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By JOHN BISCO.

TWENTIETH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE ACADEMY OF NATIONAL DESIGN.



HE Artists of New York, make their appeal to the public but once a year; eleven months they labor in their retired studios—unknown but to a select few, seeking, like miners in the dark, after the gems which a thoughtless world will regard with as much indifference as though they were soap bubbles which had been

created by a puff, and like a puff could be meetly rewarded. Among the innumerable excitements of our busy life, the opening of the Academy seems but a trivial matter, yet to many an ambitious spirit it is the one great event of the year. That modest little canvass, bearing upon its surface a remote likeness of a kitten, a decayed tree, or a red-nosed toper, and hung, or rather stuck in a pokerish corner on a level with one's boots, as though spectators carried their eyes in their ankles, insignificant as it may appear to you or me, is an object of immense importance to somebody; the corner stone of a young artist's reputation, the point *d'appui* of his fortunes and happiness; and you may be sure that the obscure position in which the merciless "hangers" have placed his *chef d'œuvre* has caused him a cruel palpitation of the heart, and not unlikely a flood of tears, and he has promised himself that when he gets to be a "hanger" he will be sure and give all young artists a place on the line. Happy period of hopes and disappointments, when there is something to look forward to! It is better to be a poor artist with something to gain, than a Rafaëlle with powers fully developed and nothing more to hope for.

The first glance at the exhibition, impressed us with an idea of its superiority over the exhibition of the last year, and a more deliberate survey of the pictures has confirmed the impression. There is a smaller number of works than the exhibition of last year contained, and consequently there are fewer bad pictures; we understand that there were some paintings rejected, and every sincere friend of Art will regret that the committee had not rejected "some more." It is no disgrace to an artist to paint a poor picture, but it is a disgrace to an institution like the National Academy, which assumes the responsible duty of fostering and encouraging Art, to exhibit pictures to the public, which have no artistic merit of any kind. It is a mistaken kindness to an artist to exhibit one of his works that will bring him into contempt; it will be better that he remain unknown, than known unfavorably; his crude works, which may appear respectably in his own room, when hung by the side of a

finished performance will appear very bad. The hanging committee have an extremely delicate duty, and it is easy to understand the difficulty of rejecting the work of a personal friend or of an associate, but their duty to the cause of ART, and even to the individual himself, should outweigh every other consideration, and no amiable feelings should be allowed to avert the decisions of an honest judgment. Every visiter to the exhibition will feel that the committee of arrangement have done themselves—the cause of Art, and one of their own members, a grievous wrong, by the admission of the landscape numbered 28 on the catalogue. We do not believe that any member of the Academy, excepting the one who painted it, will say that this picture is worthy of a place in the exhibition, and every body will feel that it will do the artist whose name it bears a positive harm; yet it is given a post of honor, and two of the very best paintings in the exhibition are hung so high that their real merits cannot be discovered. There are other paintings in the exhibition which should have been excluded, but none so obtrusive as this, or by artists who write N. A. at the end of their names. We have heard a very good reason given for hanging this picture.—The artist committed murder, and therefore was hung; to which we agree, but then he should have been hung out of sight: the law of the state says that no criminal shall be hung in public.

The exhibition consists of 369 works of Art, contributed by 145 artists, of whom four are foreigners. There are 152 portraits, about thirty miniatures, ninety-seven landscapes, fifteen historical compositions, ten or twelve water-color drawings, five pen and ink sketches, two pieces of sculpture, one architectural design, and five foreign engravings, which we do not see the propriety of hanging in an exhibition of original pictures.

We are very happy to see that the best portraits in the exhibition are contributed by young artists, hitherto unknown, who are neither academicians nor associates, for it is to our young artists that we must look for honorable distinction in the world of Art; and though in landscape the meed of excellence must still be awarded to Cole and Durand, and in works of humor, to Mount and Edmonds, there are others, particularly in landscape, who are found treading upon their heels, and who will very soon be dividing honors with them. We begin our remarks at the beginning of the catalogue, for the sake of convenience.

No. 1. *Death of Abel*—C. Mayr, A. There are many good points in this picture, although the general effect of it is unpleasant. The subject is both hackneyed and impressive, and it would be impossible to handle it without repeating somebody's ideas. The first murder is a solemn theme, and it should be so handled as to leave no trifling impressions on the mind of the spectator, but to do so requires talents which Mr. Mayr evidently lacks. It is truly a melancholy sight to see so much ability, and so much time and good materials, employed all to no purpose. What perfect works should we not see if every man could know what he was

best calculated to perform! The merest tyro could tell Mr. Mayr that the head of his Adam^s is a good deal too small, that Eve is a good deal too young, that Abel lies as flat upon the ground as a board, and that the pointer, though very well painted, detracts from the solemnity of the subject. Full sized naked figures do not show to good advantage in a room as small as that of the National Academy.

No. 6. *Portrait of Calvin Giteau*.—S. Thayer, Syracuse. As the work of a young artist, this portrait possesses considerable merit. Though by no means a very agreeable picture, it is truthful and modest, and very evidently a good likeness of the original.

No. 7. *Portrait of a Lady*—by A. H. Wenzler. We regard this picture as the best portrait in the exhibition. There is a leaden tone which pervades it that is far from pleasant, but taken altogether as to drawing, color, and expression, we have seen nothing there that can be placed beside it. This, and the other portraits by the same hand in the exhibition, must give the artist a high position in his profession.

No. 8. *Red Jacket's Descendants*—W. J. Wilgus, Buffalo. The portraits of an Indian woman and her child, are well colored, and well drawn, but it is not easy to judge of an artist's ability, in portraiture, from such subjects as this. The only portraits that we have seen by Mr. Wilgus were of Indians; he has an "H" at the end of his name, and we believe he enjoys a high reputation at the west as a portrait painter.

No. 10. *Italy in the Olden time*—T. Rossiter, A. This picture is well called after the olden time, for it resembles nothing that the moderns have ever seen. If paintings like this, are the legitimate fruits of a residence in Italy, they should be a caution to our young artists who are longing to go abroad, to remain at home, and be content with Nature.

No. 11. *Portrait*—by H. Peters Gray, N. A. As a colorist, Mr. Gray undoubtedly stands at the head of the contributors to the present exhibition, but his portraits lack other qualities which are more essential in a picture than color; he has taste and fancy in a high degree, but the chief essential of a portrait, correct drawing, is often wanting in his performances. This portrait bears sufficient resemblance to the original to enable his acquaintances to see for whom it is intended, but the head is exceedingly ill drawn, or the position in which he stands is a very bad one.

No. 12. *Portrait of a Gentleman*—W. Swain, A. This is the portrait of Mr. Casilear, an artist of fine abilities, who seems to have a strange reluctance to show his performances to the public. Mr. Swain has succeeded better in this picture than in any other that we have seen from his easel.—No. 43, *A Portrait of Dr. Milnor*, by the same artist, is a good likeness, but it is not equal in artistic merit to this of Mr. Casilear.

No. 3. *The Discovery*—by L. P. Clover, A. A small cabinet painting, representing a lady in a library, reading a letter; a cavalier is looking over her shoulder, who probably *discovers* something, which gives a title to the picture. Through the open door is seen a life size copy of a group, from the Antique, Cupid and Psyche. Last year the hanging committee rejected a painting by an academician for containing the same figures, infinitely better painted. There is a globe in one corner of the picture, which is well done; it is the only point in the composition upon which we can bestow much commendation. We must confess to a hearty dislike of these masquerade subjects, they are out of place every where excepting in a lady's magazine, and even there they would be out of place if we did not expect to see them as a matter of course. It is impossible that they should embody

an idea that will prove either profitable or pleasing to any body, and we cannot but wonder that an artist should throw away his time in producing such inanities, while the world is full of sober realities, whose shadows even appeal forcibly to the heart. Some of Mr. Clover's earlier sketches seemed to indicate a love of nature which he must have entirely lost. The "Discovery" is a bad picture of a very bad school.

No. 13. *Portrait of C. H. Marshall*—by C. C. Ingham, N. A. Mr. Ingham is probably one of the best painters of silks and velvets in the world; and if ladies had porcelain necks and coral lips, he would be equally as good a painter of delicate women; but flesh is a substance that he has never looked at with a view of giving a resemblance to it on his canvas. The subject of this portrait is one of the bluest looking men in New York, but we should never suspect it from the picture before us. It is carefully and elaborately painted, but still leaves an impression on the mind of a want of finish. A picture may be elaborated to the last extreme, and still appear unfinished—because there will be something wanted. Mr. Ingham's portraits are admirably adapted to the tastes of a certain class, fortunately a large one, who have the means, and are generally willing to pay liberally for their gratification. While there is a passion for fine furniture and fine dresses, he will never lack for sitters; and it is well that there are all kinds of artists, that no tastes may be left ungratified. His portraits will be invaluable a century or two hence to the student in costumery.

PUBLIC DISASTERS.

THE public press, and the public voice during the last fortnight, have been mainly occupied in discussing the particulars of the two great disasters which happened so close together:—the wreck of the *Swallow*, and the fire at Pittsburgh. The rumors of a MEXICAN WAR were flying about all the while; but though the truth of such rumors would prove the greatest disaster that the country has experienced in thirty years, yet they had no power to divert people from the discussion of a calamity of actual occurrence. Every wonder must live its nine days, and it is a subject of regret that some wonders do not live much longer.

There seems to be a general disposition in the public mind to fix the blame of a disaster like that of the *Swallow* upon some particular individual, and we perceive that the Grand Jury have presented the pilot of that unfortunate boat for manslaughter. But we do not believe that any body entertains a serious thought that such a charge can be sustained. It is very possible, in this case of the *Swallow*, that nobody is to blame but the community at large. If the boat had been properly constructed, not a life would have been lost. But it is the fashion to build steam-boats like birch canoes to satisfy the public craving for rapid travelling, and it must be evident that a boat one-sixteenth of a mile in length and only thirty feet in breadth, would break in two whenever one end of her should be suspended out of the water. It is true that the chances of such a thing happening on the Hudson river are very few, but those few should have been guarded against. The boats on the river should either have been differently constructed, or the rock upon which the *Swallow* struck should have had a beacon placed upon it; and if there are any other places of similar danger in the river, they should have beacons placed upon them without delay.—There may have been very gross carelessness on the part of the pilot of the *Swallow*, but there will always be carelessness on the part of other pilots; it is quite impossible to guard against it wholly, and the safer way will be to put it

out of the power of carelessness or inefficiency to destroy life and property, by erecting all suitable safeguards before we expose ourselves to danger. The public demand swift vehicles when they travel: they must, therefore, be content to pocket such accidents as are consequent upon their rapid manner of travelling. If one of the old-fashioned slow-going boats had been in the place of the Swallow, she would have lain there very comfortably without straining a limb or wetting a passenger. We do not condemn rapid travelling, but we condemn the disposition of people not to rest content with the inevitable consequences of their own system.

The great fire in Pittsburgh by which millions of property have been destroyed, was owing entirely to a miserable idea of economy, which led the people of that city to construct their houses in such a manner as to invite a general conflagration. A very little extra expense in the construction of their houses, would have saved them from the terrible calamity which has nearly overwhelmed them. We marvel at people who build cities in the neighborhood of a volcano, which may at any moment bury them under a shower of lava; yet we build our cities of the most inflammable materials, neglect to provide the proper means for extinguishing a conflagration, and when destruction is upon us stand aghast for a moment, and then go rapidly to work reconstructing our houses of the same perishable materials, and filling them with our most costly goods. A few thousand dollars would have saved New York in 1835 from the disastrous fire from which she has not yet recovered. Such another cannot probably ever occur in this city again; we build our houses of better materials and in a better manner; and we have greatly increased our means of extinguishing fires by the introduction of the Croton into our streets, but our neighbor, Brooklyn, only requires a torch to be applied to one of her tinder houses during a dry north-wester, to be laid in ruins in a very few hours. They have whole streets of slight wooden houses, which could only be saved from burning by being pulled down, while their supply of water is exceedingly limited. It is owing more to good luck than good management that they have not already been reduced to ashes.

Instead of feeling astonishment at the occurrence of an extensive conflagration in any of our cities, we should rather be amazed at the non-occurrence of such an event.

