

THE BROADWAY JOURNAL.

VOL. 2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1845.

NO. 16.

Three Dollars per Annum.
Single Copies 6-1-4 Cents.

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Publication Office,
135 Nassau-street.

Sonnet.

BY THE POOR DEBTOR.

Tomorrow I shall meet a laborer
To whom I owe some moneys for work done;
Him shall I meet whom I were glad to shun;
It was a set day which I did prefer,
As one on which he should be fully paid:—
He will address me with a patient "Sir,—
I am in want"—emphatically said,
For it is truth;—and I, alas! must stir,
From my invention up, some poor reply
Or mean evasion! Wherefore was I born,
To be, Great God! the thing of mine own scorn,
To feel the want I may not satisfy—
Yet nothing superfluous—all is need,
They hungering whom I love,—for whom I'd bleed.

The Thousand-and-Second Tale of Scheherazade.

Truth is stranger than fiction.—*Old Saying.*

HAVING HAD occasion, lately, in the course of some oriental investigations, to consult the *Tellmenow Isitsöörnot*, a work which (like the Zohar of Simeon Jochaides) is scarcely known at all, even in Europe, and which has never been quoted to my knowledge, by any American—if we except, perhaps, the author of the “Curiosities of American Literature”;—having had occasion, I say, to turn over some pages of the first-mentioned very remarkable work, I was not a little astonished to discover that the literary world has hitherto been strangely in error respecting the fate of the vizier’s daughter, Scheherazade, as that fate is depicted in the “Arabian Nights,” and that the *dénouement* there given, if not altogether inaccurate, as far as it goes, is at least to blame in not having gone very much farther.

For full information on this interesting topic, I must refer the inquisitive reader to the “Isitsoornot” itself: but, in the mean time, I shall be pardoned for giving a summary of what I there discovered.

It will be remembered that, in the usual version of the tales, a certain monarch, having good cause to be jealous of his queen, not only puts her to death, but makes a vow, by his beard and the prophet, to espouse each night the most beautiful maiden in his dominions, and the next morning to deliver her up to the executioner.

Having fulfilled this vow for many years to the letter, and with a religious punctuality and method that conferred great credit upon him as a man of devout feelings and excellent sense, he was interrupted one afternoon (no doubt at his prayers) by a visit from his grand vizier, to whose daughter, it appears, there had occurred an idea.

Her name was Scheherazade, and her idea was, that she would either redeem the land from the depopulating

tax upon its beauty, or perish, after the approved fashion of all heroines, in the attempt.

Accordingly, and although we do not find it to be leap-year, (which makes the sacrifice more meritorious,) she deputes her father, the grand vizier, to make an offer to the king of her hand. This hand the king eagerly accepts—(he had intended to take it at all events, and had put off the matter from day to day, only through fear of the vizier)—but, in accepting it now, he gives all parties very distinctly to understand that, grand vizier or no grand vizier, he has not the slightest design of giving up one iota of his vow or of his privileges. When, therefore, the fair Scheherazade insisted upon marrying the king, and did actually marry him despite her father’s excellent advice not to do anything of the kind—when she would and did marry him, I say, will I nill I, it was with her beautiful black eyes as thoroughly open as the nature of the case would allow.

It seems, however, that this politic damsel (who had been reading Machiavelli, beyond doubt,) had a very ingenious little plot in her mind. On the night of the wedding she contrived, upon I forget what specious pretense, to have her sister occupy a couch sufficiently near that of the royal pair to admit of easy conversation from bed to bed; and, a little before cock-crowing, she took care to awaken the good monarch, her husband, (who bore her none the worse will because he intended to wring her neck on the morrow,)—she managed to awaken him, I say, (although, on account of a capital conscience and an easy digestion, he slept well,) by the profound interest of a story (about a rat and a black cat, I think,) which she was narrating (all in an under-tone, of course,) to her sister. When the day broke, it so happened that this history was not altogether finished, and that Scheherazade, in the nature of things, could not finish it just then, since it was high time for her to get up and be bowstrung—a thing a very little more pleasant than hanging, only a trifle more genteel.

The king’s curiosity, however, prevailing, I am sorry to say, even over his sound religious principles, induced him for this once to postpone the fulfilment of his vow until next morning, for the purpose and with the hope of hearing that night how it fared in the end with the black cat (a black cat I think it was) and the rat.

The night having arrived, however, the lady Scheherazade not only put the finishing stroke to the black cat and the rat, (the rat was blue,) but before she well knew what she was about, found herself deep in the intricacies of a narration, having reference (if I am not altogether mistaken) to a pink horse (with green wings) that went, in a violet manner, by clock-work, and was wound up with an indigo key. With this history the king was even more profoundly interested than with the other, and as the day broke before its conclusion, (notwithstanding all the queen’s endeavours to get through with it in time for the bowstringing,) there was again no

resource but to postpone that ceremony as before, for twenty-four hours. The next night there happened a similar accident with a similar result; and then the next—and then again the next; so that, in the end, the good monarch, having been unavoidably deprived of all opportunity to keep his vow during a period of no less than one thousand and one nights, either forgets it altogether by the expiration of this time or gets himself absolved of it in the regular way, or, (what is more probable) breaks it outright as well as the head of his father confessor. At all events, Scheherazade, who, being lineally descended from Eve, fell heir, perhaps, to the whole seven baskets of talk which the latter lady, we all know, picked up from under the trees in the garden of Eden—Scheherazade, I say, finally triumphed, and the tariff upon beauty was repealed.

Now, this conclusion (which is that of the story as we have it upon record) is, no doubt, excessively proper and pleasant—but, alas! like a great many pleasant things, is more pleasant than true; and I am indebted altogether to the “Isitsöornot” for the means of correcting the error. “*Le mieux,*” says a French proverb, “*est l’ennemi du bien,*” and, in mentioning that Scheherazade had inherited the seven baskets of talk, I should have added that she put them out at compound interest until they amounted to seventy-seven.

“My dear sister,” said she, on the thousand and second night, [I quote the language of the Isitsöornot, at this point, *verbatim*,] “my dear sister,” said she, “now that all this little difficulty about the bowstring has blown over, and that this odious tax is so happily repealed, I feel that I have been guilty of great indiscretion in withholding from you and the king (who I am sorry to say, snores—a thing no gentleman would do) the full conclusion of the history of Sinbad the sailor. This person went through numerous other and more interesting adventures than those which I related; but the truth is, I felt sleepy on the particular night of their narration, and so was seduced into cutting them short—a grievous piece of misconduct, for which I only trust that Allah will forgive me. But even yet it is not too late to remedy my great neglect, and as soon as I have given the king a pinch or two in order to wake him up so far that he may stop making that horrible noise, I will forthwith entertain you (and him if he pleases.) with the sequel of this very remarkable story.”

Hereupon the sister of Scheherazade, as I have it from the “Isitsöornot,” expressed no very particular intensity of gratification; but the king having been sufficiently pinched, at length ceased snoring, and finally said “hum!” and then “hoo!” when the queen understanding these words, (which are no doubt Arabic) to signify that he was all attention, and would do his best not to snore any more,—the queen, I say, having arranged these matters to her satisfaction, re-entered thus, at once, into the history of Sinbad the sailor.

“At length in my old age,” [these are the words of Sinbad himself, as retailed by Scheherazade,]—“at length, in my old age, and after enjoying many years of tranquility at home, I became once more possessed with a desire of visiting foreign countries; and one day, without acquainting any of my family with my design, I packed up some bundles of such merchandize as was most precious and least bulky, and, engaging a porter to carry them, went with him down to the sea-shore, to await the arrival of any chance vessel that might convey me out of the kingdom into some region which I had not as yet explored.

“Having deposited the packages upon the sands, we sat down beneath some trees and looked out into the ocean in the hope of perceiving a ship, but during several hours we saw none whatever. At length I fancied that I could hear a singular buzzing or humming sound, and the porter, after listening awhile, declared that he also could distinguish it. Presently it grew louder, and then still louder, so that we could have no doubt that the object which caused it was approaching us. At length, on the edge of the horizon, we discovered a black speck, which rapidly increased in size until we made it out to be a vast monster, swimming with a great part of its body above the surface of the sea. It came towards us with inconceivable swiftness, throwing up huge waves of foam around its breast, and illuminating all that part of the sea through which it passed, with a long line of fire that extended far off into the distance.

“As the thing drew near we saw it very distinctly. Its length was equal to that of three of the loftiest trees that grow, and it was as wide as the great hall of audience in your palace, O most sublime and munificent of the Caliphs. Its body, which was unlike that of ordinary fishes, was as solid as a rock, and of a jetty blackness throughout all that portion of it which floated above the water, with the exception of a narrow blood-red streak that completely begirdled it. The belly, which floated beneath the surface, and of which we could get only a glimpse now and then as the monster rose and fell with the billows, was entirely covered with metallic scales, of a colour like that of the moon in misty weather. The back was flat and nearly white, and from it there extended upwards six spines, about half the length of the whole body.

“This horrible creature had no mouth that we could perceive; but, as if to make up for this deficiency, it was provided with at least four score of eyes, that protruded from their sockets like those of the green dragon-fly, and were arranged all around the body in two rows, one above the other, and parallel to the blood-red streak, which seemed to answer the purpose of an eyebrow. Two or three of these dreadful eyes were much larger than the others, and had the appearance of solid gold.

“Although this beast approached us, as I have before said, with the greatest rapidity, it must have been moved altogether by necromancy—for it had neither fins like a fish nor web-feet like a duck, nor wings like the sea-shell which is blown along in the manner of a vessel; nor yet did it writhe itself forward as do the eels. Its head and its tail were shaped precisely alike, only, not far from the latter, were two small holes that served for nostrils, and through which the monster puffed out its thick breath with prodigious violence, and with a shrieking disagreeable noise.

