keeping a well-known book-stall near the Pont St. Michel, was addressed by an old man, to whom his load of wretchedness seemed a heavier burthen than even that of his years. From beneath an old tattered garment the stooping man drew forth a thick volume, torn and stained by long use; and offering it to the book-dealer, said:—"Intrinsically this is worth a mere nothing: it had a value to me, however; but I have not the courage to let myself die of my hunger,—so give me for it what you will." The volume in question was the "History of Astronomy amongst all Nations," by Bailly; and, in its worn-cut condition, was dear at 50 centimes;—but, the female merchant, pitying its owner's destitution, gave him a franc; and the latter immediately entering a baker's shop, brought out a portion of a loaf, and sat down to eat it solitary by the river's side. M. G.—, a canon of Notre Dame and hunter of the book-stalls in this neighborhood, had been a witness of the scene; and taking up the book when the old man was gone, he found on the reverse of the title-page the following lines, firmly traced, but whose ink had assumed the color of rust:—"My young friend, I am condemned to die;—at this hour to-morrow I shall be no more. I leave you friendless in the world—in a time of dreadful trouble; and that is one of my bitterest griefs. I had promised to be a father to you;—God wills that my promise shall not be performed. Take this volume as the pledge of my earnest love—and keep it in memory of me.—BAILLY." Deeply affected by this one record of such varied miseries, at the opposite extremes of fifty years, the canon flung two francs to the merchant for her bargain,—and hastened with it to the old man, of whom he had not for a moment lost sight. From the latter, he learned that he was the natural son of a person of high rank; had been, after his father's death, the pupil and almost the adopted child of Bailly; and that, on the eve of his death, the illustrious martyr sent to him this copy of the work which, in 1784, had opened to himself the doors of the Academy. This unfortunate pupil of an unfortunate master, after having been long engaged in the business of public instruction, had been attacked by illness, which compelled him to resign his functions; and had since been gradually sinking into the state of desititution, under whose gnawing promptings he had turned the last gift of his benefactor and friend into bread. The canon took the old man to his home; and has since labored successfully to procure his admission into the hospital of Larouche Foucauld—where the remainder of his days are sure, at least, of temporal comforts.

MISS ELIZABETH HAMILTON, and not Mrs. Grant, as stated in a former number, is the author of "The Cottagers of Glenburnie."

A PENSION TO TENNYSON.—It is stated in the 'Cambridge Independent,' says the London Examiner, that Alfred Tennyson, the Poet, has received a pension of £200 per annum from her Majesty, at the recommendation of Sir Robert Peel.

LORD BYRON'S STATUE, by Thorwaldsen, of the admission of which to Westminster Abbey so much has been written, has reached its destination at Trinity, Cambridge, where it will be put up in the College Library.

THE CONTRIBUTORS TO PUNCH move together in a body. They recently appeared, designers and all, with Dickens, in the amateur performance of Ben Jonson's "Every Man in his Humor." They are now to be present, or rather have been, Mark Lemon, Gilbert à Becket, Douglas Jerrold, with Charles Dickens, at the MANCHESTER ATHENAEUM SOIREE, held on the evening of the 23d of October.

THE VATICAN LIBRARY.—The Pope has thrown the library of printed books in the Vatican open to the public, and ordered the preparation of a catalogue.

NEW POEM BY SOUTHEY.—Messrs. Longmans announce "OLIVER NEWMAN, A New-England Tale," an unfinished poem from the literary remains of Southey.

MR. BRYANT is expected to return to the United States from his European tour, some time this month. He will bring with him the fruits of a ripe observation, gathered among the finest scenes of Europe, and under circumstances perhaps never surpassed by any traveller. His reception has been right honorable to the man.

MR. FORREST's stay in Europe will probably be protracted to another season.

PROFESSOR KINGSLEY has already sent some three thousand volumes from Amsterdam, Leyden and Paris, to the new Library of Yale College.

MR. SIMMS' new novel, "Count Julian," will be ready in about a week.

