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C. F. BRIGGS, EDGAR A. POE, H. C. WATSON, EDITORS.

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E conclude our remarks on the exhibition in the present number.

No. 38. *David and the Fair Shunamite, (called in the Catalogue Shumanite.)* W. Winner. This is the work of a Philadelphia artist, and being a stranger in our exhibition, we feel kindly disposed towards him, but not to that excessive degree that will blind us to the defects of his little picture. The artist has entirely misconstrued his text, which is one of the finest in the Scriptures for pictorial illustration. The passage is quoted from "Kings i. 8, 4," but it will be found in the first three verses of the first chapter of the first book of Kings.

"Now king David was old and well stricken in years, and they covered him with clothes, but he got no heat. Wherefore his servants said unto him: Let there be sought for my lord the king a young virgin: and let her stand before the king, and let her cherish him, and let her lie in thy bosom, that my lord the king may get heat. So they sought for a fair damsel throughout all the coasts of Israel and found Abishag, a Shunamite, and brought her to the king. And the damsel was very fair and cherished the king, and ministered to him; but the king knew her not."

The artist has allowed the whole beauty of the passage to escape him. He has placed David in his royal robes on the top of a high throne and the fair Shunamite at his feet too far removed to impart any heat to the old monarch though she were as hot as a furnace. There is hardly more nature in this picture than in the decorations of a China tea cup. It is idealized to the extremest point of inanity.

No. 296—*Jael and Sisera.* P. P. Duggan. A slightly tinted outline drawing, manifesting a thorough understanding of the text, a fine imagination, great anatomical knowledge, and a firm hand. It is a very chaste design, and argues well for the future prospects of this talented young artist. No. 369, a model in clay, called an Antediluvian, by the same hand, is a disagreeable subject, but it proves the artist to be a hard student, and a very skilful modeler. As a mere display of anatomical knowledge it has many technical merits, but it is disgusting to see so much ability thrown away upon a subject that can give no pleasure. The artist should always strive to hide his technical knowledge instead of making an obvious parade of it.

No. 302—*Boaz and Ruth.* A. G. Miller. A glaringly bad composition.

No. 108—*Saint John.* Thos. Hicks, A. This painting has been the subject of many ungenerous remarks, more to the discredit of those who uttered them than to the modest artist whose work they were intended to dispraise, for it possesses merits of a very high order. It is a disagreeable subject, but it is a truthful portrait, and strictly considered, is really more imaginative than the Saint John of Murillo, for it approaches more nearly to nature, not in color and drawing, but in design. A desert is not the place where we have a right to look for well rounded limbs and a full paunch, but then leanness is unpleasant to look upon, and we will forgive the solecism of fatness in the young saint, for the pleasure of looking upon a handsome boy with a rosy face and shining locks. The truth is the subject is one that cannot be fitly represented, and Mr. Hicks has done himself an injury by making the attempt. Since people do not go naked in this age of the world, they cannot serve as naked models; their flesh is delicate and soft, and must always look unpleasant when imitated in the representation of a naked person whose body has been tempered by exposure to the sun and the rain. For similar reasons, we can produce no fine statues in this age, for it is impossible to find fine models. The body is spoiled by its clothes. Artists should be content, therefore, to paint hands and faces. The days of Apollos and Dianas are past; they may return by and by when the world becomes wiser, but until they do it will be idle to look for them in art.

The figure of Saint John is well drawn and well colored; his position is easy and becoming, and the surrounding landscape is a fine idea of the desert, which is considerably heightened by a Cactus growing in the foreground. It is plain that Mr. Hicks has higher aims than to catch the eye of vulgar gazers, and the absence of everything like trickery from his pictures, shows him to be an honest and truthloving artist. He is soon to leave this country for Germany and Italy where he will spend two or three years, and we have no fears that he will be spoilt by attempting to copy the great things that others have done instead of adopting the means by which they accomplished their greatness.

No. 211—*Rachel envied her Sister.* J. G. Chapman, N. A. The passage referred to in the catalogue as the subject of this picture, is "Gen. xxx: 3. But this must be another misquotation, for the verse contains nothing that can be considered applicable to the picture. As a picture of Rachel, we can discover no merit in this performance, but considered merely as the portrait of a young woman seated upon a stone,—it has many good points, and we regard it as the best picture that Mr. Chapman has ever painted.

These six works comprise all the scripture subjects, excepting the "Death of Abel" and "Elijah," which have been noticed before; but these are enough. We are too thoroughly acquainted with the Bible in these Sunday School days to tolerate scripture pieces in art, excepting from men of the highest genius and most extensive knowledge.

No. 45—*Cupid and Psyche.* J. Freeman, N. A. The

fleshy parts of Psyche are sweetly painted, but the drapery is wretched to the last degree. Cupid has a pretty boyish face, but his back is dreadfully misdrawn, and badly colored. It is a meaningless picture. If it were intended for an illustration of the Greek legend of Cupid and Psyche, there is no propriety in the figures. Psyche is too old and Cupid too young. No. 64—*Italian beggar children*, by the same artist, has been more admired than any other picture in the gallery, and it is deserving of a good deal of praise; but it is only good in parts. The boy has a face that never belonged to a beggar, nor to any other creature who had known exposure, or suffering from want. The position in which he stands is constrained and painful, and his body is exposed on purpose, not by accident, nor for effect to gain sympathy, but as a study for the artist. The drapery is nothing but paint. The face is a sweet face *per se*, and the body is very finely painted, but as a beggar boy, the figure is incongruous and out of character. The sleeping girl is well put in as a subordinate in the composition, but taken altogether, the picture is very far from being a complete one, or a pleasing composition. There is no sentiment of indigence in it; one might look at it forever without putting his hand in his pocket to feel for money. It is a study, and as a study has much merit.

No. 331—*Crucifixion of our Savior.* W. G. Williams, H. We marvel at the temerity of the artist in attempting a subject which none but the most sublime genius should dare to touch; and we marvel still more at the admission of such a picture by the committee of arrangements. They have hung it as nearly out of sight as they could, but no work should be admitted in an exhibition like this which is not worthy to be well hung.

No. 73—*The News-boy's lament.* T. Le Clear. A very good head, full of natural expression, and evidently a portrait. But the title is a misnomer; there is no lamentation, nor any cause for it discoverable in the picture.

No. 92—*Olivia and Sophia consulting the fortune teller*, from the Vicar of Wakefield. A. G. Miller. There are two very good reasons why this subject should not be attempted by an American Artist; first, it has been painted a million of times; second, it is an English subject which an American cannot paint. Mr. Miller's name is new to us, and if he is a very young artist his picture shows evidence of talent that may produce something better hereafter.

No. 102—*Head of a Fox Hound.* W. J. Bolton. This and the head of a greyhound, 203, are the best specimens of animal portraiture that we have ever seen in our exhibitions. We believe that Mr. Bolton is an amateur, but his paintings would do honor to a professional artist.

No. 107—*Sugaring Off.* T. H. Matteson. (*Purchased by the Am. Art-Union*). Mr. Matteson is a young artist of very considerable ability; this, and "the Spirit of '76," 118, are the first of his productions that we have seen. The "sugaring off" is a representation of a genuine American scene, which evidently possesses much that is *vraisemblable*. The artist has shown a commendable disposition in choosing scenes for illustration with which he is familiar, but all the personages of his *tableau* do not seem in their element It is a pleasing composition, and we have no doubt of its proving a popular picture. The "Spirit of '76" is not much to our taste; the actors in it seem to be playing a game of brag. No. 162, "the lost glove," is much better in point of color than the other two works, but the subject itself is too trifling for an elaborate painting.

No. 110—*The Evening Chat.* E. White. A quiet pleasant little picture. Good in tone and quite perfect in drawing.

No. 114—*Facing the Enemy.* F. W. Edmonds, N. A. A reformed toper looking resolutely at a bottle of rum which is rendered doubly tempting by being placed on the sill of an open window, the light falling through it and rendering it very brilliant and cheerful; but a total abstinence paper is stuck upon the wall, and the old toper bends back in his chair as if to get out of harm's way, and we cannot but feel certain that he will come off victor over his temptations, worse than St. Anthony's, in the end. The figure is well drawn and the story very perfectly told, which is a point that Mr. Edmonds rarely or never fails in. The old toper is one of those hard drinkers with carbuncled noses and crispy hair, who used to be common enough twenty years ago but are now growing very rare. A few years hence, and there will be no more red noses, and then a picture like this will possess the kind of interest that the figures in old illuminations do, preserving the peculiar barbarisms of an age that can never be repeated. When drinking shall have gone entirely out of fashion the world will scarcely believe that it was indulged in to the excess that books and songs and pictures will tell of. 227, "The New Scholar," is quite equal, we think, to any of Mr. Edmond's former productions. The head of the village pedant is excellently well painted and most happily conceived. The unwilling urchin is a beautiful boy and a fine sturdy little fellow, who would rather be racing through the fields with his dog than be shut up in school with a dull book and a tyrant teacher. The boy is right and everybody sympathises with him, particularly in this spring weather.

No. 126—*The Parting of Edwy and Elgiva.* C. Leutze, 2c, H. This is altogether the finest composition in the exhibition. It is small and unpretending, but it possesses sufficient merit to stamp the artist a master though he had done nothing else. The character of Edwy is most happily made out, while that of the stern Dunstan is given with great force. They relieve and heighten each other.

No. 130—*Sketch of a design for a statue of Washington, for the city of New York.* Pedestal designed by F. Catherwood. Statue by T. Crawford. Painted by Henry Hillyard. If we were not well assured that either the parsimony or the instinctive good sense of our citizens would secure us against such an abomination as this ever being perpetrated, we would protest against it with all our might. The catalogue says that the statue is to be cast iron, 75 feet high. But while we need cast iron for rail fences and a thousand other good uses, we have little apprehension that any quantity of such a precious metal will ever be wasted in making an effigy of Washington that will represent him in the theatrical attitude of a French Marshal, with a cloak on his back unlike anything that Washington ever wore.

