

THE BROADWAY JOURNAL.

VOL. 1.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1845.

NO. 19.

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

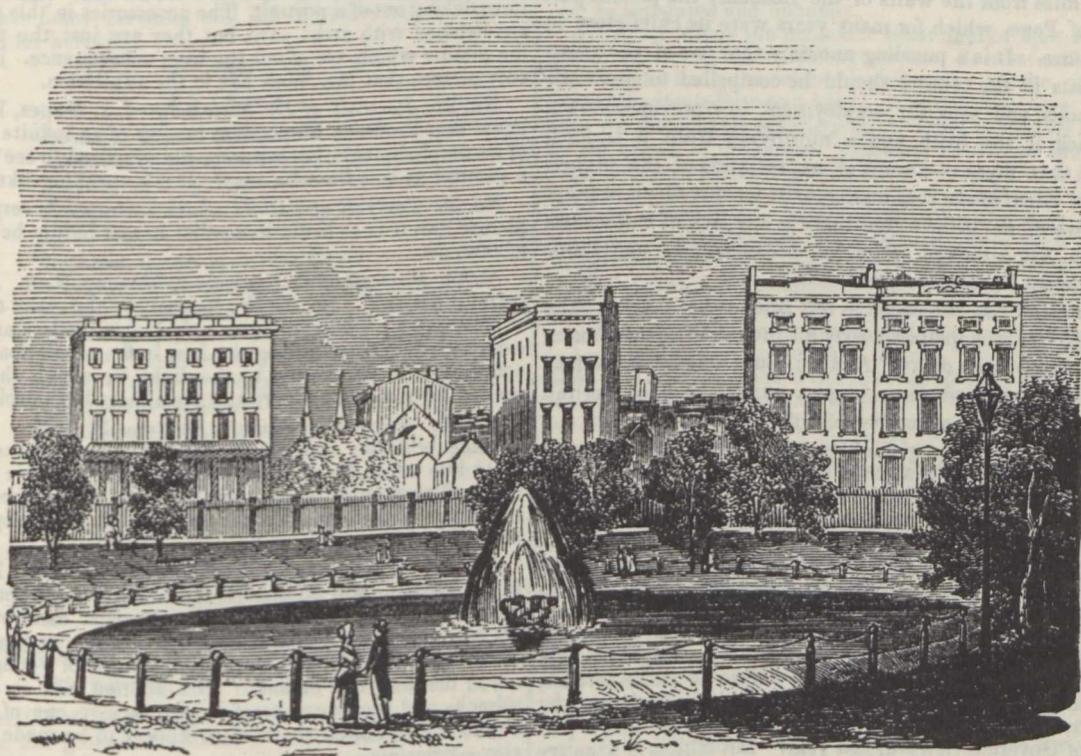
C. F. BRIGGS, EDGAR A. POE, H. C. WATSON, EDITORS.

Published at 135 Nassau St.
By JOHN BISCO.

GLIMPSES OF BROADWAY.

NO. I.

FROM UNION SQUARE LOOKING DOWN BROADWAY



Rushten's Apothecary's Shop.

Houses of—C. V. S. Roosevelt,

James Phalen, J. F. Penniman.

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY.

PORTRAITS.

EVERY year upon the opening of the exhibition, we hear the senseless cry repeated from shallow-thoughted writers, "too many portraits—who wants to see men's faces—why don't they give us more historical works?" as if historical pictures were anything but groups of men's faces. A portrait is to a historical composition what a biography is to history, or a legend to a novel. For ourselves, we prefer portraiture to historical compositions; and we regard a good portrait as the very highest reach of art: and so does the world at large regard it. The most valuable paintings in the world are portraits; they sell at higher prices than any other pictures, and give the highest degree of pleasure. Even the gross beauties

of Rubens are valued more highly than any other of his paintings, and the portraits of Van Dyke and Titian are the most esteemed of their productions. Take the portraits from the list of Reynolds' works, and there would be nothing left worth having. Among our own painters, Copley, Stewart, Trumbull, and Alston's portraitures comprise the best and most numerous of their productions. Perhaps the finest collection of pictures in the country, is the Portrait Gallery of Harvard College, which contains some of the finest of Copley's and Stuart's heads. A bad portrait of a bad subject is certainly not a pleasant thing to contemplate; but a fine portrait of a fine head, is one of the most charming and profitable objects in Art. A portrait of Shakspeare by such an artist as Van Dyke, would be worth more than all the historical pictures painted in his century. It is the true object of

Art to counterfeit Nature, and preserve the forms which would be forever obliterated without its aid. We would by no means discourage historical composition, but then we would have each century paint its own history. It is very obvious that no painter can give us a reflection of a past age. We do not want mockeries in a picture, but realities. The modest sculptures on the ruins of Palenque, give a more vivid impression of the life of the Mexicans, than such pictures as that by Mr. Rothermel in the present exhibition can do. The two little pictures by Mr. Mount, numbers 145, 242, will convey to our descendants a better idea of their ancestors, than the most learned composition by one of themselves ever can. If we must paint historical pictures, let us paint our own history, which we thoroughly understand, and leave the dead to paint themselves. We want no masquerades on canvas, but living men and women in their real characters.

Our exhibition is rich in portraits, and particularly poor in history pieces, which we are extremely happy to see; and we draw more hopeful auguries for the Arts among us, than if the case were reversed.

We miss from the walls of the Academy the perfect portraits of Page, which for many years were its chief glory in portraiture. It is a puzzling anomaly that one of the greatest artists in the country should be compelled to leave the metropolis, and seek for employment in a provincial town. But such is the truth, and a mortifying truth it is, for it proves that there is a want of appreciation of the highest order of talent in the community, or at least it seems to prove it, for we do not believe that there is any lack of enthusiasm for high Art, although fortuitous circumstances may sometimes defeat its manifestation.

New York has just cause to feel pride in her portrait painters, for she monopolizes nearly all the talent of the country in this department of Art. And we doubt whether any school in Europe can produce so large a number of good portrait painters in the same number of artists.

We have already given the post of honor in the present exhibition to Wenzler, a young German artist, who has heretofore given his attention to miniatures. The defect of his portraits is their color, which is harmonious, but cold and leaden. It must be owing, we think, to his painting in a northern light. The portraits of Hugh Maxwell and Mr. Furness are among the very best examples of portraits that we have ever seen, but they are hung in a very bad position, and it is not easy to pronounce very clearly upon their technical merits; yet they appear perfect in drawing, and only lacking in a little warmth of tone. Next to these portraits we must place No. 119, a portrait of Captain Ericsson, by Elliott, a young artist, who exhibited his first picture, a portrait of Governor Seward, last year. Mr. Elliott is a native of the western part of the State, Syracuse; he is destined to occupy a very high position among the artists of the New World. His great danger is facility of execution; he paints with great rapidity, and rarely or never fails in the likeness of his subject. The portrait of the celebrated engineer is one of the most pleasing in the exhibition. We look at it in vain, seeking for a fault, for it is very perfect in its kind, harmonious in color, correct in drawing, free in execution, and altogether a most life-like, speaking portrait. We are loth to qualify our praise, but it is the least degree in the world sketchy. However, it gains in grace what it lacks in solidity and finish. It is truly an admirable picture. No. 220, a portrait of Horace Kneeland, is a stronger head and more substantial, and quite as good as a likeness, but it lacks the dignified repose indispensable in a portrait. No. 190, the head of an old man with a flowing black beard, is an admirable study, painted with surprising freedom and truth. No. 128, a Portrait of Mr. Spencer the artist, is a good sober picture. No. 200 is a sweet face—the position exceeding graceful and unaffected. It is the least like a portrait, and the most like nature, of any one in the room. It is a dewy rose, compared with some of the artificial flowers near it.

No. 199. *Portrait of T. Hicks*—painted by himself. Lawyers say that the advocate who pleads his own cause has a

fool for his client, and the artist who paints his own portrait is sure of satisfying his sitter. Perhaps this is the reason why artists are so fond of painting themselves. We believe there are few painters who have not multiplied their own faces. The Academy has an absurd rule, requiring its associates to present their own portraits to be hung on its walls. They could not have hit upon a better plan for securing a collection of bad pictures. At the top of the great stairway, as the visiter mounts into the sky-parlor, where, for some inscrutable reason, the Academy holds its exhibitions, may be seen the best collection of caricatures in the city. One of the greatest curiosities among them is a head labelled "Bryant," which nobody would suspect was meant for the poet of that name. Mr. Hicks's portrait, though painted by himself, is very like him, but it is not equal to some of his other portraits.

No. 23. *Portrait of Col. Thayer*—R. W. Weir, N. A. A full length portrait in regiments. The position is exceedingly bad. A suspended action in a single figure produces a very unpleasant sensation. The head is better painted than any that we have seen by this artist before. The legs are admirably foreshortened, but if they had been shortened still more by being left off altogether, it would have been a better picture. There cannot possibly be a more uninteresting sight than a pair of long legs covered with white linen trowsers sticking out of a portrait. The accessories in this portrait are finished with great care, but they are just the parts of the picture which are of not the least consequence. It is the only picture that Mr. Weir has in the exhibition.

No. 27. *Portrait of Dr. Macready*—J. J. Mapes, H. We knew that Professor Mapes was master of an infinite variety of accomplishments, but we were not prepared to see so good a portrait as this from his easel. It is a speaking likeness.

No. 36. *Portrait of a Child*—J. H. Lazarus. A very sweet picture, but it is so badly hung that it can hardly be seen to advantage.

No 48. *Portrait of D. Bryson*—E. Mooney, N. A. A sober truthful portrait. No. 55, W. Rowell, by the same artist, is equally good. These pictures only lack a little warmth of color to render them among the best in the exhibition. Their coldness must be owing to the light in which the artist works, for some of his portraits are almost hot in color.

No. 54. *Portrait of Mrs. H. Shelton*—F. Boyle. An admirable portrait; well drawn and well colored, excepting a sooty hue which Mr. Boyle contrives to invest all his pictures with. The position is graceful, the arms well disposed, and the drapery elaborated with great care. Mr. Boyle is a painter.

No. 67. *Portrait of Captain Cropper*—C. C. Ingham. If Mr. Ingham will do himself the harm to paint portraits of men, we hope for his own sake that he will eschew sailors. He cannot put the rough externals of a weather-beaten face upon canvass. 169 and 184, two portraits of young ladies, are in his happiest manner. The shotted silk in 169 is a miracle, and the gauze scarf might deceive one of Stuart's clerks. The ladies themselves appear to be made of finest clay—porcelain.

No. 69. *Portrait*—E. H. May. This young artist has two other portraits in the exhibition; the best of the three, and indeed among the best portraits in the room, is No. 130; it is altogether a most admirable portrait, modest, substantial, and fleshy.

No. 83. *Brig. Gen. Roumfort, of the Second Brigade, Philadelphia*.—W. E. Winn. We are very happy to perceive that this is a production of the right-angled city. Why it was sent here for exhibition we are at a loss to conceive. Gen. Roumfort may be a brave man and good citizen, for aught we know to the contrary, but the artist appears to have tried hard to make him look like the reverse. Not content with giving him all the swagger possible, he has made the gallant General's sword several inches longer than its scabbard. It is a woful picture, and it brings to mind most woful events, which the Philadelphians should be ambitious to forget.

No. 158. *Portrait of a Gentleman*.—T. H. Smith. There is nothing in this modest picture, excepting the marked character of the subject, to attract attention, and the position in which it is hung not being a favorable one, we should hardly have noticed it had we not known the painter to be one of the most industrious, most enthusiastic, and most

promising of all our young artists. No. 221, another head of an old gentleman, is a very truthful, unpretending portrait.

No. 165. *A Greek*.—By F. Fink. This portrait attracts a good deal of attention, and is universally admired. The hands are exquisitely painted, and the whole picture reflects great credit on the artist. But it is not the portrait of a Greek; it is a gentleman in a greek costume, and so it should have been called.

