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By JOHN BISCO.

## HOUSE FURNITURE.

In the internal decoration, if not in the external architecture of their residences, the English are supreme. The Italians have but little sentiment beyond marbles and colors. In France *meliora probant, deteriora sequuntur*—the people are too much a race of gad-abouts to maintain those household proprieties of which, indeed, they have a delicate appreciation, or at least the elements of a proper sense. The Chinese and most of the eastern races have a warm but inappropriate fancy. The Scotch are *poor* decorators. The Dutch have, perhaps, an indeterminate idea that a curtain is not a cabbage. In Spain they are *all* curtains—a nation of hangmen. The Russians do not furnish. The Hottentots and Kickapoos are very well in their way. The Yankees alone are preposterous.

How this happens it is not difficult to see. We have no aristocracy of blood, and having therefore as a natural, and indeed as an inevitable thing, fashioned for ourselves an aristocracy of dollars, the *display of wealth* has here to take the place and perform the office of the heraldic display in monarchical countries. By a transition readily understood, and which might have been as readily foreseen, we have been brought to merge in simple *show* our notions of taste itself.

To speak less abstractly. In England, for example, no mere parade of costly appurtenances would be so likely as with us, to create an impression of the beautiful in respect to the appurtenances themselves—or of taste as regards the proprietor:—this for the reason, first, that wealth is not, in England, the loftiest object of ambition as constituting a nobility; and secondly, that there the true nobility of blood, confining itself within the strict limits of legitimate taste, rather avoids than affects that mere costliness in which a *parvenu* rivalry may at any time be successfully attempted. The people *will* imitate the nobles, and the result is a thorough diffusion of the proper feeling. But in America the coins current being the sole arms of the aristocracy, their display may be said, in general, to be the sole means of aristocratic distinction; and the populace, looking always upward for models, are insensibly led to confound the two entirely separate ideas of magnificence and beauty. In short, the cost of an article of furniture has at length come to be, with us, nearly the sole test of its merit in a decorative point of view—and this test, once established, has led the way to many analogous errors, readily traceable to the one primitive folly.

There could be nothing more directly offensive to the eye of an artist than the interior of what is termed in the United States—that is to say in Appalachia—a well-furnished apartment. Its most usual defect is a want of keeping. We speak of the keeping of a room as we would of the keeping of a picture—for both the picture and the room are amenable to those undeviating principles which regulate all varieties of art, and very nearly the same laws by which we de-

cide on the higher merits of a painting, suffice for decision on the adjustment of a chamber.

A want of keeping is observable sometimes in the character of the several pieces of furniture, but generally in their colors or modes of adaptation to use. *Very* often the eye is offended by their inartistical arrangement. Straight lines are too prevalent—too uninterruptedly continued—or clumsily interrupted at right angles. If curved lines occur, they are repeated into unpleasant uniformity. By undue precision the appearance of many a fine apartment is utterly spoiled.

Curtains are rarely well disposed, or well chosen, in respect to other decorations. With formal furniture curtains are out of place; and an extensive volume of drapery of any kind is, under any circumstances, irreconcilable with good taste: the proper quantum, as well as the proper adjustment, depending upon the character of the general effect.

Carpets are better understood of late than of ancient days, but we still very frequently err in their patterns and colors. The soul of the apartment is the carpet. From it are deduced not only the hues but the forms of all objects incumbent. A judge at common law may be an ordinary man; a good judge of a carpet *must be* a genius. Yet we have heard discoursing of carpets, with the air “*d'un mouton qui reve*,” fellows who should not and who could not be entrusted with the management of their own *moustaches*. Every one knows that a large floor *may* have a covering of large figures, and that a small one *must* have a covering of small—yet this is not all the knowledge in the world. As regards texture the Saxony is alone admissible. Brussels is the preter-pluperfect tense of fashion, and Turkey is taste in its dying agonies. Touching pattern—a carpet should *not* be bedizened out like a Riccaren Indian—all red chalk, yellow ochre, and cock’s feathers. In brief—distinct grounds, and vivid circular or cycloid figures, *of no meaning*, are here Median laws. The abomination of flowers, or representations of well-known objects of any kind, should not be endured within the limits of Christendom. Indeed, whether on carpets, or curtains, or tapestry, or ottoman-coverings, all upholstery of this nature should be rigidly Arabesque. As for those antique floor-cloths still occasionally seen in the dwellings of the rabble—cloths of huge, sprawling, and radiating devices, stripe-interspersed, and glorious with all hues, among which no ground is intelligible,—these are but the wicked invention of a race of time-servers and money-lovers—children of Baal and worshippers of Mammon—Benthams, who to spare thought, and economize fancy, first cruelly invented the Kaleidoscope, and then established joint-stock companies to twirl it by steam.

*Glare* is a leading error in the philosophy of American household decoration—an error easily recognized as deduced from the perversion of taste just specified. We are violently enamoured of gas and of glass. The former is totally inadmissible within doors. Its harsh and unsteady light offends. No one having both brains and eyes will use it. A mild, or what artists term a cool light, with its consequent

warm shadows, will do wonders for even an ill-furnished apartment. Never was a more lovely thought than that of the astral lamp. We mean, of course, the astral lamp proper—the lamp of Argand, with its original plain ground glass shade, and its tempered and uniform moonlight rays. The cut glass shade is a weak invention of the enemy. The eagerness with which we have adopted it, partly on account of its *flashiness*, but principally on account of its *greater cost*, is a good commentary on the proposition with which we began. It is not too much to say that the deliberate employer of a cut glass shade, is either radically deficient in taste, or blindly subservient to the caprices of fashion. The light proceeding from one of these gaudy abominations is unequal, broken, and painful. It alone is sufficient to mar a world of good effect in the furniture subjected to its influence. Female loveliness, in especial, is more than one half disenchanted beneath its evil eye.

In the matter of glass, generally, we proceed upon false principles. Its leading feature is *glitter*—and in that one word how much of all that is detestable do we express! Flickering, unquiet lights are *sometimes* pleasing—to children and idiots always so—but in the embellishment of a room they should be scrupulously avoided. In truth, even strong *steady* lights are inadmissible. The huge and unmeaning glass chandeliers, prism-cut, gas-lighted, and without shade, which dangle in our most fashionable drawing-rooms, may be cited as the quintessence of all that is false in taste or preposterous in folly.

The rage for *glitter*—because its idea has become, as we before observed, confounded with that of magnificence in the abstract—has led us, also, to the exaggerated employment of mirrors. We line our dwellings with great British plates, and then imagine we have done a fine thing. Now the slightest thought will be sufficient to convince any one who has an eye at all, of the ill effect of numerous looking-glasses, and especially of large ones. Regarded apart from its reflection, the mirror presents a continuous, flat, colorless, unrelieved surface—a thing always and obviously unpleasant. Considered as a reflector, it is potent in producing a monstrous and odious uniformity:—and the evil is here aggravated, not in merely direct proportion with the augmentation of its sources, but in a ratio constantly increasing. In fact, a room with four or five mirrors arranged at random, is, for all purposes of artistic show, a room of no shape at all. If we add to this evil, the attendant glitter upon glitter, we have a perfect farrago of discordant and displeasing effects. The veriest bumpkin, on entering an apartment so bedizened, would be instantly aware of something wrong, although he might be altogether unable to assign a cause for his dissatisfaction. But let the same person be led into a room tastefully furnished, and he would be startled into an exclamation of pleasure and surprise.

It is an evil growing out of our republican institutions, that here a man of large purse has usually a very little soul which he keeps in it. The corruption of taste is a portion or a pendant of the dollar-manufacture. As we grow rich our ideas grow rusty. It is, therefore, not among our aristocracy that we must look (if at all, in Appalachia) for the spirituality of a British *boudoir*. But we have seen apartments in the tenure of Americans of modern means—which, in negative merit at least, might vie with any of the *or-molu'd* cabinets of our friends across the water. Even now, there is present to our mind's eye a small and not ostentatious chamber with whose decorations no fault can be found. The proprietor lies asleep on a sofa—the weather is cool—the time is near midnight—we will make a sketch of the room during his slumber.

It is oblong—some thirty feet in length and twenty-five in breadth—a shape affording the best (ordinary) opportunities for the adjustment of furniture. It has but one door—by no means a wide one—which is at one end of the parallelogram, and but two windows, which are at the other. These latter are large, reaching down to the floor—have deep recesses, and open on an Italian *veranda*. Their panes are of a crimson-tinted glass, set in rose-wood framings, more massive than usual. They are curtained within the recess, by a thick silver tissue adapted to the shape of the window, and hanging loosely in small volumes. Without the recess are curtains of an exceedingly rich crimson silk, fringed with a deep network of gold, and lined with the silver tissue, which is the material of the exterior blind. There are no cornices; but the folds of the whole fabric (which are sharp rather than massive, and have an airy appearance) issue from beneath a broad entablature of rich gilt work, which encircles the room at the junction of the ceiling and walls. The drapery is thrown open also, or closed, by means of a thick rope of gold loosely enveloping it, and resolving itself readily into a knot;—no pins or other such devices are apparent. The colors of the curtains and their fringe—the tints of crimson and gold—appear everywhere in profusion, and determine the character of the room. The carpet, of Saxony material, is quite half an inch thick, and is of the same crimson ground, relieved simply by the appearance of a gold cord (like that festooning the curtains) slightly relieved above the surface of the ground, and thrown upon it in such a manner as to form a succession of short irregular curves—one occasionally over-laying the other. The walls are papered with a glossy paper of a silver grey tint, spotted with small Arabesque devices of a fainter hue of the prevalent crimson. Many paintings relieve the expanse of the paper. These are chiefly landscapes of an imaginative cast—such as the fairy grottoes of Stanfield, or the lake of the Dismal Swamp, of Chapman. There are, nevertheless, three or four female heads, of an ethereal beauty—portraits in the manner of Sully. The tone of each picture is warm, but dark. There are no “brilliant effects.” *Repose* speaks in all. Not one is of small size. Diminutive paintings give that *spotty* look to a room, which is the blemish of so many a fine work of Art overtouched. The frames are broad but not deep, and richly carved, without being dulled or fillagreed. They have the whole lustre of burnished gold. They lie flat on the walls, and do not hang off with cords. The designs themselves are often seen to better advantage in this latter position, but the general appearance of the chamber is injured. But one mirror, and this not a very large one, is visible. In shape it is nearly circular—and it is hung so that a reflection of the person can be obtained from it in none of the ordinary sitting-places of the room. Two large low sofas of rose-wood and crimson silk, gold-flowered, form the only seats with the exception of two light conversation chairs, also of rose-wood. There is a piano-forte (rose-wood also,) without cover, and thrown open. An octagonal table, formed altogether of the richest gold-threaded marble, is placed near one of the sofas. This is also without cover—the drapery of the curtains has been thought sufficient. Four large and gorgeous Sèvres vases, in which bloom a profusion of sweet and vivid flowers, occupy the slightly rounded angles of the room. A tall candelabrum, bearing a small antique lamp with highly perfumed oil, is standing near the head of my sleeping friend. Some light and graceful hanging shelves, with golden edges and crimson silk cords with gold tassels, sustain two or three hundred magnificently bound books. Beyond these things, there is no furniture, if we except an Argand lamp, with a

plain crimson-tinted ground-glass shade, which depends from the lofty vaulted ceiling by a single slender gold chain, and throws a tranquil but magical radiance over all.

TWENTIETH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE ACADEMY OF NATIONAL DESIGN.

LANDSCAPES.