No. 176. *Cupid Begging for his Arrows*—H. Peters Gray, N. A. Christian and Pagan Artists resemble each other in one thing, if no more; they believe their Gods to be a kind of celestial poultry men and women with wings, like hens and hawks. We never see the picture of the archangel Gabriel without thinking of the barn-yard. Mr. Gray has given his Cupid a pair of wings according to rule, but the mother that bore him, for we take the respectable looking matron at whose knees he is standing, to be intended for his mother, has no such appendages. The color of this picture is very fine, and Venus is a very passable woman, but a very odd looking goddess. The sentiment of the composition is poor, feeble, and common-place. It is neither classic nor familiar—Christian nor Pagan. If it were the end of art to produce such things as these, which can never touch the heart or inform the mind, it would be as well to have no Art; and painters would be better employed in covering the outsides of houses than in decorating their interiors.

No. 195. *Dance of the Haymakers*—W. S. Mount, N. A. What a delight to pass from a picture like the last to this scene of real life and jollity. The canvas is alive with fun and nature. The floor near it is worn, like the carpet beneath a lady's mirror, from the tread of constant visiters. It is enough to say of this work, that it is equal to any of the artist's former productions; higher praise could not be bestowed upon a work of Art. At the first glance, from the unpleasant monotony of its salmon-colored tints, it is very repulsive, but the moment that its forms are perceived, all effects of mere color are forgotten, and you step out of the exhibition room into the barn, and instead of a spectator, become an actor in the scene. There are some monstrous anachronisms in the picture, such as the pink coat of one of the dancers, and there is some very bad drawing, like the legs of the fiddler; and the fiddler himself is borrowed from one of Clonney's pictures, but these are mere specks, which would not mar the beauty of the work if they were trebled in amount. This is one of those works that produce that intense degree of pleasure which we call tickling. Although we are struck with the perfect naturalness of the scene, we are apprehensive that such exhibitions are extremely rare in any of our barns. No. 242, "bird egging," is quite as good in its way as the haymakers. The subject is simplicity itself: three children have robbed a bird's nest, the oldest holds it in his hands, his little sister is trying to beg it, and his smaller brother has his hands up to his eyes crying for it. The pic-

ture is hardly bigger than your hand, yet it contains more truth and feeling than all the other canvases in the room. One cannot look at it long without feeling a moisture in his eyes. We realize at once that one touch of Nature makes the whole world kin. In the next room are a father and mother standing by the side of their murdered son, murdered by a brother, too, but we look at them without the smallest emotion; but here is a little boy crying for a bird's nest, and we cannot help crying with him. Now if there was one touch of Nature in the big picture, the sight of it would throw us into an agony of grief, but there is not, and we look upon it without moving a muscle or winking an eye. Feeling is the test by which all works of Art must be tried.

No. 204. *Horse and Shetland Pony*—T. Hicks, A. An admirable interior, and the portraits of the animals are capitally given.

No. 214. *Popping the Question*—W. F. Van Zandt. A man and a woman in very equivocal postures; the man seems to be doing anything but popping *the* question.

No. 240. *Surrender of Guatemozin*—P. F. Rothermel. Another Philadelphia picture, by one of the most promising artists in the mob city; but not to our view one of his best pictures. It is a passage taken from Prescott's Conquest of Mexico, and is, of course, purely ideal. There is an unpleasant prevalence of scarlet which tinges every object in the picture. There are some very pretty figures, but they appear like a group of fashionable ladies and gentlemen in a *tableau vivant*, rather than real personages in the drama of life.

Nos. 260, 264—by C. E. Weir. Two small paintings, possessing a good deal of merit, but exceedingly unpleasant in color. If Mr. Weir would strive to get rid of the dingy hue which the greater part of his pictures have, they would show to much better advantage. That he can rid himself of it, is very plain from the fruit piece, No. 295, which is admirably colored, and finely drawn. But it is painful to see so much time and talent wasted in copying apples and peaches.

Immortality teaching Love to Hope—bas relief in marble—T. G. Crawford, H.—Unworthy of the reputation which the artist enjoys.

No. 271. *Saturday Afternoon*—M. E. D. Brown. A dreadful affair. It is a scene in a French Kitchen, as we judge, from the utensils hanging up, but the figures are English. It is a poor thing, and the committee should have had more regard for the painter than to admit it.

Nos. 288, 290. *Pen and Ink Drawings*—Samuel Wallin. Very beautiful and highly finished drawings. The Prosy Speaker looks like a line engraving. This is a style of Art that we hope to see more extensively cultivated. Mr. Wallin is an amateur, but he draws exceedingly well.

No. 213. *Dance of Demons*—by F. O. C. Darley. Pen and ink drawing. This is quite unlike any of Mr. Darley's sketches that we had seen. It has great merit as a drawing; the demons are sketched with a terrible force, and the whole composition manifests genius of a high order.

There is not one specimen of architectural drawing in the exhibition by any of our architects, which is very discreditable to somebody—either to the architects or the Academy. Considering the great number of new churches and other important buildings which have been put up during the year, and are still in process of erection; it is a subject of surprise that no architect should deem it of importance to exhibit his drawings and plans to the public, when so fine an opportunity offers as the exhibition of the National Academy. There are two framed architectural drawings by Mr. Catherwood, which were doubtless intended for the new houses of Parliament in London. We can divine no good reason for exhibiting them here.

There are a few good miniatures in the exhibition, but none of a high order. Mr. Hite, Mr. M'Dougal, and Mr. Cummings have several good ones; that of Kyle, the flutist, by M'Dougal, is very neat and a good likeness. We have seen much better examples from Mrs. Bogardus and Miss Hall than those which these ladies have here now.

Taken altogether, the exhibition gives but little hope for the cause of Art in the United States; and when we remember how wide a field is offered for native artists, how easily employment is obtained by even mediocre abilities, and what opportunities for study every young artist enjoys, we are compelled to the conclusion that there is an incubus weighing upon Art, which, if not removed, will destroy her altogether; and this incubus we believe in our heart is the Academy that was instituted for her nourishment. We have not room at present to give our reasons for this belief—neither are we very certain of being right in our conclusions; but we think that a glance at the walls of the exhibition, by any unprejudiced observer, would lead him to the same belief. Everybody will acknowledge that the very worst performances in the exhibition are by academicians, and that the best things in it are by men who have not yet had the distinction of "associate" conferred upon them. If the interests of art in the city are placed in the hands of such men, what can be hoped for Art? Nothing, unless the artists who are the sufferers by this state of things, take the business in hand themselves and form a new Academy, as the artists did when they found that the old American Academy was destroying them by its accumulation of stupidity and arrogance. A rival institution would be of benefit in every respect, and we hope sincerely that one may be formed. There should be two exhibitions at least in the year, and a wholesome spirit of rivalry might be created, which would have the happiest effect on the interests of Art. There is talent enough, and patronage enough to warrant it, and we hope it may be undertaken.

THE PIT AND THE PENDULUM.

Impia tortorum longas hic turba furores
Sanguinis innocui, non satiata, aluit.
Sospite nunc patriâ, fracto nunc fœderis antro,
Mors alii dira fuit vita salusque patent.

[*Quatrain composed for the gates of a Merkel to be erected upon the site of the Jacobin Club House at Paris.*]

I was sick—sick unto death with that long agony; and when they at length unbound me, and I was permitted to sit, I felt that my senses were leaving me. The sentence—the dread sentence of death—was the last of distinct accentuation which reached my ears. After that, the sound of the inquisitorial voices seemed merged in one dreamy indeterminate hum. It conveyed to my soul the idea of *revolution*—perhaps from its association in fancy with the burr of a mill-wheel. This only for a brief period; for presently I heard no more. Yet, for a while, I saw; but with how terrible an exaggeration! I saw the lips of the black-robed judges. They appeared to me white—whiter than the sheet upon which I trace these words—and thin even to grotesqueness; thin with the intensity of their expression of firmness—of immoveable resolution—of stern contempt of human torture. I saw that the decrees of what to me was Fate, were still issuing from those lips. I saw them writhe with a deadly location. I saw them fashion the syllables of my name; and I shuddered because no sound succeeded. I saw, too, for a few moments of delirious horror, the soft and nearly imperceptible waving of the sable draperies which enwrapped the walls of the apartment. And then my vision fell upon the seven tall candles upon the table. At first they wore the aspect of charity, and seemed white slender angels who would save me; but then, all at once, there came a most deadly nausea over my spirit, and I felt every fibre in my frame thrill as if I had touched the wire of a galvanic battery, while the angel forms became meaningless spectres, with heads of flame, and I saw that from them there would be no help. And then there stole into my fancy, like a rich musical note, the thought of what sweet rest there must be in the grave. The thought came gently and stealthily, and it seemed long before it attained full appreciation; but just as my spirit came at length properly to feel and entertain it, the figures of the judges vanished, as if magically, from before me; the tall candles sank into nothingness; their flames went out utterly; the blackness of darkness supervened; all sensations appeared swallowed up in a mad rushing descent as of the soul into Hades. Then silence, and stillness, and night were the universe.

I had swooned; but still will not say that all of consciousness was lost. What of it there remained I will not attempt

to define, or even to describe; yet all was not lost. In the deepest slumber—no! In delirium—no! In a swoon—no! In death—no! even in the grave all *is not* lost. Else there is no immortality for man. Arousing from the most profound of slumbers, we break the gossamer web of *some* dream. Yet in a second afterward, (so frail may that web have been) we remember not that we have dreamed. In the return to life from the swoon there are two stages; first, that of the sense of mental or spiritual; secondly, that of the sense of physical, existence. It seems probable that if, upon reaching the second stage, we could recall the impressions of the first, we should find these impressions eloquent in memories of the gulf beyond. And that gulf is—what? How at least shall we distinguish its shadows from those of the tomb? But if the impressions of what I have termed the first stage, are not, at will, recalled, yet, after long interval, do they not come unbidden, while we marvel whence they come? He who has swooned, is not he who finds strange palaces and wildly familiar faces in coals that glow; is not he who beholds floating in mid-air the sad visions that the many may not view; is not he who ponders ever the perfume of some novel flower—is not he whose brain grows bewildered with the meaning of some musical cadence which has never before arrested his attention.

