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FROM THE FRENCH OF DE VENY.

Come on the sea, beloved,  
Fearless and free,  
Leave friends and wealth behind ;  
Come, come with me.  
My bark on the water shines  
A fairy thing ;—  
See her pennon, mast and keel !  
She is but a little shell,  
Yet there I am king.

The earth was made for the slave,  
Oh maiden free,  
But for man, the stern and brave,  
The boundless sea.  
The waves breathe in their flow  
A mystery,  
And tenderly they sing  
In their soft murmuring—  
Love, Liberty.

ANNE C. LYNCH.

## The Fate of Alcestis.

Facilis descensus Averni;  
Sed revocare gradum—  
Hic labor—hoc o, us est.

It was twilight in the infernal regions. All was stillness in the Stygian palace, for Proserpina had not yet made her appearance from the chamber where she usually retired after dinner, to indulge herself in a siesta. Pluto had gone on a visit to Olympus to complain of some new Esculapius, and the scarcity of fresh arrivals in his dominions; for it was a subject of lamentation throughout Hell, that a full month had elapsed without any tribute money being paid to Charon, for carrying souls across the Hateful Passage. The old man was rheumatic from his long inactivity, and so cross, that nobody, save his master, ventured to speak to him. The ill humor was so general that it extended to the royal abode; and even the sternly serene countenance of the monarch had worn on his departure so black an expression that his attendants shrank from his looks. He had gone without taking leave of his queen; indeed, it was said they were not upon the most cordial terms; though the exact truth could not be ascertained, none venturing to interfere in his Majesty's domestic affairs. The infernal courtiers were scattered here and there about the palace; some playing at dominoes, smoking their pipes under the shadow of the huge cypresses that hung their mournful wreaths from the columns of the porticoes; others reading the newspapers by the expiring light, or stretched in listless ease along the black marble benches. Three dark figures were pacing the long gravel walks, wrapped in their cloaks, with their eyes fixed on the ground.—These were the Eumenides, and they seemed too deeply absorbed for conversation. The only interruption to the

silence was the heavy and continuous roaring of Cocytus, as his black waves rolled gloomily on, to unite themselves with the vast channel of Acheron; and the crackling heard from Phlegethon, as occasionally shoots of flame illuminated the increasing darkness. Now and then, too, Cerberus, who lay slumbering on the river-side, would lift up one of his three heads, and utter a low, lazy growl at the sound of some fancied footprint. Then he would shake his three pair of ears, and compose himself again to sleep.

"I can play no more," said one of the gamblers, rising from his seat. "It is too dark to distinguish the points."

"Nay, friend," returned the winner, "one stake more. I will risk ten to one we have new arrivals to-night.—There is a plague raging in Thessaly."

"And what of that? What is the world coming to? A plague—and does not Jove send an antidote to every poison? The shears of Atropos will rust for want of usage. Look—the poor thing is ready to expire with ennui!"

The figure he pointed out was sitting in a melancholy posture, under one of the pillars of the infernal throne. One hand supported her head; its marble whiteness strangely contrasted with her raven tresses and black robes—and the other, hanging negligently at her side, held the fatal scissors.

There was a sudden stir among the attendants, and Proserpina herself appeared. Her stately figure was enveloped in the imperial robes worn on state occasions, and a gorgeous crown was upon her head. She moved with divine majesty, attended, but not supported, by her favorite hand-maidens, and bending a haughty glance upon the awed group before her, paused ere she ascended the seat of sovereignty. Her voice, when she spoke, was like the murmur of falling waters.

"How now—Tyche! why are not the lamps lighted? For what have you the charge of our palace?"

"So please your Majesty, Tisiphone's last draught of oil for the uses of Tartarus, exhausted our present store."

"Do your duty, sir, and trouble me no more with thy presence. Are we to receive company in darkness?"

"I did not know your Majesty expected company," ventured her favorite maiden.

"Certainly: thou knowest to-night is the anniversary of my coronation. I have ordered supper in the great hall; and—"

"Alas, dear mistress," said the maiden, putting her handkerchief to her eyes—"is it not rather an occasion for mourning?—Can you have forgotten the lovely vale of Enna, and our blithe garlands, and pastoral songs—and the birth-day gifts of Ceres? When shall we be so happy again? Oh that fatal pomegranate!"

"Have done with your whining nonsense, Cyane," cried the Queen, angrily; "or by my father Jupiter, and my mother Ceres, and my grandmother Vesta, I will send

you to keep company with the trees and fountains—that may reply to your wailings—if you so much as name Sicily to me again!” But when the favorite pressed more closely to the side of her mistress, and looked up tenderly and tearfully in her face, and dropped her eyes on the ground, as if afraid of her displeasure, the Queen put her arm around her affectionately, and spoke more mildly.

“Nay, good Cyane, take it not so to heart. Come—I will tell you a secret”; and she bent her lips to the maiden’s ear. “A youth will join us to-night, whose beauty would make jealous our brother Apollo.”

Cyane once more dropped her eyes on the ground.

“He is to be my cup-bearer. Shall I not equal the Olympian Juno? It is Admetus, King of Thessaly, whom the Fates this night conduct to my realm. We will be magnificent, though my lord be in heaven. But the hour is come.” And she took out her gold repeater, which rang nine clear strokes.

“Atropos, my girl, you are dull to-night.” Atropos lifted up her head with a melancholy smile. The shears were half open.

Then a tumult was heard at the gates. They were shaken with long and loud clamor, and the sound of many voices. The palace slaves ran hither and thither, to find out the meaning of the confusion, and Cerberus sent up a triple yell, that might have frightened Rhadamanthus himself. The portals burst open with a thunderous crash, and Pluto’s outriders entered helter skelter.

“What is all this?” cried Proserpina, forcing composure, as she sate upon her throne, beating rapidly her cushioned footstool with her little feet, in impatience at the unwonted disorder. “Is Tartarus let loose?”

“Nay, your highness!” said a knight, throwing himself from his horse, and kneeling on one knee at her august feet—“only Pluto is coming back.”

“Pluto coming back!” exclaimed the queen; and she gave Cyane a pinch that made the poor girl’s arm black and blue. “What, in Jove’s name, is the matter?”

“No matter at all, your Majesty. But Nycteus, one of the four black royal steeds, has cast a shoe, and our master has ordered him to Lemnos, that Vulcan may repair the damage. But here comes the king.”

Pluto stared as he saw the saloon illuminated with wax tapers, and his spouse arrayed in gorgeous apparel. He even stopped, as he came near, and his brow gathered blackness.

“Ah, truant!” exclaimed Proserpina, throwing her scarf gracefully back, and extending her white hand—“can nought but mischance bring thee to my side? And on the anniversary of our wedding, too! We must grace the occasion with a little splendor, though sooth, my heart is always heavy enough, having so oft to count, in loneliness and sadness, the hours of thy absence!” And she averted her face, and covered her dark eyes.

Pluto’s nature was stubborn, but he never could abide the sight of a woman’s tears. All he shed were iron; and there was something in the softness of liquid sorrow that melted his very soul. So he applied himself to sooth his aggrieved wife; wiped her eyes with her cambric handkerchief, and promised, on the honor of a king, never to swerve from his affection to her.

“Cheer up, my flower! we must have no tears on our wedding day. Cheer up!—Look—there is some one, as I live! in Charon’s barge!”

There was a general rush of expectation, and all eyes were directed to the boat, as it came slowly across the

dark waters. Proserpina’s heart beat almost audibly. The barge touched the hither strand and two figures appeared, marshalled by the sullen oarsman. They landed, and one advanced. It was a youth, of perfect figure, and face that shamed the morning. Pluto saw that he stopped not to pay his fare, and his suspicions were again excited.

“This is your solitude,” said he to his lady wife.—“Yon fair stripling, it seems, had your previous warrant to pass. Pray, what is his business here?”

Proserpina trembled, but she was too proud to show fear. “I have destined him to an office in my household”—she answered, boldly.

“And what, if I may ask?”

“My cup-bearer.”

“Your cup-bearer! You must ape the deities of heaven in all their absurd follies? Out upon you!” cried the monarch, as he stamped his foot; the blow shook the foundations of hell and of the earth; the tides of ocean receded, and the inhabitants of Sicily recorded another earthquake.

“Oh, Pluto! a truce to your stuff!” gaily answered the queen, in a voice of music that penetrated the recesses of Erebus. “Have done with your folly, and receive your visitor. See you not, it is Mercury?”

The black haired king had already perceived his mistake, and felt ashamed of his violence, as the beautiful stranger approached. The wings attached to his helmet and sandals, and the wings upon his wand of gold entwined with emerald serpents, denoted the messenger of Jove. The sword by which Argus fell was girt to his side, and a lyre hung neglected over his shoulders, half covered by his profusion of bright golden curls. His eye was clear and piercing, and his step light and swift as he drew nigh the throne. He bowed gracefully to Pluto, kissed the fair hand of Proserpina, and hoped he found his kinswoman in good health.

“Apollo sends your highness this, with his compliments,” said the youthful deity, presenting the queen a rose-colored note, perfumed and sealed with red wax.—Then he turned to Pluto—and they were soon deep in the discussion of the politics of heaven, and the gossip of the court of Jove. Proserpina turned aside to read the note.

