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THE NORTH AND THE SOUTH.

THE South has just triumphed on northern soil. The mare Peytona beat the mare Fashion nearly half a neck's length in a race of two heats. This is a glorious victory for the South, and being the first of the kind that she has won, must produce an immense sensation among the "domestic institutions." There will be a tremendous rustling of the palmettos. In all trials of skill between the South and the North, the North has heretofore come off conqueror; Eclipse and Henry, Webster and Hayne, Fashion and Boston. But now the tide has turned, and success is flowing from north of Mason and Dixon's Line towards Cottandom. First the chivalry of the palmetto State triumphed over old Mr. Hoar and his young daughter, then Peytona beat Fashion, and now we perceive that Mr. Simms is fluttering the Volscians in Cambridge; having taken the Ursa Major of literary Yankeedom by the ears, in his last magazine. We have not much faith in the "parochial review," as some of our literary people irreverently call the North American, ourselves, particularly since it passed into the hands of its present keeper, and we are not disposed to regard Mr. Simms' attack with much dismay, for if the "conservative" North American were altogether extinguished, we doubt whether its loss would have any sensible, or, rather, perceptible effect upon the literature or the morals of the nation. As it is not probable that many of our readers are readers of the Southern Magazine, we will extract a part of Mr. Simms' article, that they may see in what estimation the North American is held at the South.

A CIRCULAR, recently issued by the publishers of the North American Review, somewhat earnestly insists upon the claims of this "veteran" periodical to the favor of the public, in "having done its part in representing the taste, science and literature of the country, for a period of nearly thirty years." It is certainly matter of surprise that it should become necessary for a periodical, situated in the very heart of a region equally rich and populous, to send forth a paper which dwells, in language of doubtful delicacy, upon its claims to public favor, in order to obtain it;—particularly, too, when you shall not meet a man in the whole country who is not willing to attest the perfect fidelity of this work to a people equally ambitious of ascendancy and needing a champion. That the "North American Review" has worked religiously for New England, her sons, her institutions, her claims of every sort, there is no manner of question. Whatever doubts we may entertain of the *American* character of this periodical, of its catholic tendency, and its equal regard to the claims of the nation, as a whole, we can have none, and none have ever been felt or expressed, of its perfect devotedness to the region from which it more immediately issues. None can deny the exclusive and jealous vigilance with which it insists upon the pretensions of Massachusetts Bay—the merits of its policy, the wisdom of its statesmen, the superior excellence of its genius generally—of its works of arts, its works of imagination, its historians, its poets, its romancers. The very humbleness of these is not suffered to escape recognition and laud, and it is a daily surprise to other parts of the world, to perceive how little effort of their own, the Birds of the Charles, and other contiguous waters—rare birds indeed—are lifted into the perfect purity and size of the Swan, with only a little pleasant puffing from the plumes of the "North American." With a gift like this, it is certainly matter of wonder to us all, that such a circular as the one before us, should need to pass beyond the single province of the Review itself. Why, the poets alone, and the essayists, the writers of pilgrim-orations, the tractarians and sermonizers, the makers of national school books and Parley books—all of whom have been glo-

rified in its pages—should alone be sufficiently numerous, as we take for granted they are sufficiently grateful, to prevent a necessity so humiliating to themselves and their organ. It has certainly done its duty—and, perhaps, something more than its duty—by all this class of persons; and there must be something wrong in the system by which it works, if, after all, it is compelled to look abroad, to regions for whose cash alone it seems to care, for the miserable support which is necessary to its prolonged existence. Had it but as religiously performed its duty by the whole broad country, the name of which it modestly appropriates to itself—had it regarded the nation, east and west, north and south, with an equal eye to its glory, progress and advancement—we cannot think that its condition would be so greatly straitened now. That it has not done so, is one of those unpleasant convictions in the public mind, to which, without too great a stretch of inference, we may ascribe the pregnant necessity which has led to the issue of the present circular. With a little perversion of the text of Shakspeare, the mournful speech of Wolsey to Cromwell, in the day of his decline, would admirably suit the editor of the North American.—

Oh! Otis, Otis,—
Had I but served my country with the zeal
I served my state, it would not in mine age,
Have left me naked to mine enemies."

The publishers proceed:—"The tone of the work has become SOMEWHAT BOLDER of late—and some ENERGETIC ESSAYS on general politics have appeared in it." This is certainly a very extraordinary assurance, and should be productive of very general satisfaction among its readers. We must not now be startled at any thing that may appear in these pages, for there is to be an infusion of new blood into the old veins: not that we are to suppose, (for how could this be, in the veteran service of this Journal for nearly thirty years, in representing the taste, science, and literature of the country—under such men, too, as Channing, and Everett, and Sparks, and Palfrey,) that it ever was deficient in the necessary courage and energy of a periodical. But, as "veteran journals," like veteran soldiers, are apt to lapse into feebleness with years, it is thought advisable to show, that such cannot be the case with our "North American," which draws from a perennial fountain, and can exhibit, whenever the thing is necessary, quite as much of the proper fluid, the genuine red blood, as will suffice, not only for all periodical, but all mortal purposes. To the good old names of Channing, the Everetts, Bancroft and Sparks, Story, Wheaton and Prescott, there succeed others, of whom, as worthy to wear the mantles which these have cast aside, we have liberal assurance—though we hear, for the first time, of some of the persons named. There are, for example, "Mr. Peabody, of Springfield, and his brother of Boston." Peabody is a good name enough, particularly to an agricultural country, though it reminds us irresistibly of one of the personages in the "Midsummer Night's Dream"—and we catch ourselves quoting from Nicholas Bottom, at a rate which scarcely seems appropriate in dealing with a reviewer.—"I pray you, commend me to Mistress Squash, your mother; and to master Peascod, your father. Good Master Pease-blossom, I shall desire of you more acquaintance." We shall certainly hope to know more of the Peabodys, both of Boston and Springfield. And there is "Mr. Sabine, of Eastport." We should be more satisfied of his catholic tendencies were he written down, "Mr. Eastport, of Sabine," but "Sessa—let it pass!" Here is the very curse of this review. It is New England only and all over—nothing but New England. Of all the contributors enumerated by the editor, in his laudable desire to attract subscribers to his list from all the States of the American confederacy, he mentions but one name—that of Mr. Wm. B. Read, of Philadelphia—which is not absolutely and entirely New England. There is not a single New Yorker, not a Virginian, not a Marylander, not a Carolinian, Kentuckian, or Tennesseean in the catalogue. This is surely a strange way to bait for subscribers in other States, and betrays, quite as strongly as any thing can do, the miserable selfishness of that policy, so notorious of New England, which, even when its object is to find favor abroad, overlooks the most obvious method of doing so, in the slavish blindness of its early training. Surely, it is not pretended that good men and true—able writers, profound and elegant thinkers—are not to be found in all that stretch of country which has the Atlantic for its base, from Long Island to the western limits of Georgia. But no! this "North American Review" is a neat contrivance for teach-

ing North America by means of New England. It is to embody and spread abroad the tastes and the fashions, the philosophies and the bigotries, of a trim little group, squat, complacent, that sits, unquestioning and utterly unquestioned, in all the suavity of assumed authority, within the colossal shadow of the Bunker Monument. Undoubtedly, these are all either able or clever men—correct writers generally, knowing and circumspect—not so remarkable for the profundity of their philosophy, as for their familiarity with the received modes of thinking, and the pleasant graces of expression. Their writers are usually fastidious gentlemen, rather more solicitous of style than of more important matters, and apt to write so very like one another, that it will be somewhat difficult for one, not accustomed to note the various degrees in which they severally exhibit their energies, to detect the difference between them. They will give you, most generally, a well written article, which will show you the absolute position of the question—where it was in the time of Noah, what changes were effected by the policy of Solomon; how, and by whose hands it came down to us, and where it is at the present moment in New England. But, unhappily, they will try to keep it in this position, till the flood of events sweeps over it, and them, rooting up their neat little landmarks, accurately cut and chiselled, to drift away upon the broad waste of ocean, for the curiosity and edification of each future Columbus of philosophy. This tenacity of position, in their mental concerns, being the fruit of certain inherent qualities of their blood, and a certain regimen of which they make much, and which they call conservatism. Of this conservatism we shall know more hereafter.

We do not know that the middle States have fared very much better than those of the South, in the treatment which they have received at the hands of this journal. Their favorite writers are not employed upon its pages, and their publications are noticed slowly and with evident reluctance. When reviewed, it is very certain that the New England critic employs in the case of the New-Yorker, a very different and less indulgent standard of judgment than that which regulates his criticism when one of his own writers is under analysis. Procrustes was not more inexorable in the use of his bedstead when the limbs of the stranger were to be adjusted—while, in the case of a native, his excesses are gently intimated, and what he has good about him—whatever is simply correct and inoffensive proves the occasion for as much delighted cackling as is made by an old hen, suddenly put in possession of a nest egg which she never laid herself.

Thus it is, that, with all the finish and polish of Boston—in spite of the phrase on which the New Englander so much insists, when he speaks of that city—"the Athens of America," is immeasurably behind New-York in the measure and value of its literary productions. It is from New-York, with all its deficiencies of taste, its rough-and-tumble enthusiasm—blundering constantly against the proprieties—provoking constantly the sneer of our polished gentlemen down east—that we have the greatest amount of literary performance. Here we have Cooper and Irving; and Bryant and Halleck; and Hoffman and Willis; and Paulding and Herbert—and many more, who will give us, and who have given us, works, with which your Fadladeens, no doubt, will make sad havoc with thumb and fore finger, but which said works will be read, and read with delight, long after the critic by whom they were made mincemeat of, will be famishing upon his circulars.

Much of this is true and well said, and much is untrue and badly said. The New York names which are quoted as evidence of the superior literary pretensions of this city over Boston, were unhappily selected, three of them, Halleck, Willis, and Bryant are New Englanders of New England, and Mr. Herbert is an old Englishman, but a short time a resident of this country, and a good part of the time a resident in Pennsylvania; as to Mr. Irving, there is as little of the "rough and tumble enthusiasm" about him as any other man possesses who ever blotted paper. New Englanders, do, indeed, possess this very quality of rough-and-tumble enthusiasm in a greater degree than the writers of any other portion of the country. Instead of writing with the fear of the North American before them, their great defect has been to write without any fear of any review whatever. As an offset to Cooper, Irving, and Hoffman, the New Englander may point with great complacency to Percival, Hawthorne, R. W. Emerson, Channing, John Neal, Prescott, Brownson, Lowell, Bancroft, Story, and Maria Child. These authors owe nothing to the North American Review, the Review nothing to them. Their style is as dissimilar as though they had been reared in different hemispheres.

The truth is that the North American is held in as little reverence in Boston as in South Carolina—probably it is not held in as much. The tremendous onslaught of Mr. Simms' article upon the poor old decrepit Quarterly magazine, which exercises much less influence in the New England mind than many penny papers do, shows how highly it is estimated at the South.