BROADWAY.

WILLIS calls the Castle Garden "the amputated toe of Broadway." When observing the general arrangement of this our Gotham, I always think of Gulliver when he fell asleep upon the plains of Lilliput, and the Lilliputians fastened him to the ground by his hair. Castle Garden suggests Lemuel's head; the bridge, his neck; Broadway up to the Park, his body; the remainder of Broadway, his left leg; Park Row, Chatham street, and the Bowery, represent his right leg; two long slips, that stretch out into the East River and the Hudson, his arms; the great iron pipes that convey the Croton and the Gas, his great arteries; the service-pipes, his smaller blood-vessels; and, by the recent establishment of Morse's telegraphic wires, the imaginary giant has been furnished with nerves.

Let us stand for a moment, on the battlements of Castle Garden—in other words, on the giant's forehead.

What a scene is this! The waters of the Atlantic are at our feet. Who knows how far these bright blue waves, have rolled to visit us this morning. See how their tiny ridges reflect the flying clouds! How gracefully they bear up these "white winged ships"—the angels or messengers of our national Commerce—as they enter this noble bay, not dealing death and destruction in their path, as in former days, but freighted with the productions of many a clime, from the iron of northern Russia to the spices of Ceylon! See the

leafless forest that surrounds our wharves as if it grew out of the water, its culminating points piercing the sky like the spears of an army of Titans. You can hear, at this distance, the clicking cogs of a hundred windlasses, loading and unloading a hundred ships. Hundreds have recently arrived:—hundreds are about to set sail. Owners, captains, consigners, provision-merchants, passengers and crews are moving busily around these masts. Only a low dull murmur reaches us here, from their many thousand tongues, and their footsteps on the sounding decks. But most prominent, perhaps, among the objects that attract attention, are the little steamers that ply hither and thither, snorting and choking as they paddle along, and giving noisy animation to the scene. Steamers of a much larger class, fitted for navigating the Sound, and belonging to the Norwich and Stonington lines, lie alongside the pier to our right. Around the landing-place, the crowd of cabmen is dense. The old "Massachusetts" has just arrived. She is letting off her steam; and the loud, continuous roar, mingling with the shouts of cabmen, policemen, and jackalls from the Hotels, sounds as though King Acôhis and his subject Euris were quarrelling at the mouth of the storm-cave, while Notus and his other brethren, members of the tempestuous cabinet, complete the hoarse quintette by exerting their highly effective windpipes. One glance more at Staten Island, Governor's Island, and the other two, Bedlow and Gibbet, South Brooklyn and the Jersey shore—landscape and waterscape together. We must be gone. Somebody will be complaining pettishly that all this is irrelevant, and that not one word has been said about Broadway.

Let us now walk along the giant's neck to his collar-bone—the farther limit of the Battery-green. His neck, indeed, might at first sight appear to be wry: but the truth is, the huge ante-diluvian is merely bending his head, listening to the music of the sea.

THE BOWLING GREEN.

The enclosure before us is a strong effort at "*rus in urbe*." Although the effort is in some respects a failure, yet it cannot be denied that the spot is forcibly suggestive of the olden time, when our "forbears" indulged in the sports of merry England and phlegmatic Deutschland. The effect of the ledge of rocks and its Croton cascade is decidedly bad. The sun has never shone before on such a ledge of rocks as that in the Bowling-Green. If it were possible successfully to ridicule the true, this work of art might be pronounced a burlesque on nature. The beautiful roebuck and its mate gaze upon the phenomenon in undisguised amazement; and, if the same privilege were extended to them, as a less comely quadruped enjoyed more than three thousand years ago, they would doubtless say that they had never seen the like in their native wilds. However, we will not grumble. The water is clear and bright, and the grass is green; and these graceful creatures,—now habituated to their narrow limits, and their little Gothic hut of arching bows—seem, if we may judge by their playfulness, to have quite forgotten their forest-home. The Bowling-Green must be a little paradise to those who dwell around it;—refreshing to the eye when Broadway is swept by clouds of summer dust, and grateful to the nostrils in dog-days.

Let us walk up, on the sunny side of this great thoroughfare, as far as

THE PARK.

The English and the French have not yet decided whether London or Paris is the head-quarters of European civilization. There can be no doubt with regard to the head-quarters of civilization in America. To this distinction New-York has an undisputed claim; and the Park is the centre of New-York. In that highly-respectable-looking building, the City Hall, Law, on which all civilization is founded, rears its awful head, *unwigged*. In Canton and Calcutta—in Mexico and Guatimala, people talk of "the Park." Everybody who comes to New-York, makes the Park the nucleus around which all his ideas of Gothamian localities arrange themselves. There! the fire-bell tolls! It is a solemn, portentous sound! Already the engines are rattling along the rough street. One would think the firemen must stand on the *qui vive* from morning to night, and from night to morning, with their engines on the pavement, and the ropes in their hands, ready to start at the first note of alarm, and array the elements against each other—water against fire. See

how the school-boys fly across the gravelled walks, leaving their cricket-bats and balls, to find out where the blaze is! Red-flannel shirts, and glazed hats—mitre-crowned, quaker-brimmed—lead the way. Hurrah! it is a glorious time for these young fellows! Their hot blood beats high in their pulses. The reaction, after this excitement, will cool the fever in their veins; and, if the fever did not waste itself on a few such things as these, the community might feel its effects in some less venial encroachments upon the public peace.

That fountain!—we must not forget to speak of the fountain, now shaped like a fan, then like an umbrella—now dancing in mid-air, then falling in silver spray into the basin below. Of how many beautiful things it is an emblem! How suggestive of pure thoughts—of holy aspirations! It is the “genius loci”—the good genius of the place. Who knows the extent of its humanizing influences upon the tens of thousands who gaze upon it as they pass? We living things, called men,—we insulated spirits, bottled up in matter, and floating down the resistless stream—are wondrously affected by externals. The physical and the intellectual—the visible and the invisible—the tangible and the immaterial, are full of analogies, coincidences, and harmonies. But, as this article is intended to be read, it will be expedient so eschew metaphysics.

Here are thirty coaches in a line, and thirty coachmen looking out for fares—most of them whistling, as sailors do, when they want to raise the wind. I often wonder whether it is possible that the majority of these loafers can earn enough in a day to buy grease for their axles. It is almost an event to see one of them getting a job; and yet here they stand, winter and summer, in storm and sunshine, mending their whips and quarrelling about the next nomination to the presidency. The motto of the Epicurean is “a short life and a merry one;” the motto of these hackmen is—a long life and a lazy one.

THE SHOPS.

Trusting that these facts and reflections have produced a deep impression upon the mind of the susceptible reader, we shall, with his permission, continue our ambulatory progress toward “Japonica-dom.”

The merchants have already begun to set up their awnings, for the rays of the noonday sun are even now sufficiently powerful to spoil the dyes of the beautiful fabrics that tempt us from every window. Many of these stores are really splendid; and their arrangements indicate a cultivated taste on the part of the designers. There are three or four establishments in Broadway, unsurpassed in London or Paris; and many of their fair patronesses are unrivalled in Cork or Circassia. If the reader is a lady, it is requested that she will consider herself especially alluded to in this last expression of opinion. Here it may be proper, before proceeding farther, to whistle in a low tone “The Groves of Blarney.”

THE PASSING CROWD.

During a walk of ten minutes, to meet five or six thousand people, each moving along with a separate purpose, is calculated to awake reflection in the dullest. A few years ago, all these men and women were little children, amusing themselves with tops and skipping-ropes, and going to school: a few years hence, they will all know how much of our current theology is based upon eternal truth—how much upon the false and flimsy theories of men; for they will be among those unseen realities, on which we too often descant so thoughtlessly and speculate so absurdly. This is an idea with which all are familiar; but its vast bearings are measured only by a few.

Omnibuses—omnibuses—omnibuses! what a convenience! what a nuisance! Go back for a moment to the time of Abraham, and the patriarchal institutions on which all society is based. Think of dwelling in tents, and believing in astrology, and riding on camels. Then think of a crowd of people rushing down Broadway in four-wheeled boxes, drawn by the degenerate representatives of Arabian coursers. The effect of contrast in time, place, and circumstance is amusing, you will admit. Abraham flourished in the nineteenth century before the christian era,—we, in the nineteenth century after it. What stirring dramas have been enacted during the long interval! Nineteen centuries more, and antiquaries will perhaps be rambling with their note books among the scarce distinguishable ruins of this great city, and inquiring

of the herdsmen, who shall feed their flocks between Harlem and the Battery, concerning the whereabouts of the ancient Broadway! *Mutandum est omnibus*—the omnibuses must pass away!

I. M.

TO F.—.

BELOVED! amid the earnest woes
That crowd around my earthly path—
(Drear path, alas! where grows
Not even one lonely rose)—

My soul at least a solace hath
In dreams of thee, and therein knows
An Eden of bland repose.

And thus thy memory is to me
Like some enchanted far-off isle
In some tumultuous sea—
Some ocean throbbing far and free
With storms—but where meanwhile
Serenest skies continually
Just o'er that one bright island smile.]

E

LAW AND WALTZING.

Translated from the French.

It was but the other day that I chanced to be crossing the gloomy vestibule of the Palais de Justice, called with much reason the Hall des Pas Perdus. The door leading to the different court rooms, opened on a large platform, chequered with grey and black stones. It was the hour of opening the courts, and several hundred persons were passing to and fro; the scraping of their feet, mingling with the dull sound of voices, echoed from the wall of the vaulted building.

The advocates *a robe neuve* carried under their arms enormous bundles of papers. On the other hand, the members of the bar who were shabbily dressed, burdened themselves with nothing, except perhaps a small roll, which brought to mind the baton of the marshals of France. Some of these carried the luxury of carelessness in attire to a singular excess. I observed particularly, one gown with sad rents in the back, and sleeves fringed with tatters; the lining presented a curious sample of all the shades, aided by grease, dust, and long wearing, to an original ground of black. I hastened to see who wore a garment so nearly in rags, and was surprised to recognise one of our best and most celebrated lawyers. I complimented him gravely on his costume.

“I should hardly have known the most famous of our advocates,” said I, “but I comprehend: the degree of rustiness of costume designates the degree of celebrity; the holes in your toga serve, in your order, for epaulettes and marks of distinction. The common soldiers have new robes—the generals old and torn ones.”

He smiled and replied, “This is the first and only gown I have ever worn. I should not feel at ease in a new one; and would not plead without this old friend upon my shoulders. Indeed, it troubles me, I assure you, to be even under the necessity of having it patched.”

“I can easily believe that,” said I, casting an eye over the tattered covering.

“And what are you doing here?” asked he, “you cannot be engaged in a suit, or I should be the first to be informed, —eh?”

“Certainly,” I replied, “chance alone brings me into the Hall des Pas-Perdus. I confess to you I have a horror of law suits; the very sight of a brief makes me shudder.”

“You are wrong. The annals of law contain more of the dramatic—more of the romantic and thrilling, than the most fertile imagination could supply. Every one of its pages is a history of intense interest. Open at hazard, read the first lines, and you find what will move you to mirth, melt you to tears, or cause you to grow pale with terror.”

While speaking, the lawyer introduced the tip of his finger, at hazard, between two leaves of a volume he held, and

opened it. "Just as I said!" cried he, "Look here; chapter 3d, paragraph 138,—here we are in the midst of deep tragedy. I have ten minutes yet, before my cause comes on; so I will tell you a story which the sight of this article brings to mind."

"In 1812, a young man, son of a colonel, who was killed in battle, lived with his mother in the fifth story of a house, in the rue Coquenard. Being the widow's only son, he was exempted from military service, much to his regret, for Gustave Remicourt, like others at that time, had dreamed of battles, and the rewards of victory; the epaulets of a general, or a cross from the emperor's own hands. His mother, whose only means of support was a small pension allowed her as the widow of an officer, old and infirm, and dependent on her son's daily cares, always wept when he talked of going to the wars. He therefore stifled his regrets in his own breast, and applied himself to his duties with affectionate zeal, performing every day the monotonous services of a clerk to the minister of finance. He never quitted his mother, except for the bureau, and returned as soon as he was at liberty.