“Lo, Cyane!” cried she, reddening with vexation,—“Apollo has the insolence to propose me a substitute for Admetus! Heard you ever the like! The Parcae, he says, have promised to excuse the Prince’s death, provided some voluntary victim can be found to fill his place!—They think to pass his wife upon me! But I will send her back to him—that I will! They might have asked my leave!”

“What is the matter?” cried Pluto, seeing the disturbance of his spouse.

“Summon hither yon shivering ghost,” said Proserpina angrily—for once taking no heed of her lord. “I would see who has had the courage to brave my presence uncalled!”

Mercury stepped back, and beckoned his companion to the foot of the throne. Slowly and timidly the shade approached, gliding through a throng of attendants eager for a glance at the new comer. It stopped at some distance from the Stygian sovereigns.

“Come nearer,” said the empress of the dead in a softer tone, “and doff thy mantle.”

The spirit obeyed; and the shroud falling, revealed a countenance and form of transcendent loveliness. The

face was passing pale, and the calm passionless eyes were unshadowed by thought or emotion; nor moved the long fair locks that hung from the clear temples, with the breath from the colorless lips. It stood motionless, yet quivering, like the shadow of some beautiful statue, seen in the trembling pool.

"Now by the helmet of the Cyclops," exclaimed Pluto, gazing upon the vision—"it is a lovely one! Whom have you brought us, Mercury?"

"It is the bride of Thessaly. She dies in her husband's stead, who lives for having sheltered Phœbus," answered Mercury, hesitating a little, for he was too much given to lying not to find difficulty in speaking the truth.

"Thessaly was a fool to part with her," said the god.

"But she shall fare bravely. Here, some of you, give her in charge to Eacus. She shall become one of us.—So, my love, you never told me it was a lady cup-bearer you expected. That was quite a different affair. How could you sport with my fondness? Fie—Proserpina!"

"And fie, Pluto! to frown upon one who shares thy throne. Verily, thou art quicker to suspicion than to aught else; whereas, in aught that concerns thy consort, as Hamlet says,

Duller shouldst thou be, than the fat weed  
That roots itself at ease on Lethe wharf.

"I say Amen to that!" said Mercury, who always took part with the ladies. "Down, vile cur! I wish, good kinsman, you would teach this dog of yours better manners! Here he has daubed my court dress with the mud of the Acherusian fen! Down with you, fellow!"

Cerberus burst into a yell of agony, and retreated towards his master, with his three heads stooped to the ground, and his immense bushy tail sweeping the floor behind him. The cause of his alarm was soon apparent. A brawny figure was seen half way across the river of hell, grasping Charon's two ears, and urging the bark onward with incredible speed. The sullen old man was swearing lustily at being compelled to play the part of an idle passenger in his own boat, which shot over the waters with such swiftness as to curl the sluggish wave, and leave a wake of foam. It touched the side; the figure leaped on shore, bestowed a hearty box upon the ferryman, and pursued by his execrations, entered the imperial palace, and strode into the presence.

"You are welcome, Hercules," said the queen, who was first to recover from her surprise. "You are welcome to our court. How goes on the earth?"

"Not quite well, your highness," answered the son of Alcmena, saluting Pluto and the winged deity—"else I had not come hither to complain. How do you do, my pretty Cyane?"

"It is long"—said Pluto, civilly—"since we last greeted you in the shades."

"And then my errand was no peaceful one. Be quiet, monster!" The hound had crouched for protection under the chairs, and was growling with fear and rage.—Thou need'st not again dread the upper air. Earth had enough of thee on thy last visit.—But to the point: I come to ask a dear boon of your highness."

"What boon shall the mighty Alcides ask, that I will not grant?" cried the Stygian Juno.

"Trust my well known generosity," said Pluto.

"I thank your graces both," answered Hercules, taking snuff; "and will unfold my business. The youthful consort of Admetus has just passed into your dominions. Her lord, frantic at her loss, is almost expiring with grief. Moved by the sight of his woe, I have sworn,

by immortal Jove, to implore at your hands the lost Alcestis. Let me conduct her back to earth. Seal your empire over the world by one great act of clemency, and make happy two faithful lovers by restoring them to each other."

Pluto and Proserpina looked at each other while the son of Alcmena spoke. Images of felicity and blighted affection, and restored happiness, flitted before their fancy. The queen thought of the bright fields of Enna, and her youthful companions, and her shepherd lovers; and the monarch thought of his bride in her earth-born beauty, and her charming bashfulness, and his swift chariot, and the Cecropian cave. As for Mercury, he was too well bred to interpose in a delicate matter. So he turned on his heel, and whistled "Zip Coon."

"Do it"—whispered Hercules in the ear of his majesty—"and I will send you Diomedes and his horses."

"I have no objection," said Proserpina, putting up her lip.

"This must be thought of," at length replied the king of Hades. "It is no easy matter to reverse the decree of fate."

"I have the lady on my side"—muttered Hercules, glancing at the queen.

"Well, that is half the battle," said Pluto. "In the mean time, you must sup with us, my good lad. This, you know, is our wedding day; and Proserpina has devised a little party, and a dance, and so forth—having bespoken Orpheus himself for her fiddler. So come along; give Madame your arm. Mercury, we should be happy of your company; but I see you are in haste, therefore will not detain you from your ambrosia and nectar on Olympus. Make my compliments to Jupiter and the ladies. Come on, Alcides."

\* \* \* \* \*

Thrice had the hours on the Thessalian plain measured the westering sun; the growing shade upon the dial's changing plate in vain had warned the shepherd; matron, youth and maid and gray-haired sire poured from the city's breast, where every toil for a brief space had rest. They came to pay the last funereal rite to their lost queen. Upon the bier she lay, lovely in death; her shrouded face more white than e'er the royal rose.—Along the way that led to Pluto's temple, on the ground were scattered cypress boughs; and far around the hands of pious friends scattered buds. Within the hallowed fane the victims stood—three sable bulls; their brows with cypress crowned, and adianthus, and the daffodil, mingling their modest hues and sad perfume, sacred to him who rules beyond the tomb.

Thrice had the priest invoked the sacred Nine, and thrice relumed the flame of sacrifice that burnt before the shrine. Then lifting high the knife, "This hand of mine," he cried, "dread Pluto, that devotes to thee this offering (oh, accepted may it be!) was never stained with crime! So thou receive the sacrifice. Immortal Proserpina! In thy rich favor to the lost one give a glorious doom in the Elysian plains! And grant where now keen anguish only reigns in our Admetus' breast, the peace divine of pious recognition may abide, serene as hers who for her consort died!"

He entered, and the weeping train came nigh; with sighs suppressed in vain, the hoary Pheres and Clymene with her sad veiled brow, were seen. Bereaved Admetus, lifting towards the skies his clasped beseeching hands; with sympathizing woe the pious youths their king surround, with flowing locks, and eyes that seek the ground.

"Lo!" cried the priest; "is there not one of all who silent stand by this untimely pall, to tell her praises who thus coldly lies the bride of death?" He said; with kindly eyes a youth stepped forth; grasping the rural lyre, to sing with trembling lips and heart on fire.

"Gracious Apollo I invoke; and thee, first of the Nine, renowned Calliope! who sit'st in splendor on the mountain height where soar the swans, with crest of glancing light, that yet beside the Heliconian spring curve the proud neck and fold the sounding wing. Assist my lyre, for now I boldly sing of worth might ask its music, were my tongue hallowed as his with whom Olympus rung.

"Noble she was—and fair; with beauty crowned such as the Cyprian queen, of charms renowned, would know surpassed her own. Why, Pareæ, why doomed ye such matchless loveliness to die? Did Pluto claim from earth another bride? or would the queen of shades in envy hide such beauty from the world? For never yet hath he whose oar doth rule the Stygian tide, on his black shores so pure a spirit met!

"Why did the scythe of death strike down the flower scarce opened to the sun? Age hath its hour to fade and fall; the bleak north wind doth spare the gentle stalk to sweep in ruin bare the mountain-cresting oak. The tender vine sees not its blossoms ere their fruit decline; nor doth their mother earth untimely mourn the blighted buds her genial breast had borne to gladsome summer. Couldst thou not, O, Death! have won some elder prey whose failing breath might have redeemed thy victim?

"Lo! how wail her babes their mother lost! the youthful train of matrons ask her, and the sylvan vale whose haunt she loved, and the luxuriant plain. Ye, who adored her, breathe the last fond sigh o'er her fair corse! Clouds, weep your tributes here! Sun, veil thy splendors. Pitying winds, reply! sweep a sad requiem o'er Alcestis' bier!

"Hide the pale cold face forever from the gaze of her lord, and remove the corse into the temple. Let her be entombed in holy ground. Follow her, comrades, and chant with me the solemn death song. Let the virtues of the lost one be the theme of the last lay her parting spirit hears."

#### CHORUS.\*

Daughter of Pelias! joyful be thy home—  
Glorious thy lot in Pluto's realm of gloom  
Thou dweller in a cold and sunless dome!  
The dark-haired god who bids the living mourn,  
And he—the oarsman of that dreary tide,  
Of all Earth's daughters knew thee for the pride  
His bark o'er Acherontian waves hath borne

Poets shall praise thee on the mountain lyre  
Seven-stringed—and choral hymns, in tones of fire,  
From countless minstrels shall thy name inspire!

In Sparta, when the Carnean month returns,  
What time in Heaven the full-orbed moon doth reign,  
In Athens—shall be heard the lofty strain  
Thou parting wak'st in souls where genius burns.