LONDON EDITIONS OF THE REVIEWS AT AMERICAN PRICES.—We would call particular attention to the fact that Messrs. Wiley & Putnam will hereafter furnish London copies of the Edinburgh Review, the Quarterly, Foreign Quarterly and Westminster, at three dollars and a half per annum, if mailed in London. Also, Blackwood and Frazer at five dollars per annum. This will secure the original copies and at the earliest moment, as they will be delivered through the post-office, at the reduced rates of postage, simultaneously with the letters, on the arrival of the steamers.

WILEY & PUTNAM

PROPOSE to supply, if there is sufficient patronage, the original London editions of the following Periodicals at the prices annexed, to be mailed in London.

The Periodicals will be put in strong wrappers with printed address, and can be sent to any part of the United States; so that they may be received as soon as the letters per Boston Steamers.

All persons wishing to subscribe will please address WILEY & PUTNAM before the first of December next.

Subscriptions must be paid in all cases in advance.

Edinburgh Review,	\$3 50	Quarterly Review,	\$3 50
Foreign Quarterly Review,	3 50	North British Review,	3 50
Westminster Review,	3 50	For. & Colonial Review,	3 50
Forbes' Medical Review,	4 00	Blackwood's Magazine,	5 00
Frazer's Magazine,	5 00	Presbyterian Review,	3 50
dec 13 3t			

ELEGANT NEW WORK.

C. SHEPARD, BOOKSELLER, 191 BROADWAY.

CHAUNT OF LIFE—and other Poems, by Rev. R. HOYT, a Clergyman of the Episcopal Church, New York. Parts 1 & 2. This work is beautifully printed on fine paper, embellished, and handsomely bound. Price 37½ cents.

The following are extracts from a few of the notices it has received from the Press:

"There is a natural vigor in this poem (*World for Sale*) which is wrung from the life,—a wild music from the very heart strings."—*Morning News*.

"This is a scene (*snow*) that every one will recognize as life-like and truthful,—no artist could paint it better."—*Hud. Riv. Chronicle*.

"We have seen many quartos, not taken either from the lowest rank of dullness, with far less that is acceptable in them."—*Dem. Review*.

"We commend this volume to the lover of true poetry, and can say, in all sincerity, if Mr. Hoyt, in his following numbers, sustains the character of this, there is no doubt of his success."—*N. Y. Evening Mirror*.

"It is printed in a very neat and even elegant style, worthy of the grace, delicacy and beauty of the poems."—*N. Y. Courier and Enquirer*.

"He writes with grace, taste and genius, and many of his productions possess merit of the highest order. Some of his best pieces will be incorporated in a new edition of the Poets and Poetry of America."—*Phil. Nat. Gazette*.

"We give a stanza from the principal poem in the volume, commanding this delicious little brochure as one of the best New Year's presents that could be selected."—*N. Y. Express*.

"The Chaunt is one of the finest modern poems that we have read this many a day, and abounds in highly wrought and beautiful passages. The author, Rev. Ralph Hoyt, is destined to a high rank in the American temple of poetry, and we heartily thank him for providing us such a rare poetic feast as he has given us in this volume."—*N. Y. Rambler*.

"Full of delicate description, perfect truth and beauty of sentiment; and style pure and limpid as the chrystral stream, all enveloped in a charming atmosphere of grace and piety and purest imagination. It is a gem and a noble offering."—*Churchman*.

"PART II. contains the second canto of a very fine poem,—the Chaunt of Life: From the first stanza we quote three remarkably beautiful lines. The fourth and fifth stanzas are very noble.—The poem Old has so many rare and peculiar excellences, that we shall venture to copy it in full."—*Broadway Journal*.

"The Chaunt of Life is like the opening of some glorious majestic strain of music, through which the mournful spirit of the past gives tone and unutterable earnestness to the aspirations of the present and the hopes of the future. Such strains as those of our author will be heard. They sink at once into the heart and abide there."—*Prot. Churchman*.

"We have not seen a volume in a year that we have been more taken wih than this. It is a pleasure to meet an author who can, like Mr. Hoyt, make his theories attractive and his method striking without setting up for a misanthrope, or invoking the aid of the infernals."—*Phil. Sat. Eve. Post*.