No. 172. *Portrait of Jacob Barker*.—By H. Inman, N. A. This is the only portrait by this gentleman in the exhibition; but this is one of the best that he has ever painted. It is a good likeness and a very pleasing picture. Considering that it was painted from three sittings, and those short ones, it must be regarded among this distinguished artist's happiest efforts. It is somewhat slight and sketchy, but we see that it is just what the artist aims at in painting. The resemblance of the head to the portraits of Doctor Franklin is very remarkable.

Bust of J. J. Mapes. By H. Kneeland. It is to the disadvantage of this excellent bust that it is the only one in the exhibition, for it is so true to nature, so finely and purely modeled that it requires to be seen by the side of ordinary works to make its superiority apparent. It is admirably chiseled, and makes the nearest approach to the perfection of Power's busts of any that we have seen in any previous exhibition. There are many portraits still left of real merit which we shall notice hereafter.

ENIGMA.

INFLUX of Eternal Mind,
Nameless, formless, undefined;
Image of all things that be,—
Mirror of Eternity;
Ether, betwixt earth and heaven;
Deathless, though to mortals given;
Sphere of knowledge, soul of things,
Parent of imaginings;
Fluctuous vehicle of shape,
Nature's idol, Reason's ape;
Master of the hand and eye,
Forerunner of destiny;
Dual Essence! at thy birth
Sprang the masters of the earth;
Eros, lord of golden life,—
Passion, mingling all in strife,—
Prudence, wisdom's early friend,—
Fancy, earning but to spend;
Last, not least, thou sawest light:—
Name thyself, O subtle sprite!

HORUS.

ON WRITING FOR THE MAGAZINES.

BEFORE the days of magazines, wit and mirth, and quibbs and jests, and glorious outbursts of temperament, must have lost half their relish without the after enjoyment of being produced in the magazines—if indeed they could ever exist in any conversational perfection without the suggestions and stimulus of the press. It is notorious now-a-days, or if not, it may be very readily observed that men talk to write, and write to talk—that the mutual collision of the babble of the club room and the *soirée* with the silence of the writing-table, broken only by the music of the pen on paper, makes them perfect in both. One never talks with any knowledge till he writes, travelling into the secret labyrinths of thought, or writes with feeling till he has been warmed by the countenance and sympathy of the living eye and voice. Our antemagazinists had none of this; they left few records to their children of their swift passing moments; they appeared only in state, on special occasions in print, and handed down history to us as little better than a Parish Register.

Negligence and ease, with enthusiasm and refinement, are the charms of a magazine. No one should care what a writer is deficient in, for this purpose, if he only excite our sympathy and awaken our enjoyment. Who is the prince of the magazinists but Christopher North, the careless slippish enthusiast, a glowing Sun breaking upon us all the brighter out of the polar austerities of Scotland? It was a merciful dispensation which sent this tropical genius to a clime which might naturally produce only Chamber's Journals and

Information for the people. Soul, soul, soul are the three requisites for the great magazine. We like the dishabille air and demi-toilette of authorship, for we feel, where these are worn, the surrounding atmosphere is warm and genial. Here we prefer sensibility to sense. Political economy may take care of the pocket elsewhere, and the didactic play on some other instrument of its own. Our organ should breathe only the heart-stirring symphonies of Beethoven. We would have one shelf or more in our library for solid Encyclopædias and books of business, and another distinct where the eye may catch the golden lettering of the poets, and those prose legers of the heart where the best affections are entered up monthly, and an open account kept against Time to the end. What a good round balance there will be in favor of John Wilson, Leigh Hunt, and Thomas Hood for instance, when three score and ten brings its settlement!

It will be seen that we restrict the magazine article proper to but one species of writing, or rather one way of thinking or feeling, for the illustrations of the faculty may be various, ranging through all the wide world of fancy, humor, pathos, not forbidding satire—for satire, when it is not purely malevolent, may be enjoyable, bringing us into closer companionship with our fellows. The rough points of a satirist's temperament may be the cog-wheels which link us in more closely with the general movement from which we might else be separated and unhappy.

Above all things the magazine must depend upon its interest to us for its contemporary matter. It must talk of the day and the hour, the whim or philosophy of the moment, it must be immediate and local. It must discourse readily upon the fashionable notoriety of the time, or read its homily for the benefit of the newest politician, or satirize the latest folly, and turn round to put us in conceit again with its conveniences and virtues. Its great aim is to make us pleased with the world as it is, its praise must be the very otio of egotism and complacency, its "feigned abuse such as perplexed lovers use." It should purify the soiled temple of the world, by causing us to forget all the evil and reminding us of all the good, removing the mildew of weariness and disgust from its shrines and altars, that the spirit may return and worship again pure and undismayed. Life would sometimes pall upon us, were it not relieved by the playful graces of the essayist. In this day no one can be insensible to the benefits of literature. The most heroic act is incomplete till it receive the welcome, the All Hail! of the orator and poet. Fame dwells in books. The guardian being wanting, the virtue becomes extinct. If the magazines had more power it would be better for the state. We know not what cultivation our statesmen, for instance, might receive if their measures were ably reviewed by faithful writers, and their speeches commented upon by a body of critics who would be the protectors of manly eloquence. No one will long waste intellect where it is unheeded. "Do not use fulminating gold when common gunpowder will do the same," wrote Moore to Leigh Hunt, when Moore thought his friend was writing too well in the pages of the Reflector. Our politicians are in little danger of resorting to such a costly alchymy. It is different abroad. Public men approach the public with the fear of the press before their eyes. An English debater rounds his periods by the music of the eloquent Times or Examiner, as by the flute of Gracehus. Our orators, with no such clarifying medium, speak direct to Bunkum. It is by the support and influence of the best men that the best things are done, the best words spoken, and the best books written. Pope has explained this in his courtly graceful way:

"But why then publish? Granville the polite,
And knowing Walsh, would tell me I could write;
Well-natured Garth inflamed with early praise,
Aud Congreve lov'd, and Swift endur'd my lays;
The courtly Talbot, Somers, Sheffield read,
E'en mitred Rochester would nod the head,
And St. John's self, great Dryden's friend before,
With open arms receive one poet more."

There is nothing more delightful in authorship, than an unchecked genial strain of friendly altercation, a rivalry in the appreciation of one another's qualities, where it takes place between men who possess something in themselves worth eulogizing, and are of sufficient importance for the world to take an interest in the matter. We know what a much dreaded word egotism is in society and among critics, and how instinctively alarm is taken by a class of very sensitive persons at the slightest approach to personality; how

many very careful guardians there are in the world with the zeal of duennas, whose prudish, nicely-educated souls are offended at an improper exhibition of self, and we appreciate very kindly the good taste which would reduce men and women to a vapid state of insipidity, by closing the mouths of everybody to anything which might prove hazardous to the personal comfort of—tools. Yet in spite of all this, we are advocates of plain speaking, downright thinking, egotism, personality, and any other terror “within the limits of becoming mirth,” and guarded by a never to be relinquished spirit of honest dealing. So long as fair play is shown, let us have the game out, come the good or ill fortune of it where it may.

One large class of objectors to the egotism of authors is that numerous body who are not authors, and who sometimes affect to be superior to the supposed vanity which, they imagine, is at the bottom of these exhibitions in print. Let us look into the matter. Waiving, for a moment, all questions of the kind of notoriety, in the case of the author, it may be, as it very often is, that the name of a fault-finder, if he be a merchant, for instance, is a hundred times in the paper to the author's once. The most greedy, carnivorous candidate for fame, who bites with the avidity of a pike at a newspaper puff, and urges his literary wares upon the public, amid the general laughter, and particular contempt of his own class, is not half so industrious as the tradesman with his signs, bill-heads, check-books, agencies, correspondences, runners, gazetteers, advertisements, with his name on every packing box, placarded on every dead wall, running about the streets on carts, labelled on sloops, making the tour of rivers on steamboats, from the broad bunting to the very plates and dishes in cabin, and the last pewter spoon, or reaching that apotheosis of reputation, the figure head and bow of a ship ploughing the ocean. A prolific literary rabbit keeps before the people with some diligence, but not with half the success of the last pill manufacturer. But, it will be said, the fact is nothing, the motive is everything. The merchant pursues notoriety purely as an affair of business, of dollar and cents, and, when these are attained, his own private character, his domestic interests, his heart and soul, are his own uncorrupted, while the author is making trade and merchandize of all that a man should hold most dear and secret, of his affections, his sensibilities, the pretended goodness of his heart, and nicety of his feelings. Is the merchant so entirely uncorrupted as he represents himself? Is there nothing involved in his notoriety-seeking but matters of interest and profit? Is it all outward, material, separable from the man? No, his good name stands for a thousand things besides his dollars and cents. Go into the interior of the country, and see the fluttering which the presence of a man whose name has stood a quarter of a century, with honor, in Pearl Street, creates. He may be courted for his wealth, but he is respected for all that stands behind it, the probity, the self-denial, the industry, the talent, the energy, which have made him celebrated. Is name, is notoriety nothing? Why, without any impeachment to his modesty, he goes up to the desk of the hotel, and writes his autograph, in the traveller's book, with the air of a man drawing a check on the spectators for an unlimited amount of respect, attention and deference, with the certainty of its being honored. The merchant seeks notoriety for the same ends, and as nearly as he can, with the same means as the author. Talk not of the vanity of authors, and the love of puffs and notoriety, ye merchants, before editors. As soothing to the soul of the ship-owner in South st., or the Captain on the seas, is a few inches of type, eulogistically arranged, as to the glistening eyes of the most self-idolatrous youngster, who ever perpetrated rhyme or prose.

We see that the merchant, in his own argument, does not stand quite clear of the suspicions he urges against the author. He is very righteously and commendably strengthening his own convictions and deference to duty by the voice of public opinion. And he is by no means necessarily making sale of his virtues, because he is prosperous by the credit he gets for them. The author assuredly goes further in the voluntary exhibition of himself,—in his egotism,—to admit the point at once. It is his vocation. To find fault with him for this is to beg the whole question. It is his business to write out what he knows, thinks and feels, that other men may learn to know, think and feel. If he were to do otherwise, and cease to exhibit, directly or indirectly, his own personal character on the page, biography would soon be an

enumeration of mere platitudes, and would fall into the very pretence and puffery sought to be avoided; ignorance would be unquestioned, folly respected, and vice unscathed; there would be one biographical formula, something like that in the ladies' magazines, where character and reputation are dispensed as freely as tin money on the stage, where genius, that century-blooming aloe, blooms as rankly as the dandelion in the field, and Shakspeares and Miltons go staggering about in bibs and petticoats. What a blessed uniformity of praise there would be!—what charity, what kind-heartedness!—how perfect a Utopia, how benevolent a Millennium, if heroes of various kinds could have it all their own way, unchallenged by the occasional impertinence of interfering sensibility and justice. What is genius but this secret spring of egotism, everywhere giving life to books as the water to the landscape which is sometimes hidden deep beneath the surface, at others half concealed by foliage, then playing, laughing and rejoicing in a thousand streams and rivulets in the full blaze of day? Egotism will be valued always in proportion to the character of the author, as a soil that betrays a vein of gold is worth more than one of coal or slate. That it may become a nuisance, is undoubted; but in its annoying forms, it carries its own antidote in its very barefacedness. But even in its coarser and common forms, it has its value, as in the autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini, while no passages of the great authors are treasured more than those in which they pause, parenthetically, to convey some allusion to themselves. Who would lose the supposed personal reference to the blind bard in Homer, or the passage on Light in Milton? and, in spite of what is generally said to the contrary, who does not fancy Shakspeare, probably with justice, a thousand times interposing his own sentiments?