Oh! would the power were mine to bring thee forth  
From Stygian caves to bless the abodes of earth—  
From black Cocytus of infernal birth—

With mighty oar across Hell's tide to sweep!  
For thou, most loved of women! thou alone  
For thy lord's failing life hast given thine own—  
Redeeming thus his spirit from the deep.

Light press the earth upon thy virtuous breast!

Ne'er be thy spouse in other arms caressed?  
Else thy babes scorn, and Heaven deny him rest!

Thou, when his sire, with age and sorrow white,  
His hoary mother, trembling nigh the grave,  
Refused with yielded life their son to save—

Their son, of youthful years the sole delight—

In youth's fresh prime, in beauty's sunny bloom  
Thou, self-devoted for another's doom,  
Hast passed the darksome portals of the tomb!

So true a spouse, ye gods! can me bestow!  
Thus in rare bliss, like some bright river's tide,  
Serene the measure of my days should glide,  
Unchecked by strife, unclouded e'er by wo!

Hath a new morning dawned? Who is't comes nigh, rivalling Aurora, daughter of the sky? A form of strength forth from the temple gate leads a veiled fair one to Admetus' side:—"Receive the bounty of relenting Fate—Proserpina's gift—a new and lovely bride."—One look of scorn;—another—she is known!—"Alcestis! It is she! my loved—mine own!"

"You might have thanked me for my trouble, Admetus," said Hercules.

E. F. ELLETT.

#### Epigrams.

##### I. ON A LADY WITH RED HAIR.

*From the Spanish.*

So coy and cruel was the Lady Jane,

That in revenge for slighting all his darts,  
Cupid, all heedless of her prayer and pain,  
Dyed her soft tresses in her lover's hearts.

##### II. "FIEL A LA MUERTE."

*From the Italian.*

Faithful to death!"—"Tis what I still have been,  
But 'tis your death, and not my own I mean

##### III. From the Saxon.

Oh! faithful to the grave! My latest breath  
Shall still repeat the vow, in sorrow strong;  
I shall be faithful to the hour of death,  
But feel, I shall not, love, be faithful long.

##### IV. GOOD EARS.

*From the Scotch.*

Meg boasts her ears that catch the farthest sound  
Long in advance of every ear around;  
"Ah!" groans her husband, in his saddest mood,  
"Ah! would that mine were anything but good.

##### V. DICK'S OPINION.

*From the Saxon.*

Dick holds me quite unworthy of his thought,  
But such a notion makes me nothing grim,  
For, do you see, I all along have taught  
That Dick's best thought was only worthy him.

##### VI. From the French.

"Your uncle" said you?—The assassin,  
Never physic'd me when ill,—  
I never took his medicine,—  
Behold the proof—I'm living still.

W. GILMORE SIMMS.

\* From a prose version of the Chorus in the tragedy of "Alcestis," furnished the writer.

## The Devil in the Belfry.

What o'clock is it?—*Old Saying.*

EVERY BODY knows, in a general way, that the finest place in the world is—or, alas, was—the Dutch borough of Vondervotteimittiss. Yet, as it lies some distance from any of the main roads, being in a somewhat out of the way situation, there are, perhaps, very few of my readers who have ever paid it a visit. For the benefit of those who have not, therefore, it will be only proper that I should enter into some account of it. And this is, indeed, the more necessary, as with the hope of enlisting public sympathy in behalf of the inhabitants, I design here to give a history of the calamitous events which have so lately occurred within its limits. No one who knows me will doubt that the duty thus self-imposed will be executed to the best of my ability, with all that rigid impartiality, all that cautious examination into facts, and diligent collation of authorities which should ever distinguish him who aspires to the title of historian.

By the united aid of medals, manuscripts, and inscriptions, I am enabled to say, positively, that the borough of Vondervotteimittiss has existed, from its origin, in precisely the same condition which it at present preserves. Of the date of this origin, however, I grieve that I can only speak with that species of indefinite definiteness which mathematicians are, at times, forced to put up with in certain algebraic formulae. The date, I may thus say, in regard to the remoteness of its antiquity, cannot be less than any assignable quantity whatsoever.

Touching the derivation of the name Vondervotteimittis, I confess myself, with sorrow, equally at fault.—Among a multitude of opinions upon this delicate point, some acute, some learned, some sufficiently the reverse, I am able to select nothing which ought to be considered satisfactory. Perhaps the idea of Grogswigg, nearly coincident with that of Kroutaplenttey, is to be cautiously preferred. It runs:—“Vondervotteimittis—Vonder, lege Donder—Votteimittis, quasi und Bleitziz—Bleitziz *obsolet*: pro *Blitzen*.” This derivation, to say the truth, is still countenanced by some traces of the electric fluid evident on the summit of the steeple of the House of the Town-Council. I do not choose, however, to commit myself on a theme of such importance, and must refer the reader desirous of information, to the “*Oratiunculae de Rebus Praeter-Veteris*,” of Dundergutz. See, also, Blunderbuzzard “*De Derivationibus*,” pp. 27 to 5010, Folio Gothic edit., Red and Black character, Catch-word and No Cypher;—wherein consult, also, marginal notes in the autograph of Stuffundpuff, with the Sub-Commentaries of Gruntundguzzell.

Notwithstanding the obscurity which thus envelops the date of the foundation of Vondervotteimittis, and the derivation of its name, there can be no doubt, as I said before, that it has always existed as we find it at this epoch. The oldest man in the borough can remember not the slightest difference in the appearance of any portion of it; and, indeed, the very suggestion of such a possibility is considered an insult. The site of the village is in a perfectly circular valley, about a quarter of a mile in circumference, and entirely surrounded by gentle hills, over whose summit the people have never yet ventured to pass. For this they assign the very good reason that they do not believe there is anything at all on the other side.

Round the skirts of the valley, (which is quite level, and paved throughout with flat tiles,) extends a continu-

ous row of sixty little houses. These, having their backs on the hills, must look, of course, to the centre of the plain, which is just sixty yards from the front door of each dwelling. Every house has a small garden before it, with a circular path, a sun-dial, and twenty-four cabbages. The buildings themselves are so precisely alike, that one can in no manner be distinguished from the other. Owing to the vast antiquity, the style of architecture is somewhat odd, but it is not for that reason the less strikingly picturesque. They are fashioned of hard-burned little bricks, red, with black ends, so that the walls look like a chess-board upon a great scale. The gables are turned to the front, and there are cornices, as big as all the rest of the house, over the eaves and over the main doors. The windows are narrow and deep, with very tiny panes and a great deal of sash. On the roof is a vast quantity of tiles with long curly ears. The wood-work, throughout, is of a dark hue, and there is much carving about it, with but a trifling variety of pattern; for, time out of mind, the carvers of Vondervotteimittis have never been able to carve more than two objects—a time-piece and a cabbage. But these they do exceedingly well, and intersperse them, with singular ingenuity, wherever they find room for the chisel.

The dwellings are as much alike inside as out, and the furniture is all upon one plan. The floors are of square tiles, the chairs and tables of black-looking wood with thin crooked legs and puppy feet. The mantle-pieces are wide and high, and have not only time-pieces and cabbages sculptured over the front, but a real time-piece, which makes a prodigious ticking, on the top in the middle, with a flower-pot containing a cabbage standing on each extremity by way of outrider. Between each cabbage and the time-piece again, is a little china man having a large stomach with a great round hole in it, through which is seen the dial-plate of a watch.

The fire-places are large and deep, with fierce crooked-looking fire-dogs. There is constantly a rousing fire, and a huge pot over it full of sauer-kraut and pork, to which the good woman of the house is always busy in attending. She is a little fat old lady, with blue eyes and a red face, and wears a huge cap like a sugar-loaf, ornamented with purple and yellow ribbons. Her dress is of orange-colored linsey-woolsey made very full behind and very short in the waist—and indeed very short in other respects, not reaching below the middle of her leg. This is somewhat thick, and so are her ankles, but she has a fine pair of green stockings to cover them. Her shoes, of pink leather, are fastened each with a bunch of yellow ribbons puckered up in the shape of a cabbage. In her left hand she has a little heavy Dutch watch; in her right she yields a ladle for the sauer-kraut and pork. By her side there stands a fat tabby cat, with a gilt toy repeater tied to its tail, which “the boys” have there fastened by way of a quiz.

The boys themselves are, all three of them, in the garden attending the pig. They are each two feet in height. They have three-cornered cocked hats, purple waistcoats reaching down to their thighs, buckskin knee-breeches, red woollen stockings, heavy shoes with big silver buckles, and long surtou coats with large buttons of mother-of-pearl. Each, too, has a pipe in his mouth, and a little dumpy watch in his right hand. He takes a puff and a look, and then a look and a-puff. The pig, which is corpulent and lazy, is occupied now in picking up the stray leaves that fall from the cabbages, and now in giving a kick behind at the gilt repeater, which the urchins have

also tied to his tail, in order to make him look as handsome as the cat.

Right at the front door, in a high-backed leather-bottomed armed chair, with crooked legs and puppy feet like the tables, is seated the old man of the house himself.—He is an exceedingly puffy little old gentleman, with big circular eyes and a huge double chin. His dress resembles that of the boys, and I need say nothing farther about it. All the difference is that his pipe is somewhat bigger than theirs, and he can make a greater smoke.—Like them, he has a watch, but he carries his watch in his pocket. To say the truth, he has something of more importance than a watch to attend to, and what that is I shall presently explain. He sits with his right leg upon his left knee, wears a grave countenance, and always keeps one of his eyes, at least, resolutely bent upon a certain remarkable object in the centre of the plain.