CHEAP MUSIC.

HOMANS & ELLIS have published the first No. of THE MUSICAL WORLD,

A Semi-monthly Magazine, containing SIXTEEN pages of beautifully printed Music, and a Journal of Musical Biography, Criticism, and News.

Edited by Henry C. Watson.—Contents of No. 1.

I'll be there,—words by Fitzball—music by Herbert Rodwell.
Let no thought of care oppress thee,—words by Charles Jeffreys—music by Bellini.

Far away in my own bright land,—“ “ “ Bellini.

O cast thy shadow from thy brow,—a beautiful ballad.

The sunny hours of childhood,—words by J. L. Carpenter—music by J. Hanaway, R. A.

The melodies of many lands,—words by Charles Jeffreys—music by C. W. Glover.

PRICE 25 CENTS.

The second number of the Musical World will be published on the 15th inst.

In Press—*Grand Galop*, by Leopold De Meyer, with a portrait and critical biography, will be ready early next week.

JOHN ANDERSON & CO.

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN

CHOICE SEGARS, and Manufacturers of Premium Tobacco and Snuffs—2 Wall, and 13 and 15 Duane streets, New-York.

Nov 8—3m

NEW WORKS,

TO BE PUBLISHED BY

MESSRS. WILEY & PUTNAM, 161 BROADWAY,
IN THE MONTH OF NOVEMBER.

I.

Western Clearings, by Mrs. C. M. Kirkland, author of "A New Home," &c. 1 vol. 16mo. 50 cents.

II.

The Raven and other Poems, by Edgar A. Poe, 1 vol. 16mo. 31 cts.
III.*Views and Reviews in American History, Literature, and Fiction*,
by W. Gilmore Simms, 1 vol. 16mo.

IV.

Life of the Great Condé, by Lord Mahon, 2 vols. 16mo. 37½ cents each.

V.

Charles Lamb's Specimens of English Dramatic Poets, 2 vols.
16mo. 50 cents each.

VI.

The Rhine, by Victor Hugo.

VII.

Father Ripa's Residence in China, 1 vol. 16mo. 37½ cts.

VIII.

The Fall of the Jesuits, 1 vol. 16mo. 37½ cts.

IX.

Lectures on the English Poets, by Wm. Hazlitt. 1 vol. 16mo.

P A I N E & B U R G E S S ,

62 John Street,

WILL PUBLISH IN A FEW DAYS,
THE ARTIST, MERCHANT, AND STATESMAN,
Part I. This work is made up of the choicest and most original material on Fine Arts, Commerce, and Political Economy, by C. Edwards Lester.PAIRIEDOM ; Rambles and Scrambles in Texas or New Extremadura, by a Southron. 1 vol. 12mo. with a map. "It is light and vivacious—filled with incident—easy and flowing in style, and brilliant in imagery."—*Evening Mirror*.

THEY ARE PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION,

Songs and Ballads by Gen. G. P. Morris, 32mo. gilt.

Rambles by Land and Water, or Notes of Travel in Cuba and Mexico, including a canoe voyage up the river Panuco, and Researches among the Antiquaries of Taumelipas, by B. M. Norma, 1 vol. 12mo. illustrated.

The Greece of the Greeks, by G. A. Perdicaris, U.S. Consul at Athens, 2 vols. 12mo. illustrated.

Trippings in Authorland, by Fanny Forrester.

Montezuma, the Last of the Aztecs, an Historical Romance, on the Conquest of Mexico, by Edward Maturin, 2 vols. 12mo.

"This is an original American work."

The Prince, by Machiavelli, 1 vol. 12mo.

Man in the Republic, by C. Mathews, 1 vol. 32mo. gilt.

The Old Continental; or the Prince of Liberty—an historical romance, by the author of the 'Dutchman's Fireside,' 2 vols. 12mo.

—NOW READY—

The Medici Series of Italian Prose.

The Autobiography of Alfieri, 1 vol. 12mo. Price 50 cents.

The Secret Thoughts and Actions of Genius, blended with the wildest adventures and strongest caprices.