No. 5. *View of the Roman Forum.*—Chev. Pacetti. A little dingy canvass, with columns and arches, and other architectural shapes, feebly represented on its surface. On turning to the list of exhibitors, we learn that the Chev. Pacetti resides in Rome, which is all the information that we have been able to glean in respect to either the Chev. or his soiled canvass; but we have a great curiosity to learn three things: first, why the Chev. Pacetti's Roman Forum was brought away from Rome; second, why the same was hung up in the exhibition of the National Academy, and third, what the meaning of Chev. is as applied to a spoiler of canvass on a small scale. If any thing can cure our artists of their absurd practice of making pilgrimages to Rome, it must be the contemplation of such things as this of the Chev. Pacetti's, and the filthy daub by Rossiter that hangs near it, which were both painted in the atmosphere of the eternal city. Or if these things should not thoroughly wean an honest mind from all yearnings after Italy, surely the comparison of the works produced by the young artists who have never left their native soil, with those by Huntington and Freeman in the present exhibition which have been sent home from Rome, must have the effect to do so. We do not find the name of the Chev. Pacetti among the honorary members of the Academy, but it will of course be put there before long.

No 16. *Landscape*—by J. F. Cropsey, A. Here is a very genuine American picture, pervaded with great purity of feeling and technical knowledge. The artist has been tied down to the exact features of a particular scene, which he has transferred to his canvass very successfully. The scene is a view of the Saugerties White Lead Works on Esopus Creek in this State. The time is early spring, when the tender foliage of the trees gives to nature her sweetest aspect. But it is also the most difficult aspect for the painter to represent, for every thing is tremulous with new life, and the earth is covered with smiles like the face of an infant. There are in this picture all the elements of a grand landscape, ledges of rocks, a fall of water, beautiful trees, and a clear sky; but yet a grand landscape has not been formed by their combination, mainly because the artist has aimed to give all the details of a particular locality rather than a point of interest, imbued with a touch of truth and feeling. The rocks are painted with sufficient knowledge for a geologist to give them a name, and the trees have a character of their own in form and color, but their beauty is spoiled by too much distinctness in the foliage. The shadows are clear and cool, and the sky is of a quality that we can look into rather than upon; but the water resembles some substance that we have never seen—liquefied sandstone, or something like it. The foam upon it is whiting, not the graceful substance out of which the goddess of love and beauty bounded into life and action. Of all natural things which the artist strives to put upon his canvass, water is the most perplexing and intractable; it rarely finds its level in the imagination of the painter, but seems to run from him, and he is generally too indolent to run after it. There is water enough in the present exhibition, if it possessed the quality of a liquid, to drown the world, yet Sisyphus might walk through the rooms of the Academy without being reminded of his thirst, unless

he caught sight of the water-bucket and tin cup in Mr. Edmonds' picture of the *Truant School Boy*. These are suggestive of water, but the sea scene by Mr. Cole, the rivers of Mr. Durand, the lake by Mr. Inman, and the Niagara Falls by Mr. Havell, to leave the stagnant pool by Mr. Shegogue out of the catalogue, do not, all combined, contain as much moisture as Dives prayed for—one drop. Mr. Havell is obtrusively ambitious of painting water, for he has made an attempt upon Niagara Falls and the North river, and yet he has not given evidence of ability to depict a drop of dew. Of all other painters in the world a New-Yorker is the least excusable for libelling water; with a noble river on each side of the city, a bay of unsurpassed magnificence before him, and fountains dashing their spray in his face as he walks through the street, he must become acquainted with the qualities and appearances of the liquid element. Yet, with all these advantages, we see our artists continually painting lakes of polished steel, and oceans of sheep's wool. The reason is that they paint pictures in confined rooms, and borrow their waves and water-falls from engravings. But unless an artist is willing to look nature in the face, and strive honestly to copy her features, he has no right to make an attempt at representing her, for he will be certain to caricature her. If a young painter be ambitious of fame, and should think to gain it by making pictures of water, let him, instead of making a pilgrimage to Rome, take up his residence on Staten Island, and cross the bay every day in the year, rain or shine, calm or storm, hot or cold. Let him take his seat upon the taffrail of the boat, and never think about a shelter or an umbrella, or coughs or colds, or rheumatic pains, but watch the ever-varying form and color of the water, until his frame shall become invigorated with health, his nerves braced by the pure air, and his soul thoroughly imbued and saturated with living palpable ideas of the glorious beauty of the sea: its motion, moisture, transparency, and ever changing but ever beautiful forms. Let him each day note down his thoughts, and if at the end of the year he can represent upon his canvass one wave with the light palpitating through its translucent form, or flashing in its dancing spray, he will have laid the corner stone of an immortality and a life of honor. But even though he should not be able to do this to the degree that will satisfy his own aspirations, he will have spent a year of delight that will freshen his after-life, and have gained an amount of knowledge, that will, at least, impart to his productions a degree of grace and beauty which, otherwise, they could never have possessed. The bay of New York is the happiest spot in the whole world to form a painter, because it has all the qualities that water can possess; it has the rapid current of a river, the breadth, depth, and motion of the sea, and the placidity and quiet of a lake. Its surface, too, is covered at all times, with all the different forms of boats that float—the canal boats from the interior, the pleasure yacht, the skiff, river craft, galliots, war vessels, steamers and merchant ships. There is not another port in the United States where the same variety of navigation may be found. But beyond all these advantages for the painter are the shores which bind this matchless bay; the wooded hills, the palisades, the low beach, the ledges of rocks, the fairy islands, with their demon-like fortifications, the city rising from the sea, the promontories, light-houses, castle-crowned heights and rocky precipices. Yet our artists give us none of these glories on their canvasses. Mr. Cole has gone down to Frenchman's bay, four or five hundred miles off towards the North Pole, and has come back and painted a pea-green sea with ledges of red rocks; Huntington has gone to Tuscany, and sent home a landscape with prismatic hills and a rivulet of soap-suds; Inman went to Cumberland,

and sent here a back and purple and pea-green lake, with hills and trees of the same complexion: but our magnificent bay has not been able to furnish either of these New-Yorkers an idea for his canvass. We would not have them paint dioramic views of the bay as some painters attempt to do, and so fail of doing any thing, but let them take one ray of light, one wave, one hill, one cloud, one sun-set, one of our twilights, one of our ships or sloops, or barges, or steam-boats—objects as full of poetry and romantic interest as any that can be found in Venice or Naples, and transfer it to their canvass, that there may be something on the walls of the Academy to appeal to the understandings and touch the hearts of those who crowd to look upon them. The great defect of every one of our landscape painters is an ambition to do everything upon one canvass. But in nature the eye will make for itself a point of interest, for it can comprehend but one thing at a time. Therefore the artist should never attempt to make two pictures on one canvass, for the eye cannot accommodate itself to both, and in glancing from one to the other, the interest of both will be destroyed. When we walk into the fields, or climb a mountain, or go out to sea, the eye and mind immediately seek out a particular object for contemplation, and all except the object selected immediately becomes a confused blank. If we look at a rock near by, we cannot see the distant hills; if we look at a flower at our feet, we cannot see the tree above our heads; if we gaze at the purp'e hills in the distance, we lose the green ones near by. A painter, therefore, should select his point of interest, and invest it with all the life and truth that his powers will allow, and only try to avoid giving the same degree of finish to any other part of his picture; then the spectator will have a key to his thoughts, and be spared the perplexity of trying to discern what he desired to accomplish. The pictures by Cole and Durand, in the present exhibition, contain within themselves dozens of other pictures, and the eye wanders from object to object, from sight to shadow, from men here to cattle yonder, seeking in vain after repose and a point to pause and hold communion with the artist. The Landscape, 39, by Durand, is wearying both to the eye and the mind, because you keep travelling over it for a place to rest upon and begin to drink its beauty. Here is an old man sitting in the cool shadow of the trees—you, are content to sit and rest also, and as you look upon him, sympathise with his feelings—but you cannot rest; a group of young men playing at ball are twitching away your eyes and distracting your thoughts; you pass to them, but beyond is a glimpse of bewitching sun-shine stealing through the trees which you must enjoy, and you leave the cricketers for the sun-shine, and that for the people at the farm-house door, and them for the man with the load of hay, and him for the clump of chesnut trees, and them for the objects in the foreground. The mind is wearied and dissatisfied; the heart is not touched—you feel pettish and—without knowing what to find fault with, for the picture is really made up of most admirable materials—condemn it in your heart while you pronounce it with your tongue a magnificent work.

There is hardly a landscape in the rooms in which you can discover with certainty the intent of the painter, beyond the very obvious one of catching the eye of a gaping crowd. There are a few which seem to have been painted with a sentiment of Nature in the artist's mind, and these make the most forcible appeal to the heart of the spectator. No. 37, a study from Nature, by Cropsey, is a very truthful picture; the rocks are the best of any in the exhibition; the shadows are clear and distinct; the light pure and bright, and the little bit of water is limpid and cool, although it is smooth as a mirror. The picture does not stand out from the canvass, as we hear amateurs absurdly say, sometimes, when they mistake the gross faults of a painting for its beauties, but it takes you into the canvass as you stand and look at it, and if you saw it by itself, would doubtless make you forget that you were looking at a picture at all. The pictures in a promiscuous collection are seen to very great disadvantage; the eye and the mind are distracted by the varieties of style, of objects and of color. Artists paint to attract admirers, and modest nature is trampled upon like violets in a garden of sun-flowers. No. 177, an October landscape, by J. R. Bleecker, is a charming little bit of tender feeling; an artist whose love of the true and beautiful leads him to scorn the flaunting gewgaws by which vulgar minds seek to gain applause, and contents himself to copy nature as he finds her, will run the risk of being thrust into a bye-place as this little painting has

been. But he should work on and bide his time—his day will dawn by-and-bye. There is a most charming little painting by Mr. Casilear, in the rooms of the Art-Union in Broadway, which should have been sent to the exhibition. It is a perfectly painted oak tree, with a couple of horses resting in its shadow; it is very simple, very highly finished, and full of genuine love of nature and high artistic expression. It is worth an acre of the stumps of trees, and mahogany looking rocks which occupy so large a part of the walls of the National Academy.

113, 168, 236. Three *Landscape*s, by R. A. Powers—are from the pencil of an artist of whom we have never heard before; but we feel confident from the merit which each contains, that we shall hear from him again to better advantage.

153, 160, 306, by W. W. Wotherspoon—are the most promising pictures in the exhibition. They are very strongly marked by a decided manner; but the artist was born a landscape painter, and his manner must be rather a choice than a necessity. He must look a little closer into Nature, and free himself of his present manner, before it becomes a decided habit. The best part of his picture is the drawing; the color is monotonous and untrue.

117. *View on Long Island*—J. H. Cafferty. A quiet, unobtrusive piece of nature. We have seen the tree before—but we are never loth to meet such an acquaintance a second time.

321, 324, *Landscape*s—by F. E. Church, of Catskill, a pupil of Mr. Cole's. These little pictures give evidence of genius in the painter. They are somewhat crude, but they contain touching little effects, which many works of greater pretensions lack. The red clouds in the sunset, 321, are painted with beautiful effect.

30. *Sunset*—by C. P. Cranch. There are many good things in this picture, and many weak parts. The sky is given with good effect, and the shadows are cool and transparent; but the picture is too large for the subject. Mr. Cranch has four more landscapes in the exhibition, which all possess some good touches, but he would do well to exhibit more sparsely until he has had more practice and become more familiar with nature.