Amid frequent and thoughtful endeavors to remember; amid earnest struggles to regather some token of the state of seeming nothingness into which my soul had lapsed, there have been moments when I have dreamed of success; there have been brief, very brief periods when I have conjured up remembrances which the lucid reason of a later epoch assures me could have had reference only to that condition of seeming unconsciousness. These shadows of memory tell, indistinctly, of tall figures that lifted and bore me in silence down—down—still down—till a hideous dizziness oppressed me at the mere idea of the interminableness of the descent. They tell also of a vague horror at my heart, on account of that heart's unnatural stillness. Then comes a sense of sudden motionlessness throughout all things; as if those who bore me (a ghastly train!) had outrun, in their descent, the limits of the limitless, and paused from the wearisomeness of their toil. After this I call to mind flatness and dampness; and then all is *madness*—the madness of a memory which busies itself among forbidden things.

Very suddenly there came back to my soul motion and sound—the tumultuous motion of the heart, and, in my ears, the sound of its beating. Then a pause in which all is blank. Then again sound, and motion, and touch—a tingling sensation pervading my frame. Then the mere consciousness of existence, without thought—a condition which lasted long. Then, very suddenly, *thought*, and shuddering terror, and earnest endeavor to comprehend my true state. Then a strong desire to lapse into insensibility. Then a rushing revival of soul and a successful effort to move. And now a full memory of the trial, of the judges, of the sable draperies, of the sentence, of the sickness, of the swoon. Then entire forgetfulness of all that followed; of all that a later day and much earnestness of endeavor have enabled me vaguely to recall.

So far, I had not opened my eyes. I felt that I lay upon my back, unbound. I reached out my hand, and it fell heavily upon something damp and hard. There I suffered it to remain for many minutes, while I strove to imagine where and *what* I could be. I longed, yet dared not to employ my vision. I dreaded the first glance at objects around me. It was not that I feared to look upon things horrible, but that I grew aghast lest there should be *nothing* to see. At length, with a wild desperation at heart, I quickly unclosed my eyes. My worst thoughts, then, were confirmed. The blackness of eternal night encompassed me. I struggled for breath. The intensity of the darkness seemed to oppress and stifle me. The atmosphere was intolerably close. I still lay quietly, and made effort to exercise my reason. I brought to mind the inquisitorial proceedings, and attempted from that point to deduce my real condition. The sentence had passed; and it appeared to me that a very long interval of time had since elapsed. Yet not for a moment did I suppose myself actually dead. Such a supposition, notwithstanding what we read in fiction, is altogether inconsistent with real existence; —but where and in what state was I? The condemned to death, I knew, perished usually at the *auto-da-fes*, and one of these had been held on the very night of the day of my trial. Had I been remanded to my dungeon, to await the next sacrifice, which would not take place for many months? This I at once saw could not be. Victims had been in immediate demand. Moreover, my dungeon, as well as all the condemned cells at Toledo, had stone floors, and light was not altogether excluded.

A fearful idea now suddenly drove the blood in torrents upon my heart, and for a brief period, I once more relapsed into insensibility. Upon recovering, I at once started to my feet, trembling convulsively in every fibre. I thrust my arms wildly above and around me in all directions. I felt nothing; yet dreaded to move a step, lest I should be impeded by the walls of a *tomb*. Perspiration burst from every pore, and stood in cold big beads upon my forehead. The agony of suspense, grew at length intolerable, and I cautiously moved forward, with my arms extended, and my eyes straining from their sockets, in the hope of catching some faint ray of light. I proceeded for many paces; but still all was blackness and vacancy. I breathed more freely. It seemed evident that mine was not, at least, the most hideous of fates.

And now, as I still continued to step cautiously onward, there came thronging upon my recollection a thousand vague rumors of the horrors of Toledo. Of the dungeons there had been strange things narrated—fables I had always deemed them—but yet strange. and too ghastly to repeat, save in a whisper. Was I left to perish of starvation in this subterranean world of darkness; or what fate, perhaps even more fearful, awaited me? That the result would be death, and a death of more than customary bitterness, I knew too well the character of my judges to doubt. The mode and the hour were all that occupied or distracted me.

My outstretched hands at length encountered some solid obstruction. It was a wall, seemingly of stone masonry—very smooth, slimy, and cold. I followed it up; stepping with all the careful distrust with which certain antique narratives had inspired me. This process, however, afforded me no means of ascertaining the dimensions of my dungeon; as I might make its circuit, and return to the point whence I set out, without being aware of the fact; so perfectly uniform seemed the wall. I therefore sought the knife which had been in my pocket, when led into the inquisitorial chamber; but it was gone; my clothes had been exchanged for a wrapper of coarse serge. I had thought of forcing the blade in some minute crevice of the masonry, so as to identify my point of departure. The difficulty, nevertheless, was but trivial; although, in the disorder of my fancy, it seemed at first insuperable. I tore a part of the hem from the robe and placed the fragment at full length, and at right angles to the wall. In groping my way around the prison, I could not fail to encounter this rag upon completing the

circuit. So, at least I thought: but I had not counted upon the extent of the dungeon, or upon my own weakness. The ground was moist and slippery. I staggered onward for some time, when I stumbled and fell. My excessive fatigue induced me to remain prostrate; and sleep soon overtook me as I lay.

Upon awaking, and stretching forth an arm, I found beside me a loaf and a pitcher with water. I was too much exhausted to reflect upon this circumstance, but ate and drank with avidity. Shortly afterward, I resumed my tour around the prison, and with much toil, came at last upon the fragment of the serge. Up to the period when I fell I had counted fifty-two paces, and upon resuming my walk, I had counted forty-eight more;—when I arrived at the rag. There were in all, then, a hundred paces; and, admitting two paces to the yard, I presumed the dungeon to be fifty yards in circuit. I had met, however, with many angles in the wall, and thus I could form no guess at the shape of the vault; for vault I could not help supposing it to be.

I had little object—certainly no hope—in these researches; but a vague curiosity prompted me to continue them. Quitting the wall, I resolved to cross the area of the enclosure. At first I proceeded with extreme caution, for the floor, although seemingly of solid material, was treacherous with slime. At length, however, I took courage, and did not hesitate to step firmly; endeavoring to cross in as direct a line as possible. I had advanced some ten or twelve paces in this manner, when the remnant of the torn hem of my robe became entangled between my legs. I stepped on it, and fell violently on my face.

In the confusion attending my fall, I did not immediately apprehend a somewhat startling circumstance, which yet, in a few seconds afterward, and while I still lay prostrate, arrested my attention. It was this—my chin rested upon the floor of the prison, but my lips and the upper portion of my head, although seemingly at a less elevation than the chin, touched nothing. At the same time my forehead seemed bathed in a clammy vapor, and the peculiar smell of decayed fungus arose to my nostrils. I put forward my arm, and shuddered to find that I had fallen at the very brink of a circular pit, whose extent, of course, I had no means of ascertaining at the moment. Groping about the masonry just below the margin, I succeeded in dislodging a small fragment, and let it fall into the abyss. For many seconds I hearkened to its reverberations as it dashed against the sides of the chasm in its descent; at length there was a sullen plunge into water, succeeded by loud echoes. At the same moment there came a sound resembling the quick opening, and as rapid closing of a door overhead, while a faint gleam of light flashed suddenly through the gloom, and as suddenly faded away.

I saw clearly the doom which had been prepared for me, and congratulated myself upon the timely accident by which I had escaped. Another step before my fall, and the world had seen me no more. And the death just avoided, was of that very character which I had regarded as fabulous and frivolous in the tales respecting the Inquisition. To the victims of its tyranny, there was the choice of death with its direst physical agonies, or death with its most hideous moral horrors. I had been reserved for the latter. By long suffering my nerves had been unstrung, until I trembled at the sound of my own voice, and had become in every respect a fitting subject for the species of torture which awaited me.

Shaking in every limb, I groped my way back to the wall; resolving there to perish rather than risk the terrors of the wells, of which my imagination now pictured many in various positions about the dungeon. In other conditions of mind I might have had courage to end my misery at once by a plunge into one of these abysses; but now I was the veriest of cowards. Neither could I forget what I had read of these pits—that the *sudden* extinction of life formed no part of their most horrible plan.

Agitation of spirit kept me awake for many long hours; but at length I again slumbered. Upon arousing, I found by my side, as before, a loaf and a pitcher of water. A burning thirst consumed me, and I emptied the vessel at a draught. It must have been drugged; for scarcely had I drunk, before I became irresistibly drowsy. A deep sleep fell upon me—a sleep like that of death. How long it lasted of course, I know not; but when, once again, I unclosed my eyes, the objects around me were visible. By a wild sulphurous lustre, the origin of which I could not at first determine, I was enabled to see the extent and aspect of the prison.

In its size I had been greatly mistaken. The whole circuit of its walls did not exceed twenty-five yards. For some minutes this fact occasioned me a world of vain trouble; vain indeed! for what could be of less importance, under the terrible circumstances which environed me, than the mere dimensions of my dungeon? But my soul took a wild interest in trifles, and I busied myself in endeavors to account for the error I had committed in my measurement. The truth at length flashed upon me. In my first attempt at exploration I had counted fifty-two paces, up to the period when I fell; I must then have been within a pace or two of the fragment of serge; in fact, I had nearly performed the circuit of the vault. I then slept, and upon awaking, I must have returned upon my steps—thus supposing the circuit nearly double what it actually was. My confusion of mind prevented me from observing that I began my tour with the wall to the left, and ended it with the wall to the right.