We have certainly “fetched a compass” to get to our port of magazine writing, and vindicate its personalities. Are not our American writers, lecturers, preachers, politicians, editors, actors and other publicans, enough talked about? It may be that they are too much talked about, and too little—that their names are better known than their actions—that they are often heard of, but poorly understood. We want the niceties of knowledge: all is nothing, mere barrenness, till we find out or are taught the peculiar secret principle which constitutes their vitality. We do not know anything of the men till we know that. We must have a niche for our writers, in the gallery of the mind, otherwise they are so much lumber thrown together at the threshold. No man's knowledge is to be valued till he offers you something of his own, which is not to be picked up on the highway, or to which has been added some value from use or keeping. We get this rarely. Every one knows everything about our public men, few know anything. How little of all that has been written can we refer a stranger visiting the country to for a keen, just, appreciative character of our worthies! The magazines should be looked to for its criticism. Here is a field where the genuine writers of the country should come to one another's help, and not leave the best characters of our authors and statesmen, as is the fact at present, to be written abroad. If we wish to learn anything of our great men, beyond, of course, the fact that they are *great*, we must go to Miss Martineau and the foreign reviews.

Authors have always been a generous body of men to one another in dedications, compliments, reviews, &c., and there is nothing more graceful or valuable than these things, when they are conscientiously bestowed by good and true men. The old scholarship of the Continent, the verses prefixed to the Elizabethan editions, the tributes in the writings of Hazlitt and his friends, are so many well remembered instances among others. It was a peculiarity of the old English authors—inso much that Leigh Hunt in his new work on Imagination and Fancy, has gone somewhat at length and apologetically into the matter, in reference to Shakspeare, who mentions none of his contemporaries. “Has anybody,” says he, “discovered the reason why he never noticed a living contemporary, and but one who was dead? and this too, in an age of great men, and when they were in the habit of acknowledging the pretensions of one another?”

How necessary this spirit of appreciation is among others, where literature is an affair sustained and defended by the few, is a point only to be suggested. In the present state of our literature it is of the next importance to being true to themselves, that literary men should be true to one another. Short as our history has been, and comparatively few as

have been our men of letters, there has been time to forget and neglect some of the best spirits among them. American criticism has yet many a genial hour's delightful toil to come, in making the acquaintance of the inner life of many who are but little understood.—*Dem. Review.*

AURORA AGRICULTURAL INSTITUTE.

A CIRCULAR has been issued by several gentlemen of this County, for the establishment of an Institute at Aurora, in which young men may become thoroughly acquainted with "the principles of Agricultural Science, and their application to Practical Husbandry." The plan is one which received the fullest approval of the late Judge Buel; and the arrangements made, are such as cannot fail to offer every desirable inducement to those interested. The farm chosen consists 212 acres, adjoining the beautiful village of Aurora, which is well fitted by soil, location, improvement, &c., for such purpose. No pupils under 14 years of age received. Charles C. Young, A. M. is Proprietor and principal; A. Thompson, A. M., M. D. Lecturer on Botany, Geology, Agricultural Chemistry, &c., and David Thomas, Visitor and Adviser.—*Auburn Journal.*

SOME of our readers may smile at seeing the announcement of an "Agricultural Institute" made the subject of an article in the "*Broadway Journal*," but we trust that those who have had their eyes filled with the dust of Broadway since the breath of Spring has swept our streets, (the only sweeping by the way that they get,) will pardon us if we carry their *mind's eyes* to the contemplation of green fields and budding flowers. We are not without precedent, too, for introducing rustic themes even into "Broadway," for which we cite the display of huge squashes and mammoth turnips at Niblo's Saloon every autumn, to say nothing of that learned body of citizens called "The Farmer's Club," who meet weekly in the Park to discuss soils and fertilizing powders.

Our readers must not suppose that we intend to *cut* Broadway; we have no such cruel design. We confess too much attachment to city life, to its libraries, and lectures, its societies of learned men and its social advantages; we are not yet tired of even coal fires and gas lights; we still love to contemplate the various phases of human nature only to be found in a large city. Yet with all this admiration for the "town," we are troubled at times with the "spring fever."

No sooner does the Battery become green, or the trees in the Park unfold their leaves, than we feel an instinctive longing to look at the country. We yearn to pluck the first hyacinth of the garden, the earliest blue violet of the field, or the first *trilium erectum* of the woods. We attribute this inclination to the fact of our having spent some portion of our early life in the country, a pleasure which we sincerely wish many of the young people we meet in our walks could enjoy, while their hearts are fresh, and their tastes unformed by the conventional standards of town life.

It is not our purpose to discourse at length on the importance of an institute founded on the plan above stated—its benefits to our youth, and especially to the young men of our cities, must be apparent to all. Farming, as a learned profession, (we mean a profession that requires learning,) is becoming more and more popular; as an accomplishment, it is likely soon to become fashionable, and we think the sooner the better; as an occupation, it has charms and advantages to which no other pursuit can lay claim.

A well ordered school of Agriculture, we conceive to be a great desideratum; and we are pleased to see public attention directed to the subject. The day seems to have gone by, when education consisted only in learning words, and the whole youthful life must be spent on a form, torturing the brain and destroying the body. It has been discovered that physical as well as mental training is necessary to the full development of our nature. The philosophy of Socrates and Plato—the philosophy of words has long since given way to the philosophy of Bacon—the philosophy of works.

To those boys who have for years been poring over dull pages of Greek and Latin, whose eyes have become weak and weary with much study—whose brains have been puzzled with irregular verbs and heathen Mythology, and their bodies enervated by the confinement of the school-room,—how delightful must be the change, to the pure fresh air of the fields and the invigorating labor of practical husbandry.

The situation of the Aurora Institute is peculiarly favorable to the objects for which it is established. The eastern bank of the Cayuga Lake, the site of the beautiful village of Aurora, is in the centre of the famous wheat growing district of this State; for beauty of scenery, fertility of soil, and salubrity of climate it is not surpassed by any section of our country.

In the capacity of Visitor and Adviser, this institute will have the services of one of the most competent men in the State. There are many men better known to the public than *David Thomas*, but none more esteemed by the large number of scientific men who rejoice in his acquaintance. Well versed in the natural sciences, and peculiarly gifted with the faculty of imparting his knowledge to others, he is most fitly chosen for his office.

Whatever advantages this institution may possess, none will be more truly appreciated by the youth who resort thither, than the society and instruction of this learned and good man.

THREE SUNDAYS IN A WEEK.

"You hard-hearted, dunder-headed, obstinate, rusty, crusty, musty, fusty, old savage!" said I in fancy, one afternoon, to my grand uncle Rungudgeon—shaking my fist at him in imagination.

Only in imagination. The fact is, some trivial discrepancy did exist, just then, between what I said and what I had not the courage to say—between what I did and what I had half a mind to do.

The old porpoise, as I opened the drawing-room door, was sitting with his feet upon the mantel-piece, and a bumper of port in his paw, making strenuous efforts to accomplish the ditty,

*Remplis ton verre vide !
Vide ton verre plein !*

"My dear uncle," said I, closing the door gently, and approaching him with the blandest of smiles, "you are always so very kind and considerate, and have evinced your benevolence in so many—so very many ways—that—that I feel I have only to suggest this little point to you once more to make sure of your full acquiescence."

"Hem!" said he, "good boy! go on!"

"I am sure, my dearest uncle [you confounded old rascal!] that you have no design really, seriously, to oppose my union with Kate. This is merely a joke of yours, I know—ha! ha! ha!—how very pleasant you are at times."

"Ha! ha! ha!" said he, "curse you! yes!"

"To be sure—of course! I knew you were jesting. Now, uncle, all that Kate and myself wish at present, is that you would oblige us with your advice as—as regards the time—you know, uncle—in short, when will it be most convenient for yourself, that the wedding shall—shall—come off, you know?"

"Come off, you scoundrel!—what do you mean by that? Better wait till it goes on."

Ha! ha! ha!—he! he! he!—hi! hi! hi!—ho! ho! ho! hu! hu! hu!—oh, that's good!—oh, that's capital—such a wit! But all we want, just now, you know, uncle, is that you would indicate the time precisely."

"Ah!—precisely?"

"Yes, uncle—that is, if it would be quite agreeable to yourself."

"Wouldn't it answer, Bobby, if I were to leave it at random—some time within a year or so, for example?—must I say precisely?"

"If you please, uncle—precisely."

"Well, then, Bobby, my boy—you're a fine fellow, aren't

you?—since you *will* have the exact time, I'll—why, I'll oblige you for once."

"Dear uncle!"

"Hush, sir!" [drowning my voice]—"I'll oblige you for once. You shall have my consent—and the *plum*, we mus'n't forget the plum—let me see! when shall it be? To-day's Sunday—isn't it? Well, then, you shall be married precisely—precisely, now mind!—when three Sundays come together in a week! Do you hear me, sir! What are you gaping at? I say, you shall have Kate and her plum when three Sundays come together in a week—but not till then—you young scapegrace—not till then, if I die for it. You know me—I'm a man of my word—now be off!" Here he swallowed his bumper of port, while I rushed from the room in despair.

A very "fine old English gentleman," was my grand-uncle Rumgudgeon, but unlike him of the song, he had his weak points. He was a little, pursy, pompous, passionate, semicircular somebody, with a red nose, a thick scull, a long pure, and a strong sense of his own consequence. With the best heart in the world, he contrived, through a predominant whim of contradiction, to earn for himself, among those who only knew him superficially, the character of a curmudgeon. Like many excellent people, he seemed possessed with a spirit of tantalization, which might easily, at a casual glance, have been mistaken for malevolence. To every request, a positive "No!" was his immediate answer; but in the end—in the long, long end—there were exceedingly few requests which he refused. Against all attacks upon his purse he made the most sturdy defence; but the amount extorted from him, at last was, generally, in direct ratio with the length of the siege and the stubbornness of the resistance. In charity no one gave more liberally or with a worse grace.

For the fine arts, and especially for the belles lettres he entertained a profound contempt. With this he had been inspired by Casimir Perier, whose pert little query "*A quoi un poete est il bon?*" he was in the habit of quoting, with a very droll pronunciation, as the *ne plus ultra* of logical wit. Thus my own inkling for the Muses had excited his entire displeasure. He assured me one day, when I asked him for a new copy of Horace, that the translation of "*Poeta nascitur non fit*" was a nasty poet for nothing fit"—a remark which I took in high dudgeon. His repugnance to "the humanities had, also, much increased of late, by an accidental bias in favor of what he supposed to be natural science. Somebody had accosted him in the street, mistaking him for no less a personage than Doctor Dubble L. Dee, the lecturer upon quack physics. This set him off at a tangent; and just at the epoch of this story—for story it is getting to be after all—my grand uncle Rumgudgeon was accessible and pacific only upon points which happened to chime in with the caprioles of the hobby he was riding. For the rest, he laughed with his arms and legs, and his politics were stubborn and easily understood. He thought, with Horsley, that "the people have nothing to do with the laws but to obey them."

I had lived with the old gentleman all my life. My parents, in dying, had bequeathed me to him as a rich legacy. I believe the old villain loved me as his own child—nearly if not quite as well as he loved Kate—but it was a dog's existence that he led me, after all. From my first year until my fifth, he obliged me with very regular floggings. From five to fifteen, he threatened me, hourly, with the House of Correction. From fifteen to twenty, not a day passed in which he did not promise to cut me off with a shilling. I was a sad dog, it is true—but then it was a part of my nature—a point of my faith. In Kate, however, I had a firm friend, and I knew it. She was a good girl, and told me very sweetly that I might have her (plum and all) whenever I could badger my grand uncle Rumgudgeon, into the necessary consent. Poor girl!—she was barely fifteen, and without this consent, her little amount in the funds was not come-at-able until five immeasurable summers had "dragged their slow length along." What, then, to do? At fifteen, or even at twenty-one [for I had now passed my fifth olympiad] five years in prospect are very much the same as five hundred. In vain we besieged the old gentleman with importunities. Here was a *piece de resistance* (as Messieurs Ude and Careme would say) which suited his perverse fancy to a T. It would have stirred the indignation of Job himself, to see how much like an old mouser he behaved to us two poor wretched little mice. In his heart he wished for nothing more ardently than our union. He had made up his mind to this

all along. In fact, he would have given ten thousand pounds from his own pocket (Kate's plum was *her own*) if he could have invented anything like an excuse for complying with our very natural wishes. But then we had been so imprudent as to broach the subject *ourselves*. Not to oppose it under such circumstances, I sincerely believe was not in his power.