88. *View across Frenchman's Bay from Mount Desert Island, after a squall*—T. Cole. This is the only marine picture that we have seen by Mr. Cole. The water is well drawn, but not well colored, and the rocks are of a kind that no geologist would find a name for; the whole coast of Maine is lined with rocks nearly black in color, and tinged with a greenish hue, as all marine rocks are. These in Mr. Coles's picture are red. An artist should be something of a geologist to paint rocky scenes correctly, as he should be a botanist to paint flowers, and an anatomist to paint the human form. The picture is a good deal too large. So wide a surface for so meagre a subject must be filled up chiefly with common places; a few inches of canvass will serve to convey as vivid an idea of the sea, if properly covered, as a yard; as much breadth of effect can be given in the palm of your hand, as on a canvass twenty feet wide; why, then, should artists waste their materials in painting enormous pictures, whose sizes alone will prevent their being purchased. No. 97, by the same artist, is too large for any ordinary room, and the sublime idea of the subject is lost in its expansion. We have been told that this great picture was painted in four days, which is time enough, but if it had been painted within the space of four inches, it would have been infinitely more impressive. 178—a sunset, is one of Mr. Cole's weakest pictures; it is evidently a composition, and it appears to worse advantage for being put in an oval frame. Mr. Cole still reigns supreme in landscape, as we doubt not he will long continue to do. But he does not always paint with the same power. His two pictures in the rooms of the Art-Union are much finer than either of those in the exhibition; they are among the very best American landscapes ever painted.

No. 125, 133, 140, 226. *Landscape*s—by John F. Kencett, now in England. These pictures of English scenery contain much that is pleasing and true to nature. They are evidently studies; but they are too highly elaborated. The strange effect of light in No. 140, a view near Richmond, appears like an attempt to imitate some of the startling effects of Turner. It may be true, but all truths are not proper for circulation.

No. 71. *Land Storm*—T. Doughty, H. A most excellent picture.

## MY VILLAGE HOME.

In dreams sweet thoughts of thee will come,  
I see thee yet once more,  
My own, my happy Village-Home,  
As lovely as of yore.

I see the snow-white cottage stand  
Amid its leafy bowers,  
Surrounded by a fairy land,  
A Paradise of flowers.

I see the shade the willow throws,  
The stately poplar trees,  
The woodbine and the blushing rose  
Whose fragrance fills the breeze.

I wander by the river-side,  
A young child free from care,  
And mark the meadow spreading wide,  
The cattle browsing there.

Beneath a gently-sloping hill  
I see the streamlet steal,  
Whose waters seek the village mill,  
And turn its busy wheel.

Afar, my wandering eyes behold  
The lowly house of prayer,  
Where oft the faithful of the fold  
In reverence meek repair.

And one spot dearer still than all  
My heart can ne'er forget,  
The forest-walk, the waterfall,  
Where oft in youth I met

A fair young girl, whose lustrous eyes  
No longer smile or weep,  
For in the church-yard lone she lies,  
In deep and dreamless sleep.

There is no old familiar place  
Beloved in boyish years,  
That I cannot distinctly trace  
Athwart my falling tears.

And even in my dream I grieve  
That I could wish to roam,  
And marvel I could ever leave  
My happy Village Home.

Philadelphia, April 16.

MARY G. WELLS.

## LIVING ARTISTS OF EUROPE.

No. 2.

## HORACE VERNET.

THREE generations of the family of Vernet have rendered the name famous in the annals of the French school. They were originally from Avignon, in which city was born Joseph Vernet, the grandfather of the subject of this notice, and the first of the three celebrated men, each of whom, in his time, has so identified himself with the progress of Art. The father of Joseph Vernet was a landscape painter, by whom it is said there exist in the department of Vaucluse creditable examples of talent. Marine painting was the department of Art in which Joseph Vernet excelled, and in this he surpassed all the French artists of his time. His son, Carl Vernet, acquired an extensive reputation from his historical pictures and battle pieces; this last is the father of the yet more famous Vernet of our own epoch.

Jean Emile Horace Vernet was born in Paris on the 30th of June, 1789, in the Louvre, in which palace both his father and grandfather occupied apartments. Born at a period when education was little cared for in France, he was abandoned almost entirely to the guidance of his own natural inclinations, which, in default of that kind of instruction,

adapted for children of his age, turned his undivided attention to Art. He exhibited, therefore, very early, a capacity for drawing—crayons and pencils were his first toys, and his practice with these he soon began to aid with a knowledge of anatomy and perspective. His first instructions in drawing he received from his father, and he afterwards worked some time in the *atelier* of M. Vincent, a painter of some celebrity under the Consulate.

The first money received by Horace Vernet, in the exercise of his profession, was while he was yet in childhood: in boyhood he was an independent member of the Art. At the age of eleven years he made a drawing of a tulip for Madame de Perigord, for which she paid him *twenty-four sous*; and at the age of thirteen he had commissions insomuch as to be in a condition to support himself. One of his earliest efforts was the vignette which, according to the taste of the times, headed the card of invitation to the imperial hunting parties, which was of such merit that an engraver of considerable reputation—Duplessis Bertaut—did not hesitate to pronounce it worthy of his own burin.

Commissions began to flow in upon the young Vernet—drawings at six francs, and pictures at twenty. He worked principally for the *Journal des Modes*, for which he became the acknowledged draughtsman; and it was, perhaps, from his experience in this department of Art, that he acquired that power in caricature with which he even now amuses his intimate friends: and often at their own cost.

Carle Vernet, who had gained the travelling pension, wished his son should win the same distinction; but Horace failed in competition for this honor, as he had already done upon every occasion hitherto of his disputing the academic palm. The taste for classic history and mythology prevailed at this time in its full force in France, and Horace Vernet was among the first of the French artists who saw that the Greeks and Romans had already had their day, and to understand that he was one of those who were assisting at a grand crisis in Art, in conjunction with a grand crisis in history, and that the particular period would claim for itself those great men who should signalize themselves amid the turmoil of their times. Moved by a natural inclination for a military life, and having served some time in the ranks of the French army, he was an enthusiastic admirer of Napoleon; it is not, therefore, surprising that he should have early devoted himself to the celebration of the achievements of the French armies and their adored chief; and, although his power is universal, it is yet in this kind of composition in which we find it most emphatically pronounced.

In order to check a strong inclination for a military career, he was induced by his father to marry at an early age; thus at twenty he took upon himself the cares of a household, for which, as his family was rich only in reputation, his exertions were now taxed to provide; hence, to those habits of industry, seconded by his marvellous facility of execution, he is indebted for the reputation of being the most prolific artist that ever existed, having, up to the present time, made more than 1200 drawings, nearly 1000 portraits, all of important persons, and at least 300 pictures, many of which are large and complex compositions.

In 1814 he was enrolled in the Legion of Honor for the active part which he had taken in the defence of Paris; and in 1825 he was promoted to the grade of officer by Charles X.; and in 1842 he was appointed commander of the order, by the present king of the French, a distinction at which he, of all the French School of Art, has alone arrived. In 1826 he was elected a member of the Institute, where, in the class of Fine Arts, he took his place by the side of his father, who long before him had been similarly placed in the old Academy of Painting.

In August, 1828, Horace Vernet was appointed Director of the French Academy at Rome, an office which he filled until the first of January, 1839. During his residence at Rome, M. Vernet sent as a present to Charles X. an admirable portrait of Pope Pius VIII., which is ranked among the best productions of its author, and now occupies a place in the Museum at Versailles. The king, being charmed with this act of graceful homage, caused the secretary of the embassy to Rome to be charged to ascertain what return on the part of the king would be most grateful and flattering to the artist; and to learn particularly whether the title of baron would be agreeable to him. The office of discovering his feelings in this latter respect fell to the lot of one of his particular friends, to whom he replied—"The name of Vernet

for a painter seems to me sufficiently good without any honorary title; the name has shot forth from the crowd, and, in my opinion, the title of baron would again obscure it; but if his Majesty (as you assure me he is) be disposed to accord me that which would afford me the greatest pleasure, say that I pray his Majesty to grant the distinction of the Legion of Honour to M. Dumont, a sculptor, and one of our *pensionnaires*, who has just executed a group of the highest merit."

Vernet was not made a baron, nor did Dumont upon that occasion receive the cross, although he has since acquired that honor, and even been also enrolled a member of the Institute.

When the revolution of 1830 broke out, the whole of the French legation at Rome retired to Naples, where the ambassador had already been for some time, and thus the Director of the Academy was left at Rome alone, the only French functionary that remained there, in which position of affairs M. Vernet was nominated the diplomatic representative of France at the Holy See—a signal distinction for an artist—with full powers to treat directly with the Papal Government, and amid circumstances of great difficulty. He acquitted himself, however, with such firmness and judgment as to gain the entire and unqualified approbation of the French government; the expression of which was conveyed to him in a letter written by M. Guizot, then Minister of the Interior.

The manner in which this great artist relaxes from his professional labors is by travel; and during these periods of diversion he has visited many distant countries, as Egypt, Syria, and Algeria, as well as having travelled through all the European states, and having been presented to almost all the sovereigns who have lived in his time. He possesses an assemblage of endowments with which few men have been gifted, or at least, being so, have turned to such account. His conversation is light, most agreeable, and full of anecdote, and, under apparent inattention, he conceals a deep and penetrating observation. His memory is singularly retentive of facts, forms, and localities, insomuch that he can describe with exactitude, and after a lapse of years, a place which he may have seen but once; and so entirely has he reduced this wonderful force of memory to professional purposes, that he can paint the portrait of a person with whom he may have passed an hour in conversation. His reading is confined almost to the Bible; it was the Scriptures that first inspired him with the desire of visiting the East; and with respect to his travels in the Holy Land, after close and elaborate research, and observation, he declares his conviction, that the habits and costumes of the Arabs of the present day, are, with little change, the same as they were in the days of the patriarchs. As regards the long catalogue of his works, this is to be explained by reference to his teeming imagination and happy adaptation of subject-matter, rapidity of execution, earnestness of purpose, and uninterrupted good health. Albeit his works are so numerous, and of character so diverse, he cannot anywhere be charged with imitation—it is sufficiently evident in all that the inspiration is from actual nature, or has its source in his own vivid imagery—and this is the more apparent that in his works there is no self-repetition. Observation and study of nature are considered by him two grand principles of excellence. As Professor of the School of Fine Arts, his instructions are considered by the students more serviceable than those of any of the other eleven professors. It is not the classes alone of this admirable institution that profit by the instructions of M. Vernet; nor is it merely to his own countrymen that they are confined; for he receives in his own atelier, with the utmost kindness and amenity, students of all nations, to whom he offers freely his valuable counsel and best advice. With respect to the measure and the reward of his labors, of these he never thinks in comparison; for the picture which he intends as a work of love, or a simple gift, he elaborates as highly as that for which he receives a princely reward.

Like all men of superior genius, M. Vernet has his ardent admirers and determined detractors; but the test of time and the public voice are of infinitely more weight than such a complexity of praise and censure. Thirty years of success, and an ever-increasing popularity, have placed Horace Vernet in the highest rank of the profession of Art—a position awarded to him first by the mass of his countrymen, and acknowledged by the rest of Europe.

The works of no artist are more extensively known, or

more eminently popular than those of M. Vernet, because in the commonest human incidents he sees pictures: and gives, accordingly, a version of them which comes at once home to the heart. Horace Vernet has been the first to break decidedly away from the dull classic formality of the French School, and to exhibit to its members the real fingering of the chords of the social affections.

#### THE SLEEPER.

At midnight, in the month of June,  
I stand beneath the mystic moon.  
An opiate vapor, dewy, dim,  
Exhales from out her golden rim,  
And, softly dripping, drop by drop,  
Upon the quiet mountain top,  
Steals drowsily and musically  
Into the universal valley.  
The rosemary nods upon the grave;  
The lily lolls upon the wave;  
Wrapping the fog about its breast,  
The ruin moulder into rest;  
Looking like Lethe, see! the lake  
A conscious slumber seems to take,  
And would not, for the world, awake.  
All Beauty sleeps!—and lo! where lies  
(Her casement open to the skies)  
Irene, with her Destinies!

