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## FOUNTAINS.

During this dusty weather there can hardly be a more agreeable theme to dilate upon than that of Fountains. There is a deliciously cool and dripping sound in the mere name. Our Broadway Fountains are the delight of the whole city, and considering how little they owe to art, they must be considered the cheapest pleasure that could be provided for the enjoyment of the people. If it were possible to render a fountain altogether hideous and distasteful, the proprietors of Bowling Green and Union Square would have succeeded to a miracle. We have heard a story in respect to that in Bowling-Green, for the correctness of which we cannot vouch, although it seems to wear the appearance of truth. It is said that the artist who made the designs for the rock-work of that fountain, went raving mad as soon as he had completed his drawings; giving birth to so grand an idea entirely prostrated his mental powers, and his imagination has ever since been a wreck. We have seen a good many plans, and heard a good many suggestions for improving the Park Fountain, but we trust that it may forever be left in its present pure and simple state. Architecture can do nothing to beautify it; a single column of sparkling water rising from the ground to the height of forty or fifty feet, presents an appearance of simple grandeur and beauty that art can never improve. When there is a scanty supply of water, marble basins, Neptunes, dolphins and river gods help to increase the effect and make a grand show; but with an abundance of water any accessories, which are not in themselves beautiful, will only tend to destroy the simple majesty of a column of pure water. The fountain in Union Square looks, at times, not to speak irreverently, like a mere squirt when compared with its majestic brother in the Park. The fountains in London and Paris are among the chief ornaments of those cities. In London there are but three or four, which will not compare with ours; those that have been recently erected in Trafalgar Square are maintained at a very great expense, but are very poor things. They are made of red granite highly polished, and are in themselves very beautiful specimens of workmanship; they stand in the centre of a large stone basin, on a level with the Square, and consist of a granite pedestal with four heads of dolphins projecting therefrom, and supporting a tazza ten feet in diameter and another above of five feet, in the centre of which is something like a fire plug from which issues the water to the height of four or five feet. The resemblance of these fountains to dumb-waiters with the tops knocked off has given occasion to a good many witticisms among the cockneys who love nothing in this world, next to a lord, better than a joke, even though it be at their own expense. We have never seen these fountains, but they are said by amateurs and artists to be intensely ugly in their appearance. The water for their supply is procured from two wells sunk to the depth of three hundred and ninety-five feet from the surface, and at a distance of three hundred and eighty feet from each other. The water, after it has played through the jets, instead of being allowed to run to waste, is conveyed back to the engine house and again pumped up to the reservoir. Besides these two fountains in Trafalgar Square there are but two other small jets in London,

one in St. James' Park, and one in the Temple Gardens, which Boz has immortalized in Martin Chuzzlewit as the trysting place of Tom Pinch's sister and John Westlock. In Paris there are nearly seventy fountains, many of them of very great beauty, and all of them are large and elaborately decorated. With our proverbial love for grand names, no sooner had the Croton been introduced into our city than it was immediately dubbed the City of Fountains, but it will be a long time before we become as well entitled to the appellation as Paris. The Fountains in the Place de la Concorde are two in number, and are made of elaborately chased bronze from the same design. The lower basin of each is circular, of stone, fifty-two feet in diameter. In the centre is a group of colossal seated statues representing Ocean deities, and above an elaborately enriched plateau, twenty feet diameter, in the middle of which a group of children and swans surround the ornamental support of a reversed tazza of ten feet diameter, in the centre of which issue jets from a centre flower. At the circumference of the lower basin there are six full-sized figures representing Tritons and Naiads, holding each a fish or a drill, from which, by a beautiful arrangement, water is thrown inwards into the large tazza above. By this arrangement and the addition of numerous smaller jets, a great diversity of effect is produced, giving an idea of breadth and a pleasing appearance of complexity, while the annoyance of a scattered shower of spray is avoided. The effect of these fountains when viewed from a short distance is extremely beautiful. Many of our readers are aware of the beauty of the magnificent vista, which, commencing at the Chamber of Deputies, comprises, in a perfectly straight line, the Bridge of Louis XVI, the two Fountains and the statues of the Place de la Concorde, the Obelisk of Luxor, the avenue of columns formed by the buildings of the Garde Meuble, and terminates with the beautiful church of the Madeleine. If there be another vista in the world that can rival this, it is that which intersects it at right angles, and which, commencing at the centre gate of the Tuilleries with its innumerable statues, includes the Obelisk of Luxor, at the intersection with the former vista, the grand Avenue of the Champs Elysées, and terminates at the vast triumphal arch of the Barrière de l'Etoile. Those only who have seen these incomparable views of fountains, statues, foliage, porticos, vases, orange trees, gilded balustrades and marble terraces, can have even a faint idea of their magnificence and beauty.

Long may it be before our own metropolis presents a vista to be compared with these; we neither desire to see an accumulation of private wealth, nor to bear any portion of the taxes which would be indispensable to create them. While we have the Hudson and East rivers, the Battery, and the Bay, and the Croton in our streets, we have a succession of vistas from the foot of every street that crosses the city, of greater beauty and natural magnificence than any that art has given to Paris and London. The Fountain at Chatsworth, the seat of the Duke of Devonshire, is the highest in the world, and by way of distinction is called the "Emperor." It consists, like our Park Fountain, of a single vertical jet rising from the surface of a lake, but to the height of two hundred and sixty-seven feet. The

reservoir is a natural lake at an elevation of three hundred and eighty-one feet. The next highest fountain in the world, is that of Wilhelm's-höeh, in Hesse Cassel, which plays one hundred and ninety feet. One of the Fountains at St. Cloud rises one hundred and sixty feet. The spire of Trinity church is, or will be two hundred and eighty feet; by comparison the grandeur of these magnificent jets will in a degree be realized.

Before we leave this subject of fountains, we will add a short extract from Savage Landor on the absurdity of elevating the statue of a hero on the top of a high column, as a hint to the many projectors of monuments to Washington, but for the special eye of Mr. Crawford and Mr. Catherwood. The satire is very pointed and highly polished; and shows the absurdity, very clearly, of putting up a statue out of sight on top of a tall pillar.

"Lysides, a young Athenian, has just returned to us from a voyage in Thrace. . . . But Lysides will appear to you to have assumed a little more than the privileges of a traveller, in relating that the people have so imperfect a sense of religion as to bury the dead in the temples of the Gods, and the priests so avaricious and shameless as to claim money for the permission of this impiety. . . . He told us furthermore of a conqueror to whom a column has been erected, sixty cubits high, supporting his effigy in marble! Imagine the general of an army standing upon a column sixty cubits high to show himself! A crane might do it after a victory over a pigny; or it might aptly represent the virtues of a rope dancer, exhibiting how little he was subject to dizziness. I will write no more about it, for I begin to think some pretty Thracian has given poor Lysides a love potion, and that it has affected his brain a little."

"The mistake is really ludicrous. The column you must have perceived at once, was erected not to display the victor, but the *vanquished*. A blunder very easy for an idle observer to commit. Few of the Thracians, I conceive, even in the interior, are so utterly ignorant of Grecian arts, as to raise a statue to such a height above the ground, that the vision shall not comprehend all the features easily, and the spectator see and contemplate the object of his admiration as nearly and in the same position as he was used to do in the Agora."—*Perciles and Aspasia*.

It is so long since the attempt was first made to build a monument to the memory of Washington in this city; the plans presented to the public have been so numerous and so magnificent; the patriotism, as manifested in resolutions and speeches at public meetings, so praiseworthy; the subscriptions have been so extensive and the results of all have been so small; that we have long since given up all expectation of ever seeing a Washington Monument in New York. The little plaster casts, from the very beautiful and appropriate model by Mr. Kneeland, we fear will be the only memento to the memory of Washington, that New York will ever erect.

#### MAGAZINE-WRITING—PETER SNOOK.

In a late number of the Democratic Review, there appeared a very excellent paper (by Mr. Duyckinck) on the subject of Magazine Literature—a subject much less thoroughly comprehended here than either in France or in England. In America we compose, now and then, agreeable essays and other matters of that character—but we have not yet caught the true Magazine spirit—a thing neither to be defined nor described. Mr. Duyckinck's article, although piquant, is not altogether to our mind. We think he places too low an estimate on the capability of the Magazine paper. He is inclined to undervalue its power—to limit unnecessarily its province—which is illimitable. In fact it is in the extent of subject, and not less in the extent or variety of *tone*, that the French and English surpass us, to so good a purpose. How very rarely are we struck with an American Magazine article, as with an absolute novelty—how frequently the foreign articles so affect us! We are so

circumstanced as to be unable to pay for elaborate compositions—and, after all, the true invention is elaborate. There is no greater mistake than the supposition that a true originality is a mere matter of impulse or inspiration. To originate is carefully, patiently, and understandingly to combine. The few American Magazinists who ever think of this elaboration at all, cannot afford to carry it into practice for the paltry prices offered them by our periodical publishers. For this and other glaring reasons, we are behind the age in a *very* important branch of literature—a branch which, moreover, is daily growing in importance—and which, in the end (not far distant) will be the *most* influential of all the departments of Letters.

We are lamentably deficient not only in invention proper, but in that which is, more strictly, *Art*. What American, for instance, in penning a criticism, ever supposes himself called upon to present his readers with more than the exact stipulation of his title—to present them with a criticism and *something beyond?* Who thinks of making his critique a work of art in itself—*independently* of its critical opinions?—a work of art, such as are all the more elaborate, and most effective reviews of Macaulay. Yet these reviews we have evinced no incapacity to appreciate, when presented. The best American review ever penned is miserably ineffective when compared with the notice of Montagu's Bacon—and yet this latter is in general a piece of tawdry sophistry, owing every thing to a consummate, to an exquisite arrangement—to a thorough and just sufficiently comprehensive diffuseness—to a masterly *climacing* of points—to a style which dazzles the understanding with its brilliancy—but not more than it misleads it by its perspicuity—causing us so distinctly to comprehend that we fancy we coincide—in a word to the perfection of Art—of all the Art which a Macaulay can wield, or which is applicable to any criticism that a Macaulay could write.

It is, however, in the composition of that class of Magazine papers which come, properly, under the head of *Tales*, that we evince the most remarkable deficiency in skill. If we except first Mr. Hawthorne—secondly, Mr. Simms—thirdly Mr. Willis—and fourthly, one or two others whom we may as well put mentally together without naming them—there is not even a respectably skilful tale-writer on this side the Atlantic. We have seen, to be sure, many very well-constructed stories—individual specimens—the work of American Magazinists; but these specimens have invariably appeared to be happy accidents of construction; their authors, in subsequent tales, having always evinced an incapacity to construct.

We have been led to a comparison of the American with the British ability in tale-writing, by a perusal of some Magazine papers, the composition of the author of "Chartley" and "The Invisible Gentleman." He is one of the best of the English journalists, and has some of the happiest peculiarities of Dickens, whom he preceded in the popular favor. The longest and best of his tales, properly so called, is "Peter Snook," and this presents so many striking points for the consideration of the Magazinist, that we feel disposed to give an account of it in full.