This object is situated in the steeple of the House of the Town-Council. The Town-Council are all very little, round, oily, intelligent men, with big saucer eyes and fat double chins, and have their coats much longer and their shoe-buckles much bigger than the ordinary inhabitants of Vondervotteimittiss. Since my sojourn in the borough they have had several special meetings, and have adopted these three important resolutions:

"That it is wrong to alter the good old course of things"—

"That there is nothing tolerable out of Vondervotteimittiss"—and

"That we will stick by our clocks and our cabbages."

Above the session room of the Council is the steeple, and in the steeple is the belfry, where exists, and has existed time out of mind, the pride and wonder of the village—the great clock of the borough of Vondervotteimittiss. And this is the object to which the eyes of the old gentlemen are turned who sit in the leather-bottomed arm chairs.

The great clock has seven faces—one in each of the seven sides of the steeples—so that it can be readily seen from all quarters. Its faces are large and white, and its hands heavy and black. There is a belfry-man whose sole duty is to attend to it; but this duty is the most perfect of sinecures, for the clock of Vondervotteimittiss was never yet known to have anything the matter with it.—Until lately the bare supposition of such a thing was considered heretical. From the remotest period of antiquity to which the archives have reference, the hours have been regularly struck by the big bell. And, indeed, the case was just the same with all the other clocks and watches in the borough. Never was such a place for keeping the true time. When the large clapper thought proper to say "twelve o'clock!" all its obedient followers opened their throats simultaneously, and responded like a very echo. In short the good burghers were fond of their sauer-kraut, but then they were proud of their clocks.

All people who hold sinecure offices are held in more or less respect, and as the belfry-man of Vondervotteimittiss has the most perfect of sinecures, he is the most perfectly respected of any man in the world. He is the chief dignitary of the borough, and the very pigs look up to him with a sentiment of reverence. His coat-tail is *very* far longer—his pipe, his shoe-buckles, his eyes, and his stomach, *very* far bigger than those of any other old gentleman in the village; and as to his chin, it is not only double but triple.

I have thus painted the happy estate of Vondervotteimittiss;

it is; alas, that so fair a picture should ever experience a reverse!

There has been long a saying among the wisest inhabitants that "no good can come from over the hills," and it really seemed that the words had in them something of the spirit of prophecy. It wanted five minutes of noon, on the day before yesterday, when there appeared a very odd-looking object on the summit of the ridge to the eastward. Such an occurrence, of course, attracted universal attention, and every little old gentleman who sat in a leather-bottomed arm-chair, turned one of his eyes with a stare of dismay upon the phenomenon, still keeping the other upon the clock in the steeple.

By the time that it wanted only three minutes to noon, the droll object in question was perceived to be a very diminutive foreign-looking young man. He descended the hills at a great rate, so that every body had soon a good look at him. He was really the most finnicky little personage that had ever been seen in Vondervotteimittiss. His countenance was of a dark snuff colour, and he had a long hooked nose, pea eyes, a wide mouth, and an excellent set of teeth, which latter he seemed anxious of displaying, as he was grinning from ear to ear. What with mustachios and whiskers there was none of the rest of his face to be seen. His head was uncovered, and his hair neatly done up in *papillotes*. His dress was a tight-fitting swallow-tailed black coat (from one of whose pockets dangled a vast length of white handkerchief,) black kerseymere knee-breeches, black stockings, and stumpy-looking pumps, with huge bunches of black satin ribbon for bows. Under one arm he carried a huge *chapeau-de-bras*, and under the other a fiddle nearly five times as big as himself. In his left hand was a gold snuff-box, from which, as he capered down the hill, cutting all manner of fantastical steps, he took snuff incessantly with an air of the greatest possible self-satisfaction. God bless me! here was a sight for the honest burghers of Vondervotteimittiss!

To speak plainly, the fellow had, in spite of his grinning, an audacious and sinister kind of face; and as he curvetted right into the village, the odd stumpy appearance of his pumps excited no little suspicion, and many a burgher who beheld him that day would have given a trifle for a peep beneath the white cambric handkerchief which hung so obtrusively from the pocket of his swallow-tailed coat. But what mainly occasioned a righteous indignation was, that the scoundrel popinjay, while he cut a fandango here, and a whirligig there, did not seem to have the remotest idea in the world of such a thing as *keeping time* in his steps.

The good people of the borough had scarcely a chance, however, to get their eyes thoroughly open, when, just as it wanted half a minute of noon, the rascal bounded, as I say, right into the midst of them; gave a *chassez* here and a *balancez* there; and then, after a *pirouette* and a *pas-de-zephyr*, pigeon-winged himself right up into the belfry of the house of the Town-Council, where the wonder-stricken belfry-man sat smoking in a state of dignity and dismay. But the little chap seized him at once by the nose; gave it a swing and a pull; clapped the big *chapeau-de-bras* upon his head; knocked it down over his eyes and mouth; and then, lifting up the big fiddle, beat him with it so long and so soundly, that what with the belfry-man being so fat, and the fiddle being so hollow, you would have sworn that there was a regiment of double-bass drummers all beating the devil's tattoo up in the belfry of the steeple of Vondervotteimittiss.

There is no knowing to what desperate act of vengeance this unprincipled attack might have aroused the inhabitants, but for the important fact that it now wanted only half a second of noon. The bell was about to strike, and it was a matter of absolute and pre-eminent necessity that every body should look well at his watch. It was evident, however, that just at this moment, the fellow in the steeple was doing something that he had no business to do with the clock. But as it now began to strike, no body had any time to attend to his manœuvres, for they had all to count the strokes of the bell as it sounded.

"One!" said the clock.

"Von!" echoed every little old gentleman in every leather-bottomed arm-chair in Vondervotteimittiss.—"Von!" said his watch also; "von!" said the watch of his vrow, and "von!" said the watches of the boys, and the little gilt repeaters on the tails of the cat and pig.

"Two!" continued the big bell; and

"Doo!" repeated all the repeaters.

"Three! Four! Five! Six! Seven! Eight! Nine! Ten!" said the bell.

"Dree! Vour! Fibe! Sax! Seben! Aight! Noin! Den!" answered the others.

"Eleven!" said the big one.

"Eleben!" assented the little fellows.

"Twelve!" said the bell.

"Dvelf!" they replied, perfectly satisfied, and dropping their voices,

"Und dvelf it iss!" said all the little old gentlemen, putting up their watches. But the big bell had not done with them yet.

"Thirteen!" said he.

"Der Teufel!" gasped the little old gentlemen, turning pale, dropping their pipes, and putting down all their right legs from over their left knees.

"Der Teufel!" groaned they, "Dirteen! Dirteen!!—Mein Gott, it is—it is Dirteen o'clock!!"

Why attempt to describe the terrible scene which ensued? All Vondervotteimittiss flew at once into a lamentable state of uproar.

"Vot is cum'd to mein pelly?" roared all the boys,—"I've been ongry for dis hour!"

"Vot is cum'd to mein kraut?" screamed all the vrows, "It has been done to rags for dis hour!"

"Vot is cum'd to mein pipe?" swore all the little old gentlemen, "Donder and Blitzen! it has been smoked out for dis hour!"—and they filled them up again in a great rage, and, sinking back in their arm chairs, puffed away so fast and so fiercely that the whole valley was immediately filled with impenetrable smoke.

Meantime the cabbages all turned very red in the face, and it seemed as if old Nick himself had taken possession of everything in the shape of a time-piece. The clocks carved upon the furniture took to dancing as if bewitched, while those upon the mantel-pieces could scarcely contain themselves for fury, and kept such a continual striking of thirteen, and such a frisking and wriggling of their pendulums as was really horrible to see.—But, worse than all, neither the cats nor the pigs could put up any longer with the behaviour of the little repeaters tied to their tails, and resented it by scampering all over the place, scratching and poking, and squeaking and screeching, and caterwauling and squalling, and flying into the faces, and running under the petticoats of the people, and creating altogether the most abominable din and confusion which it is possible for a reasonable person to conceive. And to make matters still

more distressing, the rascally little scape-grace in the steeple was evidently exerting himself to the utmost.—Every now and then one might catch a glimpse of the scoundrel through the smoke. There he sat in the belfry upon the belfry-man, who was lying flat upon his back. In his teeth the villain held the bell-rope, which he kept jerking about with his head, raising such a clatter that my ears ring again even to think of it. On his lap lay the big fiddle at which he was scraping out of all time and tune, with both hands, making a great show, the nincocompoop! of playing "Judy O'Flannagan and Paddy O'Raftery."

Affairs being thus miserably situated, I left the place in disgust, and now appeal for aid to all lovers of correct time and fine kraut. Let us proceed in a body to the brough, and restore the ancient order of things in Vondervotteimittiss by ejecting that little fellow from the steeple.

EDGAR A. POZ.

### Criticisms on Popular Errors.

#### NO. II.—MORMONISM.

Error, with hopes of fame, the world inspires,  
But different bosoms burn with different fires:—  
One, simply wrong, a single thought misleads;  
Another ten, another twenty needs,  
As stomachs varying in their nerve, or bile—  
This can digest a cabbage, that a file.