Oh, lady bright! can it be right—  
This window open to the night?  
The wanton airs, from the tree-top,  
Laughingly through the lattice drop—  
The bodiless airs, a wizard rout,  
Flit through thy chamber in and out,  
And wave the curtain canopy  
So fitfully—so fearfully—  
Above the closed and fringed lid  
'Neath which thy slumb'ring soul lies hid,  
That, o'er the floor and down the wall,  
Like ghosts the shadows rise and fall!  
Oh, lady dear, hast thou no fear?  
Why and what art thou dreaming here?  
Sure thou art come o'er far-off seas,  
A wonder to these garden trees!  
Strange is thy pallor! strange thy dress!  
Strange, above all, thy length of tress,  
And this all solemn silentness!

The lady sleeps! Oh, may her sleep,  
Which is enduring, so be deep!  
Heaven have her in its sacred keep!  
This chamber changed for one more holy,  
This bed for one more melancholy,  
I pray to God that she may lie  
Forever with unopen'd eye,  
While the dim sheeted ghosts go by!

My love, she sleeps! Oh, may her sleep,  
As it is lasting, so be deep!  
Soft may the worms about her creep!  
Far in the forest, dim and old,  
For her may some tall vault unfold—  
Some vault that oft hath flung its black  
And winged pannels fluttering back,  
Triumphant, o'er the crested palls,  
Of her grand family funerals—  
Some sepulchre, remote, alone,"  
Against whose portal she hath thrown,  
In childhood, many an idle stone—  
Some tomb from out whose sounding door  
She ne'er shall force an echo more,  
Thrilling to think, poor child of sin!  
It was the dead who groaned within.

EDGAR A. POE.

## THE GRATEFUL CLERK.

A TALE FOUNDED ON FACTS.

MR. HUBS was head salesman in the wholesale jobbing store of Hinks and Whipple; he was looked upon as one of the best judges of satins in Cedar street, as he well might be, for he was a judge of nothing else. He knew nothing of men, manners, metaphysics, or muslins: nothing of politics, pictures, poetry, or poplins; of sects, sciences, or satins. He knew nothing of literature, linea, or love. No, he knew nothing about love, although he thought that he did, for a young lady in Division street, whose mother kept a fancy store, by some witchery induced Mr. Hubs to offer himself; he did so because he thought that he was in love; but anybody who had ever been in that condition, could tell at a glance that John Hubs was a stranger to the passion. His forehead was too narrow, and the back part of his head was all shrunk away, or rather it had never been filled out. There was no more love in him than in a winter squash. It was his misfortune that he could not love. Poor Hubs! I could sooner spare a tear for such a fellow-being, than for the loss of an estate like Astor's. To live in a world which has nothing in it but love worth living for, and to be denied that!

Notwithstanding that Hubs had a faint impression that he was in love, it is by no means certain that he would have married for that reason alone. His employers had made an addition of two hundred dollars per annum to his salary, and he thought that a wife would be very convenient to help him spend it. He could not spend his salary before it was raised, how then could he do so with so great an addition to it?

By some accident his employers heard that their salesman was going to get married on a certain day, for Hubs could not brace up his nerves to announce the fact himself. He was fearful that they might not approve of so rash an undertaking, and he had not the courage to act contrary to their wishes. The night before the great day that was to see Hubs a married man, he called Mr. Hinks, the senior partner, aside, with the intention of asking leave of absence for a week; for the lady's friends had planned out a wedding tour to the Springs, for Hubs and his bride. But Mr. Hinks, being fond of a joke when it was not played off at his own expense, and suspecting the nature of his salesman's communication, did not give him time to open his mouth, but informed him that he must go into New Jersey the next morning by daybreak, to look after a delinquent customer. The terrified client looked as horror-struck at this announcement as he well could, and before he could gather together his astonished senses, stammered out that he could not go.

"Can't go, sir!" exclaimed Mr. Hinks in a voice that was widely at variance with the expression of his face, as Hubs might have seen if he had looked at him. "But you must go, Mr. Hubs. Can't go! Bless my buttons, Mr. Hubs, I never heard such an expression before."

"I'm engaged to—to—" stammered Hubs.

"Engaged to what, sir?" said Mr. Hinks fiercely, "engaged to what, sir? I had an idea that you were engaged to the firm of Hinks and Whipple, sir. Have we not raised your salary two hundred dollars, Mr. Hubs?"

"You have," replied Hubs, "I have not forgotten it, and I never can; but I have got a little engagement on my hands which I cannot well put off, and I should be glad to have a week's liberty, if it be possible."

"It is impossible, quite impossible," replied the inveterate jobber, with great seriousness, "times are hard and business must not be neglected."

Hubs was beginning to look most uncomfortably pale, and Mr. Hinks was afraid to carry the joke further.

"Well, Mr. Hubs, since you must go," said his employer, "I will despatch Mr. Putty, the book-keeper, into New Jersey, and here is a trifle to pay for your wedding suit." Whereupon he handed Hubs a check for a hundred dollars and then broke loose into a most unjobber-like explosion of mirth, in which he was joined by Mr. Whipple and all the junior clerks who had been watching all the proceedings, and dying for their employer to give them the cue, that they might laugh at poor Hubs, who was so overcome that he was forced to walk off to some dark nook where he could give utterance to a heart full of feelings, which had been gathering like water in a mill-dam after a sudden thaw.

It would have been a difficult matter to decide whether

Hubs or his employer went home with the lighter heart that night. There can be no doubt that, generally speaking, the giver of a gift is a happier person than the receiver; and if men would but bear this fact in mind there can be as little doubt, that gifts would become more common than they are.

Hubs made his appearance the next morning in Division street, in a white satin stock and a Marseilles vest; the marriage passed off without an accident, the tour was accomplished, and time's wheels rolled round as smoothly and as swiftly as though nothing remarkable had happened. In the first wild tumult of his feelings, Hubs made a silent vow that his first-born should be called, in honor of his employer, Hinks. But, two years had already flown by and he had not, for a very sufficient reason, performed his vow. His grateful feelings, however, had not diminished in the slightest degree, and he wished for nothing so ardently as for an opportunity to manifest them. It is true that Hubs had at times wished that his employer had been in earnest about sending him into New Jersey to look after a delinquent customer, or that something else had happened to prevent his marriage. Not that the matrimonial state was not all that he anticipated, but it proved to be a vast deal more; but that was no fault of his employers.

Hubs occupied a little frame house in the outskirts of the city, with a little dusty garden attached to it, containing a woful looking lilac bush and two very dirty poplars. He had selected this spot because he was growing dyspeptic and his physician had recommended a country residence; and had it not been for a tannery and glue factory in his immediate neighborhood it would have been quite delightful.

Mr. Hinks had a remarkable excrescence on his right cheek, generally of an ashy color, but every autumn it assumed a very peculiar yellowish hue. People said that he was marked with a cantelupe. However that may be, it is certain that he was extravagantly fond of that kind of fruit, and while they lasted he hardly ate of anything but muskmelons.

Hubs was well acquainted with his employer's appetite, and he determined to raise some of the finest cantelupes in his little garden that the world had ever seen, and present them to him. It was a happy thought, and so completely took possession of his brain that he could think of nothing else. Even satins became a weariness to him. It was before the frost was out of the ground that the idea occurred to him, and he could hardly wait for the sun to soften the soil so that he could begin to plant. But while he was waiting for the season to roll round, he read through half a dozen numbers of the Farmer's Almanac in search of agricultural knowledge. It had never occurred to him before that cantelupes required any particular mode of culture. He thought, if he ever thought on the subject at all, that they grew spontaneously. He knew that they were always to be found in the market at a certain season of the year, but how they got there was a matter entirely beyond the circle of his thoughts. It was a thing of course, and that was all he knew about it. But his new course of study opened to him a world of pleasures. Every fact that he found out proved a new delight. Once he looked upon an acquaintance with the different qualities of satins as the highest kind of knowledge, but he now found turnips and cauliflowers a source of amusement and profit. The whole vegetable world was suddenly invested with most marvellous properties that excited the utmost astonishment in his mind. He looked upon a potato with feelings bordering on veneration when he learned that that humble vegetable was compounded of starch, water, albumen, sugar, poison fatty matter, parenchyma, malic acid and salis; and the knowledge that a simple little green weed, as soon as it thrusts its innocent head above the earth, begins to imbibe carbonic acid and oxide of ammonia from the surrounding atmosphere, and that it produces hydrogen, fixes azote and abstracts electricity, made him regard the grass beneath his feet with affection. He had no idea that there was such instinct in plants. The trees in the Park, the flowers in street windows, the vegetables in the market, and the fruits on street stalls, all attracted his attention, not as things of traffic or of nourishment, but as organized existences obeying the laws of their own being, and showing forth the glory and goodness of their Maker as plainly, and as abundantly as his own species. He wondered at his former darkness, and he began to perceive what an abundance of loveable things there are in the world.

O what a blessing is knowledge! thought Mr. Hubs. How it enhances our delights, lessens our griefs, gives a rel-

ish to labor, makes even poverty cheerful, and takes from death itself more than half its terrors.

His acquisitions of knowledge were very small indeed, and confined entirely to the manufacture of satinets and the culture of cantelupes, and yet such was the liberal effect of science on his mind that he could have clasped the whole world to his heart if his wife had been out of it. His little insight into the mysteries of vegetable germination had given him a vague feeling of awe for his mother earth, although it was mainly as the great parent of cantelupes that he reverenced her, and he looked with growing impatience for the time to arrive when he should be permitted to scratch her back with his iron rake, and root up the weeds from her face as a pious child would pull the intrusive hairs from the chin of his grandmother.

He had exhausted his almanacs, but his thirst for knowledge had increased in proportion to his acquisitions, as a miser grows covetous as he grows rich, and he now supplied himself with a paper of seeds and Bridgeman's darling little Gardener's Assistant at the same time, and took them home with the feelings of a philosopher. His wife scolded him smartly for his extravagance, but he bore all her womanly reproaches with the equanimity of a Socrates, and only replied to her long lecture, "wait and see." That the reader may know to what extent Hubs carried his philosophy, we will give a short extract from one of his help-mate's excitements.

"Goodness me? What is that, a book? A nasty book! Well, now we shall starve! Mother always said so. I never new a man worth anything who was always lazing away his time over books. Well, I see what my fate will be. I shall have to go home to my mother's. I won't work to support a loafer, not I. You had better have given me that money to buy a breast pin. I told you yesterday I wanted a brooch to put my brother's hair in. You silly thing, what good will a book do you? O, yes, I seem to see you. Aint you going to set up for a literary character. O my! I should n't wonder. You told me yesterday you couldnt afford to go to the theatre, and there you have went and thrown away your money for a good-for-nothing book. But I'll go to the theatre if I live, and to the museum too, and I'll treat myself and my sister to ice creams and soda water at Thompson's. See if I don't. I never done such an extravagant thing as to buy a book, nor my mother before me. I have got that to be thankful for. Goodness me, no! I come from good respectable folks, who knew no more about books than the pope of Rome. But don't leave your book in my reach, mister; if you do, into the fire it goes, I can promise you."

Mr. Hubs's two years of matrimonial trials had given him somewhat of an insight into the peculiarities of the female character, and he well knew the consequences of attempting to convince his wife that she had taken hold of the wrong of the question; so he merely answered, "wait and see," and resolved to profit by her caution, and keep his precious little treatise under lock and key.

His grounds only measured twenty five feet by forty, and as one portion of them was used as a grass plat for bleaching clothes, and a large slice was taken up by a gravel walk, it will readily be perceived that his garden could not be very extensive. But it was large enough for his desires, and he looked upon his little enclosure with the feelings of a landholder. It is doubtful whether the rich Mr. Wadsworth, who owns half the Genessee flats, ever felt as grand as Mr. Hubs did when he first stuck his shovel into the ground to commence the cultivation of cantelupes.