"At the time of the Russian campaign Madame Remicourt could no longer get her pension paid; and a hundred francs a month, the salary of Gustave, was hardly sufficient for their maintenance in the most humble manner. The poor invalid tried to assist her son; but the effort only increased her malady to such a degree, that it was soon dangerous to leave her alone. Gustave was reduced to the alternative of giving up his clerkship, or of hiring a nurse.

"The porters know all that passes in any part of their houses. In spite of the care taken by Madame Remicourt and her son to conceal their hapless condition, it was known to all their neighbors. These had looked upon her as their superior in rank and education, and had always observed towards her a guarded respect, not only due to the rank of her late husband, but imposed by her well dignified manner. The knowledge that she needed assistance, encouraged these good people to offer their services; and two or three of the females at length established themselves as regular nurses.

"Among these obliging but officious friends, was a young Italian, the widow of a Piedmontese captain, who had perished like Colonel Remicourt, in the service of France. Madame Giuseppa Vicento was beautiful, and possessed a degree of talent and quickness of perception, which often supplies to a certain extent, the defects of education. She was a Neapolitan, and did not hesitate to acknowledge that her husband had chosen her from the lowest rank of the people. Her singular and noble style of beauty, and the grace of her carriage, fully justified the captain's love. She was extremely attentive to Madame Remicourt, who, on her part, conceived for her a sentiment of real friendship. The young Italian became her privileged nurse. While Gustave was absent at the bureau, she remained with his mother, and waited upon her with almost filial solicitude. She knew how to divert the sufferer from melancholy thoughts, and to cheer her with the hope of better days: while listening to her sweet and animating voice, Gustave felt no longer sad or discouraged. Every morning he left her with regret; at evening he hastened to return, and always found her by his mother's side.

"The space is not wide between gratitude and love, in the heart of a young man of twenty; Gustave was soon desperately enamored of the fair Italian, nor could he at all times conceal his passion. But the calm demeanor of Giuseppa, the veneration with which she inspired him, and the timidity that always attends first love, prevented its avowal. Meantime Giuseppa seemed to read his thoughts; for her reserve towards him increased, and she more frequently mentioned the name of her late husband.

"This conduct, by depriving him of hope, but rendered more violent his passion. A smile from her sufficed to throw him in raptures; and when she was colder than usual, he would relapse into the deepest gloom. The signora seemed unconscious of her power over Gustave; and whenever Madame Remicourt, uneasy on her son's account, alluded to it, she would turn the conversation with admirable address.

"The condition of the invalid suddenly became alarming. The physician who visited her did not conceal his apprehensions from Giuseppa, and one morning, urged by Gustave's questions, she informed him that his mother's end was near. Struck by the dreadful intelligence, the young man sunk into a chair, rigid and insensible. His mother saw him and was terrified; she sprang from her bed, and called his name with

her dying voice: Gustave recalled to sense by the sound, hastened to support her in his arms; she sank upon his breast, and breathed her last sigh.

"The bereaved son was seized with convulsions; the neighbors were obliged to tear him from his mother's corpse, and remove him to a neighboring room. For many days he lay between life and death, prostrated by a brain fever. On the fifteenth day reason returned; the first name he uttered was his mother's; the first person he recognised was Giuseppa; she had watched by him during the severest paroxysms of his illness. She had taken on herself the duty of attending to the burial of his mother, and had even sold some jewels of her own to defray the expenses of the funeral.

"He could only bathe the hand of Giuseppa with tears, and cover it with passionate kisses. She did not withdraw the hand; neither did she change the conduct she had adopted towards him. As his health was gradually re-established, she saw him less and less frequently. Gustave earnestly longed to ask the reason of this reserve, but he was not yet quite prepared to make an avowal of his love.

"At last he was well enough to return to his duties at the bureau. One evening, a day having passed without seeing Giuseppa, he summoned courage to go to her lodgings, and ask her to accompany him to his mother's grave. The signora, without hesitation, wrapped herself in a shawl and took his arm.

"When they came to the cemetery, and the bereaved youth had read the name of his mother, carved on a wooden cross, he fell on his knees, and relieved the oppression of his heart by a burst of tears. He then rose, and offering his hand to the Italian, said:

"I am now alone in the world; alone! for you love me not, madame!"

"She raised her hand, and looked at him fixedly, but did not reply.

"Why did you not suffer me to die?" he asked. "What would you have me do with the wretched life you have preserved?"

"She smiled pensively, and said—"A few months of absence will cure you of this: it is more in your head than in your heart. The loneliness of your condition since your mother's death, has caused you to feel the need of attaching yourself to some one, and I chanced to be the first—the only person who was near you."

"Oh spare me! do not rend my heart!" cried he in a voice of despair.

"Listen to me," she resumed. "Love, with us Italians, is not a feeble, fleeting sentiment, content with little. He that I love, shall be the idol of my life; for him I would joyfully sacrifice existence—happiness—conscience, itself! Thus will I love; thus would I be loved."

"And do I not love you thus?"

"You believe so—but I repeat, you love me not. I will prove you, Monsieur Gustave. I am very poor; to pay the last duties to your mother, I sold the jewels which were my last resource. If it were necessary—to save me from misery, from hunger—to commit a crime, could you? You tremble, you grow pale! Reassure yourself: I was only jesting. You see plainly that your love is all a delusion."

"Giuseppa then began to walk homeward, without taking Gustave's arm. He remained standing, with his head drooped upon his breast.

"For two days, he avoided the Italian; at the end of that time, he entered her apartment. She was sitting before a table, embroidering, without her shawl, though the weather was cold, and with but little fire on the hearth.

"Gustave laid on the table a bank-note worth five hundred francs. 'I have anticipated part of my year's salary,' said he with sorrowful pride.

"'It is well,' answered she quietly; 'I can buy another shawl. I sold mine this morning for bread.' She regarded him at the same time with an expressive look, as much as to say—'As I sold my jewels to bury your mother.'

"'You are right—Alas!' cried he; 'I have hardly yet fulfilled a mere duty. How will you prove my gratitude and love?'

"She smiled disdainfully, without raising her head, and answered, 'were I in your place, I should have no need to ask.'

"'Giuseppa!'

"'I was never loved but once. He who loved me was poor; but having seen me he won for me rank, opulence, and happiness; he counted nothing; stopped at nothing; so I was

proud to bear his name—and adore him as a deity.'

"But you repel my love; you plunge me into despair. Consent to become my wife; I feel that I shall then toil with an ardor that must ensure success.'

"Oh yes!" interrupted she, ironically, "during the week, I should be the servant of your humble lodgings; on Sunday I should, perhaps, have the recreation of a walk; my ideal of the future would be the hope of your obtaining one day, perchance, the situation of head-clerk!"

"But in mercy, Giuseppa, tell me what I must do?"

"Act, and do not talk about it. Vicento would have found out."

Here my friend the advocate was silent a few moments.

"Six months after," resumed he, "I was invited to a ball at the house of the Signora Giuseppa. She lived in a rich hotel in the Rue de l'Université, and all Paris talked of the splendor of her entertainments. I could not help observing, that evening, the extreme paleness and agitation of M. Remicourt. He was continually falling into gloomy reveries, from which he would start suddenly, glancing about him with a look of terror. At other times he would gaze fixedly at persons in company, yet seem unconscious of their presence.

"The queen of the festivities was the beautiful Italian. Dressed superbly, and blazing with jewels, she yielded herself with girlish delight to the pleasure of the dance. Sometimes, in passing Gustave, she would throw on him a smiling glance, and then his whole face would light up with joy; but when she was gone, he relapsed into gloom. This singular conduct was easily explained; it was generally understood that he was an unsuccessful wooer of the lovely widow. This I learned from the observations of persons near me.

"After that, I lost sight for a year, of M. de Remicourt and Giuseppa. I had just made my débüt at the bar, with considerable success. My professional engagements condemned me to incessant labor, and left me no leisure to mingle in fashionable gaieties. One morning I received a note; a woman begged me to stop at the Conciergerie, where she was imprisoned. This woman was Giuseppa."

At this moment an attorney came out of the first chamber, and hastening towards us, informed my companion that his cause had come on.

"Hang the cause," cried I "I want the rest of your story."

"You shall have it some other time," said my friend, and adjusting his tattered gown, he entered the court room. I followed and listened with great interest to his admirable pleading.

At eight the court adjourned. The advocate then took me by the arm, and went out, continuing the story as if he had not been interrupted.

"I found Giuseppa in prison, but dressed with the taste which had always characterised her. She smiled, reached me her hand, invited me to sit down, and did the honors of her cell with as much grace as I had seen her do the honors of her *salon*.

"I took a seat, and waited for the fair Italian to explain the cause of her arrest, and her motive in sending for me.

"At length she said—'Monsieur, though yet young, you have a high reputation among the members of the bar in Paris. I think, also, I have had the pleasure of meeting you sometimes in society, and even of receiving you at my house. For these reasons I have recourse to you in the embarrassment caused by my sudden arrest. May I count upon your assistance?'

"All this was said with an ease, calmness, and even a levity, that showed not the least disquiet of mind.

"I bowed my head in sign of assent.

"How do the laws of France," she continued, "punish the crime of counterfeiting bank-notes?"

"I showed her a paper containing the words—'the punishment of forgery shall be death.'

"But," cried she with a smile, "here is another clause a little below. 'The law rewards the informer.'

"I read her the following paragraph:—'Art. 148. Persons guilty of the crimes mentioned in articles 132 and 133, shall be exempted from punishment, provided, before prosecution, they give information of the crimes, and discover the chief criminals to the proper authorities; or if, even after the commencement of a prosecution against them, they furnish such information as shall procure the arrest of other guilty persons.'

"With a slight but graceful gesture, she twined her slender fingers in her beautiful dark hair. 'Ah!' she exclaimed,

'the law pardons the informer! Thanks—and adieu, *Monsieur l'avocat*.'

"The same evening, the friend who had accompanied me to Giuseppa's ball, informed me that Gustave Remicourt had been arrested, upon what charge no one could divine. Alas! I divined but too well! the next day, with my friend, I visited the young man in prison. He appeared calm, though not altogether unconcerned. 'My arrest,' said he, 'is caused by some mistake. There does not exist the least proof against me.'

"'Monsieur,' I asked, 'do you know the articles in the code relative to the crime of forgery?'

"'No, monsieur,' he replied.

"The law exempts from all punishment, those who inform against their accomplices."

"'If I had accomplices,' answered he coolly, 'I would suffer death a thousand times, rather than betray them.'

"'But think you, others would observe the like generosity towards you?'

"'You know my secret, monsieur,' he murmured with a broken voice.

"'Are you not the victim of an accusation?'

"'Giuseppa!—of hers!—oh no! I would not believe her capable of such baseness! Oh no! chance has put justice on the traces of my crime.'

"'Why had you not recourse to flight, when you heard of her arrest? You had time to save yourself.'

"'Because I wished to save her. This very night the guards of the Conciergerie, gained over by gold, had promised to loosen the bars of Giuseppa's window, and aid her escape. I should then have carried her to England. Ah! I regret the loss of liberty and life only for her sake! But I will yet save her, monsieur! Before my judges I will assume myself the whole of the guilt of the crime charged against her. Poor Giuseppa!'

"After his arrest Gustave saw the Italian but once; and that was when the judge who committed him caused them to be brought together in his presence. Prudence, and his resolution to save Giuseppa, enabled him to restrain his emotions.

"When, on the trial, he saw her come into court, he could not conceal his agitation; but uttering a faint cry, stretched out his hands towards her. She passed close by him, her eyes fixed on the ground; and took her place, not with the accused, but among the witnesses. Gustave looked at her, and sank back on his seat. The judges entered at that moment, and the court was opened.

"The first witness called was Giuseppa. She confessed her part in the crime charged against Remicourt, and furnished the most incontrovertible details respecting the issue of the false bills. Frequently the murmurs of the spectators interrupted without in the least discomposing her. Gustave listened in silence, and when the president interrogated him, only replied, 'All that madame has said is true.'

"The depositions being taken, and the procureur-general having spoken, I rose in my turn. I endeavored to show that there were extenuating circumstances to be taken into view on behalf of my unfortunate client, who had evidently been enticed into crime by the woman who had betrayed him. But he interrupted my pleading.