I had been deceived, too, in respect to the shape of the enclosure. In feeling my way I had found many angles, and thus deduced an idea of great irregularity; so potent is the effect of total darkness upon one arousing from lethargy or sleep! The angles were simply those of a few slight depressions, or niches, at odd intervals. The general shape of the prison was square. What I had taken for masonry seemed now to be iron, or some other metal, in huge plates, whose sutures or joints occasioned the depression. The entire surface of this metallic enclosure was rudely daubed in all the hideous and repulsive devices to which the charnel superstition of the monks has given rise. The figures of fiends in aspects of menace, with skeleton forms, and other more really fearful images, overspread and disfigured the walls. I observed that the outlines of these monstrosities were sufficiently distinct, but that the colors seemed faded and blurred, as if from the effects of a damp atmosphere. I now noticed the floor, too, which was of stone. In the centre yawned the circular pit from whose jaws I had escaped; but it was the only one in the dungeon.

All this I saw indistinctly and by much effort: for my personal condition had been greatly changed during slumber. I now lay upon my back, and at full length, on a species of low framework of wood. To this I was securely bound by a long strap resembling a surcingle. It passed in many convolutions about my limbs and body, leaving at liberty only my head, and my left arm to such extent that I could, by dint of much exertion, supply myself with food from an earthen dish which lay by my side on the floor. I saw, to my horror, that the pitcher had been removed. I say to my horror; for I was consumed with intolerable thirst. This thirst it appeared to be the design of my persecutors to stimulate: for the food in the dish was meat pungently seasoned.

Looking upward, I surveyed the ceiling of my prison. It was some thirty or forty feet overhead, and constructed much as the side walls. In one of its panels a very singular figure riveted my whole attention. It was the painted figure of Time as he is commonly represented, save that, in lieu of a scythe, he held what, at a casual glance, I supposed to be the pictured image of a huge pendulum such as we see on antique clocks. There was something, however, in the appearance of this machine which caused me to regard it more attentively. While I gazed directly upward at it (for its position was immediately over my own) I fancied that I saw it in motion. In an instant afterward the fancy was confirmed. Its sweep was brief, and of course slow. I watched it for some minutes, somewhat in fear, but more in wonder. Wearied at length with observing its dull movement, I turned my eyes upon the other objects in the cell.

A slight noise attracted my notice, and, looking to the floor, I saw several enormous rats traversing it. They had issued from the well, which lay just within view to my right. Even then, while I gazed, they came up in troops, hurriedly, with ravenous eyes, allured by the scent of the meat. From this it required much effort and attention to scare them away.

It might have been half an hour, perhaps even an hour, (for I could take but imperfect note of time) before I again cast my eyes upward. What I then saw confounded and amazed me. The sweep of the pendulum had increased in extent by nearly a yard. As a natural consequence, its velocity was also much greater. But what mainly disturbed me was the idea that it had perceptibly *descended*. I now

observed—with what horror it is needless to say—that its nether extremity was formed of a crescent of glittering steel, about a foot in length from horn to horn; the horns upward, and the under edge evidently as keen as that of a razor. Like a razor also, it seemed massy and heavy, tapering from the edge into a solid and broad structure above. It was appended to a weighty rod of brass, and the whole *hissed* as it swung through the air.

I could no longer doubt the doom prepared for me by monkish ingenuity in torture. My cognizance of the pit had become known to the inquisitorial agents—*the pit* whose horrors had been destined for so bold a recusant as myself—*the pit*, typical of hell, and regarded by rumor as the Ultima Thule of all their punishments. The plunge into this pit I had avoided by the merest of accidents, and I knew that surprise, or entrapment into torment, formed an important portion of all the grotesquerie of these dungeon deaths. Having failed to fall, it was no part of the demon plan to hurl me into the abyss; and thus (there being no alternative) a different and a milder destruction awaited me. Milder! I half smiled in my agony as I thought of such application of such a term.

What boots it to tell of the long, long hours of horror more than mortal, during which I counted the rushing vibrations of the steel! Inch by inch—line by line—with a descent only appreciable at intervals that seemed ages—down and still down it came! Days passed—it might have been that many days passed—ere it swept so closely over me as to fan me with its acrid breath. The odor of the sharp steel forced itself into my nostrils. I prayed—I wearied heaven with my prayer for its more speedy descent. I grew frantically mad, and struggled to force myself upward against the sweep of the fearful scimitar. And then I fell suddenly calm, and lay smiling at the glittering death, as a child at some rare bauble.

There was another interval of utter insensibility; it was brief; for, upon again lapsing into life there had been no perceptible descent in the pendulum. But it might have been long; for I knew there were demons who took note of my swoon, and who could have arrested the vibration at pleasure. Upon my recovery, too, I felt very—oh, inexpressibly sick and weak, as if through long inanition. Even amid the agonies of that period, the human nature craved food. With painful effort I outstretched my left arm as far as my bonds permitted, and took possession of the small remnant which had been spared me by the rats. As I put a portion of it within my lips, there rushed to my mind a half formed thought of joy—of hope. Yet what business had *I* with hope? It was, as I say, a half formed thought—man has many such which are never completed. I felt that it was of joy—of hope; but I felt also that it had perished in its formation. In vain I struggled to perfect—to retain it. Long suffering had nearly annihilated all my ordinary powers of mind. I was an imbecile—an idiot.

The vibration of the pendulum was at right angles to my length. I saw that the crescent was designed to cross the region of the heart. It would fray the serge of my robe—it would return and repeat its operations—again—and again. Notwithstanding its terrifically wide sweep (some thirty feet or more) and the hissing vigor of its descent, sufficient to sunder these very walls of iron, still the fraying of my robe would be all that, for several minutes, it would accomplish. And at this thought I paused. I dared not go farther than this reflection. I dwelt upon it with a pertinacity of attention—as if, in so dwelling, I could arrest *here* the descent of the steel. I forced myself to ponder upon the sound of the crescent as it should pass across the garment—upon the peculiar thrilling sensation which the friction of cloth produces on the nerves. I pondered upon all this frivolity until my teeth were on edge.

Down—steadily down it crept. I took a frenzied pleasure in contrasting its downward with its lateral velocity. To the right—to the left—far and wide—with the shriek of a damned spirit; to my heart with the stealthy pace of the tiger! I alternately laughed and howled as the one or the other idea grew predominant.

Down—certainly, relentlessly down! It vibrated within three inches of my bosom! I struggled violently, furiously, to free my left arm. This was free only from the elbow to the hand. I could reach the latter, from the platter beside me, to my mouth, with great effort, but no farther. Could I have broken the fastenings above the elbow, I would have seized and attempted to arrest the pendulum. I might as well have attempted to arrest an avalanche!

Down—still unceasingly—still inevitably down! I gasped and struggled at each vibration. I shrunk convulsively at its every sweep. My eyes followed its outward or upward whirls with the eagerness of the most unmeaning despair; they closed themselves spasmodically at the descent, although death would have been a relief, oh! how unspeakable! Still I quivered in every nerve to think how slight a sinking of the machinery would precipitate that keen, glistening axe upon my bosom. It was *hope* that prompted the nerve to quiver—the frame to shrink. It was *hope*—the hope that triumphs on the rack—that whispers to the death-condemned even in the dungeons of the Inquisition.

I saw that some ten or twelve vibrations would bring the steel in actual contact with my robe, and with this observation there suddenly came over my spirit all the keen, collected calmness of despair. For the first time during many hours—or perhaps days—I *thought*. It now occurred to me that the bandage, or surcingle, which enveloped me, was *unique*. I was tied by no separate cord. The first stroke of the razor-like crescent athwart any portion of the band, would so detach it that it might be unwound from my person by means of my left hand. But how fearful, in that case, the proximity of the steel! The result of the slightest struggle how deadly! Was it likely, moreover, that the minions of the torturer had not foreseen and provided for this possibility! Was it probable that the bandage crossed my bosom in the track of the pendulum? Dreading to find my faint, and, as it seemed, my last hope frustrated, I so far elevated my head as to obtain a distinct view of my breast. The surcingle enveloped my limbs and body close in all directions—*save in the path of the destroying crescent.*

Scarcely had I dropped my head back into its original position, when there flashed upon my mind what I cannot better describe than as the unformed half of that idea of deliverance to which I have previously alluded, and of which a moiety only floated indeterminately through my brain when I raised food to my burning lips. The whole thought was now present—feeble, scarcely sane, scarcely definite,—but still entire. I proceeded at once, with the nervous energy of despair, to attempt its execution.

For many hours the immediate vicinity of the low framework upon which I lay, had been literally swarming with rats. They were wild, bold, ravenous; their red eyes glaring upon me as if they waited but for motionlessness on my part to make me their prey. "To what food," I thought, "have they been accustomed in the well."

They had devoured, in spite of all my efforts to prevent them, all but a small remnant of the contents of the dish. I had fallen into an habitual see-saw, or wave of the hand about the platter: and, at length, the unconscious uniformity of the movement deprived it of effect. In their voracity the vermin frequently fastened their sharp fangs in my fingers. With the particles of the oily and spicy viand which now remained, I thoroughly rubbed the bandage wherever I could reach it; then, raising my hand from the floor, I lay breathlessly still.

At first the ravenous animals were startled and terrified at the change—at the cessation of movement. They shrank alarmedly back; many sought the well. But this was only for a moment. I had not counted in vain upon their voracity. Observing that I remained without motion, one or two of the boldest leaped upon the frame-work, and smelt at the surcingle. This seemed the signal for a general rush. Forth from the well they hurried in fresh troops. They clung to the wood—they overran it, and leaped in hundreds upon my person. The measured movement of the pendulum disturbed them not at all. Avoiding its strokes they busied themselves with the anointed bandage. They pressed—they swarmed upon me in ever accumulating heaps. They writhed upon my throat; their cold lips sought my own; I was half stifled by their thronging pressure; disgust, for which the world has no name, swelled my bosom, and chilled, with a heavy clamminess, my heart. Yet one minute, and I felt that the struggle would be over. Plainly I perceived the loosening of the bandage. I knew that in more than one place it must be already severed. With a more than human resolution I lay *still*.