Ambition always will overleap its mark. Hubs planted his cantelupe seed at least a fortnight too soon, and they all rotted in the ground. After waiting an unreasonable time to see the young vines show their little heads above ground he was obliged to rake open the hills and plant afresh. Every morning he got up with the sun, and sometimes before, to watch his seeds, and see if they had burst from their dark hiding places; and as the dews were copious and the sun warm, he soon had the delight of seeing their delicate leaves, like outspread hands, throw aside the earthy particles which covered them, and salute the uprising sun with a grateful smile, like a new born infant gazing into the face of its parent. Surely never before did a tiller of the soil experience such delightful sensations as those which agitated the breast of Mr. Hubs on this occasion. He could not help running back to the bedside of his sleeping wife to beg that she would

come down and look at his cantelupes. But his "last best gift" did not relish his intrusion at such an unseasonable hour, and she turned upon him with a flow of expressions that our respect for her sex will not permit us to repeat. He left her to sleep on, and when he took his seat in the omnibus to go to his daily occupation of selling satinets, he felt like a new man. He tried to appear as humble as he could, but he experienced an uncomfortable feeling of superiority in spite of himself, which he had never felt before. All day his thoughts were wandering away to his cantelupes. He was impatient to get back to them. A long-winded customer from Vermont detained him forever, as it appeared to him, just as he was about to leave the store, and it was almost dark when he reached home. Before he would sit down to his supper, he rushed out to look at his young troop of vegetable earlings. But, alas! for human anticipations! The cantelupes had disappeared; vanished from mortal sight as though they had never been. The had been cruelly, barbarously cut off in the morning of their existence. He could have wept over their loss, but tears would avail them nothing. Their fate was shrouded in deep mystery. Nobody knew how it was done. Mrs. Hubs was profoundly ignorant of the matter, and Bridget was willing to take her Bible oath that she knew no more about the "young millions" than the child unborn. Mr. Hubs, of course, could not compel people to confess what they did not know, and he went to his bed in a state of miserable ignorance about the premature disappearance of his darling vegetables. But he had a horrible suspicion, which kept him awake half the night, that he was the victim of a wicked conspiracy between the wife of his bosom and her servant-maid.

He was not to be daunted, however, for he had been educated in a school which knows no such word as despair. By dawn the next morning he was planting fresh seeds, having put them to soak in warm lye over night. But Hubs was doomed once more to disappointment; he had not been seated five minutes in the omnibus when a scoundrel cock, belonging to a sporting neighbor, walked deliberately into the hall door, which had been left open by Bridget, and strutted pompously into the garden, where, without the slightest hesitation, he scratched up every individual seed, and when he had stowed them away in his remorseless maw gave three loud exulting "cock-a-doodle-doo," and flew over the fence into his master's premises. It was the coolest performance that was ever seen, and when the unhappy clerk was told of it, his wrath was too big for words. He doubled his fists, stamped his feet, and looked about him for some object upon which to wreak his vengeance; but there was nothing appropriate at hand, so after a moment's reflection he put more seeds in soak, and when he had eaten his supper retired to bed, that he might rise with the dawn.

In due time, and it was a very short time too, for the sun was unseasonably hot, he had the happiness to see the little leaves once more popping up bright and joyous from the earth. He had watched them, and watered them an entire week, sprinkling snuff upon them to kill the bugs, and nipping off the first indications of a runner bud, to strengthen the vines and give richness to the fruit, when his wife's brother returned from a long voyage to the Pacific. He was one of the best-natured and most restless creatures in the world; like the sea, he would not be quiet a moment, and after he had kissed his sister and joked her about her husband, he rolled out into the garden and, to make himself useful, took up Hubs's hoe and began, to use his own phrase, "to work a traverse among the weeds."

"Goodness me!" exclaimed his sister, "what have you done! You have went and hoed up all of Mr. Hubs's cantelupes. My, what will he say when he comes home?"

When Hubs *did* come home he was soon informed of the full extent of his misfortune, but he could not open his mouth. It was his wife's brother who had done the deed, and wives' brothers are always privileged characters. He knew moreover, that there was no malice in the act. He had the stomach to do anything that was monstrous, if it would bring back his vines, but as no desperate deed could restore them he had the prudence to eat his supper in a quiet manner, although his mind was in a most unquiet state. The young sailor expressed a world of regret for the mischief he had done, and to console his brother-in-law, told him that he had got some first rate melon seeds in the till of his chest, which he had brought from round Cape Horn; and the next morning bright and early, he brought them up to

Hubs, who was greatly astonished at the sight of them. They were as big as a dozen of those that he planted before. The young sailor took a fresh quid of tobacco, and told him that he would be more astonished at the fruit. Then they both went to work and made fresh hills, and felt once more happy at the prospect of being able to present his employer with some of his favorite fruit. In a week the new seeds showed themselves. Never before were such promising vines seen. They were so stout, and they grew so rapidly that Hubs was in a continual ecstasy of wonder; but when he looked out of his chamber window one morning and saw a large yellow blossom on one of the vines his admiration was boundless. He ran down to examine it, and was half disposed to be angry when he found that it was nothing but a male blossom. The vine which bore it grew very rapidly in the direction of the garden fence, and Hubs watched it with great anxiety to see whether it would run its head against the obstruction like a foolish blind creature; and his delight was immense when he perceived that it only approached within a safe distance, and then turned off to the right without rubbing a leaf against the palings. "You are a fine fellow," said Hubs, speaking to the vine, as though it had been furnished with a pair of ears like his own, "You are a fine fellow; yes you are, and I will demolish that rascal of a caterpillar that is eating one of your big leaves. The villain."

The rains fell, the sun shone bright and warm upon it; the gentle summer winds rustled among its great summer blossoms and fan like leaves; the dews pearlyed it in the morning and the bees hovered about it all the day long, and still the vine grew, trailing its long rope-like body all over the garden, to the infinite wonder of all who looked upon it. At last a little knob of pale green showed itself in the extreme end of the vine, and gave promise of fruit. It was hailed with rapture by Mr. Hubs, and even his wife condescended to cast a favorable eye upon it, out of regard to her brother, as she said, but in reality because she was fond of melons herself, and because she had secretly resolved to invite all Division street to partake of it as soon as it should be ripe.

Hubs was constantly in a high fever through fear that somebody would tread upon the vine, and he cautioned Bridget, on pain of instant dismissal, to be cautious how she planted her big feet near it. The young melon promised to be a monster, it grew in the space of three days to the size of an apple dumpling, and Hubs put some dry leaves under it to keep it from decaying; although a slate would have been better, as he might have found out by reading Bosc. But his researches had not yet extended so far. Neither had he stumbled upon Jolyclere or Linnæus. More was the pity, as the reader will discover.

Hubs regarded the promising appearance of his canteloupe with some such feelings as a fond mother looks upon her precocious child, and sees in its premature wisdom a sign of premature decay. He dared not hope that so remarkable a melon would be permitted to arrive at perfection. It was too much to think of. And his forebodings were not without cause, for the phenomenon had not been in existence a fortnight when a hungry sow with a litter of pigs broke into the enclosure and devoured the precocious vegetable before a soul could come to its rescue.

As the readers of romantic histories are often called upon to exercise their imaginations when the descriptive powers of the author fail him, they are respectfully requested to do so now, for no pen could begin to describe the anguish of mind which Mr. Hubs experienced when he was made acquainted with the disaster which had befallen him. He knew of no suitable manner of manifesting his feelings on the occasion; it was a grief without a precedent; so he strolled into his garden in a bitter frame of mind, and began to kick pettishly at the vines and blossoms which now looked hateful to him. Soon he kicked over one of the great broad leaves, and underneath it he discovered another melon larger and fairer than the one that was lost. He clapped his hands with delight, and could hardly restrain himself from falling on his knees and saluting the precious object.

Every precaution was now taken to keep out hogs and boys and every kind of vermin. The new melon was watched over with a degree of solicitude passing belief, and it grew to a size far surpassing any melon that had been seen or read of. Hubs knew that professor Alpin had seen melons

in Egypt so large that three of them were a load for a camel but they were water-melons, and this was a canteloupe.

Hubs watered the roots of the vine with weak pickle, after the Honfleur fashion, to give richness to the fruit; and he covered the joints with earth in place of pinching off its runner buds, to increase its size; for he had already learned enough about culture to make him reject the theory of the pinchers, and he argued (whether truly or not, we must leave others to decide,) that any mutilation of a plant must of necessity injure its organization. Who would think of chopping off his son's legs, said Hubs, with the expectation of increasing the length of his son's arms thereby?

By the end of September, the melon had increased to such a size that Hubs could hardly lift it off the ground. It had begun to assume a rich buff color, nearly as bright as a ripe Havana orange, but it did not emit that rich delightful fragrance that ripe canteloupes usually do. But Hubs was fearful that it would decay, or that some accident might befall it if it were kept longer, and he determined to invite his employer to partake of it while he was sure of it. In truth, his determination was fixed from certain movements on the part of his wife having led him to believe that she meditated treating her Division street friends to a taste of it.

A good opportunity having soon occurred, he asked Mr. Hinks to do him the favor to go home with him and partake of a remarkably fine canteloupe, which he had raised in his own garden. The mark on Mr. Hinks's cheek turned yellow as Hubs spoke.

"By all means," replied Mr. Hinks, "but is it really a fine one, though, Hubs?"

"Very," replied Hubs, who did not care to let out the whole truth, for he wished to enjoy his employer's surprise.

"Then I will go to-night," said Mr. Hinks. "But, have you got no more than one, Hubs? you know that I am a coon at canteloupes."

"I know it, sir," replied Hubs, "but it is a caution. Big enough to feed the corporation."

"First rate, I dare say," said Mr. Hinks, and he winked his right eye knowingly, and smacked his lips, and the mark on his cheek glowed with a bright yellowish tinge.

Hubs exulted inwardly, although he said nothing more in praise of his melon; he was burning with impatience to see the effect that the great reality would have upon his employer.

As soon as business hours were over they got into an omnibus, a very happy pair of individuals, and in proper time were landed in front of Mr. Hubs's residence. Hubs would not allow Mr. Hinks to remain a moment in the house, but hurried him out into the garden to show him the miraculous canteloupe, lest he should doubt that it grew there.

"There it is, sir," exclaimed Hubs, pointing to the monster, "isn't it a whaler?"

"Where? where?" said Mr. Hinks, gazing about.

"Here, sir, here," replied Hubs, as he patted the huge vegetable.

"That!" ejaculated Mr. Hinks, with a very red face.

"Just try and lift it, sir," said Hubs, exultingly.

"Hubs," said Mr. Hinks seriously, while the mark on his face changed from a yellowish hue to an ashy paleness, "you impudent rascal, are you making sport of me?"

Hubs was paralyzed at the manner of his employer, and could not speak a word.

"I'll have satisfaction for this, sir," said Mr. Hinks, growing more and more indignant. "You invite me to your house to eat a Valparaiso pumpkin, do you, sir?"

"A Valparaiso pumpkin, sir!" gasped the terrified Hubs, and the truth at once flashed upon his mind. "It was all owing to my wife's brother. O, dear! and I shall have no canteloupe after all!"

HARRY FRANCO.

## REVIEWS.

ALNWICK CASTLE, with other Poems. By Fitz-Greene Halleck. New York, Harper & Brothers. 1845.

The system of criticism which obtains among us, and which tries the productions of one American mind by those of another, instead of comparing them with some immutable standard, or with the best examples in the same kind with which other countries have supplied us, has done great injury to the

cause of true Art in our Republic. It was our misfortune to be in too great a hurry to have a literature of our own. We had built up an army and navy: we must build up a literature. It was further unanimously resolved that we had a national literature; and a score or two of terrified Tompkinses, who might otherwise have remained life-long the contented anchorites of the poet's corner in a village newspaper, were suddenly snatched up and set to bear the pitiless storm of foreign fun and criticism on the bald top of our American Parnassus. Henceforth every new work was measured by the Tompkins yardstick; and the "precision and elegance," "the refined dignity," "the exuberant humor" of Tompkins became proverbial. Under these favorable circumstances, the gentlemen thus ostracised from among their fellow citizens for their country's fame, plucked up courage, and by dint of well-directed energy succeeded in founding what we may call the Tompkins dynasty of American literature. A court dress of a certain innocuous drab-color was established, and any author who was detected without this Tompkins uniform was forthwith arrested and thrown into a review, or set in the pillory of the newspapers. The heresy of originality was everywhere industriously hunted out and crushed; and independence of judgment in criticism was declared to be immoral, or, what was far worse, anti-Tompkinsian. If man, woman, or child, was unwilling to receive the opinion of a Tompkins, how great an insensibility did it display to the numerous privileges we enjoy!