It has had its day, as nearly every other quarterly review has; and but for this attack in the Southern Magazine, we should never have been reminded of its existence. It seems to have been given over to the new school of Whipple critics who are fast rocking it to an eternal slumber. The article on the British Poets, was an unmistakable sign that the breath was fast leaving its body. We would recommend the publishers to buy up the whole edition of the Southern magazine for gratuitous distribution: it is a capital puff, and will remind many of its old friends that the Review is still in existence.

There is certainly great truth in the following remarks, but we do not see that any quarterly review could do any better. What the literary interests of the country need, is an able weekly review, somewhat of the character of the London Athenaeum and the Literary Gazette; a deficiency in our periodical literature which we hope to fill by our Journal.

The substantial particular in which this Review might have been equally national and useful to the country,—much more so, indeed, than by vainly attempting to combat the assaults and refute the calumnies of foreign journals,—is in the countenance, the encouragement, and the assistance, which it might have shown to the immature genius of the country, struggling to give proper utterance to its crude conceptions,—struggling here and there, in the cities and the forest, under the thousand discouragements and disadvantages which every where, in the great interior, beset the footsteps of the infant intellect. But we have not seen, in the pages of this journal, a single instance where it has shown the slightest solicitude in behalf of any young writer,—always assuming that he is not a sprout of New England,—detecting his genius through its rags, and seeking, by gentle reproof and benignant counsel, to train it in the way it should go, in the pursuit of its high calling. We see no young beginner taken by the hand, his course and models suggested, and patient efforts made to give the true direction to his vague and imperfect conceptions. Where is the youth, whose first attempts have signified the possessions of his mind, upon whom, at first, this journal has bestowed any of that notice which brings encouragement? If one of these can be indicated, who has afterwards arrived at excellence and fame, we shall make such admissions in the case of this "veteran periodical," as we have not been prepared to make before. And this is no improper test for a journal that boasts of its being the organ of the nation for thirty years. How can that critic claim to have fostered the native literature, who cannot in a single instance, point to the verification of his own predictions,—who cannot point to some one individual whom he has designated in the first blush of authorship, and urged with kind suggestion and just counsel, to the attainment of an honourable eminence? Such should be no unreasonable requisition in the case of a veteran periodical like this; and one instance of this sort, honestly proven, would be of more avail in adding to the subscription list, than ten thousand self-complacent assurances of merit, embodied in a begging Circular.

In the matter of North and South, we claim to be perfectly disinterested spectators. It is quite impossible that men who have never travelled should be able to entertain a very comprehensive patriotism, particularly in a country like ours whose borders are so widely extended. There are many kind-hearted people who are all alive to hear something from the moon by means of Lord Rosse's telescope, who will sit down in happy ignorance of the opposite side of the town in which they live. It is hardly credible but it is true, that the people who live West of Broadway, affect an utter ignorance of the territory lying east of the Bowery. We heard a stranger inquire of a New Yorker, a Knickerbocker of the Knickerbockers, the other day the way to Eldridge street—"Pon my word," said the Knickerbocker patriot, "I cannot tell you, I believe there is such a street, but I think it must lie east of Broadway, for I have never seen it." A great country is like a great city—one half of the inhabitants must be strangers and enemies to the other half. The Southern Magazine laughs incredulously at the mention of "Mr Sabine of Eastport," and thinks that it should read Mr. Eastport of Sabine; but the North American is equally incredulous in respect to Stephen Elliot of Charleston, whom the Southern Magazine speaks of in a tone which implies that not to know Stephen, argues one's self unknown. Now we were born at the North, but have lived at the South, and have wandered over a good portion of the east and the west; our affections are, therefore, pretty equally quartered, and it has always been a matter of astonishment to us that the different sections of the Union should quarrel with each other, when we knew by observation that they were all very much alike. Railroads and steamboats are doing something, and the electric telegraph is doing more towards annihilating space and bringing all the

inhabitants of the Union in close proximity to each other; and this will have the effect of allaying many unpleasant jealousies and suspicions which now exist between sections remote from each other. This very article in the Southern Magazine, chuckles over its chivalry to the fair sex like a cock in a barayard, and so blesses itself that they do not *murder women* at the South as they do at the North. What the Magazine means by this insinuation we cannot possibly conceive: whether it has been reading Miss Fuller's book, or some wicked wag has circulated a report down South that they have suttresses in the Bay State, we do not know, but it is very evident that some of the literary circles in Charleston, have discovered a mare's nest. We once heard a literary Carolinian say very seriously, in a company of learned men at the North, that there were no classical scholars in this country except at the South—and he said it in a manner, too, that left no doubt that he believed what he said. The same liberal gentleman also asserted very positively that there was no such thing as humor at the North. Now it so happens that the few humorous editors of whom they can boast at the South, are all New Englanders—Fields of the Reveille, and the Picayune people, being the most eminent among them. In New York, nearly the entire press is in the hands of New Englanders, Bryant of the Post, Willis and Morris of the Mirror, the Townsends and Brookses (a score of them) of the Express, Greely and Fuller of the Tribune, Hunt of the Merchant's Magazine, Colton of the Whig Review, Hale and Hallock of the Journal of Commerce, Raymond and Daniels and King of the Courier, Cheever of the Evangelist, Morse of the Observer, Seabury of the Churchman, Beach of the Sun, Green, Deming & Co. of the Emporium, Park Benjamin of something to be brought out by-and-by, and a dozen more of less prominence. Even the editor of the Southern Quarterly Review is a New Englander.

For our own part, we think it a matter of precious little moment on which side of Mason and Dixon's line a man is born if he is only a man "for a'that." A few years ago when Mr. Webster attended a mass meeting in Richmond, the people were greatly astonished to find him so nearly resembling one of themselves, and we have no doubt that McDuffie or Calhoun would create the same kind of astonishment in Boston or Bangor. A gentleman, Mr. Tyler we believe, recommended, in a speech before some historical society in Philadelphia a year or two since, that a certain number of citizens should be sent over to England yearly, upon a reciprocal mission, to preserve peace between the two nations by the amenity of their manners. This was a very sensible recommendation, but we do not remember that any member of Congress has ever made any motion in relation to it. But it would be one of the cheapest and most agreeable methods of preserving the peaceable relations of England and America that could be devised. Our army and navy which are now kept up as scare-crows, and invite rather than repel invasion, cost the nation some fifteen millions annually. But ten millions would defray the annual expenses of at least thirty-five hundred gentlemen in the best London Society, and the peace-compelling effect of their intercourse with John Bull, more especially if they were single, no one can doubt would be much greater than our whole armed force now can produce, and the nation would be a clear gainer of some five millions of dollars which might be profitably expended in promotion of the same end, in founding public libraries, or erecting telegraphs and observatories. Some discretion would be necessary in the selection of these travelling peace makers and promoters of national good-will, but if they were elected by the people, in the manner of our representatives, there would be little danger of improper persons being sent. The same system might be adopted by the States with reference to each other, but on a much smaller scale and at a less expense.

The experiment tried by Massachusetts in sending old Mr. Hoar and his young daughter to South Carolina, did not turn out very well it must be confessed, but that is no reason why the experiment should not be tried again on a more extensive scale, or it might be well to try the plan upon a less belligerent people, North Carolina, for instance, as a test. We are not without hope that some spirited member of the next Congress will propose some measure like this that we have hinted at, and the inducement to good behavior in our citizens who might be ambitious of being sent abroad by the people would alone have the happiest tendency. Imagine the sensation that would be created in our fashionable

squares and avenues by an announcement that one of Her Majesty's steamers was below, freighted with two or three hundred of the *elite* of young England sent over here to promote good feeling towards the mother country! Would even Mr. Benton, or the tremendously war-like Senator from Ohio, ever dream of war after such an announcement?

THE THREE MAXIMS.

From the *Gesta Romanorum*.

THERE was an emperor of Rome named Domitian, a good and a wise prince, who suffered no offenders to escape. There was a high feast in his hall, the tables glittered with gold and silver, and groaned with plenteous provision: his nobles feasted with him—

"And 'twas merry with all
In the king's great hall,
When his nobles and kinsmen, great and small,
Were keeping their Christmas holiday."

The porter in his lodge made his fire blaze brightly, and so-laced himself with Christmas cheer; every now and then grumbling at his office, that kept him from the gaieties of the retainer's hall. The wind blew cold, the sleet fell quick, as the bell of the king's gate sounded heavy and dull. "Who comes now?" grumbled the porter; "a pretty night to turn out from fire and food. Why, the very bell itself finds it too cold to clank loudly. Well, well—duty is duty: some says it's a pleasure—hump! Hilox, friend, who are you? what do you want, man?"

The traveller whom the porter thus addressed was a tall, weather-beaten man, with long white hair that fluttered from beneath his cap of furs, and whose figure, naturally tall and robust, seemed taller and larger from the vast cloak of bearskins with which he was enveloped.

"I am a merchant from a far country," said the man; "many wonderful things do I bring to your emperor, if he will purchase of my valuables."

"Well, come in, come in, man," said the porter: "the king keeps high Christmas feast, and on this night all men may seek his presence. Wilt take some refreshment, good sir?"

"I am never hungry, nor thirsty, nor cold."

"I'm all—there—straight before you, good sir—the hall porter will usher you in—straight before," muttered the old porter, as he returned to his fire and his supper. "Never hungry, thirsty, nor cold—what a good poor man he would make! hump! he loses many a pleasure though," continued the porter, as he closed the door of the lodge.

The strange merchant presented himself to the hall porter, and was ushered by him into the presence of the emperor.

"Who have we here?" said Domitian, as the strange visiter made his obeisance. "What seekest thou of me?"

"I bring many things from far countries. Wilt thou buy of my curiosities?"

"Let us see them," rejoined Domitian.

"I have three maxims of especial wisdom and excellence, my lord."

"Let us hear them."

"Nay, my lord; if thou hearest them, and likkest not, then I have lost both my maxims and my money."

"And if I pay without hearing them, and they are useless, I lose my time and my money. What is the price?"

"A thousand florins, my lord."

"A thousand florins for that of the which I know not what it is," replied the king.

"My lord," rejoined the merchant, "if the maxims do not stand you in good stead, I will return the money."

"Be it so then: let us hear your maxims."

"The first, my lord, on this wise: NEVER BEGIN ANYTHING UNTIL YOU HAVE CALCULATED WHAT THE END WILL BE."

"I like your maxim much," said the king: "let it be recorded in the chronicles of the kingdom, inscribed on the walls and over the doors of my palaces and halls of justice, and interwoven on the borders of the linen of my table and my chamber."

"The second, my Lord, is, NEVER LEAVE A HIGHWAY FOR A BYE-WAY."

"I see not the value of this maxim: but to the third."

"NEVER SLEEP IN THE HOUSE WHERE THE MASTER IS AN OLD MAN AND THE WIFE A YOUNG WOMAN. These three maxims, if attended to, my lord, will stand you in good stead."

"We shall see," said the king; "a year and a day for the trial of each, at the end of this time we will settle accounts."

"Good master," said the king's jester, "wilt sell thy chance of the thousand florins for my fool's cap?"

"Wait, and see what the end will be," rejoined the merchant; "a year and a day hence I will return to see how my first maxim has fared. Farewell, my lord." . . .