"'My guilt is proved,' he said with firmness; 'I have confessed it; let my sentence be pronounced.'

"The prisoner was condemned to death, but the verdict being accompanied by a recommendation to mercy, his punishment was commuted to imprisonment for life.

"The next day I visited Remicourt, in company with a friend, who gave him a bible, under the cover of which was concealed a poison.

"'I thank you,' said Gustave, 'but I will not avail myself of this means of escape from infamy. I have yet a duty to fulfil before leaving this world.'

"I offered to appeal from the judgment, and procure a new trial, but he obstinately refused his consent. Eight days after he departed for the galleys, wearing the dress and loaded with the chains of the galley-slaves. Giuseppa was set at liberty the day after the trial. She immediately sent to the prison of Remicourt, means to facilitate his escape; but he refused to use them.

"You remember the exciting political events from 1812, to 1816?—the invasion of France, the taking of Paris, the restoration, the return from Elba, the hundred days, Waterloo, and finally the second return of the Bourbons. In the tu-

mult of these stupendous events, Gustave and Giuseppa passed from my recollection.

"One evening at the carnival, in 1817, fatigued with a week of unusual labor, I went in search of recreation and diversion, to a ball at Frascati's, resolving to play the idler for at least a few hours. The crowd became so compact and so disorderly, that I was forced against the wall of one of the salons, and nearly crushed to death, when a mask came to my relief, and with powerful efforts forcing a way through the living mass, carried me into a room where, thanks to his attentions, I soon recovered recollection and breath. I expressed my gratitude for this timely assistance, and begged my preserver to tell me his name, or let me see his face; but he answered only by an imperative gesture enjoining silence, and leaving the cabinet, disappeared in the crowd. I had only time to notice the whiteness of his hands, and a large diamond ring on his finger.

"It would have been prudent to have quitted the hall at once, and returned home; but I continued to enjoy with a sort of childish pleasure, the gaiety of a scene that had so nearly proved fatal to me.

"Ere long I noticed a lady magnificently wearing on her head a coronet of diamonds. The splendor of her dress was lost in her beauty, which was heightened by an air of nobleness and majesty, that commanded universal attention. It was Giuseppa! She cast her eyes upon me, but the indifference of her look caused me to think she had not recognised me.

"As for me, the sight of her inspired me with such uneasiness and horror, that I quitted the hall, and went to the rooms where gaming parties were at play. The sight of gold, the emotions of the players, and the various fortunes of the game, filled me with a kind of intoxication; I could not resist the temptation of joining them. I lost; but losing at cards only urges to the trial of new chances; I continued to play, anxious and breathless, as fortune continued unfavorable to me, when I felt a hand laid on my shoulder. I turned quickly, ashamed of having been surprised at a gaming table by one of my friends, and saw the black domino that had rescued me in the early part of the evening.

"'You owe me your life, monsieur,' said he, 'I will now render you another service equally great; play no more! It is not in the violent and vulgar emotions excited at cards that you should spend your mental activity. Reserve all your energies for success at the bar, and leave gaming to unfortunate wretches reduced by fate to this refuge from thought.'

"While I regarded him with surprise, he put into my hands the bank-note that I had just laid on the table, and taking from his pocket a handful of gold threw it down at hazard before the roulette. He gained; in ten minutes I had recovered my losses, and the black domino had acquired a considerable sum.

"I retired, but remained standing among the crowd, curious to see more of the person who had rendered me such services. His figure was concealed in the large folds of a domino of black satin, his face hidden by a mask of the same hue, closed tightly; his beard flowed down upon his breast. He seemed at once to defy and govern chance; for during several hours, he was invariably a winner. By degree the rumor of his singular fortune spread to the ball room, and numbers came out to see the man who seemed thus possessed of magical powers. He showed no emotion at finding himself the object of general curiosity. Suddenly, however, he was seized with a violent convulsive trembling; I rushed to his side, and supported him; he would else have fallen to the ground.

"Take me away—for pity!" murmured he, faintly. I forced my way out of the room, dragging him along, and leaving large sums of his money on the table.

"In a few minutes he recovered his composure. He rose quickly, disengaged himself from my arm, and laughed bitterly, and as I thought, convulsively. 'Ah!' he exclaimed, 'at last the hour has struck—the hour!'

"You assisted me; I thank you, and have yet a request to make. Take these bills which I have just won, and restore them only to me, or to the person who will give you the name engraved in the inside of this watch, which I also deposite in your hands."

"He gave me his pocket-book, placed his watch in my hand, and hastened back to the card table. His luck had not abandoned him, even during his absence. Everybody

looked at him in astonishment, and almost with superstitious fear. While gathering up the money he had gained, he cast his eyes around, and fixed them on Giuseppa, who had come with others to see the wonderful player.

"Will you play, Madame?" he asked.

"She smiled, and put into the hands of a gentleman who was with her a purse of gold, which he staked. Fortune ceased to be favorable to the masked player. He lost all he had won since he returned to the table.

"I have brought you ill luck," said Giuseppa.

"Ah!" replied he with a gesture of indifference, "I cannot have two pleasures at once, and I prefer that of looking at you to the insipid one of winning gold."

"She gave a slight toss of her head. 'But' added the mask, 'fortune will befriend me again, if I wish it.'

"He threw his last bank note on the table. The boast was verified; he was once more a winner.

"You are a magician!" cried Giuseppa: the mask was looking fixedly at her.

"If you please," said he, "I will show you my secret for commanding fortune."

"She hesitated a few moments before quitting the arm of her escort, but at last made a step towards the unknown. He was at her side in an instant, and threw the gold in his hands among the crowd surrounding the table. This of course caused a scuffle and confusion, in the midst of which the black mask seized the arm of the Italian, and drew her towards the ball room. I followed unobserved, but so close behind them that I could not help hearing what they said. The language of the mask was that of a man passionately enamored.

"I have long loved you"—faltered he; "long watched your movements, long followed your steps. My heart, hand, fortune, are devoted to you. A voice that never deceives, tells me that we have been affianced for years. Yousee, I can dispose of fate as I choose!"

"Ha!" she cried with some appearance of agitation—"would you have me regard as serious the pleasantries of a masked ball?"

"My words are serious: I repeat it, we are affianced; nothing shall separate us in future."

"At this moment, the musicians began to play a waltz; the mask encircled with his arm the waist of the Italian, and drew her among the dancers. The circle was but small, so that every few moments, in the measure, Giuseppa and her partner were brought close to me, and I heard much of what they said. With a kind of strange intuition, I comprehended the sense of these interrupted words, heard as it were by stealth, amidst the noise of the crowd, the tumultuous clamor of voices, and the music of the orchestra.

"Ah—you do not know me?" said the mask. "But I know you well; I know the smallest details of your whole life; I will tell them if you choose.—Dance Giuseppa, I should say—Madame Vicento!"

"Giuseppa started, and placed her hand on her breast. 'I feel a prick in my side,' she exclaimed; 'a pin is hurting me.'

"They passed; I heard no more till both were brought round again.

"It is nothing. What is the prick of a pin, in the bewilderment of the waltz, at the moment when your destiny is about to be accomplished?

"The music played more briskly; the dancers moved more rapidly. As they passed again, I heard the mask say—

"What have you done with the young man who loved you so much—with Gustave—"

"Heavens! the pin hurts me severely! Stop—let us stop—for mercy's sake!"

"But he bore her on, more impetuously than ever.

"He loved you passionately—with so much faith—so much devotion! What have you done with him?"

"This pricking—oh! what pain! what pain!"

"Again they passed,—I sought them eagerly: but had hardly caught a glimpse of them, than a bound brought them near me. I heard the wild voice of the mask!

"You enticed him into crime—into infamy! In exchange for his love, you gave him—the galleyes!"

"For mercy's sake, Monsieur! I am dying with pain! The pricking is more severe than ever!"

"To save yourself"—cried he, "you, who devised the crime—you, who reaped its sole fruits—betrayed and sold him! You abandoned him to death, without compassion."

"Heap your reproaches upon me; I merit them. But for pity's sake, monsieur, let me rest. This frightful pain—I can support it no longer."

"He grasped her as a tiger would seize his prey.

"Waltz on—you shall not stop!" he cried. They whirled again round the circle.

"I will cry for help—help! Oh! my heart! the pain is in my heart!"

"I felt the locks of Giuseppa brush against my cheek. The mask laughed scornfully.

"Cry out! the music will drown your voice."

"Help! help!" cried she, struggling.

"During this strange scene I stood motionless and appalled. I could hear the voice of her tormentor more terrible than ever.

"Cry out again, and you die instantly! This pricking is from the point of my stiletto; it has slowly pierced your breast."

"Help me!"

"I rushed towards them. The mask cried in her ear, 'It is the hand of Gustave that holds the steel.'

"Great heaven! aid me!—aid!"

"Hold! would you perish? Before any one comes to help you I will plunge it in your heart!"

In spite of my efforts, I could not keep up with them. I heard no more, but in every turn of the waltz I saw the face of Giuseppa—her eyes fixed with horror—her cheek growing paler and paler; her livid lips striving to articulate. At last some crimson drops fell on her gauze dress. The inexorable mask clasped his victim more closely in his arms. The crescendo of the musicians announced that the waltz was at an end; when a cry of mortal anguish startled every one present. I rushed to the spot. Giuseppa had sunk to the ground; a fine stiletto had pierced her heart.

Search was instantly made for the murderer; the gates were closed, and no one permitted to go forth till after a strict examination. But it was unsuccessful; all that could be found was a black domino, spotted with blood, and thrown in a corner of the vestibule.

"I never heard afterwards of Remicourt; and placed the money he had left with me in the funds of one of the hospitals of Paris. No one has ever come to claim the watch, or mentioned the name engraved within it. Here it is"—said he, showing it to me.

"Ha! I had no idea it was so late. Dupin and Oremieux are waiting to consult with me. Adieu." E. F. ELLET.

THE OVAL PORTRAIT.

THE chateau into which my valet had ventured to make forcible entrance, rather than permit me, in my desperately wounded condition, to pass a night in the open air, was one of those piles of commingled gloom and grandeur which have so long frowned among the Appenines, not less in fact than in the fancy of Mrs. Radcliffe. To all appearance it had been temporarily and very lately abandoned. We established ourselves in one of the smallest and least sumptuously furnished apartments. It lay in a remote turret of the building. Its decorations were rich, yet tattered and antique. Its walls were hung with tapestry and bedecked with manifold and multiform armorial trophies, together with an unusually great number of very spirited modern paintings in frames of rich golden arabesque. In these paintings, which depended from the walls not only in their main surfaces, but in very many nooks which the bizarre architecture of the chateau rendered necessary—in these paintings my incipient delirium, perhaps, had caused me to take deep interest; so that I bade Pedro to close the heavy shutters of the room—since it was already night—to light the tongues of a tall candelabrum which stood by the head of my bed—and to throw open far and wide the fringed curtains of black velvet which enveloped the bed itself. I wished all this done that I might resign myself, if not to sleep, at least alternately to the contemplation of these pictures, and the perusal of a small volume which had been found upon the pillow, and which purported to criticise and describe them.

Long—long I read—and devoutly, devotedly I gazed. Rapidly and gloriously the hours flew by, and the deep midnight came. The position of the candelabrum displeased me, and outreaching my hand with difficulty, rather than disturb my slumbering valet, I placed it so as to throw its rays more fully upon the book.

But the action produced an effect altogether unanticipated. The rays of the numerous candles (for there were many) now fell within a niche of the room which had hitherto been thrown into deep shade by one of the bed-posts. I thus saw in vivid light a picture all unnoticed before. It was the portrait of a young girl just ripening into womanhood. I glanced at the painting hurriedly, and then closed my eyes. Why I did this was not at first apparent even to my own perception. But while my lids remained thus shut, I ran over in mind my reason for so shutting them. It was an impulsive movement to gain time for thought—to make sure that my vision had not deceived me—to calm and subdue my fancy for a more sober and more certain gaze. In a very few moments I again looked fixedly at the painting.

That I now saw aright I could not and would not doubt; for the first flashing of the candles upon that canvas had seemed to dissipate the dreamy stupor which was stealing over my seuses, and to startle me at once into waking life.