Nor had I erred in my calculations—nor had I endured in vain. I at length felt that I was *free*. The surcingle hung in ribands from my body. But the stroke of the pendulum

already pressed upon my bosom. It had divided the serge of the robe. It had cut through the linen beneath. Twice again it swung, and a sharp sense of pain shot through every nerve. But the moment of escape had arrived. At a wave of my hand my deliverers hurried tumultuously away. With a steady movement—cautious, sidelong, shrinking, and slow—I slid from the embrace of the bandage and beyond the reach of the scimitar. For the moment, at least, *I was free.*

Free!—and in the grasp of the Inquisition! I had scarcely stepped from my wooden bed of horror upon the stone floor of the prison, when the motion of the hellish machine ceased and I beheld it drawn up, by some invisible force, through the ceiling. This was a lesson which I took desperately to heart. My every motion was undoubtedly watched. Free!—I had but escaped death in one form of agony, to be delivered unto worse than death in some other. With that thought I rolled my eyes nervously around on the barriers of iron that hemmed me in. Something unusual—some change which, at first, I could not appreciate distinctly—it was obvious, had taken place in the apartment. For many minutes of a dreamy and trembling abstraction, I busied myself in vain, unconnected conjecture. During this period, I became aware, for the first time, of the origin of the sulphurous light which illumined the cell. It proceeded from a fissure, about half an inch in width, extending entirely around the prison at the base of the walls, which thus appeared, and were, completely separated from the floor. I endeavored, but of course in vain, to look through the aperture.

As I arose from the attempt, the mystery of the alteration in the chamber broke at once upon my understanding. I have observed that, although the outlines of the figures upon the walls were sufficiently distinct, yet the colours seemed blurred and indefinite. These colors had now assumed, and were momentarily assuming, a startling and most intense brilliancy, that gave to the spectral and fiendship portraitures an aspect that might have thrilled even firmer nerves than my own. Demon eyes, of a wild and ghastly vivacity, glared upon me in a thousand directions, where none had been visible before, and gleamed with the lurid lustre of a fire that I could not force my imagination to regard as unreal.

Unreal!—Even while I breathed there came to my nostrils the breath of the vapour of heated iron! A suffocating odour pervaded the prison! A deeper glow settled each moment in the eyes that glared at my agonies! A richer tint of crimson diffused itself over the pictured horrors of blood. I panted! I gasped for breath! There could be no doubt of the design of my tormentors—oh! most unrelenting! oh! most demoniac of men! I shrank from the glowing metal to the centre of the cell. Amid the thought of the fiery destruction that impended, the idea of the coolness of the well came over my soul like balm. I rushed to its deadly brink. I threw my straining vision below. The glare from the enkindled roof illumined its inmost recesses. Yet, for a wild moment, did my spirit refuse to comprehend the meaning of what I saw. At length it forced—it wrestled its way into my soul—it burned itself in upon my shuddering reason.—Oh! for a voice to speak!—oh! horror!—oh! any horror but this! With a shriek, I rushed from the margin, and buried my face in my hands—weeping bitterly.

The heat rapidly increased, and once again I looked up, shuddering as with a fit of the ague. There had been a second change in the cell—and now the change was obviously in the *form*. As before, it was in vain that I, at first, endeavoured to appreciate or understand what was taking place. But not long was I left in doubt. The Inquisitorial vengeance had been hurried by my two-fold escape, and there was to be no more dallying with the King of Terrors. The room had been square. I saw that two of its iron angles were now acute—two, consequently, obtuse. The fearful difference quickly increased with a low rumbling or moaning sound. In an instant the apartment had shifted its form into that of a lozenge. But the alteration stopped not here—I neither hoped nor desired it to stop. I could have clasped the red walls to my bosom as a garment of eternal peace. "Death," I said, "any death but that of the pit!" Fool! might I have not known that *into the pit* it was the object of the burning iron to urge me? Could I resist its glow? or, if even that, could I withstand its pressure? And now, flatter and flatter grew the lozenge, with a rapidity that left me no time for contemplation. Its centre, and of course, its greatest width, came just over the yawning gulf. I shrank back—but the closing walls pressed me resistlessly onward. At length for my seared and writhing body there was no longer an inch of foothold on the firm floor of the prison. I struggled no more, but the agony of my soul found vent in one loud, long, and final scream of despair. I felt that I tottered upon the brink—I averted my eyes—

There was a discordant hum of human voices! There was a loud blast as of many trumpets! There was a harsh grating as of a thousand thunders! The fiery walls rushed back! An outstretched arm caught my own as I fell, fainting, into the abyss. It was that of General Lasalle. The French army had entered Toledo. The Inquisition was in the hands of its enemies.

EDGAR A. POE.

MAY.

The dainty May has come, with steps like pauses
Between melodious cadences, and glances
Gleaming with smiles;—a robe of emerald gauzes
Draping her delicate limbs. A glory dances,
Halo-like, round her, and the plain is bright
From the excess of that luxurious light.

O'er earth—their cradle—wave the trembling tresses
Of gorgeous grasses: fairy flowers inwoven
With many colored hues—whence fragrance presses
(When the warm sun their radiant buds hath cloven,)
In silver mist, wave over wave, to heaven—
Drink beauty, star-like, from the dews of even.

Old mossy oaks, Druids decayed and hoary
Arise from dreams—and, while the twittering swallow
Flovers above them, don their ancient glory:
The spotted fawn careers along the hollow;
And many a bird fills the soft wind's fine ear
With heavenly harmonies that it thrills to hear.

Deep in the dingle—singing, gurgling, plashing
O'er wave-worn stones—the rippling streamlet murmurs:
While through its light the brighter trout is flashing.
The air is full of bees—ethereal hummers!
Fays of the atmosphere, that love to bosom
Themselves, like Oberon, in some bright blossom!

An olden Dryad, May, art thou, o'erflowing
(As stars with light) with primal tenderesses,
And clasping thee, the passionate bard and glowing
Wanders away through sylvan lovelinesses,
Alive with love,—his heart a silver river
On which the swan of song floats gracefully forever.

Philadelphia, May, 1845. HENRY B HIRST.

EVIEWS.

HEADLONG HALL AND NIGHTMARE ABBEY.
THE FRENCH IN ALGIERS.

Nos. 7 and 8 of Wiley & Putnam's Library of Choice Reading.

The first of these works has become a semi-classic in English literature, and being one of those books which only wits love to read, for it makes no appeal to the vulgar, has not been circulated to the extent that its merits deserve in this country. It is a broad but pleasant satire on the false philosophies and false tastes that were in vogue thirty years ago—but as each of its personages represents a class, with a very trifling alteration of names, it will apply as well to the errors of the present as to those of the past age. The author is neither a poet nor a cynic, but a good-natured scholarly gentleman, who is rather disposed to laugh the world out of its errors than to sneer at them; he is neither as startling nor as amusing as Swift, but he is infinitely more friendly and winning. One would not care to be on terms of intimacy with the Dean, but the most sensitive of men would never fear the genial humor of the guests of Headlong Hall; or the tenants of Nightmare Abbey. McLaurel, the Scottish reviewer, in

Headlong Hall, might have furnished Bulwer an original for his Macgrowler. To be fully appreciated the author should be fully read; some of his works possess considerable novelesque interest, but they depend mainly upon their fine satirical vein. We trust that the publisher will bring out the other works of the author in their popular series to render the collection complete. They consist of, Maid Marian, Crotchet Castle, Melincourt, and the Misfortunes of Elphin, in addition to the two first published.

The French in Algiers is new and startling; the name of Lady Gordon on the title page, the ingenious translator of the Amber Witch, should alone be sufficient to give it currency.

The following extract from the Journal of an officer of the French, who was a prisoner to the Arabs, will give an idea of the quality of this interesting book:

I had gone only a few steps, when a troop of Arabs suddenly poured out of a ravine, came down upon us at full gallop, and surrounded us on all sides. They advanced towards me, crying, "*Semi! Semi!*" (Friends! Friends!) Deceived by these exclamations, I turned to explain them to the Doctor, when one of the Arabs snatched at the musket which I held in my hand; this showed me their real intentions, and I instantly fired at the Arab who had tried to seize the musket, and broke his shoulder. He dropped his gun, which was loaded, and was forced to throw his arm around the neck of his horse to prevent falling off. I darted at the gun, but two Arabs took aim at my head, and as I turned away to avoid their fire, one ball gave me a slight wound on the head, and the other passed through my shirt and grazed my breast.

I had not lost sight of the wounded Arab's gun, and stooped again to pick it up, when something rough slipped over my face; I raised my hands to it, and felt a rope round my neck; at the same moment, a violent jerk brought me to the ground, and an Arab, who had the other end of the rope fastened to his saddle-bow, set off at full gallop.

My cries and entreaties were all in vain; the Arab spurred on his horse, and I was dragged half-strangled through rocks and briars. This horrible torture lasted some minutes, until the horse was forced by steep and stony ground to slacken his pace, when I got on my feet again. In spite of the wounds with which my face, hands, and legs were covered, and the stunning effects of such a shock, I still had strength to seize the cord so as to keep myself from being strangled, and to run forward and catch hold of the horse's tail.

But as soon as the other Arabs, who had been dispersed by the sailors sent to our assistance, rejoined their companions, I was loaded with abuse and stripped nearly naked. Our misfortune had been seen from the brig, which immediately fired upon the Arabs; but every shot cost me a fresh shower of blows, and the horse to which I was tied took fright at the noise and started forward, and I again fell to the ground; the Arabs ran after me, beating me all the time; and if by chance I succeeded in getting on my feet, my pitiless persecutor set off again at a gallop, casting looks of contempt upon me.

The incessant galloping of the horse, and the violent jerks of the cord which dragged and rolled me among the rocks and briars, leaving a track of blood behind me—the abuse and the blows of the Arabs, lasted a quarter of an hour: this sounds but a short time, but it seemed very long to me.