The year and a day were nearly elapsed, and yet the first maxim had not been clearly proved. Domitian remained severely just, and the ill-intentioned of his nobles plotted his destruction in the hopes of indulging their vices more freely under the rule of his successor. Many were the plots they concocted to put him to death, but all were foiled by his foresight and prudence.

"Every failure," said the conspirators at a midnight meeting, "brings danger nearer to ourselves."

"Even so, brothers, but this time we will not fail," said one of the number; "do ye not mind that I am the king's barber: every day he bares his throat to my razor: it is but one slash, and we are free; promise me the crown: in return for this, I will give you freedom by the king's death, and free license during my reign."

"It is well spoken," cried all the conspirators; "the barber shall be our king."

On the next morning, the barber entered the chamber of Domitian, and prepared to shave the king. The razor was strapped, the lather spread upon the royal chin, and the towel fastened round the royal breast. On the edge of the napkin were these words in letters of gold, "*Never begin anything until you have calculated what the end will be.*"

The barber's eye fell on these words, they arrested his attention, he paused in his labors.

"What am I about to do?" thought he to himself, "to kill the king, to gain his crown; am I sure of the crown? shall I not rather be slain miserably, and die amid unheard of tortures and infamy? whilst those that plot with me will turn against me, and make me their scape-goat."

"Art dreaming, sir barber?" exclaimed the king.

At the king's voice, the barber trembled exceedingly, he dropped the razor from his hand, and fell at his sovereign's feet.

"What means all this?

"Oh, my good lord!" exclaimed the barber, as he knelt at Domitian's feet, "this day was I to have killed thee: but I saw the maxim written on the napkin: I thought of the consequences, and now repent me of my wickedness. Mercy, my good lord, mercy!"

"Be faithful, and fear not," replied the king.

"The merchant, my lord the king," said a servant of the chamber, who entered at that moment, followed by the old merchant.

"Thou art come at a good time, sir merchant; the first maxim has been proved; it has saved my life: it was worthy of its price."

"Even as I expected, my lord—a year and a day hence expect me again."

"We will trust no more to a single hand," said one of the conspirators, when they met again, after the barber's repentence; "this time we will all share."

"I propose," said one of the rebel lords, "an ambush on the road to Naples. Every year, on the day after Christmas, the king journeys thither; the bye-path near to the city gates is the nearest road, peradventure he will go that way."

When the Christmas night was over, the king prepared to journey to Naples; a great company of nobles, knights, and men at arms, went with him. Not far from the city, he came to the place where the highway and bye path diverged.

"My lord," said an old noble, "the day is far spent, the sun sinks fast in the horizon; will not my lord turn by the bye-path, as it is far shorter than the high road?"

"Nay," said the king, "it's a year and a day since the merchant's first maxim saved my life: now will I test the second admonition, '*Never leave a highway for a bye-path,*' but go part of ye by that path, and prepare for me in the city; I and the rest will pursue the highway."

Onward rode the knights and the soldiers by the bye-path, and hastened towards the city; as they neared the ambush, the traitors sprang upon them, for they thought the king was among them. Every man slew his opponent, and there re-

mained not one of the king's company, to bear the tidings to the king, but a youth, a little page, whom the conspirators did not remark during the attack.

At the city gates, the king found the merchant who had sold him his maxims.

"Halt, O king!" said he—the second maxim has been proved."

"How so?" replied the king.

"The company that rode by the bye-path are slain, every one of them save this little page, who is here to tell the sad tale."

"Is this so, good youth?"

"Alas, my lord, it is too true: from behind the trees they rushed upon our company as we rode lightly and merrily, and no one, save your poor page, lives to tell the tale."

"For a second time is my life saved by the maxim; let it be inscribed in gold, '*Never leave a highway for a bye-path.*'"

"For a year and a day, O king, fare thee well."

"A murrain on the old fool's maxims!" grumbled the chief of the conspirators, when they discovered that the king had escaped their wicked design: "we are beaten out of every plot, and had best submit to his dominion."

"Nay," exclaimed a young and licentious noble, "there is luck in odd numbers, let us have one more trial, a sink or a swim."

"I care not if we try once more," said the old rebel; "but come, who suggests a scheme?"

"I, and I, and I!" exclaimed several at once; but their schemes were pronounced futile.

"What say ye to this?" said the young man who had before spoken: "every year the king goes to the small village town, where his old nurse lives; there is but one house in the village where he can be lodged, let us bribe the master of the house, that he slay our tyrant while he sleeps."

The plan was approved by the rebel lords, the bribe offered and accepted by the old man, to whose house the king always came. The king came as usual to the village town, and to his old lodgings. As he entered, the old man received him with humility and feigned delight, and a young damsel, not eighteen, attended at the door step. The king noticed the damsel, he arrested his steps, and called to the old man.

"Good father," asked he, "is yonder damsel thy daughter, or thy niece?"

"Neither, my lord," replied the old man, "she is my newly-married wife."

"Away, away," said the king to his chamberlain, "prepare me a bed in another house, for I will not sleep here tonight."

"Even as my lord wishes," rejoined the chamberlain; "but my lord knows there is no other house in this place fit for a king's residence, save this one; here everything is prepared, everything commodious."

"I have spoken," replied the king: "remain thou here; I will sleep elsewhere."

In the night, the old man and his wife arose, stole on tiptoe to the chamber which was prepared for the king, and where the chamberlain now slept in the royal bed; all was dark as they approached the bed, and plunged a dagger into the breast of the sleeping noble.

"It is done," said they; "to bed, to bed."

Early the next morning, the king's page knocked at the door of the humble abode where the king had passed the night.

"Why so early, good page?" asked the king.

"My lord, the old merchant waits thy rising; and even now strange news is come from the village."

"Let the merchant and the messenger come in."

The merchant seemed greatly elated, his eye glistened with joy, and his figure appeared dilated beyond its ordinary height. The messenger was pale and trembling, and staring aghast with fear.

"My lord, my good lord," exclaimed the pallid messenger, "a horrible murder has been committed on your chamberlain: he lies dead in the royal bed."

"The third maxim is tried and proved," said the merchant.

"Give God the praise," said the king; "thy reward is earned: a robe of honor, and thrice thy bargained price; to the old man and his wife, immediate death."

THE UNSEEN RIVER.

Through a valley green and golden,
In the purple time and olden,
When the East was growing grey ;
When the mists were star-ward creeping—
Weeping—being woke from sleeping
By the anthems of the Day ;—
While, like vapor o'er a city, fluctuating still they lay ;

Walking through their shrouding shadows,
Over daisy-dimpled meadows,
Moved a proud and princely youth,
With a foot-fall light and airy
As the sylphid step of fairy,
And a forehead stamped with truth :—

An Apollo ! incarnating lofty scorn and living ruth.
From the valley,—from a river,—
Which, with many a silver quiver,
Through the landscape stole in light ;—
From the bushes, shrubs, and blossoms,—
Flowers unfolding fragrant bosoms,—
Curled the shadows out of sight ;
Fading, like a ghost, in air. And over the river rippled bright.

Fruits of crimson—purple—azure—
Thrilled his Poet-soul with pleasure
Which, from all, new glory won ;
While around him birds were chaunting,—
Birds that fairy valley haunting,—
Such as Mother Earth had none :

And like gems their pinions glistened, glancing in the aspiring sun.
In a sweet excitement swimming,
All his soul with beauty brimming,
While the morning grew to noon ;
In that glorious valley—listening
To the music—by the glistening
River—sung with lulling tune,
While his heart throbbed echo 'neath Lethean languor born
of June—

Carelessly the youth went straying
Like a merry child a-Maying.
And the river rippled on.
While now that a hirst pursued him,
And the noon tide heat subdued him,
And he felt him weak and wan,
Thinking of the stream, he turned him, fevered ; but the stream
was gone !

Searching for it, on he wandered
Hour by hour ; and sadly pondered
As to where its waves might be :
And the valley slowly faded
To a primal forest, shaded
By full many a mossy tree.
Still he could not see the stream meandering through the mead-
owy lea.

But the murmur of the river,
Rippling, running, plashing ever,
Floated on his yearning ear :
Still before he heard it flowing—
Heard it kiss the rocks while going,
Seeming as he heard it, near :
Whispering nearer, flowing onward, gurgling every instant hear.

More luxuriant, greener, brighter,
Glossier, loftier, and lighter
Grew the foliage where it seemed :
And the woodland birds sang clearer,
And the waters near and nearer
Murmured, 'till he thought they gleamed ;
And, between the emerald leaves, he dreamed the silver wave-
lets beamed.

Through the trees, among the bushes,
Looking for the river rushes,

Onward, onward, still he went,
Listening to the water's plashing—
Listening to the eddies dashing
In their chrystral merriment :
But he found it not, though stooping—gazing 'till his form grew bent.

All around grew dark and dreary,
And our wanderer, very weary,

Trotted feebly, full of pain,
From the forest; with his figure
Robbed of all its youthful vigor :—

And the sun was on the wane—
And night's swarthy, solemn shadow slowly gathered round the plain,

And—among those shades lamenting,—
Urged by old Time ureleuting,—

Where was never else but gloom—
From the sight the wanderer faded,
By chaotic blackness shaded,

While the silence of the tomb
Wrapped him, shroud-like ; and that silence was the requiem
of his doom.

HENRY B. HIRST.

SHADOW—A PARABLE.

Ye ! though I walk through the valley of the *Shadow* :—*Psalm of David*.

Ye who read are still among the living ; but I who write shall have long since gone my way into the region of shadows. For indeed strange things shall happen, and secret things be known, and many centuries shall pass away, ere these memorials be seen of men. And, when seen, there will be some to disbelieve, and some to doubt, and yet a few who will find much to ponder upon in the characters here graven with a stylus of iron.

The year had been a year of terror, and of feelings more intense than terror for which there is no name upon the earth. For many prodigies and signs had taken place, and far and wide, over sea and land, the black wings of the Pestilence were spread abroad. To those, nevertheless, cowering in the stars, it was not unknown that the heavens wore an aspect of ill ; and to me, the Greek Oinos, among others, it was evident that now had arrived the alternation of that seven hundred and ninety-fourth year when, at the entrance of Aries, the planet Jupiter is conjoined with the red ring of the terrible Saturnus. The peculiar spirit of the skies, if I mistake not greatly, made itself manifest, not only in the physical orb of the earth, but in the souls, imaginations, and meditations of mankind.