The Citizen of a Republic; what are his rights and duties, by Ansaldo Ceba, 1 vol. 12mo. Price 50 cents.

"A book of condensed and rare thoughts, like diamonds finely polished and richly set."

The Challenge of Barletta, a romance of the Times of the Medici, 1 vol. 12mo.

"A gem gathered from the jewelled mine of Italian romance."

The Florentine Histories, by Machiavelli, 2 vols. 12mo.

"The charmed records of the classic city of the Arno, by the master spirit of his age."

NOV 8

General Furnishing Hardware, Cutlery, Tools, &c.

OSBORN & LITTLE,

Importers and General Dealers in English, German and American

HARDWARE, CUTLERY, & C.,

No. 33 FULTON STREET,

BETWEEN PEARL AND WATER STREETS,

[Where the business has been carried on for Eighty Years past.]

CHARLES OSBORN.

CHARLES S. LITTLE.

NEW YORK.

Hardware, Cutlery, Nails, Locks, Latches, Butts, Screws, Anvils, Vices, Saws, Files, Shovels and Spades, Hollow Ware, Corn and Coffee Mills, Rivets, Pumps, Curriers' Hones, Crucibles, Black Lead, Pots, &c. &c. Also Genuine Haarlem Oil. American Coopers and Carpenters Edge Tools, of Albertson's Conger's Barton's, Horton's, Gifford's, and other makers. Also, Cooper's Truss Hoops.

NOV 8-3M

KNOX'S HATS.

THE FALL STYLE OF GENTLEMEN'S HATS are now ready for the season, 1845, which for lightness and superiority of color cannot be surpassed, which is a very important part of the hat, retaining the color till it is worn out. Any article sold in this establishment is never misrepresented but sold for what it is. Also the fall style of boy's and children's Caps, of various patterns. Gentlemen can have their hats made to order in any shape or style they wish. A full assortment of ladies' Muffs, of all kinds.

C. KNOX, No. 110 Fulton st.,
between William and Nassau st.s.

GURNEY'S

PREMIUM DAGUERRIAN GALLERY,

189 BROADWAY, NEW-YORK.

PICTURES taken at this Establishment are not excelled in this country—so say his numerous patrons. The public are invited to call and judge for themselves.

o2

TO MEDICAL MEN.

THIS DAY PUBLISHED, THE LONDON LANCET for November, a Journal of British, Foreign, Medical and Chemical Science, Criticism and News—edited by Thomas Wakely, M. P. Surgeon, and Henry Bennett, M. D.

This is the fifth number of the second volume, containing, besides its usual quantity of valuable matter, the 2d Lecture of a series of Lectures on Organic Chemistry, by Justus Liebig.

Also, four additional Lectures on the Mechanism and Management of Natural and Difficult Labors, by Edward W. Murphy, A.M. M.D.

Terms—\$5 per annum, in advance; single numbers 50 cents, mailed to any part of the United States, by

BURGESS, STRINGER & CO.

222 Broadway, cor. Ann st.

P. S.—The postage to any distance on the Lancet is 6½ cts.

PENMANSHIP.

RE-OPENING OF GOLDSMITH'S WRITING ACADEMY, 289 Broadway—La Farge Buildings, corner of Reade street. Terms reduced to THREE DOLLARS, AND NO EXTRA CHARGE.

Mr. Oliver B. Goldsmith respectfully informs the citizens of New York and Brooklyn, that his rooms are now open, during the day and evening, for Pupils and Visitors. Mr. G.'s specimens of

PENMANSHIP

have received the FIRST PREMIUM FIVE YEARS, from the American Institute, and he guarantees to all in TEN EASY AND INTERESTING EXERCISES, a free and elegant style of writing, that the pupils cannot possibly ever lose in their future practice.

For sale at the Academy GOLDSMITH'S GEMS OF PENMANSHIP.

Ladies' Class meets daily at 11 o'clock. Gentleman's day and evening. See circular.

s18

PARLOR ORGAN.

A FINE toned Parlor Organ for sale or in exchange for a Piano no-Forte. Apply to

3w

EZRA COLLIER, 103 Fulton st.