“Our terror at beholding this hideous thing was very great; but it was even surpassed by our astonishment when, upon getting a nearer look, we perceived upon the creature’s back a vast number of animals about the size and shape of men, and altogether much resembling them, except that they wore no garments (as men do), being supplied (by nature no doubt) with an ugly, uncomfortable covering, a good deal like cloth, but fitting so tight to the skin as to render the poor wretches laughably awkward and put them apparently to severe pain. On the very tips of their heads were certain square-looking boxes, which, at first sight, I thought might have been intended to answer as turbans, but I soon discovered that they were excessively heavy and solid, and I therefore concluded they were contrivances designed, by

their great weight, to keep the heads of the animals steady and safe upon their shoulders. Around the necks of the creatures were fastened black collars, (badges of servitude, no doubt,) such as we keep on our dogs, only much wider and infinitely stiffer, so that it was quite impossible for these poor victims to move their heads in any direction without moving the body at the same time; and thus they were doomed to perpetual contemplation of their noses—a view puggish and snubby in a wonderful, if not positively in an awful degree.

"When the monster had nearly reached the shore where we stood, it suddenly pushed out one of its eyes to a great extent, and emitted from it a terrible flash of fire, accompanied by a dense cloud of smoke and a noise that I can compare to nothing but thunder. As the smoke cleared away, we saw one of the odd man-animals standing near the head of the large beast with a trumpet in his hand, through which (putting it to his mouth) he presently addressed us in loud, harsh and disagreeable accents, that, perhaps, we should have mistaken for language had they not come altogether through the nose.

"Being thus evidently spoken to, I was at a loss how to reply, as I could in no manner understand what was said; and in this difficulty I turned to the porter, who was near swooning through affright, and demanded of him his opinion as to what species of monster it was, what it wanted, and what kind of creatures those were that so swarmed upon its back. To this the porter replied, as well as he could for trepidation, that he had once before heard of this sea-beast; that it was a cruel demon, with bowels of sulphur and blood of fire, created by evil genii as the means of inflicting misery upon mankind; that the things upon its back were vermin, such as sometimes infest cats and dogs, only a little larger and more savage; and that these vermin had their uses, however evil—for, through the torture they caused the beast by their nibblings and stingings, it was goaded into that degree of wrath which was requisite to make it roar and commit ill, and so fulfil the vengeful and malicious designs of the wicked genii.

"This account determined me to take to my heels, and, without once even looking behind me, I ran at full speed up into the hills, while the porter ran equally fast, although nearly in an opposite direction, so that, by these means, he finally made his escape with my bundles, of which I have no doubt he took excellent care—although this is a point I cannot determine, as I do not remember that I ever beheld him again.

"For myself, I was so hotly pursued by a swarm of the men-vermin (who had come to the shore in boats) that I was very soon overtaken, bound hand and foot, and conveyed to the beast, which immediately swam out again into the middle of the sea.

"I now bitterly repented my folly in quitting a comfortable home to peril my life in such adventures as this; but regret being useless, I made the best of my condition and exerted myself to secure the good-will of the man-animal that owned the trumpet, and who appeared to exercise authority over its fellows. I succeeded so well in this endeavour that, in a few days, the creature bestowed upon me various tokens of its favour, and, in the end, even went to the trouble of teaching me the rudiments of what it was vain enough to denominate its language; so that, at length, I was enabled to converse with it readily, and came to make it comprehend the ardent desire I had of seeing the world.

"Washish squashish squeak, Sinbad, hcy-diddle diddle,

grunt unt grumble, hiss, fiss, whiss,' said he to me, one day after dinner—but I beg a thousand pardons, I had forgotten that your majesty is not conversant with the dialect of the Cock-neighs, (so the man-animals were called; I presume because their language formed the connecting link between that of the horse and that of the rooster.) With your permission, I will translate. 'Washish squashish,' and so forth:—that is to say, 'I am happy to find, my dear Sinbad, that you are really a very excellent fellow; we are now about doing a thing which is called circumnavigating the globe; and since you are so desirous of seeing the world, I will strain a point and give you a free passage upon the back of the beast.'"

When the Lady Scheherazade had proceeded thus far, relates the "Isitsöornot," the king turned over from his left side to his right, and said—

"It is, in fact, *very* surprising, my dear queen, that you omitted, hitherto, these latter adventures of Sinbad. Do you know I think them exceedingly entertaining and strange?"

The king having thus expressed himself, we are told, the fair Scheherazade resumed her history in the following words:—

"Sinbad went on in this manner, with his narrative to the caliph—'I thanked the man-animal for its kindness, and soon found myself very much at home on the beast, which swam at a prodigious rate through the ocean; although the surface of the latter is, in that part of the world, by no means flat, but round like a pomegranate, so that we went—so to say—either up hill or down hill all the time.'"

"That, I think, was very singular," interrupted the king.

"Nevertheless, it is quite true," replied Scheherazade.

"I have my doubts," rejoined the king; but, pray, be so good as to go on with the story."

"I will," said the queen. 'The beast,' continued Sinbad to the caliph, 'swam, as I have related, up hill and down hill, until, at length, we arrived at an island, many hundreds of miles in circumference, but which, nevertheless, had been built in the middle of the sea by a colony of little things like caterpillars.' **

"Hum!" said the king.

"Leaving this island," said Sinbad—(for Scheherazade, it must be understood, took no notice of her husband's ill-mannered ejaculation)—'leaving this island, we came to another where the forests were of solid stone, and so hard that they shivered to pieces the finest-tempered axes with which we endeavoured to cut them down.' †

"Hum!" said the king, again; but Scheherazade, paying him no attention, continued in the language of Sinbad.

"Passing beyond this last island, we reached a country where there was a cave that ran to the distance of thirty or forty miles within the bowels of the earth, and

*The coralites.

+ "One of the most remarkable natural curiosities in Texas is a petrified forest, near the head of Pasigno river. It consists of several hundred trees, in an erect position, all turned to stone. Some trees, now growing, are partly petrified. This is a startling fact for natural philosophers, and must cause them to modify the existing theory of petrifaction."—*Kennedy*. This account, at first discredited, has since been corroborated by the discovery of a completely petrified forest, near the head-waters of the Chayenne, or Chienne river, which has its source in the Black Hills of the Rocky chain.

that contained a greater number of far more spacious and more magnificent palaces than are to be found in all Damascus and Bagdad. From the roofs of these palaces there hung myriads of gems, like diamonds, but larger than men; and in among the streets of towers and pyramids and temples, there flowed immense rivers as black as ebony and swarming with fish that had no eyes."**

"Hum!" said the king.

"We then swam into a region of the sea where we found a lofty mountain, down whose sides there streamed torrents of melted metal, some of which were twelve miles wide and sixty miles long;† while from an abyss on the summit, issued so vast a quantity of ashes that the sun was entirely blotted out from the heavens, and it became darker than the darkest midnight; so that, when we were even at the distance of a hundred and fifty miles from the mountain, it was impossible to see the whitest object, however close we held it to our eyes."†

"Hum!" said the king.

"After quitting this coast, the beast continued his voyage until we met with a land in which the nature of things seem reversed—for we here saw a great lake, at the bottom of which, more than a hundred feet beneath the surface of the water, there flourished in full leaf a forest of tall and luxuriant trees."§

"Hoo!" said the king.

"Proceeding still in the same direction, we presently arrived at the most magnificent region in the whole world. Through it there meandered a glorious river for several thousands of miles. This river was of unspeakable depth, and of a transparency richer than that of amber. It was from three to six miles in width; and its banks, which arose on either side to twelve hundred feet in perpendicular height, were crowned with ever-blossoming trees and perpetual sweet-scented flowers that made the whole territory one gorgeous garden; but the name of this luxuriant land was the kindom of Horror, and to enter it was inevitable death."||

"Humph!" said the king.

"We left this kindom in great haste, and, after some days, came to another, where we were astonished to perceive myriads of monstrous animals with horns resembling scythes upon their heads. These hideous beasts dig for themselves vast caverns in the soil, of a funnel shape, and line the sides of them with rocks, so disposed one upon the other that they fall instantly, when trodden upon by other animals, thus precipitating them into the monsters' dens, where their blood is immediately suck-

*The Mammoth Cave of Kentucky.

†In Iceland, 1783.

:During the eruption of Hecla, in 1766, clouds of this kind produced such a degree of darkness that, at Glaumba, which is more than fifty leagues from the mountain, people could only find their way by groping. During the eruption of Vesuvius, in 1794, at Caserta, four leagues distant, people could only walk by the light of torches. On the first of May, 1812, a cloud of volcanic ashes and sand, coming from a volcano in the island of St. Vincent, covered the whole of Barbadoes, spreading over it so intense a darkness that, at mid-day, in the open air, one could not perceive the trees or other objects near him, or even a white handkerchief placed at the distance of six inches from the eye."—Murray, p. 215, Phil. edit.

§ "In the year 1790, in the Caraccas, during an earthquake, a portion of the granite soil sank and left a lake eight hundred yards in diameter, and from eighty to a hundred feet deep. It was a part of the forest of Aripao which sank, and the trees remained green for several months under the water."—Murray, p. 221.

ed, and their carcasses afterwards hurled contemptuously out to an immense distance from "the caverns of death."**

"Pooh!" said the king.

"Continuing our progress, we perceived a district abounding with vegetables that grew not upon any soil but in the air.† There were others that sprang from the substance of other vegetables;‡ others that derived their sustenance from the bodies of living animals;§ and then, again, there were others that glowed all over with intense fire;|| and what is still more wonderful, we discovered flowers that lived and breathed and moved their limbs at will, and had, moreover, the detestable passion of mankind for enslaving other creatures, and confining them in horrid and solitary prisons until the fulfilment of appointed tasks."||

"Pshaw!" said the king.