Smith had but one—one error marked his plans,  
But like Briareus, 't had a hundred hands,  
By which it delved within the social mind,  
To make it turbid, dreamy, dull and blind;  
Yet was he shrewd and firm—Mahomet's beast,  
Ne'er, reigned by Eros, trod more duly East.  
Unlike Busha, no honors o'er this chief  
E'er cast the driest baccalaureate leaf.  
Bred to the plough, and taught the tree to fell,  
He balked at science, for he scarce could spell,  
A better prophet! So his followers thought;—  
Gifts, visions, fits, were in all he wrought,  
And much he wrought, and many a vision tried,  
Since erst he dug upon Cumorah's side.

"Religion"—thus discoursed the prophet Smith—  
"Hath lost, through erring men, its germ and pith;  
And, viewed in every varying Christian creed,  
Is but a hollow, fruitless, sapless reed;  
All virtue gone—priests, pastors, churches, men,  
Bishop and layman, sermon, book, and pen,  
All that conspires to raise the system broad,  
Is one commingled mass of cant and fraud.\*

"So mused I at Palmyra. To my mind,  
Some other revelation heaven designed,  
Some system less inclined to split or fall,  
Than that foretold by John, or preached by Paul,  
Or if not diverse, in th' Almighty plan  
To be promulgated by some heaven-ordered man  
Of latter days. Faith on my vision paints  
That glorious day—the Day of Latter Saints.  
A prophet, sure, should come among his peers,  
Oftener than once in eighteen hundred years,  
Nor could a fitter place than this invite,  
Where KLUNEOLOX once received the rite.†

"The world itself"—th' inspirer thus went on—

\* This was the basis of the introduction of a new dispensation. It was necessary to condemn all the old sects, in order to show the importance of a new one. See Pratt's Account of Several Remarkable Discourses, &c.—New-York: J. W. Harrison, 465 Pearl street, 1841—36 p.

† The prophet's reference to this great personage in Ir quoil 'Mythology, is rather equivocal, if he intends to appeal to the moral character of Jane aux.

Iron in his nerves, and thunder in his tone,  
"The world itself was rolling very rough  
In Christian morals, when I cried enough!  
Let earth go ploughless, trees remain uncut,  
While my strong shoulders to the wheels I put  
—These golden plates, I will myself translate,  
And read to man the miracles of fate:  
How Israel here, in days we fancy old,  
Trod in his pride, bedight in Ophir gold,  
And warred and wandered, leader, priest, and host,  
Far from his own hearts-loved, and sacred coast,  
Till whelmed in fate and heaven-opposing will,  
In wrath he perished on Camorah hill."

He paused and breathed,—the listening throng admired,  
And wonder deep each rustic bosom fired;  
For note it, in the rise of mundane chief,  
Nought is so ripe in masses, as belief.  
This gave to Munster John\* his power and rod,  
And sealed the Koran as the word of God.  
I said the Mormon chief was shrewd—his eye  
Was rather set th' expedient to espy—  
Means, justifying, in his view, all ends,  
Truth growing strong, by fraud, deceit and fiends.  
He knew how hope in vulgar bosoms springs,  
And grew by cunning, great in little things.  
One triumph more!—and he had gained his crown.  
It was to win—a pious man's renown.

"Contrition"—he resumed the mystic strain—  
"O'whelmed my soul, and filled my teeming brain.  
Churches on churches, whirled around my head,  
Ages and countries, living—future—dead!  
A chaos of dread symbols. Of myself,  
And my condition on earth's fragile shelf,  
I even saw no prospect, or retreat,  
No safety in mere earth-directed feet,  
Or creed or dogma—nor this war to quell,  
Aught to redeem from incandescent hell.

"To pray, at length, I went, and in a wood  
First gave admittance to a contrite mood.  
But not yet versed in using prayer aright,  
[Hypocrisy is frugal] drew a flood of light,  
And stood within it—angels stood around  
And cried—lo! yonder hill is sacred ground,  
All sects are veering, wrong, or heterodox,—  
Go to the spot, and thou shalt find a box—  
Dig and reveal! within the sacred space  
Thou shalt thy Maker's will sublimely trace,  
Engraved on golden plates, in language old,  
Such as in Asian temples once was held.  
Dig and reveal! nor ploughs nor forests mind!  
Thou shalt reveal the knowledge to mankind!"†

Fraud, blasphemy and vice triumphant sprang,  
And new fledged Baalim songs of victory sang.  
So Mormonism rose, but not so died:—  
See, to the West extends the gathering tide,  
Like some great river of my native land,  
That, swelled with floods, sweeps over fields of sand.  
Driftwood and rubbish, motley and unclean,  
Float on the wave, and crowd the feccant scene,  
Till, in vast swamp, it flings the turbid load,  
The serpent's nest, and hydra's dread abode;  
In sweltering heats, the deadly vapors rise,  
To taint the air, and man, the victim, dies.  
Thus the vile tenet sucks up as it runs,  
The intellectual filth of western suns—  
The mind's malaria! sick of wholesome food,  
It gluts on lies, hypocrisy and blood.

\* The Anabaptist fanatic of Germany, 16th century.  
† Vide Pratt for this vision.

## Critical Notices.

*The Artist, The Merchant and The Statesman, of the Age of the Medici, and of our own Times.* By C. Edwards Lester, U. S., Consul at Genoa, Author of "The Glory and Shame of England," etc. etc. In Two Volumes. Vol. 1. New-York: Paine & Burgess.

We have been much interested in this volume, and shall take occasion to speak of it fully hereafter:—at present it can hardly be considered as before the public. The contents are "A Letter on the Genius and Sculptures of Powers"—"An Apology for Powers"—"Conversations with Powers in his Studio at Florence—Serving as an Autobiography of the Sculptor—with a History of his Life and Works"—"Tuckerman's Letter on the Genius of Powers"—and "A Letter on the Establishment of a New Consular System in the United States, with Glances at the Origin and History of the Consular Establishments of Ancient and Modern Nations—the Evils of our Present System etc. etc.—Addressed to the Hon. Wm. W. Campbell, M. C., from New-York."

The volume is embellished with a very fine portrait of Powers.

*A Complete System of Latin Prosody, for the use of Schools, Colleges, and Private Learners; on a plan entirely New.* By Patrick S. Casserly, formerly Principal of the Chrestomathic Institutions, etc. etc., New-York: Casserly & Sons, 108 Nassau St.

Mr. Casserly has acquired a deserved reputation as a teacher, and as the literal translator of Longinus—also by his Jacob's "Greek Reader." He is undoubtedly one of our best scholars, and the volume before us will do him infinite credit. Its comprehensiveness is especially notable; but the author is sadly in error, we think, in supposing that Latin Prosody, any more than Latin Syntax, can be best studied in Latin rules. We are glad to find that he has not carried his system so far as to exclude the use of English rules, for those who prefer them. His Latin Hexameters are translated. The volume is, in general, accurately printed, but has some errors—vide p. 13. l. 7.

*Wiley & Putnam's Library of Choice Reading. No. 28. The English Comic Writers.* By William Hazlitt. From the Third London Edition, Edited by his Son.

This Volume includes Eight Lectures read at the Surrey Institution in 1818. Their titles are—"On Wit and Humor"—"On Shakspeare and Ben Jonson"—"On Cowley, Butler, Suckling, Etherege, &c."—"On Wycherley, Congreve, Vanbrugh, and Farquhar"—"On the English Novelists"—"On the Works of Hogarth"—and "On the Comic Writers of the Last Century."

*Wiley & Putnam's Library of Choice Reading. No. 33. The Vicar of Wakefield.* By Oliver Goldsmith.

This edition is a reprint of the one edited by James Prior, author of "The Life of Goldsmith," etc. etc. It is very full in the way of annotations. "The Citizen of the World" and other Miscellaneous works of Goldsmith, will succeed it.

*Lays for the Sabbath, A Collection of Religious Poetry.* Compiled by Emily Taylor. Revised, with Additions, by John Pierpont. Boston: William Crosby & H. P. Nichols. For sale in New York, by Saxton & Huntington, 295 Broadway.

This is an American re-print of an admired English collection. Among the additional pieces inserted by Mr.

Pierpont, are poems by Bryant; Willis, Rockwell, Mrs. Sigourney, Whittier, Miss M. A. Browne, Percival, Peabody, Furness—and Pierpont.

The volume is neatly printed and bound—embellished with two steel engravings—and altogether well adapted for a gift-book.

*Elements of Geology: Prepared for the use of Schools and Colleges.* By W. S. W. Ruschenberger, M. D. Surgeon in the U. S. Navy, etc. From the text of Milne Edwards and Achille Comté. With Plates. Philadelphia: Grigg & Elliott.

The text-books of Milne Edwards, Achille Comté, and F. S. Beudant, have been long celebrated as the best of their kind, and Dr. Ruschenberger has been very successful in translating, re-arranging and preparing them for American students. This Geology is one of his "First Books of Natural History." It has 300 plates.

*The History of an Officer's Widow and her Young Family.* By Mrs. Hoffland. New-York: Saxton & Huntington, 295 Broadway.

A re-print of a well-written tale by an author too well known to need comment.

*The Author's Daughter. A Tale.* By Mary Howitt. New-York: Harper & Brothers.