The portrait, I have already said, was that of a young girl. It was a mere head and shoulders, done in what is technically termed a *vignette* manner; much in the style of the favorite heads of Sully. The arms, the bosom and even the ends of the radiant hair, melted imperceptibly into the vague yet deep shadow which formed the back-ground of the whole. The frame was oval, richly gilded and filagreed in *Moresque*. As a thing of art nothing could be more admirable than the painting itself. But it could have been neither the execution of the work, nor the immortal beauty of the countenance, which had so suddenly and so vehemently moved me. Least of all, could it have been that my fancy, shaken from its half slumber, had mistaken the head for that of a living person. I saw at once that the peculiarities of the design, of the *vignetting*, and of the frame, must have instantly dispelled such idea—must have prevented even its momentary entertainment. Thinking earnestly upon these points, I remained, for an hour perhaps, half sitting, half reclining, with my vision riveted upon the portrait. At length, satisfied with the true secret of its effect, I fell back within the bed. I had found the spell of the picture in an absolute *life-likeness* of expression, which at first startling, finally confounded, subdued and appalled me. With deep and reverent awe I replaced the candelabrum in its former position. The cause of my deep agitation being thus shut from view, I sought eagerly the volume which discussed the paintings and their histories. Turning to the number which designated the oval portrait, I there read the vague and quaint words which follow:

"She was a maiden of rarest beauty, and not more lovely than full of glee. And evil was the hour when she saw, and loved, and wedded the painter. He, passionate, studious, austere, and having already a bride in his Art: she a maiden of rarest beauty, and not more lovely than full of glee: all light and smiles, and frolicsome as the young fawn: loving and cherishing all things: hating only the Art which was her rival: dreading only the pallet and brushes and other untoward instruments which deprived her of the countenance of her lover. It was thus a terrible thing for this lady to hear the painter speak of his desire to pourtray even his young bride. But she was humble and obedient, and sat meekly for many weeks in the dark high turret-chamber where the light dripped upon the pale canvas only from overhead. But he, the painter, took glory in his work, which went on from hour to hour and from day to day. And he was a passionate, and wild and moody man, who became lost in reveries; so that he *would* not see that the light which fell so ghastly in that lone turret withered the health and the spirits of his bride, who pined visibly to all but him. Yet she smiled on and still on, uncomplainingly, because she saw that the painter, (who had high renown,) took a fervid and burning pleasure in his task, and wrought day and night to depict her who so loved him, yet who grew daily more dispirited and weak. And in sooth some who beheld the portrait spoke of its resemblance in low words, as of a mighty marvel, and a proof not less of the power of the painter than of his deep love for her whom he depicted so surpassingly well. But at length, as the labor drew nearer to its conclusion, there were admitted none into the turret; for the painter had grown wild with the ardor of his work, and turned his eyes from the canvas rarely, even to regard the countenance of his wife. And he *would* not see that the tints which he spread upon the canvas were drawn from the cheeks of her who sate beside him. And when many weeks

had passed, and but little remained to do, save one brush upon the mouth and one tint upon the eye, the spirit of the lady again flickered up as the flame within the socket of the lamp. And then the brush was given, and then the tint was placed; and, for one moment, the painter stood entranced before the work which he had wrought; but in the next, while he yet gazed, he grew tremulous and very pallid, and aghast, and crying with a loud voice 'This is indeed *Life* itself!' turned suddenly to regard his beloved:—*She was dead.*"

EDGAR A. POE.

H O P E .

(IN THE MANNER OF BURNS.)

I DARE not sing of lofty things,
Of heroes, demigods, and kings;
And yet, my song hath no mean wings,—
Were they but grown,
Proud over heads of carping fools
It long had flown.

Feebly the yearling falcon flies,
Strong, tumbling torrents humbly rise,—
Nor, at the first, in tempest tries
His arms the pine;
Slow planned, the solemn domes arise,
Nor soon decline.

Oh! much avails the strong desire,
The bosom touched with restless fire,
The strife that sunward still, and higher,
Would ceaseless rise;
More in the strife than in the crown,
The virtue lies.

Still, at the mountain's wooded base
The fledgling hawk, though proud, may chase
A game too humble for the race
Of stronger plumes;
So may the soul her strength await,
Whom Hope illumines.

And should my day be limited,
Let conscious worth my soul beseated;
Glory may wreath the honored head,
But could not rise
With crown of stars, to match the worth
That higher lies.

HORUS.

THE DIGNITY OF LABOR.

THIS is one of the cant phrases of the day, but it is used mainly by people who prefer to be undignified and idle. The dignity of labor is a good phrase by itself, but we have never heard it used by cartmen or hod-carriers, or kitchen maids; neither have we known any body able to live in idleness, voluntarily going to work for the sake of the dignity attending upon useful employment. The most ambitious men among us are covetous of the indignities of do-nothing-hood. We hear every day people talk with great sincerity of the dignity of labor, but yet nobody manifests any desire to gain distinction by carrying a hod or trundling a porter's barrow. On the contrary, our ambitious men are not only very careful to do nothing that is useful themselves, but they even esteem it an honor to be descended from ancestors who have never labored. We know the son of a house carpenter who blushes like scarlet whenever his father's profession is alluded to, while another gentleman of our acquaintance who has been compelled to labor at a trade himself, takes great delight in boasting of his grandfather, who had never labored at any useful occupation in his life, but had lived on a pension from government, which was awarded to him in consideration of his having worn a pair of gilt epaulettes a certain number of years. The dignity of labor, is a phrase that was invented by certain people who wished to make

laborers contented with their condition, lest they should grow dissatisfied and refuse to work any longer to support a certain number of their fellow beings in a state of idlehood; but the laborers do not appear to appreciate the compliment that has been so generously bestowed upon them, and as they seem as little satisfied with their condition as ever, we would throw out a hint to the philanthropists to bestow the titles of honor which are now exclusively conferred upon idlers, upon the laborers, and perhaps by this expedient those who earn our daily bread for us might be induced to believe that there is a real dignity in labor. In the event of a reversal of titles taking place, those who labor the hardest should receive the highest honors. A gentleman farmer, or a boss builder, would then call his ploughman or hod-carrier, your excellency Andrew Maguire, while a member of Congress would call his man Charles, "your honor," and a rich broker would address his coachman as Dennis O'Neal, Esq. A boss workman or an overseer would, of course, be nothing more than plain mister. A merchant's wife would call her chambermaids young ladies, and her cook madame. A system like this would be very likely to have an extremely happy effect upon the lower classes, and convince them that the dignity of labor is not a mere hollow sound uttered by quack philanthropists to please the ear of mountebank moralists. As it is not unlikely that our hint will be taken by the upper classes, who are fond of anything that smacks of novelty, we will give a model or two for the kind of recommendation that should in such a case be given to a servant on leaving his place.

No. 1.

From an individual whose gardener had left him for the sake of a more dignified station.

'This is to certify that His Excellency, Thompson Donaldson, the bearer of this, was in my employment as a gardener for the space of five years, and that his Excellency gave me entire satisfaction. H. E. leaves me now in the hope of obtaining a situation of greater dignity, my work being very light, and H. E. having an ambition to become a ditcher or something of that kind.

CHRISTOPHER EASYSIDES.

No. 2.

From a person whose coachman had become dissatisfied with his idle and luxurious situation.

To whom it may concern, this is to certify that the bearer, the honorable Terence Malone, is an honest industrious gentleman. He has been in my service as a coachman the last ten years, and I have always found him sober, prudent and willing to work. He leaves me now at his own will, chiefly with the hope of obtaining a situation of greater dignity, where he can feel a consciousness of earning the full worth of his wages, the situation which he has held in my family leaving him too much time on his hands, in consequence of which he is fearful of growing corpulent and idle.

PETER VAN SUMMERTIME.

No. 3.

From a Stock Broker recommending his clerk.

This is to certify that Charles Sturdyman, Esquire, has been employed in my office as a book keeper the past year. I have found him attentive, docile and correct in his duties. I know of no other motive for his leaving me than his dissatisfaction at the extremely light labor which he is required to perform, my office being open but five hours out of the twenty-four, and the heaviest instrument in it being a steel pen.

Mr. Sturdyman is somewhat enervated at present from having been in the habit of taking his breakfast in bed, but I have no doubt that he will in time become a dignified member of society, for his mind seems bent upon hard work. He

is ambitious to wield a sledge hammer, but I have recommended him to try his hand for a while in breaking stones on the public road; he may in time rise to the dignity of a ploughman or stone mason.

(Signed)

CURTIS LITTLEBODY.

No. 4.

From a woman in high life to one of her young ladies.

My dear Miss Flaherty. I regret extremely that the situation which you have long held in my house, as a maker of beds and a duster of tables, should at last prove so irksome to you. I am aware that the habits into which you have fallen of reading novels in the afternoon has been prejudicial to your health and morals, and I cannot disapprove of your determination to become a dairy maid, or enter a cotton mill. These are posts of great dignity, and you will doubtless find, as Moore (I think it is Moore,) says, that labor is its own exceeding great reward. You will please deliver up your feather brush to the young lady whose assistance I have secured in your department, and believe me ever your friend,

MATILDA MARROWFAT.

N. B.—This will certify to any farmer or manufacturer wishing to employ you, that I have ever found you honest and obedient.

M. F.

No. 5.

From the wife of a Cashier, recommending her Cook.

To my Friends,—

I can warrant the bearer of this, Madam Davis, to be a first rate Cook. She done all my cooking the last year, but my family being small, only my husband and myself, and he being dyspeptic and I principally unwell, so that neither of us can eat solid food, she finds that boiling a pot of hominy once a day is not work enough for her, and she thinks of getting a situation in some large establishment, where there will be more dignity and good hard work. Madam Davis is an excellent lady, good hearted, healthy, and remarkably kind in sickness. She has a large family of daughters who all hold honorable situations as chamber ladies or assistants on farms.

Signed, LYDIA DWINDLE.

P. S.—Madam D. knows nothing about the Piano Forte, but is very expert with a frying pan where one is used. L. D.

A GENTLE PUFF.

If we copied into our Journal all the complimentary notices that are bestowed upon us, it would contain hardly any thing besides; the following done into poetry is probably the only one of the kind that we shall receive, and we extract it from our neighbor, the New World, for the sake of its uniqueness.

Then with step sedate and stately, as if thrones had borne him lately,
Came a bold and daring warrior up the distant echoing floor;

As he passed the COURIER's Colonel, then I saw THE BROADWAY

JOURNAL,

In a character supernal, on his gallant front he bore,
And with stately step and solemn marched he proudly through the
door,

As if he pondered, evermore.

With his keen sardonic smiling, every other care beguiling,
Right and left he bravely wielded a double-edged and broad claymore,
And with gallant presence dashing, 'mid his confreres stoutly clashing,
He unpityingly went slashing, as he keenly scanned them o'er,
And with eye and mien undaunted, such a gallant presence bore,

As might awe them, evermore.

Neither rank nor station heeding, with his foes around him bleeding,
Sternly, singly and alone, his course he kept upon that floor;
While the countless foes attacking, neither strength nor valor lacking,
On his goodly armor hacking, wrought no change his visage o'er,
As with high and honest aim, he still his falchion proudly bore,

Resisting error, evermore.

REVIEWS.

Thirteenth Annual Report of the Trustees of the Perkins Institution and Massachusetts Asylum of the Blind.