I have said already that he had his weak points; but, in speaking of these, I must not be understood as referring to his obstinacy: that was one of his strong points—"assurement ce n'était pas sa faible." When I mention his weakness I have allusion to a bizarre old-womanish superstition which beset him. He was great in dreams, portents, *et id genus omne* of rigmarole. He was excessively punctilious, too, upon small points of honor, and, after his own fashion, was a man of his word, beyond doubt. This was, in fact, one of his hobbies. The spirit of his vows he made no scruple of setting at naught, but the letter was a bond inviolable. Now it was this latter peculiarity in his disposition, of which Kate's ingenuity enabled us, one fine day, not long after our interview in the dining room, to take a very unexpected advantage; and, having thus, in the fashion of all modern bards and orators, exhausted, in *prolegomena*, all the time at my command, and nearly all the room at my disposal, I will sum up in a few words what constitutes the whole pith of the story.

It happened then—so the Fates ordered it—that among the naval acquaintances of my betrothed, were two gentlemen who had just set foot upon the shores of England, after a year's absence, each, in foreign travel. In company with these gentlemen, my cousin and I, preconcertedly, paid uncle Rumgudgeon a visit on the afternoon of Sunday, October the tenth—just three weeks after the memorable decision which had so cruelly defeated our hopes. For about half an hour the conversation ran upon ordinary topics; but at last, we contrived, quite naturally, to give it the following turn:

Capt. Pratt. "Well, I have been absent just one year.—Just one year to-day, as I live—let me see! yes!—this is October the tenth. You remember, Mr. Rumgudgeon, I called, this day year, to bid you good-bye. And by the way, it does seem something like a coincidence, does it not—that our friend Captain Smitherton, here, has been absent exactly a year also—a year to-day?"

Smitherton. "Yes! just one year to a fraction. You will remember, Mr. Rumgudgeon, that I called with Capt. Pratot on this very day, last year, to pay my parting respects."

Uncle. "Yes, yes, yes—I remember it very well—very queer, indeed! Both of you gone just one year. A very strange coincidence, indeed! Just what Doctor Dubble L. Dee would denominate an extraordinary concurrence of events. Doctor Dub—"

Kate. (Interrupting.) "To be sure, papa, it is something strange; but then Captain Pratt and Captain Smitherton didn't go altogether the same route, and that makes a difference, you know."

Uncle. "I don't know any such thing, you huzzey! How should I? I think it only makes the matter more remarkable. Doctor Dubble L. Dee!"

Kate. "Why, papa, Captain Pratt went round Cape Horn, and Captain Smitherton doubled the Cape of Good Hope."

Uncle. "Precisely!—the one went east and the other went west, you jade, and they both have gone quite round the world. By the bye, Doctor Dubble L. Dee!"

Myself, (hurriedly,) "Captain Pratt, you must come and spend the evening with us to-morrow—you and Smitherton—you can tell us all about your voyage, and we'll have a game of *whist*, and—"

Pratt. "Whist, my dear fellow—you forget. To-morrow will be Sunday. Some other evening!"

Kate. "Oh no, fie!—Robert's not quite so bad as that. To-day's Sunday."

Uncle. "To be sure—to be sure!"

Pratt. "I beg both your pardon's—but I can't be so much mistaken. I know to-morrow's Sunday because!"

Smitherton, (much surprised.) "What are you all thinking about? Wasn't yesterday Sunday, I should like to know?"

All. "Yesterday, indeed! you are out."

Uncle. "To-day's Sunday, I say—don't I know?"

Pratt. Oh no!—to-morrow's Sunday."

Smitherton. "You are all mad—every one of you. I am

as positive that yesterday was Sunday as I am that I sit upon this chair."

Kate, (jumping up eagerly.) "I see it—I see it all. Papa, this is a judgment upon you, about—about you know what. Let me alone, and I'll explain it all in a minute. It's a very simple thing, indeed. Captain Smitherton says that yesterday was Sunday: so it was; he is right. Cousin Bobby, and uncle and I, say that to-day is Sunday: so it is; we are right. Captain Pratt maintains that to-morrow will be Sunday; so it will; he is right too. The fact is, we are all right, and thus three Sundays have come together in a week."

Smitherton, (after a pause.) "By the bye, Pratt, Kate has us completely. What fools we two are! Mr. Rumgudgeon, the matter stands thus: the earth, you know, is twenty-four thousand miles in circumference. Now this globe of the earth turns upon its own axis—revolves—spins round—these twenty-four thousand miles of extent, going from west to east, in precisely twenty-four hours. Do you understand, Mr. Rumgudgeon?"

Uncle. "To be sure—to be sure—Doctor Dub!"—

Smitherton, (drowning his voice.) "Well, sir; that is at the rate of one thousand miles per hour. Now suppose that I sail from this position a thousand miles east. Of course, I anticipate the rising of the sun here at London, by just one hour. I see the sun rise one hour before you do. Proceeding, in the same direction, yet another thousand miles, I anticipate the rising by two hours—another thousand, and I anticipate it by three hours—and so on, until I go entirely round the globe, and back to this spot, when, having gone twenty-four thousand miles east, I anticipate the rising of the London sun by no less than twenty-four hours; that is to say, I am a day *in advance* of your time. Understand, eh?"

Uncle. "But Dubble L. Dee"—

Smitherton, (speaking very loud.) "Captain Pratt, on the contrary, when he had sailed a thousand miles west of this position, was an hour, and when he had sailed twenty-four thousand miles west, was twenty-four hours, or one day, behind the time at London. Thus, with me, yesterday was Sunday—thus, with you, to-day is Sunday—and thus, with Pratt, to-morrow will be Sunday. And what is more, Mr. Rumgudgeon, it is positively clear that we are *all right*; for there can be no philosophical reason assigned why the idea of one of us should have preference over that of the other."

Uncle. "My eyes!—well, Kate—well, Bobby!—this is a judgment upon me, as you say. But I am a man of my word—mark that! you shall have her, boy (plum and all,) when you please. Done up, by Jove! Three Sundays all in a row! I'll go, and take Dubble L. Dee's opinion upon *that*."

EDGAR A. POE.

TO ONE IN PARADISE.

THOU wast all that 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,
"On! on!"—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!
(Such language holds the solemn sea
To the sands upon the shore)
Shall bloom the thunder-blasted tree,
Or the stricken eagle soar?

And all my days are trances,
And all my night dreams'
Are where thy dark eye glances,
And where thy footstep gleams—?
In what ethereal dances,
By what eternal streams.

EDGAR A. POE

REVIEWS.

THE FIRST THREE BOOKS OF HOMER'S ILIAD, according to the Ordinary Text, and also with the restoration of the Digamma, to which are appended English Notes, critical and explanatory, a Metrical Index, and Homer's Glossary. By Charles Anthon, L.L.D., Jay Professor of the Greek and Latin Languages in Columbia College, New York, and Rector of the Grammar School. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THIS is one of the series of "School and College Classics" which have attracted so general an attention, first, from their comprehensiveness, and admirable adaptation to their objects, and, secondly from their punctilious accuracy and beauty of typographical execution. We have seen richer, gaudier, but never more truly beautiful books. The Greek text, in this Homer, with the frequent digammas, is certainly the most graceful and picturesque specimen of printing we ever beheld.

The volume contains all of the Iliad which is usually read at school, as preparatory to a collegiate course—sufficient to furnish the student with the principles of Homeric translation and analysis. The text is, in the main, that of Spitzner, which is now generally regarded as the best;—although on some occasions, alterations have been adopted, and the reasons given in a note. Besides the regular text of Spitzner, there is that of Richard Payne Knight, with the digamma restored according to his views. In fact, it is by no means improbable that this secondary text is at least a close approximation to the ancient orthography of Homer—although many discrepancies might be pointed out, going to show that in many cases the learned commentator could not have been otherwise than wrong in his conjectures. The work of Knight is extremely rare in this country, and even as a mere matter of curious speculation, Dr. Anthon has rendered a public service by introducing the restorations in question.

The commentary, as in all this series of classics, is peculiarly full and explicit—proceeding on the sole ground which is admissible in matters of scholastic instruction—the ground that the scholar is absolutely ignorant, and has need of information at all points, however seemingly trivial. No error is more fatal in tuition, than that of taking it for granted that the student knows any thing at all. The materials of the Notes are derived, chiefly, from Wolf, Heyne, Buttman, Nagelsbach, and Stadelmann, and the Commentary includes every thing that is really valuable in the works of these eminent scholars. The Glossary is separated from the Notes,—a very judicious arrangement—and contains a great deal of novel information in regard to the parsing of the Homeric Greek. It is distinguished, also, from every Homeric Lexicon which has preceded it (in English) by its introduction and application to the Homeric text, of the Sanscrit and Linguistic Etymologies:—an Index to the Glossary is subjoined. The Metrical Index has been constructed with especial reference to the doctrine of the digamma and its bearing upon the Homeric versification.

Upon the whole, this edition of Homer is not only one of the most valuable of the series, but one of the most important additions to classical literature which this country or any other has produced.

Letters from New York. Second Series. By L. M. Child. New York. C. S. Francis, & Co. 1845.

The great popularity of the first series of Mrs. Child's letters from New York, will insure a hearty welcome and a large sale for this new volume. Without possessing any of the charms which private episles derive from their confidential revelations and bits of private scandal that all people love, the letters of Mrs. Child make a direct appeal to

every human heart and cause the reader to feel as though they had been addressed to himself personally. It is because the author opens her own heart that she gains admission to the hearts of others so rapidly. Nothing will so disarm reserve as confidence; ice can alone be melted by heat; hatred and anger must be overcome by love and kindness. Bitter, sarcastic writers can never hope for popularity, or at least love. We rarely see one of Swift's essays carried about as a pocket companion, but the good natured genial writings of Goldsmith are oftener bound up as pocket volumes than the works of any other author. The popularity of Mrs. Child's letters must be attributed to a similar cause; and to the fact that they treat of human beings and things that interest humanity. The sympathies of men are more wide than we are apt to believe. The stories of washerwomen, of street-sweepers and little beggar children, interest us beyond the most elaborate histories of merely official personages. Mrs. Child instinctively seizes upon subjects which are interesting to all classes, to men and women rather than to statesmen, or ladies and gentlemen. The present volume of her letters has a most taking table of contents. 'Christmas,' 'Ole Bul,' 'New Year's Festivities,' 'Valentine's Day,' 'Fourth of July,' 'Children in Union Park,' 'Genius and Skill,' 'Greenwood Cemetery,' 'The Violin,' 'Autumn Woods,' 'The Spirit of Trade,' 'Sir Harry Falkland'; these are some of the titles to the letters; suggestive of charming reading and delightful heart-touching subjects.

We make an extract from the last letter.

Rapid approximation to the European style of living is more and more observable in this city. The number of servants in livery visibly increases every season. Foreign artistic upholsterers assert that there will soon be more houses in New York furnished according to the fortune and taste of noblemen, than there are either in Paris or London; and this prophecy may well be believed, when the fact is considered that it is already not very uncommon to order furniture for a single room, at the cost of ten thousand dollars. There would be no reason to regret this lavishness, if the convenience and beauty of social environment were really increased in proportion to the expenditure, and if there were a progressive tendency to equality in the distribution. But, alas, a few moments' walk from saloons superbly furnished in the style of Louis 14th, brings us to Loafer's Hall, a dreary desolate apartment, where shivering little urchins pay a cent apiece, for the privilege of keeping out of watchmen's hands, by sleeping on boards ranged in tiers.