This is No. 63. of the "Library of Select Novels"—a pleasant tale of the daughter of one Mr. Frank Lawford, who offended his family by three things—by turning author, adopting liberal opinions in politics, and marrying a poor wife. It is written, as Mary Howitt invariably writes,—well.

*The History of St. Giles and St. James.* By Douglas Jerrold. New-York: Burgess & Stringer.

Douglas Jerrold is one of the best of the British Magazines—and this story is one of his best efforts. No. 2 is issued—at 12½ cts.

*The Waverley Novels.* By Sir Walter Scott: with the Author's latest Corrections and Additions, Complete in 5. Vols. (3340 pp.), for \$2,50. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.

We have repeatedly called attention to the marvellous cheapness of this edition. The fifth and last volume is just issued—for sale in New-York by Burgess, Stringer & Co. The contents are The Highland Widow—Two Drovers—My Aunt Margaret's Mirror—Tapestried Chamber—The Laird's Jock—Fair Maid of Perth—Anne of Gierstein—Count Robert of Paris—Castle Dangerous—The Surgeon's Daughter—and A Glossary.

*The History of the Consulate and Empire under Napoleon.* By M. A. Thiers, Late Prime Minister of France, etc. etc. Translated from the French, with Notes and Additions, by Henry W. Herbert. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.

This work is to be completed in 10 parts, five of which are now issued—price 12½ cts. It is published "from the early sheets received by Carey & Hart in advance of its publication in Paris." For sale in New-York by Burgess, Stringer & Co.

*Re-publication of the London Lancet*—Editor Thomas Wakely, M. P.—Sub-Editor Henry Bennet, M. D. New American Series, Vol. 2. No. 5. New-York: Burgess, Stringer & Co.

Messrs. B., S., & Co. have rendered a very important service to the medical world of America in the re-publi-

cation of this—the most authoritative medical serial in existence. The number just out is for November.

*Records of the Proceedings and Debates at the Sixty-First Annual Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the Diocese of New-York.* By Robert A. West. New-York: Stanford & Swords.

Mr. Robert A. West is well known as the assistant editor both of the "N. Y. Commercial Advertiser" and "The Columbian Magazine."

*Wiley & Putnam's Foreign Library.* No. 2. *Memoirs of Benvenuto Cellini.* Translated by Roscoe. Vol. II.

This volume concludes one of the most interesting biographies ever written.

*Hunt's Merchants' Magazine*, for November, opens with an admirable paper, by C. Fenno Hoffman, on "The Poetry of Trade." Its second article is from the pen of H. Middleton Jr. of S. C., and is Chapter IV. of the thoughtful series of essays on "The Government and the Currency," which have done so much for the character of the Magazine. Nothing so good, on the same subjects, has as yet appeared in America. The other papers are "Trade and Commerce of Mobile"; "The First Coal Region of Pennsylvania"; "What is a Revenue Tariff?"; "Maritime Law—No. 8"; and "Railroad Movement in Virginia." The last article is especially important and interesting. The usual "Commercial Chronicle," Statistics, and Book Criticisms, fill up the number, which altogether is one of the best yet issued.

Of the editor of "The Merchant's Magazine" we have more than once expressed our opinion—that he is one of the most remarkable men of his day; and we have now lying by us an article from the pen of Willis which speaks very much to the same purpose. There is not one of our readers who will not forgive us for quoting it:

Hunt has been glorified in the Hong-kong Gazette, is regularly complimented by the English mercantile authorities, has every Banker in the world for an eager subscriber, every Consul, every Ship-owner, and Navigator—is filed away as authority in every library, and thought of, in half the countries of the world, as early as No. 3, in their enumeration of distinguished Americans—yet, who seeks to do him honor in the city he does honor to? The Merchant's Magazine, though a prodigy of perseverance and industry, is not an accidental development of Hunt's energies. He has always been singularly sagacious and original in devising new works and good ones. He was the founder of the first 'Ladies' Magazine,' of the first 'Children's Periodical,' he started the 'American Magazine of Useful and Entertaining Knowledge,' compiled the best known collection of American Anecdotes, and is an indefatigable writer—the author, among other things, of 'Letters about the Hudson.' A mutual friend of Hunt and ourself says of him:—His most important labor was the projection and successful establishment of the 'Merchant's Magazine and Commercial Review.' Having had the means of ascertaining the precise wants of the commercial public, and knowing that almost every other class of our population possessed its appropriate work, he conceived that a magazine and review, devoted to the interests of that large, wealthy, and respectable class, the merchants—a work which should be thoroughly practical and national in its character, embodying commercial matter, literary and statistical, having a national bearing upon their interests and intelligence, and supported by ripe and disciplined minds, would be a desideratum. This national work, tending to inform us of the causes which had acted upon our trade and commerce in times past, and the expanding growth of our country, he has at length brought out with full success. In his periodical he has opened a new vein of thought, especially adapted to the peculiar cast of our American minds, and erected a monument which will endure.'

Hunt was a playfellow of ours in round-jacket days, and we have always looked at him with a reminiscent interest. His luminous eager eyes, as he goes along the street keenly bent on his errand, would impress any observer with an idea of his genius and determination, and we think it is quite time his earnest head was in the engraver's hand, and his daily passing-by, a mark for the *digito monstrari*. Few more valuable or more note-worthy citizens are among us.

"The Merchant's Magazine" was, indeed, one of those "happy ideas," as they are weakly termed, which enter the heads of men of genius alone. The execution of the scheme was not less happy than its conception. At the time, Mr. H. had not only not a dollar, but was much involved. His friends (?) too discouraged him—as friends in such cases always do. He persevered; made personal application to those who would understand and appreciate his enterprise; suffered no labor nor repulse to deter him; and in the end (*without embarrassing himself with a partner*) succeeded in establishing on the firmest basis a Magazine, which, independently of its literary, or commercial utility, is decidedly the best *property* of any similar journal in the world.

*The Aristidean*, for October, is even unusually rich—containing some of the most forcible Magazine papers we have even seen:—for example, "Leaves from a Log-Book"—"The Water Cure"—"The Cobbler of Cobbs-town"—"Petrus, the Painter"—"Philosophy, a Farce"—"The Siege of Orleans"—and a queer article on "American Poets." A press of advertisements forces us to postpone farther comments until next week.

*The American Review*, for November, commences with an able paper on "Human Rights"—a review of Hurlbut's Essay—continued from last number. We note, also, an excellent article on "The French Moralists—La-bruyère, Montaigne and Nicole," also, a continuation of the spicy "Adventures on the Frontiers of Texas and Mexico." There are several other excellent contributions in prose—including a fair criticism on Mr. Mathews' book.

There are two remarkably fine poems in the number—"The True Death," by Wm. Wallace, and "Elfland," anonymous.

The "Critical Notices" are written with point and discrimination.

*The Knickerbocker Magazine*, for November, is really beneath notice and beneath contempt. And yet this work was, at one time, *respectable*. We should regret, for the sake of New York literature, that a journal of this kind should perish, and through sheer imbecility on the part of its conductors. Its present circulation, we believe, is not more than 1400 at the most. Its friends should come to its rescue.

### The Fine Arts.

Under this head we have very little to observe. Titian's Venus—concerning which we had some remarks in a previous number—is again being exhibited in Broadway. Its authenticity, we believe, is sufficiently well established—but we cannot force ourselves into any very enthusiastic admiration of the work. As a composition it is full of defects. Its color alone redeems it.

We refer our readers to Mr. Lester's new book, "The Artist, The Merchant, and The Statesman," for a great many interesting details respecting Powers, the Sculptor.

At the rooms of the Art Union there are two very ex-

quisite landscapes by Shaw—an artist whose merits (all of the loftiest order) will perhaps never be appreciated by his countrymen, until Death has mellowed down some of the personal ill-will with which his brother artists regard him. His mannerisms (sufficiently obvious) affect only the aggregate of his pictures. Individually, nothing can surpass some of his best works—"The Indian's First sight of a Ship," for example.

BUST OF MR. CALHOUN.—Mr. Clark Mills, a native artist, whose busts in plaster, actually moulded on the human head and face, have excited such general admiration, by their truth to life, has recently, as we predicted on a former occasion, made a successful attempt in a higher branch of art. From a block of native white free-stone, procured near Columbia in this State, he has sculptured, with hammer and chisel, a stone bust of the great Southern Statesman, (his first attempt in this line,) in a manner that speaks well for the skill and taste of the artist. We propose that, when completed and approved, the City Council of Charleston should make public property of this likeness of our great native statesman, hewn, by a native artist, out of a block of native stone.—*Charleston Cour.*

### The Drama.

MR. MURDOCH closed his engagement at the Park Theatre on Friday evening of last week, taking his benefit before a large audience, playing *Macbeth*, and *Charles Paragon* in "*Perfection*." He played, on the Wednesday previous, *Claude Melnotte* to an excellent house. These personations have not dimished the young actor's hold on the public favor; they have in some respects strengthened it, and increased confidence in the extent and variety of his power. His *Macbeth* was regarded by many as his best performance, although for our own part, we prefer his *Othello* in the closing act, and various passages of great effect in his *Claude Melnotte*. In all the range of the drama there is scarcely a part more arduous than that of *Macbeth*; requiring as it does a constantly sustained power, an aspect of dread and supernatural soliciting, and the continuous expression of a spirit deepening on in crime, wracked with keen agonies at every step, to the end. Through this severe labour, Mr. Murdoch made his way, triumphantly: better in some parts than in others; lingering a little by the way in the intervals of the greater outbreaks of passion, and not always keeping himself as close to the work as he should: failing to intensify each lineament and feature—but leaving in the mind, withal, a conviction that the whole had been successfully accomplished, by an artist of a high order of merit. The admirable feeling and expression in the delivery of some portions of the play we can never forget. His 'Wake Duncan with your knocking:' his heart-broken farewell to 'Sleep': his expression of countenance in the dagger-scene, and the magnificent, rolling tones of his voice in 'The multitudinous seas incarnadine' are a part of memory itself.