Peter Snook, the hero, and the *beau idéal* of a Cockney, is a retail linen-draper in Bishopgate street. He is of course a stupid and conceited, although at bottom a very good little fellow, and "always looks as if he was frightened." Matters go on very thrivingly with him, until he becomes acquainted with Miss Clarinda Bodkin, "a young lady owning to almost thirty, and withal a great proficient in the mysteries of millinery and mantua-making." Love and ambition, however, set the little gentleman somewhat beside himself. "If Miss Clarinda would but have me," says he, "we might divide the shop, and have a linen-drapery side, and a haberdashery and millinery side,

and one would help the other. There'd be only one rent to pay, and a double business—and it would be so comfortable too!" Thinking thus, Peter commences a flirtation, to which Miss Clarinda but doubtfully responds. He escorts the lady to White Conduit House, Bagnigge Wells, and other genteel places of public resort—and finally is so rash as to accede to the proposition on her part, of a trip to Margate. At this epoch of the narrative, the writer observes that the subsequent proceedings of the hero are gathered from accounts rendered by himself, when called upon, after the trip, for explanation.

It is agreed that Miss Clarinda shall set out alone for Margate—Mr. Snook following her, after some indispensable arrangements. These occupy him until the middle of July, at which period, taking passage in the "Rose in June," he safely reaches his destination. But various misfortunes here await him,—misfortunes admirably adapted to the meridian of Cockney feeling, and the capacity of Cockney endurance. His umbrella, for example, and a large brown paper parcel, containing a new pea-green coat and flower-patterned embroidered silk waistcoat, are tumbled into the water at the landing-place, and Miss Bodkin forbids him her presence in his old clothes. By a tumble of his own, too, the skin is rubbed from both his shins for several inches, and the surgeon, having no regard to the lover's cotillon engagements, enjoins on him a total abstinence from dancing. A cockchafer, moreover, is at the trouble of flying into one of his eyes, and (worse than all) a tall military-looking shoemaker, Mr. Last, has taken advantage of the linen-draper's delay in reaching Margate, to ingratiate himself with his mistress. Finally, he is cut by Last and rejected by the lady, and has nothing left for it but to secure a homeward passage in the "Rose in June."

In the evening of the second day after his departure, the vessel drops anchor off Greenwich. Most of the passengers go ashore, with the view of taking the stage to the city. Peter, however, who considers that he has already spent money enough to no purpose, prefers remaining on board. "We shall get to Billingsgate," says he, "while I am sleeping, and I shall have plenty of time to go home and dress, and go into the city and borrow the trifle I may want for Pester and Company's bill, that comes due the day after to-morrow." This determination is a source of much trouble to our hero, as will be seen in the sequel. Some shopmen who remain with him in the packet, tempt him to unusual indulgences in the way first, of brown stout, and secondly, of positive French brandy. The consequence is, that Mr. Snook falls, thirdly, asleep, and fourthly, overboard.

About dawn on the morning after this event, Ephraim Hobson, the confidential clerk and factotum of Mr. Peter Snook, is disturbed from a sound sleep by the sudden appearance of his master. That gentleman seems to be quite in a bustle, and delights Ephraim with an account of a whacking wholesale order for exportation just received. "Not a word to anybody about the matter, exclaims Peter, with unusual emphasis. "It's such an opportunity as don't come often in a man's life-time. There's a captain of a ship—he's the owner of her too; but never mind! there an't time to enter into particulars now, but you'll know all by and bye—all you have to do, is to do as I tell you—so come along!"

Setting Ephraim to work, with directions to pack up immediately all the goods in the shop, with the exception of a few trifling articles, the master avows his intention of going into the city, "to borrow enough money to make up Pester's bill for to-morrow." "I don't think you'll want much, Sir," returns Hobson with a self-complacent air. "I've been looking up the long-winded 'uns you see, since you've been gone, and have got Shy's money and Slack's account, which we'd pretty

well given up for a bad job, and one or two more. There,—there's the list—and there's the key to the strong box, where you'll find the money, besides what I've took at the counter." Peter at this seems well pleased, and shortly afterwards goes out, saying, he cannot tell when he'll be back, and giving directions that whatever goods may be sent in during his absence, shall be left untouched till his return.

It appears that, after leaving his shop, Mr. Snook proceeded to that of Jobb, Flashbill & Co. (one of whose clerks, on board the "Rose in June," had been very liberal in supplying our hero with brandy on the night of his ducking) looked over a large quantity of ducks and other goods, and finally made purchase of "a choice assortment," to be delivered the same day. His next visit was to Mr. Bluff, the managing partner in the banking-house where he usually kept his cash. His business now was to request permission to overdraw a hundred pounds for a few days.

"Humph," said Mr. Bluff, "money is very scarce but—Bless me!—yes—it's he! Excuse me a minute, Mr. Snook, there's a gentleman at the front counter whom I want particularly to speak to—I'll be back with you directly." As he uttered these words, he rushed out, and, in passing one of the clerks on his way forward, he whispered—"Tell Scribe to look at Snook's account, and let me know directly." He then went to the front counter, where several people were waiting to pay and receive money. "Fine weather this, Mr. Butt. What! you're not out of town like the rest of them?"

"No," replied Mr. Butt, who kept a thriving gin-shop, "no, I sticks to my business—make hay while the sun shines—that's my maxim. Wife up at night—I up early in the morning."

The banker chatted and listened with great apparent interest till the closing of a huge book on which he kept his eye, told him that his whispered order had been attended to. He then took a gracious leave of Mr. Butt, and returned back to the counting-house with a slip of paper, adroitly put in his hand while passing, on which was written, "Peter Snook, Linen Draper, Bishopgate Street—old account—increasing gradually—balance £153 15s. 6d.—very regular." "Sorry to keep you waiting, Mr. Snook," said he, "but we must catch people when we can. Well, what is it you were saying you wanted us to do?"

"I should like to be able to overdraw just for a few days," replied Peter.

"How much?"

"A hundred."

"Won't fifty do?"

"No, not quite, sir."

"Well, you're an honest fellow, and don't come bothering us often, so I suppose we must not be too particular with you for this once."

Leaving Bluff, Mr. Snook hurries to overtake Mr. Butt, the dealer in spirits, who had just left the banking-house before himself, and to give that gentleman an order for a hogshead of the best gin. As he is personally unknown to Mr. Butt, he hands him a card on which is written "Peter Snook, linen and muslin ware house, No.—, Bishopgate street within," etc. etc., and takes occasion to mention that he purchases at the recommendation of Mr. Bluff. The gin is to be at Queenhithe the same evening. The spirit-dealer, as soon as his new customer has taken leave, revolves in his mind the oddity of a linen draper's buying a hogshead of gin, and determines to satisfy himself of Mr. Snook's responsibility by a personal application to Mr. Bluff. On reaching the bank, however, he is told by the clerks that Mr. Bluff, being in attendance upon a committee of the House of Commons, will not be home in any reasonable time—but also that Peter Snook is a perfectly safe man. The gin is accordingly sent; and several other large orders for different goods, upon other houses, are promptly fulfilled in the same manner. Meantime Ephraim is busily engaged at home in receiving and inspecting the invoices of the various purchases as they arrive, at which employment he is occupied until dusk, when his master makes his appearance in unusually high spirits. We must here be pardoned for copying some passages :

"Well, Ephraim," he exclaimed, "this looks something like

business ! You havn't had such a job this many a day ! Shop looks well now, eh ?"

" You know best, sir," replied Hobson. " But hang me if I a'nt frightened. When we shall sell all these goods I'm sure I can't think. You talked of having a haberdashery side to the shop ; but if we go on at this rate, we shall want another side for ourselves ; I'm sure I don't know where Miss Bodkin is to be put."

" She go to Jericho !" said Peter contemptuously. " As for the goods, my boy, they'll be gone before to-morrow morning. All you and I have got to do is to pack 'em up : so let us turn to and strap at it."

Packing was Ephraim's favorite employment, but on the present occasion he set to work with a heavy heart. His master, on the contrary, appeared full of life and spirits, and corded boxes, sewed up trusses, and packed huge paper parcels with a celerity and an adroitness truly wonderful.

" Why, you don't get on, Hobson," he exclaimed ; " see what I've done ! Where's the ink-pot ?—oh, here it is !" and he proceeded to mark his packages with his initials and the letter G below. " There," he resumed, " P. S. G. ; that's for me at Gravesend. I'm to meet the Captain and owner there ; show the goods—if there's any he don't like shall bring 'em back with me ; get bills—bankers' acceptances for the rest ; see 'em safe on board *then*—but not *before*, mind that Master Ephraim ! No, no, keep my weather eye open as the men say on board the Rose in June. By the bye, I havn't told you yet about my falling overboard whap into the river."

" Falling overboard !" exclaimed the astonished shopman, quitting his occupation to stand erect and listen.

" Ay, ay," continued Peter—" see it won't do to tell you long stories *now*. There—mark that truss, will you ? Know all about it some day. Lucky job though—tell you that : got this thundering order by it. Had one tumble, first going off, at Margate. Spoilt my peagreen—never mind—that was a lucky tumble too. Hadn't been for that, shouldn't so soon have found out the game a certain person was playing with me. She go to Jericho !"

But for the frequent repetition of this favorite expression, Ephraim Hobson has since declared he should have doubted his master's identity during the whole of that evening, as there was something very singular about him ; and his strength and activity in moving the bales, boxes, and trusses, were such as he had never previously exhibited. The phrase condemning this, that, or the other thing or person to " go to Jericho," was the only expression that he uttered, as the shopman said, " naturally," and Peter repeated that whimsical anathema as often as usual.

The goods being all packed up, carts arrive to carry them away ; and, by half-past ten o'clock, the shop is entirely cleared, with the exception of some trifling articles to make show on the shelves and counters. Two hackney coaches are called. Mr. Peter Snook gets into one with a variety of loose articles which would require too much time to pack, and his shopman into another, with some more. Arriving at Queenhithe, they find all the goods previously sent, already embarked in the hold of a long-decked barge which lies near the shore. Mr. Snook now insists upon Ephraim's going on board and taking supper and some hot rum and water. This advice he follows to so good purpose that he is at length completely bewildered, when his master, taking him up in his arms, carries him on shore, and there setting him down, leaves him to make the best of his way home as he can.

About eight the next morning, Ephraim awaking, of course in a sad condition both of body and mind, sets himself immediately about arranging the appearance of the shop " so as to secure the credit of the concern." In spite of all his ingenuity, however, it maintains a poverty-stricken appearance ;—which circumstance excites some most unreasonable suspicions in the mind of Mr. Bluff's clerk, upon his calling at ten with Pester & Co.'s bill, (three hundred and sixteen pounds, seventeen shillings) and receiving, by way of payment, a check upon his own banking house for the amount—Mr. Snook having written this check before his departure with the goods, and left it with Ephraim. On reaching the bank, therefore, the clerk inquires if Peter Snook's check is good for three hundred and sixteen pounds odd, and is told that it is not worth a farthing, Mr. S. having overdrawn for a hundred. While Mr. Bluff and his assistants are conversing on this subject, Butt, the gin-dealer, calls to thank the banker for having recommended him a customer—which the banker denies having done. An explanation

ensues and " stop thief !" is the cry. Ephraim is sent for and reluctantly made to tell all he knows of his master's proceedings on the day before—by which means a knowledge is obtained of the other houses who (it is supposed) have been swindled. Getting a description of the barge which conveyed the goods from Queenhithe, the whole party of creditors now set off in pursuit.