But the effects of a luxurious and artificial life are sad enough on those who indulge in it, without seeking for painful contrast among the wretchedly poor. Sallow complexions, feeble steps, and crooked spines, already show an obvious deterioration in beauty, grace, and vigor. Spiritual bloom and elasticity are still more injured by modes of life untrue to nature. The characters of women suffer more than those of men, because their resources are fewer. Very many things are considered unfeminine to be done, and of those duties which are feminine by universal consent, few are deemed genteel by the upper classes. It is not genteel for mothers to wash and dress their own children, or make their clothing, or teach them, or romp with them in the open air. Thus the most beautiful and blessed of all human relations performs but half its healthy and reviving mission. The full, free, joyful growth of heart and soul is everywhere impeded by artificial constraint, and nature has her fountains covered by vanity and pride. Some human souls, finding themselves fenced within such narrow limits by false relations, seek fashionable distinction, or the excitement of gossip, flirtation, and perpetual change, because they can find no other unforbidden outlets for the irrepressible activity of mind and heart. A very few, of nature's noblest and strongest, quietly throw off the weight that presses on them, and lead a comparatively true life in the midst of shams, which they reprove only by example. Those who can do this, without complaint or noise, and attempt no defence of their peculiar course, except the daily beauty of their actions, will work out their freedom at last, in the most artificial society that was ever constructed; but the power to do this requires a rare combination of natural qualities. For the few who do accomplish this difficult task, I even feel more respect than I do for those who struggle upward under the heavy burden of early poverty. "For wealth bears heavier on talent, than poverty. Under gold mountains and thrones, who knows how many a spiritual giant may lie crushed down and buried?" I once saw a burdock shoot up so vigorously, that it threw off a piece of board in the platform, which covered it from light and air. I had great respect for the brave plant, and even carried my sympathy so far, as to reproach myself for not having lifted the board it was trying so hard to raise, instead of watching it curiously, to see how much it could do. The pressure of artificial life, I cannot take off from souls that are born in the midst of it; and few have within themselves such uplifting life as the burdock.

It is one of the saddest sights to see a young girl, born of wealthy

and wordly parents, full of heart and soul, her kindly impulses continually checked by etiquette, her noble energies repressed by genteel limitations. She must not presume to love anybody, till father and mother find a suitable match; she must not laugh loud because it is vulgar; she must not walk fast because it is ungenteel; she must not work in the garden, for fear the sun and wind may injure her complexion; she must sew nothing but gossamer, lest it mar the delicacy of her hands; she must not study, because gentlemen do not admire literary ladies. Thus left without ennobling objects of interest, the feelings and energies are usually concentrated on frivolous and unsatisfactory pursuits, and woman becomes a by-word and a jest, for her giddy vanity, her love of dress and beaux.

THE PENCIL OF NATURE. By H. Fox Talbot: London, 1844. Imported by Wiley & Putnam, 161 Broadway. Nos. 1 and 2.

This is the first attempt to publish a series of pictures, made entirely by Nature herself. They are produced by the photographic process, and are of course as true, excepting in color, as truth itself. These reflections of Nature are fixed upon sensitive paper instead of metal plates, as in the Daguerrian process; and each picture is an original work. The "Pencil of Nature" is a somewhat fanciful term, and not a very correct one, for these impressions partake of the character of a medallion more than of painting. But we are not disposed to pick differences about terms, the work itself is entitled to the highest consideration, and every one who inspects it will draw his own auguries of its influence on the imitative Arts. The author gives a very full and lucid statement of the first discovery of his art, and of the process by which it has been carried to its present high condition. By pure chance, Monsieur Daguerre has reaped nearly all the honors of the discovery which Mr. Fox Talbot made simultaneously with him. There are twelve plates in the two numbers of Mr. Talbot's publication, which very satisfactorily prove the importance of the art in giving actual views of almost any kind of still life. In making copies of architectural ornaments and pictures, it must be found of very great advantage; and even in copying curious manuscripts and rare old books, it is found of great service, as may be seen from a fac-simile of a page of an old Norman-French book, containing the statutes of Richard the Second.

The view on the Boulevard at Paris, taken from one of the upper windows of the Hotel de Dovres on the corner of the Rue de la Paix, is a most delightful picture which transports the spectator in a visit to the French Capital. It has nothing of the doubtful aspect or indistinctness of a painting, but is indeed, Paris itself. The street has just been watered and is under repair, as seen by a couple of wheel-barrows which stand in the fore ground. By the road side a row of *Cittadines* and *Cabriolets* are waiting, and a carriage is standing in the distance. It is the Broadway, as much as this is Broadway which we look into when we raise our head. But, goodness, what a range of fantastic chimney-pipes borders the horizon, forest of flues of all conceivable shapes. The corner house on the right hand is a bathing house, with "Bains" painted on the wall. Saving the mansion with a railing in front it looks for all the world like a New York house; we can look into the garret window and almost discern a Grisette at her employment. It is a cheap view of Paris.

The most charming of all the impressions however is the reflection of an English haystack, which brings us an English market scene as truly as though we were looking out of an English window upon an English farm-yard. The sunshine which falls upon it is English sun-shine; it has lighted up an object three thousand miles away, and now shines as brightly on our desk as it did a year ago in Somersetshire, or in pleasant Kent, for the locality of the haystack is not given. The book itself, considered merely as a book, is a rare specimen of luxurious publishing, and the ornament on the cover is worth to an ornamental artist, for a study, more than its contents.

Saul, A Mystery. By the Author of "Christian Ballads," "Athanasian," etc. etc. etc. New York: D. Appleton, & Co.

This poem was announced as about to be published in the fall of 1842, but withheld for private reasons. It is the longest dramatic work ever written, we believe, by an American,—occupying more than 260 pages, large duodecimo. The history on which it is founded, is contained in the Books of Samuel, commencing with the twentieth chapter of the first book, and ending with the first chapter of the second. "It may be proper to say," says the author in a note, "that I am not acquainted with any other poem in the language plotted

on the same incidents. Mr. Sotheby's Epic, which very probably occupies the same ground, I believe I have never seen, and am sure that I never read."

This we look upon as a *very* remarkable thing. How a poet, writing a long dramatic poem on the same theme, and with the same title and hero which have been already employed by another, could have forborne (at least *after* the completion of his own work) to peruse the work of his fellow-laborer in the field, is to our apprehension, we say, a *very* remarkable thing, and plainly shows Mr. Coxe to be a very remarkable man.

We have no faith in dramatic poems—they are paradoxical. What is poetical is not dramatic—what is dramatic is never poetical. "Saul," however, is not entitled a "Dramatic Poem," but a "Mystery"—and if there is any thing in the world we detest, it is a mystery of any kind. We confess, therefore, that we proceed to the perusal of this book with a host of prejudice. We do not think we shall like it, and if we do *not*, we shall endeavor to say so, in the plainest of all possible terms.

In our next "Journal," we shall review the poem in full. At present, we have time only to extract a peculiar passage,—the whole of the first scene of the fourth act.

Merodach. There crashed an avalanche,
From highest Libanus :
And ho ! another falls a-near,
Glancing a thousand moonbeams,
As the crystal rocks of ice,
Go thundering down below.

And hark ! it is the mother-eagle screams,
As snaps the high branched pine,
And her nest and her brood are buried.
Far, far, in the valley below,
The peasant awakes in fear,
As he hears the alarm on high,
And the booming destruction comes down !
He wakes, and he prayeth his prayers ;
The prayers that he prayeth are vain.
A mountain is piled on his roof and his home,
And the cry, and the crashing are still.

(Climbs higher.)
Earth, in these solitudes,
Makes bold to talk with God,
And lifts her head sublime to heaven,
Where breaks no mortal voice
On the long Sabbath of her quietness.
But spirits, where are ye
In icy fetters pining ;
Ye who once chained the soul of Saul ;
Ye whom the harp disarmed,
When David rallied his good angels,
To drag ye hither through the viewless ?
Spirits, say where !

(Pauses.)

If such the might of song ;
Ye too shall have enchanters
Mimicking once more
The spell of Moses' rod :
And Pytho shall be praised upon the lyre,
Loud as the Hebrew's Lord.
A blind old man shall be
To roam the sunny islands,
That float upon the sea,
And on their hills, and on their valleys,
Forever, shall his song enshrine
A fair idolatry.

(Climbs higher.)

Enchantress hear'st me not,
That callest me afar ?
I come to bid the spirits back again,
And seven beside, more strong.
Their harper foe is gone forever,
And Saul is thine once more.
Say witch, where art thou ?

Come on !

Merodach. Ah, Magdiel, art thou there ?

Voice. Ay, teaching the new seven. Did ye hear
The snowballs that we bowled upon your head ?

Never too Late. By Charles Burdett. New York. D. Appleton, & Co. Being of a second series of tales for the people.

One of those simple little tales of every day life, written to enforce a pious lesson, which always proves popular, and is doubtless found conducive to the object aimed at. Mr. Burdett is already favorably known as the author of two or three other books of the same class. It is published in a neat style, uniform with the well known "series of tales for the people," issued by the same publishers.

THE MAGAZINES.

THE KNICKERBOCKER.

DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.

HUNT'S MERCHANT'S MAGAZINE.

AMERICAN REVIEW AND WHIG MAGAZINE.—(Colton.)

The Knickerbocker presents its customary variety in its table of contents besides a *grand pièce de résistance*, composed of *A. Pike*, and its Editor's table the usual variety of pleasant gossip. We are sorry to see that Mr. Clark has involved himself in a quarrel with Mr. Hudson, and more so that he should have found anything in our own columns that by transplanting will wear an appearance of hostility to that gentleman. Our remarks, which the Editor of the Knickerbocker has quoted, were meant to apply solely to Mr. Hudson's manner, and not to his matter, for we had not heard enough of his lectures to enable us to form an opinion of his views of his subject; but we were strongly impressed with a feeling of respect for Mr. Hudson's opinions, from the little that we did hear.

The feature of the Democratic Review is an essay on education by Mr. Hudson, from which the public may form a correct idea of his style and thoughts. Many who have long been in the habit of calling all New-Englanders reformers and transcendentalists, will be struck with his strong Conservatism. Mr. Hudson has constantly an eye to the future, like the majority of his countrymen, but he also keeps an eye fixed steadily upon the past. He believes in the good old times. The Democratic has several admirable articles besides Mr. Hudson's. The Essayist on English letter writers from the time of Howell to Lamb, makes a very singular omission in leaving Horace Walpole out of his Catalogue. This is like leaving Shakspeare out of the list of English Dramatists, or Fielding from the Catalogue of Novelists. Walpole is the only Englishman whose letters form the circulating portion of his works. We read the letters of other authors on account of their other productions: but we read Walpole's *works*, because we have read his letters. We have extracted a good part of the *Essay on writing for the Magazines*, for its genial humor and magazininity, into another part of our columns. The portrait of the Democratic for this month is a striking likeness of McDuffie, of South Carolina, copied from a daguerreotype.

Hunt's Magazine has a translation from M. Coquelin, by Henry C. Carey, of Philadelphia, on the Commercial Associations of France and England, a paper on the Erie Canal Enlargement, by J. B. Jervis, of New-York, on the Corn Trade of the United States, by Charles Hudson, of Massachusetts, a review of the Exploring Expedition, and a great amount of statistical matter.

The American Review, Mr. Colton's Whig Magazine, is almost a duplicate of the Democratic Review, excepting the complexion of its politics. The first article, by Dr. Bacon, "The Mystery of Iniquity," is forcibly written, and infinitely more exciting than any of the 'mysteries', not excepting Saul, that have recently been published. It reads very much like a chapter from the mysteries of Paris. The paper by Mr. Hudson "on reading" will do very well as a Sequel to the one on Education in the Democratic. It is worth an infinite number of such Essays as that by Pycroft, a cheap edition of which has recently been published. The review of the 'Vestiges of Creation,' is the most vigorous attack that has yet been made on that much abused and much belauded work. The embellishment of the Whig Review, is a portrait of John Quincy Adams, neither very commendable as a portrait or as a work of art. The biographical sketch of the old-man-eloquent, as the country newspapers will persist in calling the venerable ex-President, contains an extract from his diary, when he was twenty-five years old, which will let him down in the eyes of good people several rounds on the ladder of fame.