The truth is that we shall never have a literature until we become thoroughly persuaded that we have not yet done all that is needful to that end, and that it requires at least as much previous study and preparation to criticise a work of art as a steam engine. We must get over our cant of always speaking of certain of our authors and artists as if they filled up the majestic round of that circle which even Shakspere did not touch at all points. We must no longer endeavor to measure anything really great by the rushlight criticism of the Tompkinses, but must look on it in the broad frank sunshine of honest desire after Truth. We must get rid also of this unhealthy hankering after a National Literature. The best and most enduring literature is that which has no nationality except of the heart,—that which is the same under all languages and under all skies. A poet's inspiration has no more intimate connection with the country in which he chances to be born, than with the village or the garret in which he may dwell. While yet a sojourner among our mists and shadows, he is made citizen of a higher country, whose language is an interpreter throughout the universe, and which has no words mean enough to express our paltry nationalities, nor indeed any thoughts but such as are primitive and universal.

The office of poet, then, is the highest to which any man, in these latter times, may aspire. The poet has taken the place of the prophet, and, without laying any claim to immediate inspiration, he yet, by force of seeing the heart of those mysteries whose shell only is visible to others, instructs and prophesies with an authority felt if not acknowledged. If his words inculcate no truth directly, yet, by their innate harmony with universal laws, and by the sweet domestic privilege with which they enter the heart without knocking, they clarify the conscience, and inspire us with an eagerness after truth, as would a tender or majestic landscape in outward nature. Let no man then take up the lyre hastily or irreverently, still less let him make its chords answerable for a gross and vulgar music.

In America we have been accustomed to confer the title of poet as if it were of no more value or import than a trum-

pery "Honorable" or "Excellency." We have something like a thousand individuals in the country to whom the critics of the newspapers and magazines concede the name. But there are half a dozen who form a kind of inner circle, who already, though in the prime of life, enjoy all the advantages of a posthumous fame, and whose portraits smile with an embarrassed air opposite all the title-pages of selections from American poets. It is to these that our critics periodically challenge England to produce a parallel. It is these who are led out and exhibited when the intelligent foreigner inquires after our poets—honest, matter-of-fact-looking men, as the poets of a business people ought to be.

Mr. Halleck has had the ill fortune to be one of these frontispiecial exemplars. We call it ill fortune, for it is as unhappy a thing for a man to receive more as to receive less than his deserts. But in speaking of Mr. Halleck we shall treat him as if he were a young author now for the first time making his appearance before the world. What his reputation *has been* is nothing to us: what it *ought* to be is the only question. To have been always considered and treated as one of Fame's joint-heirs, and then to find that Fame has cut one off with a shilling, is worse than to have known the truth from the beginning.

If the volume before us, then, were the work of a young author, (and we should remember that in this case the real age of Mr. H. renders all faults less inexcusable,) is there anything in it that would lead us to prophesy great things of his future career? To this question we must frankly and readily answer, no. There is none of that exuberance here, that seeming waste of energy, which characterises the spring-tide of a great poet's heart, of whose innumerable blossoms few will ever become anything more useful than an ornament and token of immortal plenty. Here is none of that felicitous sympathy of ear and eye which gives every word and image and harmonic invention of his as good a right to be in the world, as any blossom or bird or sigh of the wind can have. Here is none of that fine reverence which overhangs his heart like the broad free sky, now bare, simple, sustaining, now sprinkled thick with starry hopes and aspirations, and always the bestower of dignity, courage, and the calm majesty of entire humbleness. Here is none of that enthusiasm for his art which makes success but an argument for less self-glory, and which turns a whole unbelieving world's scorn into a stepping-stone to a higher peak of inspiration.

The world is indebted to the volume before us for no new thought, for the opening of no new vista into the enchanted forest of imagination, for no new combination of the wondrous melody of words. There is none of that inspiration here, none of that magnetic sympathy of genius which could solve for the young poet the enigma of his soul, and waken the slumbering energies of heart and brain and will, till the grand images and harmonies of the master fade away, and he beholds only the great void future like a silent organ waiting but for the appointed touch to breathe the divinest music and ravish the reluctant world with love and pity. But even in some of the yet coarser elements of a true poet, Mr. Halleck is deficient. To the simpler and more vivacious kinds of metre, which depend rather on a certain gross and physical excitement of the musical sense, his ear is competent; but he seems to lack comprehension of those whose meaning is more interior, and whose charm is due to remoter and less tangible sympathies. What ingenuity, for example, could make anything like rhythm of such incorrigible, corduroy joltings as these:

"Even of Campbell's pen hath pictured: he.—  
"To be o'erpraised even by her worshipper—Poesy?"

Love has been so reverenced by true poets, and woman so worthily praised, that a poet's treatment of either of these hallowed subjects might almost be taken as a test of his power. Andromache and she

"Whose face did launch a thousand ships?"

give bloom and fragrance to the Iliad. Beatrice hangs like a quiet star over the sulphureous pit of Dante's Hell, glides with a calming sereness through his Purgatory, and is the heavenliest part of his Paradise. How unequalled are Shakespeare's pictures of women! Playful, whimsical, coquettish, sarcastic, yet never merely ornamental, and rounded off always with tender reverence and a pathos that gives them a noble dignity. And who will ever forget (to name no others) Wordsworth's "Phantom of Delight" and Coleridge's "Genieve"? Mr. Halleck, with all the experience of fifty years in his head and heart, is content to put forth the following verses as containing his theory of love, but at the same time, to prevent any ill effect upon the mind of a susceptible public, he neutralises his nonsense by an equal amount of incomprehensibility. In the first two stanzas the poet's mind takes a horticultural turn, and beholds love in the original and novel shape of a tree:

"When the tree of Love is budding first,  
Ere yet its leaves are green,  
Ere yet, by shower and sunbeam nursed,  
No infant life has been,  
The wild bee's slightest touch might wring  
The buds from off the tree!"—

Love, it will be seen, makes but an indifferent kind of tree and puts forth buds of most singular, though convenient fragility.

"But when its open leaves have found  
A home in the free air,  
Pluck them—and there remains a wound  
That ever rankles there."

Where? why?

"The blight of hope and happiness  
Is felt when fond ones part,  
And the bitter tear that follows is  
The life-blood of the heart."

A statement with regard to arterial circulation that would make Hervey open his eyes.—But "the tree of Love" is cut down in the next stanza to make a fire of.

"When the flame of Love is kindled first,  
'Tis the fire-fly's light at even—  
\* \* \* \* \*  
A breath can bid it burn no more."

Flatly contradicted by the experience of every unbreeched philosopher who has exercised his lungs in endeavoring to blow a fire-fly into a flame. Mr. H. seems to think the success of such an experiment possible.

"But when that flame has blazed into  
A being and a power,  
And smiled in scorn upon the dew  
That fell in its first warm hour."

We were rather puzzled at first to think with what particular muscles a "flame" would "smile", but we had neglected to observe that it had "blazed into a being." Mr. Espy's theory of rain is hinted at in the third verse, we suppose, or else what has the dew to do with it? We should like also to know which "hour" of a flame is *not* "warm." We must not be surprised to find that a flame which has already been a tree and has accomplished the difficult disdain of a "smile in scorn", should become two things at once in the next stanza.

"'Tis the flame that curls round the martyr's head,"—

Our sympathies, then, for Latimer, and Huss, and the rest, have been strangely misplaced.

"Whose task is to destroy,  
'Tis the lamps on the altars of the dead,  
Whose light but darkens joy."

The next stanza is wholly incomprehensible:

"Then crush even in their hour of birth,  
The infant buds of love,  
And tread his glowing fire to earth,  
'Ere 'tis dark in clouds above;  
Cherish no more a cypress tree  
To shade thy future years,  
Nor nurse a heart-flame that may be  
Quenched only with thy tears."

In the next line a girl's Leghorn hat is said to be

. . . . Of the bright gold tint  
The setting sunbeams give to Autumn clouds,  
The riband that encircled it as blue  
As spots of sky upon a moonless night  
When stars are keeping revelry in heaven."

We shall expect to hear shortly of Jupiter being put into some celestial watch-house, or Mars relating his "experience" in a Temperance meeting.

The same young woman's waist, the poet tells us, might be "spanned with your thumb and finger", and

"Her foot was loveliest of remembered things"!

\* \* \* \* \*  
"But 'twas that foot that broke the spell—alas!  
Its stocking had a deep, deep tinge of blue—  
I turned away in sadness and passed on."

It is possible that Mr. Halleck may have the hardihood to defend this on the ground of its being humorous. And we suppose that the next poem is humorous also. If it be, we are sincerely glad, for it is surely nothing else. We shall not take the trouble to prove that humorous poetry, even where the humor is genuine, is the lowest kind of poetry, if, indeed, it can be rightly called so at all. In Mr. Halleck's verses the "humor" comes in very incongruously, and gives all our expectations a neck-breaking jolt.

There is a great deal of traditional morality and of entirely false sentiment in Mr. H.'s verses. For example, in "Alnwick Castle" he says

"The Moslem tramples on the Greek,  
And on the Cross and altar stone,  
And Christendom looks tamely on  
\* \* \* \* \*  
And not a *sabre blow* is given  
For Greece and fame, for faith and heaven,  
By Europe's craven chivalry."

When "faith and heaven" require to be defended by "sabre blows" and bloodshed, they must have sadly degenerated from what they were in Christ's time.

In the same poem Mr. H. laments that the day of romance has gone by, a statement which he sustains by telling us that the Highlanders of Scotland wear pantaloons, and that

"Lord Stafford mines for coal and salt,  
The Duke of Norfolk deals in malt,  
The Douglas in red herrings"—

four facts which all the shopkeepers in New York will consider extremely ludicrous, as a matter of course, without thinking for a moment that all these peers are much more creditably employed than any of their ruffian ancestors ever were. Moreover, there is more that is truly poetical in the operations connected with mining, the raising of malt, and the herring fishery, than in all the "chivalry" that ever went about breaking the heads of peaceable neighbours and the hearts of their wives and children. The man who thinks that the age of romance has gone by to-day, would have thought the same in Spenser's time. Poetry is as ripe in the world as ever, but the secret of it lies in the heart and eye and ear of the poet, not in any combination of circumstances.

## CRITICAL NOTICES.

*The Prisoners of Perote*; containing a Journal kept by the Author, who was captured by the Mexicans, at Mier, December 25, 1842, and released from Perote May 16, 1844. By William Preston Snapp. New York: Burgess, Stringer & Co.

This is a book at all points entertaining, and now and then imbued with a vivid and terrible interest. We quote some instances of Mexican vagrancy and audacity:—if these things were not known to be fact, we should speak of them as capital romance:

"Among the numerous wretches who, as professional beggars, swarm the streets of this city, or in the filthy guise of blackened leperos, haunt the pave by day, and prowl for plunder at night, are outcasts and cut-throats, whom previous convictions have deadened to all sense of shame, and habitual vice and indolence trained to every deed of violence. In the portals of the churches, beneath the walls of the convents, in the markets, or their lairs in the suburbs, they crouch to watch for their unsuspecting prey, and woe to that unarmed pedestrian, who, in reply to their *Por el amor de Dios*, reveals a purse to tempt their ferocious cupidity.