About dawn the next morning they overtake the barge a little below Gravesend—when four men are observed leaving her, and rowing to the shore in a skiff. Peter Snook is found sitting quietly in the cabin, and, although apparently a little surprised at seeing Mr. Pester, betrays nothing like embarrassment or fear.

" Ah, Mr. Pester, is it you ? Glad to see you, sir ! So you've been taking a trip out o' town, and are going back with us ? We shall get to Billingsgate between eight and nine, they say ; and I hope it won't be later, as I've a bill of yours comes due to-day, and I want to be at home in time to write a check for it."

The goods are also found on board, together with three men in the hold, gagged and tied hand and foot. They give a strange account of themselves. Being in the employ of Mr. Heavyside, a lighterman, they were put in charge of " The Flitter" when she was hired by Peter Snook for a trip to Gravesend. According to their orders they took the barge in the first instance to a wharf near Queenhithe and helped to load her with some goods brought down in carts. Mr. Snook afterwards came on board, bringing with him two fierce looking men, and " a little man with a hooked nose" (Ephraim.) Mr. S. and the little man then " had a sort of jollification" in the cabin, till the latter got drunk and was carried ashore. They then proceeded down the river, nothing particular occurring till they had passed Greenwich Hospital, when Mr. S. ordered them to lay the barge alongside a large black sided ship. No sooner was the order obeyed than they were boarded by a number of men from said ship, who seized them, bound them, gagged them and put them in the hold.

The immediate consequence of this information is, that Peter is bound, gagged, and put down into the hold in the same manner, by way of retaliation, and for safe keeping on his way back to the city. On the arrival of the party a meeting of the creditors is called. Peter appears before them in a great rage and with the air of an injured man. Indeed his behavior is so *mal à propos* to his situation as entirely to puzzle his interrogators. He accuses the whole party of a conspiracy.

" Peter Snook," said Mr. Pester solemnly, from the chair, " that look does not become you after what has passed. Let me advise you to conduct yourself with propriety. You will find that the best policy, depend on't."

" A pretty thing for you, for to come to talk of propriety !" exclaimed Peter ; " you that seed me laid hold on by a set of ruffians, and never said a word, nor given information a'terwards ! And here have I been kept away from business I don't know how long, and shut up like a dog in a kennel ; but I look upon't you were at the bottom of it all—you and that fellow with the plum-pudding face, as blowed me up about a cask of gin ! What you both mean by it I can't think ; but if there's any law in the land, I'll make you remember it, both of you—that's what I will !"

Mr. Snook swears that he never saw Jobb in his life except on the occasion of his capture in " The Flitter," and positively denies having looked out any parcel of goods at the house of Jobb, Flashbill & Co. With the banker, Mr. Bluff, he acknowledges an acquaintance—but not having drawn for the two hundred and seventy pounds odd, or having ever overdrawn for a shilling in his life. Moreover he is clearly of opinion that the banker has still in his hands more than a hundred and fifty pounds of his (Mr. Snook's) money. He also designates several gentlemen as being no creditors of his, although they were of the number of those from whom large purchases had been made for the " whacking" shipping order,

and although their goods were found in the "Flitter." Ephraim is summoned, and testifies to all the particulars of his master's return, and the subsequent packing, cart-loading and embarkation as already told—accounting for the extravagances of Mr. Snook as being "all along of that Miss Bodkin."

"Lor', master, hi's glad to see you agin," exclaimed Ephraim. "Who'd ha' thought as 'twould come to this?"

"Come to what?" cried Peter. "I'll make 'em repent of it, every man Jack of 'em, before I've done, if there's law to be had for love or money!"

"Ah, sir," said Ephraim, "we'd better have stuck to the retail. I was afraid that shipping consarn wouldn't answer, and tell'd you so, if you recollect, but you would'n harken to me."

"What shipping concern?" inquired Peter, with a look of amazement.

"La! master," exclaimed Ephraim, "it aint of any use to pretend to keep it a secret now, when every body knows it. I didn't tell Mr. Pester, though, till the last, when all the goods was gone out of the shop, and the sheriff's officers had come to take possession of the house."

"Sheriff's officers in possession of my house!" roared Peter. All the goods gone out of the shop! What do you mean by that you rascal? What have you been doing in my absence?" And he sprang forward furiously, and seized the trembling shopman by the collar with a degree of violence which rendered it difficult for the two officers in attendance to disengage him from his hold.

Hereupon, Mr. Snap, the attorney retained by the creditors, harangues the company at some length, and intimates that Mr. Snook is either mad or acting the madman for the purpose of evading punishment. A practitioner from Bedlam is sent for, and some artifices resorted to—but to no purpose. It is found impossible to decide upon the question of sanity. The medical gentleman, in his report to the creditors, confesses himself utterly perplexed, and, without giving a decision, details the particulars of a singular story told him by Mr. Snook himself, concerning the mode of his escape from drowning after he fell overboard from the "Rose in June." "It is a strange unlikely tale to be sure," says the physician, "and if his general conversation was of that wild, imaginative, flighty kind which I have so often witnessed, I should say it was purely ideal; but he appears such a plain-spoken, simple sort of a person, that it is difficult to conceive how he could invent such a fiction." Mr. Snook's narration is then told, not in his very words, but in the author's own way, with all the particulars obtained from Peter's various recitations. We give it only in brief.

Upon tumbling overboard, Mr. Snook (at least according to his own story) swam courageously as long as he could. He was upon the point of sinking, however, when an oar was thrust under his arm, and he found himself lifted in a boat by a "dozen dark-looking men." He is taken on board a large ship, and the captain, who is a droll genius, and talks in rhyme somewhat after the fashion of the wondrous Tale of Alroy, entertains him with great cordiality, dresses him in a suit of his own clothes, makes him drink in the first place, a brimmer of "something hot," and afterwards plies him with wines and cordials of all kinds, at a supper of the most magnificent description. Warmed in body and mind by this excellent cheer, Peter reveals his inmost secrets to his host, and talks freely and minutely of a thousand things; of his man Ephraim and his oddities; of his bank account; of his great credit; of his adventures with Miss Bodkin; of his prospects in trade; and especially of the names, residences, etc. etc., of the wholesale houses with whom he is in the habit of dealing. Presently, being somewhat overcome with wine, he goes to bed at the suggestion of the captain, who promises to call him in season for a boat in the morning, which will convey him to Billingsgate in full time for Pester and Co's note. How long he slept is uncertain—but when he awoke a great change was observable in the captain's manner, who was somewhat brusque, and handed him over the ship's side into the barge where he was

discovered by the creditors in pursuit, and which he was assured would convey him to Billingsgate.

This relation, thus succinctly given by us, implies little or nothing. The result, however, to which the reader is ingeniously led by the author, is, that the real Peter Snook has been duped, and that the Peter Snook who made the various purchases about town, and who appeared to Ephraim only during the morning and evening twilight of the eventful day, was, in fact, no other person than the captain of "the strange black-sided ship." We are to believe that, taking advantage of Peter's communicativeness, and a certain degree of personal resemblance to himself, he assumed our hero's clothes while he slept, and made a bold and nearly successful attempt at wholesale peculation.

The incidents of this story are forcibly conceived, and even in the hands of an ordinary writer would scarcely fail of effect. But, in the present instance, so unusual a tact is developed in the narration, that we are inclined to rank "Peter Snook" among the few tales which (each in its own way) are absolutely faultless. It is a Flemish home-piece of the highest order—its merits lying in its chiaro 'scuro—in that blending of light and shade and shadow, where nothing is too distinct, yet where the idea is fully conveyed—in the absence of all rigid outlines and all miniature painting—in the not undue warmth of the coloring—and in a well subdued exaggeration at all points—an exaggeration never amounting to caricature.

## THE ASSIGNATION.

Stay for me there! I will not fail  
To meet thee in that hollow vale.

[*Ezequy on the death of his wife*, by Henry King, Bishop of Chichester.]

ILL-FATED and mysterious man!—bewildered in the brilliancy of thine own imagination, and fallen in the flames of thine own youth! Again in fancy I behold thee! Once more thy form hath risen before me!—not—oh not as thou art—in the cold valley and shadow—but as thou *shouldst* be—squandering away a life of magnificent meditation in that city of dim visions, thine own Venice—which is a star-beloved Elysium of the sea, and the wide windows of whose Palladian palaces look down with a deep and bitter meaning upon the secrets of her silent waters. Yes! I repeat it—as thou *shouldst* be. There are surely other worlds than this—other thoughts than the thoughts of the multitude—other speculations than the speculations of the sophist. Who then shall call thy conduct into question? who blame thee for thy visionary hours, or denounce those occupations as a wasting away of life, which were but the overflows of thine everlasting energies?

It was at Venice, beneath the covered archway there called the *Ponte di Sospiri*, that I met for the third or fourth time the person of whom I speak. It is with a confused recollection that I bring to mind the circumstances of that meeting. Yet I remember—ah! how should I forget?—the deep midnight, the Bridge of Sighs, the beauty of woman, and the Genius of Romance that stalked up and down the narrow canal.

It was a night of unusual gloom. The great clock of the Piazza had sounded the fifth hour of the Italian evening. The square of the Campanile lay silent and deserted, and the lights in the old Ducal Palace were dying fast away. I was returning home from the Piazzetta, by way of the Grand Canal. But as my gondola arrived opposite the mouth of the canal San Marco, a female voice from its recesses broke suddenly upon the night, in one wild, hysterical, and long continued shriek. Startled at the sound, I sprang upon my feet: while the gondolier, letting slip his single oar, lost it in the pitchy darkness beyond a chance of recovery, and we were consequently left to the guidance of the current which here sets from the greater into the smaller channel. Like some huge and sable-feathered condor, we were slowly drifting down towards the Bridge of Sighs, when a thousand flambeaux flashing from the windows, and down the staircases of the Ducal Palace, turned all at once that deep gloom into a livid and preternatural day.

A child, slipping from the arms of its own mother, had fallen

from an upper window of the lofty structure into the deep and dim canal. The quiet waters had closed placidly over their victim; and, although my own gondola was the only one in sight, many a stout swimmer, already in the stream, was seeking in vain upon the surface, the treasure which was to be found, alas! only within the abyss. Upon the broad black marble flagstones at the entrance of the palace, and a few steps above the water, stood a figure which none who then saw can have ever since forgotten. It was the Marchesa Aphrodite—the adoration of all Venice—the gayest of the gay—the most lovely where all were beautiful—but still the young wife of the old and intriguing Mentoni, and the mother of that fair child, her first and only one, who now deep beneath the murky water, was thinking in bitterness of heart upon her sweet caresses, and exhausting its little life in struggles to call upon her name.