JAMES PIRSSON,

PIANO FORTE MANUFACTURER, 88, 90, and 92 Walker street, near Elm. A large stock of the finest instruments always on hand. Terms moderate. For Sale—A splendid Harp, nearly new—to be sold at a great bargain for cash.

J. BALLARD,

PROFESSOR OF THE GUITAR, SINGING AND FLUTE. No. 135 SPRING-STREET.

JOHN BURFORD,

PORTRAIT AND LANDSCAPE PAINTER,

27 Dey Street.

G. B. CLARKE,

MERCHANT TAILOR, (from Brundage, Broadway) No 132 WILLIAM STREET, 3 doors from Fulton, N.Y.

Dress Coat, from \$12 to \$20 00	Making and Trimming
" 2 50 to 8 00	Dress Coat, from \$6 00 to 9 00
Vest, " 1 50 to 4 50	Pants, " 1 50 to 2 00
	Vests, " 1 50 to 2 00

N. B. Seasonable SACK COATS, VESTS, &c. always on hand, from \$1 50 upwards.

NOV 8-3M

WEDDING, VISITING, & PROFESSIONAL CARDS Engraved and Printed at VALENTINE'S, 1 Beekman-st. Lovejoy's Hotel.

CARD OF REMOVAL.

MR. W. A. KING PROFESSOR OF MUSIC, AND Teacher of the Piano Forte and Organ, has removed to the First House above Twenty-fifth street, on the Railroad, (4th Avenue.)

HARPER & BROTHERS' RECENT PUBLICATIONS,

In one splendidly printed volume, with above 1000 engravings.
SHEEP EXTRA.—PRICE \$3 75.

I. ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

The wide range of topics comprised in this valuable publication, commends it to the attention of an unusually extended class of readers:—to the family circle primarily, the architect, the horticulturist, the cabinet-maker, and others to whom the work addresses itself. It is undoubtedly by far the best work of reference ever presented for the use of families. Every housekeeper would find the work a real treasure.—*Globe*.

II.**PROFESSOR WHEWELL'S ELEMENTS OF MORALITY.**

Two volumes 12mo. extra muslin gilt, \$1.—Forming the commencement of

HARPER'S NEW MISCELLANY,

A work of extraordinary merit. It is a thorough discussion of the fundamental principles of morals, by one of the profoundest thinkers of the age: and whether his conclusions are adopted or not, no reader can fail to perceive in any page, the traces of discrimination, thought, and a high moral aim. Its classic purity and precision of style is also a strong commendation of the work.—*Observer*.

III.**MORRELL'S AMERICAN SHEPHERD,**

Being a complete history of the sheep, with their breeds, management, diseases, &c. Illustrated by numerous engravings, 1 vol. 12mo., cloth binding, \$1—paper covers 75 cents.

"The above named volume, which is issued under the immediate sanction of the New York State Agricultural Society, is a work of great practical importance, and contains a prodigious amount of instructive matter, suited to the farmer, the cattle fatterer, the agriculturist and the wool-grower. Every one interested in these departments of commerce would find the work invaluable."—*Evening Gazette*.

IV.**ILLUSTRATED WANDERING JEW.**

In numbers; price 25 cents each. Profusely embellished.

"We think these illustrations evince more vigor, brilliancy, and effect, than almost any thing of the kind we have yet seen. As the Harpers publish this revised and elegant edition at such very trifling charge, we doubt not a prodigious demand will await it from the public; and it richly merits the largest popularity."—*Evening Post*.

V.**GEN. GREEN'S****TEXAN EXPEDITION AGAINST MIER,**

Including the subsequent imprisonment of the author; his sufferings and final escape from the Castle of Perote; with reflections upon the present political and probable future relations of Texas, Mexico and the United States, &c. Illustrated by thirteen line engravings. One volume, 8vo. \$2.

This stirring narrative of the perilous and heroic exploits of a small band of patriotic Texans, who won not only laurels by their prowess, but liberty, is so ripe with thrilling interest that it will win the attention of the public with the fascination of a romance.—*Com. Adv.*

VI.**CURIOS AND UNIQUE WORK.**

Now ready, in one beautiful octavo volume, with many Engravings on steel, price \$2.