"Quitting this land, we soon arrived at another in which the bees and the birds are mathematicians of such genius and erudition, that they give daily instructions in the science of geometry to the wise men of the empire.

* The region of the Niger. See Simmond's "Colonial Magazine."

† The *Myrmeleon*—lion-ant. The term "monster" is equally applicable to small abnormal things and to great, while such epithets as "vast" are merely comparative. The cavern of the myrmeleon is vast in comparison with the hole of the common red ant. A grain of silex is, also, a "rock."

‡ The *Epidendron, Flos Aeris*, of the family of the *Orchideæ*, grows with merely the surface of its roots attached to a tree or other object, from which it derives no nutriment—subsisting altogether upon air.

§ The *Parasites*, such as the wonderful *Rafflesia Arnaldii*.

|| Schouw advocates a class of plants that grow upon living animals—the *Planteæ Epizoa*. Of this class are the *Fuci* and *Ageæ*.

Mr. J. B. Williams, of Salem, Mass., presented the "National Institute," with an insect from New Zealand, with the following description:—"The Hotte," a decided caterpillar, or worm, is found growing at the foot of the *Rata* tree, with a plant growing out of its head. This most peculiar and most extraordinary insect travels up both the *Rata* and *Perriri* trees, and entering into the top, eats its way, perforating the trunk of the tree until it reaches the root, it then comes out of the root, and dies, or remains dormant, and the plant propagates out of its head; the body remains perfect and entire, of a harder substance than when alive. From this insect the natives make a coloring for tattooing."

In mines and natural caves we find a species of crytogamous fungus that emits an intense phosphorescence.'

|| The corolla of this flower, (*Aristolochia Clematitis*), which is tubular, but terminating upwards in a ligulae limb, is inflated into a globular figure at the base. The tubular part is internally beset with stiff hairs, pointing downwards. The globular part contains the pistil, which consists merely of a germin and stigma, together with the surrounding stamens. But the stamens, being shorter than even the germin, cannot discharge the pollen so as to throw it upon the stigma, as the flower stands always upright till after impregnation. And hence, without some additional and peculiar aid, the pollen must necessarily fall down to the bottom of the flower. Now, the aid that Nature has furnished in this case, is that of the *Tipula Pennicornis*, a small insect, which, entering the tube of the corolla in quest of honey, descends to the bottom, and rumages about till it becomes quite covered with pollen; but, not being able to force its way out again, owing to the downward position of the hairs, which converge to a point like the wires of a mouse-trap, and being somewhat impatient of its confinement, it brushes backwards and forwards, trying every corner, till, after repeatedly traversing the stigma, it covers it with pollen sufficient for its impregnation, in consequence of which the flower soon begins to droop and the hairs to shrink to the side of the tube, effecting an easy passage for the escape of the insect."—Rev. P. Keil—"System of Physiological Botany."

The king of the place having offered a reward for the solution of two very difficult problems, they were solved upon the spot—the one by the bees, and the other by the birds; but the king keeping their solutions a secret, it was only after the most profound researches and labor, and the writing of an infinity of big books, during a long series of years, that the men-mathematicians at length arrived at the identical solutions which had been given upon the spot by the bees and by the birds.”*

“Oh my!” said the king.

“We had scarcely lost sight of this empire when we found ourselves close upon another, from whose shores there flew over our heads a flock of fowls a mile in breadth and two hundred and forty miles long; so that, although they flew a mile during every minute, it required no less than four hours for the whole flock to pass over us—in which there were several millions of millions of fowls.”†

“Oh fy!” said the king.

“No sooner had we got rid of these birds, which occasioned us great annoyance, than we were terrified by the appearance of a fowl of another kind, and infinitely larger than even the rocs which I met in my former voyages; for it was bigger than the biggest of the domes up on your seraglio, oh, most Munificent of Caliphs. This terrible fowl had no head that we could perceive, but was fashioned entirely of belly, which was of a prodigious fatness and roundness, of a soft looking substance, smooth, shining and striped with various colors. In its talons, the monster was bearing away to his eyrie in the heavens, a house from which it had knocked off the roof, and in the interior of which we distinctly saw human beings, who, beyond doubt, were in a state of frightful despair at the horrible fate which awaited them. We shouted with all our might, in the hope of frightening the bird into letting go of its prey; but it merely gave a snort or puff, as if of rage, and then let fall upon our heads a heavy sack which proved to be filled with sand.”

“Stuff!” said the king.

“It was just after this adventure that we encountered a continent of immense extent and of prodigious solidity, but which, nevertheless, was supported entirely

* The bees—ever since bees were—have been constructing their cells with just such sides, in just such number, and at just such inclinations, as it has been demonstrated (in a problem involving the profoundest mathematical principles) are the very sides, in the very number, and at the very angles which will afford the creatures the most room that is compatible with the greatest stability of structure.

During the latter part of the last century, the question arose among mathematicians—to determine the best form that can be given to the sails of a windmill, according to their varying distances from the revolving vanes, and likewise from the centres of revolution.” This is an excessively complex problem; for it is, in other words, to find the best possible position at an infinity of varied distances, and at an infinity of points on the arm. There were a thousand futile attempts to answer the query on the part of the most illustrious mathematicians; and when, at length, an undeniably solution was discovered, men found that the wings of a bird had given it with absolute precision, ever since the first bird had traversed the air.

† “He observed a flock of pigeons passing betwixt Frankfort and the Indiana territory, one mile at least in breadth; it took up four hours in passing; which, at the rate of one mile per minute, gives a length of 240 miles; and, supposing three pigeons to each square yard, gives 2,230,272,000 pigeons.” “Travels in Canada and the U. States,” by Lieut. F. Hall.

upon the back of a sky-blue cow that had no fewer than four hundred horns.”**

“That, now, I believe,” said the king, “because I have read something of the kind before, in a book.”

“We passed immediately beneath this continent, (swimming in between the legs of the cow,) and, after some hours, found ourselves in a wonderful country indeed, which, I was informed by the man animal, was his own native land, inhabited by things of his own species. This elevated the man animal very much in my esteem; and in fact, I now began to feel ashamed of the contemptuous familiarity with which I had treated him; for I found that the man-animals in general were a nation of the most powerful magicians, who lived with worms in their brains,† which, no doubt, served to stimulate them by their painful writhings and wrigglings to the most miraculous efforts of imagination.”

“Nonsense!” said the king.

“Among the magicians, were domesticated several animals of very singular kinds; for example, there was a huge horse whose bones were iron and whose blood was boiling water. In place of corn, he had black stones for his usual food; and yet, in spite of so hard a diet, he was so strong and swift that he would drag a load more weighty than the grandest temple in this city, at a rate surpassing that of the flight of most birds.”

“Twattle!” said the king.

“I saw, also, among these people a hen without feathers, but bigger than a camel; instead of flesh and bone she had iron and brick; her blood, like that of the horse, (to whom in fact she was nearly related,) was boiling water; and like him she ate nothing but wood or black stones. This hen brought forth very frequently, a hundred chickens in the day; and, after birth, they took up their residence for several weeks within the stomach of their mother.”‡

“Fal lal!” said the king.

“One of this nation of mighty conjurors created a man out of brass and wood, and leather, and endowed him with such ingenuity that he would have beaten at chess, all the race of mankind with the exception of the great Caliph, Haroun Alraschid.|| Another of these magi constructed (of like material) a creature that put to shame even the genius of him who made it; for so great were its reasoning powers that, in a second, it performed calculations of so vast an extent that they would have required the united labor of fifty thousand fleshly men for a year.§ But a still more wonderful conjuror fashioned for himself a mighty thing that was neither man nor beast, but which had brains of lead intermixed with a black matter like pitch, and fingers that it employed with such incredible speed and dexterity that it would have had no trouble in writing out twenty thousand copies of the Koran in an hour; and this with so exquisite a precision, that in all the copies there should not be found one to vary from another by the breadth of the finest hair. This thing was of prodigious strength, so that it erected or overthrew the mightiest empires at a breath; but its power was exercised equally for evil and for good.”

* “The earth is upheld by a cow of a blue color, having horns four hundred in number.”—Sale’s Koran.

† “The Entozoa, or intestinal worms, have repeatedly been observed in the muscles, and in the cerebral substance of men.”—See Wyall’s Physiology, p. 143.

‡ The Eccalobcion. || Maelzel’s Automaton Chess-player.

§ Babbage’s Calculating Machine,

"Ridiculous!" said the king.

"Among this nation of necromancers there was also one who had in his veins the blood of the salamanders; for he made no scruple of sitting down to smoke his chibouc in a red-hot oven until his dinner was thoroughly roasted upon its floor.* Another had the faculty of converting the common metals into gold, without even looking at them during the process.† Another had such delicacy of touch that he made a wire so fine as to be invisible.‡ Another had such quickness of perception that he counted all the separate motions of an elastic body, while it was springing backwards and forwards at the rate of nine hundred millions of times in a second."§

"Absurd!" said the king.

"Another of these magicians, by means of a fluid that nobody ever yet saw, could make the corpses of his friends brandish their arms, kick out their legs, fight, or even get up and dance at his will.|| Another had cultivated his voice to so great an extent that he could have made himself heard from one end of the earth to the other.¶ Another had so long an arm that he could sit down in Damascus and indite a letter at Bagdad—or indeed at any distance whatsoever.** Another commanded the lightning to come down to him out of the heavens, and it came at his call; and served him for a plaything when it came. Another took two loud sounds and out of them made a silence. Another constructed a deep darkness out of two brilliant lights.†† Another made ice in a red-hot furnace.‡‡ Another directed the sun to paint his portrait, and the sun did.||| Another took this luminary with the moon and the planets, and having first weighed them with scrupulous accuracy, probed into their depths and found out the solidity of the substance of which they are made. But the whole nation is, indeed, of so surprising a necromantic ability, that not even their infants, nor their commonest cats and dogs have any difficulty in seeing objects that do not exist at all, or that for twenty thousand years before the birth of the nation itself, had been blotted out from the face of creation."||§§

"Preposterous!" said the king.