She stood alone. Her small, bare, and silvery feet gleamed in the black mirror of marble beneath her. Her hair, not as yet more than half loosened for the night from its ball-room array, clustered, amid a shower of diamonds, round and round her classical head, in curls like those of the young hyacinth. A snowy-white and gauze-like drapery seemed to be nearly the sole covering to her delicate form; but the mid-summer and midnight air was hot, sullen, and still, and no motion in the statue-like form itself, stirred even the folds of that raiment of very vapor which hung around it as the heavy marble hangs around the Niobe. Yet—strange to say!—her large lustrous eyes were not turned downwards upon that grave wherein her brightest hope lay buried—but riveted in a widely different direction! The prison of the Old Republic is, I think, the stateliest building in all Venice—but how could that lady gaze so fixedly upon it, when beneath her lay stifling her only child? Von dark, gloomy niche, too, yawns right opposite her chamber window—what, then, could there be in its shadows—in its architecture—in its ivy-wreathed and solemn cornices—that the Marchesa di Mentoni had not wondered at a thousand times before? Nonsense!—Who does not remember that, at such a time as this, the eye, like a shattered mirror, multiplies the images of its sorrow, and sees in innumerable far off places, the woe which is close at hand?

Many steps above the Marchesa, and within the arch of the water-gate, stood, in full dress, the Satyr-like figure of Mentoni himself. He was occasionally occupied in thrumming a guitar, and seemed *enivré* to the very death, as at intervals he gave directions for the recovery of his child. Stupified and aghast, I had myself no power to move from the upright position I had assumed upon first hearing the shriek, and must have presented to the eyes of the agitated group a spectral and ominous appearance, as with pale countenance and rigid limbs, I floated down among them in that funereal gondola.

All efforts proved in vain. Many of the most energetic in the search were relaxing their exertions, and yielding to a gloomy sorrow. There seemed but little hope for the child; (how much less than for the mother!) but now, from the interior of that dark niche which has been already mentioned as forming a part of the Old Republican prison, and as fronting the lattice of the Marchesa, a figure muffled in a cloak, stepped out within reach of the light, and, pausing a moment upon the verge of the giddy descent, plunged headlong into the canal. As, in an instant afterwards, he stood with the still living and breathing child within his grasp, upon the marble flagstones by the side of the Marchesa, his cloak, heavy with the drenching water, became unfastened, and, falling in folds about his feet, discovered to the wonder-stricken spectators the graceful person of a very young man, with the sound of whose name the greater part of Europe was then ringing.

No word spoke the deliverer. But the Marchesa! She will now receive her child—she will press it to her heart—she will cling to its little form, and smother it with her caresses. Alas! another's arms have taken it from the stranger—another's arms have taken it away, and borne it afar off, unnoticed, into the palace! And the Marchesa! Her lip—her beautiful lip trembles: tears are gathering in her eyes—those eyes which, like Pliny's acanthus, are "soft and almost liquid." Yes: tears are gathering in those eyes—and see! the entire woman thrills throughout the soul, and the statue has started into life! The pallor of the marble countenance, the swelling of the marble bosom, the very purity of the marble feet, we behold suddenly flushed over with a tide of ungovernable crimson; and a slight shudder quivers about her delicate frame, as a gentle air at Napoli about the rich silver lilies in the grass.

Why should that lady blush! To this demand there is no answer—except that, having left, in the eager haste and terror

of a mother's heart, the privacy of her own *boudoir*, she has neglected to enthrall her tiny feet in their slippers, and utterly forgotten to throw over her Venitian shoulders that drapery which is their due. What other possible reason could there have been for her so blushing?—for the glance of those wild appealing eyes?—for the unusual tumult of that throbbing bosom?—for the convulsive pressure of that trembling hand?—that hand which fell, as Mentoni turned into the palace, accidentally, upon the hand of the stranger. What reason could there have been for the low—the singularly low tone of those unmeaning words which the lady uttered hurriedly in bidding him adieu? "Thou hast conquered"—she said, or the murmurs of the water deceived me—"thou hast conquered—one hour after sunrise—we shall meet—so let it be!"

\* \* \* \* \*

The tumult had subsided, the lights had died away within the palace, and the stranger, whom I now recognised, stood alone upon the flags. He shook with inconceivable agitation, and his eye glanced around in search of a gondola. I could not do less than offer him the service of my own; and he accepted the civility. Having obtained an oar at the water-gate, we proceeded together to his residence, while he rapidly recovered his self-possession, and spoke of our former slight acquaintance in terms of great apparent cordiality.

There are some subjects upon which I take pleasure in being minute. The person of the stranger—let me call him by this title, who to all the world was still a stranger—the person of the stranger is one of these subjects. In height he might have been below rather than above the medium size: although there were moments of intense passion when his frame actually expanded and belied the assertion. The light, almost slender symmetry of his figure, promised more of that ready activity which he evinced at the Bridge of Sighs, than of that Herculean strength which he has been known to wield without an effort, upon occasions of more dangerous emergency. With the mouth and chin of a deity—singular, wild, full, liquid eyes, whose shadows varied from pure hazel to intense and brilliant jet—and a profusion of curling, black hair, from which a forehead of unusual breadth gleamed forth at intervals all light and ivory—his were features than which I have seen none more classically regular, except, perhaps, the marble ones of the Emperor Commodus. Yet his countenance was, nevertheless, one of those which all men have seen at some period of their lives, and have never afterwards seen again. It had no peculiar—it had no settled predominant expression to be fastened upon the memory; a countenance seen and instantly forgotten—but forgotten with a vague and never-ceasing desire of recalling it to mind. Not that the spirit of each rapid passion failed, at any time, to throw its own distinct image upon the mirror of that face—but that the mirror, mirror-like, retained no vestige of the passion, when the passion had departed.

Upon leaving him on the night of our adventure, he solicited me, in what I thought an urgent manner, to call upon him *very* early the next morning. Shortly after sunrise, I found myself accordingly at his Palazzo, one of those huge structures of gloomy, yet fantastic pomp, which tower above the waters of the Grand Canal in the vicinity of the Rialto. I was shown up a broad winding staircase of mosaics, into an apartment whose unparalleled splendor burst through the opening door with an actual glare, making me blind and dizzy with luxuriosness.

I knew my acquaintance to be wealthy. Report had spoken of his possessions in terms which I had even ventured to call terms of ridiculous exaggeration. But as I gazed about me, I could not bring myself to believe that the wealth of any subject in Europe could have supplied the princely magnificence which burned and blazed around.

Although, as I say, the sun had arisen, yet the room was still brilliantly lighted up. I judged from this circumstance, as well as from an air of exhaustion in the countenance of my friend, that he had not retired to bed during the whole of the preceding night. In the architecture and embellishments of the chamber, the evident design had been to dazzle and astound. Little attention had been paid to the *decora* of what is technically called *keeping*, or to the proprieties of nationality. The eye wandered from object to object, and rested upon none—neither the *grotesques* of the Greek painters, nor the sculptures of the best Italian days, nor the huge carvings of untutored Egypt. Rich draperies in every part of the room trembled to the vibration of low, melancholy music, whose origin was not to be discovered. The senses were oppressed by mingled and conflicting perfume reeking up from strange convolute censers, together with multitudinous flaring and flickering tongues of emerald and violet fire.

The rays of the newly risen sun poured in upon the whole, through windows formed each of a single pane of crimson-tinted glass. Glancing to and fro, in a thousand reflections, from curtains which rolled from their cornices like cataracts of molten silver, the beams of natural glory mingled at length fitfully with the artificial light, and lay weltering in subdued masses upon a carpet of rich, liquid-looking cloth of Chili gold.

"Ha! ha! ha!—ha! ha! ha!"—laughed the proprietor, motioning me to a seat as I entered the room, and throwing himself back at full length upon an ottoman. "I see," said he, perceiving that I could not immediately reconcile myself to the *bien:éance* of so singular a welcome—"I see you are astonished at my apartment—at my statues—my pictures—my originality of conception in architecture and upholstery—absolutely drunk, eh? with my magnificence. But pardon me, my dear sir, (here his tone of voice dropped to the very spirit of cordiality,) pardon me for my uncharitable laughter. You appeared so *utterly* astonished. Besides, some things are so completely ludicrous that a man *must* laugh or die. To die laughing must be the most glorious of all glorious deaths! Sir Thomas More—a very fine man was Sir Thomas More—Sir Thomas More died laughing, you remember. Also in the *Absurdities* of Ravisius Textor, there is a long list characters who came to the same magnificent end. Do you know, however?" continued he musingly, "that at Sparta (which is now Palaeochori), at Sparta, I say, to the west of the citadel, among a chaos of scarcely visible ruins, is a kind of *socle* upon which are still legible the letters AAΞM. They are undoubtedly part of ΕΕΑΑΞΜΑ. Now at Sparta were a thousand temples and shrines to a thousand different divinities. How exceedingly strange that the altar of Laughter should have survived all the others! But in the present instance," he resumed, with a singular alteration of voice and manner, "I have no right to be merry at your expense. You might well have been amazed. Europe cannot produce anything so fine as this, my little regal cabinet. My other apartments are by no means of the same order; mere *ultras* of fashionable insipidity. This is better than fashion—is it not? Yet this has but to be seen to become the rage—that is, with those who could afford it at the cost of their entire patrimony. I have guarded, however, against any such profanation. With one exception you are the only human being besides myself and my *valet*, who has been admitted within the mysteries of these imperial precincts, since they have been bedizened as you see!"

I bowed in acknowledgment: for the overpowering sense of splendor and perfume, and music, together with the unexpected eccentricity of his address and manner, prevented me from expressing, in words, my appreciation of what I might have construed into a compliment.

"Here," he resumed, arising and leaning on my arm as he sauntered around the apartment, "here are paintings from the Greeks to Cimabue, and from Cimabue to the present hour. Many are chosen, as you see, with little deference to the opinions of Virtù. They are all, however, fitting tapestry for a chamber such as this. Here too, are some *chef d'œuvres* of the unknown great—and here unfinished designs by men, celebrated in their day, whose very names the perspicacity of the academies has left to silence and to me. What think you?" said he, turning abruptly as he spoke—"what think you of this Madonna della Pietà?"

"It is Guido's own!" I said with all the enthusiasm of my nature, for I had been poring intently over its surpassing loveliness. "It is Guido's own!—how could you have obtained it?—she is undoubtedly in painting what the Venus is in sculpture."

"Ha!" said he thoughtfully, "the Venus—the beautiful Venus?—the Venus of the Medici?—she of the diminutive head and the gilded hair? Part of the left arm (here his voice dropped so as to be heard with difficulty), and all the right are restorations, and in the coquetry of that right arm lies, I think, the quintessence of all affection. Give me the Canova! The Apollo, too!—is a copy—there can be no doubt of it—blind fool that I am, who cannot behold the boasted inspiration of the Apollo! I cannot help—pity me!—I cannot help preferring the Antinous. Was it not Socrates who said that the statuary found his statue in the block of marble? Then Michael Angelo was by no means original in his couplet—

'Non ha l'ottimo artista alcun concetto  
Chè un marmo solo in se non circumscriva.'

It has been, or should be remarked, that, in the manner of the true gentleman, we are always aware of a difference from the bearing of the vulgar, without being at once precisely able to determine in what such difference consists. Allowing the

remark to have applied in its full force to the outward demeanor of my acquaintance, I felt it, on that eventful morning, still more fully applicable to his moral temperament and character. Nor can I better define that peculiarity of spirit which seemed to place him so essentially apart from all other human beings, than by calling it a *habit* of intense and continual thought, pervading even his most trivial actions—intruding upon his moments of dalliance—and interweaving itself with his very flashes of merriment—like adders which writhe from out the eyes of the grinning masks in the cornices around the temples of Persepolis.