Over some flasks of the red Chian wine, within the walls of a noble hall, in a dim city called Ptolemais, we sat, at night, a company of seven. And to our chamber there was no entrance save by a lofty door of brass : and the door was fashioned by the artisan Corinnes, and, being of rare workmanship, was fastened from within. Black draperies, likewise, in the gloomy room, shut out from our view the moon, the lurid stars, and the peopleless streets—but the boding and the memory of Evil, they would not be so excluded. There were things around us and about of which I can render no distinct account—things material and spiritual—heaviness in the atmosphere—a sense of suffocation—anxiety—and, above all, that terrible state of existence which the nervous experience when the senses are keenly living and awake, and meanwhile the powers of thought lie dormant. A dead weight hung upon us. It hung upon our limbs—upon the household furniture—upon the goblets from which we drank ; and all things were depressed, and borne down thereby—all things save only the flames of the seven iron lamps which illumined our revel. Uprearing themselves in tall slender lines of light, they thus remained burning all pallid and motionless ; and in the mirror which their lustre formed upon the round table of ebony at which we sat, each of us there assembled beheld the pallor of his own countenance, and the unquiet glare in the downcast eyes of his companions. Yet we laughed and were merry in our pro-

per way—which was hysterical; and sang the songs of Anacreon—which are madness; and drank deeply—although the purple wine reminded us of blood. For there was yet another tenant of our chamber in the person of young Zoisus. Dead, and at full length he lay, enshrouded;—the genius and the demon of the scene. Alas! he bore no portion in our mirth, save that his countenance, distorted with the plague, and his eyes in which Death had but half extinguished the fire of the pestilence, seemed to take such interest in our merriment as the dead may haply take in the merriment of those who are to die. But although I, Oinos, felt that the eyes of the departed were upon me, still I forced myself not to perceive the bitterness of their expression, and, gazing down steadily into the depths of the ebony mirror, sang with a loud and sonorous voice the songs of the son of Teios. But gradually my songs they ceased, and their echoes, rolling afar off among the sable draperies of the chamber, became weak, and undistinguishable, and so faded away. And lo! from among those sable draperies where the sounds of the song departed, there came forth a dark and undefined shadow—a shadow such as the moon, when low in heaven, might fashion from the figure of a man: but it was the shadow neither of man, nor of God, nor of any familiar thing. And, quivering awhile among the draperies of the room, it at length rested in full view upon the surface of the door of brass. But the shadow was vague, and formless, and indefinite, and was the shadow neither of man nor of God—neither God of Greece, nor God of Chaldaea, nor any Egyptian God. And the shadow rested upon the brazen doorway, and under the arch of the entablature of the door, and moved not, nor spoke any word, but there became stationary and remained. And the door whereupon the shadow rested was, if I remember aright, over against the feet of the young Zoisus enshrouded. But we, the seven there assembled, having seen the shadow as it came out from among the draperies, dared not steadily behold it, but cast down our eyes, and gazed continually into the depths of the mirror of ebony. And at length I, Oinos, speaking some low words, demanded of the shadow its dwelling and its appellation. And the shadow answered, "I am SHADOW, and my dwelling is near to the Catacombs of Ptolemais, and hard by those dim plains of Helusion which border upon the foul Charonian canal." And then did we, the seven, start from our seats in horror, and stand trembling, and shuddering, and aghast: for the tones in the voice of the shadow were not the tones of any one being, but of a multitude of beings, and, varying in their cadences from syllable to syllable, fell dusky upon our ears in the well remembered and familiar accents of many thousand departed friends

EDGAR A. POE.

REVIEWS.

MRS. CHILD'S PHILOTEA.

Overwhelmed in a long-continued inundation of Sue-ism, we turn with a species of gasping satisfaction—with a deep sense of the luxury of repose—to the pure and quiet pages of Philothea.

We regard it not only as the best work of its author—but as the best work of a class in which are to be ranked the Tellemachus of Fénelon and the Anacharsis of Barthélemy.

Its plot is simple. The scene is principally in ancient Athens during the administration of Pericles; and some of the chief personages of his time are brought, with himself, upon the stage. Among these are Aspasia, Alcibiades, Hippocrates, Anaxagoras of Clazomenæ, Plato, Hermippus the comic writer, Phidias the sculptor, Artaxerxes of Persia, and Xerxes his son. Philothea, the heroine of the tale, and the grand-daughter of Anaxagoras, is of a majestic beauty, and of great purity and elevation of mind. Her friend Eudora, of a more delicate loveliness, and more flexible disposition, is the adopted daughter of Phidias, who bought her, when an infant, of a goat-herd in Phelle—herself and nurse having been stolen from the Ionian coast by Greek pirates, the nurse sold into slavery, and the child delivered to the care of the goat-herd. The ladies, of course, have lovers. Eudora

is betrothed to Philæmon. This Athenian, the son of the wealthy Cherilaus, but whose mother was born in Corinth, has incurred the dislike of Aspasia, the wife of Pericles. She procures the revival of an ancient law subjecting to a heavy fine all citizens who marry foreigners, and declaring all persons whose parents were not both Athenians, incapable of voting in the public assemblies, or of inheriting the estates of their fathers. Philæmon, thus deprived of citizenship, prevented from holding office, and without hope of any patrimony, is obliged to postpone, indefinitely, his union with Eudora. The revival of the obnoxious law has also a disastrous effect on the interests of Philothea. She is beloved by Paralus, the son of Pericles, and returns his affection. But in marrying she will bring upon him losses and degradation. Pericles, too, looks with an evil eye upon her poverty; and the idea of marriage is therefore finally abandoned.

Matters are thus situated when Philothea, being appointed one of the Canephoreæ (whose duty it is to embroider the sacred peplos, and to carry baskets in the procession of the Panathenaia) is rigidly secluded by law, for six months, within the walls of the Acropolis. During this time Eudora, deprived of the good counsel and example of her friend, becomes a frequent visitor at the house of Aspasia, by whose pernicious influence she is insensibly affected. It is at the return of Philothea from the Acropolis that the story commences. At the urgent solicitation of Aspasia, who is desirous of strengthening her influence in Athens by the countenance of the virtuous, Anaxagoras is induced to attend, with his grand-daughter, a symposium at the house of Pericles. Eudora accompanies them. The other guests are Hermippus, Phidias, the Persian Artaphernes, Tibonius a learned Ethiopian, Plato, Hipparete the wife of Alcibiades, and Alcibiades himself. At this symposium Eudora is dazzled by the graces of Alcibiades, and listens to his seductive flattery—forgetful of the claims of Hipparete and of her own lover, Philæmon. The poison of this illicit feeling now affects all the action of the drama. Philothea discovers the danger of her friend, but is sternly repulsed upon the proffer of good advice. Alcibiades is appointed a secret interview by Eudora, which is interrupted by Philothea—not, however, before it is observed by Philæmon, who in consequence, abandons his mistress, and departs broken-hearted from Athens. The eyes of Eudora are now opened, too late, to the perfidy of Alcibiades, who had deceived her with the promise of marriage and of obtaining a divorce from Hipparete. It is Hipparete who appeals to the Archons for a divorce from Alcibiades, on the score of his notorious profligacy; and in the investigations which ensue, it appears that a snare has been laid by Aspasia and himself to entrap Eudora, and that, with a similar end in view, he has also promised marriage to Electra, the Corinthian.

Pericles seeks to please the populace by diminishing the power of the Areopagus. He causes a decree to be passed, that those who deny the existence of the Gods, or introduce new opinions about celestial things, shall be tried by the people. This, however, proves injurious to some of his own personal friends. Hermippus lays before the Themistocles Archons an accusation of blasphemy against Anaxagoras, Phidias, and Aspasia; and the case is tried before the fourth assembly of the people. Anaxagoras is charged with not having offered victims to the Gods, and with having blasphemed the divine Phœbus by saying the sun was only a huge ball of fire:—he is condemned to die. Phidias is accused of blasphemy in having carved the likeness of himself and Pericles on the shield of heaven-born Pallas—of having

said that he approved the worship of the Gods merely because he wished to have his own works adored—and of decoying to his own house the maids and matrons of Athens, under pretence of seeing sculpture, but in fact, to administer to the profligacy of Pericles. He also is sentenced to death. Aspasia is accused of saying that the sacred baskets of Demeter contained nothing of so much importance as the beautiful maidens who carried them; and that the temple of Poseidon was enriched with no offerings from those who had been wrecked notwithstanding their supplications—thereby implying irreverent doubts of the power of Ocean's God. Her sentence is exile. Pericles, however, succeeds in getting the execution of the decrees suspended until the oracle of Amphiaraus can be consulted. Antiphon, a celebrated diviner, is appointed to consult it. He is absent for many days, and in the meantime Pericles has an opportunity of tampering with the people, as he has already tampered with Antiphon. The response of the oracle opportunely declares that the sentences be re-considered. They are; Phidias and Anaxagoras are merely banished, while Aspasia is acquitted. These trials form, perhaps, the most interesting portion of the book.

Chapter XI. introduces us to Anaxagoras, the contented resident of a small village near Lampsacus in Ionia. He is old, feeble and poor. Philothea watches by his side, and supports him with the labor of her hands, Plato visits the sage of Clazomenæ in his retreat, and brings news of the still beloved Athens. The pestilence is raging—the Piræus is heaped with the unburied dead. Hipparete has fallen a victim. Pericles was one of the first sufferers, but has recovered through the skill of Hippocrates. Phidias who, after his sentence of exile, departed with Eudora to Elis, and grew in honor among the Eleans—is dead. Eudora still remains at his house, Elis having bestowed on her the yearly revenues of a farm in consideration of the affectionate care bestowed upon her illustrious benefactor. Philæmon is in Persia instructing the sons of the wealthy satrap Megabyzus. Alcibiades is living in unbridled license at Athens. But the visitor has not yet spoken of Paralus, the lover of Philothea.—“Daughter of Alcimenes,” he at length says—we copy here a page of the volume as a specimen of the grace of the narrative:

“Daughter of Alcimenes, your heart reproaches me that I forbear to speak of Paralus. That I have done so, has not been from forgetfulness, but because I have with vain and self-defeating prudence sought for cheerful words to convey sad thoughts. Paralus breathes and moves, but is apparently unconscious of existence in this world. He is silent and abstracted, like one just returned from the cave of Troponins. Yet beautiful forms are ever with him in infinite variety; for his quiescent soul has now undisturbed recollection of the divine archetypes in the ideal world, of which all earthly beauty is the shadow.”

“He is happy, then, though living in the midst of death,” answered Philothea. “But does his memory retain no traces of his friends?”

“One—and one only,” he replied. “The name of Philothea was too deeply engraven to be washed away by the waters of oblivion. He seldom speaks; but when he does you are ever in his visions. The sound of a female voice accompanying the lyre is the only thing that makes him smile; and nothing moves him to tears save the farewell song of Orpheus to Eurydice. In his drawings there is more of majesty and beauty than Phidias or Myron ever conceived; and one figure is always there—the Pythia, the Muse, the Grace, or something combining all these, more spiritual than either.”

The special object of Plato's visit is the hearing of a message from Pericles. Hippocrates has expressed a hope that the presence of Philothea may restore, in some measure, the health and understanding of Paralus, and the once ambitious father has sent to beg the maiden's consent to a union with the now deeply afflicted son.

“Philothea would not leave me even if I urged it with tears,” replied Anaxagoras, “and I am forbidden to return to Athens.”