* Chabert, and, since him, a hundred others.

† The Electrotype.

‡ Wollaston made of platinum for the field of views in a telescope, a wire one eighteen-thousandth part of an inch in thickness. It could be seen only by means of the microscope.

§ Newton demonstrated that the retina beneath the influence of the violet ray of the spectrum, vibrated 900,000,000 of times in a second.

¶ The Voltaic pile.

|| The Electro Telegraph transmits intelligence instantaneously—at least so far as regards any distance upon the earth.

** The Electro Telegraph Printing Apparatus.

†† Common experiments in Natural Philosophy.

‡‡ Place a platina crucible over a spirit lamp, and keep it a red heat; pour in some sulphuric acid, which, though the most volatile of bodies at a common temperature, will be found to become completely fixed in a hot crucible, and not a drop evaporates—being surrounded by an atmosphere of its own, it does not, in fact touch the sides. A few drops of water are now introduced, when the acid immediately coming in contact with the heated sides of the crucible, flies off in sulphurous acid vapor, and so rapid is its progress, that the chaloric of the water passes off with it, which falls a lump of ice to the bottom; by taking advantage of the moment before it is allowed to re-melt, it may be turned out a lump of ice from a red-hot vessel.

||| The Daguerreotype.

§§ Although light travels 200,000 miles in a second, the distance of

"The wives and daughters of these incomparably great and wise magi," continued Scheherazade, without being in any manner disturbed by these frequent and most ungentlemanly interruptions on the part of her husband—"the wives and daughters of these eminent conjurors are everything that is accomplished and refined; and would be everything that is interesting and beautiful, but for an unhappy fatality that besets them, and from which not even the miraculous powers of their husbands and fathers has, hitherto, been adequate to save. Some fatalities come in certain shapes, and some in others—but this of which I speak, has come in the shape of a crotchet."

"A what?" said the king.

"A crotchet," said Scheherazade. "One of the evil genii who are perpetually upon the watch to inflict ill, has put it into the heads of these accomplished ladies that the thing which we describe as personal beauty, consists altogether in the protuberance of the region which lies not very far below the small of the back.—Perfection of loveliness, they say, is in the direct ratio of the extent of this hump. Having been long possessed of this idea, and bolsters being cheap in that country, the days have long gone by since it was possible to distinguish a woman from a dromedary—"

"Stop!" said the king—"I can't stand that, and I won't. You have already given me a dreadful headache with your lies. The day, too, I perceive is beginning to break. How long have we been married? — my conscience is getting to be troublesome again. And then that dromedary touch—do you take me for a fool? Upon the whole you might as well get up and be throttled."

These words, as I learn from the Isitsöornot, both grieved and astonished Scheherazade; but, as she knew the king to be a man of scrupulous integrity, and quite unlikely to forfeit his word, she submitted to her fate with a good grace. She derived, however, great consolation, (during the tightening of the bowstring,) from the reflection that much of the history remained still untold, and that the petulance of her brute of a husband had reaped for him a most righteous reward, in depriving him of many inconceivable adventures.

EDGAR A. POE.

The Sibyl.

Not of earth's common mould was she,
On whose young soul Futurity—
The veil from those dark features raises—
With sad and solemn aspect gazed!
Often, in dream and reverie,

There came unto her charmed ear,
With words of power and prophecy,
Voices from a sublimer sphere.
Forth from the chambers of the night—
From the dim deeps of wave and air,
Marvels and mysteries of might
To her, all trembling, shadowed were.
When by the still, dark lake, the trees
Without a wind were swayed and stirred,

what we suppose to be the nearest fixed star (Sirius) is so inconceivably great, that its rays would require *at least* three years to reach the earth. For stars beyond this 20—or even 1000 years—would be a moderate estimate. Thus, if they had been annihilated 20, or 1000 years ago, we might still see them to-day, by the light which started from their surfaces, 20 or 1000 years in the past time. That many which we see daily are really extinct, is not impossible—not even improbable.

Whispers and mutterings, that freeze
The life-blood round the heart, she heard;
And echoes, at whose earthquake shock
Pale corses in their coffins rock,
Came harsh and hollow-sounding forth
From cavernous regions under earth.
For from the very lake, whereby
She dwelt, Cimmerian caverns led
Down from the shining sun and sky,
To gloom, to Hades and the dead!

W. G.

The Thread-Bare.

"Τρίων, Τρίψι, Τετραπλήσιον."—Schrey.

GENTLE Reader—(meaning by gentle, anything you please, but “docile”) of what possible use are apologetical Prefaces? Don’t they mainly serve to direct special attention to the verbal tail thereto appended, frequently to the exasperation of the critic, and the crucifixion of the author? Unquestionably. We mean to say a few words on triteness of literary topics, and to plunge at once into the midst of things.

“Trite”: *Tero, terere, trivi, tritum*; “To beat, hammer, &c.; or, sometimes, in our more modern sense, “to use up.” The definitions are sufficiently correct.

All things are used up. All the uses of this world were completely used up (and the world itself consequently grew seedy) during Hamlet’s terrestrial pilgrimage.—But, strange to relate! the matter seems to have been laid with a *continuando*, (as the pleaders say); and said uses are even yet signally re-used up, in our present theatrical representations of the above named pilgrimage—particularly much about that period of time when we are bound to fancy his mother to have gone “post” to incestuous sheets with her new shoes on, and his great progenitor therefore to be about to make infernal peregrinations around under the stage, and say something. They were at that remote era, weary, stale, prostrate, and, (pecuniarily and in a few other lights contemplated,) might with much propriety have been classed, along with lawyers and “men of three letters,” among Adam Smith’s *unproductives*. (*Quere* as to a question of genesis; what successful objection could be raised against the hypothesis, that as said Smith’s name was Adam, so, conversely, Adam’s name was probably Smith? The theory would be apparently new, and nothing apparently new or original is at this time to be hooted at, even if a little ridiculous). So Gen. Macbeth would seem to have thought, when his way of life went down among blasted leaves; and in his progresses and fortunes we see most distinctly, according to Schlegel, the Fates weaving their dark web on the bosom of Time. Seneca somewhere says that a man might almost look upon death with indifference, on account of the monotony of human affairs—from seeing and hearing and experiencing, day after day, month after month, year after year, the same dull, unvarying round. “We see the same sights that our fathers have seen,” &c. And when we finally come to adduce the very highest authority for the assertion that “there is nothing new under the sun,” (“under the sun” being in this case by no means contractiles or words of limitation, but of definiteness and force, and applicable equally to the moon,) we shall have so impregnably fortified our generic position, that if we happen to encounter cavils when predicated the same of specifics, we may retire and syllogistically bid them defiance thus: “all things are used up;

literary topics (if you please) are things: *ergo*,” &c.—The conclusion is irresistible.

Well, literary topics are in a used up state. We have books and papers upon every imaginable theme; from the eternal universe, down through Smollett’s “Atom,” to Leibnitz’ “Monad”; from high Olympus down to sawdust as an edible, including Wordsworth’s beggars, lunatics, old carts and flowers; from Ossian’s roaring Ocean down to Park fountains with their presiding deities, to poor Wordsworth’s “tear of Gratitude”; from the generations of the Gods of old, down to (illustrious instance of the efficacy of *Bathos*!) Hamadryads and carious teeth set in rhyme by a Mr. (suppose we venture to vote this last named compound subject decidedly ‘done brown’, together with bran-bread and perpetual motion, and propose their being conjointly set aside, as a sort of tripod-Pharos, to warn the tempest-tossed on the “raging canal” of literature, against attempting analogous subjects?) from father Saturn through father *Aeneas* directly descending, and the ‘oldest inhabitant’, down to the great grandchildren of ‘millions yet unborn’.

And the writers too, upon all these worn out objects—what a mongrel congregation! Combining those of the most dissonant ranks, the list extends from Solomon down through *Ikon basilike* James, “Solomon the second”, to our contemporary Lowell factory-girls and learned blacksmith; the said blacksmith uniting the very classically compatible attributes of a peripatetic Doctor of some thirty or forty different languages, and a manufacturer of shovels, hoes, and such like ferruginous curiosities, and most likely solving problems that staggered old Scutus and Aquinas, as his patron Saint struck out Minerva from Jupiter’s cranium—with his sledge-hammer (or axe, as occasion demands). However, let the authors pass for the present.

There are no heroes, or remarkable specimens of humanity, of ancient or modern times, whose names and qualities have not been used to form the *nuclei* of prolix histories, or eke out ten thousand verses. *Æschylus* treated *Orestes* (not Brownson) handsomely; *Sophocles* varied and decidedly failed to improve him; rag-loving *Euripides* used him up. The *Eumenides* were hammered out at the same time, to save future trouble. Old Mr. Prynne used up dramatic heroes and the Drama, what time his ears yet rejoiced in their physical integrity. Lord Clarendon, Ormond, and some others, weakened that “certain mechanic fellow by name Oliver Goldsmith,” his fair reputation; and it seems to be in a fair way of being used up in Westminster, by a kind of “*Statuary Oblivion*. Du Bois beat away “the good Duke” and Prince Eugène, to a certain extent, and Southey afterwards lent his partial aid, (simultaneously informing us of the innocence of young children, and the fact of sculls having been exhumed on a battle-field) in some lines on Peterkin—or something else. Cicero most effectually hammered out *Catiline*, in a series of orations of the most of which he never was delivered: and no doubt Sallust thought himself to be damning said *Catiline* to all posterity, when communicating the interesting fact of his pace having been sometimes rapid, and at other times tardy. Julius Cæsar of Rome began first to beat himself out in his lying Commentaries—in the which work he has been ever since indefatigably assisted; and Sir Julius Cæsar, Knt., Judge, &c., of England, has been hammered out quite successfully by his grand-son, a Mr. Lodge, and divers other philanthropists.