In *Claude Melnotte* his description of the palace on the lake of Como was a master-piece of recitation; his parting with Pauline, for the army, perfect in the voice with which he gave it, the gesture that accompanied it, and the wild eager haste with which he snatched himself away. At times in the course of this admirable personation, it was almost impossible to restrain the enthusiasm of the audience; there was a strong desire manifested to call him out in the Third and Fifth Acts, before the curtain fell. In the little after-piece on his benefit-night he played the light, dashing, off-hand *Paragon* with great spirit, and kept the audience pleased to the close.

At the end of the performances he was summoned before the curtain and delivered the following speech, which was rapturously welcomed, and which we place on record for future reference. We have many reflections springing from this success of Mr. Murdoch's, and the new light it casts upon our present Drama, to lay before our readers hereafter.

*Ladies and Gentlemen:*

A fortnight since, I appeared a candidate for your approval; you were pleased to give me your favor; night after night you have gladdened my heart, by respectful attention and kind applause.

Though words may fail to express my gratitude, my heart is full to overflowing. To the kind friends who have greeted me here, and to the entire press of this city, I owe my life-long thanks for the unanimous and generous support they have given me.

And now, ladies and gentlemen, permit me to address a few words to you, upon a subject ever near my own heart, and which I am sure finds a corner in the hearts of all who regard the intellectual developement of this land of their birth or of their adoption.

England, France, and Spain possess a national Drama—which is their pride and boast—abounding in graphic pictures of national character, where all of good, and beauty, and greatness belonging to a nation is faithfully chronicled.

From certain givings forth of the popular mind, I may venture to say, that, in the mighty work which the present generation is destined to perform on this side of the Atlantic, the building up of a new Drama is a prominent object,—a drama bearing the spirit of our own common country, marked with the living features of humanity, and a bold outline of manners as they exist at present, and as they existed at that period when the founders of a young republic acted well their part.

"Descended from a land which gave birth to a Shakespeare, what shall prevent our young writers from moulding into a dramatic form the rich materials which lie spread over the "pages of our common country's history?"

"Let them begin the work whose end is to raise the genius and to mend the heart, and a generous public will cheer them on till they form a centre for the drama, around which higher aspirations shall cluster and shine."

"Hoping that I may live to take part in such scenes, I now, ladies and gentlemen, bid you (for the present) farewell.

"To one and all, I repeat my heart's thanks and farewell!"

### Musical Department.

THE TWO ensuing weeks will be exceedingly rich as far as Music is concerned.

LEOPOLD DE MEYER has announced his first Concert for Friday, the 7th of November. It will take place at the Tabernacle, and a great many who object to going to Theatres, will avail themselves of this opportunity, and listen to the strains of almost supernatural music he draws out of his splendid Grand Piano. We have not seen the programme yet, but we trust that Mr. De Meyer's selections will satisfy all the lovers of good music.

U. C. HILL's Concert already mentioned in our last, will be on Monday, the 10th of November, and a rich bill he offers to the public.

MISS NORTHLAND has just returned from a very successful engagement at Toronto. She will sing at Philadelphia on the 6th, and be here in time to assist Mr. Leopold De Meyer in his second concert.

MRS. V. MOTT has announced a Grand Concert for Thursday, the 13th of this month. Mr. Keyle, Mr. Timm, George Loder and others will assist her on the occasion.

ONE BULL will probably give another *very last* Concert;—urged by many requests for a repetition of his last Concert, he cannot very well refuse, as the Masonic fraternity have taken all the credit of his *last Farewell*.

Auber's *La Bayaderé* is drawing crowded houses at the Park.

Since our last we have heard that the interest for the

*Private Opera* is rapidly increasing. We forgot to mention Mr. W. as *Primo Basso* of the Troupe. We hope he will excuse us, as it has happened only through a mistake, which the Evening Gazette has already corrected.

**CHEAP MUSIC.**—Cheap literature is somewhat a stale subject with us now, but cheap music has all the advantage of novelty, and it has yet some farther advantages; for when the novelty is worn off, its excellence and cheapness will still remain. We have before us a book of songs—six songs—sixteen pages—admirably got up in every way, printing, paper, selection, and elegance of style, and sold for the small sum of twenty-five cents! We cannot understand how the publisher can afford to sell at such a price, and yet make a living; for this work, unlike the usual style of stereotype music, is really given to the public in beautiful form, and of durable materials. It is called the *Musical World*, and is published on the 1st and 15th of every month by *Homans & Ellis*, 295 Broadway, the Editorial charge being confided to Mr. Henry C. Watson, whose musical reputation will be security for the excellence of the contents of the numbers. Besides the music, the cover contains the *Journal of the Musical World*, a periodical devoted to musical biography, criticism and intelligence, home and foreign, so that, to use the words of the Prospectus—the *Musical World* forms at once a choice and extensive *Library of Music* and a *Journal of Musical Events*.

The work is certain, from its undoubted worth, to command the attention of the public, and the sale will be large, for the demand for music throughout the country is enormous. We recommend the *Musical World* to all our readers. Terms of subscriptions, etc. etc. can be learned through the advertisements.

### Editorial Miscellany.

**MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER, MR. HOOKER, WILEY & PUTNAM, AND INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.**—The facts in this case are worth putting upon record as an indication of the movement in favor of International Copyright.—They have been brought before the public by Mr. Hooker's publication of a 'Card' and the 'Imprimatur' of Mr. Tupper, the book in dispute being the 'Proverbial Philosophy.' Mr. Hooker published an edition of this work before the author was generally known, issued it at a high price, and it was going off slowly when the author published a popular novel, 'The Crock of Gold', at first reissued in America in a shilling edition, and subsequently included in Messrs. Wiley & Putnam's Library of Choice Reading. Mr. Willis also began to write about Mr. Tupper, and meeting with him in England, gave a great impulse to his American reputation by telling the people in his letters that he was a brilliant young man, quite a vigorous plain spoken moralist (as his writings show) and that he was not at all dependent upon literature as a profession, being in the enjoyment of a city and country house, &c. &c. Then it came to pass how under different circumstances Pope had spoken a truth of human nature in his couplet—

Let but a Lord once own the happy lines,  
How the wit brightens and the sense refines.

Mr. Tupper was not, indeed, a lord, but the imputation of wealth scoured the wit and purified the sense just as well. The public admired wealth, and also showed that it knew how to appreciate it, in calling for a cheap edition of the Proverbial Philosophy. A Bostonian wit, by the way, in a spirit of poetic enthusiasm similar to

that which once induced a "gentleman of Oxford" to translate Milton's *Paradise Lost* into *prose*, got up an edition of the Proverbial Philosophy in prose too, whereby the printer was cheated out of his "fat" without the publisher, we presume, dining any better for the operation, either. Mr. Tupper brandished his 'Imprimatur' and held on to his price. Messrs. Wiley & Putnam are urged to print the work in the Library of Choice Reading. Respecting the interests of Mr. Hooker they leave it alone, when one day, without any previous knowledge on their part of the fact, an edition appears in exact accordance with the style of the Library. Then they become the purchasers of the plates, and by an arrangement with Mr. Hooker publish the work in the Library by *his consent and for his benefit*. In the mean time, however, Mr. Hooker suspecting unjust interference, had issued his card, and the "Courier" points the gun at Messrs. Wiley & Putnam. The explanation follows the charge, and here the matter rests, satisfactorily for all parties. The public get the book cheap, the piratical copy is bought up, and is now re-christened and doing good service for Mr. Hooker and the legitimate trade.

The moral of all this is threefold. First, that there is no adequate protection for the right of the foreign author, though it may be partially defended by the "courtesy of trade." Second, that it is impossible at present to sustain a book purchased of a foreign author at a price which will give him and his American publisher any adequate return; and third, that the only cure of the matter must be the passage of an International Copyright Law.

Towards this end we have a right, energetic and manly assertion of *what should be*, by Mr. Tupper in his "Imprimatur", similar in directness to a letter once written on this subject by Mr. Carlyle; then an eloquent remonstrance from Mr. Hooker, a divine and publisher, himself an author, pledging *him* to the work, and not least a recognition by Messrs. Wiley & Putnam of the sacredness of Mr. Hooker's contract with the author, by their treaty for the publication of the book.