I could not help, however, repeatedly observing, through the mingled tone of levity and solemnity with which he rapidly descended upon matters of little importance, a certain air of trepidation—a degree of nervous *unction* in action and in speech—an unquiet excitability of manner which appeared to me at all times unaccountable, and upon some occasions even filled me with alarm. Frequently, too, pausing in the middle of a sentence whose commencement he had apparently forgotten, he seemed to be listening in the deepest attention, as if either in momentary expectation of a visiter, or to sounds which must have had existence in his imagination alone.

It was during one of these reveries or pauses of apparent abstraction, that, in turning over a page of the poet and scholar Politian's beautiful tragedy "The Orfeo," (the first native Italian tragedy,) which lay near me upon an ottoman, I discovered a passage underlined in pencil. It was a passage towards the end of the third act—a passage of the most heart-stirring excitement—a passage which, although tainted with impurity, no man shall read without a thrill of novel emotion—no woman without a sigh. The whole page was blotted with fresh tears, and, upon the opposite interleaf, were the following English lines, written in a hand so very different from the peculiar characters of my acquaintance, that I had some difficulty in recognising it as his own.

Thou wast that all to me, love,  
For which my soul did pine—  
A green isle in the sea, love,  
A fountain and a shrine,  
All wreathed with fairy fruits and flowers;  
And all the flowers were mine.

Ah, dream too bright to last;  
Ah, starry Hope that didst arise  
But to be overcast!  
A voice from out the Future cries  
"Onward!"—but o'er the Past  
(Dim gulf!) my spirit hovering lies,  
Mute, motionless, aghast!

For alas! alas! with me  
The light of life is o'er.  
"No more—no more—no more,"  
(Such language holds the solemn sea  
To the sands upon the shore.)  
Shall bloom the thunder-blasted tree,  
Or the stricken eagle soar?

Now all my hours are trances;  
And all my nightly dreams  
Are where thy dark eye glances,  
And where thy footstep gleams,  
In what ethereal dances,  
By what Italian streams.

Alas! for that accursed time  
They bore thee o'er the billow,  
From Love to titled age and crime,  
And an unholy pillow—  
From me, and from our misty clime,  
Where weeps the silver willow!

That these lines were written in English—a language with which I had not believed their author acquainted—afforded me little matter for surprise. I was too well aware of the extent of his acquirements, and of the singular pleasure he took in concealing them from observation, to be astonished at any similar discovery; but the place of date, I must confess, occasioned me no little amazement. It had been originally written *London*, and afterwards carefully overscored—not, however, so effectually as to conceal the word from a scrutinizing eye. I say this occasioned me no little amazement; for I well remember that, in a former conversation with my friend, I particularly inquir'd if he had at any time met in London the Marchesa di Mentoni, (who for some years previous to her

marriage had resided in that city,) when his answer, if I mistake not, gave me to understand that he had never visited the metropolis of Great Britain. I might as well here mention, that I have more than once heard, (without of course giving credit to a report involving so many improbabilities,) that the person of whom I speak was not only by birth, but in education, an *Englishman*.

\* \* \* \* \*

"There is one painting," said he, without being aware of my notice of the tragedy—"there is still one painting which you have not seen." And throwing aside a drapery, he discovered a full length portrait of the Marchesa Aphrodite.

Human art could have done no more in the delineation of her superhuman beauty. The same ethereal figure which stood before me the preceding night upon the steps of the Ducal Palace, stood before me once again. But in the expression of the countenance, which was beaming all over with smiles, there still lurked (incomprehensible anomaly!) that fitful stain of melancholy which will ever be found inseparable from the perfection of the beautiful. Her right arm lay folded over her bosom. With her left she pointed downward to a curiously fashioned vase. One small, fairy foot, alone visible, barely touched the earth—and, scarcely discernible in the brilliant atmosphere which seemed to encircle and enshrine her loveliness, floated a pair of the most delicately imagined wings. My glance fell from the painting to the figure of my friend, and the vigorous words of Chapman's *Bussy D'Ambois* quivered instinctively upon my lips :

"He is up  
There like a Roman statue ! He will stand  
Till Death hath made him marble!"

"Come!" he said at length, turning towards a table of richly enamelled and massive silver, upon which were a few goblets fantastically stained, together with two large Etruscan vases, fashioned in the same extraordinary model as that in the foreground of the portrait, and filled with what I supposed to be Johannisberger. "Come!" he said abruptly, "let us drink ! It is early—but let us drink. It is *indeed* early," he continued, musingly, as a cherub with a heavy golden hammer, made the apartment ring with the first hour after sunrise—"It is *indeed* early, but what matters it ? let us drink ! Let us pour out an offering to yon solemn sun which these gaudy lamps and censers are so eager to subdue !" And, having made me pledge him in a bumper, he swallowed in rapid succession several goblets of the wine.

"To dream," he continued, resuming the tone of his desultory conversation, as he held up to the rich light of a censer one of the magnificent vases—"to dream has been the business of my life. I have therefore framed for myself, as you see, a bower of dreams. In the heart of Venice could I have erected a better ? You behold around you, it is true, a medley of architectural embellishments. The chastity of Ionia is offended by antediluvian devices, and the sphynxes of Egypt are outstretched upon carpets of gold. Yet the effect is incongruous to the timid alone. Proprieties of place, and especially of time, are the bugbears which terrify mankind from the contemplation of the magnificent. Once I was myself a decorator : but that sublimation of folly has palled upon my soul. All this is now the fitter for my purpose. Like these arabesque censers, my spirit is writhing in fire, and the delirium of this scene is fashioning me for the wilder visions of that land of real dreams whither I am now rapidly departing." He here paused abruptly, bent his head to his bosom, and seemed to listen to a sound which I could not hear. At length, erecting his frame, he looked upwards and ejaculated the lines of the Bishop of Chichester :

*Stay for me there ! I will not fail  
To meet thee in that hollow vale.*

In the next instant, confessing the power of the wine, he threw himself at full length upon an ottoman.

A quick step was now heard upon the staircase, and a loud knock at the door rapidly succeeded. I was hastening to anticipate a second disturbance, when a page of Mentoni's household burst into the room, and faltered out, in a voice choking with emotion, the incoherent words, "My mistress!—my mistress!—poisoned!—poisoned ! Oh beautiful—oh beautiful Aphrodite!"

Bewildered, I flew to the ottoman, and endeavored to arouse the sleeper to a sense of the startling intelligence. But his limbs were rigid—his lips were livid—his lately beaming eyes were riveted in death. I staggered back towards the table—

my hand fell upon a cracked and blackened goblet—and a consciousness of the entire and terrible truth flashed suddenly over my soul.

EDGAR A. POE.

### Original Poetry.

#### SONG OF THE FLOWERS TO THE SUNBEAM.

Thou slender ray of finest gold,  
Thridding the dusky sky,  
Thou leapest from thy burnished fold,  
And, all in morning garments stol'd,  
Earth-ward dost fly.

Thou toilst through the live-long day,  
Feeding the hungry flowers,  
Our little lids we open lay,  
Our little lips unclose to say—  
"All thine is ours."

For fast within thy heart are braided  
By the dear Father's hand  
The seven-fold colors softly shaded,  
That melting blend, pure and unfaded,  
Throughout the band.

And, while thou tendest us with care,  
We ever strive to win,  
Of all thy hues, some little share,  
Or choosing one that seems most fair,  
Stand clothed therein.

Our sister violet lowly crowned—  
She stealth but one hue,  
She lieth hidden on the ground,  
And hath more need to spread around  
Her sky of blue.

Within her heart-shaped leaves, the rose  
Garners thy nectar up,  
And when thou biddest her unclose,  
Red morning clouds spread forth their shows  
Within her cup.

To thousand little flowers that spring  
Amid the grass so green,  
Rich yellow raiment thou dost bring,  
That they within the grass may fling  
A sunny sheen.

But the great lily, high apart,  
Loves ALL thy colors bright,  
And weaves them in with thine own art,  
Until her patient, glorious heart  
Stands rob'd in white.

O ray, the Sun, thy burnished fold,  
Moweth adown the steep,  
Farewell, now spread the shadows cold,  
Forth from the eastern sky unroll'd,  
And we must sleep.

MARIA LOWELL.

#### ASTARTE.

Thy lustre, heavenly star, shines ever on me !

I, trembling, like Endymion over-bent  
By dazzling Dian, when, with wonderment

He saw her crescent light the Latmian lea ;  
And, like a Naiad's sailing on the sea,

Floats thy fair form before me—the azure air  
Is all ambrosial with thy hyacinth hair ;  
While round thy lips, the moth, in airy glee  
Hovers, and hums in dim and dizzy dreams—

Drunken with odorous breath—thy argent eyes,  
Twin planets, swimming through love's lustrous skies,  
Are mirror'd in my heart's serenest streams.  
Such eyes saw Shakespeare—flashing, bold and bright,  
When queenly Egypt rode the Nile at night.

Philadelphia, May, 1845.

HENRY B. HIRST.

## REVIEWS.

**FLEETWOOD, OR THE STAIN OF BIRTH.** A Novel of American Life. By the Author of *Philip in Search of a Wife, &c., &c.* New York. Burgess, Stringer & Co. 1845.

A novel of American life is one of the greatest novelties in literature ; and we took up "Fleetwood," therefore, with peculiar pleasure, anticipating, from its winning title, an unusual treat. Novels of Irish life, Scotch life, Cockney life, French life, and even of Swedish and Russian life, are as plenty as blackberries, in our booksellers' shops. But hitherto, nobody but Mr. Dickens and Mrs. Trollope, has made an attempt at American life. It certainly speaks little for the imagination of our twenty millions, that not one among them has been found capable of giving a sketch of their characters. We have not produced a single book which can be pointed to as containing an insight into the peculiarities of the national character. Mrs. Clavers has made the most successful attempt, but her sketches are confined to a very limited circle of characters. Very perfect, they are, as far as they reach ; but our American novelist is yet in embryo, and in embryo must remain, until an international copy-right law shall enable the genius of the nation to develope itself. The author of the book before us, says in his preface, which he calls an "overture," that twenty thousand copies of his last work were sold ; a much greater number we fear, than were read, for we do not remember to have heard it named or to have seen it alluded to, by any of our critics or reviews. Twenty thousand copies are a monstrous edition for a novel, much larger than any of Walter Scott's ever reached, and probably four times greater than either of Bulwer's or James' novels has ever amounted to in their best days. Cheap reading, we mistrust, produces cheap readers. A great majority of the books published at the present day, novels in particular, are pure luxuries, and a luxury to be held in any esteem must not come too cheap. If novels and truffles were given away, we doubt whether half the quantity of either would be devoured, that there is at present. Authors and booksellers made a terrible mistake when they introduced the cheap system. Nothing has saved the present race of English novelists from utter oblivion, but publishing in three volumes at a guinea and a half. A book needs the endorsement of a review to give it a circulating value, but who will waste time in reviewing a work which is shabbily printed and sold for a shilling ? Mr. Cooper has lost half his popularity at home, since he reduced the price of his novels ; but abroad where the old price is adhered to, he meets with the same dignified reception that he ever did. Whether such a book as Fleetwood would meet with a more profitable sale if the prices were greater we have doubts, but if the uniform price of novels were greater, we should have no Fleetwoods at all, but in their place works of a much higher order of merit.