NARRATIVE OF A MISSION TO BOKHARA.

In the year 1843-45, to ascertain the fate of Col. Stoddart and Capt. Conolly.

By the Rev. Joseph Wolff, LL.D.

"This work has created a prodigious excitement throughout England: it is unique in its character, as a literary production. It seems to partake of the features of an autobiography; the narrative being full of personal detail, description of the perilous adventure and imminent hazard of the author, in his expedition through the East. No man living, perhaps, has travelled so extensively as this celebrated individual, and few could have contributed a more interesting narrative of his experience."

"It will thus be seen that this extraordinary and eccentric man is admirably qualified to present a transcript of Asiatic Characteristics,—supplying much that is novel and exceedingly curious about tribes and nations of which we know so little. To say that the work is an acceptable addition to the library of travel, is affirming far too little of so striking a production: it is a book that ought to be read and deliberately enjoyed by every intelligent person, for its quaintness, freshness, and superabounding interest. The work is elegantly printed as a library book, and adorned by some dozen curious fac-similes of oriental drawings."—*Courier and Enquirer*.

IMPORTANT WORKS,

RECENTLY PUBLISHED BY

J. & H. G. Langley, 8 ASTOR HOUSE.

I.**VON RAUNER'S NEW WORK.**

America and the American People: being the result of the author's recent travels through the United States. Translated from the German of Frederick Von Rauner, by Professor Wm. W. Turner. 1 vol. 8 vo: 530 pp. Price \$2.

II.**ELIZA COOK'S POETICAL WORKS.**

New Edition, containing all her recent productions. Edited by Rufus W. Griswold. 1 vol. 12 mo., illustrated with a Portrait and twelve exquisite English engravings. Copies in Morocco, super \$3 50—Cloth Gilt, \$2 50.

"This is a beautiful volume, splendidly bound, and still more elegantly illustrated, and combining some of the choicest poems in the language. The "Old Arm Chair," is one of the most popular poems, and has touched the hearts of thousands who never knew even the name of the author. She writes for the heart, and her beautiful songs always reach it. The book forms one of the most elegant holiday presents yet offered."—*Cour. & Eng.*

III.**MISS BARRETT'S POEMS.**

The Drama of Exile, and other Poems, by Elizabeth B. Barrett. 2 vols. 12 mo., elegantly printed.—\$2 00.

"Miss Barrett is worth a dozen of Tennyson, and six of Motherwell—equal perhaps in original genius to Keats and Shelley.—There are beauties enough in one of her poems to have made a fame in Waller's time."—*Willis' Evening Mirror*.

IV.**Gregg's SANTA FE AND THE PRAIRIES.**

Commerce of the Prairies, or the Journal of a Santa Fe Trader, the personal observation of a trader, made on eight several editions across the Great Western Prairies, and during an almost uninterrupted residence of nine years in Northern Mexico.—Illustrated with numerous engravings. New Edition, revised by Author. By Josiah Gregg. 2 vols. 12 mo. \$2 00.

V.**M. DE TOCQUEVILLE'S GREAT WORK.**

Democracy in America, by Alexis De Tocqueville. Third edition, in 2 vols. 8vo. Corrected and Enlarged, with an Original Index. Translated by Henry Reeve, Esq., with Introductory Prefaces, by the Hon. John C. Spencer. Price \$4 00 in muslin or sheep.

"This work is one of the most profound and philosophical ever written upon the character and institutions of our country."—*Boston Traveller*.

"As a study of political science, this book stands unrivalled in our times; equally remarkable for lucidity of style, acuteness and delicacy of reasoning, and for the moral and intellectual vigor with which it has been conceived and completed."—*London Times*.

VI.**DE TOCQUEVILLE ABRIDGED.**

Designed for District School Libraries, Colleges, &c. In accordance with the recommendation of several superintendents of District Schools, the Publishers beg to announce that they have just issued a condensed edition of the above standard work, adapted expressly for the use of District Schools, Colleges, &c., to form 1 vol. 12mo. Price \$1 00.