THIS exceedingly interesting report is from the pen of the philanthropic Director of the Asylum at Mount Washington, Dr. Howe. It is not simply a report of the condition of the Institution, for it contains much collateral matter full of important suggestions to thinking minds. But the chief interest of the report centres in that part of it which relates to Laura Bridgman, the deaf and blind mute, whose deprivations have rendered her name famous. It is generally known that Dr. Howe had succeeded in opening a communication of ideas with her, seemingly an almost impossible attempt, and that under his care she was gradually coming to a knowledge of the kind of world, physical and spiritual, which she inhabits. The great difficulty in the education of a mind like hers, must be to keep it free from errors, for all abstract truths and falsities must be alike to her, and an impression once created upon her mind could scarcely be removed. Feeling the importance of this, her instructor was very careful not to allow any improper person to have communication with her; but during his absence in Europe last year, it appears that some busy-body, more zealous than discreet, undertook to indoctrinate the poor girl with sectarian principles, and sadly deranged her ideas of the Deity by talking to her of the Atonement, the Lamb of God, and some mystical points of mere speculative doctrine. These things were, perhaps, not further beyond her comprehension than of the persons who talked to her about them; but they perplexed her more, because she required for every symbol a definite idea. She could not understand metaphorical language; hence the Lamb of God was to her a real animal, and she could not conceive why it did not grow old like other lambs, and be called a sheep. Her misconception of terms which, from their familiarity, are to us so plain in their meaning, shows how difficult the task must be always to convey exact thoughts to her mind on abstract subjects. She appears to be very much attached to Dr. Howe, and while he was in Europe sent him several letters, one of which we extract from the Report:—

MY VERY DEAR DR. HOWE:

What can I first say to God when I am wrong? Would he send me good thoughts and forgive me when I am very sad for doing wrong? Why does he not love wrong people if they love him? Would he be very happy to have me think of Him and Heaven very often? Do you remember that you said I must think of God and Heaven? I want you to please to answer me to please me. I have learned about a great many things to please you very much. Mrs. Harrington has got a new little baby eight days last Saturday. God was very generous and kind to give babies to many people. Miss Roger's mother has got baby two months ago. I want to see you very much. I send much love to you. Is God ever ashamed? I think of God very often to love Him. Why did you say that I must think of God? You must answer me all about it, if you do not I shall be sad. Shall we know what to ask God to do? When will he let us go to see Him in Heaven? How did God tell people that he lived in Heaven? How could he take care of folks in Heaven and why is he our Father? When can he let us go in Heaven? Why can not He let wrong people to go to live with Him and be happy? Why should he not like to have us ask him to send us good thoughts if we are not very sad for doing wrong.

The whole Report relating to this interesting girl is intensely exciting, and we shall look forward to the annual reports of Doctor Howe with a good deal of curiosity. She could hardly have fallen into better hands for her own happiness, or for the benefit of mankind. It is very apparent that important hints in education may be gathered in watching the advancement of a mind like Laura Bridgman's from total darkness into the light of comparative day. Although now on the verge of womanhood, she has less elementary knowledge than a child of six years.

The cases of blind and deaf mutes are not as rare as they

have been supposed; Dr. Howe has met with ten of these unfortunate persons, in relation to seven of whom he gives some highly interesting particulars.

The Diary of Lady Willoughby. No. 5 of Wiley & Putnam's Library of Choice Reading, pp. 100. Price 25 cents.

THE Diary of Lady Willoughby is framed on the exact plan of the Amber Witch, and is quite as successful a composition in its way, although it is entirely unlike that remarkable production.

It professes to be the diary of an English lady, in the latter part of the reign of Charles I, during the first fourteen years of her married life. To make the resemblance to reality the more perfect, the first edition in England was published in exact imitation of books in the seventeenth century. This external evidence of authenticity must have helped, in a degree, to render more perfect the illusion which the author has created, and it is not strange that many, even among learned readers, believed it to be a genuine diary of the troublous times of the English revolution. As a literary curiosity it could have but little value for the million, but as a truthful record of human affections, which are the same in all time, it will have a value, like that of those simple tales which are always so acceptable to the great mass of English readers. A lady of our acquaintance, who is no great devourer of books, by the way, took it up by accident, and declared that she had never been so bewitched by a book before. It is evidently the work of a pious, tender-hearted mother—such a passage as the following could have been written by none other:

"Arose this morning with mind more composed than for some time past. Cicely's mother ill, and I went down to see her: She is a bright Example of Patience; her Trials and Sufferings have been manifold, bodily pain the least, has lost three children in infancy, and one daughter grown up: and yet, can it be, has known still deeper sorrow. Returned through the Park. Never saw the chestnuts and beeches more beautiful in their autumnal tints, the fallen leaves crushed pleasantly beneath my feet; the Sun was setting before I was aware, and the Aire grew suddenly chill. Taking the nearest way I entered the house by a side door, and there beneath the old Mulberry saw the little Carte and whip as they had been left by my poor Child the last day he was out, when he looked so tired and I carried him in. I stooped and took up the Whip, and hiding it beneath my cloke, went straight up stairs: no Hand had touched it since his: the teares I wept over it did me good: it seemed my innocent right to weep over this Token of my lost one.

"The fullnesse and brightness of a young mother can never againe be my experience, since that joy has been a Source of Suffering and agony never to be forgotten. Death followed into the habitation where life had just taken his abode. Not in short space of time can the Heart recover such Dispensations, and in the excellency of no other joys can it ever forget the stroke that first destroyed its sweetest hopes: Death once seene at our Hearth leaveth a shadow which abideth there forever."

History of Germany, from the earliest period to the present time. By Frederic Kohlrausch. Translated from the last German edition by James D. Haas. Part 1, 25 cents. D. Appleton & Co., 200 Broadway. (To be completed in five numbers.)

It is surprising that a work of such great importance and permanent popularity should have remained so long untranslated into the English language, as the history of Germany by Kohlrausch. A work of the kind for popular reading has long been wanted, and the Appletons have done the public a service by commencing its publication in their valuable series of historical works.

The Library of American Biography, Vol. 15,

Edited by Jared Sparks, contains biographies of Benjamin Thompson, the celebrated Count Rumford, General Zebulon Montgomery Pike, and of Samuel Gordon, one of the first settlers of Rhode Island. It is published by Little & Brown, Boston.

The Life and Institute of the Jesuits

By the Rev. Father de Rovignan, of the Company of Jesus, translated from the fourth French edition, has just been published by Dunigan, Fulton st. It is a neat 18mo. of 180 pages, and may be read with profit by all who, having heard a great deal said against the Jesuits, may care to see what can be said in their favour.

No Cross, no Crown,

By William Penn, is one of the few books whose merits transcend even the length of their titles (of which we have given the first four words only), and should be universally read. Published by Collins & Co. 254 Pearl st.

Frankenstein, by Mrs. Shelley; and *Midshipman Easy,* by Captain Marryatt,

FORM Nos. 1 and 2 of a new Library of Standard Novels, the publication of which has just been begun by Henry G. Daggers, 30 Ann street, on the cheap system; in respect of which the editor, Mr. Benjamin, very justly remarks, in the prospectus: "There is certainly no reason in the nature of things why a novel should be more harmless when printed in a costly and elegant style, than when issued so as to render it obtainable by the poor as well as the rich, by the laboring as well as the idle. Nevertheless there may be, and doubtless is, some force in the objections to cheap literature, based on the fact that the system has been abused. This, however, should not cause any reader to reject, but simply to discriminate. Before purchasing, even at the most paltry prices, he should look at the name of the editor or publisher, and, if either be a man of fair standing, give him the benefit of it; his goods should be considered with as much discrimination as those of a manufacturer, and his stamp should pass as current with the public."

It is greatly to be deplored that publishers are too seldom influenced by any other motives in putting forth books, than mercenary considerations, but books should not be regarded as mere merchandise, and no publisher should allow his name to appear on a book of pernicious tendencies, who wishes to preserve the character of a good citizen, or establish himself in a profitable business. The most successful publishers of cheap books, are the Chambers, of Edinburgh, who have never, in any instance pandered to the base feelings of our nature, by the issue of improper books, or sought to gain popularity by any species of trickery or meretricious show. Their eminent success should embolden other publishers to imitate their example.

The books which Mr. Daggers has selected for the initials of his series are unexceptionable of their kind, and they are of a kind which will always be popular while there is a love for the marvelous in the human mind.

Principles of Forensic Medicine. By William A Guy, M. B., Cantab., Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, etc., etc. First American edition. With Notes and Additions, by Charles A. Lee, M. D., Professor of Materia Medica and General Pathology in Geneva College, etc., etc. New York: Harper & Brothers.

We believe that before the publication of Dr. Guy's book, there was no convenient text-book of the English language on the subject of Forensic Medicine. The voluminous work of the Becks, although highly elaborate and meritorious, was for obvious reasons unadapted to the purposes of the student—nor, indeed, as a manual for the legal or medical practitioner, could it be considered as suitable in any respect. The present volume omits every thing of merely literary interest, as well as all that concerns the *history* of Forensic Medicine—that is to say, the state of the law in former times and in different countries. The main object has been to afford results—general conclusions—in a word, to make a practical and useful book.

In discussing each subject, the author commences with a brief account of the existing provisions of the law; investigating, in the second place, under distinct heads, the principal medical questions springing from the law, and appending practical rules for medico-legal investigation. Throughout, the subjects are illustrated by cases.

The American editor has corrected numerous errors existing in the English work, and adapted the whole to the laws and institutions of the United States. His additions (which are very numerous and important) are distinguished from the English text by being enclosed in brackets.

THE WAVERLY NOVELS, by Sir Walter Scott: with the Author's latest corrections and additions. Complete in Five Volumes. (3340 pages) for Two Dollars and Fifty cents. Vol 1. Contents—Waverly, Guy Mannering, Antiquary, Rob Roy, Black Dwarf, Old Mortality. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.

The first consideration forcing itself on the mind while looking over such a volume as this, is, what might have been thought, before the invention of printing, of the proposition to sell this amount of reading matter for fifty cents. Here are 700 pages, printed in close minion type, profusely interspersed with nonpareil, in double columns large octavo, on very good paper—and all for half a dollar! The most astounding miracles of Mesmerism, if fairly examined, would be found scarcely more really marvellous than this.

We observe that unusual care has been taken in getting up this edition. The typography is very correct, and the five volumes bound or unbound, would form a valuable addition to any library which chances to be without a copy of Scott's novels.

A PHRASE BOOK IN ENGLISH AND GERMAN, with a literal translation of the German into English, together with a complete explanation of the sounds and the accentuation of the German. By Moritz Ertheil, teacher of the German language in the city of New York. Greeley and McElrath, Tribune buildings. 1845.

The numerous testimonials to the merit of this volume which accompany it do not allow a doubt of its usefulness to the student of the German language. The manner of arranging the phrases differs materially from any other phrase book that we have seen. First the phrase is given in English, then underneath in German, then translated literally into English: as,

This was ever so.

Dies ist immer so gewesen.

This is always so been.

THE CHRONICLES OF PINEVILLE. By the author of Major Jones' Courtship, with twelve illustrations, engraved from original designs by F. O. C. Darley. Philadelphia. Carey and Hart. 1845.

It is still a disputed point among certain critics whether America has produced a humorous writer, and we have heard the author of the book before us cited as the best example of a humorist that America can boast. But the Author of Major Jones' Courtship is a comic rather than a humorous writer. The merit of his sketches lies in their fidelity to the scenes described, and not in their wit and humor. The illustrations by Darley are the best of the kind that we have seen in any American work, they are executed with great freedom, and are very well as mere designs, but they lack character, as they could not fail to do, since they were not drawn from nature. They might be used to illustrate tales of Michigan or Massachusetts life with as much propriety as sketches of life in Georgia. In one of the illustrations there is a stone cottage, and in another there is a row of three story houses; but we doubt the existence of such things in Pineville. The cuts are executed with greater neatness and beauty than we are accustomed to see in our wood engravings, and they are exceedingly well printed.

THE MAGAZINES.

THE LADY'S BOOK for May has several very excellent papers—among which the most valuable if not altogether the most interesting is the "European Correspondence" by Grund. Mr. Grund is one of the most remarkable men we ever met,—possessing a wonderful faculty of observation, and a memory which stands in little need of Professor Gouraud. His analytical power is also great, and as a critic few men are entitled to greater consideration. Take as a specimen his account of Kaulbach's "Destruction of Jerusalem."

"Kaulbach, in his 'Destruction of Jerusalem,' seizes not only on an historical moment or catastrophe in the downfall of the Jews, but on its poetical signification and its connection and relation to the human mind, which, after all, is the great laboratory of history. The most accurate description of an event by an eye-witness is yet far from being an herodical account of the same, and so is the representation of an historical event far from being an historical picture. Kaulbach shows us the awful calamity of the destruction of the holy city in its historical signification, in its relation to our religious consciousness and to ourselves. The figures which he presents to the eye of the beholder were never in life thus grouped together, and yet—his painting is eminently historical.