Sir Julius Cæsar—Heavens! what a name,
To fill the speaking trump of future Fame!

Pilgrims in general have been used up by Bulwer, Bunyan, &c.; the former choosing for the scene of action a Dutch river, and the latter the road to Heaven. St. Ambrosius used up Virgins in a formidable, tri-volumed treatise; and thence down to the present time, they have continued to be a pretty favorite topic. Scott the Quaker hammered out military effects in the abstract, together with an old drum, in an ode instinct with real Vatinian affection for them. Cervantes, Hudibras Butler and "Dr. Great Unknown" used up Knights-errant, Chivalry and scandalized Puritanism, definitively. Bloomfield the shoemaker used the leather to which he was stipulated to be confined, in much the same manner as that in which Dido and her equally injurious subjects used their bull's-hide; and not adhering to it condensedly, but cutting it out into long, thin strips, and so circumscribing a vasty region, he made desultory percussions at his leisure, and sung heroes of Farmer-boys, and collateral subjects. And, by the way, (and diverging from our line of heroes, whose complete enumeration would be endless,) this same illustrious Bloomfield, with Theocritus, Thomson, Virgil, Pope, (the vigorous personifier of his father Thames' head,) and a few other worthies, have entirely written up the country and its appurtenances. Trees and leaves and meadows and groves and mountains, and so forth, are become as common as mud. Fatal to try them. As to cities, they are in much the same predicament. E. g. Homer hammered out Troy tolerably well, and Virgil galvanized and re-hammered it out secondarily and forever; so that Irish Phillips' very pathetic interrogatory, in one of his universal speeches, as to its present state, might be readily and categorically answered. The multiplication of instances of this kind would be superfluous. The weather has been used up, from its ante-diluvian condition, down through its effects upon London as specifically pointed out in Gay's *Trivia*, to its future prospects as all set forth in embryo magazine sonnets, yet patiently awaiting next Summer's advent, like spring-traps—or the Duke or Wellington's magnanimous Guards, lying in ambush for French cavalry. The Passions—most specially and prominently that of *Love*—have been—but heigho! we will for the present forbear touching on this subject. It is big with materials enough for another Bodleian Library.

In short, we have Essays and Treatises and Histories and Poems and Novels and Non-descripts upon every theme; and the seeker for a blast from Fame's golden clarion, at this late day, must be wofully puzzled, when reflecting upon the means of making her a meet-offering. When he comes, in a fit of despair, to decompose existing elements, and attempt their re-composition, he finds with dismay that others have been previously engaged in the same delightful avocation, for a long succession of years; and that the business has been so prosperously carried on (and so much more regard paid to the decomposition than the recomposition) that if good mother Nature should happen for one moment to assume the conformation so generously apportioned to her in some of his predecessors' books, she would become in sooth a heterogeneous and inconsistent mass—to the eye a primal Chaos, and to the ear a Pandemonium. He will discover that the functions proper of the Imagination have been completely discharged, and might as well be blotted out forever, like Uncle Toby's oath. He will be apt to ask, 'What profits it to possess an useless faculty?' And on looking about, he will find likewise sterility in every other province.

But let us "play, for fun," that our unfortunate is de-

termined to write upon something, despite its community of treatment; that having devoted long-long years to intellectual cultivation, he is urged both by literary pride and a despair of success in other walks of life, with which he is comparatively unacquainted, to attempt this. Very well. He selects a subject, after an infinite deal of trouble, and begins it, only to learn that he cannot even at the outset treat of it in a manner new and before unused. Let him, for instance, if he be a Poet, undertake an Epic. Of course, firstly he wants a worthy Exordium: and here he meets a key-note with variations that have themselves become monotonous. There are those of "the blind old man"—of the Mantuan—of Tasso—of Milton (perhaps "the blind young man", by way of contra-distinction—and whose blindness Johnson thought would have been more pitiable if his eyes had been better employed than in the Parliamentary service)—of one old Joel Barlow, (tragic name!) and in fine, of an host—from all which he can surely choose some one as capital-ly apposite for his effusions, as Sallust's Preface is for Histories and things in general. Ten chances to one, he founders at the beginning.

If the opium-eater suffered real misery, when in a vast library he could not avoid thinking of the utter futility of any endeavor to become acquainted with one half of the volumes ranged around him, how must he have been affected when pondering the possibility of acquiring distinction by a resort to authorship? He saw, frowning upon him, the results of the labors of minds, if not mightier, or more comprehensive, or more poetically attuned, than his own, yet which had anticipated him. And he speaks bitterly—complainingly—and as at another time he probably would not have spoken. He might have thought with Voltaire, that it is only in the earlier stages of society, when a large portion of mankind is buried in ignorance, that great intellects appear very conspicuous; as the gigantic oak, which, rearing its arduous branches solitary on the plain, strikes the beholder with admiration, would, if seen in an extensive forest, surrounded with others (although not in all respects its equals) scarcely attract a notice. Not that the intellect now-a-days is by any means stinted or grown impotent—but that it enjoys no solitude of greatness. Not that the oak is in the least diminished,—but has become somewhat ordinary, by its relation to a multitude of others.—He came into the world, and found it already full of master minds and fluent tongues and rapid pens; and to cope with these, he was obliged to resort to labors, which, had they been undergone, with equal advantages, a couple of centuries before, would have built up a name for him, forever. He was unfortunate—but only so by the decree of Fate.

And yet, after all due allowance made for the great number of worthy competitors, he would have found left, against which to strive, a certain class, which, although as to worth, despicable, is not so as to numbers and its means of getting under foot—that glorious, everlasting, host of scribblers—that "mob of gentlemen who write with ease"—(to themselves, no doubt), and with whom we are blessed in great abundance, in this our age of universal erudition. No one would be hardy enough to doubt the possession, by each and every of this highly respectable phalanx, of some original idea; but every honest citizen does (or should) doubt the propriety of a dilution of that idea in a Quarto of a thousand pages—of the attenuation throughout mortal volumes of what might be just as conveniently, and much more intelligibly, exposed, in two or three brief sentences.

If Tully spoke the truth, when saying of a voluminous author of his time, that he could be easily burnt with his writings, what magnificent funereal pyres would the productions of some of these men make, and to what perfect combustion reduce them ! Still they insist upon getting pregnant with their sickening imbecilities, and even upon a premature delivery thereof. "The cry is still they come".—It is said that one old Abbé Du Marolle's paroxysms on this head were so severe, that having printed up all his manuscripts, he finally fell to printing catalogues of his friends, &c., at his own expense—to which catastrophe he was forced by his inexorable booksellers ; and to which, if some of our aforesaid host should be driven, they would perhaps go mad, and thus really "do the State some service." Books and papers they seem to feel it their most stringent duty to print, and books and papers they do print ; helping zealously to use things up, each according to his or her several ability—(though possibly it is matter of rejoicing that one province—that of Classical Literature—is in its nature safe from pollution by their Harpy-like quills). And books and papers are books and papers ; and thousands of well-meaning persons look at, and sometimes through them, because, usurping the place of their betters, they are thrust in their faces.

Kant and his followers, by a keen and discriminating system of exclusion, fairly established an exotic school ; and if there be no extraordinary degree of merit in its tenets, at least it cannot easily lead great numbers astray. If something of this nature were resorted to, some splendid ideographic system, to —

But we grow digressive. Therefore, as we began, so let us end—"Tero, terere, trivi, tritum."

To Isadore.

Beneath the vine-clad eaves
Whose shadows fall before
Thy lowly cottage door—
Under the lilac's tremulous leaves—
Within thy snowy, clasped hand
The purple flowers st bore—
Last eve in dreams, I saw thee stand,
Like queenly nymph from Fairy-Land—
Enchantress of the Flowery Wand,
Most beautiful Isadore !

And when I bade the dream
Upon thy spirit flee,
Thy violet eyes to me
Upturned, did overflowing seem
With the deep, untold delight
Of Love's serenity ;
Thy classic brow, like lilies white
And pale as the imperial Night
Upon her throne, with stars bedight,
Enthrall'd my soul to thee !

Ah ! ever I behold
Thy dreamy, passionate eyes,
Blue as the languid skies
Hung with the sunset's fringe of gold ;
Now strangely clear thine image grows,
And olden memories
Are startled from their long repose
Like shadows on the silent snows
When suddenly the night-wind blows
Where quiet moonlight lies.

Like music heard in dreams,
Like strains of harps unknown,

Of birds forever flown—
Audible as the voice of streams
That murmur in some leafy dell,
I hear thy gentlest tone,
And silence cometh with her spell
Like that which on my tongue doth dwell
When tremulous in dreams I tell
My love to thee alone !

In every valley heard,
Floating from tree to tree,
Less beautiful to me,
The music of the radiant bird,
Than artless accents such as thine
Whose echoes never flee !
Ah ! how for thy sweet voice I pine :—
For uttered in thy tones benign
(Enchantress !) this rude name of mine
Doth seem a melody !

The Power of Words.

Oinos.—Pardon, Agathos, the weakness of a spirit new-fledged with immortality !

Agathos.—You have spoken nothing, my *Oinos*, for which pardon is to be demanded. Not even here is knowledge a thing of intuition. For wisdom ask of the angels freely, that it may be given !

Oinos.—But in this existence, I dreamed that I should be at once cognizant of all things, and thus at once happy in being cognizant of all.