VII.**THE LIFE OF GENERAL FRANCIS MARION.**

By W. Gilmore Simms, author of "Guy Rivers," &c. &c. Seventh edition, revised by the author, with numerous engravings, 1 vol. 12mo.—\$1. "Few characters have stood out more boldly on our Revolutionary Annals, or have supplied more interesting and exciting materials for the historian, than that of Gen. Marion; and it is not saying too much to claim for the work before us no less the merit of accredited historical truth, than the most stirring and absorbing attributes of high-wrought fiction."—*Democratic Review*.

VIII.**THE POETICAL WORKS OF PRAED.**

Lillian, and other Poems, Fanciful and Facetious. By William Mackworth Praed. First collected edition: Edited by R. W. Griswold, 1 vol. 12mo., muslin. \$1 25.

"Praed was the Poet of Society, 'a fellow of infinite humor,' and in scholarship and art, surpassed by none of the English poets of the age. Though many of his pieces have been almost universally read in this country, they have never yet been printed collectively, either here or in England."—*Democratic Review*.

PIANO FORTES.

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

J. F. BROWNE & CO.

MANUFACTURER OF THE

IMPROVED PATENT DOUBLE-ACTION HARP,

By Royal Letters Patent, London. Established 1810. (Many years with Erard.)

J. F. BROWNE respectfully informs his Friends and the Musical World, that he has established himself for the manufacture and importation of these very beautiful instruments, at

281 BROADWAY, and 73 1-2 CHAMBERS STREET.

His arrangements are such as to enable him to transact business at European prices, thereby saving purchasers the high duties imposed by Tariff on these Instruments.

J. F. Browne would observe, these Harps are constructed on the most approved principles, with all the modern improvements of London and Paris, are unequalled in brilliancy of tone, fineness of touch, and perfectness of mechanism. Particular care is taken to fit them for the extremes of climate in this country, in which respect they will be found far superior to any of European manufacture, imported in the usual way.

These Harps are patronized by the elite of musical taste and professional talent in Europe; among the latter, he would mention N. C. Boscha, who invariably selects from this establishment.

J. F. Browne begs to offer the opinions of some of the first professional talent in this country.

MR. J. F. BROWNE, SIR:—Having had for several years past, the opportunity of making a professional use of your Harps, and of testing their qualities, it affords me pleasure to certify, that in point of tone, workmanship, and above all, a solidity that stands proof against the inconstancy of our trying climate, they have in all cases given me the most entire satisfaction.

January, 1845

I am yours, CHARLES THIBAULT, No. 40 Beach St., N. Y.

DEAR SIR:—I write to express the delight I experienced in performing on one of your Harps at Sig. Casella's Concert in this city.—The mechanism is perfect, and the quality of Tone certainly superior to any harp I have heard for many years. I remember my old Master, Boscha, always gave the preference to your Harps, indeed he himself used no other. Yours, most truly, H. G. TRUST.

Philadelphia, March 4th, 1844.

MR. J. F. BROWNE, SIR:—I have much pleasure in saying, that the Harp of your make I performed on at the St. George's Society Concert, is, in brilliancy of tone, touch, and elegance of workmanship, the finest I ever played on. This will apply to all your Harps. The grand six and a half Gothic Double action, is a most splendid instrument. Yours, with respect, ELIZABETH SLOMAN.

New York, January 16th, 1845.

A pupil of N. C. Boscha.

MR. J. F. BROWNE, SIR:—Having at your request closely scrutinized your double-action Harps, I find they possess the best qualities of the first makers in Europe combined. That in the ease of touch, by which the most brilliant tone is obtained, in perfection and ease of modulation, they are superior to any I have used; their elegance of exterior must gratify the most refined taste. Your new Grand Gothic six and a half octave, is the most splendid effort of art yet produced in the musical world; it will give me great pleasure in recommending your Harps at every opportunity.

January 12th, 1845

Yours Truly, HENRY HORN.

An eminent professor, and Member of the Royal Academy.