"In the middle of the picture you see a group of dead bodies, dying men and women, and some who, in their despair, attempt to destroy themselves. This is the high priest, with his family; on both sides and behind him you behold the cause of their destruction—the sources of these rivers of blood. The Roman imperator enters in triumph the holy city: the horrors of heathenism are planted on the altar of the only living God; the daughters of Zion are robbed; mothers, in despair, attack their own flesh and blood; and the people, in wild dismay, throng the streets leading to the temple of Jehovah, whose burning columns threaten to bury them under its burning ruins. But the painter, in producing this wild confusion, has introduced the unity of design by the higher religious source from which these evils spring. The religious faith of the world saw in the destruction of Jerusalem a visitation of Divine Providence, which was expected as it was prophesied. This idea is introduced into the picture by the angels with burning swords which descend from Heaven, and the holy prophets which are there enthroned. The destruction of the holy city, therefore, is an act of poetic justice—the last act of the Jewish drama which reconciles the beholder to her fate. But, also, the relation of the catastrophe to our own times is admirably indicated. It deprived

the people of Israel of their home: what remained of their faith was doomed to endure the yoke of perpetual slavery. This fact the middle ages have dressed into the Story of 'The Wandering Jew'; and him, scourged by demons, the artist has introduced into his picture. But what of the people of Israel belongs to the New Testament, destined in the name of the Saviour to possess the world, our Christian ancestors leave, under the guidance of angels, the burning town. This group concludes the picture.

"The design is, as you may conclude from this description, conceived in the most elevated and philosophical sense. It is, as regards that conception, unique and unsurpassed by any work of art, ancient or modern. The whole is, as it were, a picture in motion."

Miss Leslie continues her "Bloxhams and Mayfields," which loses nothing of its interest as it proceeds. "La Cubana," by the Poor Scholar, has some passages of glowing poetry, intermingled with some that are any thing else. "The Gazelle of the Menagerie," by Miss Gould is particularly happy, and so is the "Horae Otiosae." The engravings are a mezzotint by Sadd, (Charles I. taking leave of his children,) and a Mountish-looking design entitled "The Recruit"—engraved by Ellis.

In the "Editors' Book Table" there are some very just remarks on the subject of taking out copyright for Magazines. It is really very difficult to see how any one can, in conscience, object to such a course on the part of Mess. Godey and Graham. To our apprehension a mere statement of the facts of the case should stand in lieu of all argument. It has been long the custom among the newspapers—the weeklies especially—to copy Magazine articles in full, and circulate them all over the country—sometimes in advance of the magazines themselves. In other words Godey and Graham have been at all the cost, while the papers have enjoyed, if not all the advantage—at least the most important item of it—the *origination* of the articles. To such an extent had this piracy been carried, that many magazine subscribers ceased to be such, because they could procure all that was valuable in these works from the newspapers very little later and often at less cost, than from the magazines themselves.

Graham's Magazine for May is peculiarly rich in contributions. Cooper's sketch of Preble is worthy the best days of its author. Mrs. Stephens' "Zuleica" is, also, an excellent article, and Grund's "Foreign Literary News" will be read with interest by all:—it is sadly disfigured, however, by typographical mistakes. We venture to correct one or two of these, in copying the annexed exquisite ballad. It is quoted by Mr. Grund from "La Normandie Romanesque, Traditions, Légendes et Superstitions Populaires de Cette Province."

Le roi a une fille à marier
A un Anglois la veut donner
Elle ne veut; moi
—Jamais mari n' épousera s' il n'est François.

La Belle ne voulant ceder,
Sa Sœur s'en vint la conjurer,
—Acceptez, ma sœur, cette fois
C'est pour paix à France donner avec l'Anglois.

Et quand ce vint pour s' embarquer
Les yeux on lui voulut bander;
—Eh! ôte-toi, retire-toi, franc traître Anglois,
Car je veux voir jusqu' à la fin le sol François.

Et quand ce vint pour arriver
La châtel était pavoié
—Eh! ôte-toi, retire-toi, franc traître Anglois,
Ce n'est pas là le drapeau blanc du roi François.

Et quand ce vint pour le souper
Pas ne voulut boire ou manger
—Eloigne-toi, retire-toi, franc traître Anglois,
Ce n'est pas là le pain, le vin du roi François.

Et quand ce vint pour se coucher
L' Anglois la voulut déchausser
—Eloigne-toi, retire-toi, franc traître Anglois,
Jamais homme n' y touchera s' il n'est François.

Et quand ce vint sur la minuit
Elle fit entendre grand bruit
En s'écriant avec douleur—O Roi des Rois,
Ne me laissez entre les bras de cet Anglois.

Quatre heures sonnant à la tour,
La Belle finissoit ses jours,
La Belle finissoit ses jours d'un cœur joyeux
Et les Anglois y pleuroient tous d'un air pitieux.

Besides the articles above noticed, there are papers from Headley, Whipple, Fanny Forrester, Mrs. Seba Smith, Tuckerman, Lowell, Mrs. Caroline Butler, and others.

In Mr. Lowell's poem, "An Incident of the Fire at Hamburg," there are some very noble images. For example:

Not Nature's self more freely speaks in crystal or in oak,
Than through the pious builder's hand in that gray pile she spoke;
And as from acorn springs the oak, so, freely and alone,
Sprang from his heart this hymn to God, sung in obedient stone.

The engravings are "The Proposal," by Lowtherwait, from a drawing by Miss Corbould, and a very excellent view of the Cut-Off

River (a Branch of the Wabash) engraved by Smillie from a design by Bodmer.

The Columbian opens with a very good domestic tale by Fanny Forrester. "The Double Rose," by Mrs. Caroline Butler, is perhaps equally good in a different way. "Thoughts on the Poets" by Tuckerman, is especially well written. The other prose contributors are Mrs. Ellet, John Brougham, Miss Browne, Arthur, Miss Brawner, E. J. Porter, and Rob. A. West. Of the poems the best, by very far, is Mrs. Osgood's "Golden Rules in Rhyme." We fancy, however, that we perceive in it some misprints.

*Think not to aim the shafts of wit
At all that's mean or narrow—*

should be undoubtedly

Shrink not—&c.

*Let more than the domestic mill
Be tuned by Feeling's river—*

should as undoubtedly read

Be turned—&c.

The engravings are "The Wedding" by Forrest from a drawing by Morton, "The Idle Servant" mezzotinted by Sadd from a painting by Maes, and a "Fashion Plate," with three figures, colored. There are also two pages of original music by Saroni.

The present number of *The Southern Quarterly Review* contains a greater amount of subjects interesting to the South, than any other that we have seen. There is an article on the Union of Races, one on Mr. Hoar's mission, and another on South Carolina politics. Besides these subjects of sectional interest, there are several of general literary interest, which we shall notice more fully hereafter.

In the review of the "Spirit of the Age," although "Orion" is heartily appreciated (and it is indeed one of the noblest poems of this or any age) some injustice is, upon the whole, done to its author. Mr. Horne is not, as supposed, the writer of all the papers in the "Spirit of the Age." Very many of them are neither his, nor worthy him.

THE CONCERT ROOM.

CONCERT OF THE NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

The last, and by far the worst Concert of the season, took place at the Apollo Saloon on Saturday April 19th. The following is the programme :

PART 1.

Symphony No. 7, in A.	- - - - -	Beethoven.
Movements 1, Poco Sostenuto Vivace.		
2—Allegretto.		
3—Presto.		
4—Allegro con brio.		

PART 2.

Overture. <i>Zum Marchen Von der Schonen.</i>	- - - - -	Mendelssohn.
Melusine—1st time.		
Grand Aria. From "Das Nachtlager in Granada."		
Seine fromme Lieb's Gabe.	- - - - -	C. Reutzen.
Mad. Otto.		
Grand Fantasia—for the Piano-forte,	- - - - -	J. N. Hummel.
Oberon's Zauberflote—1st time,	- - - - -	H. C. Timm.
Scena e Cavatina. <i>Il Crociato in Egitto—Eccomi eccomi Giunto.</i>		
Mad. Otto.		
Overture, (Oberon.)	- - - - -	Weber.

The symphony by Beethoven is a wonderful composition. The programme states that the subject is, or may be, supposed to be the story of Orpheus and Eurydice; whether such is the case or not, we will not argue at present. Indeed, unless the composer himself states his subject, we should, ourselves, always receive, with much caution, any gratuitous elucidation, for music will so differently affect different people, that what will appear perfectly natural, and in just accordance with the refined feelings of some, would seem sheer raving and madness to others. It is true, that intellectual musical minds will but rarely differ upon the true sentiment and meaning of a fine composition; but as to its detail, no two will be found to agree, unless indeed the composition be vocal.

The performance of the first movement was slovenly in the extreme. It wanted precision, force, and clearness. We would merely quote the mistake made by Mr. J. A. Kyle, to prove that even such orchestral excellence may have an exception. We would suggest to the conductor, if one who follows where he should lead may be called so, that when he meets with a p in his score, that its meaning is piano or soft, and that two pp's mean also soft, only more so. This will certainly be no news to him *theoretically*, but it would certainly astonish his hearers, if he should by chance give any practical evidence of his knowledge. The Andante is truly an exquisite movement, but it was badly played; there was a total want of delicacy in the performance.

of the stringed instruments, (excepting the violoncello, which were admirably handled) the violins scraped away unmercifully without taste or expression, and in the short fugue towards the close, one half seemed undetermined whether they were playing in the major or the minor.

The Allegretto or minuett and trio, was begun one half too fast, so the conductor immediately altered the time, and continued altering it backward and forward, until he suited himself, which did not happen, we conclude, until after the movement finished.

We would gladly expatiate upon the beauty and the peculiarity of this movement, but we have a long notice before us and must refrain.

For a description of the *finale*, we must refer our readers to the printed description—it says that "it will be found in many parts, the very embodiment of mental distraction." Gentle reader, this is perfectly true; a more perfect picture—tone-picture—of mental distraction, we never listened to, but the author had less to do with it than the conductor and the band. It was chaos, chaos—nothing but chaos! It was a performance utterly disgraceful to a society of such pretensions, and one formed of such admirable materials. But the cause of this is by no means difficult to arrive at. The society is made up of cliques or cabals, composed of different nations; some of these parties are a compound of two people of different birth places, who coalesce for the purpose of keeping a third party from taking the lead; and it, unfortunately, most frequently happens that the most worthy and efficient member is sacrificed to a mean, paltry, narrow-minded, national and party jealousy or prejudice, while in his stead is placed a man incapable of filling the office with any credit to himself or the society. Not only does this illiberal feeling exist and act within the society itself, but it operates to the exclusion of good, efficient, and necessary members; so jealous is each party, lest the new member should increase the number of its antagonists. We have repeatedly urged upon the society the necessity of increasing its force in violins; and every member who knows anything, will accede to the justice of the remark; and yet we know of *at least* one case, where an excellent violin player, firm, powerful and talented, was proposed, but black-balled by the party in power, for no other *possible* reason than that he was not of their party. This is a state of things which cannot but prove fatal to the very existence of the society, it persisted in.

The fatal effects of its operation is plainly to be traced in the evident deterioration of the performances. The members are the same; we must conclude that they have not lost any of their mechanical ability! How then can we account for this deterioration, otherwise than in the operation of these powerful cliques, which has resulted in the frequent election of a conductor whom we distinctly assert to be incompetent to the office. We cannot believe that after exposing himself to the smiles of every musician present at the Philharmonic Concert on Saturday last, we cannot believe, we say, that Mr. U. C. Hill will ever attempt to wield the conductor's baton in that society again; or if he would, we cannot believe that he will ever be permitted so to do. We do not believe the professional experience of any individual member, can furnish a parallel to such misleadings, and if the party feelings of the members have not blinded them to the certain fatal results of their conduct, we may yet hope to see a beneficial change.

Madame Otto sang two songs, one German and the other Italian. The remarks we have made upon this lady's pronunciation of the English language, will apply with double force to her Italian singing. It would be difficult, indeed, from the pronunciation, to fix upon any particular language as the one in which she sung. Madame Otto is foolishly advised in the selection of her music. The songs she sings are generally beyond her power of execution; requiring many qualifications which she does not possess—thorough musical education, feeling, taste, and flexibility of voice.