The sub-titles of Fleetwood are both misnomers ; first there is no character in it to whom the stain of birth is fixed, and secondly it contains no American life, nor any other life indeed, although it contains several American names. The first chapter of the work affords a fair specimen of the author's style, which is stiff and pompous,—inflated without being light, and dreadfully hard without any force ;—it begins in this abrupt and grandiloquent style :

"Midnight brought with it no abatement of the violence of the gale. During the day it had swept in eddying gusts through the broad avenues and narrow cross streets of the city, carrying desolation and dismay—prostrating chimneys—scattering the slates from the roofs, and making sad havoc with the wooden signs which adorned the districts devoted to traffic. One man, as he was passing up Broadway, had been knocked on the head by the shaft of a canvass awning, and instantly

killed. Others had been severely bruised by the flying fragments, strewn at random by the blast. The dwellers on the North River had been appalled by the lurid aspect and the rapid swelling of that majestic stream. Its tortured waters would writhe and convolve into large ridges of foam, as if a new ocean were struggling for birth beneath its laboring surface, &c., &c." Much more of similar description follows, which the reader will naturally suppose has something to do with the story, but it hasn't. The man knocked on the head by the shaft of a canvass awning and instantly killed, as he was going up Broadway, is a touch of "American life," and should be a caution to our citizens to get into an omnibus when wooden signs, slates and chimneys are "strewn at random by the blast." "The dwellers on the North River" and the "shaft of a canvass awning," are objects of which we have no very clear idea, although we are tolerably familiar with the river and with awnings.

In the midst of this tremendous storm, the door of a house opens, "a young man might have been seen,"—he must have been seen, or the fact could not have been chronicled—"to issue forth unattended." Though young women do not often issue forth unattended in stormy nights, it is a very common occurrence with young men ; and we do not, therefore, see the necessity of noticing the fact. The young man after he has issued forth, holds this remarkable conversation with somebody who had lighted him to the door :

" You had better stay, Challoner. It is a dreadful night. Come back."

" No, I thank you, Winton. I shall get along very well. Good night."

What does the reader suppose that this young man, who had issued forth unattended at midnight, did in the midst of a pelting snow storm, when chimneys were flying about at random, and the waters of the North River wore convolving themselves into lurid aspects and so forth ? We will let the author answer.

" No sooner had the door closed upon him than he threw his cloak over his arm, took off his hat, tore open his vest, and stood with his face to the blast, as if its snow-laden currents were hardly strong and chilly enough to cool the fever of his brain. His person bared to the storm, he walked slowly on like one immersed in thought." Now to our thinking he acted much more like one immersed in liquor than thought.

This gentleman had just left a gambling house, where he had lost all his money, and having a young wife at home whose destitution he commiserates, he coolly stops at the door of a courtesan and requests the trifling loan of a hundred dollars of the bawd who keeps the house. His request is politely complied with, but before he reaches his own house, "as he was turning the corner of a well known street, (there are several in New York) a chimney was hurled into fragments by the blast. The scattered débris struck him violently on the head and felled him to the earth." Débris is, we suppose, a new name for bricks, we know of no other material of which chimneys are composed. "The storm howled on, and spread its flaky winding sheet over his body ; and there he was found under the incarnadined snow, a ghastly spectacle, by the early morning light."

This is the last of the chapter and the last of the unfortunate gentleman ; we hear of him no more until the book is closing. The next chapter begins with a conversation between "two young men equipped for a shooting excursion," seventeen years after the "tragedy event which we have narrated." The scene is in Connecticut near the Sound ; the two young men are the heroes of the novel, very intimate friends, who appear afterwards to have had not the slightest regard for each other. As they stand conversing after the manner of Amer-

ican high life, they see a young female on the brow of a small sandy acclivity in the act of falling from a spirited horse. Fleetwood, the man-angel of the story, "darted to her relief and caught her in his arms, while her horse in his fright, was twisting round like—" Like what? We would bet a trifle that no reader, though ever so familiar with horses, could ever guess,—"*like water as it leaves a tunnel!*" This young lady is the woman-angel of course, with "chiselled loveliness of features," not to be described; and "long eye-lashes that curtained dark blue balls." He and she fall in love without the slightest hesitation, as a matter of course; the merest tyro in novel-reading could tell that. But we regret for "American life," that Mr. Fleetwood was guilty of an act which not only proves him to be either an ass or a villain, but also lets us into the secret of the author's estimation of a gentleman and of his experience of "American life." While the young lady rests in a fainting condition in his arms, he has the meanness, which no butcher's boy would be guilty of, to kiss her lips and her cheek; and when Glenham, his companion, interrupts him, he requests that American gentleman to run and call a physician, to which Mr. Glenham replies, "using a school boy's colloquial vulgarity," as the author elegantly expresses it, "in what part of my eye do you see anything green?"

Fleetwood is a young gentleman of very large fortune without a relative in the world, although he is a descendant of the royal families of England and France, all his relations having been blown up in steamboats or lost at sea. His father had enjoined upon him never to marry a woman of inferior birth to himself; but Adelaide, the heroine, proves to be the offspring of a left-handed connexion; in fact her mother was the keeper of the very brothel from whom the unfortunate gentleman, who was killed by the débris of a chimney, borrowed a hundred dollars in the first chapter. What of that? Love is not only blind, but an unprincipled vagabond, and Fleetwood, under his directions, pays not the slightest regard to his father's injunctions, but proposes to marry Adelaide, who agrees to marry him, after fifteen minutes' acquaintance. The young lady's mother, however, puts a stop to the match by taking her daughter back to New York, with an intention of putting her upon the stage; her extremely modest and shrinking manners rendering her a capital subject for the display of the theatre. Augusta, the mother of the young lady, who still keeps up her establishment, in a "well-known street," forms a league with Mr. Gordon, a rich merchant, Glenham, Fleetwood's friend, and Count La Salle, a French gentleman, to prevent Fleetwood from marrying Adelaide, and to carry their purpose, they resort to practices which we trust no three individuals could be found in the world base enough to undertake. But quite as a matter of course they don't succeed. Adelaide turns out to be the lawful daughter of the débris-killed gentleman and the heiress of a large fortune, which she bequeaths to Fleetwood and dies; he gives the money to the greatest rogue in the book and goes a travelling, and the book is at an end. But a letter from Mrs. Davenant in Paris to her friend in New York, intimates that there is probability of a match being made between Fanny Ellsler the younger, a Park Theatre figurante, whom Adelaide took under her protection before she died, and Fleetwood, who has been travelling in the East.

"Fleetwood" is probably quite as good a book as many of those that issue from our press and are eagerly read by the young and thoughtless, doing them no more harm than any other merely idle employment, and we should not have selected it from a mass of flimsy things for an extended notice, had not the presumption of the author, in putting "a Novel of American life" in the title page, arrested our attention. American life is human life, and the author who aims to represent

American men and women, must bear in mind the importance of making them appear like human beings, if he would have them pass current with the rest of the world.

#### NEW WORKS LATELY RECEIVED.

[Under this heading we propose to give merely the title, or a succinct account, of all new works which may come to hand, and which are not reviewed at length in another portion of the Journal. Many of the publications here announced, however, will be made the subject of review hereafter. Those marked with an asterisk will *certainly* be noticed in full.]

*An Explanatory and Phonographic Pronouncing Dictionary of the English Language:* To which is added a Vocabulary of Greek, Latin, Scripture, Christian, and Geographical Names, with their Pronunciation; together with a Collection of Words and Phrases from Foreign Languages, often met with in the Works of English Writers, with their Signification. Edited by William Bolles. New London. Published by Bolles & Williams.\*

An admirable work. We give, for the present, merely its table of Contents:

Preface—Introduction—Directions to Foreigners—Directions to the natives of Ireland—*An Explanatory and Phonographic Pronouncing Dictionary of the English Language*—A Vocabulary of Greek and Latin Proper Names, with their Pronunciation—A Vocabulary of Scripture Proper Names, with their Pronunciation—A Vocabulary of Christian or given Names, with their Pronunciation—A Vocabulary of Geographical Names, with their pronunciation—Words and Phrases from Foreign Languages, with their Signification—A List of Abbreviations, with their Explanations—Maxims and Proverbs, alphabetically arranged—Distinguished Characters of Ancient Greece, arranged by Centuries—Distinguished Characters of Ancient Rome, arranged by Centuries—Distinguished Characters of Several European Nations—Distinguished Characters of Great Britain—Value of Money of Different Countries.

*Smith's Weekly Volume.* Conducted by the original Editor of "Waldie's Library." No. 1 to 23. Vol. 1.

This is altogether the handsomest publication of the kind that has been undertaken. The selections are made with good taste, and the amount of matter given very liberal. The external appearance of the "Volume" is very beautiful; we only object to the Vignette, which is copied from Knight's "weekly volume." The number before us contains in full the eventful life of a Soldier.

*Manual of Orthopedic Surgery.* Being a Dissertation which obtained the Boylston Prize for 1844, on the following question:—"In what cases and to what extent is the division of muscles, tendons, or other parts proper for the relief of deformity or lameness?" By Henry Jacob Bigelow, M. D. Boston. William D. Ticknor & Co.

This is, beyond doubt, a work of high value. Its treatises on Strabismus and Stammering, are the only complete examinations of these subjects that have ever appeared in America. A very handsome octavo.

*Richardsiana; or, Hits at the Style of Popular American Authors.* New York. Henderson Greeen.

A remarkably clever jeu d'esprit after the fashion of "Rejected Addresses." The authors introduced are Croaker & Co.; Daniel Webster; Longfellow; Willis; Irving; Morris; Woodworth; Halleck; Bryant; McDonald Clarke; and two others whom we do not recognize.

*The Bustle: a Philosophical and Moral Poem.* Boston. Bela Marsh.

A poem of 155 of the Don Juan stanzas. It is wretchedly

versified, and lacks point. Its philosophy, and even its truth, we regard as undeniable; but its decency may be well questioned—or, rather, its gross indecency cannot.

*The Complete Evangelist.* Comprising the History of the Life, Actions, Death, Resurrection, Ascension, and Doctrine of Jesus Christ. Intended to embrace every important Expression and Idea recorded in the Writings of Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, in the words of the Authorized Translation. The whole arranged according to the order of time in which the several transactions occurred, as nearly as that order can be ascertained. Edited by William Bolles. New London. Bolles & Williams.

*The Quaker City; or, The Monks of Monk-Hall.* A Romance of Philadelphia Life, Mystery, and Crime. By George Lippard, Esq., Author of the "Ladye Annabel," "Herbert Tracy," "The Battle-Day of Germantown," "Adrian the Neophyte," etc. etc. Philadelphia. Published by the Author.

A large octavo of 500 pages. Its composition is hurried and uneven—but the author gives unequivocal indication of genius. The frontispiece is an admirable design by Darley.