Taking them together, these four works exhibit a higher reach in the department of magazine literature, than the country has ever offered before. While the three dollar magazines, cheap and flashy, flourish best in Philadelphia, the five dollar ones thrive best in New-York; indeed it is the only place, except Richmond, Va., where one has ever thrived at all. But there is still room for another to administer

to tastes and preserve interests, which the others neglect. No magazine in this country has yet done anything for the interests of art, but there is a growing appetite in the American people for works of artistic excellence, which we trust that some intelligent publisher will before long turn to a profitable account.

BLACKWOOD.—Mess. Leonard, Scott & Co. have issued, the April number of Blackwood. It contains eight papers of varied excellence, but all good. “Ping-Kee’s view of the stage” is quaint exceedingly, and North’s Account of Dryden (although disfigured with the usual carelessness and rant of Wilson) is an admirable essay. The continuation of the papers called “Confessions of an Opium Eater” is better, we think, than the original—which was a lie throughout. There is yet room for a book on opium eating, which shall be the most profoundly interesting volume ever penned. It would be written, however, by no De Quincy.

NEW WORKS IN PRESS.

LONDON, April 1, 1845.

Sybil, a novel. By D’Israeli, author of “Coningsby.”
Life of the late Lord Hill. By the Rev. Edwin Sydney. 8vo.
Travels in North America, with Geological Observations. By Charles Lyell, F. R. S., with plates.
Naval Worthies of the Reign of Queen Elizabeth. By John Barron, Esq.
The Tree Rose, Practical Instructions for its formation and Culture.
The Literature of Political Economy. By J. R. Mc Culloch, Esq.
Physical Condition of New South Wales and Van Dieman’s Land. 8vo.
The Lady’s Country Companion. By Mrs. Lowdon.
Richard the Third ; a poem. By Sharon Turner, Esq.
A Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography and Mythology. Edited by Dr. William Smith, Editor of the Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities—to be completed in 3 vols. 8vo.
Overland Sketches of the Pyramids, Cataracts, Deserts, Mosques, etc. By Lieut. C. B. Young.
Finden’s Beauties of the Poets—a series of their principal female characters. To be issued monthly.
Parrot’s Ascent of Mount Ararat : being the first vol. of Cooley’s “World Surveyed.”

EOTHEN.

THE editor of the Buffalo Journal has started an ingenious thought in respect to this brilliant book of travel, which will not in the smallest degree diminish its value, even though his thought should prove a fact. He thinks that Eothen was composed upon the plan of the Amber Witch and Lady Wiloughby’s Diary, and that the success of the former work led to the composition of Eothen. We copy a part of his remarks, which are certainly very plausible.

We are more than half inclined to suspect that the success of the *Amber Witch* has provoked the really clever writer of *Eothen* to test, by a like experiment, the boasted infallibility of the English Reviewers. Sparkling as most of the sketches in *Eothen* are, there is not from beginning to end a single passage that could not have been written by a man of vivid imagination—such as the writer evidently possesses—without removing from his library. Hundreds of writers of works, avowedly fictitious, display quite as much of graphic fidelity to nature in describing scenery, costumes and manners, with which they have no other acquaintance than through books.

The reader of *Eothen* will note that the author carefully avoids all ticklish ground, and never ventures upon any description the fidelity of which can be tested by actual observation. Thus his journey from Belgrade to Constantinople, his residence in that city, his visit to the plain of Troy, his description of Smyrna, &c., although specimens of very beautiful writing, are yet so vague, shadowy, and indistinct, that of the thousands who have visited the same places none can say that this is true, this false, except in the general way that every well-read man can make the same averment.—We see the writer and read his reflections, but we see nothing of the East.

His visit to Lady Hester Stanhope is described with more particularity of detail, for the reason that on such a theme the writer felt himself on safe ground. Lady Hester is dead, and so cannot contradict any statement he may make, and besides, she was so eccentric, saw so few travellers, and her mood so changed from time to time, that the writer of *Eothen* might let his fancy run riot in description, and none could convict him of fiction.—His adventures in Palestine, with descriptions of what he saw, could easily have been made up from books, and the hints derived from the conversation of friends who had actually visited the Holy Land. The whole of that portion looks like patch-work, made brilliant by the glow of a fervid imagination.

But we are willing to stake the whole argument on the chapter of “Cairo and the Plague.” If any one can read that and verily believe the writer ever witnessed and passed through what he professes, he need not stagger at any thing. The same is true of what he says respecting the Pyramids, and that incredible, solitary ride on a drome-

dary, in the night, across the desert, to Suez.—Look, too, at Baalbec, despatched, literally, in a dozen lines of dreamy mystification, containing not one definite idea. We might go on with particulars, but these are enough to direct inquiry to the point we wish. The mocking tone in which much of the book is written, gives piquancy to it, while at the same time it suggests that the wicked writer was chuckling over the success of his scheme to mystify the Aristarchuses of the reviews. The view we have taken of the book in no way detracts from its literary merits, which are of a very high order; but what fun it will be to the writer to have so effectually mystified the erudite, elaborate, and solemn Quarterly, the keen, critical acumen of Blackwood, and the very respectable reading public generally? We should like to have the opinions of our critical friends of the Mirror and the Broadway Journal upon this matter.

If the travels of Bruce, published with his own name, and accompanied by numerous original drawings of the objects that he saw in his journeys, were looked upon as apocryphal, it would not be a strange matter if a book like *Eothen*, which has been published anonymously, should be regarded as a fiction. But its authenticity has never been doubted in England, where the author must be well known. Its authorship has been attributed to a barrister named Trevilian, and we have no doubt that it is a perfectly true book. The beauty of the style, the light-hearted novelesque manner of the narrative, and the absence of such statistical matter as we generally find in books of travel, all help to give it an air of romance. But these are just the points which a good artist, like the author of *Eothen*, would have regarded, and to make his book appear true, he would have introduced some of the characteristics of other true books; as the author of the *Amber Witch* has done. But its originality is one of the strongest evidences of its genuineness. Nothing could be more easy than to get up, without leaving one’s library, a book of Eastern travel that would thoroughly deceive the public; but only a very great artist could have hit upon the novel idea of practising a deception by framing a work unlike any other that had ever appeared on the same subject, and instead of using the same materials which others had brought from the east, to reject them altogether. But it would be impossible for the author to take his reader to a region which he had never visited himself. *Eothen* brings the east to us more vividly than any other eastern traveller has done; such spots as Baalbec are hurriedly and dreamily sketched, because other travellers had described them minutely. There is a minuteness of honesty in many parts of *Eothen*, which appears exceedingly like the work of an ingenuous artist rather than the effect of an ingenuous mind; but they are few, and the marks of sincerity and honesty are many. We read the work with entire faith, satisfied that if the author were not a true traveller, he was in the highest degree a true artist.

BOBUS SMITH.

It is not generally known to American readers, that the Rev. Sydney Smith had a brother who was nearly as bright a genius as the great wit himself. Robert Smith, commonly called Bobus by his friends, died just a fortnight after the decease of his elder and more famous brother. We find the following biographical notice in the last number of the London Critic, the new weekly review which defends the cause of Young England :

“It has very recently fallen to our lot to attempt some commemoration of the life, character, and genius of the late Rev. Sydney Smith. We little apprehended at the time that we should so soon afterwards be called upon to record the death of his brother, elder by one year, Robert Smith, Esq., which took place on the day fortnight after the other. These two most remarkable men had always entertained a strong degree of reciprocal attachment and admiration for each other; but the life of the elder had, especially of late years, been so comparatively withdrawn from the more prominent scenes of business and society, that we have little doubt that we shall surprise the larger proportion of our readers by affirming that, while the younger justly attracted an ampler share of the public notice by the more active part he bore in questions

and measures affecting the public welfare, and while in a species of inspiration which he imparted to mirth and wit, though by no means his most valuable characteristic, he, among the men of his own, and perhaps of any time, may with truth be pronounced inimitable; at the same time, we believe that the most discerning of the contemporaries who were happy enough to enjoy the friendship of both—we are sure that the lamented Sydney himself—would in extent of acquirement, in original force of thought, in mastery of mind, have given the palm to Robert, or to call him by the name he inherited from the happy familiarity of early days, Bobus Smith.

"We cannot pretend to give a full or accurate account of his life. He was born in 1770. At Eton he was the intimate associate of Canning, Frere, and Lord Holland, and a contributor to the *Microcosm*. At Cambridge he materially added to the reputation for scholarship and classical composition which he had established at school; and if the most fastidious critic of our day would diligently peruse the three Triposes which he composed in Lucretian rhythm, on the three systems of Plato, Descartes, and Newton, we believe that we should not run the least risk of incurring the charge of exaggeration, in declaring our belief that these compositions in Latin verse have not been excelled since Latin was a living language. Be this said with the peace of Milton and Cowley—with the peace of his fellow Etonians, Grey and Lord Wellesley.

"We are not aware that we can refer to any subsequent composition by Mr. Smith which could be put on a level with these youthful effusions. We should, indeed, imagine that no person with his powers of intellect had ever published so little. Nor were his achievements in active public life, from the same fastidious aversion to display, though by no means wanting in usefulness, at all commensurate with the ideas conceived of him by every one that approached him. He was nine years in Bengal as Advocate General, and one short extract from Sir James Macintosh's Diary may show the value entertained for him there:—"I hear frequently of Bobus; always merry and always kind. Long live Bobus!"

We believe his acquaintances were disposed to form brilliant auguries of what he was likely to effect as a speaker in Parliament. His first essay, in 1812, is supposed not to have come up at least to the mark of his own fastidious judgment, and he seldom afterwards addressed the House at any length, or upon subjects which excited the contest and passions of parties. He rendered, however, really eminent services as a most diligent and pains-taking member of committees, which might have put many an idle mediocrity to the blush. He finally retired from Parliament in 1826. He spent the remainder of his life in comparative retirement, in the serene enjoyment of the various literature he loved, and the cheerful intercourse of the restricted society that delighted him. Nothing can be imagined more rich and racy in its variety of material, and in its force of reflection, than his conversation. "Pourquoi ne parlez-vous comme-ça dans la Chambre des Communes?" said Madame de Staél to him one day, after listening for some time to its eloquent flow; though there was in it nothing of the harangue, in its manly ease and simplicity it partook of his character; there was much in him of the sturdy Saxon combined with the refined and thoroughly finished scholar. No one was ever so clear of all frippery, and the only thing for which he probably felt no toleration was a prig. Of his conversation Mr. Canning said "Bobus's language is the essence of English."

In his inner domestic life he was full of gentle and attaching qualities. He married Caroline Vernon, daughter of Richard Vernon, esq. and Evelyn, Countess of Upper Ossory. He lost a son and a daughter in their prime of youth, each of most rare promise. His eldest son, and only surviving child, is the Right Hon. R. Vernon Smith, M. P. for Northampton.

PROFESSOR GOURAUD.—The following extract from the Professor's lecture on Memory, is a remarkable instance of fluent writing in a foreigner, who, three or four years since, was almost ignorant of our language. M. Gouraud's style is somewhat too luxuriant for these days of classic severity, but it has wonderful ease as the production of a foreigner.

* Already have the birds of night, preceded by the white-winged owl, who seems to serve them as a warning beacon, begun to regain their obscure retreats in the shadowy depths of the forests: the timid hare

and cautious deer have already left the open fields for the more propitious shadow of the woods. At their return, the implacable eagle and the voracious hawk begin to prepare anew their sharp talons for the morning's hunt; while, disengaging their heads from underneath the warm wings which covered them during the night, the birds of day, among whom they must soon choose again their prey, little foreseeing the cruel fate which may and which must before long overtake them, open their eyes, shuffle their glossy feathers, and begin to hop from branch to branch, as if to stretch their little limbs, and prepare their light wings for flight.