We have at least done some good by our remarks on these Concerts. The method of accompanying the vocal music which we have so unsparingly condemned, has given place to a more careful execution. In this Madame Otto had an advantage never before afforded a singer at these concerts.

Hummel's piano-forte piece was the gem of the evening. It cannot be called strictly a piano piece, as no effect could be given to it without the assistance of the orchestra. It is descriptive of the wanderings of the French knight Sir Huon, as described in the fairy tale of Oberon or the Charmed Horn. It is replete with beauties, and is probably one of the most happily conceived descriptive pieces ever put upon paper. The *Tempsta di Mare* (Sea Storm) becomes truly sublime in its *vraisemblance*; the last movement, however, delighted us the most. Its theme is the Indian air introduced by Weber into his opera of Oberon. The ingenuity with which this is worked out in a thousand different ways, while brilliantly accompanied on the piano

is worthy particular notice. The orchestral arrangements are exquisite in their effects from the beginning to the end.

Mr. Timm's performance was distinguished by a fine appreciation of his author, discriminating taste, delicacy, precision and exquisite finish. We always feel a pure and unalloyed enjoyment in listening to this gentleman's playing; we have certainly met many who can do more to astonish us, but Mr. Timm satisfies our judgment, and fills our mind with a perfect embodiment of the beautiful conceptions of the composer.

Mendelssohn's overture, *Melusine*, was performed for the first time in the country, but no justice was done to it. The countless delicate and beautiful points, the developement of which depend upon the inward perception of their importance by the conductor, were hidden, overlooked, or never known.

The overture to Oberon was the best orchestral performance of the evening, but the effect was in a great measure marred by a want of power in the violins—they were altogether too weak. There was an error in the time of the first movement. We saw Weber conduct it, from the first rehearsal in the Saloon at Covent Garden Theatre, to the last rehearsal in the orchestra. He always made an accelerando after the eighth bar of the opening movement. This would suggest itself to any one studying it carefully, for otherwise the movement would be dragging in the extreme.

With this overture concluded a concert very unsatisfactory in its results, as a performance: the materials were good, but they were marred by incompetency and want of care.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

"*The Social Minstrel*, designed for the use of the domestic circle, schools, concerts and classes, consisting of *sacred* and *secular* songs, duetts, trios, quartettes, rounds and chorusses; principally selected from the best European authors; arranged with an accompaniment for the piano forte, by David Paine."

Published by Crocker and Brewster, 47 Washington st. Boston.

The taste for vocal music is spreading over the country most rapidly; it is rooting itself firmly wherever four voices can be found to mingle in its practice. Vocal part-music is practiced in our cities to an extent scarcely to be believed by those who only know of music by attending the fashionable public concerts. There are many hundreds of young men, in New York alone, who, instead of wasting their time over the billiard table or dominoe box, meet together and devote two or three evenings every week to the study of glee singing, and receive a rich reward in the delight experienced from the pleasant social intercourse and musical banquets which such meetings afford. No one will deny but that this promises well for the social and intellectual improvement of the people; nor will any one deny that music may be made, by judicious fostering and enlightened encouragement, a powerful auxiliary in ameliorating the social wants in every circle of society.

Music excited no inconsiderable attention among the ancients. They were fully impressed by the importance of the subject, not only as a branch of educational accomplishment, but as a moral force which might be wielded with powerful effect for the benefit of the people. Even as far back as *Polybius*, music was considered of the most vital importance in the education of youth, in all the ceremonies of state, and also in the religious rites of the church. Speaking of its power he says—"Nor can it be supposed that the Lacedemonians and Ancient Cretans were not influenced by some good reason, when, in the place of trumpets, they introduced the sound of flutes and the harmony of verse to animate their soldiers in the time of battle; or that the first Arcadians acted without some strong necessity, who, though their lives and manners, in all other points, were rigid and austere, *incorporate this art into the very essence of their government*; and obliged not their children only, but the young men likewise, till they had gained the age of thirty years, to persist in its constant study and practice." Most of the other ancient writers, spoke equally in its favor, and recommended it upon every occasion.

It is not strange, therefore, that we should hail with unfeigned pleasure, the unmistakable evidence of the rapid growth of this delightful art in the affections of the people.

If any other evidence were wanting to prove the correctness of our position, the mere fact of the publication of so many works devoted to vocal part-music, would be sufficient. Quite a number of Glee Books, re-published from English and German copies, have appeared in New York, and as far as we have seen, these are superior to any others published in the United States in respect to selection, form, and

convenient arrangement. We allude particularly to the collection published by S. O. Dyer, 385 Hudson st., one volume of which has already appeared, and another is in course of publication in monthly numbers.

The little book before us is simple and unpretending in its character, and contains many agreeable and pleasing pieces. They are, chiefly, selections from the best English writers, with some German and Italian compositions. Among the composers we find the names of Doctors Arne, Calcott, Greene, and Hayes, J. Stafford Smith, Handel, Marcells, Neukomm, Rossini, Bellini, Barnett, Herold, Auber and Mendelssohn, with several others. Mr. Paine has contributed several of his own compositions, but anxious as we are to judge mildly, we must say that the collection would have been beautified if these had been omitted, they are so entirely common place and wanting in originality. One very prominent defect in this work, is the constant occurrence of false accentuation. In some places the words cannot be sung as written, without making positive nonsense. Take for instance the song—"Woods in Winter," in bars one and four, second line, p. 26, where the second syllable of the word upland, falls upon the accented beat of the bar, and the first syllable of the word embracing, also upon the accented beat. We could multiply these instances, almost without number, had we the space to spare. In arranging pieces Mr. Paine has taken too many liberties with his author; in the following pieces for instance: *When the moonlight streaming*, Frendair, and the *Hunters Signal Horn*, by A. Lee, he has omitted entire the second part of the first, thus effectually divesting it of its meaning, and has omitted from the second, the concluding portions of the two first strains. This is altogether a needless curtailment, and is very bad taste. In the *Widow's Reply*, composed by David Paine, in the fourth and fifth bars, page 73, the A flat in the accompaniment, should each time be sharps. Such errors betray a negligence truly reprehensible.

The Book however really contains many valuable pieces of Music—some to suit all classes—the grave, the gay, the pious, and the sentimental. It is bound in a neat cover, and is altogether got out in very excellent style.

STODART & DUNHAM'S PIANO FORTES.

We have spoken at length upon the manufacture of Piano Fortes, as exhibited at the factory of Messrs. Stodart & Dunham. We did not go into the subject quite as thoroughly as we could have wished, from the want of space, but we may have occasion to refer to it again by and bye, and shall be able then to bring some obscure points into strong relief.

We have not as yet reported upon the quality of the instruments turned out from this factory, nor because we had little to say, but because we thought it better to defer that portion until the concluding notice.

Although all Piano Fortes would appear to a common observer to be precisely alike in construction, and although the process of manufacture is universally similar, yet the results depend so entirely upon a combination of circumstances, that if two instruments be manufactured from the same material, upon the same scale, and by the same hands, they will be found, in all probability, when completed, to be totally different in quality, and yet no one could discover the slightest dissimilarity in any portion of the workmanship. It will scarcely be credited, but it is nevertheless a fact, that there are the enormous number of five thousand three hundred and fifteen pieces in every Piano Forte of a large scale. The number seems truly immense, but the small items count up rapidly.

The aim of every maker is to produce as much tone of a certain quality, as rapidly and with as little labor to the performer as possible. It is in this particular that each maker differs from the other. Some by a light touch, and a hammer covered in a particular way, produce a quality metallic and brilliant, and some by a powerful lever, a hammer loosely covered, and badly made spring, produce a wooden, or as it is called, a tubby quality of tone, and this class has the peculiarity, that though the keys be struck never so hard, no more sound can be obtained; while other makers endeavor to form such a scale (the form by which the strings are adjusted on the instrument) and to regulate the lever to such a nicety, that the medium power of the finger will produce a rich, full, and powerful tone, while an increase of power applied to the keys, will give an increase of tone of the same quality. These in our opinion, have a decided advantage, for though use imparts a brilliancy to them, their tone is not so apt to wear thin and wiry, as is the case with those which are brilliant when new.

Of the latter class are Messrs. Stodart & Dunham's instruments.

They are full bodied, rich toned Pianos, with a touch so elastic that it springs to the finger, and a clear, melodious and ringing sound, which may almost be called vocal. The tone does not come out sluggish, but is simultaneous with the stroke of the hammer, and in this respect, we consider that they have, in their recent instruments, effected a decided improvement. Of the workmanship, both of the interior and exterior of the instruments, we are enabled through ocular demonstration, to speak in terms of entire satisfaction, for we have seen every part of the manufacture, and know it to be solid, faithful, and masterly handicraft.

In conclusion, we feel assured that whoever purchases an instrument from the store of Stodart & Dunham, will never repent the bargain.

To the gentlemanly and obliging proprietors we have to express our thanks for their considerate patience under all our troublesome inquiries.

MISCELLANY.

PUNS FROM THE BOSTON POST.—This witty paper makes the most wicked puns of any periodical in the Union ; we cut three out of the last week's paper as specimens.

EARLY.—We notice the connubialization of Ezra T. Jones with Miss Sally Ladd, in Chillicothe. Ezra has supplied his table with *Sal-Ladd* at a very early day in the season.

The "Razor Strop Man" is now in the Monumental City. He bawled to a good many in Philadelphia, and then went to *Bawl-to-more*.

Said a gentleman to Digby, at the Shades the other day, "the General is a fine, noble-hearted fellow, and the prince of landlords ; but he has one fault, and that is he gives you such a tremendous squeeze of the hand." "Very true," replied Digby, "that is the only vice he has."

I M P R O M P T U .

TO KATE CAROL.

When from your gems of thought I turn
To those pure orbs, your heart to learn,
I scarce know which to prize most high—
The bright *i-dea*, or bright *dear-eye*.

GOLDSMITH'S WRITING ACADEMY.—Having visited Mr. Goldsmith's new and elegant apartments, in the La Farge Buildings, 289 Broadway, we can speak with confidence of his admirable arrangements. Every thing that can be done to promote the comfort and convenience of the pupil, has been done. The great reduction in Mr. G.'s charges (now \$2,50 for a complete course) constantly attracts a large number of pupils, so that every moment of his time is fully occupied. This is as it ought to be. We enjoy one great blessing in America—the assurance that merit almost invariably finds its reward. Of Mr. Goldsmith's high qualifications as a teacher, it is unnecessary to say a word. His "Gems of Penmanship" speak at least one large volume in his praise ; the daily press admits that, as a Professor of the Calligraphic art, he has no rival on this continent ; and five diplomas of the American Institute, awarding him the highest premium for off-hand penmanship, are sufficient evidence that, among the best judges, his skill is largely appreciated.

MR. MURDOCH'S LECTURES.—We have always regarded Mr. Murdoch as the best elocutionist in America. As an actor he is, perhaps, somewhat deficient in naturalness—vigor—and fulness of abandonment to his character, but he always compensates us, in great measure, by effective delivery and grace of gesture. He comprehends, we think, the whole *rationale* of elocution as well as any man of his time, and his physical powers enable him to give effect to his conceptions. We shall look with much interest for a work on Elocution which we understand he is preparing.

His lectures at the Society Library have been well attended, and never fail to elicit applause from those whose approbation is of value.

STATE OF THE COUNTRY.—Not the country composed of politicians and speculating tradesmen, who appear to be exceedingly anxious for a fight with somebody, about something or nothing, but the country of green fields and budding fruits. It was never in a finer condition than at present ; after a few days of gentle showers, and a few more of west winds and sunshine, the fields have put on their brightest verdure ; the suburbs of the city, on Staten Island and Long Island—are nearly smothered in the blossoms of the cherry trees. The swamp maples are putting out their red buds, and the dog-wood is opening his broad white flowers. Everything looks fresh, fragrant and prosperous. The severe frost a fortnight ago injured some of the peach trees in New Jersey, but there will be no lack of fruit the coming season.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Many thanks to our friend "M." of Albany ; his article has been waiting its turn, and will appear in due season. "C. L. B." will find a communication for him at our publishing office.

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 3. Correspondence between Schiller and Goethe.
 4. Essays by Theophilus Parsons.
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DISEASES OF THE TEETH.

Washington, D. C., May, 1844.

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

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

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