*The Mysteries of Berlin.* To be completed in Ten Parts. New York. William H. Colyer.

The Second Part is just received.

*Eveline Neville;* or, "A Spirit, yet a Woman too." By a Lady of the South. New York. Burgess & Stringer.

This is a handsomely printed novel in pamphlet form. Its tone is good, and its style remarkably pure. We feel much interest in it for various reasons, and will probably recur to it hereafter. Can any one tell us who wrote it?

*The Progress of Passion.* A Poem in Four Books. By the Rev. Henry W. Sweetser, M. A. New York. C. Shephard.

A long didactic poem (if there is such a thing as a didactic poem) in the blank Iambic Pentameter, awkwardly managed. There are many forcible thoughts tersely expressed; but, upon the whole, we dislike the work. We quote a few of the concluding lines, as well by way of a specimen, as serving to illustrate the author's design.

"Countless the hosts, that, could they now but rise,  
Would bend them cheerful from th' indulgent skies,  
And bless, as we do now, this hallowed day,  
Which saw them given to God, by faith, away.  
Nor few the living men bound by this bond,  
Who, ask'd, would not with grateful heart respond—  
They brought me here before my heart could ken  
Or good, or evil, or what did they then;  
The crystal waters laved my infant brow,  
And thus began my Christian life below:  
My mother gave me, when my heart was young,  
The picture which concludes this moral song:  
I've lived to comprehend and bless the Power  
That sealed me His, in life's first budding hour.

Thus, as the world grows old, may men grow wise,  
And mount, in goodness, nearer to the skies."

*The Crescent and the Cross.* By Eliot Warburton, Esq. Part 1 and 2. Forming Nos. 11 and 12 of Wiley and Putnam's Library of Choice Reading. Wiley & Putnam 161 Broadway.

These are two of the handsomest volumes yet issued in this admirable Series, and if there is any truth or honesty in the English literary journals, the "Crescent and the Cross" will be found the most interesting work recently issued upon the East. We have only room for a bare announcement this week.

*Lives of Men of Letters and Science who flourished in the time of George III.* By Henry Lord Brougham, F.R.S., etc. etc. Philadelphia. Carey & Hart.\*

A work which, of necessity, every thinking person must read. When Brougham writes of Voltaire, Rousseau, Hume, Robertson, Black, Watt, Priestley, Cavendish, Davy, and

Simpson, no one pretending to acquirement can remain quietly in ignorance of what is written. Most sincerely do we rejoice in the great statesman's hearty appreciation of Voltaire—a man who, with all his blemishes, was unquestionably *the most powerful who ever existed.*

*Vital Christianity.* Essays and Discourses on the Religions of Man and the Religion of God. By Alexander Vinet, D.D., Professor of Theology in Lausanne, Switzerland. Translated, with an Introduction. By Robert Turnbull, Pastor of the Harvard-street church, Boston. Gould, Kendall & Lincoln. 1845.

Religious books are too often "got up" as though the goodness of their contents would overbalance any amount of vileness in their externals; but if the work before us possesses as much internal merit as it does exterior beauty, it is well worth the regard of the Christian reader. It is a sufficient indication of the character of Dr. Vinet, that he is called the Chalmers of Switzerland.

*Kohlrausch's History of Germany.* No. 5. Appleton & Co.

The present number brings this valuable history to a close.

*The Sibyl's Book of Fate,*  
*The Young Bride's Book,* and  
*The Comic English Grammar.*

New York. Wilson & Co.

The last of these neat little books has gained a popularity equal to that of Lindley Murray's. It is much the best work of the two for teaching grammar; where it does not mislead the learner it at least makes him laugh. The author is second to Cruikshank only, among English humorists.

*The Knickerbocker Sketch Book.* Edited by Lewis Gaylord Clark. New York. Burgess, Stringer & Co.

Mr. Clark has made a combination, for his selections from the Magazine which he has edited so long, of two of the most popular and classical names in our literature. The "Knickerbocker Sketch Book" is a good name, and the book is a good book. It contains one of the first papers by Longfellow, and one of the last by Irving, which are well worth preserving, as showing what one great writer may rise from, and what another may end in. The series will comprise some of the best Essays which have appeared this side of the Atlantic.

*De Rohan, the Court Conspirator.* Translated from the French of Eugene Sue. Harper & Brothers.

#### MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

THE DEMOCRATIC REVIEW for June, is illustrated by a portrait of M. B. Lamar, of Texas. It contains a long poem by Whittier; a spirited paper on Oregon, by D. D. Field; a peculiarly unintelligible essay on Emerson, by a "Disciple;" an article by J. T. Headly, and a very pleasant collection of miscellanies, besides reviews and critical notices.

HUNT'S MAGAZINE, has its usual variety of excellent papers on commerce and political economy, and an able article on the commercial associations of France and England, by Henry C. Cary, of Philadelphia.

THE AMERICAN REVIEW contains two articles of unusual force for a magazine; the "Mystery of Iniquity," continued from the last number, by Dr. Bacon, and an essay on American Letters, by Mr. Johnson, the author, we believe, of the literary notices in the National Intelligencer. The essay is written with vigor and, to a very great extent, with discrimination; but the writer betrays an inexcusable ignorance

of his subject, or a very reprehensible prejudice against American authors. As a specimen of his feeling for poetry, we quote his concluding paragraph.

" Still there is some comfort. Verse is daily getting into disrepute, which delights me. There is nothing of which a London or New York bookseller is so shy. Shortly we trust to see it abandoned to tailors and man-milliners, as congenial to their pursuits alone, and employed to popularize, as it is already adequately doing, patent blacking, hoarhound candy and quack medicines. They who rhyme upon these subjects give us hopes, for they are the only ones we see who are equal to their subjects."

This is decidedly cool, considering that the editor of the Review is himself the author of the longest American poem which has been published. The new Johnson has something of the imperative manner of his great namesake. He is evidently not a person to spoil a joke for relation sake. *Ne sutor ultra crepidam*, however. We regret, for the Review's sake, that so absurd an article has been admitted into its columns.

### THE FINE ARTS.

Another glorious landscape by George Brown has been added to the exhibition-room of the American Art-Union. It represents a view on the Arno, near Florence, with the tower of Michael Angelo in the fore-ground, and the city in the distance. It is in the style of the four other pictures by the same artist, which we have already noticed, and equals either of them in execution. As these masterly paintings belong to private houses, the public should not miss the opportunity of inspecting them while they remain in their present place of exhibition.

**NEW YORK PAINTINGS IN LONDON.**—The exhibition of the Royal Academy in London, contains portraits by Ingham and Inman, landscapes by Durand & Cropsey, and a composition by F. W. Edmonds. The latter gentleman has been elected an honorary member of the Royal Academy. The exhibition also contains a portrait by Healy, another American artist, though not a New-Yorker.

### MUSICAL ITEMS.

**THE NEW OPERA AT PHILADELPHIA.**—We shall present to our readers next week a faithful account and impartial criticism of *Leonora*, written and composed by the Messrs. Fry. It being the first Opera written by an American, there is very naturally a considerable degree of excitement and interest respecting it. We are curious to witness the impression made by its first performance, and have therefore made arrangements to proceed to Philadelphia, in order to be present on Wednesday evening. We trust, for the sake of "Young America," that we may be enabled to give a favorable report of the joint work of the two brothers. But, be that as it may, no one can dispute their claim to much merit and boldness as the pioneers on a way hitherto untravelled.

Among the young men both in this city and in Philadelphia, there is a vast amount of genius and perseverance, and to their exertions will music owe its elevation in this country.

But, while extolling the "young men," we would on no account disparage the "old ones." There are many whose large practical and theoretical knowledge, if rightly exerted, would give an impulse to music hitherto unknown; but they wrap themselves about with their age and their dignity, and, like the snail, keep themselves to themselves, and retire into houses which they seem ever to carry on their backs, lest the young men should tread upon their heels.

We have thought much upon this subject, and intend very shortly to discuss it at length, for it is a theme rife with interest,

and offers matter for deep consideration to all those interested in the progress of musical art in the New World.

**Concert at the Coliseum.**—Mrs. Strong, Miss Pearson, Mr. Comes and Mr. Pearson, Sen., have formed themselves into an association for the purpose of giving Glee Concerts. The first one took place at the above Rooms on Tuesday last; the selection was attractive, consisting of some extremely beautiful glees, and some very popular melodies, harmonized. Mrs. Strong's talent is well known to the largest portion of the musical public; she is deservedly a great favorite. The Concert was well attended, and the performance was highly creditable. Mr. H. C. Timm presided at the pianoforte.

### FOREIGN MUSICAL ITEMS.

Signor Marras, a tenor singer, who came out last year, has been highly successful in London. His capabilities are said to be of a high order. He gave a grand concert at the Hanover-Square Rooms. Among the five artists who assisted him, we observe the name of W. V. Wallace, whose triple genius as composer, violinist and pianist was the theme of such just eulogy in this city some two years since.

Royal Society of Female Musicians' benefit Concert, came off on the 2d ult., at the Hanover-Square Rooms. Mdlle. Schloss, Mrs. W. H. Seguin, Miss Poole, Miss Steele, Miss Sabilla, Madame Caradori Allan, Miss Dolby, and others, were the vocal contributors. Mrs. Anderson and M. Benedict played a piano-forte duet; M. Vieuxtemps a solo on the violin; and the Distin family a quintet on the Sax-horns. There was also a Mdlle. Lorenzina Mayer, who volunteered an amusing specimen of her skill upon the flute.

Mdlle. Themar, a native of Prussia, who has been distinguished at Brussels, Spa, and various places on the Continent, as a pianist of the first order, has made her début in London with great success. It is said, that the astonishing vigor, facility, and precision of Mdlle. Themar's execution, combined with the expression and finish of her performance, much of which is of her own composition, gave great satisfaction to the distinguished party, and justify the expectation that she will prove a star of no small magnitude, amidst the variety of musical talent at present collected in that metropolis.

Mr. Wilson is giving his annual delineation of Scotch songs at the Hanover-Square Rooms, London, where he is warmly greeted by numerous and highly respectable audiences.

Mr. Grattan Cooke is giving *Soirées Musicales* in the same place. He is assisted by Madame Albertazzi, Miss Hawes, Miss Rainforth, Herr Staudigl, and Signor Brizzi, and with piano-forte and concerto fantasias by Mr. Kiallmark and Signor Regondi. John Parry is by no means the least important person in the programme.

Madame Caradori Allan is also giving concerts in London, assisted by the principal members of the *Italian troupe* in that city.

Sir Henry Bishop has resigned the conductorship of the Philharmonic concerts, and Mr. Moscheles has been engaged to conduct the remaining performances of the season.

The celebrated Madame Hasselt-Barth, *prima donna* in Vienna, was expected in London by the 20th ult.

Duprey and Garcia were about to give a series of concerts in Manchester; afterwards they visit Dublin.

A French Opera Company is playing in Liverpool, under the direction of M. Norman de l'Osier.

A new tragedy, written by Mr. Duncan, has been purchased by Mr. Pritchard, and licensed by the Lord Chamberlain.

The eminent violinist, Camillo Sivori, has arrived in London.