"Banded in fraternities, that reach from the pulque shops to the palace, their organization has been known to reveal itself through every grade of rank, from the roofless footpad to those nearest in authority to the president. An instance of audacity is authentically related to have occurred some years ago, which not unaptly illustrates the lawless spirit of these plunderers. The mules of a conducta were ranged in two files in the square of the Adouana (or custom-house), and, surrounded by a strong squadron of cavalry, waited to be loaded with the bags of specie, containing fifteen hundred dollars each, and piled up in the square to be sent off. A large crowd was as usual assembled to look on, when a gang of mounted thieves charged through the streets leading to the square, and riding down idlers and troops, seized each a bag of the treasure, and bore it off in triumph.

"The energy of the present government has done much to reduce the frequency and insolence of these outrages about the capital, yet they continue to prevail in all their wonted atrocity elsewhere through the republic. Not a league of their only national highway from the city to Vera Cruz, but is the scene of some robbery within the year, the public coach being repeatedly pillaged within hail of the cities that lie on the route.

"The following notorious instance of a participation in these enormities by persons of rank, is familiar to all persons of inquiry who have recently been in Mexico.

"The Swiss consul, (M. Mairet,) a merchant and man of fortune, lived in the western suburbs of the city, and was suspected to have a considerable sum of money about his house. His dwelling was more than ordinarily secure, being built in the strongest manner, with grated windows, and several ferocious dogs were kept chained in the court and on the terrace.

"A man in the habit of a priest, accompanied by two others, appeared at his gate one day, and announced to the servant, who answered their summons, that they desired to purchase some merchandise of the consul, in which he was known to deal. Upon being admitted, two of them seized the servant, bound him to a pillar, and gagged him, whilst the third relocked the gate. All three then passed into the house, where they found Mairet alone, and after stabbing and gashing him repeatedly, finally compelled him to disclose the place where his treasure was secreted. This, to the amount of some ten thousand dollars, with various articles of valuable plate, they brought off; the consul only surviving his wounds long enough to relate the particulars of the affair, with such descriptions of the assassins, as it was thought would lead to their apprehension. A noisy search and pursuit was kept up by the police, until a miserable creature was arrested, tried, and garroted, upon the ground of some declarations said to have fallen from him whilst grossly intoxicated. No money or article of the plunder being found in his possession, nor any corroborative circumstance accompanying his insane confession the foreigners denounced the execution as a cowardly subterfuge of the government to atone for its corruption and remissness by a double murder.

"Some time elapsed, when two daring robberies were again perpetrated in rapid succession upon wealthy monasteries of the city. These were entered and pillaged of more than thirty thousand dollars, and the church being roused and combined in the pursuit with the civil authorities, finally traced them home to the door of Colonel Janes, an officer of standing, and acting aid-de-camp of Santa Anna. This worthy colonel, having access to the passport office, was more than suspected of having planned several previous robberies of the public coach, availing himself of the information thus acquired to direct his accomplices where the booty was such as to indemnify an attack.

"The trial of himself and his associates for the pillage of the monasteries lasted nearly three years, every effort being made during this time by Santa Anna and other officials, to screen him from conviction. Their attempts, however, proving abortive, and sentence of death being finally awarded against him, it fell to the lot of the dictator, who had, in the meanwhile, risen to the presidency, to ratify the verdict, and order his execution. This he declined to do upon one pretext and another, granting the condemned respite after respite, until popular indignation became exasperated to the highest pitch. Dreading the fury his equivocal course had excited in the public mind, and alarmed by threats of a revolutionary character, Santa Anna retired from the city, and left the task of consummating the vengeance of the law to General Bravo.

"Janes was finally executed, and, before suffering, confessed his numerous crimes. Amongst these was the murder of Mairet, in which, as in all, he plead the connivance of Santa Anna, and other accomplices. He died, invoking the most direful curses upon their heads, for abandoning him and concurring in his death."

In justice to Mr. Brantz Mayer, the author of "Mexico as it Was and Is," we must say that the "New York Mirror" has lately pointed out some very remarkable plagiarisms from Mr. M.'s book, perpetrated by Mr. Snapp.

*Remarks on an Address delivered before the New England Society of the City of New York, December 23, 1844*, by George P. Marsh. Boston: C. Stimpson.

The manner of writing and punctuating the title-page of this pamphlet, is every thing. The remarks are certainly not by George P. Marsh. They are by some person anonymous, and are levelled against Mr. M.—a point which it is just as well to understand. The treatise is gently written, but we disagree with it throughout in its estimate of Mr. Marsh's eloquence. The floridity which is objectionable in a written book, is not unfrequently a merit in an oration. In this case we can easily conceive not only that Mr. Marsh's oratory was enthusiastically received, but that it was skilfully planned for the purpose of ensuring an enthusiastic reception.

*Table-Talk*. By William Hazlitt. Part I. No. 6 of Wiley and Putnam's Library of Choice Reading, pp. 200. Price 37 1-2 cts.

This is a reprint of the two volumes published in Paris by Galignani, under the author's own supervision, the essays having been selected from the four volumes published by himself in London. The second part will comprise the essays which the author would probably have included in another series which he intended to publish in Paris. It would be hardly a remove from sheer impertinence to recommend the essays of Hazlitt to ordinary readers; he has been more universally read in this country than any other English essayist, if we except Macaulay. His egotism, though as obtrusive as Cobbett's, is one of the charms of his style, for it is only the egotism of a dunce that is offensive. The two first essays in this volume, on the pleasure of painting, we would recommend to the consideration of all young artists who have not been abroad. The author had made very satisfactory progress in the art when he went to the Louvre while it contained the fruits of Napoleon's conquests in Italy, and he abandoned his easel. He saw a variety of excellence that he felt himself unable ever to equal, and he gave up painting in despair. Yet he had, unquestionably, the genius of a painter, and his writings on art are among the most valuable of his productions. His principles may be safely trusted, but his criticisms on pictures must be taken with many grains of allowance for his enthusiasm. He could see charms in a picture which no one else could discover, and as his criticisms were generally based upon recollections, he sometimes attributed qualities and features to a work which on inspection it was found to lack. The essay in this collection on picture by Nicolas Poussin would lead a novice to expect qualities in a landscape which no work of art can ever possess. The critic attributes to the work itself the sublime ideas which it suggested to his mind, but which the painter himself probably never knew. But the essay in the collection from which most practical good may be gained is that on the ignorance of the learned. It is just the thing to take the starch out of a pedant and a book-worm, and we would recommend it to the sensible ignorant for their consolation.

*American Facts*. Notes and Statistics relative to the government, resources, engagements, &c. &c. &c. of the United States of America. By George Palmer Putnam, member of the New York Historical Society; Hon. Mem. of the Connecticut Hist. Soc., Hon. Secretary of the American Art-Union; Author of an introduction to history, &c. With portraits and a map. London and New York. Wiley and Putnam.

A handsome volume of nearly three hundred pages, containing a large amount of statistics, well calculated to enlighten English readers in respect to this country. We cannot understand the motive of the author in affixing to a work of this kind such a ponderous joke as the absurd review of British poets which appeared in the North American Review a year ago. It cannot surely help the sale of the book in London, and it will hardly have the effect of soothing any of the harsh feelings which may be still entertained by English writers towards American authors, or the American people at large. It is attaching too much importance to the paltry jealousy or ill nature of an anonymous scribbler to make his *narratives* the subject of national recriminations. The portraits are chiefly valuable as being impressions from plates produced by the nearly discovered process of multiplying prints.

*Count Ludwig, and other romances*. By Charles Dickens, with stories by Jerrold, Moore, Ainsworth, and Allan Cunningham. Now first collected into a single vol. H. G. Daggers, 30 Ann st. Price 25 cts.

Count Ludwig is one of the most remarkable of its author's productions, as containing not the slightest evidence of his peculiar and brilliant genius. The changes of an author's style forms a curious chapter

in the history of literature, and the study of Count Ludwig in contrast with the other writings of Boz, is an interesting subject for the critic.

*The Apocryphal New Testament*, containing all the Gospels, Epistles, and other pieces, not included in the New Testament, by its compilers. Translated and now first collected into one volume. New York. Published by H. G. Daggers, 30 Ann st.

The importance of this publication to all Bible students may be inferred from the following passage in the translator's preface to the second English edition.

"By some persons of the multitude commonly known by the name of christians, and who profess to suppose they do God service by calling themselves so, the editor has been assailed with a malignity and fury that would have graced the age of Elizabeth and Mary."

The volume is handsomely printed on good paper in a shape uniform with the ordinary editions of the genuine New Testament.

*History of Germany*, from the earliest period to the present time. By Frederick Kohlrausch translated from the last German edition, by James D. Haas. Appleton and Co., 200 Broadway. Part 2d, 25 cts.

The present number of this admirable history reaches to the middle of the fourteenth century. The work will be complete in three more numbers, and will form a most valuable and much needed addition to historical libraries.

*Specimens of Ancient Oracular and Fighting Eoliopes*: with remarks on Dragons and other fire breathing monsters of mythology and the middle ages, being a supplement to his treatise on hydraulics and mechanics; by Thomas Ewbank. New York. Published by the Author. 1845.

This supplement to the large work on Hydraulics, by Mr. Ewbank, will render that treatise the most learned and perfect one on that branch of science in existence. Mr. Ewbank is a double enthusiast, for he seems to have given as much thought and research to the moral demons and dragons of antiquity as to those of metal, wood and stone.

### THE MAGAZINES.

**THE ARISTIDEAN.**—The April, or second number of the Aristidean, is a decided improvement on the first. Some of the papers are exceedingly good—precisely what Magazine papers should be—vigorous, terse, and independent. "Travels in Texas" is very interesting. "Richard Parker's Widow" is also admirable; and "Hans Spiegen" is quite in the Blackwood vein. There is a long review or rather running commentary upon Longfellow's poems. It is, perhaps, a little coarse, but we are not disposed to call it unjust; although there are in it some opinions which, by implication, are attributed to ourselves individually, and with which we cannot altogether coincide. "Shood-Swing is queer, and the "Notes about Men of Note" are amusing. Of the political papers we shall not speak. There is not much verse in the number, but some of it is admirable. "The Necessity of Strangling" is worthy of Hood, and "The Hanging of Polly Bodine" is perhaps better thing in the same way. To show how high an opinion we entertain of the lines with the wretched title of "A Heart-Burst," we will take the liberty of purloining them in full. They are, we think, the composition of the editor, Mr. English, and it is many a long day since we have seen anything so truly beautiful—in its peculiar mode of beauty:

Fill me no cup of Xeres' wine to her my heart holds dear;  
If you insist to pledge with me, then drop a silent tear.  
For she I love is far away, and months must pass before  
Her heart shall leap to hear again my foot-tramp at the door.  
And thus apart, my weary heart, torn both with hopes and fears,  
Gives to my spirit wretchedness, and to my eyelids tears.

You laugh and quaff your Xeres' wine around the festive board;  
And jest with names of those you love, which secret you should hoard;  
And I conceal how much I feel, for words could not express  
The sorrow weeping in my heart, the abject wretchedness,  
Illumined by a single hope—God grant it not in vain!—  
That foes may cease to part our hearts, and we may meet again.

In mechanical execution—that is to say, in its general external and internal arrangement, the "Aristidean" is infinitely before any American magazine:—although the cover, perhaps, might be improved. In regard to its *morale*, the rock on which it seems most in danger of splitting is coarseness of vituperation. But if we are to choose between this and namby-pambyism, give us by all means *not* the latter. We sincerely wish the editor all the success which his vigorous abilities deserve.