**TOBACCO AND THE CLERGY.**—The clergy, with most scholars, are great lovers of the weed. The smoke, they say, is the best lexicon to the intricacies of an old folio. One among the number, however, has turned traitor—the Rev. Benjamin I. Lane—and published his book on the other side. Per contra, we have according to Mr. Willis, the ladies assuming the cigar, the coquetry of the *cigarito* for the coquetry of the fan, and the following piece of poetry, written by a clergyman—*argumentum ad hominem* to the reverend author. The *Morning News* says:

It is fair to set off one divine as authority against another, so we give a poem, quoted in Washington Irving's *Analectic Magazine* from the European Magazine, of Sept. 1812, the second part of which was written by Rev. Ralph Erskine, of the Church of Scotland, entitled—

#### SMOKING SPIRITUALIZED.

##### PART I.

This Indian weed, now wither'd quite,  
Though green at noon, cut down at night,  
Shows thy decay;  
All flesh is hay.

Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

The pipe, so lily-like and weak,  
Does thus thy mortal state bespeak,  
Thou art e'en such,  
Gone with a touch.

Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

And when the smoke ascends on high,  
Then thou behold'st the vanity

Of worldly stuff,  
Gone, with a puff.  
Thus think, and smoke tobacco,  
And when the pipe grows foul within,  
Think on thy soul defil'd with sin;  
For then the fire  
It does require.  
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.  
Thou seest the ashes cast away—  
Then to thyself thou mayest say,  
That to the dust  
Return thou must.  
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

**PART II.**  
Was this small plant for thee cut down?  
So was the plant of Great Renown,  
Which mercy sends  
For nobler ends.  
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

Doth juice medicinal proceed  
From such a naughty foreign weed?  
Then what's the power  
Of Jesse's flower?

Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

The promise, like the pipe, inlays,  
And, by the mouth of faith, conveys  
What virtue flows  
From Sharon's Rose.

Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

In vain the unlighted pipe you blow;  
Your pains in outward means are so;  
Till heavenly fire  
Your hearts inspire.

Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

The smoke, like burning incense towers,  
So should a praying heart of yours,  
With ardent cries,  
Surmount the skies.

Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

**THE COUNTRY PAPERS ON AMERICAN BOOKS.**—Nearly every paper which comes to us has some cavil at American books, while the least particle of pretence is nourished and hugged and lionized, if it only come from some *foreign* Timothy Twiddlethought. It would be amusing were it not contemptible. The habit of mind which can see nothing good at home, whatever hypocritical ardor may be expressed, we may be confident has no true appreciation of what is good abroad. From the heart outward, from the home outward, from the country outward. Thus self discipline and self respect teach us to respect others; the good father, the good son form the good citizen, and the love of country expands into the love of human kind. It is the weakest indication of old womanhood to strain the eyes at something from Paris, and turn up the nose at something, probably better, home-made.

We copy the following just tribute to a man of genius from the "U. S. Journal." We attribute it to the pen of Jesse E. Dow—himself a true poet and a judge of poetry.

**POEMS, BY WILLIAM WALLACE.**—We are pleased to learn that this gentleman has in press a volume of Poems, which will shortly be issued. This will be a valuable addition to our literature. Mr. Wallace is a true poet—one who has contributed largely to the literary reputation of our country. Even his earliest efforts were crowned with unusual success. A small volume of his poems, published some six or eight years ago, was received with more than ordinary applause. Many of the pieces contained in it bore the stamp of a powerful and fervid imagination, an uncommon depth of feeling, a profound, metaphysical force of thought, combined with originality and acuteness of perception. Within the last three years he has written poetry of sufficient merit to entitle him to rank with the first poets of the country. "Perditi," a metrical romance, first published in Graham's Magazine, contains passages, which for forcible delineation of the passions, vigor of language, originality of conception, richness of imagery, and true pathos, will bear comparison with any poetry of the age. What could be more inspiring than his magnificent picture of the American battle-ship? The lovers immured in the dungeon of Lorna's halls is equal to any thing from the pen of Maturin. He has now

a reputation—that reputation is gaining ground—and it will be his own fault if his name should not occupy a high niche in the temple of fame. Already he has been placed, by the ablest critic in the country, in a notice of his poem entitled the "Gods of Old," on a footing with Schiller, and pronounced superior to Miss Barrett in the conception of his subject. This curious metaphysical production, so strikingly novel in design and execution, so replete with bold, piercing and original thoughts, will, we trust, be embraced in the collection. But of all Mr. Wallace's efforts, nothing has struck us with so much force, as his last, entitled "The Statuary." It is, without doubt one of the gems of the age. The very groundwork is poetry—genuine and original. The execution, the novelty and beauty of the figures—the boldness, truthfulness, manliness of the language—the dread magnificence of the pictures presented to the eye—all are beyond praise. This poem alone would stamp the author as a man of high and noble aspirations, as a true poet.

By the way, the Express says, in referring to "The True Death,"

The poem, the masterly poem of Wallace, *The True Death*, is marred by the Tennysonianism of its prefix and suffix. It is a beautiful performance, however, and worthy of this impassioned poet.

This is all nonsense—as usual with the "Express." No man is freer from Tennysonianism, or any other "ism" than Wallace. We presume *The Express* alludes to "mere," the common property of all mankind.

MESSRS. WILEY AND PUTNAM are about to publish, simultaneously with the London editions to be issued immediately, the Life and Letters of Thomas Campbell, by Dr. Beattie, his friend and literary executor; a new and complete edition of the works of Keats, with a life of the poet by Monkton Milnes; and a new book by Leigh Hunt, a companion to "Imagination and Fancy," entitled "Wit and Humor."

THE SOUTHERN Monthly Magazine published at Charleston, and edited by Mr. Simms, will, we understand, be merged at the end of the year in the Southern Literary Messenger, to which journal Mr. Simms will be a constant contributor.

WE WOULD call particular attention to the advertisement of the United States Hotel. The establishment is most admirably conducted by the Proprietor, Mr. Johnson, and has participated very largely in the extensive trade of the present season. As a *recherché* and, at the same time, not expensive Boarding House for genteel families during the winter, we heartily recommend the United States.

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#### TO MEDICAL MEN.

THIS DAY PUBLISHED, THE LONDON LANCET for November, a Journal of British, Foreign, Medical and Chemical Science, Criticism and News—edited by Thomas Wakely, M. P. Surgeon, and Henry Bennett, M. D.

This is the fifth number of the second volume, containing, besides its usual quantity of valuable matter, the 2d Lecture of a series of Lectures on Organic Chemistry, by Justus Liebig.

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Doct. S.'s experience and skill in his profession, give him confidence in asserting that his operations are unsurpassed by any Dentist in this city. Dr. S.'s manner of inserting artificial teeth varies in many essential points from the usual mode; and his success in pleasing all, he is happy to say, has brought him many difficult cases, which had been unsuccessfully treated by Dentists of established professional reputation, and whose prices for the same operation were double his own. The object in inserting artificial teeth is to supply the deficiency occasioned by the loss of natural teeth, both in regard to utility, comfort in wearing, and natural appearance. In all these points, Doct. S.'s manner is pre-eminent. His mechanical tact and ingenuity have enabled him to surmount many obstacles, which have long, with the profession generally, impeded the path to success in every operation. He makes use of the best materials in all his operations—and in cases where the gum has fallen away by absorption, (which is always the case, more or less, when teeth have been extracted,) which causes a contraction of the lips and cheeks, the disfigurement of which cannot be fully obviated without adopting the artificial gums, which will supply the deficiency, and give to the mouth its usual redundancy—besides, their beauty and natural appearance, render detection impossible.

Dr. S. would be happy to refer those who require it, to many of the best families in this City, in which he has practised.

Ladies who desire it, can have their teeth examined at their residences, by sending their address as above. nov 8—9t

#### KNOX'S HATS.

T HE FALL STYLE OF GENTLEMEN'S HATS are now ready for the season, 1845, which for lightness and superiority of color cannot be surpassed, which is a very important part of the hat, retaining the color till it is worn out. Any article sold in this establishment is never misrepresented but sold for what it is. Also the fall style of boy's and children's Caps, of various patterns. Gentlemen can have their hats made to order in any shape or style they wish. A full assortment of ladies' Muffls, of all kinds.

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"Cellini was one of the most extraordinary men in an extraordinary age; his life, written by himself, is more amusing than any novel I know."—Horace Walpole.

The distinguished eminence of this artist, in the times of the "old masters"—the intimacy of Cellini with Michael Angelo, Titian, and all the great Italian sculptors and painters of the age; his connections with Francis I. of France, Emperor Charles V., Popes Clement VII and Paul III, the Dukes Alessandro and Cosimo of Florence, and with many of the princes, statesmen, commanders, and dignified ecclesiastics of that turbulent age, which called forth all the energies of Europe, and compelled our author more than once to exchange the chisel for the sword—these circumstances afforded him opportunities of making the most interesting observations, and perhaps no man was ever more capable of availing himself of such advantages.—Roscoe's Preface.

"This is, perhaps, the most perfect piece of auto-biography that ever was written, whether considered with reference to the candor and veracity of the author, the spirit of the incidents, or the creating vitality of the narrative. \* \* \* We never, in the whole course of our life, read a book of a more engaging description.—Retrospective Review.

PART II.—Completing the work, will be ready in a few days.—WILEY & PUTNAM, 161 Broadway, New-York; and all the booksellers throughout the country.

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Nov 8

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II.

*The Raven and other Poems*, by Edgar A. Poe, 1 vol. 16mo. 31 cts.

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VI.

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*Father Ripa's Residence in China*, 1 vol. 16mo. 37½ cts.

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IX.

*Lectures on the English Poets*, by Wm. Hazlitt. 1 vol. 16mo.

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H. JOHNSON.

6m

Nov. 8th, 1845.

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