The author of the letters in the Boston *Atlas*, who has had the rare good fortune of being on intimate terms with everybody worth knowing, is an Englishman who recently came to this country, named Ross. The letters have been attributed to Mr. Grattan the consul at Boston, but we had thought from reading them that they must be written by some diligent reader of the English magazines, who had never left the emporium of the Bay State.

## THE GRAVE OF L. E. L.

The following graphic description of the burial place of Miss Landon, for the world will never call her Mrs. McLean, is extracted from the journal of an African cruiser, kept by an officer of our navy, and re-written by Nathaniel Hawthorne. The "Journal" will be published by Wiley & Putnam, and will form the leading volume of their new series of "books which are books," by American authors. The "African Cruiser," it appears is satisfied that the death of Mrs. McLean was purely accidental; but it is strange that no pains have ever been taken by her husband to put the world in possession of the facts relating to her sudden decease, and thus to silence the many vague rumors that have been circulated in England and America, since the occurrence of that unhappy event. Mrs. McLean is said to have been strongly attached to her husband, but it is hard to believe that the author of the *Golden Violet* could have felt any sympathy for a person of his mental and personal qualities. A person less likely than Captain McLean, to excite the admiration of an imaginative woman could hardly be conceived.

*May 2.—Sailed for Cape Coast Castle with the evening breeze.*  
*3.—At Cape Coast Castle.*

The landing is effected in large canoes, which convey passengers close to the rocks, safely, and without being drenched, although the surf dashes fifty feet in height. There is a peculiar enjoyment in being raised, by an irresistible power beneath you, upon the tops of the high rollers, and then dropped into the profound hollow of the waves, as if to visit the bottom of the ocean, at whatever depth it might be. We landed at the castle-gate, and were ushered into the castle itself, where the commander of the troops received us in his apartment.

I took the first opportunity to steal away, to look at the burial-place of L. E. L., who died here, after a residence of only two months, and within a year after becoming the wife of Governor McLean. A small, white marble tablet (inserted among the massive grey stones of the castle-wall, where it faces the area of the fort) bears the following inscription :

Hic jacet sepultum  
Omne quod mortale fuit  
LETITIAE ELISABETHAE MCLEAN,  
Quam, egregia ornata idole,  
Musis unicè amatam,  
Omnimque amores secum trahentem,  
In ipso aetatis flore,  
Mors immatura rapuit,  
Die Octobris xv., A. D. MDCCCLXXXVIII,  
Ætat. 36.

Quod spectas, viator, marmor.  
Vanum heu! doloris monumentum,  
Conjux moerens erexit.

The first thought that struck me was the inappropriateness of the spot for a grave, and especially for the grave of a woman, and, most of all, a woman of poetic temperament. In the open area of the fort, at some distance from the castle-wall, the stone pavement had been removed in several spots, and re-placed with plain tiles. Here lie buried some of the many British officers who have fallen victims to the deadly atmosphere of this region; and among them rests L. E. L. Her grave is distinguishable by the ten red tiles which cover it. Daily, the tropic sunshine blazes down upon the spot. Daily, at the hour of parade, the peal of military music resounds above her head, and the garrison marches and counter-marches through the area of the fortress, nor shuns to tread upon the ten red tiles, any more than upon the insensible stones of the pavement. It may be well for the fallen commander to be buried at his post, and sleep where the *réveillé* and roll-call may be heard, and the tramp of his fellow-soldiers echo and re-echo over him. All this is in unison with his profession; and the drum and trumpet are his perpetual requiem; the soldier's honorable tread leaves no indignity upon the dead warrior's dust. But who has a right to trample on a woman's breast? And what had L. E. L. to do with warlike parade? And wherefore was she buried beneath this scorching pavement, and not in the retired shadow of a garden, where seldom any footstep would come stealing through the grass, and pause before her tablet? There, her heart, while in one sense it decayed, would burst forth afresh from the sod in a profusion of spontaneous flowers, such as her living fancy lavished throughout the world. But now, no verdure nor blossom will ever grow upon her grave.

If a man may ever indulge in sentiment, it is over the ashes of a woman whose poetry touched him in his early youth, while he

yet cared anything about either sentiment or poetry. Thus much, the reader will pardon. In reference to Mrs. McLean, it may be added, that, subsequently to her unhappy death, different rumors were afloat as to its cause, some of them cruel to her own memory, others to the conduct of her husband. All these reports appear to have been equally and entirely unfounded. It is well established here, that her death was accidental.

## A PERFECT LADY.

We take the following charming portrait of a very perfect woman from the last number of Coleman's European Agricultural Tour; we know the author to be a very honest unimaginative person, or we should half suspect that he had been indebted to his fancy for a sitter, but he assures us that he only describes what he saw. We once heard Mr. Colman apologise to some ladies for using the term *manure* in their hearing, when conversing upon agricultural topics, but his *beau idéal* lady appears to have been afflicted with none of the squeamishness common among American women.

I had no sooner entered the house, where my visit had been expected, than I was met with an unaffected cordiality which at once made me at home. In the midst of gilded balls, and hosts of liveried servants, of dazzling lamps, and glittering mirrors, redoubling the highest triumphs of art and taste; in the midst of books, and statues, and all the elegances and refinements of luxury; in the midst of titles, and dignities, and ranks, allied to regal grandeur—there was one object which transcended and eclipsed them all, and showed how much the nobility of character surpassed the nobility of rank, the beauty of refined and simple manners all the adornments of art and the scintillations of the soul, beaming from the eyes, the purest gems that ever glittered in a princely diadem. In person, in education and improvement, in quickness of perception, in facility and elegance of expression, in accomplishments and taste, in a frankness and gentleness of manners tempered by a modesty which courted confidence and inspired respect, and in a high moral tone and sentiment, which, like a bright halo, seemed to encircle the whole person—I confess the fictions of poetry became substantial, and the *beau idéal* of my youthful imagination was realized.

But who was the person I have described? A mere statue, to adorn a gallery of sculpture? a bird of paradise, to be kept in a glass case? a mere doll, with painted cheeks, to be dressed and undressed with childish fondness? a mere human toy, to languish over a romance, or to figure in a quadrille? Far otherwise; she was a woman in all the noble attributes which should dignify that name; a wife, a mother, a housekeeper, a farmer, a gardener, a dairy-woman, a kind neighbor, a benefactor to the poor, a christian woman, 'full of good works, and alms-deeds which she did.'

In the morning, I first met her at prayers; for, to the honor of England, there is scarcely a family, among the hundreds whose hospitality I have shared, where the duties of the day are not preceded by the services of family worship; and the master and the servant, the parent and the child, the teacher and the taught, the friend and the stranger, come together to recognise and strengthen the sense of their common equality in the presence of their common Father, and to acknowledge their equal dependence upon his care and mercy. She was then kind enough to tell me, after her morning arrangements, she claimed me for the day. She first showed me her children, whom, like the Roman mother, she deemed her brightest jewels, and arranged their studies and occupations for the day. She then took me two or three miles on foot to visit a sick neighbor, and, while performing this act of kindness, left me to visit some of the cottages upon the estate, whose inmates I found loud in the praises of her kindness and benefactions. Our next excursion was to see some of the finest, and largest, and most aged trees in the park, the size of which was truly magnificent; and I sympathized in the veneration which she expressed for them, which was like that with which one recalls the illustrious memory of a remote progenitor. Our next visit was to the greenhouses and the gardens; and she explained to me the mode adopted there of managing the most delicate plants, and of cultivating, in the most economical and successful manner, the fruits of a warmer region. From the garden we proceeded to the cultivated fields; and she informed me of the system of husbandry pursued on the estate, the rotation of crops, the management and application of manures, the amount of seed sown, the ordinary yield, and the appropriation of the produce, with a perspicuous detail of the expenses and results. She then undertook to show me the yards and offices, the byres, the feeding-stalls, the plans for saving, and increasing, and managing, the manure, the cattle for feeding, for breeding, for raising the milking stock, the piggery, the poultry-yard, the stables, the harness-rooms, the implement-rooms, the dairy. She explained to me the process of making the different kinds of cheese, and the general management of the milk, and the mode of feeding the stock; and then, conducting me into the

baillif's house, she exhibited to me the Farm Journal, and the whole systematic mode of keeping the accounts and making the returns, with which she seemed as familiar as if they were the accounts of her own wardrobe. This did not finish our grand tour: for, on my return, she admitted me into her boudoir, and showed me the secrets of her own admirable housewifery, in the exact accounts which she kept of everything connected with the diary and the market, the table, the drawing-room, and the servants' hall. All this was done with a simplicity and frankness which showed an absence of all consciousness of any extraordinary merit in her own deportment, and which evidently sprang solely from a kind desire to gratify a curiosity on my part, which, I hope, under such circumstances, was not unreasonable. A short hour after this brought us into another relation; for the dinner-bell summoned us, and this same lady was found presiding over a brilliant circle of the highest rank and fashion, with an ease, elegance, wit, intelligence, and good-humor, with a kind attention to every one's wants, and an unaffected concern for every one's comfort, which would lead one to suppose that this was her only and her peculiar sphere. Now, I will not say how many mud-puddles we had waded through, and how many dung-heaps we had crossed, and what places we explored, and how every farming topic was discussed: but I will say, that she pursued her object without any of that fastidiousness and affected delicacy which pass with some persons for refinement, but which in many cases indicate a weak if not a corrupt mind. The mind which is occupied with concerns and subjects that are worthy to occupy it, thinks very little of accessories which are of no importance. I will say, to the credit of Englishwomen,—I speak, of course, of the upper classes,—that it seems impossible that there should exist a more delicate sense of propriety than is found universally among them; and yet you will perceive at once that their good sense teaches them that true delicacy is much more an element of the mind, in the person who speaks or observes, than an attribute of the subject which is spoken about or observed.

Now, I do not say that the lady to whom I have referred was herself the manager of the farm; that rested entirely with her husband; but I have intended simply to show how grateful and gratifying to him must have been the lively interest and sympathy which she took in concerns which necessarily so much engaged his time and attention; and how the country could be divested of that dulness and *ennui*, so often complained of, as inseparable from it, when a cordial and practical interest is taken in the concerns which necessarily belong to rural life. I meant also to show—as this and many other examples which have come under my observation emphatically do show—that an interest in, and a familiarity with, even the most humble occupations of agricultural life, are not inconsistent with the highest refinements of taste, the most improved cultivation of the mind, and elegance, and dignity of manners, unsurpassed in the highest circles of society.

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There is one thing, however, which imperatively calls for alteration. We tried every portion of the gallery, and found that in no situation could we hear one word of Mr. Hill's humorous sketches. Ladies do not like being hustled by the crowd below, but prefer remaining, to their own loss, in their seats in the gallery. To entertainments such as Mr. Hill presents us with, a stage should be erected in front of the Cupola, when every one in the house would be enabled to hear. This is the sole, though important, drawback to this extensive and attractive establishment.

The Italian singers will not be re-engaged, which we think very fortunate for the Proprietors. They were out of place there, and could not fail to take more from the treasury than they would bring into it.

Poor Hood is at last in "port," as he said of himself. He died on the 7th of last month and was buried in Kendal Green Cemetery, a much better place for his remains than the "corner" in Westminster Abbey.

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