As soon as the Arabs thought themselves out of reach of pursuit, they halted in order to cut off my head. The rope was taken off my neck, my hands bound behind my back, and I was tied to a dwarf palm-tree. I was so tired, that I lay down upon the ground perfectly indifferent to the fate which I knew awaited all prisoners taken by the Arabs. I had but one sad thought, of my family and my poor sister; but this was soon driven away by the near approach of death, and the animated scene in which I, though chained and silent, was the principal person.

A violent discussion had arisen among the Arabs; they brandished their sabres over my head, and each claimed the pleasure of cutting it off, all crying at once, "I took him, I have a right to cut off his head;" and each, to prove the truth of his assertion, showed a fragment of my shirt or of my coat. The Arabs were already taking aim at one another, and exclaiming, "I ought to cut off his head, and I will kill you if you don't let me enjoy my rights," when a horseman galloped up and threw into my lap the head of Joaquis, one of the sailors; as I turned away in disgust at this horrible spectacle, I saw the Arab whom I had wounded lying on the ground about fifty paces off. He could scarcely support himself, and was endeavoring to aim at me with a pistol which he held in his left hand. But horsemen were every instant passing to and fro before him, and he dropped his hand, patiently awaiting the favorable moment to fire.

I was expecting the end of this horrible discussion with some impatience, when the arrival of another horseman changed the determination of the Arabs. This was Adda, a spy of Abd-el-Kader, who had often visited us at Arzew, where he feigned an intention of establishing himself, and allayed any suspicion we might entertain of him, by assuring us that his frequent visits were for the purpose of selecting some favorable spot for the settlement of his tribe. Delighted at the good will he manifested towards us, we had frequently invited him to dinner. But the traitor had far different designs. He made use of his visits to mark the exact spot to which our cattle were driven: he had determined to seize them, and it was with that object that he had hidden himself in the ravine with the troop which had taken me prisoner.

When Adda saw them furiously disputing who should kill me, he exclaimed that I was an officer, and that Abd-el-Kader would give them much more for my head if it was left upon my shoulders, and would willingly replace the three horses they had lost if I were taken to him alive.

But the Arabs still continued to brandish their yataghans over my head, with the most horrible imprecations against the dog of a Christian.

Adda used still longer arguments: and when the dying Arab had been removed, it was decided that I should be presented alive to Abd-el-Kader, who was to choose the manner of my death, after paying my ransom and replacing the horses which our men had shot.

Just as we were setting off, an Arab brought me a straw hat with poor Joaquis's head in it, and bade me carry it. I refused, and was instantly assailed on all sides by blows and abuse, and cries of "Carry the head, dog of a Christian."

"I will die first," said I, throwing myself on the ground; and the Arabs were about to dispatch me with the butt-ends of their rifles, when Adda, who was very anxious to deliver me alive to Abd-el-Kader, interposed. The head was hung to the saddle-bow of one of the Arabs, and after venting their ill-humor on me by more blows, we started.

During our journey across the plain of Macta, we stopped at three successive wells, where several Arabs of the neighboring tribe met us and drew water for our men and horses. I went towards the well to drink, but the Arabs who held the bucket spat in my face, saying, "This water is not for a dog of a Christian like thee."

I made no answer, and went to the next well, but there too the Arab who was drawing water spat in my face, and said, "This water is not for a Christian like thee."

Again I bore it with patience, but the Arab at the third well, not content with spitting in my face and addressing the same compliment to me as his predecessors had done, dashed a bucket full of water in my face. I was bathed in perspiration, and no doubt such treatment would have brought on an inflammation in my chest if I had had time to be ill. As it was, I shivered and threw myself on the ground (always my last resource,) crying, "You may kill me if you please; I will not move another step, I am dying of thirst." This was no more than the truth, for my tongue and my mouth were like a piece of dry cork, and I was fainting from thirst. At length Adda went himself, drew some water and brought it to me.

We resumed our journey through a country in which the barley harvest was going on, and every time we passed any Arabs at work in the fields or a party of horsemen, my guards called out, "Come and see the Christian dog;" and they all came and spat in my face, and fired off their muskets close to my head, so that the balls whizzed about my ears. I must confess that these demonstrations of joy alarmed me a good deal until I got used to them.

During the course of our day's journey we had to ford several rivers; but though I was often up to my middle in the water, these barbarians would not allow me to take a little in the palm of my hand, till at last, in spite of their threats and blows, I flung myself down in the bed of the river and drank deep draughts: this refreshed me but for a short time, and at every fresh river I had to resort to the same expedient.

At length I fell, exhausted with fatigue. It was three o'clock, and I had walked since five in the morning, and my feet were torn and bleeding. The Arabs mounted me on one of their horses, but in a quarter of an hour the owner of it dragged me off its back by my leg. I walked for two hours more, and then rode again. At length we arrived about nightfall at the camp of the Borgia tribe.

Here I was exposed to the blows, insults, and spittings of men, women, and children. A tent was pitched for my guards into which I was but half admitted, and I lay on the earth beyond the carpet.

Our party had chickens boiled with kuskussu for supper, which they ate voraciously; I should have been very glad of a bit, but they considered me unworthy of such a dainty, and flung me a handful of kuskussu, which I could not swallow, as it was dry and bad, and my throat was so sore.

We were travelling the road from Mascara to Mostaganem, and my heart beat for joy at the sight of the tracks of the French cannon. I hoped that we might fall in with some French out-posts, and for a moment I forgot all my misery, and even the putrid and bloody head before me, and fancied myself on board the brig and in the arms of my friends and relations, or firing a broadside at the Arabs. I was rather roughly waked out of my reverie by a shower of blows which the Arabs gave me in order to hasten my horse's pace. In a few minutes I urged the animal on, and immediately they beat me violently, crying, "A Christian dog like thee may not dare to strike the horse of an Arab."

We continued our journey in this manner for six hours, at the end of which the Arabs began to shout for joy, and Adda told me that we had reached Abd-el-Kader's camp, which is close to the town of Kaala. It was not without emotion that I passed the first tents of the man who was to decide my fate.

ABD-EL-KADER.

Abd-el-Kader's camp stood in a grove of fig trees, on the road from Mascara to Mostaganem, and the tracks of the wheels of the French artillery were still visible in the very midst of it. On arriving at the first tent my guards forced me to dismount, and in a moment I was surrounded by a host of Arabs of every age and both sexes, shouting and screaming—"Son of dog," "Dog of a Christian," "Cut off his head," &c., with the usual accompaniment of blows and spitting.

Presently the chaous came to my rescue, and by dint of vigorous blows they at last succeeded in delivering me from the hands of these savages, and conducted me to Abd-el-Kader's tent. My first reception in the camp had not been of a kind fitted to dispel the fears with

which I went into his presence. But as soon as Abd-el-Kader saw the pallor of my face he smiled and motioned me to sit, saying, "As long as thou art with me fear neither insult nor ill usage."

Emboldened by this gracious reception I asked him for something to drink, as, thanks to my guards, I had not drank since the day before. Abd-el-Kader immediately ordered me to be conducted to the tent which served as a store-house, and there I received a melon, some grapes, white bread, and water. The melon was so good, the water so cool, and Abd-el-Kader's manner had been so humane, that my hopes and my appetite revived. After devouring the melon and drinking a whole jar of water, I was again led into the Sultan's presence. His tent is the most magnificent in the camp: it is thirty feet long and eleven feet high; the inside is lined with hangings of various colors, covered with arabesques and crescents in red, blue, green, and yellow. A woollen curtain divides it into two unequal parts, in the futhermost and smaller of which is a mattress on which the Sultan sleeps. At the further end is a small entrance for the service of the tent and the slaves especially attached to the person of the Sultan: these are Ben Abu and Ben Faka, of whom I shall have to say more hereafter. During the day the tent remains open and accessible to all.

On the ground, in one corner, lie four silken rags rolled up: these are borne before Abd-el-Kader on every march by four horsemen; the flag, belonging to the cavalry, is red: the second, that of the infantry, has a horizontal yellow stripe between two blue ones: the third, two horizontal stripes—one green and the other white; and the fourth is half red and half yellow. Every Friday these flags are unfurled in front of the Sultan's tent. There is also a small mattress covered with a carpet, on which lie two red silk cushions; at each end of the mattress is a chest, and behind it two other chests: the whole is then covered with a carpet, and forms Abd-el-Kader's sofa: the chests contain his clothes and money. A carpet is spread on the ground for strangers. These things, together with a high footstool, covered with red silk, which serves the Sultan as a horse-block, constitute all the furniture of the Sultan's tent. The tent is always guarded by thirty negroes, who are never relieved, and have no other bed than the earth. A good many chaous are always in attendance, ready to obey the commands of their ruler.

I will now endeavor to describe a man, of whom at present very little is known. From all that I had heard, I expected to find a bloodthirsty barbarian, always ready to cut off heads: my expectations were false indeed.

Abd-el-Kader is twenty-eight years of age and very small, his face is long and deadly pale, his large black eyes are soft and languishing, his mouth small and delicate, and his nose rather aquiline: his beard is thin but jet black, and he wears a small mustachio, which gives a martial character to his soft and delicate face, and becomes him vastly. His hands are small and exquisitely formed, and his feet equally beautiful; the care he takes of them is quite coquettish: he is constantly washing them, and paring and filing his nails with a small knife with a beautiful carved mother-of-pearl handle, which he holds all the while as he sits crouching on his cushion with his toes clasped between his fingers.

His dress is distinguished by the most studied simplicity; there is not a vestige of gold or embroidery on any part of it. He wears a shirt of very fine linen, the seams of which are covered with a silk braid terminating in a small silk tassel. Over the shirt is a haick, and over the haick two white bernouses: the uppermost garment is a black bernouse. A few silk tassels are the only ornaments about his dress: he wears no arms in his girdle, his head is shaved and covered by three or four scullcaps, one within the other, over which he draws the hood of his bernouse.

The second time that I went to the Sultan's tent, he was seated on some cushions, with his secretaries and some marabouts crouching in a semicircle on either side of him: his smiling and graceful countenance contrasted charmingly with the stupid, savage faces around him.