These are but a very small part of the testimonials received, but will suffice to show the estimate of persons every way capable of making a correct decision. J. F. Browne has also received the Franklin Medal of the Society of Arts, Philadelphia, for his splendid improvements in this delightful Instrument.

Harps from 300 to 1000 dollars. Harps repaired, strings, &c.

DENTISTRY.

DOCT. H. E. SCHOONMAKER, Dental Surgeon, Office 446 Houston St., two doors from Broadway—opposite St. Thomas' Church.

Doct. S's experience and skill in his profession, give him confidence in asserting that his operations are unsurpassed by any Dentist in this city. Dr. S.'s manner of inserting artificial teeth varies in many essential points from the usual mode; and his success in pleasing all, he is happy to say, has brought him many difficult cases, which had been unsuccessfully treated by Dentists of established professional reputation, and whose prices for the same operation were double his own. The object in inserting artificial teeth is to supply the deficiency occasioned by the loss of natural teeth, both in regard to utility, comfort in wearing, and natural appearance. In all these points, Doct S.'s manner is pre-eminent. His mechanical tact and ingenuity have enabled him to surmount many obstacles, which have long, with the profession generally, impeded the path to success in every operation. He makes use of the best materials in all his operations—and in cases where the gum has fallen away by absorption, (which is always the case, more or less, when teeth have been extracted,) which causes a contraction of the lips and cheeks, the disfigurement of which cannot be fully obviated without adopting the artificial gums, which will supply the deficiency, and give to the mouth its usual redundancy—besides, their beauty and natural appearance, render detection impossible.

Dr. S. would be happy to refer those who require it, to many of the best families in this City, in which he has practised.

Ladies who desire it, can have their teeth examined at their residences, by sending their addresses above. nov. 8—9t

UNITED STATES HOTEL.

THE PROPRIETOR OF THIS HOTEL, desires to return his thanks to his friends, and the travelling portion of the community generally, for the favors which they have bestowed upon him since he opened his Establishment, and to assure them that he will spare no exertions to render his House worthy of the patronage of which he has already received so liberal a share.

H. JOHNSON.

Nov. 8th, 1845.

6m

PIANO FORTES.

CHEAP FOR CASH.—The Subscribers have on hand a handsome assortment, 6, 6½, and 7 octave mahogany and rose-wood Pianos, which they will warrant and sell low for cash or approved paper.

GIENN, ROGERS & CO.,
Manufacturers, 152 Fulton street, east of Broadway.

JUST PUBLISHED.

WILEY & PUTNAM'S FORIEGN LIBRARY—No. I. The Auto-Biography of Benvenuto Cellini—The complete and annotated edition of Roscoe, [in two parts.] 50 cents. In English cloth, by Bradley, 75 cents.

"Cellini was one of the most extraordinary men in an extraordinary age; his life, written by himself, is more amusing than any novel I know."—Horace Walpole.

The distinguished eminence of this artist, in the times of the "old masters"—the intimacy of Cellini with Michael Angelo, Titian, and all the great Italian sculptors and painters of the age; his connections with Francis I. of France, Emperor Charles V., Popes Clement VII and Paul III, the Dukes Alessandro and Cosimo of Florence, and with many of the princes, statesmen, commanders, and dignified ecclesiastics of that turbulent age, which called forth all the energies of Europe, and compelled our author more than once to exchange the chisel for the sword!—these circumstances afforded him opportunities of making the most interesting observations, and perhaps no man was ever more capable of availing himself of such advantages.—Roscoe's Preface.

"This is, perhaps, the most perfect piece of auto-biography that ever was written, whether considered with reference to the candor and veracity of the author, the spirit of the incidents, or the creating vitality of the narrative. * * * We never, in the whole course of our life, read a book of a more engaging description.—Retrospective Review.

PART II.—Completing the work, will be ready in a few days.—WILEY & PUTNAM, 161 Broadway, New-York; and all the booksellers throughout the country.

JOHN N. GENIN,
FASHIONABLE HAT AND CAP ESTABLISHMENT,

214 Broadway.