“Pericles has provided an asylum for you, on the borders of Attica,” answered Plato, “and the young people would soon join you after their marriage. He did not suppose that his former proud opposition to their loves would be forgotten; but he said hearts like yours would forgive it all, the more readily because he was now a man deprived of power, and his son suffering under a visitation of the gods. Alcibiades laughed aloud when he heard of this proposition; and said his uncle would never think of making it to any but a maiden who sees the zephyrs run, and hears the stars sing. He spoke truth in his profane merriment. Pericles knows that she who obediently listens to the inward voice, will be most likely to seek the happiness of others, forgetful of her own wrongs.”

“I do not believe the tender hearted maiden ever cherished resentment against any living thing,” replied Anaxagoras. “She often reminds me of Hesiod's description of Leto:

Placid to men and to immortal gods;
Mild from the first beginning of her days;
Gentlest of all in Heaven.

She has indeed been a precious gift to my old age. Simple and loving as she is, there are times when her looks and words fill me with awe, as if I stood in the presence of divinity.”

“It is a most lovely union when the Muses and the Gharitioe inhabit the same temple,” said Plato. “I think she learned of you to be a constant worshipper of the innocent and graceful nymphs, who preside over kind and gentle actions. But tell me, Anaxagoras, if this marriage is declined, who will protect the daughter of Alcimenes when you are gone?”

The philosopher replied, “I have a sister, Helidora, the youngest of my father's flock, who is a Priestess of the Sun, at Ephesus.—Of all my family, she has least despised me for preferring philosophy to gold; and report bespeaks her wise and virtuous. I have asked and obtained from her a promise to protect Philothea when I am gone; but I will tell my child the wishes of Pericles, and leave her to the guidance of her own heart. If she enters the home of Paralus, she will be to him, as she has been to me, a bounty like the sunshine.”

Philothea assents joyfully to the union, although Chrysippus, the wealthy prince of Clazomenæ, has offered her his hand. Anaxagoras dies. His grand-daughter, attended by Plato and some female acquaintances, departs for Athens and arrives safely in the harbor of Phalerum. No important change has occurred in Paralus, who still shows a total unconsciousness of past events. The lovers however, are united. Many long passages about this portion of the narrative are of a lofty beauty. The dreamy, distraught, yet, unembittered existence of the husband, revelling in the visions of the Platonic philosophy—the anxiety of the father and his friends—the ardent, the pure and chivalric love, with the uncompromising devotion and soothing attentions of the wife—are pictures of which the rare merit will not fail to be appreciated by all whose opinion Mrs. Child would be likely to value.

Hippocrates has been informed that Tithonus, the Ethiopian, possesses the power of leading the soul from the body, “by means of a soul dissecting wand,” and the idea arises that the process may produce a salutary effect upon Paralus. Tithonus will be present at the Olympian games, and thither the patient is conveyed, under charge of Pericles, Plato, and his wife. On the route to Corinth, a letter from Philæmon, addressed to Anaxagoras, is handed by Ariaphernes the Persian, to Philothea. At the close of this letter the writer expresses a wish to be informed of Eudora's fate, and an earnest hope that she is not beyond the reach of Philothea's influence. The travellers finally stop at a small town in the neighborhood of Olympia, and at the residence of Proclus and his wife Melissa, “worthy simple-hearted people with whom Phidias had died, and under whose protection he had placed his adopted daughter.” The meeting between this maiden and Philothea is full of interest. The giddy heart of Eudora is chastened by sorrow. Phidias had designed her marriage with his nephew Pandænus—but her first love is not yet forgotten. A letter is secretly written by Philothea to

Philæmon, acquainting him with the change in Eudora's character, and with her unabated affection for himself,—“ Sometimes,” she writes, “ a stream is polluted at the fountain and its waters are tainted through all its wanderings; and sometimes the traveller throws into a pure rivulet some unclean thing which floats awhile and then is rejected from its bosom. Eudora is the pure rivulet. A foreign stain floated on its surface, but never mingled with its waters.”

The efforts of Tithonus are inadequate to the effectual relief of Paralus. We quote in full the account of the Ethiopian's attempt. Mrs. Child is here, however, partially indebted to a statement by Clearchus, of an operation somewhat similar to that of Tithonus, performed either by the aid or in the presence of Aristotle. The subject has derived additional interest of late, from the manner in which it has been touched by Hare Townshend and Newnham,

The relation of Clearchus mentions a diviner with a spirit drawing wand and a youth whose soul was thereby taken from the body, leaving it inanimate. The soul being replaced by the aid of the magician, the youth enters into a wild account of what befel him during the trance. The passage in “ Philothea” runs thus:—

Tithonus stood behind the invalid and remained perfectly quiet for many minutes. He then gently touched the back part of his head with a small wand, and leaning over him, whispered in his ear. An unpleasant change immediately passed over the countenance of Paralus. He endeavored to place his hand on his head, and a cold shivering seized him. Philothea shuddered, and Pericles grew pale, as they watched these symptoms; but the silence remained unbroken. A second and a third time the Ethiopian touched him with his wand, and spoke in whispers. The expression of pain deepened; insomuch that his friends could not look upon him without anguish of heart. Finally his limbs straightened, and became perfectly rigid and motionless.

Tithonus, perceiving the terror he had excited, said soothingly, “ O Athenians, be not afraid. I have never seen the soul withdrawn without a struggle with the body. Believe me it will return. The words I whispered, were those I once heard from the lips of Plato. ‘ The human soul is guided by two horses—one white with a flowing mane, earnest eye, and wings like a swan, whereby he seeks to fly; but the other is black, heavy, and sleepy-eyed—ever prone to lie down upon the earth.’ The second time I whispered, ‘ Lo, the soul seeketh to ascend! ’ And the third time I said, ‘ Behold the winged separates from that which has no wings.’ When life returns, Paralus will have remembrance of these words.”

“ Oh, restore him! restore him!” exclaimed Philothea, in tones of agonised intreaty.

Tithonus answered with respectful tenderness, and again stood in profound silence several minutes, before he raised the wand. At the first touch, a feeble shivering gave indication of returning life. As it was repeated a second and a third time, with a brief interval between each movement, the countenance of the sufferer grew more dark and troubled, until it became fearful to look upon. But the heavy shadow gradually passed away, and a dreamy smile returned like a gleam of sunshine after storms. The moment Philothea perceived an expression familiar to her heart, she knelt by the couch, seized the hand of Paralus, and bathed it with her tears.

When the first gush of emotion had subsided, she said in a soft, low voice, “ Where have you been, dear Paralus? ” The invalid answered, “ A thick vapor enveloped me, as with a dark cloud; and a stunning noise pained my head with its violence. A voice said to me, ‘ The human soul is guided by two horses; one white, with a flowing mane, earnest eyes, and wings like a swan, whereby he seeks to fly; but the other is black, heavy, and sleepy-eyed—ever prone to lie down upon the earth.’ Then the darkness began to clear away. But there was strange confusion. All things seemed rapidly to interchange their colors and their forms—the sound of a storm was in mine ears—the elements and the stars seemed to crowd upon me—and my breath was taken away. Then I heard a voice saying, ‘ Lo, the soul seeketh to ascend! ’ And I looked and saw the chariot and horses, of which the voice again said, ‘ B-hold, the winged separates from that which hath no wings! ’ And suddenly the chariot ascended, and I saw the white horse on light, fleecy clouds, in a far blue sky. Then I heard a pleasing silent sound—as if dew-drops made music as they fell. I breathed freely, and my form seemed to expand itself with buoyant life. All at once I was floating in the air above a quiet lake, where reposed seven beautiful islands, full of the sound of harps; and Philothea slept at my side, with a garland on her head. I asked, ‘ Is

this the divine home whence I departed into the body? ’ And a voice above my head answered: It is the divine home. Man never leaves it. He ceases to perceive. Afterward I looked downward, and saw my dead body lying on a couch. Then again there came strange confusion—and a painful clashing of sounds—and all things rushing together. But Philothea took my hand and spoke to me in gentle tones, and the discord ceased.”

The mind of Paralus derives but a temporary benefit from the skill of Tithonus, and even the attendance of the patient upon the Olympian games (a suggestion of Pericles) fails of the desired effect. A partial revival is indeed thus brought about—but death rapidly ensues. The friends of the deceased return to Athens, accompanied by the adopted daughter of Phidias. Philothea dies. Not many days after the funeral ceremonies, Eudora suddenly disappears. Alcibiades is suspected (justly) of having entrapped her to his summer residence in Salamis. The pages which follow this event detail the rescue of the maiden by the ingenuity of two faithful slaves—the discovery of her father in Artaphernes the Persian, whom she accompanies to the court of Artaxerxes—her joyful meeting there and marriage with Philothea, after refusing the proffered hand of Xerxes himself.

In regard to the species of novel of which “ Philothea ” is so fine a specimen, we may say that no powers can render it, at the present day, popular. Nor is the voice of the people, in this respect, to be adduced as any evidence of corrupted taste. We have little of purely human sympathy in the distantly antique; and what little we have is weakened by the necessity for effort in conceiving appropriateness in manners, habits, costume, and modes of thought, so widely at variance with those around us. The “ Pompeii ” of Bulwer cannot be considered as altogether belonging to the species, and fails in popularity only as it does so belong to it. This justly admired work owes what it possesses of attraction for the mass, to the stupendousness of its leading event—an event rendered only the more thrillingly interesting by the obscurity which years have thrown over its details—to the skill with which the mind of the reader is prepared for this event—to the vigor with which it is depicted—and to the commingling with this event human passions wildly affected thereby—passions the sternest of our nature and common to all character and time. By means so effectual we are hurried over, and observe not, unless with a critical eye, those radical defects or difficulties (coincident with the choice of epoch) of which we have spoken above. The fine perception of Bulwer endured these difficulties as inseparable from the ground-work of his narrative—did not mistake them for facilities. The plot of “ Philothea,” like that of the “ Telemachus ” and of the “ Anarcharsis,” should be regarded, on the other hand, as merely the vehicle for the “ antique manners, habits and modes of thought ” which are at variance with a popular interest to-day. Regarding it in this, its only proper light, we are justified in speaking of the work as an honor to our country, and a triumph for our country-women.

“ Philothea ” might be introduced, with advantage, into our female academies. Its purity of thought and elevation of tone are admirably adapted to scholastic purposes. It would prove an effectual aid in the study of Greek antiquity, with the spirit of which it is wonderfully imbued. We say wonderfully—for the authoress disclaims all knowledge of the classical tongues. There are some points, to be sure, at which a pedant might cavil—some perversions of the character of Pericles—or the philosophy of Anaxagoras—and there might be found more than one flaw in the arrangement of Aspasia's symposium. On the other hand the work af-

fords evidence of an even intimate acquaintance with the *genius* of the times, places, and people depicted; and with the many egregious blunders of so fine a scholar as Barthélemy still fresh in our remembrance, it will never do to find fault with a few peccadilloes on the part of Mrs. Child. As a mere narrative, "Philothea" is, moreover, entitled to high praise, and its exceeding purity of style should especially recommend it to the attention of teachers.

NEW BOOKS, AND NEW EDITIONS.

An Encyclopædia of Domestic Economy, comprising such subjects as are most immediately connected with house-keeping, &c., &c.—Illustrated with nearly one thousand wood cuts. To be completed in twelve numbers at 25 cents. Parts 1, 2, and 3. Harper and Brothers.

This is unquestionably the most comprehensive work on the subject of Housekeeping, that has ever been undertaken since the days of Noah, and considering the great number of its illustrations, and their general excellence, it must be pronounced the cheapest. The first part is very properly devoted to architecture, the construction of a house being the first consideration towards house-keeping. The illustrations are mainly taken from Gwilt, one of the most reliable sources for architectural accuracy, with which we have any acquaintance. The publishers have very strangely introduced a view of Trinity church in this part, but for what reason we cannot possibly divine. There are plenty of domestic buildings in Downing's two books, which would have given a much better idea of an American house than Trinity church. It is greatly to be regretted that in a work of this importance, a few pages and a few designs had not been given to American houses, types of which may be found in great abundance both in town and country. The view of Wallaton Hall is given without the central pile, which imparts to that remarkable building its chief characteristic; there is enough given, however, to enable those who have never seen it to form some idea of its picturesque beauty. The methods of warming and ventilating houses are peculiarly valuable. The second part is devoted mainly to artificial illumination, and the third, which is most profusely illustrated, to furniture, plate, and upholstery. Each part contains more than a hundred and twenty pages of closely printed matter in clear type, on handsome paper. Every man, when he takes a wife, should also procure a copy of this valuable Encyclopædia.

Harper's Illuminated and Illustrated Shakespeare. Nos. 53, 54.

There are two or three things about this edition of the great poet especially worthy of commendation, although there are others, which we shall point out next week, not to be passed over without reprehension. We particularly admire the illustrated corn, which is one of the best specimens of that kind of drawing which any of our publishers have put forth. The present number contains "As You Like it," entire. The illustrations are very beautiful, well conceived, well drawn, and cut with great neatness and precision. The names of the artists should be given. One of the points which we particularly admire is the good taste of the editor in choosing the old and most correct manner of spelling Shakespeare's name.

A Treatise on the Knowledge necessary to Amateurs in Pictures.—Translated and abridged from the French of M. Francis Xavier de Burdin, first stipendiary member of the Royal Academy of Brussels in the class of sciences, &c. By Robert White.

It contains, indeed, so much of that kind of practical information which amateurs must acquire, either through some such aid, or through the more tedious path of their own individual experience, and at the same time affords to persons of more matured taste such an insight into the state of connoisseurship on the continent, that it is to be wondered that

no one has, until now, endeavored to make it more generally acceptable by means of an English version. Although Mr. Burdin's work, which was published in 1808, at Brussels, cannot now be considered as new, and makes no pretension to the character of a profound disquisition on the art of paintings, yet no publication of a previous or later date, addressed itself so directly to the wants and wishes of amateurs, or supplies so compendious a general view of the subject of which it treats.

This little volume contains plates after the following paintings.

I. *Cupid Shaping his Bow*.—From Correggio or Parmegiano.

II. *The Adoration of the Shepherds*.—From Pœlemburg.

III. *Fruit Piece*.—From Ean Oelst.

IV. *Village Festival*.—From Teniers:

The principal subjects of the Treatise are as follows.

Of the qualities which are required to make a good picture. How to judge pictures. How to judge whether a picture is in good preservation or not. How to know and appreciate copies. Of the manner of analyzing and describing pictures. Of the general schools of painting. On the causes of the characteristics which distinguish the different schools from each other. Of the classification of pictures according to their subjects. On the causes of the superiority of the 16th and 17th centuries over those of the present century. Of the different methods of cleaning pictures and of restoring them. On the public galleries of Paris, Vienna, Dresden, Duseldorf and Munich.

The Mysteries of Berlin, from the papers of a Berlin Criminal officer. Translated from the German by C. B. Burkhardt, with illustrations on Steel by P. Habermann. Part 1st., price 12 1-2 cts. New-York. William H. Colyer. 1845.

This serial is much better printed and illustrated than the great majority of similarly published works. We must read more than the first number before we can form any opinion of the Berlin mysteries, but they seem to have fallen into suitable hands to present them to English readers.

Wyoming.—A Tale.—No. 50 of Harper's Library of Select Novels, pp. 124, price 25 cts.

Wyoming is said to be the production of a lady, and it certainly contains nothing to indicate that it is from the pen of a man. It is modelled after the Cooper-James school, and, as its name seems to promise, relates the adventures of the early settlers of northern Pennsylvania in ante-revolutionary times.

The Pictorial History of the World, by John Frost, L. D. Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4. Walker and Gillis. Philadelphia.

This is among the very best of the numerous illustrated books that are daily issuing from our press; the cuts, with but few exceptions, are admirably executed from designs selected with great taste and judgment. Our only regret in respect to them is that they are not original drawings, but their intrinsic value is not a whit diminished by their being copied from other works which are not accessible to the masses.

Table-talk, by William Hazlitt, part 2d, and tales from the *Gesta Romanorum*, or nights with the old story tellers. Nos. 9 and 10 of Wiley and Putnam's Library of choice reading.

The table talk is better known to our reading public than the *Gesta Romanorum*, but both books will be alike acceptable to those who will form their first acquaintance with them in the form that they are here presented in. It would be difficult to find pleasanter or better reading for a summer

afternoon. We have extracted a short story from the *Gesta Romanorum* in another part of our journal.

The Battle of the Factions, and other tales of Ireland, by William Carleton, with engravings. Price 25 cts. Philadelphia. Carey & Hart.

The author of these stories enjoys a better reputation in his own country than in ours, while the case with Lever, and Maxwell, is reversed. The reason is that Carleton is more true to nature than the other Irish Romancists; and from a similar cause, Sam Slick was infinitely more popular in England than in America.

Harper's Pictorial Bible. No. 27.

The present number is, in every respect, a fitting companion to those that have gone before it. In some of the little vignettes we perceive, or at least think that we do, the hand of a new cutter. The illustrations of the 14th and 19th chapters of *Isaiah*, are exceedingly neat and spirited.

Dashes at Life with a free pencil, by N. P. Willis. Part 1st. *High Life in Europe* and *American Life*. New-York. Published by J. S. Redford.

The Blind Girl, with other tales, by Emma C. Embury. Harper & Brothers. A new and neat Edition of some of Mrs. Embury's most popular stories.

Philothea, a Grecian Romance, by L. Maria Child. A new corrected edition. C. L. Francis & Co. 252 Broadway.

Nig't and Morning, by Sir E. L. Bulwer, 2 Vols. in one. No. 10 of Harper's Pocket Edition of Select Novels.

No Cross, No Crown, a discourse showing the nature and discipline of the Holy Cross of Christ, &c. &c., to which are added the living and dying testimonies of many persons of fame and learning, both of ancient and modern times, in favor of this treatise, in two parts. By William Penn. New-York. Collins, Brothers, & Co. 1845.

THE MAGAZINES.

The only Magazine of the better class which has reached us, for June, is the Knickerbocker, which has an unusually good table of contents. It contains a long and well-written criticism on the young English poetry, from the pen of Mr. Bristed, a grandson of John Jacob Astor's, of whose scholarship we have often heard most extravagant reports. The Knickerbocker also contains an original poem by Tennyson, which the editor received from the same gentleman.

The Blackwood for May has been issued by Leonard Scott & Co., Fulton street.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

The Glee Club Companion, containing a selection of Glees, Catches, Trios and Duets, from the best English composers. Published by F. Riley, 297 Broadway, N. Y.

We have had occasion to remark several times the increasing love for vocal part-music among the young men of this city; we do so again and with sincere satisfaction, for a taste formed by the practice of good compositions is sure to be well grounded, and is almost certain to lead to a fine perception of the beautiful in every class of music. The popularity which several of the Amateur Glee Clubs have gained in the best classes of society in this city and in Brooklyn, cannot fail, by arousing emulation, to give a powerful impetus to the tide which is now setting in the right way.

Glee Books of any worth are very scarce, not more than one or two collections, and these but limited, being published. The market is, to be sure, positively glutted with miserably printed, inconvenient, namby pamby, trashy "collections," which no teacher of any knowledge or taste, would recommend to his pupils for practice. The collections of German Glees published in this city, contain a large amount

of exquisite music by the first writers of Germany. The enterprise in producing such works is truly praiseworthy. There are two German *collections*; one published in very excellent style by F. P. Dyer, Hudson st.; the other we have not seen. But, beautiful as these glees are, a constant practice of them will be sure to induce a hard, constrained, and mechanical method of singing. They are charming in melody and rich in harmony, but they are, for the most part, simply harmonized airs.

Not so the glees before us. These are not inferior to the German glees either in melody or in harmony, while as compositions they rank far above them. In fact the English Glees form a school of music entirely peculiar to England: no other nation possesses the same class of music, or if they do, only in an inferior degree. The English Glees are generally found to consist of two, three, or more movements, all carrying out one clear and broad design, and they are distinguished by the beautiful simplicity of their melody, the richness and clearness of their harmony, and the freedom and vigor of their counterpoint. There cannot be found any compositions more beautiful, in the whole range of vocal music, than many of the four and five-voiced glees by Webber, Horsly, Calcott, Mornington, Bishop, &c. &c. Besides, the class of glees now under notice does not require such an incessant strain upon the extreme parts—1st tenor and 2d bass—as is the case with the German Glees; they are in fact more truly vocal.

There are many beautiful glees in Riley's collection, such as "Here in cool Grot and Mossy Cell," "Peace to the Souls of the Heroes," "O! happy Fair your Eyes are Loadstars," "The Friars," &c. &c.; beside some capital duets, catches, and rounds. We can recommend the Glee Club Companion to all our glee singing friends, as a work select, if not extensive; well got up, and *very cheap*.

MUSICAL ITEMS.

We are positively to have a French Opera at the Park in a few weeks. Its success will be, we feel assured, quite complete. The company is stronger than any we have seen here, and comprises both beauty and talent. The school of music too, is, to our taste, much, very much superior to the modern Italian music so hackneyed now on every hand. We shall be glad to find it better known and appreciated by the public.

That most delightful of all summer resorts, Niblo's Garden, opens next Monday. There will be an English Vaudeville Company in addition to the attractions of the locality. We have not heard anything positive respecting the engagements made, but we presume as Mr. Chippendale is the manager, he will gather around him a strong and attractive company. We shall be glad to see the place thronged as it always has been with the beauty and the fashion of the city.

The season at Castle Garden can scarcely be said to have begun, for the weather has been so wretchedly unpropitious since it opened, that the attractions of that lovely spot have not as yet been fairly tested.

It is understood that the Italians are engaged to appear, with a whole host of novelties of an attractive nature. All those who really enjoy music, society, pure air and lovely scenery, should visit Castle Garden often.

Mad'lle Borghese, it is said, will be on here this summer her intention of visiting Mexico having been abandoned in consequence of not being able to form a full company. It is more than probable that Mr. Frey's Opera, if successful in Philadelphia, will be produced here within a short time.

We hear of a Concert, upon a grand scale, to be given very shortly. The performance will consist of a Sacred Drama, never before given in this city. The composer is Carl Lowe, and the music is of a high order and so full of melody that its popularity is certain. The best talent of the City will be

engaged, the chorus will not only be large but efficient, and every thing will be conducted on a scale of liberality which cannot fail to meet with public approbation and support.—We shall be able to speak more positively in our next number.

TO LENORE.

Oh! fragile and fair as the delicate chalices,
Wrought with so rare and so subtle a skill,
Bright relics, that tell of the pomp of those palaces
Venice—the sea-goddess—glories in still!

Their exquisite texture, transparent and tender,
A pure blush alone from the ruby wine takes :
Yet ah! if some false hand, profaning its splendor,
Dares but to taint it with poison,—it breaks!

So when Love poured thro' thy pure heart his lightning,
On thy pale cheek, the soft rose-hues awoke ;—
So when wild Passion, that timid heart frightening,
Poisoned the treasure,—it trembled and broke !

CLARICE.

DELIGHTFUL SIGHTS.

New-York can boast of more charming pictures, tableaux vivants, than any other city in the world. The assertion is a very broad one, but we believe that nobody who has been over the world, will deny its truth. Since the season has fairly become sunny and natural, and the streets intolerably dusty, and uncomfortable, the most delightful sights are to be seen on the water. The Bay has been unusually lively during the past week. A few days since as we were crossing one of the lower ferries, our eyes lighted upon the most showy tableaux of sea-grouping that they had ever been gladdened by. On one hand lay the majestic three-decker North Carolina, the beautiful Sicilian frigate, a revenue Cutter, and a host of smaller craft; and on the other side were the stately Columbus, the corvette Vincennes, and a crowd of East river sloops, intermingled with a Liverpool packet and a dozen small steamers; the large Sound-boats, Narragansett, Rhode-Island, and Worcester, came plunging their vast white bodies with a multitude of human beings on their upper decks, and setting everything afloat in commotion by the waves raised by their huge paddles. A tow-boat from Philadelphia with a long string of barges in her wake, and another from Albany, looking like a floating village, came along at the same moment, and filled up the picture, when suddenly there darted out from among the apparently inextricable mass of floating worlds, a little fairy looking yacht, with "Ospray" emblazoned on her stern, and with sails that sat like a new coat on a dandy. The wind was brisk and for a moment appearances threatened a general crash, but there proved to be sea room enough, and each bark went on its way rejoicing, throwing the spray like snow-drifts all over the broad Bay.

There is always something to be seen worth a walk down to the Battery, besides the new Opera House. The corporation owe it to the inhabitants of the city to introduce two or three fountains into the Battery, and then it would be without a rival in the world. The Park is always pleasant, tho' just now dusty; one day this week, with all its green trees, and fountain and sun shine, it looked sad enough; a poor gentleman, weary of the world, selected this spot to blow out his brains in. Crossing over from Broadway to Chatham street, in the rear of the Hall, we heard the report of a pistol, and, turning our head, saw at a few paces off, a well-dressed man fall to the ground. The poor man's name was Wilson, his profession was the law, and pecuniary trouble is said to have caused the deed.

NATIVE TALENT VS. FOREIGN TALENT.

The following observations apply with so much force to the violent and exclusive principle, which has been so broadly laid down, in reference to "American Artists," "American Poets," "American Native talent," &c. that we can with great propriety give them a place in our columns. They are selected from an European, continental journal. The origin however, of the article, we have nothing to do with—it is the truth and the force of the remarks to which we claim attention. We assume that taste and talent, in music, in paintings, in writing, &c. whatever be their origin or birth-place, belongs to the whole world. We can rarely listen to a speech in congress, to a lecture upon any subject, by an American, or read any American work upon the Arts, in which we do not find a laboured effort to show forth the vast strength and beauty of *Native American talent*. It is in bad taste, and about as appropriate, as if a comely youth possessing nature's finest personal graces were to stand in Broadway and lay claim to the admiration of all passers by, in order to distinguish him from the vulgar or less prepossessing multitude.

These observations apply especially to the literature of our country, and perhaps with as much justice to the works of art.

From a Hamburg paper, respecting an Architectural competition we copy the following:

"Is it true patriotism to prefer the design of a native artist, excellent though it be, when confessedly less correspondent than that of another, to the true genius of German architecture? The English are not thus limited in their views. It is well known that M. de Chateauneuf received one of the prizes in the competition for the new London Exchange. It is a spurious patriotism that would give to our whole city a church of an inferior design, merely that we might bestow our patronage (?) on one of its inhabitants.—The love of our country, the love of German art in its most sublime and most significant sense, speaks most unquestionably for the design of the English architect, who, deriving his inspiration from the genius of Germany, has entered with love into his work, and given us what pre-eminently belongs to us—the purest Gothic form—the national architecture of our father-land. Let us away then with the petty patronage, that has no fellowship with the beautiful, but to envy it.—Follow, rather, the better example."

LITERARY GOSSIP.
THOMAS HOOD.

"It is the heaviest stone melancholy can throw at a man," says old Fuller, "to tell him that he is at the end of his being; a truth, which excellent, witty, stout-hearted Thomas Hood has been rather playing with as a football or shuttlecock any time these ten years than receiving as so gloomy a missive. But alas, the time for skirmishing with so severe an antagonist, seems well nigh over, and Hood, with the certainty of immediate death before him, is receiving from friends and the press, those honors which are too often withheld for posterity and the "dull cold ear." A late number of the magazine which he has just established, announces his approaching dissolution, and commends him as a very great author. His merits will appear to us the greater when the light is withdrawn and we sit in darkness. A writer starts up to amuse and enlighten us through the press—day after day, month after month, he pours out an unceasing flow of jests, and sentiment, and wisdom; we take the gift, and never look for the giver: it seems a matter of course that the morning paper should be wise and witty, just as the morning sun is expected to shine. But little reputation is formed in this benevolent and beneficial way. But let a pompous author time his appearance with a due attention to self and his own want of power, and come forward in an octavo, we hail the man. We are willing to praise the one, but we cannot live without the other. This is the difference, but the honor should be more wisely distributed.

How Hood has borne up against the inroads of a long disease, the consumption, let him tell us himself in a passage of his mirthful philosophy written in 1839—"the very fingers so aristocratically slender, that now hold the pen, hint plainly of the 'ills that flesh is heir to;' my coats have become great-coats, my pantaloons have been turned into trowsers, and, by a worse bargain than Peter Schlemihl's I seem to have retained my shadow and sold my substance. In short, as happens to prematurely old port wine, I am of a bad color with very little body. But what then? That emaciated hand still lends a hand to embody words, and sketches the creations and recreations of a Merry Faney: those gaunt sides yet shake heartily as ever at the Grotesques and Arabesques, and dull Picturesques that my Good Genius (a Pantagruelian familiar) charitably conjures up to divert me from more sombre realities. * * * * The raven croaked, but I persuaded myself that it was the nightingale: there was the smell of the mould, but I remembered that it nourished the violets." There was faith and a sound heart there. It was not for nothing. Since that day Hood has written some of his best verses, his quaintest stories are his most philanthropic appeals. English readers and English hearts will not soon forget them. If Hood revives once more, he will be a sacred man while he lives. The sympathy of the good is with him. We trust we are violating no courtesy of private life while we quote from a letter received by the last steamer, from a source which adds pathos to every line, if that were necessary:

"Poor Hood is dying—in a state of perfect preparation and composure, among the tears of his friends. His disease has been consumption—is, in fact—but the crisis is combined with water on the chest, which is expected to bring death. To a friend who asked him the other morning how it was with him, he answered with a characteristic playful pathos, "The tide is rising—and I shall soon be in port." It is said of him, that he has no regrets for life, except for the unborn works which he feels striving impotently in his dying brain—a species of regret which is peculiarly affecting to me, as it must be to all who understand it: also it is plain to me that he has genius greater than anything he has produced—and if this is plain and sad to us, how profoundly melancholy it must be to him. The only comfort is that the end of development is not here. Sir Robert Peel wrote a long letter to him lately in a tone of respect and consideration, which was honorable to the minister, and relieved him from becoming anxiety by attaching his pension to the life of his wife rather than to his own. Poor Hood and poor Sydney Smith! How we are losing our Yoricks! 'all dumb'—'all gone'!"

THE AUTHOR OF EOTHEN.—The correspondent of the Knickerbocker in Constantinople, says that Eothen gives the best description of Constantinople of any book of travels that have been published, and that the author's name is White.

An American gentleman who has lately returned from Europe, brings with him the following anecdote of Tennyson. At a German inn he met with an Englishman remarkable in a three-fold manner; for his appearance, which was interesting and striking—for his conversation, which was markedly peculiar—and for his hat, which, for the length of time it had been ignorant of a nap, might have balanced the seven sleepers in the economy of nature. One day the two strangers were put into the same vehicle to visit a ruin or a waterfall, and, then, for the first time, the Englishman discovered that his companion was an American. Upon learning this, he drew a note-book from his pocket, and taking from it a copy in MS. of "Tennyson's Mariana in the Moated Grange," asked the American if he had ever seen it. "Certainly," was the reply; "I am very familiar with it." "But is Tennyson much esteemed in America?" "He is admired by all whose admiration is an honor." "Is he?" exclaimed the Englishman, with boyish delight glowing from his face, "Why, I'm TENNYSON!"

The anecdote is highly characteristic of Tennyson; he appears to be in the habit of showing his poems in manuscript to his acquaintances. The last number of the Knickerbocker contains a poem which an American gentleman in England obtained from him in this manner. As it has never appeared before in print, we copy it for its novelty.

MY EARLY LOVE.

Oh that it were possible,
After long years of pain,
To find the arms of my true love
Around me once again!
When I was wont to meet her
In the silent woody places
Of the land that gave us birth,
We stood tranced in long embraces,
Mixed with kisses sweeter, sweeter
Than any thing on earth!

A shadow flits before me,
Not thou, but like to thee
O! CHRIST! that it were possible,
For one short hour, to see
The souls we love, that they might tell us
What and where they be!
It leads me forth at evening,
And lightly winds and steals
In a cold white robe before me,
When all my spirit reels
At the shouts, the leagues of light,
The roaring of the wheels!

Half the night I waste in sighs,
Half in dreams I sorrow after
The hand, the lip, the eyes,
The winsome laughter;
And I hear the pleasant ditty
That I heard her chant of old;
But I wake—my dream is fled!
Without knowledge, without pity,
In the shuddering gray behold,
By the curtains of my bed,
That dreadful phantom cold.
Pass, thou death-like type of pain!
Pass, and cease to move about:
'T is the blot upon the brain,
That will show itself without.

Now I rise; the eave-drops fall,
And the yellow vapors choke
The great city sounding wide;
Day comes; a dull red ball
In a drift of lurid smoke,
O'er the misty river tide.
Through the hubbub of the market
I steal a wasted frame;
It crosseth here, it crosseth there,
Through all that crowd confused and loud,
That shadow still the same;
And on my heavy eyelids
My anguish hangs like shame.
Alas! for her that met me,
That heard me softly call,
Came glimmering through the laurels,
At the quiet evening fall,
In the garden by the terrace
Of the old memorial hall.

The broad light glares and heats,
And the sunk eye flits and fleets,
And will not let me be;
I loathe the squares and streets,
And the faces that one meets,
Hearts with no love for me;
Only I long to sleep
To some still cavern deep,
And weep, and weep, and weep
My whole soul out to thee!

MISCELLANEA.

ANASTATIC PRINTING.—We extract the following interesting particulars in regard to Anastatic Printing, from Appleton's Literary Bulletin.

On the 25th ult., I attended a Lecture at the Royal Institution, by Prof. Faraday, on the Philosophy of the Anastatic Process of Printing, in which all the details of the practice were explained and exhibited. The principle rests on some of the properties of the articles employed: "as water attracts water, oil oil, though they mutually repel each other. Metals are much more easily wetted with oil than with water; but they may readily be moistened by a weak solution of gum, and still more when a portion of phosphatic acid is added." (The lecturer here alluded to some remarkable investigations recently made on these phenomena, by Prof. Henry, of Princeton, N. J.) To these properties of oil, water, and the metals, may be added, as one of the principles of the Anastatic Process, the readiness with which part of the ink of any newly printed book, &c., can be transferred by pressure to any smooth surface, an effect well known to bookbinders. The subject to be copied is first moistened with diluted nitric acid, the superfluous moisture pressed out between folds of bibulous paper, and then pressed with sufficient force in a rolling press on a sheet of clean polished zinc. The acid etches the metal, and the printed portion is left slightly in relief. The principles above stated are now brought into operation. The zinc plate is washed with a weak solution of gum and phosphatic acid, by which the etched surface is completely wetted, while that portion to which the ink has adhered remains perfectly dry. An inked roller is now passed over the surface, inking only those parts untouched by the water; the strong repulsion between the oily and watery surfaces preserves the design in the clearest manner. In this condition of the plate impressions can be taken in the same manner as from

lithographic stone, and as many as three thousand impressions have been taken without any deterioration being apparent. Should, however, the impressions yielded prove deficient in clearness, it is only necessary to wash the zinc plate with turpentine, when it is immediately restored to its pristine condition. Old books, in which the ink has become hardened, are first soaked in a solution of potass, and then of tartaric acid, producing the bitartrate of potass; this permeating the texture of the paper, resists oil, and the ink roller passed over its surface, the ink only adheres to the printed parts. The tartrate is then washed out, and the copy proceeded with as before, commencing with the nitric acid.

We made an announcement a few months back of a volume in preparation, by the American Ethnological Society; from the following intelligence in the Bulletin, it appears to be nearly ready for publication.

THE American Ethnological Society, of which the Hon. Albert Gallatin is President, will publish in a few days the first volume of its "Transactions," in one large octavo volume. This work will consist of articles by members of the Society, relating to various topics of interest to the Antiquary and Philologist. The first article, filling more than half the volume, is by the venerable President of the Society, on Ancient Mexico, its History, Chronology, Language, Civilization, &c., including an analysis of Lord Kingsborough's great work. Mr. Schoolcraft has "an Essay on the Grave Creek mound of Virginia." Mr. Turner a "Dissertation on the Himyaritic Inscriptions lately discovered in Southern Arabia," together with notices of the Ancient Hymyarites. Mr. Catherwood has an article giving an account of his visit to the site of ancient Carthage, with a particular account of the Lybian Phoenician Monument at Dusga. The volume will contain numerous engravings, price \$2.50. Copies may be obtained through D. Appleton & Co.

PIANO FORTES.—We mentioned a week or two since, a very fine toned and mahogany cased piano, made by J. H. Chambers, 385 Broadway. We spoke of it in terms of strong praise, because it deserved it in every way, and we refer to it now simply to inform those who are in want of a piano, that Mr. Chambers has now in his store a fac-simile of the very instrument we then praised. It is worth calling at the store if only to see its form and hear its tone.

THE LAST PIECE, OR THE LE MORCEAU HONTEUX.—A public story-teller related an anecdote of two or three persons being in company where a simple piece of cake had long defied all approach, from the circumstance of its being the last piece in the dish. It so happened, however, that the candle was accidentally extinguished, when each of the party immediately encountered the hand of his neighbor on the devoted morsel.

THE EDITOR OF THE KNICKERBOCKER announces in his "Editor's Table" a volume, which, in its externals, will be all that could be desired, to be entitled "Old Knick's Sketch Book, or the Omissions and Commissions, Fore-thoughts and after-thoughts, of the last fifteen years;" to be published by Burgess, Stringer & Co. We have no very clear idea of what the work will be, but should infer from the title that it will be made up from the amusing contents of the "Editor's Table."

DOUGLAS GEROLD'S IDEA OF CONSERVATIVES.—There's a sort of people in the world that can't bear making any progress. I wonder they ever walk, unless they walk backwards! I wonder they don't refuse to go out when there's a new moon—and all out of love and respect for that "ancient institution," the old one. But there always were such people, and always will be. When lucifers first came in, how many old women, staunch old souls—many of them worthy to be members of parliament—stood by their matches and tinder boxes, and cried out "no surrender!" And how many of these old women—disguised in small attire—every day go about at public meetings, professing to be ready to die for any tinder-box question that may come up! Yes, ready, quite ready to die for it; all the readier, perhaps, because dying for any thing of the sort's gone out of fashion."

BIRTHS, DEATHS, AND MARRIAGES.—Within the past three weeks the New World weekly paper has died, the Plebeian, daily, has been married to the Morning News, and the Alleghanian, weekly, has been born. The first of these journals was an admirable paper from the beginning, the only bad thing about it was

its name, which was very good *per se.* as Captain Tyler says, but quite inapplicable, the contents of the paper being mainly extracted from the Old World; the cause of its untimely departure from this sorrowing world we have never learned. The newly born "Alleghanian" has a very pleasant appearance, and we hope will live to bless the day that gave it birth.

The death (we beg the printer not to make this word read *dearth*) of newspapers is a subject full of matter for an article, and we intend to enlarge upon it by and by, after we have collected a sufficient amount of statistics. All men are born to die, but some newspapers seem born for immortality, they live in an atmosphere of eternal sun-shine and prosperity; while others, like young cauliflower and other tender vegetables, are nipped by the frost in the first year of their existence.

THE CONSEQUENCES OF CURTAILMENT.—A London paper contains the following: "Messrs Chalcn, Stanfield, Leslie, Ceristal, Stump and Ward, have left in the ship Victoria for New York, it is understood, to paint the Hall of Congress of the United States. There were a large number of persons to see them off. They left on the 20th."

The indignation this called forth was particularly frightful—the loss of the whole region of Oregon, on both sides of the Columbia river, was as nothing compared to the insult thus offered by Congress to American artists. We met with the paragraph in the course of our porings over foreign files, and really it excited neither alarm or astonishment, because we happened to read to the end. The paragraph concluded thus, and clearly proved the joke—"and returned the same evening to London, having gone no further than Gravesend."

The "Dashes it Life" by Mr. Willis were received at so late a period, that we have been unable to do more than announce it. We shall, of course, speak of it very fully hereafter. Our opinion of Mr. Willis is well known.

The beautiful "Unseen River," published in this week's Journal, is the composition of HENRY B. HIRST. We extract it, by permission, from a volume of forthcoming poems.

THE LARGEST LETTER IN THE WORLD.—Mr. John R. Peters, junr., who accompanied the American Embassy to China, arrived this morning in the ship Bazaar, and informs us that the Emperor of the Celestial dominions has written a letter, in the Chinese and Manchou languages, to the President of the United States, which is six feet long by three feet wide! Mr. Peters saw the letter. It is written on yellow paper, enclosed in a yellow silk case, and is now in the hands of Dr. Parker for translation. It is expected that it will be sent home in the next ship.

No one can imagine what gratification we feel in communicating this intelligence to the President, that functionary having heretofore borne away the palm for long messages. Though we have "licked the Britis-hers, who licked the world," it is not improbable that the Emperor of China has "licked" us by out-presiding the President. At any rate Mr. Polk will have this consolation—the reading of the document and the necessary reflection thereupon, will be a task weighty enough to excuse his being "at home," to those who still pester him about office. By the way might be not, with great propriety, create a new office—that of reader of the Emperor of China's letters? Verily it would be no sinecure.

But this long epistle is not the only great thing emanating from the empire of China. Mr. Peters has brought home the largest collection of Chinese curiosities yet made, exceeding, we are told, even that made by the late Mr. Dunn. We are not informed whether any measures will be taken to gratify the curiosity which this information will excite.

PIPPIN.—This word is derived, by Dr. Johnson, from *puppinghe* [Dutch]; but it is surely more reasonable to suppose it, with other etymologists, from *Pepin*, the king of the country from whence the fruit is derived; as "filberd," from *Philibert* of France; while the "rennett" apple is *la reinette*, or the "little queen;" as the "genting" is from *Janeton*, or *Jeannequin*, in honor of some queen or lady of that name. The "Bigorou" cherry is so called from *Bigorre*, the French province where it is grown; as the original word "cherry" is from *Cerasus*, in Asia Minor; while "may duke" cherry derives its name from *Medoc*, in Burgundy. The brown "burry" pear is so named from its buttered or melting quality [*beurre*]; the "Colmor" pear is from *Colmar*, in Alsace; and the "Cuisse-madame" pear, from its figure. The "arline" is a corruption from *Orleans*; the "currant" is the grape of *Corinth*; and the "damson" [properly *damascene*] is the plum of *Damascus*. Menage considers "melon" as a large apple, and derives

from the Latin and Greek. If esculent vegetables may be noticed, the "Jerusalem artichoke" is a curious instance of the corruption of language, it being the sunflower artichoke, or girasole, [the plant turning to the sun,] "Jerusalem" being thus corrupted from *girasole*. Not less remarkable is "John Dory" [the fish] as a corruption of *il janitore*, or, 'the door-keeper,' for that fish being called, on the Italian coast, by the name of *St. Peter*, and he being supposed to be the *door-keeper* of heaven, and therefore called *il janitore* by our sailors, we thus derived the term of *John Dory*.

THE WHIPPOORWILL.

Sleep, sleep! be thine the sleep that throws
Elysium o'er the soul's repose,
Without a dream, save such as wind
Like midnight angels, through the mind;
While I am watching on the hill
I, and the wailing whippoorwill.
 Oh whippoorwill, oh whippoorwill!

Sleep, sleep! and once again I'll tell
The oft pronounced yet vain farewell:
Such should his word, oh maiden, be
Who lifts the fated eye to thee;
Such should it be, before the chain
That wraps his spirit, binds his brain.
 Oh whippoorwill, oh whippoorwill!

Sleep, sleep! the ship hath left the shore,
The steed awaits his lord no more;
His lord still madly lingers by,
The fatal maid he cannot fly—
And thirds the wood, and climbs the hill—
He and the wailing whippoorwill.
 Oh whippoorwill, oh whippoorwill!

Sleep, sleep! the morrow hastens on;
Then shall the wailing slave be gone,
Flitting th' hill-top far for fear
The sounds of joy may reach his ear;
The sounds of joy!—the hollow knell
Pealed from the mocking chapel bell.
 Oh whippoorwill, oh whippoorwill!

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