The Sultan, with a smile of the greatest kindness, bade me be seated, and asked me, in Arabic, my name and where I was taken, and on my answering his questions, told me to fear nothing so long as I was with him.

Old English Poetry.—The Book of Gems. Edited by S. C. Hall.

It should not be doubted that at least one third of the affection with which we regard the elder poets of Great Britain, should be attributed to what is, in itself, a thing apart from poetry—we mean to the simple love of the antique—and that, again, a third of even the proper poetic sentiment inspired by their writings, should be ascribed to a fact which, while it has strict connexion with poetry in the abstract, and with the old British poems themselves, should not be looked upon as a merit appertaining to the authors of the poems. Almost every devout admirer of the old bards, if demanded his opinion of their productions, would mention vaguely, yet with perfect sincerity, a sense of dreamy, wild, indefinite, and he would perhaps say, indefinable delight; on being required to point out the source of this so shadowy pleasure, he would be apt to speak of the quaint in phraseology, and in general handling. This quaintness is, in fact, a very powerful adjunct to ideality, but in the case in question, it arises independently of the author's will, and is altogether apart from his intention. Words and their rhythm have varied. Verses which affect us to-day with a vivid delight, and which delight, in many instances, may be traced to the one source, quaintness, must have worn, in the days of their construction, a very common-place air. This is, of course, no argument against the poems *now*—we mean it only as against the poets *then*. There is a growing desire to overrate them. The old English muse was frank, guileless, sincere, and although very learned still learned without Art. No general error evinces a more thorough confusion of ideas than the error of supposing Donne and Cowley metaphysical in the sense wherein Wordsworth and Coleridge are so. With the two former ethics were the end—with the two latter the means. The poet of the "Creation" wished, by highly artificial verse, to inculcate what he supposed to be moral truth—the poet of the "Ancient Mariner" to infuse the Poetic Sentiment through channels suggested by analysis. The one finished by complete failure what he commenced in the grossest misconception; the other, by a path which could not possibly lead him astray, arrived at a triumph which is not the less glorious because hidden from the profane eyes of the multitude. But in this view even the "metaphysical verse" of Cowley is but evidence of the simplicity and single-heartedness of the man. And he was in this but a type of his *school*—for we may as well designate in this way the entire class of writers whose poems are bound up in the volume before us, and throughout all of whom there runs a very perceptible general character. They used little art in composition. Their writings sprang immediately from the soul—and partook intensely of that soul's nature. Nor is it difficult to perceive the tendency of this *abandon*—to elevate immensurably all the energies of mind—but, again, so to mingle the greatest possible fire, force, delicacy, and all good things, with the lowest possible bathos, baldness, and imbecility, as to render it not a matter of doubt that the average results of mind in such a school will be found inferior to those results in one (*ceteris paribus*) more artificial.

We cannot bring ourselves to believe, that the selections of the "Book of Gems" are such as will impart to a poetical reader the clearest possible idea of the beauty of the *school*—but if the intention had been merely to show the school's character, the attempt might have been considered successful in the highest degree. There are long passages now before us, of the most despicable trash, with no merit whatever, beyond that of their antiquity. The criticisms of the Editor do not particularly please us. His enthusiasm is too general and too vivid not to be false. His opinion, for example, of Sir Henry Wotton's "Verses on the Queen of Bohemia"—that "there are few finer things in our language" is untenable and absurd. We quote the lines:

You meaner beauties of the Night
That poorly satisfy our eyes
More by your number than your light,
You common people of the skies,
What are you when the sun shall rise?

You curious chanters of the wood,
That warble forth dame Nature's lays,
Thinking your passions understood
By your weak accents—what's your praise
When Philomel her voice shall raise?

You violets that first appear,
By your pure purple mantles known,
Like the proud virgins of the year,
As if the spring were all your own,
What are you when the rose is blown?

So when my mistress shall be seen
In sweetness of her looks and mind,
By virtue first, then choice, a queen,
Tell me if she were not designed
Th' eclipse and glory of her kind?

In such lines we can perceive not one of those higher attributes of Poesy which belong to her under all circumstan-

ces and throughout all time. Here every thing is art—naked or but awkwardly concealed. No prepossession for the mere antique (and in this case we can imagine no other prepossession) should induce us to dignify with the sacred name of Poetry, a series, such as this, of elaborate and threadbare compliments, stitched, apparently, together, without fancy, without plausibility, and without even an attempt at adaptation.

In common with all the world, we have been much delighted with "The Shepherd's Hunting," by Wither—a poem partaking, in a remarkable degree, of the peculiarities of *Il Penseroso*. Speaking of Poesy, the author says:

> By the murmur of a spring
> Or the least boughs rustling,
> By a daisy whose leaves spread
> Shut when Titan goes to bed,
> Or a shady bush or tree
> She could more infuse in me
> Than all Nature's beauties can
> In some other wiser man.
> By her help I also now
> Make this churlish place allow
> Something that may sweeten gladness
> In the very gall of sadness—
> The dull loneness, the black shade
> That these hanging vaults have made,
> The strange music of the waves
> Beating on these hollow caves,
> This black den which rocks emboss
> Overgrown with eldest moss,
> The rude portals that give light
> More to terror than delight,
> This my chamber of neglect
> Walled about with disrespect
> From all these and this dull air
> A fit object for despair,
> She hath taught me by her might
> To draw comfort and delight.

But these lines, however good, do not bear with them much of the general character of the English antique. Something more of this will be found in Corbet's "Farewell Rewards and Fairies!" We copy a portion of Marvell's "Maiden lamenting for her Fawn"—which we prefer not only as a specimen of the elder poets, but in itself as a beautiful poem abounding in pathos, exquisitely delicate imagination and truthfulness, to any thing of its species:

> It is a wondrous thing how fleet
> 'Twas on those little silver feet,
> With what a pretty skipping grace
> It oft would challenge me the race,
> And when 't had left me far away,
> 'Twould stay, and run again, and stay;
> For it was nimbler much than hinds,
> And trod as if on the four winds.
> I have a garden of my own,
> But so with roses overgrown,
> And lilies that you would it guess
> To be a little wilderness;
> And all the spring-time of the year
> It only loved to be there.
> Among the beds of lilies I
> Have sought it oft where it should lie,
> Yet could not till itself would rise
> Find it, although before mine eyes.
> For in the flaxen lilies shade,
> It like a bank of lilies laid;
> Upon the roses it would feed
> Until its lips even seemed to bleed,
> And then to me 'twould boldly trip,
> And print those roses on my lip.
> But all its chief delight was still
> With roses thus itself to fill,
> And its pure virgin limbs to fold
> In whitest sheets of lilies cold.
> Had it lived long it would have been
> Lilies without, roses within.

How truthful an air of lamentation hangs here upon every syllable! It pervades all. It comes over the sweet melody of the words—over the gentleness and grace which we fancy in the little maiden herself—even *over* the half-playful, half-petulant air with which she lingers on the beauties and good qualities of her favorite—like the cool shadow of a summer cloud over a bed of lilies and violets, "and all sweet flowers." The whole is redolent with poetry of a very lofty order. Every line is an idea—conveying either the beauty and playfulness of the fawn, or the artlessness of the maiden, or her love, or her admiration, or her grief, or the fragrance and warmth and *appropriateness* of the little nest-like bed of lilies and roses which the fawn devoured as it lay upon them, and could scarcely be distinguished from them by the once happy little damsel who went to seek her pet with an arch and rosy smile on her face. Consider the great variety of truthful and delicate thought in the few lines we have quoted—the *wonder* of the maiden at the fleetness of her favorite—the "little silver feet"—the fawn challenging his mistress to a race with "a pretty skipping grace," running on before, and then, with head turned back, awaiting her approach only to fly from it again—can we not distinctly perceive all these things? How exceedingly vigorous, too, is the line,

> And trod as if on the four winds!

—a vigor fully apparent only when we keep in mind the artless character of the speaker and the four feet of the favorite—one for each wind. Then consider the garden of "my own," so overgrown—entangled—with roses and lilies, as to be "a little wilderness"—the fawn, loving to be there, and there "only"—the maiden seeking it "where it *should* lie"—and not being able to distinguish it from the flowers until "itself would rise"—the lying among the lilies "like a bank of lilies"—the loving to "fill itself with roses,"

> And its pure virgin limbs to fold
> In whitest sheets of lilies cold,

and these things being its "chief" delights—and then the pre-eminent beauty and naturalness of the concluding lines—whose very hyperbole only renders them more true to nature when we consider the innocence, the artlessness, the enthusiasm, the passionate grief, and more passionate admiration of the bereaved child—

> *Had it lived long, it would have been*
> *Lilies without—roses within.*

The Complete History of Ireland, from the earliest times, being compiled from a connected continuation, by approved standard writers. By Mr. O'Halloran, author of "the Introduction to the History and Antiquities of Ireland." Embellished with magnificent steel engravings, from designs taken expressly by Wm. H. Bartlett, Esq. Nos. 1, 2, R. Martin & Co., 22 John st., New York. Price, 12 1-2 cents each.

The typographical beauty of this publication speaks loudly in its favor, apart from its internal merit, which is indisputable.

Martin's Illustrated Family Bible. No. 4.

This really magnificent work increases, with each issue, in the value of its illustrations. The present number contains a view of the Hill of Samaria from an original drawing by W. H. Bartlett, engraved by J. C. Bentley. It is an admirable engraving, worthy to accompany the beautifully printed text.

Essays on the Principles of Morality, and on the private and political rights and obligations of Mankind. By Jonathan Dymond. Collins, Brother & Co., 254 Pearl st.

This is an important book, and we are happy to perceive from the title page that the present issue is the fourth thousand published. If it contained but the one chapter on the Morality of Legal Practice, it would be enough to entitle it to a wide circulation.

The Principles of the Chronothermal System of Medicine. With fallacies of the faculty. In a series of lectures, originally delivered in 1840, at the Egyptian Hall, London. Now enlarged and improved by Samuel Dickson, M. D. First American from the 3d London edition, with an introduction and notes. By Wm. Turner, M. D. New York. S. Redfield, Clinton Hall. 1845.