### MUSICAL REVIEW.

MELODIES, by J. T. S. Sullivan, adapted to *Airs*, selected from the German, Italian and French Composers. Published by George W. Appleton, 148 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

Such is the title of a typed, or rather stereotyped work of some pretension. How it will support this pretension we shall see anon. We have heard of poems of every description being adapted to melodies, but we must candidly confess that we never before heard of *Melodies* being adapted to *Airs*. Byron and Moore wrote words to Hebrew and Irish Melodies, and the joint production (words and music) was known as the *Hebrew Melodies* or the *Irish Melodies*. We think that it would be advisable to alter the title to one more comprehensive.

The composers from whose works the airs are selected, are F. Schubert, Bellini, F. Wollank, and G. Doering, besides two airs, composers' names not known. We think the selection very poor; they are, in fact, the veriest musical trifles that have come under our notice for a considerable period. From such an inexhaustible stock of good materials, it is really a matter for wonder, that six such unimportant melodies or airs should have been chosen. It must have cost considerable trouble to pick them out. The music of Germany and France is particularly rich in songs, romances, and chorusses, and the amount of the beautiful in them is truly great. It would be a valuable gift to the musical world, if an extensive and judicious selection were made from these gems, and we believe Mr. Sullivan to be eminently calculated to adapt the poetry to them. We can find nothing to condemn in the present poetical portion of the work before us. It is carefully executed, the accentuation is well preserved, and the sentiments justly conceived. We are pleased to be able to compliment Mr. Sullivan upon his taste.

*Where Art Thou*, words by Mrs. Norton, are by no means adapted to the air *Oft in the Stilly Night*, there being one or two feet more in every line of her poem than there are in Moore's. To adapt them, therefore, would require additional notes, to commence on the third beat, instead of the first of the bar, which would materially alter the character of the music. Why this poem is placed in this collection, (unless to fill up a space) especially as the music is not given, we are at a loss to understand. We like the idea of the work much, and it is probable that the selections may improve. We wish the undertaking every success, and hope to be able to give a more flattering account of the next number.

*Clydesdale Farewell*, a Scottish ballad, written and composed by James Lawson. This ballad is written and composed by an amateur. Music owes a considerable debt of gratitude to musical amateurs, for the interest they take in the art, and for the many admirable contributions they have given to the world. The names of Lord Onslow, the Earl of Mornington, Beale, Rogers, and very many others, will be remembered by musicians with pleasure. We have, to be sure, very frequently to be lenient to the effect, for the sake of the cause.

The ballad before us is simple and pretty. The composer has aimed at an imitation of the Scottish character, and if the imitation be not very close, it is at least near enough to fix the idea. The arrangement is very easy, and the vocal part ranges within the compass of very little more than an octave. It will doubtless find many admirers and numerous purchasers.

**BERTINI'S PIANO FORTE METHOD.** Published by W. H. Okes, and for sale by E. H. Wade, 197 Washington st. Boston.

Our remarks upon this celebrated Instruction Book, have called forth many enquiries from various quarters, and as it is impossible for us to answer them individually, we take this opportunity to answer them *en masse*.

What we have before said upon the excellences of this work, we find fully confirmed upon closer examination, and we have the testimony of many eminent men to the fact of its admirable adaptation to the use of students, and of its inevitable effect in producing brilliant and certain players, undeviating timeists, and in imparting a thorough theoretical knowledge of the necessary principles of music, and a sterling and classical method of performance.

We ourselves, have daily evidence of the benefit conferred upon pupils by the adoption of Bertini's method; not alone in the mechanical but in the mental portion of the art, which is, after all, of the highest importance to the beginner, for unless the mind perceives and comprehends what the hands have to execute, the progress must be slow and unsatisfactory in the extreme. The most intelligent master, without the assistance of some such work as this, and there is no work extant so perfect, must find an almost unconquerable difficulty in making clear to the perception of the pupil the minute divisions of time, and

other particulars, which, though trifling in themselves, yet serve to make up an amount of mystery, to a youthful mind, hard to unravel.

Of course these mysteries have been unravelled; each master having some particular plan or method to elucidate the system. But how much labor may be saved the master; how much mental puzzling and memory-staving may be spared the pupil, when a work is used which will lighten the toil of both. We have had many years' experience in the instruction of young people, and have groaned in spirit for ourselves, and have mourned no less for those, who, lacking in quick appreciation, have toiled and struggled on through what must have appeared to them an endless sea of difficulty, and can, therefore, fully appreciate to the fullest extent all the advantages offered by the *Method of Bertini*.

We promised in our notice of this work, to advise our young friends upon certain important and admirable portions of the *Method for particular practice*. We are unable to do so in this notice, from want of space. But we will do so, by and bye, as we do not think that too much attention can be drawn to an elementary work of such undoubted merit.

To those of our professional friends who have not already examined it, we earnestly recommend an early and faithful perusal of the work, for we feel convinced, that its general use will do more to correct the imperfect and superficial system of musical education now but too prevailing, than all that can be written or urged by the united power of the press.

**PIANO-FORTES.**—We recommend our musical friends to call at the store of Mr. T. H. Chambers, 385 Broadway, and try a seven octave instrument, which is now on exhibition there. It is really a most lovely instrument. It is clear, brilliant and powerful in tone, and at the same time sweet and mélodious. The touch is light, free and springy, and the form is elegant and *unique*. He has many fine pianos in his store, but we desire to call particular attention to this one, as we think that it is one of the finest he has ever turned out.

#### ITEMS.

**PARK THEATRE.**—Mr. Anderson has just closed an engagement at this establishment, which has proved beyond a doubt, the most profitable and the most honorable, both to the manager and the actor, to be found on record for many years. Mr. Anderson has won for himself the universal praise of the press, and he is the acknowledged and prime favorite of the public. He has won his laurels justly, and may he wear them long.

**OLYMPIC THEATRE.**—This popular place of amusement, finished on Wednesday last, a season of the most unparalleled success. Mr. Mitchell is undoubtedly the wisest and the most far-seeing of managers. His success cannot be attributed to individual excellence, but rather to the perfect *ensemble*. He deals not with stars, but he gathers around him a first-rate working team which he fashions to his hand, adapting them to the wants and the tastes of the public. Every novelty abroad—adapted to his company and his audience, finds its way to his theatre in advance of all competitors. He is indefatigable in catering to the amusement of the public, and hence his unwavering success.

Mr. Mitchell departs upon a professional tour next week. He will visit Boston first we believe.

**CONCERT FOR THE BENEFIT OF MR. W. ALPERS.**—It is proposed, we understand, to give a grand concert in a short time, for the benefit of Mr. Alpers, who has been laboring for a considerable period under severe sickness. We are sure that every member of the profession will volunteer their services with hearty good will upon the occasion, for Mr. Alpers is esteemed and respected upon every hand. We know him to be one of the most worthy members of the profession—talented, learned, accomplished, and willing to assist all who are in need of his assistance.

We earnestly appeal to the public and the profession, to come forward and give substantial evidence of their appreciation of his merits, upon this deeply interesting and truly sad occasion.

Mary Taylor, it is said, will proceed to Boston, after the closing of the Olympic, which will take place this week, and returns to fulfill an engagement at Niblo's, which will open early in June.

Mr. George Loder has become the organist of Grace Church, and is succeeded in the Market St. church by Mr. Bristow, who is succeeded by Mr. Harrison in St. Patrick's Cathedral. Instability is the order of the day.

#### NATIONAL NOMENCLATURE.

ALTHOUGH we have approved the recommendation of the Committee of the Historical Society, in regard to changing the national name, yet we must acknowledge that we have had but little faith that the people would be influenced by the recommendation. Names of countries must be of spontaneous generation, but when one is given by law it may be as well not to disturb it. As our nation extends its boundaries, the States must grow more provincial, and from necessity the people will be called after their provinces rather than the continent which they inhabit. We shall learn to call each other, and shall be distinguished abroad as Vermonters, Virginians or Texans. But there is a difficulty in the awkward names of some of the States—as Massachusetts, Ohio, New Hampshire, &c. Necessity, however, who is always ready with an invention, when one is needed, will never fail to supply a nick-name without the help of any other society than society at large. The following list of national nick-names, which we cut from an exchange paper, shows how little we need apprehend a dearth of distinctive titles by which we may be known.

#### The inhabitants of

Maine,	are called	Foxes.
New Hampshire,		Granite boys.
Massachusetts,		Bay Staters.
Vermont,		Green Mountain Boys.
Rhode-Island,		Gun Flints.
Connecticut,		Wooden Nutmegs.
New York,		Knickerbockers.
New Jersey,		Clam-catchers.
Pennsylvania,		Leatherheads.
Delaware,		Musk-rats.
Maryland,		Craw-thumpers.
Virginia,		Beagles.
North Carolina,		Tar-boilers.
South Carolina,		Weasels.
Georgia,		Buzzards.
Louisiana,		Cre-owls.
Alabama,		Lizards.
Kentucky,		Corn-crackers.
Tennessee,		Cotton-manies.
Ohio,		Buck-eyes.
Indiana,		Hoosiers.
Illinois,		Suckers.
Missouri,		Pewks.
Mississippi,		Tadpoles.
Arkansas,		Gophers.
Michigan,		Wolverines.
Florida,		Fly-up-the-Creeks.
Wisconsin,		Badgers.
Iowa,		Hawkeyes.
N. W. Territory,		Prairie Dogs.
Oregon,		Hard Cases.

**POPULAR LECTURES.**—We looked into some forty or fifty exchange papers one day last week, and found in every one of them, from city and country, Mrs. Caudle's lectures from *Punch*. This led us first to read them and then to reflect on the cause of their popularity. They are evidently a hit. Yet they possess no particular interest, no story, no plot, no wit, no puns, nothing thrilling or exciting, but only a few little touches of nature which have found admission into every heart at which they have knocked. We will venture to assert that no lady will see anything to admire or laugh at in Mrs. Caudle's lectures. But they are immensely popular among husbands, who have all heard something like them, and out of pure spite to their Mrs. Caudles, all who have newspapers under their control, publish the lectures to let the world into secrets that they dare not directly divulge. Laman Blanchard has been named as the author of these popular lectures, but that is an error: they are by another hand. Let him be who he may, he relates his own experiences; there is more truth in Mrs. Caudle's curtain lectures than in any course of scientific lectures that we are acquainted with. Dr. Lardner's were not half so popular because they were not half so true.

**THE WAY THEY DO THINGS IN ENGLAND.**—The Committee of the Royal Corporation of the Literary Fund, at its meeting on Wednesday the 19th ult. unanimously voted 100*l.* towards the fund now raising for the benefit of the family of the late Laman Blanchard.

We learn that Mr. Howitt is engaged on a work which has occupied more or less of his attention for some years, viz. "Visits to the Birth-places and Resorts of the most eminent English Poets." It will include not only visits to many of the most interesting spots in England, Ireland, and Scotland, but also in Switzerland, Italy, &c.

**Notice.**—The Office of the Broadway Journal has been removed from 153 Broadway to 135 Nassau Street, Clinton Hall Buildings.

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CONTENTS.

1. The Mexican Question.
2. New Orleans as I found it.
3. English Letter Writers. By W. A. Jones.
4. Bedreddin's Tarts, or the Consequences of an Indigestion.
5. On Writing for the Magazines.
6. Brallaghan, or the Deipnosophists.
7. Legends of the Lakes. No. 1. By Rev. Ralph Hoyt.
8. Education. By Henry Norman Hudson.
9. The Journal of an American Cruiser. By an officer of the U.S. Navy.
10. Alleghan; or Alleghania America.
11. Conner. By N. H. T. Tuckerman.
12. The Young American. By Alex. H. Everett.
13. The Friends. From the German of Ludwig Tieack.
14. Monthly Financial and Commercial Article.
15. New Books of the Month.
16. Literary Bulletin.
17. Miscellany.—The Antigone at Palmo's; Mr. Anderson in Beaumont and Fletcher; the Drama and Mr. Murdoch.
18. New York Historical Society.

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