A FESTIVAL OF ART.

A FEW evenings ago, Gurney opened his new Gallery at 707 Broadway. Several hundred persons of taste and culture were invited to assist on this interesting occasion; and it was one of the most brilliant assemblages of the kind ever seen in New York. It was literally a meeting of “fair women and brave men.” Nothing so brilliant has ever been witnessed in America in the artistic arrangements of the gallery, the splendor of its Daguerrean and Photographic collections, or the elegance of the tout ensemble. All the graces seemed to meet and blend in the refinement and beauty of the scene. A sumptuous banquet was spread, worthy to have been prepared by Soyer himself. Everything appropriate which wealth could purchase or fancy invent, was brought in to lend its enchanting embellishment. There was dancing, and music, and wit, and beauty; literature, art, costume—everything in fact which can throw a rosy glow of life and light over a scene of wealth, luxury, and taste.

Mr. Gurney’s new marble palace of art now stands, beyond all doubt, without a rival in the world for its beauty, harmony, appropriateness, and splendor, for the purposes for which it was erected. It is moreover established in the right part of the town—on the right hand side of Broadway, just below the New York Hotel, and in that part of the city which lies midway between the St. Nicholas and the Academy of Music, which now constitutes the focal point of illumination in the metropolis of the western world.

[End of text.]

EDITOR’S NOTES:
