

THE BROADWAY JOURNAL.

VOL. 1.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 1845.

NO. 16.

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

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Published at 153 Broadway,
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STREET-PAVING.

There is, perhaps, no point in the history of the useful arts more remarkable than the fact, that during the last two thousand years, the world has been able to make no essential improvements in road-making. It may well be questioned if the Gothamites of 3345 will distinguish any traces of our Third Avenue:—and in the matter of street-pavement, properly so called, although of late, universal attention has been directed to the subject, and experiment after experiment has been tried, exhausting the ingenuity of all modern engineers, it appears that we have at last settled on a result which differs in no material degree, and in principle not at all, from that which the Romans attained, as if instinctively, in the Via Appia, the Via Flaminia, the Via Valeria, the Via Tusculana, and others. There are streets in Pompeii to-day constructed on the very principle which is considered best by the moderns: or if there be any especial variation, it certainly is not to the credit of modern ingenuity.

The most durable and convenient of the Roman roads were thus composed:—The direction and breadth were first marked out by two shallow parallel furrows or trenches (*sulci*) from 15 to 8 feet apart, according to the importance of the *via*. The loose earth between the trenches was then taken away, and the soil farther removed until a sufficiently solid foundation was reached upon which to deposit the materials of the bed:—if from any cause, such as swampliness, no such natural basis was attainable, piles (*fistucationes*) were driven. Above the natural or artificial basis (the *gremium*) four strata were laid, of which the first (*statumen*) consisted of stones about three times the size of those employed by us in Macadamizing; next came the *rudus*, broken stones, cemented with lime (answering to our rubble-work)—this was generally nine inches thick, and densely rammed. Then came the *nucleus* of broken earthen-ware, six inches thick, and also cemented with lime. Lastly came the true pavement, (*pavimentum*) which was composed of irregular polygons of *silex*, commonly basaltic lava. These blocks, however, were fitted together with great nicety, and presented just such an appearance as do our best built polygonal stone walls. The centre of the way was slightly elevated, as with us, above the curb-stones. Now and then, in cities, rectangular slabs of softer stone were substituted for the irregular lava polygons—and here the resemblance to the favorite modern mode was nearly complete. When the road or street passed over or through solid rock, the *statumen* and *rudus* were neglected, but the *nucleus* was never dispensed with. On each side of the way were elevated foot-paths, gravelled, and well supported; and at regular intervals were stone blocks, corresponding to our own steps, for the convenience of horsemen or carriages. Our mile-stones were also employed.

We are aware that all this is very school-boyish information—but we venture to place it before our readers by way of fairly collating the ancient and modern ideas on the general topic of road-making, and by way, also, of insisting on

the observation with which we commenced—that it is exceedingly remarkable how little we have done to advance an art of so vast an importance, notwithstanding the continuous endeavors which have been made, and are still making, to advance it.

The Roman road (and our own quadrangular stone-block pavement is but a weak imitation of it) is beyond doubt exceedingly durable; and, *so far*, wherever the experiment has been tried, it has fully succeeded. By *so far* we mean so far as concerns durability. The objections are first, its cost, which is very great when the proper material is employed; and secondly the street *din* which is wrought by the necessity of having the upper surfaces of the blocks roughened, to afford a hold for the hoof. The noise from these roughened stones is less, certainly, than the *tintamarre* proceeding from the round ones—but nevertheless is intolerable still. The first objection (cost) is trivial where funds are at command; for in the end this species of pavement is the *cheapest* which has ever been invented, or probably ever will be invented—for repairs are scarcely needed at all. But it is *cheap* only in a save-at-the-spigot understanding of the term—for our second objection is one of vital importance. The loss of time (not to mention temper) through the insufferable nuisance of street-noise in many of our most frequented thoroughfares, would overwhelm all reasonable people with astonishment if but once fairly and mathematically *put*; and that time *is* money—to an American at least—is a proposition not for an instant to be disputed. Nor have we dwelt upon the vast inconvenience, and often fatal injury resulting to invalids from the nuisance of which we complain—and of which all classes complain, without ever mentioning the necessity of getting it abated.

It is generally admitted, we believe, that as long as they last, the *wooden* pavements have the advantage over all others. They occasion little *noise* (we place this item first and are serious in so placing it as the most important consideration of all); they are kept clean with little labor; they save a great deal in horse power; they are pleasant to the hoof and thus save the health of the horse—as well as some twenty or thirty per cent. in the wear and tear of vehicles—and as much more, in time, to all travellers through the increased rapidity of passage to and fro.

The first objection is that of injury to the public health from *miasmata* arising from the wood. Whether such injury actually does occur is very questionable—but there is no need of mooting the question, since all admit that the source of the *miasma* (decay) can be prevented. It is demonstrated that by the process very improperly called Kyanizing (since Kyan has not the slightest claim to the invention) even the greenest wood may be preserved for centuries, or if need be for a hundred, or far more. The experiments by which this fact is, as we say, demonstrated, have been tried in every variety of way, with nearly identical results. Blocks properly prepared, for example, were subjected for many years, in the fungus pit of the dockyard at Woolwich, England, to

all the known decomposing agents which can ever naturally be brought to act against a wooden pavement, and yet were taken from the pit, at the close of the experiments, in as sound a condition as when originally deposited.

The preservative agent employed was that of corrosive sublimate—the Bi-chloride of Mercury. Let a pound of the sublimate be dissolved in fifteen or sixteen gallons of water, and a piece of any wood (not decayed) be immersed for seventy-two hours in the solution, and the wood *cannot afterwards be rotted*. An instantaneous mineralization can be effected, if necessary, by injection of the fluid *in vacuo* into the pores of the wood. It is rendered much heavier, and more brittle by the process, and has altogether a slightly metallic character.

The cost of the Bi-chloride of Mercury is we presume, at present, something less than one dollar per pound—but the cost would be greatly reduced should the mineralizing process occasion an unusual demand. The South American quicksilver mines, now unworked, would be put into operation, and we should get the article, perhaps, for forty or even thirty cents per pound. But even now the cost of Kyanizing is trifling in comparison with that of cutting, squaring, and roughening stone—to say nothing of the difference in cost between wood itself, and such stone as our present pavements demand.

Decay being thus prevented, all danger from *miasma* is of course to be left out of question; and although it has been frequently assert'd that the mercurial *effluvium* is injurious to health—the assertion has been as frequently refuted in the most positive and satisfactory manner. The mercury is too closely assimilated with the wooden fibre to admit of any perceptible *effluvium*. Even where sailors have lived for months in the most confined holds of vessels built of the mineralized wood, no ill consequences have been found to arise.

We write this article with no books before us, and are by no means positive about the accuracy of our details. The general principles and facts, however, are not, we believe, matters of dispute. We confess ourselves, therefore, at a loss to understand how, or why it is, that a Kyanized wooden pavement to a limited extent, has not been laid (if only by way of a forlorn-hope-like experiment) in some of our public thoroughfares. Or are we merely ignorant of the case—and has the experiment been fairly tried, and found wanting?

AMUSEMENTS OF NEW YORK.

THE supposed proneness of Americans (United Statesers) to labor too much and play too little, has long been a subject of reproach with foreigners, and of complaint among our own countrymen. One of our magazines a short time since contained a homily from a city clergyman, in which the evils of too great seriousness of demeanor were forcibly set forth, and people were urged to give more time to recreation and less to business, in a very impressive and serious manner. But these reproaches and complaints are made with a total blindness to the statistics of fun, and with little argument as to the truth of the assumption that Americans are not fond of amusements. It is true that we have nothing that resembles the impromptu cotillions which seem to belong to the soil of France, and that fandangos and polkas are not danced by our Broadway ladies in the Park and Bowling-Green; but we doubt whether there are more dancers in Paris, if the *figurantes* of the opera be excepted, than there are in New York. In France they dance by daylight in the open air, for economy's sake, but here they dance at night in well lighted rooms. The French dance, as though dancing were a matter

of course, in a trifling light-hearted manner; here we make a serious business of it, and amuse ourselves in this manner as though it were a duty. Our balls are conducted with as much solemnity and consideration as our courts or elections. Committees are appointed to make suitable arrangements; guests are invited in a precise sedate manner, and they dress themselves with elaborate care, to show that they are fully impressed with the importance of the act in which they are to engage, namely—to amuse themselves. Instead of that light and frivolous behaviour which the French manifest on such occasions, showing that they have no sense of the true aim of amusement, which is to improve the health and spirits, our people prove by their solemnity of carriage and gravity of face, that they fully understand what they are about, and that they have engaged in their amusements with an intelligent appreciation of their importance. You may sometimes observe an auctioneer who has rattled away at his vocation all day as light-hearted as a parrot, and as full of grimace as a monkey, go to his amusements with his wife in the evening as sedate and well behaved as a judge. So there are lawyers and judges, as thoughtless as crickets while engaged in the business of their clients, bandying jokes and making awful puns in law Latin, who will go to a ball or a *soirée* as seriously as though they were disappointed clients. This resolute determination to be amused certainly manifests anything but an indifference to recreations, and it is very plain that the foreigners who have complained of our too close application to business, took but a very superficial view of the national idiosyncrasies. Mr. Dickens looked out from the windows of the Carlton House the day after his arrival in New York, and not seeing any dancing monkeys or organ-grinders in Broadway, directly wrote down in his Diary that we had no amusements. But of all other men in the world he should have been the last to accuse us of a disinclination to amuse ourselves, for it was made a gala day whenever he appeared.

The public amusements of New York are very numerous; a glance at one of the morning papers, will at any time discover a greater number of public places of amusement than any city in Europe of the same extent can show. There are at all times six theatres and a circus open nightly, while there are two other theatres closed, on account of the season. Besides these theatres, there are two museums where dramatic entertainments are presented, and every night in the week there are dramatic readings and singing in public lecture rooms. The places where free entertainments, in the shape of music and singing are given, are very numerous, and private balls and parties are innumerable.

The theatres, which are generally looked upon as places of amusement only, are generally exceedingly dull and sombre; and people who wish to enjoy a hearty laugh, resort to the company of a few choice fellows who have the reputation of saying good things, or seek the companionship of some author who can be warranted not to tire.

Amusement should be spontaneous, or rather there can be no amusement which is not so. The theatre should afford amusement, pastime and instruction, but it rarely affords either, and still more rarely the three combined. There is evidence enough around us that we are an amusement seeking people, and that we do not, as has been falsely charged, give too much of our time to serious business; if we gave more we should doubtless be benefitted by it.

But we seek our amusements in our own way, and foreign visitors, missing the street shows to which they have been accustomed, very irrationally set us down in their diaries as an overtasked people, who sacrifice every enjoyment to the almighty dollar.

The city governors have always indulged freely in recreations, setting an example to the people which they have not been slow to imitate; but if they should spend part of the time which they devote to feasting and merry-making, in devising means to keep the streets in a healthy condition, the people would hardly complain that they overtasked themselves with hard labor.

A walk through Broadway of a sunny morning to a man of business as he goes to his office, would be recreation enough to sweeten his hours of toil, but in the present condition of our noble thoroughfare, it is a weariness and disgust to make one's way through it. The past week it has been perilous to the lungs and the eyes, and certain ruin to one's clothes. Clouds of dust, soot, ashes, pulverised bricks, and all manner of dried substances which have been ground beneath the wheels of incessant omnibuses, have been drifting about in dense masses; the raw wind rushing through the narrow streets, though apparently impatient to escape from such unpleasant places, will stop in Broadway on purpose to play with the dust, and fling it into the eyes and nostrils of pedestrians. Yet people who suffer these inconveniences will yet talk of amusements, and allow their servants, the rulers of the city, to amuse themselves, while their grievances are unredressed. Nero has been condemned to infamous notoriety, for amusing himself with his fiddle while Rome was burning; but the spectacle of our mayor and aldermen taking a pleasure excursion in a steamboat, or feasting themselves at Bellevue, while the highways of the city are choked with dirt, and the inhabitants are suffocated with dust, is a sight to make the world forget Nero and his fiddle.

If a stranger to our country should desire to get a correct idea of the earnestness with which we pursue the phantom pleasure, let him behold the indomitable perseverance which our citizens have shown in the determination to extract enjoyment from the representation of *Fashion* at the Park theatre, and of *Antigone* at Mr. Dinneford's; a disinterested observer would be convinced that people who went so seriously to work in seeking their amusements, should not be taxed with the sin of devoting too much time to business matters.

REFORM.

ONE of those innocent persons who conceive themselves to have been sent into the world, like Mr. Moddle, on a mission, has recently taken it into his head to abuse our Journal roundly in an eastern paper, on the assumed ground that we are opposed to reform. This assumption is mainly based upon our remarks upon Miss Fuller's "Woman in the Nineteenth Century." Our eyes are not shut to the evils of society, nor are we by any means indifferent about their existence, for we happen to experience personal discomforts every day, which are owing to some abuse of law or custom that might better be abolished than not; but we have learned to take our daily rubs coolly, and we can look upon the sufferings of others with quite as much composure as we can endure our own. We have but little faith in the plan which our modern reformers adopt, of scolding the world into good behavior; and we have less faith still in the efficacy of societies to reform abuses, particularly the abuses of foreign governments. Our reformers are too apt to forget that "the earth is the Lord's," and trust to Him too little to provide for the happiness of his children, trusting too much to themselves. Every man has it in his own power to reform himself, and when he has done that well, he is in a capital condition to help reform the world, but not before. There are some excellent hints on this subject in the Bible, which would do our eastern friend peculiar

good, if he were to meditate on them whenever he may feel disposed to hurl his arrows at supposed non-reformers, like ourselves. We do not believe in the existence of individual or isolated vices in a society; it is, therefore, an idle task to attempt to heal it of any one disorder. The whole system must be purged of its evil humors. If we concentrate all our energies in the endeavor to remove a particular evil, all the others will grow the more vigorously for being neglected; while we are trying to cure the world of gambling, licentiousness and avarice and lying and oppression and thievery and drunkenness will grow in strength. The whole body must be physicked, and not one of its members, to restore it to health.

It is unfortunate for those unhappy persons who arrogate to themselves the divine title of reformers, that they generally forget to reform themselves, and they consequently make as ridiculous a figure in the world as the fat man in the mob that Dean Swift tells of, who kept complaining of the crowd until a by-stander reminded him that it was his own carcass that caused all the inconvenience, and that there would be room enough if he were only out of the way.

The true reformers of the world are those who scatter truths; it matters not a straw what they are. Every discovery in what are called the physical sciences, obliterates some moral evil. The man with the most knowledge is the greatest reformer, but the converse of this proposition is supposed to be the case, and the country is overrun with witlings who set about reforming society before they have mastered their alphabets. In all countries, but in ours above all, the intelligence of the people is the law; therefore it is better to aim at enlightening the people, than to get up a crusade against the law itself. The statute books of England and the United States are full of dead laws, strangled by the intelligence of the people, but not repealed. The law of capital punishment is dying daily; the progress of a certain trial the past week, proves that it is almost dead. It is well for a bad law to be repealed the moment that its wickedness is felt, but the philanthropist need give himself no uneasiness about it; let him instruct the people, and the law will die of itself. Ignorance is the great father of law, and when the law is in advance of the people, they will make laws for themselves, like the Lynch-laws of the west. If we take a glance at the history of the world, we shall find that all the reformers have been poets or the discoverers of truths in science, while praters about reform have left the world quite as full of error as they found it. Milton's *Comus* has doubtless done much towards reforming the world, but his *Tetrachordon*, and other tracts, which were intended expressly to reform it, have done nothing.

Our abusive friend is doubtless very sincere in his belief that the world is to be reformed by newspaper paragraphs, and we wish him nothing worse than that he may live to see his faith verified.

BON-BON.

Quand un bon vin meuble mon estomac,
Je suis plus savant que Balzac—
Plus sage que Pibrac;
Mon bras seul faisant l'attaque
De la nation Cossaque,
La mettait au sac;
De Charon Je passerai le lac
En dormant dans son bac;
J'irois au fier Eac,
Sans que mon cœur fit tic ni tac,
Présenter du tabac.

French Vaudeville.

THAT Pierre Bon-Bon was a *restaurateur* of uncommon qualifications, no man who, during the reign of _____, frequented the little Café in the cul-de-sac Le Febvre at Rouen, will, I imagine, feel himself at liberty to dispute. That Pierre Bon-Bon was, in an equal degree, skilled in the phil-

osophy of that period is, I presume, still more especially undeniable. His *pâtes à la fois* were beyond doubt immaculate; but what pen can do justice to his essays *sur la Nature*—his thoughts *sur l'Ame*—his observations *sur l'Esprit*? If his *omelettes*—if his *fricandeaux* were inestimable, what *littérateur* of that day would not have given twice as much for an “*Idée de Bon-Bon*” as for all the trash of all the “*Idées*” of all the rest of the *savants*? Bon-Bon had ransacked libraries which no other man had ransacked—had read more than any other would have entertained a notion of reading—had understood more than any other would have conceived the possibility of understanding; and although, while he flourished, there were not wanting some authors at Rouen to assert “that his *dicta* evinced neither the purity of the Academy, nor the depth of the Lyceum”—although, mark me, his doctrines were by no means very generally comprehended, still it did not follow that they were difficult of comprehension. It was, I think, on account of their self-evidence that many persons were led to consider them abstruse. It is to Bon-Bon—but let this go no farther—it is to Bon-Bon that Kant himself is mainly indebted for his metaphysics. The former was indeed not a Platonist, nor strictly speaking an Aristotelian—nor did he, like the modern Leibnitz, waste those precious hours which might be employed in the invention of a *fricasée*, or, *facili gradu*, the analysis of a sensation, in frivolous attempts at reconciling the obstinate oils and waters of ethical discussion. Not at all. Bon-Bon was Ionic—Bon-Bon was equally Italic. He reasoned *a priori*—He reasoned also *a posteriori*. His ideas were innate—or otherwise. He believed in George of Trebizond—He believed in Bossarion. Bon-Bon was emphatically a—Bon-Bonist.

I have spoken of the philosopher in his capacity of *restaurateur*. I would not, however, have any friend of mine imagine that, in fulfilling his hereditary duties in that line, our hero wanted a proper estimation of their dignity and importance. Far from it. It was impossible to say in which branch of his profession he took the greater pride. In his opinion the powers of the intellect held intimate connection with the capabilities of the stomach. I am not sure, indeed, that he greatly disagreed with the Chinese, who hold that the soul lies in the abdomen. The Greeks at all events were right, he thought, who employed the same word for the mind and the diaphragm.* By this I do not mean to insinuate a charge of gluttony, or indeed any other serious charge to the prejudice of the metaphysician. If Pierre Bon-Bon had his failings—and what great man has not a thousand?—if Pierre Bon-Bon, I say, had his failings, they were failings of very little importance—faults indeed which, in other tempers, have often been looked upon rather in the light of virtues. As regards one of these foibles, I should not even have mentioned it in this history but for the remarkable prominence—the extreme *alto relieve*—in which it jutted out from the plane of his general disposition.—He could never let slip an opportunity of making a bargain.

Not that he was avaricious—no. It was by no means necessary to the satisfaction of the philosopher, that the bargain should be to his own proper advantage. Provided a trade could be effected—a trade of any kind, upon any terms, or under any circumstances—a triumphant smile was seen for many days thereafter to enlighten his countenance, and a knowing wink of the eye to give evidence of his sagacity.

At any epoch it would not be very wonderful if a humor so peculiar as the one I have just mentioned, should elicit attention and remark. At the epoch of our narrative, had this peculiarity *not* attracted observation, there would have been room for wonder indeed. It was soon reported that, upon all occasions of the kind, the smile of Bon-Bon was wont to differ widely from the downright grin with which he would laugh at his own jokes, or welcome an acquaintance. Hints were thrown out of an exciting nature; stories were told of perilous bargains made in a hurry and repented of at leisure; and instances were adduced of unaccountable capacities, vague longings, and unnatural inclinations implanted by the author of all evil for wise purposes of his own.

The philosopher had other weaknesses—but they are scarcely worthy our serious examination. For example, there are few men of extraordinary profundity who are found wanting in an inclination for the bottle. Whether this inclination be

an exciting cause, or rather a valid proof, of such profundity, it is a nice thing to say. Bon-Bon, as far as I can learn, did not think the subject adapted to minute investigation;—nor do I. Yet in the indulgence of a propensity so truly classical, it is not to be supposed that the *restaurateur* would lose sight of that intuitive discrimination which was wont to characterise, at one and the same time, his *essais* and his *omelettes*. In his seclusions the Vin de Bourgogne had its allotted hour, and there were appropriate moments for the Côtes du Rhône. With him Sauterne was to Medoc what Catullus was to Homer. He would sport with a syllogism in sipping St. Peray, but unravel an argument over Clos de Vougeot, and upset a theory in a torrent of Chamberlin. Well had it been if the same quick sense of propriety had attended him in the peddling propensity to which I have formerly alluded—but this was by no means the case. Indeed, to say the truth, that trait of mind in the philosophic Bon-Bon did begin at length to assume a character of strange intensity and mysticism, and appeared deeply tinctured with the *diablerie* of his favorite German studies.

To enter the little *Café* in the *Cul-de-Sac* Le Febvre was, at the period of our tale, to enter the *sanctum* of a man of genius. Bon-Bon was a man of genius. There was not a *sous-cuisinier* in Rouen, who could not have told you that Bon-Bon was a man of genius. His very cat knew it, and forebore to whisk her tail in the presence of the man of genius. His large water-dog was acquainted with the fact, and upon the approach of his master, betrayed his sense of inferiority by a sanctity of deportment, a debasement of the ears, and a dropping of the lower jaw not altogether unworthy of a dog. It is, however, true that much of this habitual respect might have been attributed to the personal appearance of the metaphysician. A distinguished exterior will, I am constrained to say, have its weight even with a beast; and I am willing to allow much in the outward man of the *restaurateur* calculated to impress the imagination of the quadruped. There is a peculiar majesty about the atmosphere of the little great—if I may be permitted so equivocal an expression—which mere physical bulk alone will be found at all times inefficient in creating. If, however, Bon-Bon was barely three feet in height, and if his head was diminutively small, still it was impossible to behold the rotundity of his stomach without a sense of magnificence nearly bordering upon the sublime. In its size both dogs and men must have seen a type of his acquirements—in its immensity a fitting habitation for his immortal soul.

I might here—if it so pleased me—dilate upon the matter of habiliment, and other mere circumstances of the external metaphysician. I might hint that the hair of our hero was worn short, combed smoothly over his forehead, and surmounted by a conical-shaped white flannel cap and tassels—that his pea-green jerkin was not after the fashion of those worn by the common class of *restaurateurs* at that day—that the sleeves were something fuller than the reigning costume permitted—that the cuffs were turned up, not as usual in that barbarous period, with cloth of the same quality and color as the garment, but faced in a more fanciful manner with the particolored velvet of Genoa—that his slippers were of a bright purple, curiously filagreed, and might have been manufactured in Japan, but for the exquisite pointing of the toes, and the brilliant tints of the binding and embroidery—that his breeches were of the yellow satin-like material called *aimable*—that his sky-blue cloak, resembling in form a dressing-wrapper, and richly bestudded all over with crimson devices, floated cavalierly upon his shoulders like a mist of the morning—and that his *tout ensemble* gave rise to the remarkable words of Benevenuta, the Improvisatrice of Florence, “that it was difficult to say whether Pierre Bon-Bon was indeed a bird of Paradise, or the rather a very Paradise of perfection.”—I might, I say, expatiate upon all these points if I pleased;—but I forbear:—merely personal details may be left to historical novelists;—they are beneath the moral dignity of matter-of-fact.

I have said that “to enter the *Café* in the *Cul-de-Sac* Le Febvre was to enter the *sanctum* of a man of genius”—but then it was only the man of genius who could duly estimate the merits of the *sanctum*. A sign consisting of a vast folio swung before the entrance. On one side of the volume was painted a bottle; on the reverse a *pâté*. On the back were visible in large letters the words *Oeuvres de Bon-Bon*. Thus was delicately shadowed forth the two-fold occupation of the proprietor.

Upon stepping over the threshold the whole interior of the building presented itself to view. A long, low-pitched room of antique construction, was indeed all the accommodation afforded by the *Café*. In a corner of the apartment stood the bed of the metaphysician. An array of curtains, together with a canopy à la Greque, gave it an air at once classic and comfortable. In the corner diagonally opposite, appeared, in direct family communion, the properties of the kitchen and the *bibliothèque*. A dish of polemics stood peacefully upon the dresser. Here lay an oven-full of the latest ethics—there a kettle of duodecimo *melanges*. Volumes of German morality were hand and glove with the gridiron—a toasting fork might be discovered by the side of Eusebius—Plato reclined at his ease in the frying pan—and contemporary manuscripts were filed away upon the spit.

In other respects the *Café de Bon-Bon* might be said to differ little from the usual *restaurants* of the period. A large fire-place yawned opposite the door. On the right of the fire-place an open cupboard displayed a formidable array of labelled bottles.

It was here, about twelve o'clock one night, during the severe winter of —, that Pierre Bon-Bon, after having listened for some time to the comments of his neighbours upon his singular propensity—that Pierre Bon-Bon, I say, having turned them all out of his house, locked the door upon them with an oath, and betook himself in no very pacific mood to the comforts of a leather-bottomed arm-chair, and a fire of blazing faggots.

It was one of those terrific nights which are only met with once or twice during a century. It snowed fiercely, and the house tottered to its centre with the floods of wind that, rushing through the crannies in the wall, and pouring impetuously down the chimney, shook awfully the curtains of the philosopher's bed, and disorganized the economy of his paté-pans and papers. The huge folio sign that swung without, exposed to the fury of the tempest, creaked ominously, and gave out a moaning sound from its stanchions of solid oak.

It was in no placid temper, I say, that the metaphysician drew up his chair to its customary station by the hearth. Many circumstances of a perplexing nature had occurred during the day, to disturb the serenity of his meditations. In attempting *des œufs à la Princesse* he had unfortunately perpetrated an *omelette à la Reine*; the discovery of a principle in ethics had been frustrated by the overturning of a stew; and last, not least, he had been thwarted in one of those admirable bargains which he at all times took such especial delight in bringing to a successful termination. But in the chafing of his mind at these unaccountable vicissitudes, there did not fail to be mingled some degree of that nervous anxiety which the fury of a boisterous night is so well calculated to produce. Whistling to his more immediate vicinity the large black water-dog we have spoken of before, and settling himself uneasily in his chair, he could not help casting a wary and unquiet eye towards those distant recesses of the apartment whose inexorable shadows not even the red fire-light itself could more than partially succeed in overcoming. Having completed a scrutiny whose exact purpose was perhaps unintelligible to himself, he drew close to his seat a small table covered with books and papers, and soon became absorbed in the task of retouching a voluminous manuscript, intended for publication on the morrow.

He had been thus occupied for some minutes when "I am in no hurry, Monsieur Bon-Bon," suddenly whispered a whining voice in the apartment.

"The devil!" ejaculated our hero, starting to his feet, overturning the table at his side, and staring around him in astonishment.

"Very true," calmly replied the voice.

"Very true!—what is very true?—how came you here?" vociferated the metaphysician, as his eye fell upon something which lay stretched at full length upon the bed.

"I was saying," said the intruder, without attending to the interrogatories, "I was saying that I am not at all pushed for time—that the business upon which I took the liberty of calling is of no pressing importance—in short that I can very well wait until you have finished your Exposition."

"My Exposition!—there now!—how do you know—how came you to understand that I was writing an exposition?—good God!"

"Hush!" replied the figure in a shrill under tone: and, arising quickly from the bed, he made a single step towards

our hero, while an iron lamp that depended overhead swung convulsively back from his approach.

The philosopher's amazement did not prevent a narrow scrutiny of the stranger's dress and appearance. The outlines of a figure, exceedingly lean, but much above the common height, were rendered minutely distinct by means of a faded suit of black cloth which fitted tight to the skin, but was otherwise cut very much in the style of a century ago. These garments had evidently been intended for a much shorter person than their present owner. His ankles and wrists were left naked for several inches. In his shoes, however, a pair of very brilliant buckles gave the lie to the extreme poverty implied by the other portions of his dress. His head was bare, and entirely bald, with the exception of the hinder part, from which depended a *queue* of considerable length. A pair of green spectacles, with side glasses, protected his eyes from the influence of the light, and at the same time prevented our hero from ascertaining either their color or their conformation. About the entire person there was no evidence of a shirt; but a white cravat, of filthy appearance, was tied with extreme precision around the throat, and the ends, hanging down formally side by side, gave (although I dare say unintentionally) the idea of an ecclesiastic. Indeed, many other points both in his appearance and demeanour might have very well sustained a conception of that nature. Over his left ear, he carried, after the fashion of a modern clerk, an instrument resembling the *stylus* of the ancients. In a breast-pocket of his coat appeared conspicuously a small black volume fastened with clasps of steel. This book, whether accidentally or not, was so turned outwardly from the person as to discover the words "*Rituel Catholique*", in white letters upon the back. His entire physiognomy was interestingly saturnine—even cadaverously pale. The forehead was lofty, and deeply furrowed with the ridges of contemplation. The corners of the mouth were drawn down into an expression of the most submissive humility. There was also a clasping of the hands, as he stepped towards our hero—a deep sigh—and altogether a look of such utter sanctity as could not have failed to be unequivocally prepossessing. Every shadow of anger faded from the countenance of the metaphysician, as, having completed a satisfactory survey of his visiter's person, he shook him cordially by the hand, and conducted him to a seat.

There would however be a radical error in attributing this instantaneous transition of feeling in the philosopher, to any one of those causes which might naturally be supposed to have had an influence. Indeed Pierre Bon-Bon, from what I have been able to understand of his disposition, was of all men the least likely to be imposed upon by any speciousness of exterior deportment. It was impossible that so accurate an observer of men and things should have failed to discover, upon the moment, the real character of the personage who had thus intruded upon his hospitality. To say no more, the conformation of his visiter's feet was sufficiently remarkable—he maintained lightly upon his head an inordinately tall hat—there was a tremulous swelling about the hinder part of his breeches—and the vibration of his coat tail was a palpable fact. Judge then with what feelings of satisfaction our hero found himself thrown thus at once into the society of a person for whom he had at all times entertained the most unqualified respect. He was, however, too much of the diplomatist to let escape him any intimation of his suspicions in regard to the true state of affairs. It was not his cue to appear at all conscious of the high honor he thus unexpectedly enjoyed, but by leading his guest into conversation, to elicit some important ethical ideas, which might, in obtaining a place in his contemplated publication, enlighten the human race, and at the same time immortalize himself—ideas which, I should have added, his visiter's great age, and well known proficiency in the science of morals, might very well have enabled him to afford.

Actuated by these enlightened views, our hero bade the gentleman sit down, while he himself took occasion to throw some faggots upon the fire, and place upon the now re-established table some bottles of *Mousseux*. Having quickly completed these operations, he drew his chair *vis-à-vis* to his companion's and waited until the latter should open the conversation. But plans even the most skillfully matured are often thwarted in the outset of their application, and the *restaurateur* found himself *nonplussed* by the very first words of his visiter's speech.

"I see you know me, Bon-Bon," said he: "ha! ha! ha!—

he ! he ! he !—hi ! hi ! hi !—ho ! ho ! ho !—hu ! hu ! hu !”—and the devil, dropping at once the sanctity of his demeanour, opened to its fullest extent a mouth from ear to ear, so as to display a set of jagged and fang-like teeth, and throwing back his head, laughed long, loudly, wickedly, and uproariously, while the black dog, crouching down upon his haunches, joined lustily in the chorus, and the tabby cat, flying off at a tangent, stood up on end and shrieked in the farthest corner of the apartment.

Not so the philosopher; he was too much a man of the world either to laugh like the dog, or by shrieks to betray the indecorous trepidation of the cat. It must be confessed, he felt a little astonishment to see the white letters which formed the words “*Rituel Catholique*” on the book in his guest’s pocket, momentally changing both their color and their import, and in a few seconds, in place of the original title, the words *Régitre des Condamnés* blaze forth in characters of red. This startling circumstance, when Bon-Bon replied to his visitor’s remark, imparted to his manner an air of embarrassment which probably might not otherwise have been observed.

“Why, sir,” said the philosopher, “why, sir, to speak sincerely—I believe you are—upon my word—the d—dest—that is to say I think—I imagine—I have some faint—some very faint idea—of the remarkable honor ——”

“Oh !—ah !—yes !—very well !” interrupted his Majesty, “say no more—I see how it is.” And hereupon, taking off his green spectacles, he wiped the glasses carefully with the sleeve of his coat, and deposited them in his pocket.

It Bon-Bon had been astonished at the incident of the book, his amazement was now much increased by the spectacle which here presented itself to view. In raising his eyes, with a strong feeling of curiosity to ascertain the color of his guest’s, he found them by no means black, as he had anticipated—nor gray, as might have been imagined—nor yet hazel nor blue—nor indeed yellow nor red—nor purple—nor white—nor green—nor any other color in the heavens above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth. In short Pierre Bon-Bon not only saw plainly that his Majesty had no eyes whatsoever, but could discover no indications of their having existed at any previous period; for the space where eyes should naturally have been, was, I am constrained to say, simply a dead level of flesh.

It was not in the nature of the metaphysician to forbear making some inquiry into the sources of so strange a phenomenon, and the reply of his Majesty was at once prompt, dignified, and satisfactory.

“Eyes ! my dear Bon-Bon, eyes ! did you say ?—oh ! ah ! I perceive. The ridiculous prints, eh ? which are in circulation, have given you a false idea of my personal appearance. Eyes !!—true. Eyes, Pierre Bon-Bon, are very well in their proper place—that, you would say, is the head ?—right—the head of a worm. To you likewise these optics are indispensable—yet I will convince you that my vision is more penetrating than your own. There is a cat, I see in the corner—a pretty cat !—look at her !—observe her well ! Now, Bon-Bon, do you behold the thoughts—the thoughts, I say—the ideas—the reflections—which are being engendered in her pericranium ? There it is now !—you do not. She is thinking we admire the length of her tail and the profundity of her mind. She has just concluded that I am the most distinguished of ecclesiastics, and that you are the most superfluous of metaphysicians. Thus you see I am not altogether blind : but to one of my profession the eyes you speak of would be merely an incumbrance, liable at any time to be put out by a toasting iron or a pitchfork. To you, I allow, these optical affairs are indispensable. Endeavor, Bon-Bon, to use them well ;—my vision is the soul.”

Hereupon the guest helped himself to the wine upon the table, and pouring out a bumper for Bon-Bon, requested him to drink it without scruple, and make himself perfectly at home.

“A clever book that of yours, Pierre,” resumed his Majesty, tapping our friend knowingly upon the shoulder, as the latter put down his glass after a thorough compliance with his visitor’s injunction. “A clever book that of yours, upon my honor. It’s a work after my own heart. Your arrangement of matter, I think, however, might be improved, and many of your notions remind me of Aristotle. That philosopher was one of my most intimate acquaintances. I liked him as much for his terrible ill temper, as for his happy knack at making a blunder. There is only one solid truth in

all that he has written, and for that I gave him the hint out of pure compassion for his absurdity. I suppose, Pierre Bon-Bon, you very well know to what divine moral truth I am alluding.”

“ Cannot say that I ——”

“Indeed !—why it was I who told Aristotle that by sneezing men expelled superfluous ideas through the proboscis.”

“Which is—hiccup !—undoubtedly the case,” said the metaphysician, while he poured out for himself another bumper of Mousseux, and offered his snuff-box to the fingers of his visitor.”

“There was Plato, too,” continued his Majesty, modestly declining the snuff-box and the compliment it implied, “there was Plato, too, for whom I, at one time, felt all the affection of a friend. You knew, Plato, Bon-Bon ?—ah ! no, I beg a thousand pardons. He met me at Athens, one day, in the Parthenon, and told me he was distressed for an idea. I bade him write down that ‘*o vous es tu avlog*.’ He said that he would do so, and went home, while I stepped over to the pyramids. But my conscience smote me for having uttered a truth, even to aid a friend, and hastening back to Athens, I arrived behind the philosopher’s chair as he was inditing the ‘*avlog*.’ Giving the lamma fillip with my finger I turned it upside down. So the sentence now reads ‘*o vous es tu avlog*,’ and is, you perceive, the fundamental doctrine in his metaphysics.”

“Were you ever at Rome ?” asked the *restaurateur* as he finished his second bottle of Mousseux, and drew from the closet a larger supply of Chambertin.

“But once, Monsieur Bon-Bon, but once. There was a time”—said the devil, as if reciting some passage from a book—“there was a time when occurred an anarchy of five years, during which the republic, bereft of all its officers, had no magistracy besides the tribunes of the people, and these were not legally vested with any degree of executive power—at that time, Monsieur Bon-Bon—at that time *only* I was in Rome, and I have no earthly acquaintance, consequently, with any of its philosophy.”*

“What do you think of—what do you think of—hiccup !—Epicurus ?”

“What do I think of whom ?” said the devil in astonishment, “you cannot surely mean to find any fault with Epicurus ! What do I think of Epicurus ! Do you mean me, sir ?—I am Epicurus. I am the same philosopher who wrote each of the three hundred treatises commemorated by Diogenes Laertes.”

“That’s a lie !” said the metaphysician, for the wine had gotten a little into his head.

“Very well !—very well, sir !—very well indeed, sir,” said his Majesty, apparently much flattered.

“That’s a lie !” repeated the *restaurateur* dogmatically, “that’s a—hiccup !—a lie !”

“Well, well ! have it your own way,” said the devil specifically : and Bon-Bon, having beaten his Majesty at an argument, thought it his duty to conclude a second bottle of Chambertin.

“As I was saying,” resumed the visitor, “as I was observing a little while ago, there are some very *outré* notions in that book of yours, Monsieur Bon-Bon. What, for instance, do you mean by all that humbug about the soul ? Pray, sir, what is the soul ?”

“The—hiccup !—soul,” replied the metaphysician, referring to his MS., “is undoubtedly”—

“No, sir !”

“Indubitably”—

“No, sir !”

“Indisputably”—

“No, sir !”

“Evidently”—

“No, sir !”

“Incontrovertibly”—

“No sir !”

“Hiccup !”—

“No, sir !”

“And beyond all question a”—

“No, sir ! the soul is no such thing.” (Here, the philosopher looking daggers, took occasion to make an end, upon the spot, of his third bottle of Chambertin.)

“Then —hiccup !—pray, sir—what—what is it ?”

* Ils écrivaient sur la Philosophie (*Ciceron, Lucretius, Seneca*) mais c'était la Philosophie Grecque.—Condorcet.

"That is neither here nor there, Monsieur Bon-Bon," replied his Majesty, musingly. "I have tasted—that is to say, I have known some very bad souls, and some too—pretty good ones." Here he smacked his lips, and, having unconsciously let fall his hand upon the volume in his pocket, was seized with a violent fit of sneezing.

He continued :

"There was the soul of Cratinus—passable: Aristophanes—racy: Plato—exquisite—not *your* Plato, but Plato the comic poet; your Plato would have turned the stomach of Cerberus—ugh! Then let me see! there were Nævius, and Andronicus, and Plautus, and Terentius. Then there were Lucilius, and Catullus, and Naso, and Quintius Flaccus,—dear Quinty! as I called him when he sung a *secular* for my amusement, while I toasted him, in pure good humor, on a fork. But they want *flavor* these Romans. One fat Greek is worth a dozen of them, and besides will *keep*, which cannot be said of a Quirite.—Let us taste your Sauterne."

Bon-Bon had by this time made up his mind to the *nil admirari*, and endeavored to hand down the bottles in question. He was, however, conscious of a strange sound in the room like the wagging of a tail. Of this, although extremely indecent in his Majesty, the philosopher took no notice:—simply kicking the dog, and requesting him to be quiet. The visitor continued :

"I found that Horace tasted very much like Aristotle;—you know I am fond of variety. Terentius I could not have told from Menander. Naso, to my astonishment, was Nicanter in disguise. Virgilius had a strong twang of Theocritus. Martial put me much in mind of Archilochus—and Titus Livius was positively Polybius and none other."

"Hiccup!" here replied Bon-Bon, and his Majesty proceeded :

"But if I have a *penchant*, Monsieur Bon-Bon—if I have a *penchant*, it is for a philosopher. Yet, let me tell you, sir, it is not every dev—I mean it is not every gentleman who knows how to *choose* a philosopher. Long ones are *not* good; and the best, if not carefully shelled, are apt to be a little rancid on account of the gall."

"Shelled!?"

"I mean taken out of the carcass."

"What do you think of a—hiccup!—physician?"

"Don't mention them!—ugh! ugh!" (Here his Majesty retched violently.) "I never tasted but one—that rascal Hippocrates!—smelt of asafoetida—ugh! ugh! ugh!—caught a wretched cold washing him in the Styx—and after all he gave me the cholera morbus."

"The—hiccup!—wretch!" ejaculated Bon-Bon, "the—hiccup!—abortion of a pill-box!"—and the philosopher dropped a tear.

"After all," continued the visitor, "after all, if a dev—if a gentleman wishes to *live*, he must have more talents than one or two; and with us a fat face is an evidence of diplomacy."

"How so?"

"Why we are sometimes exceedingly pushed for provisions. You must know that, in a climate so sultry as mine, it is frequently impossible to keep a spirit alive for more than two or three hours; and after death, unless pickled immediately, (and a pickled spirit is *not* good,) they will—smell—you understand, eh? Putrefaction is always to be apprehended when the souls are consigned to us in the usual way."

"Hiccup!—hiccup!—good God! how do you manage?"

Here the iron lamp commenced swinging with redoubled violence, and the devil half started from his seat;—however, with a slight sigh, he recovered his composure, merely saying to our hero in a low tone, "I tell you what, Pierre Bon-Bon, we *must* have no more swearing."

The host swallowed another bumper, by way of denoting thorough comprehension and acquiescence, and the visitor continued:

"Why there are *several* ways of managing. The most of us starve: some put up with the pickle: for my part I purchase my spirits *vivente corpore*, in which case I find they keep very well."

"But the body!—hiccup!—the body!!"

"The body, the body—well, what of the body?—oh! ah! I perceive. Why, sir, the body is not *at all* affected by the transaction. I have made innumerable purchases of the kind in my day, and the parties never experienced any inconvenience. There were Cain and Nimrod, and Nero, and Cali-

gula, and Dionysius, and Pisistratus, and—and a thousand others, who never knew what it was to have a soul during the latter part of their lives; yet, sir, these men adorned society. Why is n't there A—, now, whom you know as well as I? Is he not in possession of all his faculties, mental and corporeal? Who writes a keener epigram? Who reasons more witily? Who—but, stay! I have his agreement in my pocket-book."

Thus saying, he produced a red leather wallet, and took from it a number of papers. Upon some of these Bon-Bon caught a glimpse of the letters *Machi-Maza-Robesp*—with the words *Caligula, George, Elizabeth*. His Majesty selected a narrow slip of parchment, and from it read aloud the following words:

"In consideration of certain mental endowments which it is unnecessary to specify, and in farther consideration of one thousand louis d'or, I, being aged one year and one month, do hereby make over to the bearer of this agreement all my right, title, and appurtenance in the shadow called my soul. (Signed) A * (Here his Majesty repeated a name which I do not feel myself justified in indicating more unequivocally.)

"A clever fellow that," resumed he; "but like you, Monsieur Bon-Bon, he was mistaken about the soul. The soul a shadow truly! The soul a shadow! Ha! ha! ha!—he! he! he!—hu! hu! hu! Only think of a fricasséed shadow!"

"Only think—hiccup!—of a fricasséed shadow!" exclaimed our hero, whose faculties were becoming much illuminated by the profundity of his Majesty's discourse.

"Only think of a—hiccup!—fricasséed shadow!! Now, damme!—hiccup!—humph! If I would have been such a—hiccup!—nincompoop. My soul, Mr.—humph!"

"Your soul, Monsieur Bon-Bon?"

"Yes, sir—hiccup!—my soul is!"

"What, sir?"

"No shadow, damme!"

"Did not mean to say!"

"Yes, sir, my soul is—hiccup!—humph!—yes, sir."

"Did not intend to assert!"

"My soul is—hiccup!—peculiarly qualified for—hiccup!

—"

"What, sir?"

"Stew."

"Ha!"

"Soufflée."

"Eh?"

"Fricassée."

"Indeed!"

"Ragout and fricandeau—and see here, my good fellow! I'll let you have it—hiccup!—a bargain." Here the philosopher slapped his Majesty upon the back.

"Couldn't think of such a thing," said the latter calmly, at the same time rising from his seat. The metaphysician stared.

"Am supplied at present," said his Majesty.

"Hiccup!—e-h?" said the philosopher.

"Have no funds on hand."

"What?"

"Besides, very unhandsome in me!"

"Sir!"

"To take advantage of!"

"Hiccup!"

"Your present disgusting and ungentlemanly situation."

Here the visitor bowed and withdrew—in what manner could not precisely be ascertained—but in a well-concerted effort to discharge a bottle at "the villain," the slender chain was severed that depended from the ceiling, and the metaphysician prostrated by the downfall of the lamp.

* *Quere—Arrouet?*

LINES

Written on a block of ice brought from America without melting, and exhibited in a window in the Strand, London :

"Ice placed within a shop or room
Will turn to water, we presume;
For, 'tis a solvent, all agree;
But here is—solvent ice we see."

"Yet, though we cannot solve the ice,
We solve the riddle in a trice;
It comes from Pennsylvania's State,
And therefore will not liquitate."

Original Poetry.

OSCEOLA SIGNING THE TREATY.

Stern in the white man's council hall,
'Mid his red brethren of the wood,
While fearless flashed his eye on all,
The chieftain Osceola stood—
And fast the words that keenly stung,
Like arrows hurtled from his tongue.

"Brothers!" he said, "and ye are come
To sign the white man's treaty here,—
To yield to him our forest home,
And he will give us lands and deer
Beyond the western prairie flowers,
For these broad hunting grounds of ours.

"The pale-face is a singing bird!
Hungry and crafty as the kite—
And ye his cunning song have heard
Till like his cheek your hearts are white!
Till for his fire-drink and his gold
Your fathers' bones their sons have sold!

"And ye, the strong and pale of face,
Have bought the Indian's hunting ground—
Bought his time-honored burial place,
With little gold and many a wound—
Yea—bought his right with hand of mail!
And with your blood-hounds on the trail,

You drive him from the everglades,
Beyond the Mississippi's flow,
And with your rifles and your blades
You hunt him like the buffalo—
Till turns he, goaded, maddened, back,
To strike the foe upon the track!

"Let the white chieftains pause, and hear
The answer of the Seminole:—
The red man is a foe to fear—
He will not sign yon faithless scroll,
Nor yield to you the lands ye prize—
The war-belt on your pathway lies!"

Leapt from his wampum belt the glaive,
As from the bent bow leaps the shaft,
And fierce the tempered steel he drove
Through board and parchment, to the haft;
"And thus," he said, with eye of flame—
"THUS Osceola signs your claim!"

MARY E. HEWITT.

STANZAS.

When the snowy arms of Death
Like a shroud encircle thee,
And his cold benumbing breath
Stills thy pulse's melody;
Then beside thee, lowly bending,
Fondest friends shall seek to trace
In this blow, our bosoms rending,
Tokens of Almighty grace.

Daily, as we see thee fade
Like a blossom on the bough,
Chilling in the wintry shade,
Frosted dews upon its brow,
How we turn aside in anguish,
Chiding tears that flow too free,
Lest thy loving heart should languish,
Witnessing our grief for thee!
Thus to see the vital spark
Trembling in its wasted frame,
Waiting, longing to embark
For the haven whence it came—

Who could blame our sad concealings
From thy meek and watchful eyes,
Of the dark and troubled feelings
Which within our bosoms rise?

Daily strive our lips to say—
Father! let thy will be done!
Nightly, kneeling, do we pray—
Father, spare our gentle one!
Thus from Death we seek to shield thee,
Hoping, where no hope avails;
Knowing that His hand hath sealed thee—
That His arrow never fails!

When we fold thee on Earth's breast,
Greenest turf we'll gather there;
Sweetest dews shall lightly rest
On that bosom, once so fair.
Yes! for thee the tears of Heaven,
From the concave's deepest blue,
Noiselessly shall flow each even
In the droppings of the dew.

There the tender buds of Spring
First shall open to the day,
Light their little bells shall ring
To the robin's roundelay;
And a breezy voice, while straying
Through the narrow, vaulted aisles,
Sad shall sigh, like mourners praying
God's forgiveness and his smiles.

Lo! across thy path of life
Death's white shadow's stealing now;
Let me not behold the strife—
Let me still in meekness bow.
God be with thee, gentle spirit,
When his angel fondly calls—
Yielding life, thou wilt inherit
Life within our Father's halls.

Cincinnati, April, 1845.

R. S. NICHOLS.

THE LIVING ARTISTS OF EUROPE.

No. 1.

PAUL DE LA ROCHE.

[We have condensed the following biographical sketch of the great French painter from an article in the London Art-Union. We shall give sketches and portraits of other eminent artists hereafter.]



PAUL DELAROCHE was born in Paris, in 1797. His father was a man of taste, and was appointed to value the works of Art which were offered at the Mont-de-Piété. He encouraged in his two sons an inclination for the purest Art; and the elder, M. Jules Delaroche, after having made considerable progress as a painter of history, renounced the profession, and succeeded to the appointment which his father held, and has risen to the directorship of the Mont-de-Piété. The younger persevered in his studies, and has, by his assid-

uity, attained to the first rank among the painters of the French school.

Paul Delaroche devoted himself first to landscape painting; he then entered the atelier of Gros, under whom he applied himself to the human figure, and soon became distinguished by the rapid progress he made. Under Gros the young Delaroche also soon declared his dissent from what is termed the hitherto prevalent "classicism" of the French school, which was then yielding to the Renaissance; but took up a position between the classic and the romantic, and labored to create a style in harmony with the temper and habits of his time. He commenced, notwithstanding, in that mystico-biblical style which flourished a few years under the restoration, and which has even of late shown symptoms of revival; but he soon discovered that this style did not suit him. His first picture, 'Naphthali in the Desert,' which he painted at the age of twenty-two, was exhibited in the year 1819, but it attracted no attention; another, the subject of which was 'Joas Rescued by Josabeth,' was more fortunate. This was exhibited in 1822, and sufficiently indicated those powers which M. Delaroche subsequently developed and so judiciously tempered. In a *compte-rendu* of the Salon of 1822, by M. Thiers, this picture is spoken of in terms highly complimentary to the young artist. In 1824 he produced three pictures, which won for him a gold medal. The first represented 'Vincent de Paul Preaching in the Presence of the Court of Louis XII.'; the second, 'Joan of Arc Examined in Prison by the Cardinal of Winchester'; the third, 'Saint Sebastian.'

In 1827 'The Capture of the Trocadero' appeared, a work which had been commissioned by the Government, and for which he received the cross of the Legion of Honor. About the same period he exhibited other works, which have contributed much to his fame. The most celebrated of these are, 'The Death of Agostino Carracci'; 'Flora Macdonald Succouring the Pretender after the Battle of Culloden'; 'The Death of Queen Elizabeth,' which hangs on the walls of the Luxembourg; 'An Episode of the St. Bartholomew'; 'The Death of the President Duranti'; a full-length portrait of the Dauphin, as a model, to be worked in Gobelin tapestry; and the ceiling of the Museum of Charles X.

During some years after this period M. Delaroche painted only what the French call *moyen-age* subjects, although the term is scarcely suitable, as comprehending even those that come within a century or two of our own time. In 1831 he produced 'The Children of Edward,' which has been so often engraved and lithographed, and which induced M. Delavigne to compose his tragedy on the same subject. Another highly successful picture was 'Richelieu, on the Rhone, with Cinq-Mars and de Thou,' as also that representing Cardinal Mazarin presiding, while even dying, at a game of lansquenet. In 1832 M. Delaroche was called to the Institute; and in the same year he exhibited, perhaps, the most impressive of all his works, 'Cromwell Contemplating the remains of Charles I.,' a composition which, once seen, either in the original or in engraving, can never be forgotten. The extensive popularity of this production testifies its perfect success, and affords another extraordinary example of the valuable simplicity with which this artist can invest subjects, which in other hands would have been at least repulsive and, perhaps, atrocious. In 1834 appeared 'The Execution of Lady Jane Gray,' which during the entire period of its exhibition was, early and late, surrounded by a crowd of admiring spectators. On the same occasion were exhibited two other works, 'Galileo Studying in his Cabinet'; and a Saint Amelia, intended as a model for the painting of the great window of the chapel at the Chateau d'Eu.

In 1835 M. Delaroche exhibited his picture of 'The Death of the Duke of Guise'; it is much smaller than his other celebrated works, and was the only one exhibited in 1835. The murder of the Duke of Guise, it will be remembered, was effected in the Castle of Blois, by order of Henry III. The moment chosen is that when the King throws aside the arras from before the doorway, and, in his impatience to learn the result, asks in an agitated manner "if all is done;" he then discovers the body of the Duke, lying near the bed: and the murderers are relating to him the manner of his death. This picture was purchased by the Duke of Orleans. It displays more care and finish than any which preceded it. The intention of the painter is shown in the figure of the King, who looks from the corner of his eye to ascertain if his

enemy be really dead: it is also apparent in the courtesy with which he is received by the assassins, who separate that he may see that his commands have been accomplished. It is in the body of the Duke that the artist recovers his grave dignity: he has never produced anything more forcible than this. In the meantime he exhibited his well-known pictures, 'Charles I. in the Guard-Room,' and 'Lord Strafford.' From 1837 to 1841 M. Delaroche was almost entirely occupied by his great work at the Ecole des Beaux Arts, having exhibited only two pictures, the one a fine portrait of 'Napoleon in his Cabinet at the Tuilleries.'

In 1835 it was proposed to M. Delaroche to enrich the walls of the Madeline with suitable compositions; but circumstances subsequently led to his resignation of the task. In the same year he proceeded to Italy, where he formed a matrimonial alliance with the only daughter of Horace Vernet, who was then director of the French Academy at Rome. M. Delaroche was amply compensated for his disappointment, with respect to the Madeline, by having confided to him the adornment of the Amphitheatre of the Ecole des Beaux Arts—a task to which he devoted three years of assiduous labor.

The distinguished artist has recently returned from a second visit to Rome, where he has executed a portrait of the Pope; which, in Italy, has received the most unqualified praise. M. Delaroche has painted but very few portraits in addition to those already mentioned. He has produced a portrait of the Countess Rossi (late Madlle. Sontag), and some others, in oil, crayon, &c.; all of which exhibit, in a high degree, the striking characteristics of the accomplished master, who could not devote to portraiture a genius which has urged him onward to a series of triumphs in historical and didactic art.

Few artists of any time, even since the revival of painting, can be pointed out as having passed during any given portion of their lives a career so honorable and profitable as that hitherto enjoyed by M. Delaroche. At a very early age he was already in the arena competing for the suffrages of the public; and in the term of twenty years he produced thirty pictures, all of which have been signally distinguished by the plaudits of the public, and many of which will remain among the remarkable examples of the French School of Art. All his works have been popularised by the most skilful engravers; from a very early period he received the most flattering distinctions, and has in private life enjoyed all the felicities attendant on a position so honorable. At present, M. Delaroche is again busied in his studio, with a prospective yet more brilliant than the past, and which it is our sincere and reasonable hope he may live most fully to realize.

As a teacher, Delaroche has formed a long train of pupils, who speak of him with sincere respect. In stature he reaches the middle height, being apparently of a slight but active frame; with a head of fine character, an eye of intelligence, and very searching in its gaze.

In his private character Delaroche presents much for esteem. Independent of the excellence of his qualities in domestic life, he wears no conscious air of superiority; is free, frank, and affable in his manners; liberal in exposing the riches of his studio; and communicative in reference to any methods of his painting which the stranger may think worthy of enquiry. Offered by the government a large pecuniary present on the completion of the Hemicycle, he waived it for himself, on condition that it should be offered to increase the excellence of the engraving which, under sanction of the Government, is about to be published.

We never encountered one who so completely realized our notions of high genius: his eloquent countenance, so full of rapid thought and expression—his exceeding, and somewhat restless, energy of manner—conveyed to our minds the only just idea we ever received of what we understand, or desire to understand, by the term SOUL—as characteristic of a nature far superior to the great mass of humankind. The feeling of respect, not unmixed with affection, with which we regard the great painter of France, is enhanced by the knowledge that his high position is sustained not alone by that intellectual power which commands reverence from all, but by the continual exercise of the more "private and personal virtues"—the perpetual manifestation of a generosity truly catholic—and the almost daily proof supplied by his life, that true greatness may exist without a particle of selfishness, vanity, or envy.

THE AMERICAN AUTHORS' UNION.

"Deccus," said the reviewer of that gentleman's works, as he opened his manuscript, "as you are well aware, gentlemen, is one of our most original, most promising, and most indigenous authors, he is, in fact the American Boz; I have written my review of his writings, not from any personal regard, nor from any wish to display my own learning, but from a sincere desire to promote the interests of American literature. I shall begin with an analysis of his greatest work, the Cogitations of Christopher Cockroach, citizen. Deccus is a—"

"Really, gentlemen," said Mr. Deccus, rising with a flushed face, "it strikes me that it is taking a liberty with an author's works which I, in the name of American literature, must protest against, to name any one of his writings as the greatest. I name no names gentlemen, I designate no presumptuous individual, but the man who takes that liberty with my productions can never be classed among the friends of American literature. I am an injured man, gentlemen. I accuse no one, I name no one, but a certain individual has done me an immense injury. If one of my works can be classed as the greatest of my productions, perhaps, gentlemen, some of my works will be called the smallest. Beware, gentlemen, how you trifle with the interests of American literature, that delicate plant which requires the warm sunlight of your favor, but which the cold, the chilly, the withering blasts of criticism may uproot and destroy and eradicate forever."

This speech of the injured author so disconcerted the reviewer, that he put his manuscript in his pocket, and sat down without opening his lips. But his silence seemed to say, that as for satisfying an author by reviewing his book, the thing is clearly impossible. I will make the attempt no more.

Cries were now made for the letter of Areanus, which being produced, was found to contain a tragedy in six acts, by Major Laurel, the American Sheridan Knowles. It was read by Ostensible Watkins, Esq., the American John Philip Kemble, a remarkable elocutionist, who pronounced the title, sufficiently moving in itself, in a manner that sent a thrill of horror through all the several authors present.

The Author's Tragedy,
OR
THE PERFIDIOUS PUBLISHER.
A Drama in Six Acts.

ACT I.

Scene—A room with no furniture, except a weeping wife and two crying children. Enter

WRITEFORT, an American author, with a large roll of paper under his arm. He looks with unspeakable anguish on his wife and children, strikes his forehead, turns both of his pockets inside out, points to his manuscript, and rushes off the stage.

ACT II.

Scene—A counting room, clerks writing at a desk, a publisher with spectacles, sitting in an easy chair reading a newspaper. Enter another publisher, sleek, smiling, well fed, and well dressed.

1st Pub. Brother, good morning.

2d Pub. Good morning, brother.

1st Pub. Have you read the last manuscript, my brother?

2d Pub. Ha, ha, ha, capital! read it, indeed? What innocent fools these authors are, to think we read their manuscripts.

1st Pub. I am astonished at your trifling talk upon a serious subject; you know I always read all manuscripts that come to hand; I stick a reed in them, so I can always say with a clear conscience, (for you know I hate lying,) Sir, I have been *reeding* your manuscript, when an author applies to me.

2d Pub. You were born a wag, brother; but what will you say to Mr. Writefort? He will call this morning for an answer.

1st Pub. It's fortunate that you reminded me of him: I'll do it now. Porter, bring in that last nuisance. [The porter brings in a roll of manuscripts. The 1st publisher shoves a reed through it, and laughs.] There, I am ready for him; and here he comes.

Enter Writefort, an American Author. He takes off his hat and bows respectfully.

Author. Have you examined my work, sir?

1st Pub. [Winks to his brother.] I have this moment done reeding it.

Auth. Good Heavens! You have read it! Little did I expect this. Sir, accept the thanks of a grateful author. I cannot doubt, then, that you will buy it. It cost me many years of painful study, many privations, many fears, and many hopes. I am partial, I know, but still, I know the work has merit.

1st Pub. [Aside to his brother.] I'll have a bit of fun. [To the author.] Merit? Of course. In the whole course of my reading I never encountered greater—greenness. (aside.)

Auth. Oh, sir, what would my poor wife say, if she were to hear that. Will you, sir, allow me to repeat it to her?

1st Pub. Of course. Pray, Mr. Writefort, what value do you put upon your work?

Author. Indeed, Sir, I am afraid to say. No price would seem too large to me who know its value, and none too small to meet my wants.

1st Pub. Would you refuse ten thousand dollars?

Author. Ten thousand dollars! Surely, Sir, you are jesting or I am dreaming. Did you mean what you said; did you say ten thousand dollars?

1st Pub. I did.

u thor. Sir, I will take less, I will take nine thousand five hundred. Excuse my trembling, Sir, but your offer was so unexpected, it has quite unnerved me. I must go home and tell my wife. I will return again to-morrow and close the bargain. [He shakes both Publishers by the hand, and rushes out in a wild delirium of joy.]

1st Pub. Ha! ha! ha!

2d Pub. Ho! ho! ho!

All the clerks. He! he! he!

2d Pub. Porter, remove that nuisance, and then pack up the case of Bibles.

ACT III.

Scene—the Unfurnished Room.

The author, his wife and two children, with hands joined, dance round the table, which has an empty ink bottle and a steel pen in the centre. Having danced until their strength is exhausted they fall on their knees, forming a tableau in front of the table, and the curtain drops.

ACT IV.

Scene—the Publishers as before.

1st Pub. There comes that poor devil author again. Now for more fun. *Enter Writefort.*

Write. Sir, I have called again for the last time, ten times have I called already. If you do not mean to pay me anything for my work, it shall be yours for nothing, if you will only print it.

1st Pub. I could not think of accepting so valuable a work, Sir, for nothing; and as for printing it now it is quite impossible—we mean to erect a new steam press *ex-pressly* for it.

Author. But while your presses are getting ready, I am pressed so sorely by my necessities that I cannot wait. I must apply elsewhere, and as you have read my work you will, of course, give me a paper setting forth its value.

1st Pub. That I cannot do; it's against my principles to recommend any work which I do not publish. Porter, give Mr. Writefort his manuscript.

Author. Pray, Sir, how is this? You say you read my work, but the seal of the wrapper has not been broken. Surely you have not been trifling with me?

Pub. Porter, show that gentleman to the door; authors are getting impudent. Fine times, indeed, when a poor devil writer uses such language to a respectable dealer in books.

Trifling, indeed!

Exit author with his MS. under his arm, and the act closes with a grand laughing chorus by the publishers and his workmen.

ACT V.

Scene—in the street, before a cheap publication office.

Writefort—[Solus.] Well, at last my work is out; published upon the cheap and nasty plan. All my hard toil, all my high hopes, all my fond dreams at last have come to this. My precious work, printed on dingy paper, stitched in a cover of dirty hue, and sold at retail for no more than a poor quarter dollar. Well, well, I had one glorious hour, the while I dreamed I and my wife and little ones were all made rich by that magnificent sum! Ten thousand dollars! 'T was but a dream, but even in a dream to be so blest, was worth the toil, and care, and wasting thought, that my great work has cost. Who would not be an author.

ACT VI.

Scene—a garret, a coffin surrounded by the author's widow and two children. She holds a copy of the London Times in her hand. She wipes her eyes and reads.

"Mr. Bentley will publish early next month 'Writefort's History of Pavonia,' in 3 vols. octavo: price two guineas." Too late, too late! This advertisement would have saved my husband's life. But cannot I and my children reap some good from my husband's labors? Must Mr. Bentley fatten upon the toil of my dead husband, and I gain nothing? O, strange unequal world, that secures to the meanest laborer, the mechanic, the merchant, the farmer, the fruits of their toil, the full extent of their possessions, but leaves the author destitute of protection, a prey to every mercenary wretch that chooses to appropriate his belongings; O, strange inconsistent, thoughtless, heartless world!

The lid of the coffin is suddenly lifted up, the author rising in the coffin; the widow and children are on the point of rushing out when he calls them back and embraces them.

Author. An appeal like that, a wrong so gross, an inconsistency so strange, an evil so monstrous, a statement so startling, could not fail to wake the dead. I am alive again. Dear wife, and children dear, let those write books who will, henceforth I'll cobble shoes, and then I shall enjoy the fruits of my own labor.

THE END.

ACHILLES' WRATH.

At "No. 8 Astor House," in a style (no doubt) of luxurious elegance and ease, resides a gentleman and a scholar, who (without paying his postage) has forwarded us a note, (through the Despatch Post,) signing it either Mr. W. Dinneford, or Mr. P. or Mr. Q. Diuneford—for he writes a shockingly bad hand, and we are unable to make out all his capitals with precision. It is not always the best scribe, however, physically considered, who is capable of inditing the most agreeable note—as the note of Mr. Dinneford will show. Here it is:

SIR!

In your note of the 2d inst. you request of me the favor of being placed on the free list of this theatre, because (as your letter says) you were anxious "to do Justice to 'Antigone' on its representation." Your name was accordingly placed on the free list. Your

Critique has appeared, in the Broadway Journal, characterized, much more by ill nature and an illiberal spirit, than by fair and candid, or even just criticism.—

In justice therefore to MYSELF, I have withdrawn your name from the free list. I am always prepared to submit, as a caterer for public amusement, to any just remarks, though they may be severe, but I do not feel MYSELF called upon to offer facilities to any one, to do me injury by animadversions evidently marked by ill feeling. I am SIR!

With very great respect, Your most ob't serv't

W. DINNEFORD.

To Edgar Poe Esq. &c &c &c

Author of THE RAVEN.

New York APL 15, 1845. No 8 Astor House.

We are not wrong (are we?) in conceiving that Mr. Dinneford is in a passion. We are not accustomed to compositions of precisely this character—that is to say, notes written in large capitals with admiration notes for commas—the whole varied occasionally with lower case)—but still, we think ourselves justified in imagining that Mr. Dinneford was in a passion when he sent us this note from his suite of *boudoirs* at the Astor House. In fact, we fancy that we can trace the gradations of his wrath in the number and impressiveness of his underscoring. The SIRS!! for example, are exceedingly bitter; and in THE RAVEN, which has five black lines beneath it, each one blacker than the preceding, we can only consider ourselves as devoted to the Infernal Gods.

Mr. Dinneford is in a passion then—but what about? We had been given to understand, that it was usual in New York, among editors newly established, to apply (by note) for the customary free admission to the theatres. The custom is a wretched one, we grant, but since it was a custom, we were weak enough, in this instance, to be guided by it. We made our note to this Dinneford as brief and as explicit as possible—for we felt that the task was a dirty one. We stated distinctly that we wished to be placed on his free list for the purpose of "doing justice to Antigone"—just as he says himself. To this note the inhabitant of No. 8 Astor House condescended to make no reply. Supposing that the man "knew no better," and pitying his ignorance from the bottom of our hearts, we proceeded to the theatre on its opening night, in the full certainty of at least finding our name on the free list. It was not there. And the blatherskite who could behave in so indecent a manner, as to fail first in answering our note, and secondly in paying attention to the request it contained, has the audacity to find fault with us because we dared to express an unbiased opinion of his stupidity—that is to say, of the stupidity of a play gotten up by himself, Mr. Dinneford.

He failed in his duty—there was no reason that we should fail in ours. We told him that we meant to do him justice—and we did it.

We are not wasting words on this Quinneford—it is the public to whom we speak—to the editorial corps in especial. We wish to call their attention to the peculiar character of the conditions which managers such as this have the impudence to avow, as attached to the privilege of the free list. No puff no privilege, is the contract. That is to say, an editor, when admitted to the theatre, is to be understood as leaving his conscience in the street. He is admitted not to judge—not to criticise—but to adulate. He is to put himself to the inconvenience of quitting his business, or his amusement, for the purpose of observing and reporting, for the management, whatever is occurring at the theatre. On entering, he is to content himself with standing where he can—his usual position being in the lobby, where he peeps, as well as he may, through the Venetian shutters of the boxes—for usually he cannot go until late, and no accommodations are afforded him—no seats are reserved for his use. And for the honor of doing all this, he is complimented with what?—the

privilege of entering the doors of the Temple consecrated to the Quinneford—the value of the privilege in actual money, ranging from one dollar to twenty-five cents per night; admitting that circumstances are at the very best, and that the editor is so fortunate as to secure such a seat as he could procure for the twenty-five cents or the dollar, paid at the door. Deducting the difficulties and inconveniences to which he is necessarily subjected, the privileges may be estimated as from $6\frac{1}{4}$ to $12\frac{1}{2}$ cents per evening—a price quite sufficient, we presume, in the opinion of the Quinnefords, for the conglomerated consciences of all the editors within the limits of Christendom.

We have spoken, altogether, of "such managers" as Quinneford—but fortunately such managers are few. There is certainly not in New York, at the present moment, any other member of the theatrical profession, who either would have behaved with the gross courtesy of this gentleman, or who, in inditing the preposterous letter published above, could have proved himself, personally, so successful a "caterer for the public amusement."

REVIEWS.

NIGHT: a Poem. In two Parts. New York: Alexander V. Blake, 77 Fulton street. 1845. pp. 60.

Alexandre Dumas, in the preface to one of his tragedies, says: "Ce sont les hommes, et non pas l'homme, qui inventent. Chacun arrive à son tour et à son heure, s'empare des choses connues de ses pères, les met en œuvre par des combinaisons nouvelles, puis meurt après avoir ajouté quelques parcelles à la somme des connaissances humaines. Quant à la création complète d'une chose, je la crois impossible. Dieu lui-même, lorsqu'il crea l'homme, ne put on n'osa point l'inventer: il le fit à son image.

We should be unwilling to charge the author of the poem before us with the profane sentiment of the audacious plagiarist whom we have quoted, but it is very plain that the two authors entertain very similar feelings respecting *des choses connues de ses pères*.

The author of *Night* has chosen an infelicitous title for his poem, for the word "Thoughts," must pop into the minds of his readers as soon as they open his volume: yet it would have mattered nothing if he had chosen a different one, for the same title would have been inevitably suggested by the poem itself.

We can safely pronounce the author a good man and a scholar, which is higher praise than can be bestowed upon every good poet. His withholding his name from his *combinaisons nouvelles* proves him to be a modest man, at least. The volume makes a favorable appeal to the eye, if not to the heart, by its beautiful externals. It is one of the handsomest books that we have recently handled.

There are many lines like the following in the poem, which might be vastly improved by the alteration of one word:

"From morn to noon, from noon to dusky eve."

If *dewy* were substituted for *dusky*, the line would then be quite perfect and original. As an example of the author's art and feeling, we make as long an extract as we can afford room for.

E'en now the gale that stirs this humid air,
Is wet with sighs and tears that rise to heaven,
Despatch'd, how vain, to sue for mercy there.
Gay-hearted sufferers! such are not to me
The sounds I love the most; for I am of you:
Lay but the master his cold hand on me,
Press but these cords, and lo! what plaintive airs
Running through all my compass, judge me true.

A sharer in your lot; partner with all
Of human kind, the common nerve of life
That knits all nature, country, race, in one,
And makes us comrades as in fortune joined;
Each bound to each, and one to all, then why
Less sad for other's sorrows than my own?

IMAGINATION AND FANCY. By Leigh Hunt. No. iv of the "Library of Choice Reading," published by Mess. Wiley and Putnam.

A better work than this, for the purpose of the "Library" could scarcely have been selected.

The delicate taste and fine fancy of Leigh Hunt are, at the present day, as warmly admitted, as many years ago they were clamorously denied. His exquisite sensibility to all impressions of the beautiful; his scholarship (by no means profound, yet peculiarly available); and his general vivacity of intellect—render him an admirable critic on all points within the compass of these qualities. No man living can put a truly good book of ordinary literature, in a better light than he. In poetical criticism, especially, he is at home—to the extent we have suggested. His mode is to give a running commentary on the poem, citing largely, Italicizing such passages as strike his fancy, and expatiating on the effects produced: his sole object, apparently, being to extort from the work the greatest amount of beauty which it can be made to yield. This, undoubtedly, is a very captivating method, and mankind are by no means the more disposed to quarrel with it on the ground that it is sometimes less useful (if the term may be here applied) than delightful.

But these are not all the capacities of Hunt. He theorises with great ability. An instinct of the fitting—a profound sentiment of the true, the graceful, the musical, the beautiful in every shape—enables him to construct critical principles which are thoroughly consistent with Nature, and which thus serve admirably as a substructure for Art. But it is in the power of passing behind his principles, that he utterly and radically fails. Of their composition—of their machinery—he is as ignorant as a child. If any thing goes wrong with his critical clock-work, he remains profoundly and curiously embarrassed—not having the commonest idea of the steps to be taken to set it in order. He tells us that a passage is beautiful, and very usually (though not always) we admit that he is right. He insists on its beauty, and we still coincide. He expatiates on it until we grow warm in his warmth. He demonstrates to our satisfaction how it is beautiful and at what particular points it is beautiful, and sometimes adventures so far as to assure us (while we agree with him) that it would be still better at certain other points if written so and so—and then should we be so inconsiderate as to ask him why it is beautiful, he would be altogether at a loss for an answer.

In a word the forte of the author of *Rimini* is taste—while his foible is analysis. Of this latter quality—absolutely indispensable in all criticism that aims at instruction or reformation in letters—he is radically deficient. He himself feels his own ability to construct a fine poem, and is content to be assured of the validity of the principles upon which he constructs it, without caring to understand the ultimate character of the natural laws (of the heart and intellect) upon which the validity of the principles depends. Feeling thus, he is prone to suppose that in all men the ability may exist without the understanding—and his criticisms therefore take no account of the latter. He neglects it first, because he does not appreciate its necessity (since it is no necessity for him) and secondly through absolute incapacity for its discussion. Now the one cause predominates in him and now the other. We can at all time trust his comments of love and admira-

tion, and we may put faith to a very great extent in his definitions or general conclusions in art, but we must never ask of him too inquisitively, by what process they have been attained, or request him to put us in a condition for the attainment of similar conclusions for ourselves.

Now we are quite sure that the author of "Imagination and Fancy" would deny in a great measure the utility of that analysis for which we contend—but he would deny it just as a man born blind might be led to deny the utility of light. A far greater than Leigh Hunt has, in fact, denied it as far as he could, through implication, in the case of Lord Verulam. We allude to Macaulay, who is at much pains to detract from the wisest and brightest (we will not say the meanest of mankind) on the ground that the inductive processes of reason teach us to reason no better in teaching us the modes in which we reason. It is Macaulay who maintains, in other words, that a man is enabled to labor to no greater advantage by any understanding of the tools with which he labors, or of the material upon which his labor is bestowed! The reply to all this is, that Thomas Babington Macaulay is not a man of genius. He is a critic, but *no more* than a critic. We grant that the "Lays of Ancient Rome" would have received little or no improvement from any understanding, on the part of their author, of the processes of thought which enabled him to put them together. Their merit or demerit, in fact, is quite independent of any such understanding—the truth, after all, seeming to resolve itself into this—that the value of the comprehension of which we speak, is in the direct ratio of the creative ability which employs or takes advantage of the comprehension. In this sense, there are few who would deny that to Leigh Hunt the faculty of analysis would be of greater moment than to Macaulay:—and if we have expressed ourselves of the admirable work before us less warmly than may seem fitting, it is not that we fail to appreciate, or are unwilling to admit its merits, but that we feel a sentiment half of grief half of vexation, at perceiving how very narrowly it has missed being *more* meritorious, by a hundred fold at least, than it actually is, as we now see it.

It would be doing our subject injustice not to give our readers at least one extract from the volume. We choose the concluding paragraphs of an answer to the query "what is poetry?"

I cannot draw this essay towards its conclusion better than with three memorable words of Milton; who has said, that poetry in comparison with science, is "simple, sensuous, and passionate." By simple, he means unperplexed and self-evident; by sensuous, genial and full of Imagery; by passionate, excited and enthusiastic. I am aware that different constructions have been put upon some of these words; but the context seems to me to necessitate those before us. I quote, however, not from the original, but from an extract in the Remarks on Paradise Lost by Richardson.

What the poet has to cultivate above all things is love and truth:—what he has to avoid like poison, is the fleeting and the false. He will get no good by proposing to be "in earnest at the moment." His earnestness must be innate and habitual; born with him, and felt to be his most precious inheritance. "I expect neither profit nor general fame by my writings," says Coleridge in his Preface to his Poems; "and I consider myself as having been amply repaid without either. Poetry has been to me its 'own exceeding great reward.' It has soothed my afflictions; it has multiplied and refined my enjoyments; it has endeared solitude; it has given me the habit of wishing to discover the good and the beautiful in all that meets and surrounds me."—*Pickerings edition*, p. 10.

"Poetry," says Shelley, "lifts the veil from the hidden beauty of the world, and makes familiar objects be as if they were not familiar. It reproduces all that it represents; and the impersonations clothed in its Elysian light stand thenceforward in the minds of those who have once contemplated them, as memorials of that gentle and exalted content which extends itself over all thoughts and actions with which it co-exists. The great secret of morals is love, or a going out of our own nature, and an identification of ourselves with the beautiful which exists in thought, action, or person, not our own. A man, to be greatly good, must imagine intensely and comprehensively; he must put himself in the place of another, and of many others: the pains and pleasures of his species must become his own. The great instrument of moral good is imagination; and poetry administers to

the effect by acting upon the cause."—*Essays and Letters*, vol. i. p. 16.

I would not willingly say anything after perorations like these; but as treatises on poetry may chance to have auditors who think themselves called upon to vindicate the superiority of what is termed useful knowledge, it may be as well to add, that if the poet may be allowed to pique himself on any one thing more than another, compared with those who undervalue him, it is on that power of undervaluing nobody, and no attainments different from his own, which is given him by the very faculty of imagination they despise. The greater includes the less. They do not see that their inability to comprehend him argues the smaller capacity.

No man recognizes the worth of utility more than the poet: he only desires that the meaning of the term may not come short of its greatness, and exclude the noblest necessities of his fellow-creatures. He is quite as much pleased, for instance, with the facilities for rapid conveyance afforded him by the railroad, as the dullest confiner of its advantages to that single idea, or as the greatest two-headed man who varies that single idea with hugging himself on his "buttons" or his good dinner. But he sees also the beauty of the country through which he passes, of the towns, of the heavens, of the steam-engine itself, thundering and fuming along like a magic horse, of the affections that are carrying, perhaps, half the passengers on their journey, nay, of those of the great two-headed man; and beyond all this, he discerns the incalculable amount of good, and knowledge, and refinement, and mutual consideration, which this wonderful invention is fitted to circulate over the globe, perhaps to the displacement of war itself, and certainly to the diffusion of millions of enjoyments.

"And a button-maker, after all, invented it!" cries our friend.

Pardon me—it was a nobleman. A button-maker may be a very excellent, and a very poetical man, too, and yet not have been the first man visited by a sense of the gigantic powers of the combination of water and fire. It was a nobleman who first thought of it,—a captain who first tried it,—and a button-maker who perfected it. And he who put the nobleman on such thoughts, was the great philosopher Bacon, who said that poetry had "something divine in it," and was necessary to the satisfaction of the human mind.

Phreno-Mnemotechny; or the Art of Memory: the series of Lectures explanatory of the Principles of the System, delivered in New York and Philadelphia, in the beginning of 1844, by Francis Fauvel Gouraud, D. E. S. of the University of France. Now first published without alterations or omissions, and with considerable additions in the practical application of the System. New York and London: Wiley and Putnam.

This is a very large volume of nearly 700 octavo pages, and to pronounce on it hastily would be something worse than folly. We merely mentioned, in our last paper, the fact of the publication. Since then we have given the whole a careful perusal, and have no hesitation in declaring the work one of the most extraordinary ever issued in this country or elsewhere. M. Gouraud is of that class of men who, through intensity of enthusiasm, accomplish great things, but who again, through the very peculiarity, or markedness, of this enthusiasm, excite against them a thousand prejudices in the minds of the mass of mankind—who have usually a dislike to be startled by new propositions, and cannot comprehend the possibility of a man's being at once great, and what they think proper to denominate "eccentric."

The system of Mnemotechny invented by M. Gouraud compares with those of Grey and Feinagle as Hyperion to Satyrs—and yet it was the immortal Lalande who said he knew of nothing so profoundly consequential as the system of Feinagle.

We are now merely speaking at random, for we intend to recur to this subject again, and perhaps even again. We shall endeavor to convey to our readers some idea of what this remarkable volume really is, without reference to any opinions of prejudiced persons respecting it.

The Farmer's and Emigrant's Guide-Book: being a full and complete guide for the Farmer and the Emigrant. Comprising the clearing of forests and prairie land, gardening, farming generally, farriery, cookery, and the prevention and cure of diseases. With copious hints, recipes, and tables. By Josiah F. Marshall, author of the "Emigrant's Guide." Second edition, revised. Appleton & Co., 200 Broadway.

We have rarely seen a book that so fully redeemed the promise of its title as does the "Farmer's and Emigrant's Guide;" it contains directions and recipes for every thing that a farmer or a farmer's wife would care to know, from the construction of a house down to directions for mixing buck-wheat cakes. One of the most novel among the recipes is directions for making bread out of pine bark.

Voice of the Night. By H. W. Longfellow. Redding & Co., Boston. Price 12 1-2 cents.

A NEATLY printed edition, in pamphlet form, of a book too universally known to require any comment.

A Practical Treatise on the Organic Diseases of the Uterus: being the prize essay to which the Medical Society of London awarded the Fothergillian gold medal for 1843. By John B. W. Lever, M.D. New York: Burgess, Stringer & Co. 1845. pp. 240.

The Mysteries of London. Translated from the French. By Henry C. Deming, Esq. New York: Burgess, Stringer & Co.

We have not read this work, but if any thing could induce us to do so, it would be the name of the translator on the title-page, who has the

rare art in his translations, of preserving the spirit of the original language, while he invests it with his own graceful and elegant style.

The Warwick Woods, or things as they were there ten years ago. By Frank Forester. Henry William Herbert. Philadelphia: Zieber & Co. 1845.

THE essays in this little volume are already well known to the readers of the New York Turf Register, and other sporting magazines; and the popularity of the author's name will doubtless give them a wide circulation among readers in general.

The Westminster Review, for March has just been reprinted. Contents: The French Political Economists; Shakespeare and his Editors; Commercial Policy of England and Germany; Chronology of Egyptian History; Ship-Owners; Lunatic Asylums; and City Administration. L. Scott & Co., 112 Fulton st.

THE FINE ARTS.

THE INDIAN GUIDE.—A capital painting, of this name, has recently been added to the collection of the Art-Union of this city. It is the work of Charles Deas, formerly of New York, but at present residing in St. Louis. Those who admired his "Long Jake," the Santa Fe trader, will understand the merit of the "Indian Guide," when we say that it would form an admirable companion to that picture.

The Indian Guide is a half-breed; a tall gaunt figure, mounted on a pony, moving at a rapid gallop across a prairie; there is no other figure in sight, excepting an emigrant standing at his wagon in the extreme distance. The pony must be a veritable portrait; he is as characteristic in his hide and trappings as his rider. He has been shorn of every thing not essential to vitality—ears, mane, and tail; and his hide has been branded by the marking iron of successive owners. The Guide carries a long-barrelled fowling piece in his hand; and slung at his back, there is some kind of game that he has just killed. The *purple sky*, though apparently greatly exaggerated in color, is doubtless true to nature, and it helps to give an air of mystery and wildness to the whole composition.

Mr. Deas is not one of the ideal school; he loves to paint Nature as he finds her, modestly doubting his ability to improve upon her models. Excepting Mount, he is the most purely American in his feelings of any painter that we have produced. There is nothing foreign, nothing copied from other pictures in any of his compositions that we have seen; every thing about them has an air of genuineness that impresses you with the feeling of truth. Among the wild frontier men of the West, Mr. Deas will find many subjects for his pencil, which, we trust, will keep him well employed, and we hope to see many companions to "Long Jake" and the "Indian Guide." Pictures of pure savage life, like those by Mr. Catlin, cannot excite our sympathies as strongly as do the representations of beings who belong to our own race. The Indian stands at an impassable remove from civilization, but the half-breed forms a connecting link between the white and red races; we feel a sympathy for the Indian Guide that we never could for the painted savage, for we see that he has a tincture of our own blood, and his trappings show that he has taken one step towards refinement and civilized life.

There is another picture of genuine American feeling just added to the exhibition of the Art-Union, from an opposite extreme of the country to that from which the Indian Guide has come. A landscape by Mr. Harry of Boston, representing an early snow scene at the head of the Penobscot river. Though the river is frozen and the ground and trees are covered with a frosty rime, there is a warm haze in the air which looks like Indian summer. It is a very charming picture, infinitely better than some others which we have seen by the same artist.

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY.—The Annual Exhibition of this Institution was opened to the public on the 17th inst. From a hasty glance at the pictures, we should say that there were more good ones than any exhibition has contained since the first opening of the Academy. We shall notice them at length next week.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

1. *The real Scotch Polka*, as danced at the balls and opera houses of Milan, Paris, Vienna, London, and arranged by Ricardo Linter.

2. *Variations sur la Valse Favorite de F. Schubert*, (nomme Schnschüts, or Clara—Walzer de Beethoven) pour le piano, par Chas. Mayer. (D. St. Petersburg.)

3. *Annen, or the Maid of Elbekosteletz*; a song written to the popular Polka, composed by Strauss, arranged by James Clarke.

4. *Fantaisie Brillante*, for the piano-forte, on favorite subjects, from Rossini's *Guillaume Tell*, composed, arranged, and dedicated to Miss Cordelia Riddle, by James G. Maeder.

5. *'Tis Eve on the Ocean*. Song composed by Henry Russell.

6. *Sweet Hawthorn-den*. A ballad written and composed by George Linley.

7. *Cadence, Impromptu en forme d'Etude*, pour le piano, executée par l'Auteur à son Concert d'*Adieu de Londres*. Composée par Sigismond Thalberg.

The whole of the above pieces are published by W. H. Oakes, and for sale by E. H. Wade, 197 Washington street, Boston.

No. 1, is a set of Scotch Polkas, the airs of which are formed from the real old Scotch tunes, put into Polka time. They are exceedingly pretty Polkas, and are excellent for dancing. They are got out in the most costly style, the title page, representing a couple in tartan, executing one of the figures of the dance, is most gorgeously emblazoned with gold and colors. It would be a beautiful embellishment to any collection.

No. 2. The Theme on which these variations are founded, has been generally attributed to Beethoven, but the Germans now give it to F. Schubert. It is a lovely waltz, and it is but fair that the composer should have just credit for the work. The variations by Charles Meyer, are chaste and elegant, and require a light finger and flexible wrist to do them justice. The *andante* is extremely beautiful; the second variation and the *finale* are brilliant and effective. On the whole, this piece is worthy the attention of every amateur who possesses good musical taste and a moderate degree of skill.

In the third bar of the *theme* the E in the bass should be marked sharp.

No. 3. This is the celebrated Polka, composed by Strauss, to which words have been adapted, descriptive of the grief of a young maiden, who is forbidden to join in the sports of those of her own age, because she has a lover and staid out rather late. A very hard case, to our thinking.

At the back of the title-page there is an interesting account of the supposed early origin and the authenticated modern resuscitation of the Polka.

The name itself is claimed to be of Latin derivation, and from its antiquity, the dance becomes as respectable as it is fascinating. We should like to copy the whole of the veritable history, but must be content to refer our readers to the song, which will recommend itself very generally by its melodious and pleasing character.

No. 4 is a brilliant Fantasia, introducing two of the most popular and pleasing airs from the *Guillaume Tell* of Rossini. The introduction is appropriate, giving a shadowing forth of one of the themes. The airs and the variations are well arranged, very pleasing in their character, and lay well under the finger. Mr. Maeder has produced a piece which will be very popular, because it is easy, and every one has the themes by heart.

No. 5. A song by Mr. Henry Russell—one of his favorite waltz movements, made up from many things, the principal ingredients being three-eighths Strauss, two-eighths Auber, and the remainder selected from the familiar common-place material, floating about and always on hand. This mixture, after having been well shaken up, resolves itself into something very palatable, and peculiarly adapted to the general taste. We shall not pretend to criticise this song, because the absence of all thought from the composition renders it quite unnecessary. It is a difficult thing to analyse nothing.

We must, however, in fairness state, that by ingeniously dovetailing a number of separate phrases, a so-called pretty melody has been produced, which will doubtless sell the song.

No. 6, is one of a thousand pleasing ballads from the prolific pen of George Linley. This gentleman is both poet and musician, and has produced some of the sweetest ballads in the language. Sweet Hawthorn-den is simple and expressive, and is to be commended for the fact that there is no evidence of any straining after effect. It is well suited to a light treble voice, or limited tenor voice, its compass only reaching a ninth.

No. 7, is a charming study, by Thalberg, in A Minor. Unlike the generality of this composer's pieces, the one before us presents but few difficulties. It is simply an accompanied air, which, by the bye though of a mournful character, is not distinguished either for its merit or its originality. This piece will be found a very capital exercise, and especially adapted to strengthen the fingers of the right hand. It is most admirably got out, with a very elegant title page. Indeed, all the music published by Messrs. Oakes and Wade, of Boston, is distinguished by the excellence and elegance of its mechanical department, both in the interior and the exterior of the works published. The liberality and enterprise of these gentlemen fully merit the large patronage bestowed upon them by the public.

We shall notice the *Social Minstrel*, by David Paine of Boston, in our next.

MISCELLANY.

AMERICAN ENGRAVINGS IN ENGLAND.—A case has recently occurred at the Custom-house, in London, which cannot fail to interest many of our readers. Some time ago a work was published in New York, descriptive of the art of weaving, illustrated by a vast number of prints, showing that process in all its stages. It appears that the same work has been recently reprinted in London, by Wiley and Putnam, and that its publishers have imported several prints, executed in the United States, intending, as they state, to unite these *foreign* prints with the *British* letter press. The officers of the Customs charged these prints with the separate duty of 1d. per print, of which the parties complained to the Treasury, who referred the matter to the Board of Trade. The latter board recommended the Treasury to admit these prints at the duty of £2 10s. per cwt.,—that being the amount of duty chargeable on *books*,—on the ground that, if the prints had accompanied the letter press, they being subsidiary,—that is, merely illustrative of the subject of the work,—they would have been admissible as a *book* at the said duty, viz., at £2 10s. per cwt.; considering that the letter-press should not be put upon a *worse* footing for having been printed in England than if it had been printed in the United States. But their lordships required evidence of the fact alleged, namely, that the work in question has actually been printed in England. The recommendation has been acted upon.

THE BENEFIT of Mr. Benj. F. Tryon, took place on Friday (last) evening at the Olympic Theatre, with a new Farce by T. Pictou Milner, under the title of "Behind the Age." Mr. Tryon belongs to Young America: that is to say, the rising generation connected with Theatres, Literature, the Arts, &c., &c., and Mr. Milner, we believe, begins to be known as the Juvenile Dramatist, and lays his account mainly with tapping the Reservoir of students at the University, of which he is a graduate. Wherever there is a Theatre, Mr. Milner's round hat is sure to be seen.

MONUMENTAL LOAVES.—At a late missionary meeting in England, a speaker related the following anecdote, in illustration of his remark that "avarice never prospered any people."

"He remembered a baker that was very niggardly, and he was desirous of repairing his oven. Well, how to do this on economical principles was the desideratum. Fire bricks were costly, very costly. What could he get? Oh, he had it! There were some grave stones, which, if he could nicely get hold of, would suit very well. Could he get them snugly, the job would soon be done. No matter how, but he got hold of them, and immediately set to work at his oven. He enlarged it, and flagged it with the fragments of grave-stones; but without thought, he placed the lettered side up. The 'baking day' took place. His neighbors bought their loaves. Mind, they were not in tins, but were oven-bottomed loaves, that is, the dough baked on the oven bottom without tins. They were duly baked. The neighbors fetched the loaves, but, astonishment! What magic! On one loaf was 'departed this life,' on another, 'aged seventy-six years,' &c. The tale soon got out, and the baker was never troubled to bake another, and soon was ruined. His covetousness punished himself, and so it would be with all those professing but not acting with that liberality that became Christians."

MR. HENRY PHILLIPS is in Boston. He sang in Neukomn's Oratorio of David at a Concert of the Handel and Haydn Society on Sunday evening last. Signor Rapetti gave a concert there, Friday the 11th inst., assisted by the Misses Garcia. He is highly spoken of by the papers.

An entertainment of a novel character has been produced at the Melodeon, illustrating the evils resulting from capital punishment. The papers speak very highly of the performance of the company, *Miss Orville, Mr. Cunningham, &c., &c.*, but they could not save the piece.

NIBLO'S GARDENS will soon open with a good English company, under the able direction of Mr. Chippendale. The entertainments will, we believe, consist of sterling farces, and light musical pieces. Miss Taylor is engaged there, with other efficient and popular talent.

THE SEGUINS, with Mr. Frazer, commence an engagement at the Park Theatre, early in the ensuing month.

The last Concert of the New York Philharmonic Society takes place this evening, Saturday the 19th inst.

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