All at once, the air rings with a melodious sound, which causes the atmosphere to vibrate afar, with a sweet and tremulous thrill; the echo, hitherto silent, repeats it in successive adulations to the distant streamlet of the valley. Immediately cadencing a harmonious *roulade*, which seems to run over a thousand varied notes at once, the fairy voice which produced these ravishing sounds awakens all the surrounding echoes, and they repeat it in chorus—while the voice itself seems to pause, as if, submerged in the torrent of harmonies with which she has filled the atmosphere, she were listening to herself, in rapturous astonishment. At these enchanting accents, the joyous troop are suddenly arrested, as if under the infatuation of a spell, to listen also; for they have recognised the harmonious ringing notes of the lyric enchantress of the groves, the morning leader of the songsters of the forest—the melodious nightingale! who, already preluding at her morning concerts, offers thus abruptly her first salutations to Aurora, always attentive to her songs. It would seem indeed that her melodious notes had been carried by the surrounding echoes even to the carminated gates of the horizon, and were understood by the elements; for Aurora at the moment seems to have redoubled her pace. The birds, preluding already to the harmonies of their matin hymns, seem to prepare themselves for singing her triumphs. At their head is the rustic cuckoo, the gay linnet, the lively red-breast, and the sensitive turtle-dove. The nightingale by their side, presiding over the concert, redoubles her harmonious cadences, as the Goddess of the dawn approaches. Most of the stars have vanished from the firmament; the heavens now appear like an ocean of shining gold and liquid gems of a thousand hues. And now Aurora reigns in undisputed sovereignty. But, alas! "a natural image of pleasure: as nothing is more beautiful than her reign, so nothing is shorter than its duration."

The god of day follows her with hasty steps; she must soon resign her empire, like the night, which just now fled so rapidly before her. In vain the hours, with redoubled energy, scatter in precipitated floods their bouquets of roses beneath her steps; she must finally yield—the god of day has almost overtaken her! Already he is announced by the more vivid tints which he pours around him. The glowing rays but just precede the dazzling glare: the east seems on fire: it appears suddenly all in flames. At their effulgence, the burning disc is each moment expected; at every instant he seems about to appear—at last he rises majestically from the liquid abyss! A brilliant pencil of flame, starting forth like a flash of lightning, and suddenly filling all space, seems, like the bow of a celestial orchestra, to have given the last signal for the awakening of all nature. It is the Sun, who has just touched upon the horizon with the edge of his inflamed disc.—Red as a purpureal sphere of gleaming vermillion, and at first of an immense size, he gradually ascends from behind a wide-spreading curtain of clouds, which he soon pierces with a thousand pencils of light, forming a gigantic glory, whose superior rays curve themselves into an immense arch, which reaches to the zenith. "Then the veil of darkness being entirely effaced, man is again permitted to recognise his abode, which he finds everywhere beautified and embellished. The verdure has taken during the night fresh vigor and renewed freshness; the new-born day which shines upon it, the first rays which gild it, display it covered with a brilliant net-work of dew, which reflects to the eye the light and the colors of the rainbow!"

The merry troop is again arrested to contemplate with ecstatic feelings the glorious spectacle, which has been thus gradually developed before them. Meanwhile all nature has been awakened, at that sublime moment,—when the disc of the sun touched lightly upon the horizon—the birds were re-united in chorus, and now they cause all the echoes of their melodious warblings to resound in concert. Not one remains silent; their musical songs, feeble at first, are more tender and sweet than during the remainder of the day—they seem as if tinged with the softness and mellowness of a languid awakening.—Imitating their merry concerts, the insects hum beneath the grass; the fishes in the streams dart along the surface of the water, and leap with joy, sparkling in the light with their silver scales; the reptiles crawl from their dark and humid holes, and come to bask in the warm sun-light; and even the serpent himself, raising up his hideous head above his spiral coils, and darting out his scarlet tongue, unable to sing praises, hisses forth his ceaseless curse! Every thing, finally, is excited and moved throughout all nature; every thing breathes joy and happiness at the first rays of the rising Sun—and the planets themselves, do they not bound forward in their empyreal course more rapidly and more animatedly as they approach him nearer and nearer in their perihelion?

But to speak only of things more accessible to the observer; at his appearance the camel of the desert is said to kneel while turning himself towards the east; the eagle stretches broad his extended wings, while fixing his piercing eye upon his burning disc; and the elephant salutes him with his flexible proboscis: or rather, do not all the animals salute in his image, by an irresistible impulse, in this universal concert, and by these testimonials of respect and gladness, Him of whom the Sun is but the shadow?—the universal Father and Benefactor, above all empyreal suns! And yet, "although the con-course of all these objects carries to the sense an impression of freshness which seems to penetrate even to the soul," man alone, of all created beings, almost always forgets himself in presence of a spectacle so majestic and sublime!

Soon the laborers resume their wonted toils; the flocks and herds are reconducted to the fields; the butterflies begin to flit from flower

to flower, the bees of the neighbouring trees come to dispute with them for the sweet ambrosia of their streaming nectaria; the lady-birds leave their rosy couches; the gilded day-beetles quit their protecting recesses, while those of the night regain their mossy cells. The nocturnal flowers fold their humid petals, while the blossoms of the day unfold their fresh corollas. The dew evaporates beneath the increasing heat of the Sun, whose vivifying influence, animating all nature, infuses life, vigor, and gladness into every particle of matter, into every sensitive bosom.

ANNIVERSARY WEEK.

In addition to the usual religious societies which hold their anniversaries in this city during the second week in May, we have this season a convention of Infidels, whose meetings are held in a small brick building in Broadway called the COLISEUM. The city was startled at the sight of placards on the corners of all the principal streets, headed INFIDEL CONVENTION, notifying the people that a meeting of infidels would be held at certain hours during Sunday. We like the honesty of these people, in proclaiming their Infidelity, although it appears that the great man among them, Mr. Owen, objected to the term, and preferred being called, a "friend of universal freedom and unlimited charity," which is a very comprehensive designation, but not a very forcible one. The Tribune makes some strange comments upon this convention, which we do not fully comprehend, but they appear to us highly commendatory. "Saying nothing of the influence of belief," says the paper, "who can doubt that the isolated condition of all infidels, their independence of the restraining influence of sympathy and fellowship are clearly unfavorable to high moral attainments? We rejoice, then, that they have resolved to know each other, and fix upon some definite and endearing plan of organization and action."

This is surely very distinct and unequivocal. A paper possessing the immense circulation of the Tribune, which is taken in many pious families for the reason that it excludes theatrical advertisements, and other wicked matter from its columns, is rejoiced that the infidels in this country have had the shrewdness to adopt the machinery by which other classes of men contrive to strengthen themselves in their errors, and trusts that they may fix upon some plan for rendering their infidelity enduring. The want of "high moral attainments" among infidels, the Tribune attributes to the isolated manner in which they have heretofore lived, and thinks that by meeting together frequently, and adopting the machinery of a party, whereby they may become more thoroughly imbued with infidelity, that their morals will be improved. The morality and the reasoning of the Tribune are decidedly original, and we would advise the proprietors to get out a patent for them.

It appears that Mrs. Rose, the somewhat celebrated clairvoyante, a Polish lady, who resides in this city, was among the speakers at the Coliseum, and that Judge Herttell was appointed chairman. The Tribune says that Robert Owen addressed the meeting briefly and sensibly, and of the convention it expresses the belief that "an elevation of the aims and an improvement of the morals of many will be the consequence." The Tribune, according to its manner of reasoning in the premises, would be rejoiced to see a convention of counterfeiters or pickpockets, or horse thieves, for the isolated manner in which these people live is very destructive to the social sympathies, and "devotion to their party or sex, solicitude for its welfare, and pride in its respectability would make them behave better than they otherwise would."

The wisdom of conventions, even for professedly benevolent purposes, is very questionable, but there can be no question of the evil which must result from party machinery, being adopted by men whose sole object is to bind themselves in a compact of infidelity.

No less than twenty-three different associations, mostly religious, have held their anniversaries during the week. Among the societies, we perceive one of a winning title, the "National Reform Association." We should suppose that everybody would be anxious to enrol themselves among its members; yet it appears that only twenty-five persons gathered together at its anniversary, which, after all, is about the number of men in the country who are favorable to National Reform. The Foreign Evangelical Society can number its thousands of members. Our Charity is not one

of the domestic virtues; she begins abroad, and, in many cases ends there.

In New Haven there has been a grand gathering of Scientific Gentlemen during the last week, and much important information has been disseminated, and many curious discoveries made public. One of the members discovered a fossil *pun*, which seemed to afford the association a vast amount of pleasure, it being probably the first discovery of the kind ever made.

Somebody gave an account of marks which had been found on a rock, resembling the human foot without toes, or a foot with the toes frozen off. Professor Silliman, junior remarked that it had long been a no-toe-rious fact.

THE CROSSING'S SWEEPER.

With unkempt hair, and shoeless feet,
The untitled sov'reign of the street,

With broom in hand,
Of charity may crave a mite,—
Pass him not by, it is a sight
He may command.

Pass him not by without a sign,
You recognize the shape divine

In him, though poor;
Kind words, if not a coin, will soothe,
And make his rugged pathway smooth,
More than before.

Pass him not by! Ye know not men,
But God with his omniscient ken
Has placed him there,
To make his country's annals bright,
When the plebeian claims his right
And spurns despair.

Ay! 'neath that tattered, brimless hat,
May rest a spirit great as that
Which shook the world,
And bent all Europe to its rod,
While kings who ruled *by grace of God*,
From thrones were hurled.

A time may come when 'neath a sky,
Brighter than that dark canopy,
That shades him now;
He yet may stand to clear your way,
And pointing out a brighter day,
Enwreathes his brow.

The head now pillowing on a stone,
Despised, uncared for, and lone,
May one day rise,
High plumed on its eagle wings,
To sit above your sceptred kings,
Eloquent, wise!

S. A. W.

MUSICAL ITEMS.

THE BOEHM FLUTE.—We rarely have the good fortune to be able to chronicle one really useful improvement in musical instruments; numberless modern inventions come under our notice daily, but they are, for the most part, if not entirely, valueless—of but little practical advantage.

The Boehm Flute is, however, a noble exception; we look upon it as the most valuable improvement ever effected in this instrument; and we believe, although there is no limit to the ingenuity of the human intellect, that it brings the flute as near perfection as it ever will be. It not only renders every scale of the instrument comparatively easy, but it ensures, beyond every contingency, that every scale shall be in perfect tune. It renders also the upper and the lower tones very easy to produce, while it improves and equalizes the tone throughout. Passages which were impracticable upon the old flute can be played with perfect fa-

cility upon the Boehm flute, while, added to all these advantages, and many more advantages which we shall take an early opportunity of pointing out to amateur and professional players, the exterior appearance of the flute is much improved and beautified.

A strong feeling of prejudice was exhibited against the *Bæhm innovation*, as it was arrogantly called, by professional players, both here and in Europe; but its striking advantages and sterling excellence silenced them one by one, and the *Bæhm flute* is now universally adopted.

To Mr. W. J. Davis, the talented flutist, every honor must be given as the first man who had the boldness to introduce it into this country; and to Mr. Larrabee, the ingenious maker, the public and the professors owe a debt of gratitude for his sacrifice of self-interest, in substituting the new for the old flute.

We hope that all who are interested in this subject, and have not yet examined the *Bæhm flute*, may be induced by our notice to visit Mr. Larrabee's factory, 110 Fulton street. We have examined the instrument thoroughly, and can vouch for its excellence in every way.

GRAND SACRED CONCERT AT ST. PETER'S CHURCH.—We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of this Concert in our present number. It will be seen that a truly classical and yet popular programme is offered on this occasion. The selections are from the finest composers, ancient and modern. Mozart, Handel, Hayden, Mendelssohn, Rossini and other names of note, give warranty of the excellence of the selection. The solos and chorusses from *St. Paul* will be new to most of our readers. As an entire work, *Paulus* is undoubtedly the greatest work that Mendelssohn has yet produced; for lofty sentiment, profound thought, and exquisite melody, no recent composition has approached it. The *Lobgesang* has also, only once been produced in this country, and the selections from it cannot fail to add the charm of novelty to the programme.