Agathos.—Ah, not in knowledge is happiness, but in the acquisition of knowledge ! In for ever knowing, we are for ever blessed ; but to know all were the curse of a fiend.

Oinos.—But does not The Most High know all ?

Agathos.—That (since he is The Most Happy) must be still the *one* thing unknown even to Him.

Oinos.—But, since we grow hourly in knowledge, must not *at last* all things be known ?

Agathos.—Look down into the abysmal distances !—attempt to force the gaze down the multitudinous vistas of the stars, as we sweep slowly through them thus—and thus—and thus ! Even the spiritual vision, is it not at all points arrested by the continuous golden walls of the universe ?—the walls of the myriads of the shining bodies that mere number has appeared to blend into unity ?

Oinos.—I clearly perceive that the infinity of matter is no dream.

Agathos.—There are *no* dreams in Aidenn—but it is here whispered that, of this infinity of matter, the *sole* purpose is to afford infinite springs, at which the soul may allay the thirst to *know* which is for ever unquenchable, within it—since to quench it would be to extinguish the soul's self. Question me then, my *Oinos*, freely and without fear. Come ! we will leave to the left the loud harmony of the Pleiades, and swoop outward from the throne into the starry meadows beyond Orion, where, for pansies and violets, and heart's-ease, are the beds of the triplicate and triple-tinted suns.

Oinos.—And now, Agathos, as we proceed, instruct me ! speak to me in the earth's familiar tones ! I understood not what you hinted to me, just now, of the modes or of the methods of what, during mortality, we were accustomed to call Creation. Do you mean to say that the Creator is not God ?

Agathos.—I mean to say that the Deity does not create.

Oinos.—Explain !

Agathos.—In the beginning *only*, he created. The seeming creatures which are now, throughout the universe, so perpetually springing into being, can only be considered as the mediate or indirect, not as the direct or immediate results of the Divine creative power.

Oinos.—Among men, my Agathos, this idea would be considered heretical in the extreme.

Agathos.—Among angels, my Oinos, it is seen to be simply true.

Oinos.—I can comprehend you thus far—that certain operations of what we term Nature, or the natural laws, will, under certain conditions, give rise to that which has all the *appearance* of creation. Shortly before the final overthrow of the earth, there were, I well remember, many very successful experiments in what some philosophers were weak enough to denominate the creation of animalculæ.

Agathos.—The cases of which you speak were, in fact, instances of the secondary creation—and of the *only* species of creation which has ever been, since the first word spoke into existence the first law.

Oinos.—Are not the starry worlds that, from the abyss of nonentity, burst hourly forth into the heavens—are not these stars, Agathos, the immediate handiwork of the King?

Agathos.—Let me endeavor, my Oinos, to lead you, step by step, to the conception I intend. You are well aware that, as no thought can perish, so no act is without infinite result. We moved our hands, for example, when we were dwellers on the earth, and, in so doing, we gave vibration to the atmosphere which engirdled it. This vibration was indefinitely extended, till it gave impulse to every particle of the earth's air, which thenceforward, *and for ever*, was actuated by the one movement of the hand. This fact the mathematicians of our globe well knew. They made the special effects, indeed, wrought in the fluid by special impulses, the subject of exact calculation—so that it became easy to determine in what precise period an impulse of given extent would engirdle the orb, and impress (for ever) every atom of the atmosphere circumambient. Retrograding, they found no difficulty, from a given effect, under given conditions, in determining the value of the original impulse. Now the mathematicians who saw that the results of any given impulse were absolutely endless—and who saw that a portion of these results were accurately traceable through the agency of algebraic analysis—who saw, too, the facility of the retrogradation—these men saw, at the same time, that this species of analysis itself, had within itself a capacity for indefinite progress—that there were no bounds conceivable to its advancement and applicability, except within the intellect of him who advanced or applied it. But at this point our mathematicians paused.

Oinos.—And why, Agathos, should they have proecedeed?

Agathos.—Because there were some considerations of deep interest, beyond. It was deducible from what they knew, that to a being of infinite understanding—one to whom the *perfection* of the algebraic analysis lay unfolded—there could be no difficulty in tracing every impulse given the air—and the ether through the air—to the remotest consequences at any even infinitely remote epoch of time. It is indeed demonstrable that every such impulse *given the air*, must, *in the end*, impress every individual thing that exists *within the universe*;—and the being of infinite understanding—the being whom we have imagined—might trace the remote undulations of the im-

pulse—trace them upward and onward in their influences upon all particles of all matter—upward and onward for ever in their modifications of old forms—or in other words, *in their creation of new*—until he found them reflected—unimpressive *at last*—back from the throne of the Godhead. And not only could such a being do this, but at any epoch, should a given result be afforded him—should one of these numberless comets, for example, be presented to his inspection,—he could have no difficulty in determining, by the analytic retrogradation, to what original impulse it was due. This power of retrogradation in its absolute fulness and perfection—this faculty of referring at *all epochs*, *all effects to all causes*—is of course the prerogative of the Deity alone—but in every variety of degree, short of the absolute perfection, is the power itself exercised by the whole host of the Angelic Intelligences.

Oinos.—But you speak merely of impulses upon the air.

Agathos.—In speaking of the air, I referred only to the earth:—but the general proposition has reference to impulses upon the ether—which, since it pervades, and alone pervades all space, is thus the great medium of creation.

Oinos.—Then all motion, of whatever nature, creates.

Agathos.—It must: but a true philosophy has long taught that the source of all motion is thought—and the source of all thought is—

Oinos.—God.

Agathos.—I have spoken to you, Oinos, as to a child of the fair Earth which lately perished—of impulses upon the atmosphere of the Earth.

Oinos.—You did.

Agathos.—And while I thus spoke, did there not cross your mind some thought of the *physical power of words*? Is not every word an impulse on the air?

Oinos.—But why, Agathos, do you weep?—and why—oh why do your wings droop as we hover above this fair star—which is the greenest and yet most terrible of all we have encountered in our flight? Its brilliant flowers look like a fairy dream—but its fierce volcanoes like the passions of a turbulent heart.

Agathos.—They *are!*—they *are!* This wild star—it is now three centuries since with clasped hands, and with streaming eyes, at the feet of my beloved—I spoke it—with a few passionate sentences—into birth. Its brilliant flowers *are* the dearest of all unfulfilled dreams, and its raging volcanoes *are* the passions of the most turbulent and unhallowed of hearts.

EDGAR A. POWELL.

Lines.

In early years, when quite a boy,
I had a dream of sweet import,
'Twas full of deep and tranquil joy—
A fancy only—scarce a thought.
I know not how it form'd or grew,
And yet 'twas with me day and night;
With sunny hair and eyes of blue,
A thing of shadow and of light!
So dim—uncertain—yet so fair—
No thing of substance, nor of air!
Those eyes of blue, that golden hair,
Haunted my young heart everywhere.

Youth came—and childhood's dreams were o'er;
Experience told me they were vain;
Yet still the dream I dream'd of yore,
Returned and haunted me again.

My mind was full of wild romance,
Which reason scarcely could control,
And this sweet dream served to enhance
The unquiet yearnings of my soul.
I asked my heart what it could be,
This sweet and most strange mystery ?
Which, like some old loved melody
Heard in our youth, returns to me ?

My youth has flown, as birds take wing,
Romance to truth has yielded place ;
Yet ever and anon will spring
The memory of that angel face.
In the belief can there be truth ?
That two are formed to meet and love ;
That *dreami* which haunt us in our youth
In after years will real prove !
If true I shall not always pine,
Anxiously waiting the appointed sign ;—
If true ! oh yet it may be mine,
To clasp in mortal form this dream divine !

W.

Incidents of College Life.

THE entrance of a new member to a class in College, is a fruitful source of speculation and conjecture. Everybody must know where he is from, who are his friends, into what circle of society he will be likely to fall, and every thing about his habits and character which can be gathered from those who ever heard of him, or his relatives.

It was one day in the spring term of our sophomore year, that report said a man from A——, S. C., had been admitted to our class, and the usual curiosity to see him was manifested. His first appearance among us was at prayers in the chapel. It was such as to prepossess one in his favor, and bespoke him a cordial welcome ; and those who pretended to most discernment in such matters, and take it upon them to utter public opinion as if it had its origin with them, whispered many brilliant things about the new comer, and spoke of him in terms almost of admiration. There were others, however, who, though they took no particular interest in an early acquaintance with their new classmate, thought they saw a coquettishness and insincerity in his countenance, but they were by no means confident enough of the correctness of their opinion to express it, but were willing that his character should in due time appear in his actions.

Time passed, and Bertram was no longer a stranger, but became one of us, and the circumstance of his having but lately entered the class was forgotten. Indeed, he was becoming exceedingly popular ; for he proved to be a man of engaging manners, liberal principles, artful in his schemes, and possessing withal considerable acquaintance with human nature. He seemed to possess a kind of second sight, by which he never failed to predict the popular side of every question, and was sure to be among its earliest advocates.

For reasons not necessary here to state, our Professor in Latin became somewhat unpopular with a part of the class ; and one of the ways in which this manifested itself was, that the moment the hour specified for the recitation by the College laws had expired, according to the time kept by the students themselves, there was an unaccountable movement of feet, which increased to such a degree, as to render very unpleasant any further procedure with the lesson, if a little of it chanced not to have been recited. This was continued, to the great annoyance of many of the class, who felt

more anxiety to acquire a knowledge of Latin than to vex the Professor, and show that little spite which those indulging it would not dare gratify in an open, and manly way.

As might be supposed, Burtram was bitter toward the offending officer; no one more proudly set his authority at defiance, or applied to him more abusive epithets, though it was whispered that no one seemed more open-hearted and friendly in his presence, or acted the hypocrite with more perfect success.

Burtram's boots were singularly quiet when he was so situated that the Professor could have the slightest suspicion of him, if they clamored at all ; but if he was well concealed, they hammered the floor with an energy worthy a better cause.

My friend, Cheever, usually sat directly behind Burtram, and was not more disturbed by his noise than disgusted by his duplicity ; and he at last declared to me, if he was called to recite, and was thus interrupted, he would expose the first man he saw out of order. He well knew that he would thus bring upon himself the unmitigated abuse of the disaffected part of the class ; but he denied their right to deprive him of the advantages of recitation, just because he happened to stand a few moments beyond the allotted hour, shortened, as it frequently was, by their impatience.

Cheever was a quiet and unassuming man, a real enthusiast in his studies, and excelled in every department, but was never supposed to be capable of acting with much decision in resenting an injury.

It was at the very next recitation that he was called to read the last passage in the lesson, and before he had completed it, the usual confusion commenced. Cheever endured it for a moment, raising his voice as the noise increased ; but suddenly fixing his eyes upon his next neighbor, who was laboring away with his usual zeal, he exclaimed, "Burtram, stop that noise, or I'll report you!"

In an instant there was a perfect silence. All were astonished at the suddenness of so singular an exclamation, coming, as it did, from such an unexpected source.—Meanwhile Cheever proceeded to complete his recitation at his leisure ; and what was better still, no one was troubled any further in the same way.

As was anticipated, Burtram declared the measure of Cheever a base insult to the class, and to himself in particular, and vowed consummate revenge.

We now pass over the history of more than a year—during which time all things moved on as usual, and the occurrence above mentioned had been forgotten as such things are in College, being made the subject of remark only a few days, and then are succeeded by some other excitement, perhaps of a different nature.

Burtram found no way in which he could come in collision with Cheever, who maintained his quiet, studious habits, and was daily gaining friends, as he gradually mingled more in society,—though as affairs were evidently turning, there was no prospect of his coming into favor with Burtram, for he was now looked upon by him in the light of a rival,—and to see a man of Cheever's character and habits rise above him, was more than he could submit to.

There had been for some time much noise at unseasonable hours in a room directly over Cheever's, greatly to his disturbance, as well as all others in the vicinity. He endured it till his patience was gone, for he was the principal sufferer, and finally went to the disturbers of his

peace, among whom he found Burtram, and asked them to refrain from thus interrupting his studies, saying at the same time, he was sorry to be obliged to make any such request, but he felt it due to himself and his interests as a scholar. No attention whatever was paid to this request, gentlemanly and kind as it was, but the offence, which was a direct violation of the laws of college, continued as frequent as ever.

Cheever once more took occasion, after having lost some hours of study, one night to go and say to the offenders, that as a last resort, he would certainly report them to the college authorities; if there was another occasion of the kind; for he would not pay his money and spend his time, to be wasted by others' amusements, to an extent so unreasonable, and he thus stated plainly his intention, that it might not be said he did it in secret, if he was so unhappy as to be obliged to do it.

It was not long after, when, one dark, stormy night, after all had been still for some time, there commenced the usual noise, loud talking, singing, boisterous laughing, and all the accompaniments of a 'college row.' Cheever felt sufficiently provoked for the fulfilment of his promise, and he was ready for it. Throwing his cloak about him he quietly left the building, and made his way in the dark to the study of an officer of College, and just said to him his presence was needed at No. —, — Hall; and returned so soon that his absence was not discovered. It was effectual to the breaking up of the party, but no persons were discovered in the room but the occupants, when the officer arrived, for they suddenly dispersed as soon as his footsteps were heard in the Hall.

The next morning Cheever was sent for by Prof. H., to come to his study. He was well aware of the errand, and determined to make it an object, first to find out what the Professor actually knew about the matter, before he was asked any questions.

He discovered that the names of the offenders were mostly known, and to his utter astonishment, found that Bertram was the voluntary informer, which fact was evident from a remark accidentally dropped by the Professor. It was enough! Cheever told the Professor that he was in possession of more information than he could have communicated, and was allowed to retire.

He saw that since it had been his avowed determination to report the offenders and that openly, Bertram, to screen himself and gratify a long sought revenge, had reported the whole story concerning his associates, feeling confident his name would never be given as the author of the information, and that it would be perfectly easy to charge it off upon Cheever, and brand his character with a mean and cowardly act. He now had the key to the whole affair, and determined, since he had gone thus far, to keep the secret till he was obliged to disclose it.

It was soon known among us that the connection of these individuals with the College, must temporarily cease, and it created not a little excitement. They were persons who had many friends, and it was strongly contended that they done nothing worthy of such severity, and that it was the result of false information given to the Faculty. Among their defenders Bertram was foremost, and he with others, diligently circulated the name of Cheever as the author of all the mischief, proving it by every circumstance that could favor the suspicion.

It was with a high degree of satisfaction that he with his friends proved out the comparative innocence of the suspended ones, and showed the guilt of so representing their slight offence as to bring upon them such a sen-

tence, always concluding with charging it all to Cheever's account, until it came to be generally believed he was guilty of a great wrong. There is no moderation in College excitements, they run like a wild tempest, though they are generally soon over. Cheever's friends were at a loss what to say, and thought his case a hard one. So strong was the sympathy for the 'suspended,' that a class meeting was called, to draw up a petition to the Faculty in their behalf.

Prompt to the hour, the class were present, almost to a man, though a few dropped in afterwards, and Cheever among them. I feared for him when I saw him enter, for most looked upon him with bitter accusations; but he was calm and undisturbed as if nothing had happened.

Burtram, always forward in such matters, spoke first. He stated the case of his suspended friends with great feeling, showed in strong light the palliating circumstances to be set forth in the petition, and closed by saying, "The elements of mischief are yet among us; there are those of our own number—we hope they are few, and expect them to be fewer—who, for the paltry consideration of a factitious esteem with the Faculty, have not only reported the innocent amusements of a few friends, but have so done it, as to convey a false and exaggerated notion of the extent to which the laws have been violated, and have thus procured this unjust sentence! I say we have those—I correct myself—we have one among us of this character, and I appeal to gentlemen of the class to say in what light such an one should be regarded?"

The common opinion of one class of the students, made up from the reports in circulation, and the unblushing assurance with which these charges were made, were enough to fasten suspicion, and fix all eyes upon Cheever. This he perceived, and rose to reply, amid the half suppressed hisses of his enemies, yet with a cool, undisturbed air, as one who was fully assured of the justice of his cause. He stated the history of the whole matter from the beginning in a plain and simple way, and added, "If to persist in claiming my right to my time undisturbed, as guaranteed by the College laws—if to inform the authorities concerned of the violation of those rights after using every other method in my power to prevent their infraction is wrong, I am guilty; for though I made no such report, (because it was made by another) I fully intended to do it."

At this point Burtram evinced great perturbation, so much as to excite the surprise of all, and particularly of his friends; and he turned deadly pale as Cheever, casting a withering glance upon him, exclaimed, "You 'blue skin'! I charge upon you the meanness of being the unprovoked, voluntary reporter of the faults of your own friends—faults, too, in which you can truly say, 'pars magna fui'—and this you did to screen yourself, that you might escape 'unwhipped of justice.' I charge upon you the attempt, so far apparently successful to implicate me in the guilt that defiles your own character, thinking you was safe from detection. All this I charge upon you—I do it publicly, and fearlessly; and deny it if you can!"

A thunder-clap in a clear sky could not have been more astounding than this information. We looked at each other, and then at Burtram, to see if he was not about to reply, but his mouth was shut. The truth had met him at a terrible moment, and his humiliation was complete.

The meeting adjourned, but Burtram could never afterward look a man of us in the face; and in a few days his place was vacant, and he was no more numbered among us.

Critical Notices.

The Songs of our Land and Other Poems. By Mary L. Hewitt. Boston. William D. Ticknor & Co.

In point of external taste, this is the most exquisite volume of poems published in America since "The Spanish Student," of Longfellow. The unusual width of the page is especially to our fancy, and the general arrangement of the matter could not be improved. The small pica type, however, is perhaps a trifle too large for the size of the page.

The volume contains fifty pieces, of course varied in excellence, but all speaking, in unmistakeable terms, of the author's poetic fervor, classicism of taste, and keen appreciation of the morally as well as physically beautiful. No one can read the book without a desire to become acquainted with the woman.

Mrs. Hewitt has evidently a strong partiality for the sea—and this partiality has given color to some of the most forcible, although, in our opinion, by no means the most generally meritorious compositions in the volume. "The Yarn," we believe, is a favorite with its author, and is certainly replete with vigorous thought and expression. "God Bless The Mariner," we quote as the best of this species of poem to be found in the collection.

God's blessing on the Mariner!

A venturous life leads he—
What reck the landsmen of their toil,
Who dwell upon the sea?

The landsman sits within his home,
His fireside bright and warm;
Nor asks how fares the mariner
All night amid the storm.

God bless the hardy Mariner!
A homely garb wears he,
And he goeth with a rolling gait,
Like a ship upon the sea.

He hath piped the loud "ay! ay sir!"
O'er the voices of the main,
Till his deep tones have the hoarseness
Of the rising hurricane.

His seamed and honest visage
The sun and wind have tanned,
And hard as iron gauntlet
Is his broad and sinewy hand.

But oh! a spirit looketh
From out his clear, blue eye,
With a truthful, childlike earnestness,
Like an angel from the sky.

A venturous life the sailor leads
Between the sky and sea—
But when the hour of dread is past,
A merrier who, than he?

He knows that by the rudder bands
Stands one well skilled to save;
For a strong hand is the STEERSMAN'S
That directs him o'er the wave.