Mrs. Edward Loder, Miss De Luce, Miss Schmidt, Miss Watson, and Mr. Masset sustain the principal parts, while the chorus, composed principally of the members of the New-York Vocal Society, so favourably known to the public, is announced to be full and effective. It will be under the direction of Mr. H. C. Watson.

Mr. William A. King, organist of St. Peter's, whose reputation in that department is widely spread throughout the States, is engaged to get the concert up. Mr. H. C. Timm performs with Mr. W. A. King a four-handed piece for the organ.

The Concert is for the benefit of the Funds of the Church, which, independent of the musical attraction will doubtless be sufficient to fill the Church.

THE BROADWAY THEATRE.

MR. HANELIN has made a very touching appeal to the citizens of New York, and proposes borrowing one hundred thousand dollars, in the ridiculously small sums (as Mr. Tigg would say) of one dollar, from the same number of individuals, for which he will issue scrip entitling subscribers to a dollar's worth of admissions to his theatre when it shall be finished. This is certainly a very ingenious scheme for raising a hundred thousand dollars; but without a particle of ill will towards Mr. Hamblin, whom we have not the pleasure of knowing, we cannot say that we wish he may get it. For we should regret exceedingly to see a theatre erected in Broadway, more especially such a theatre as Mr. Hamblin would probably put up. Considering the effect which theatres invariably have in the neighborhood where they have been built, we should expect that the owners of property in Broadway would protest against the erection of one in that noble thoroughfare. The little Olympic is probably the best conducted theatre in the city; but we see it surrounded by dram shops, billiard rooms, and other equivocal resorts for

the profligate and idle. We see no necessity of making a theatre a drinking house, a gambling house, and a something else house, as well as a play house, but there seems to be the real unities of the drama, and pea-nuts and punch are as essential concomitants to the acting drama as tin foil and rouge. It is one of the strangest things in life, that every institution has been modified by time excepting the theatre. It is just as dissolute now as it was in the days of Charles the Second. Though governed by no laws, and its professors reckoned as vagrants, it is one of the most conservative institutions among us. Quakers and Jews change, but the theatre holds to its old usages. Mr. Simpson is the only man in New York who has remained unchanged during the past twenty years, and his theatre is the only building in the city which has not been renovated. All the churches have been remodeled; preachers have changed their style, their theology, and their habits; society has suffered a dozen revolutions; the whole order of living has been reversed; we have altered our food, drink, habits, and even our speech; cotillions have gone out, and the Polka has come in; finger glasses and silver forks have become common in hotels; drunkenness has grown unfashionable; the national name has been changed; new streets have been built; Texas has been annexed; cheap books have been invented; hanging is almost abolished; the Croton river runs through the streets;—but Mr. Simpson and the Park remain the same, as unchangeable as the eternal sphinx of the desert. He looks as gloomy and saturnine as he used to look when he played Charles Surface in a claret colored coat and straw colored shorts; and his theatre is as dingy, as English, and as expensive as ever. The filthy saloons, with their red moreen curtains and yellow refreshment sellers remain unchanged, and probably will remain so for the next century; and the same plays are presented on the stage that were witnessed by our grandmothers and our grandmothers' grandmothers. There is no church in chris-tendom half so conservative as the theatre: there are isms in every thing but the drama, which has never known a schism. Mr. Dinneford, to be sure, got up a Greek tragedy the other day, which was stepping backward a thousand years or two, instead of moving forward, as any one must do who would produce a sensation in the drama; and it appears that he lost twenty-five hundred dollars by his devotion to the classics, which should be a caution to other managers to let the classics alone.

We have no reason to believe that Mr. Hamblin would break adrift from the legitimate drama, or that he would do any better in Broadway than he has heretofore done in the Bowery; and therefore we would rather see him fail than succeed in his present undertaking: not that we wish him any ill as an individual, but as a manager he cannot but do harm in the community. He has had a large theatre under his control for many years, but he has done nothing to elevate the drama or correct the corrupt tastes of his audiences. If Mr. Hamblin must have a theatre, let him by all means stick to the Bowery. He would be a fish out of water in Broadway, and his theatre would mar the beauty of our magnificent thoroughfare.

We shall have a theatre in New York by and by, we have no doubt, that will reflect the manners of the people and satirise their vices, but it must be under the control of a manager to the manor born.

We are sorry for Mr. Hamblin's misfortunes, and would not put the slightest obstacle in his way to retrieve his losses; and our remarks are only intended to apply to the erection of a theatre in Broadway.

FACT AND FICTION.—From *Thoughts on Reading*, in Colton's Magazine, by H. N. Hudson, the Lecturer on Shakespeare :

"Good people often seem laboring under a great mistake in regard to works of fiction. They appear to think of truth as synonymous with matters of fact, and of fiction as synonymous with falsehood. Now, there is probably nothing that lies so frequently or so abominably as narratives of facts. Why, if a man wants to make any falsehood go down, he always sweetens it with some 'fact' which came under his own observation." Facts, indeed, we know to be the readiest vehicle of lies in the world; and whenever one undertakes to inflict them on us, we take for granted that there is no truth in him; or that, if there be, it is not coming out this time. On the other hand, as some one has said, the purest fictions often contain more of truth than many histories and scientific theories. In Spenser or Cervantes, for example, perhaps you shall not find a single falsehood, or a single fact; in a Gibbon or a Paley, you shall scarcely find a single fiction or a single truth. In the former, all shall be true but the names; in the latter all but the names shall be false. Take, for example, Addison's Cato and Sancho Panza. Now, Cato is unquestionably a real name; nobody doubts the existence of such a man; or that he was a genuine old, eating, breathing, thinking and speaking Roman, of the stanchest and noblest make. But Addison's Cato is one of the sheerest falsehoods that ever was perpetrated; such a being never did exist, and never could exist; all the principles of human nature must be changed before his existence were possible. Sancho Panza, on the contrary, is doubtless a fictitious name; nobody pretends that a real man ever bore that name; but the character is a perfect form of truth; is as real as the old Roman Cato was, whom Addison meant to give us, but could not; wants, in short, all that Addison's Cato has, and has all that Addison's Cato wants. And thus it is, that, in the hands of an artist, a fiction becomes the truest of realities, while, in the hands of a bungler, a fact becomes the emptiest of falsehoods.

Again; take Spenser's Una and Johnson's Milton. Now, Una is a mere personification of truth—one of the purest abstractions which the mind can frame, and with which, as such, we could no more sympathize, than with a triangle or an octagon. And yet, in Spenser's hands, it has turned out a fair humanity, breathing and blushing before us, like life itself. Uniting all the purity of an abstraction, with the flesh-and-blood reality of an actual person, we at once revere her as truth, and feel for her as the real subject of sympathies and affections answering to our own. Here, then, is a genuine character; a pure abstraction has come out a living person; a perfect fiction has become a perfect truth. This is the miracle that genius performs. Milton, on the contrary, is an actual person; nay, he has stamped his individuality, as a full length portrait, on every page of his works, so that he who runs may read, provided he have eyes. In Johnson's hands, however, he becomes a mere abstraction; no longer *he*, but *it*; or rather, a bundle of the most inconsistent and irreconcilable abstractions. You could no more mould such elements into the same living character, than you could mix fire and water, without destroying either.—Here is a genuine fact turned into a perfect falsehood. This is the miracle that genius does not perform. We could multiply instances beyond either our time or the reader's patience. It is truth, in this sense, that forms the substance and the soul of all true books; and we care not what form you give it, it is as genuine and as indestructible as the eye of God.

MISCELLANY.

IT IS AN ILL WIND THAT BLOWS NOBODY GOOD.—The frost has been so intense on the Danube, that rocks which for centuries had obstructed the navigation near Lintz, suddenly burst, and thus opened the bed of the river.

BURSTING OF BEER.—The famous brewers of Burton Ale, Messrs. Alsopps, whose names should be written Allslops, have recently failed for the moderate sum of one million and a half of dollars.

MR. MURDOCH, who has been successfully lecturing in this city upon the Drama and Shakespeare, will make his re-appearance upon the stage in September. He has an engagement at the Park for 12 nights.

THREE FACES UNDER A HOOD, viz. PALMO-HOOD.—The new opera house in Chambers street was first occupied by the *Italians*, then the *Greeks*, but now, it appears from the following notice, it is occupied by the *Ethiopians*.

"Mr. Dumbleton has at length succeeded in obtaining possession from Palmo, of the Opera House, and will this evening open it with the Ethioipan Serenaders.

Mr. Henry Phillips gave his farewell concert at Niblo's Saloon last Tuesday evening; it was well attended, and the performances gave great satisfaction. Mr. Phillips sang twelve different ballads, scenes, &c., many of which were encored, and all were well received. If he should repeat his visit to this country he would meet with better encouragement in the large cities on the Atlantic than he has done. His indifferent success has resulted mainly from an injudicious beginning in the manner of giving his concerts.

HISTORICAL SOCIETY.—At a very crowded meeting of this society on Wednesday evening, the Rev. Rufus W. Griswold read a long and interesting paper in reference to the intellectual history of the country—with criticisms on the works of several of our most noted authors. He did not conclude the essay.

MR. ALFERS, THE MUSICIAN.—We had an interesting article on the burial of this excellent musician, which is crowded out of this week's Journal. He died last Saturday at the house of his friend Mr. Timm, and was buried from the Tabernacle Tuesday morning. The house was nearly filled by the members of the Philharmonic Society of which he was a member, and by his personal friends and pupils. The funeral ceremonies, of which we shall give the particulars, were highly impressive, and admirably adapted to the occasion.

The Mirror of last week contains a poem of much merit, entitled "The Gazelle." It is the composition of a mere boy of fifteen, C. C. Cooke, and, although professedly an imitation of "The Raven," has a very great deal of original power.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THOSE MARKED † ARE RE-PRINTS.

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- †Martin's Illustrated Bible, No. 4 (steel plates).
- †Maurand's Treasury of History, No. 5.
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- Plato Against the Atheists. With Critical Notes. By Taylor Lewis, LL. D.
- Dr. Anton's System of Latin Versification: with specimens of translations from English and German Poetry into Latin Verse. 12mo.
- Notes on the Ephesians, by Dr. Barnes. 12mo.
- The Dutchman's Fireside: a novel. By J. K. Faulding: new edition.
- Harper & Brothers' Pictorial Bible, No. 26.

By the arrival of the Hibernia, we have London dates to 19th ultimo, by which we learn that the following new works have been issued:

- Lives of Men of Letters and Science, in the Reign of Geo. III. By Lord Brougham. 8vo.; with steel portraits. 21s.
- Peninsular Sketches. By Actors of the Scenes. Edited by W. H. Maxwell.
- Elements of Physics. By C. F. Peschel, Principal of the Royal Military College, Dresden. Translated from the German, with Notes, by E. West. One vol. 8vo., with diagrams and wood cuts.
- Texas and the Gulf of Mexico. By Mrs. Houston (?) 2 vols. 8vo.
- Education the Birthright of every human being. By Rev. B. Parsons.
- Female Characters of Holy Writ. By Rev. H. Hughes.
- Autobiography of J. Blanco White—with his Correspondence.
- The Wandering Jew. By Eugene Sue. Vol. II. 7s.

IN PRESS.

- Dalekarlien, a new novel by Miss Bremer.
- Raumer's Letters on North America.
- Essays, Biographical and Literary. By William H. Prescott, Esq., author of the Conquest of Mexico.

NOTICE TO PUBLISHERS.

We shall furnish in our columns hereafter, a weekly list of new works published in the U. S. and in London. Publishers in New-York, Boston, Philadelphia, and other cities, are requested to send us lists of their new works, and of works in press, in order to make our publication AS FULL AS POSSIBLE.

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Washington, D. C., May, 1844.

THE neglect of the Teeth is the cause of much suffering and regret, and should not be disregarded by the most thoughtless.

The undersigned having received the benefit of Dr. A. G. Bigelow's professional skill, and believing him well qualified in the science of Dental Surgery, and an accomplished and skillful operator, we most cheerfully certify to the ease and safety with which Dr. B. performs the various and important operations, so essential to the usefulness, durability, and beauty of the Teeth.

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