"Alone" evinces, we think, more of the true poetic inspiration—and undoubtedly more of originality in conception than any other of Mrs. Hewitt's poems. We copy it in full:

There lies a deep and seal'd well
Within yon leafy forest hid;
Whose pent and lonely waters swell,
Its confines chill and drear amid.

It hears the birds on every spray
Trill forth melodious notes of love—
It feels the warm sun's seldom ray
Glance on the stone its wave above—

And quick the gladdened waters rush
Tumultuous upward to the brink;
A seal is on their joyous gush,
And back, repressed, they coldly shrink.

Thus in their caverned space, apart.
Closed from the eye of day, they dwell—
So, imprisoned deep within my heart,
The tides of quick affection swell.

Each kindly glance—each kindly tone,
To joy its swift pulsations sway;
But none may lift the veiling stone,
And give the franchised current way.

Smite THOU the rock, whose eye alone,
The hidden spring within may see;
And bid the flood, restless one!
Flow forth, rejoicing, unto thee.

The pieces, however, which will prove most decidedly popular with men of taste, and which, upon the whole, convey the most pleasing impression of the author's ability, are the three sonnets entitled *Cameos..* We make no apology for quoting them :

I.
With springing hoof that would the earth disdain,
Broad, swelling chest, and limb with motion rife,
From Lapithæan banquet and the strife,
Fleely he bounds along Thessalia's plain.
And on his back, in rude embrace entwined.
A captive bride he bears. Her trait'rous veil
Reveals her brow, as Juno's roses pale,
And floats like scarf of Iris on the wind.
And vainly struggling 'gainst that bold caress,
Her outstretched arms essay the air to grasp;
But firm the captor holds his iron clasp,
And strives, with ruthless lip, her lip to press.
Thus vice hath power to sway the feeble soul,
And bear it on in measureless control.

II.
Reclined enervate on the couch of ease,
No more he pants for deeds of high emprise;
For pleasure holds in soft, voluptuous ties
Enthrall'd, great Jove-descended Hercules.
The hand that bound the Erymanthian boar,
Hesperia's dragon slew, with bold intent—
That from his quivering side in triumph rent
The skin the Cleoncean lion wore,
Holds forth the goblet—while the Lydian queen
Robed like a nymph, her brow enwreathed with vine—
Lifts high the amphora, brimmed with rosy wine,
And pours the draught the crown'd cup within.
And thus the soul, abased to sensual sway,
Its worth forsakes—it's might foregoes for aye.

III.
Oh! wondrous marvel of the sculptor's art!
What cunning hand hath culled thee from the mine,
And carved thee into life, with skill divine!
How claims in thee humanity a part—
Seems from the gem the form enchained, to start,
While thus with fiery eye, and outspread wings,
The ruthless vulture to his victim clings,
With whetted beak deep in the quivering heart.
Oh! thou embodied meaning, master wrought!
Thus taught the sage, how, sunk in crime and sin,
The soul a prey to conscience, writhes within
Its fleshly bonds enslaved:—thus ever, THOUGHT,
The breast's keen torturer, remorseful tears
At life, the hell whose chain the soul in anguish wears.

Of these sonnets we much prefer the "Hercules and Omphale." It is full of a truly classic grace—both of thought and expression, and would do honor to any poet in the land. It has that common fault of American Sonnets—the fault of a termination feeble in comparison with the body of the poem—but even in this respect, it is superior to most compositions of the kind. Its general versification is worthy of all praise; we have rarely, if ever, seen it surpassed. Such lines as

The skin the Cleonan Lion wore,

have about them a directness which never fails to impart strength.

Upon the whole, we are favorably impressed with the book.

Morse's Cerographic Maps. No. 1. New-York. Harper & Brothers, 82 Cliff-street.

We look upon this enterprise as one of the most important, if not the most important, ever undertaken by an American publisher. The plan of the publication is as follows:

1. The size of the Maps will be about 15 inches by 12.
2. The subjects illustrated will embrace the whole field of Ancient and Modern, including Sacred Geography, Chronology, and History.
3. The work will be edited by Sidney E. Morse, A. M., and when finished, it is intended, shall be a *Universal Atlas* in the most comprehensive sense of the term.
4. Each number will contain four colored Maps, the price of which will be twenty-five cents, being about one-fourth the cost of copperplate Maps of a similar size.
5. More than forty Maps are already engraved, consisting chiefly of countries in North America, and embracing separate Maps of nearly every State in the Union.
6. The American Maps have been prepared with great care, and to a great extent from new and original materials, collected during the last four years by Samuel Breese, A. M., from a correspondence embracing more than 2000 letters and several hundred manuscript local maps.
7. Many thousand dollars and years of labor, having been devoted to perfecting the new art by which these maps are executed, as well as in collecting and arranging the valuable information they contain, the publishers confidently rely upon the most extended patronage for the work.
8. If practicable, from two to three numbers will be issued every month.
9. The first ten numbers will form a comprehensive and elegant North American Atlas for the Library, the Counting House and the School Room.

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The Vision; or Hell, Purgatory and Paradise of Dante Alighieri. Translated by the Rev. Henry Francis Cary, A. M., with the Life of Dante, Chronological View of his Age, Additional Notes and Index. Illustrated with Twelve Engravings, from Designs by John Flaxman, R. A. From the Last Corrected London Edition. New-York: D. Appleton & Co., 200 Broadway.

This is one of the most truly beautiful volumes ever issued even from the press of the Appletons. It is a duodecimo of nearly 600 pages, exquisitely printed on very fine paper, embellished with a dozen carefully engraved plates from Flaxman's inimitable designs, and the whole tastefully and durably bound. The title fully conveys the contents of the book, with the exception of the frontispiece—which is a likeness of Dante, engraved by Phillips.

brown, from the "last portrait," by Giotto. This picture was discovered in the ancient castle of the Podesta, at Florence, in July, 1840. When found, it was encrusted with whitewash.

The Messrs. Appletons in giving us this edition, have rendered a very important service to the literature of the country.

Appleton's Literary Miscellany; a Series of Books for Popular Reading. Nos. II. and III. I Promessi Sposi. The Betrothed. By Alessandro Manzoni. A New Translation, Reprinted Entire from the Last English Edition. In Two Volumes. New-York: D. Appleton & Co.

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Irish Melodies. By Thomas Moore. With the Original Prefatory Letter on Music. From the Thirteenth London Edition. New-York: D. Appleton & Co.

The Wreath of Wild Flowers, from the Literary Miscellanies of John Milton Stearns. New-York: Edward Walker, 114 Fulton-street.

Alice Ray; a Romance in Rhyme. By Mrs. Sarah Josepha Hale, Author of *Northwood*, etc. Philadelphia.

We have received Graham's Magazine for November—also The Columbian—and shall notice them [with the Lady's Book,] very particularly in our next. "Graham" is unusually good—the Letters of his German Correspondent are a treasure in themselves.

We shall not fail to attend, in our next number, to Mrs. Hale's highly meritorious poem. Several other friends will, we hope, have patience with us for the present.

Editorial Miscellany.

WITH THIS number, it will be seen, that we assume the sole control (proprietary as well as editorial) of the "Broadway Journal." May we hope for the support of our friends?

WE HAVE been quizzing the Bostonians, and one or two of the more stupid of their editors and editresses have taken it in high dudgeon. We will attend to them all in good time.

WE MAKE room, with much pleasure, for the following explanation:

To the Editor of the Broadway Journal:

SIR—A copy of your Journal dated October 4th, was handed me this evening, containing some observations respecting alterations made in the song of Ben Bolt, to which some music was adapted by J. P. Webster. The facts were as follows. The song was in a New-Haven paper, and came into my hands as an envelope. It was without signature or reference of any kind, to the author. I was pleased with the poetry, and gave it to Mr. Webster, as he said he would compose some music for it. Before he had completed it, he lost the copy, and asked if I could give him another from memory. The words published were written down by two or three persons, as no one remembered the whole. As Mr. W. did not know the author's name, he could not of course give it. But from what I know of him, I am certain that no thoughts of claiming the authorship ever crossed his mind; and what may so appear in the publication, is the result of carelessness.

Having been (though indirectly) the cause of the censure cast upon Mr. Webster, I felt bound to make this statement, which I doubt not you will have the justice to publish. I am ready to give satisfactory reference, if you require it.

Derby, Conn., October 11, 1845.

E. S.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—A great pressure of business has prevented us from paying attention to several communications of value, and from cherished friends. All shall hear from us next week, or the week after.

"THE following beautiful conception," says a city paper, "is one of Samuel Lover's":

THE END OF THE ROAD.
And there, whence there's never returning,
When we travel, as travel we must,
May the gates be all free for our journey,
And the tears of our friends lay the dust.
This "beautiful conception" we had been hitherto mistaking for a most pitiable conceit.

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Artist, Merchant and Statesman—Part 1st. By C. Edwards Lester.

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161 Broadway, September, 1845.
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EOTHEN, OR TRACES OF TRAVEL BROUGHT HOME FROM THE EAST.
THE FRENCH IN ALGIERS. By Lady Duff Gordon.

THE CRESCENT AND THE CROSS—2 vols. By Warburton.

SIR FRANCIS HEAD'S BUBBLES FROM THE BRUNNEN.
BECKFORD'S ITALY, SPAIN, PORTUGAL, AND VISIT TO THE MONASTERIES OF ALCOBACA AND BATALHA—in press.

NOTES OF A JOURNEY THROUGH FRANCE AND ITALY. By Hazlitt.—IN PRESS.

These will be followed by Sir Francis Head's Rough Notes of a Journey across the Pampas; WATERTON'S Wanderings in South America; Miss RIBBY'S Letters from the Baltic; HENRY NELSON COLERIDGE'S Six Months in the West Indies, and THACKERAY'S Notes of a Journey from London to Cairo, and others—forming altogether one of the most original and select collections of books of travel ever published.

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