The merits of this work cannot be discussed in a paragraph, we therefore barely announce its publication, but we shall notice it at length hereafter. It is a closely printed volume of more than two hundred pages, and its popularity in London under its second title of Fallacies of the Faculty, is some evidence of its value.

THE NATIONAL BARBER.

Since Mr. Bancroft has taken possession of his department in the government of our twenty millions of free people, he has issued a command to that portion who are subject to his rule, ordering them to shave all the lower part of their faces. No hair is allowed to grow in the Navy below the corner of a man's mouth. Mr. Bancroft being a liberal christian, a man of the world, and a descendant of the pilgrim stock, is the last man in the Union from whom we should expect such an evidence of barberism as this. Of all other men in the world sailors need their beards most to protect their throats from the cold and wet to which they are exposed, and of all other men in the world they have the fewest conveniences for shaving. The necessity of the beard has never been disputed by an intelligent being, and that depriving the face and throat of their natural covering causes a great many of the neuralgic and thoracic diseases which enfeeble and destroy life among men, is acknowledged by all physicians. But if there were no other reason for preserving the beard than the fact of its beautifying the face, and giving an aspect of gravity and dignity to the wearer, that alone should be sufficient to save it from the razor. Sailors and Soldiers need all the natural advantages that give them an air of manliness, and, instead of dressing them up like monkies, with bits of red and yellow cloth, and feathers and tinsel, if they were dressed in plain clothes, and allowed to wear their beards naturally, their dignity of aspect would go farther to beget courage and respect among themselves, and fear in their enemies, than all the artificial appliances that military folly has ever conceived. It is the fashion with some of our volunteer corps when they march through the streets in their fancy dresse , looking like a troupe of chorus singers before the foot lights in a melo-drama, to be preceded by two or three pioneers, who to give themselves an air of gravity and determination, tie false beards upon their chins, making the smooth-faced men who follow them look like a corps of Miss Fuller's women soldiers. We saw in a South American port, once, the crew of an English frigate who all wore their beards, from the captain downwards, and we were amazed to see such a collection of magnificent looking men. They were probably no finer looking than any other crew of Englishmen, but their beards give them a most noble and dignified appearance. We do not wonder that the Captains of our National Ships should take upon themselves the authority to compel the men under their charge to trim their whiskers in conformity with a particular pattern, because little tyrants are greedy of every petty occasion to show their power. But that the Secretary of the Navy, in this enlightened age, when even dandies and counter jumpers are beginning to assert their manliness by allowing their beards to grow, should be guilty of this hirsute tyranny, is indeed monstrous. The advantages of wearing the beard naturally are too evident to need enumerating, while no good of any sort or degree can result from shaving. The practice originated in the basest motives among a people of effeminate and degraded habits, and it has been continued down to the present day by the spirit of conservatism that causes two thirds of the miseries which men endure.

The ancient German nations shaved the beard except that on the upper lip. The ancient Goths, Franks, Gauls, and Britons, also wore long beards, but at the introduction of Christianity, the laity began by degrees to imitate the clergy, who were shaven. The Danes appear to have worn their beards. The Normans shaved their beards entirely, and looked upon the appendage with so much distaste as an indication of misery and distress, that they were the great apostles of shaving wherever they came. Accordingly they endeavoured to persuade or compel the English to shave the hair of their upper lips. The great majority yielded to the necessity of the case, but there were many who chose to leave the country rather than resign their whiskers. However, beards again had their day. In the 14th century, they became again fashionable, and continued until the beginning of the 17th. At the latter date their dimensions had become more contracted, and they were soon after relinquished, the mustache only being retained; and at the commencement of the last century the practice of shaving the whole face had become universal. In the latter changes the example of France was followed. In that country, Charles IV., was the last sovereign who wore a beard, and he had a tolerably fine one. He was succeeded by a beardless minor, in compliment to whom the courtiers shaved all their beards except the mustaches, ultimately the mustaches also disappeared. The Spaniards, more tardily influenced by French example, kept their beards till the French and English were beginning to relinquish even mustaches. Perhaps they would have kept the cherished appendage to this day, but a French prince (Philip V.) mounted the throne with a shaven chin. The courtiers, with heavy hearts, imitated the prince; and the people, with still heavier hearts, imitated the courtiers. The popular feeling on the subject, however, remains recorded in the proverb, "Since we have lost our beards, we have lost our souls."

Sometimes the clergy of the Western Church were enjoined to wear beards, under an impression that shaving was an effeminate practice, and that a beard well became the gravity of the ecclesiastical character; and at other times shaving was enforced from an idea that pride was too apt to lurk beneath a venerable beard. It is related that Guillaume Duprat, Bishop of Clermont, who assisted at the council of Trent, and built the College of the Jesuits at Paris, had the finest beard that was ever seen. It was too fine a beard for a bishop: and the canons of his Cathedral, in full chapter assembled, came to the barbarous resolution of shaving him. Accordingly, when he next came to the choir, the dean, the *provost* and the *chantre* approached with scissors and razors, soap, basin and warm water.—He took to his heels at the sight, and escaped to his castle of Beauregard, about two miles from Clermont, where he fell sick from vexation and died.

A precious good fellow was Guillaume Duprat, and we wish that the ecclesiastic who at present rules our Navy was of a similar kidney. But if all the officers of the Service were of our mind they would wear their beards and wag them too in spite of all the orders the Secretary could issue. We would like to see an officer court martialed for disobedience of such an order, to test the right of a citizen to his own hair. If Mr. Bancroft may compel the officers in the service to shave their faces he may compel them to emasculate themselves in some other manner: he may next take it into his wise head to command them to crop their ears or knock out their molars.

"Walker on Beauty," in speaking of shaving the beard, says, it "has especially been the case in degenerate and effeminate times: and this has sometimes been accompanied by remarkable consequences.

"One of the greatest misfortunes, says a French writer, which France ever had to lament, the divorce of Louis le Jeune from Elinor of Guyenne, resulted from the fashion, which this prince wished to introduce, of shaving his chin and cropping his head. The queen, his wife, who appears to have possessed, with a masculine beauty, considerable acuteness of intellect, observed, with some displeasure, that she imagined herself to have espoused a monarch, not a monk. The obstinacy of Louis in shaving himself, and the horror conceived by Elinor at the sight of a beardless chin, occasioned France the loss of those fine provinces which constituted the dowry of this princess; and which, devolving to England by a second marriage, became the source of wars which desolated France during four hundred years.

"The habit of wearing the beard is a manly and noble one. Nature made it distinctive of the male and female; and its abandonment has commonly been accompanied not only by periods of general effeminacy, but even by the decline and fall of States. They were bearded Goths who vanquished the then beardless Romans; and they are bearded Tartars who now promise once more to inundate the regions occupied by the pope. Those, assuredly, blunder, who ridicule the wearing of the beard. Silly affectation, or the contrary, is imputable only to those who, by removing the beard, take the trouble so far to emasculate themselves! and who think themselves beautiful by an unnatural imitation of the smoother face of women!"

Perhaps Mr. Bancroft's next order will be that every man in the service shall provide himself with a dozen boxes of Mons. Gouraud's *Poudre Subtile* before going to sea, and we expect to see the Navy agents advertising for hair tweezers for our ships of war, and small pocket mirrors for the sailors to enable them to trim their eye-brows in conformity with orders from Washington.

There seems to be a strong opposition to any thing in the shape of manliness whether of feeling, or look, in the dignitaries of our Naval Service. Among the rest of the rigmarole published by Captain Wilkes in his narrative of the Exploring Expedition, we find these man-milliner remarks in one of his manifestos.

"The undersigned, in calling the attention of the officers of the squadron under his command to their personal appearance, would observe, that in his opinion, the example of some of them in this respect is not such as should indicate to the crews of the different vessels, composing the squadron, the necessity which exists of the greatest attention being paid to their personal appearance and cleanliness, in conformity to the internal rules and regulations of the squadron.

"He has not been aware until recently of the extent to which the wearing of mustachios has been carried! they, in most cases, give a notoriety and appearance of want of attention to neatness, &c."

Note.—Since writing the above we have discovered that Mr. Bancroft's order was not officially announced, but as we are informed that it will be soon our remarks will apply when the order appears.

TITIAN'S VENUS.

THERE is a picture exhibiting in Broadway which the proprietors say is a duplicate, made by Titian's own hand of the celebrated picture now in Florence. It is stated to have been in the possession of Sir Thomas Lawrence, and to have been admired by "the lamented Alston." But no story is told of the manner in which so remarkable a work came to this country. All this looks very suspicious. A genuine painting by Titian, of any description, is not a thing easily obtained, and one of this size and in such preservation would be worth a handsome fortune. If it were in Italy no Italian government would allow it to be taken away, and if it were in England or France, any European government would buy it at a price which few individuals could afford to pay. Considering, therefore, the importance which a picture by one of the old masters derives from its authenticity being established, we wonder that the owner of this painting should not have published a full and particular account of the manner in which it came into his hands, the price paid for it, &c. We have seen it stated in some of the daily papers that it once formed a part of the collection in the Louvre, but had been removed at the restoration of the Bourbons. This is a mistake. The Louvre possessed 23 paintings by Titian, but there was no Venus among them. If such a painting as this professes to be, had been in existence, it would have been known to the whole world: but no history of art that we are acquainted with makes any allusion to it.

But whether it be the work of Titian or not, is a point of little importance to nine spectators out of ten; it is a very fine picture, and worthy of Titian whether he painted it or not, and we would advise all those who wish to see a really fine painting to call and inspect it, and take it for granted that it is the work of an old master. It is a difficult matter to decide from internal evidence on the authenticity of any painting. The most expert picture dealers are often dreadfully deceived. Even some of Raffaelle's most famous paintings are questioned. Very competent judges have recently decided that the most universally admired of Raffaelle's pictures, the "Madonna della Seggiola," of which there are probably thousands of copies in this country, is not a century and a half old.

The only test therefore by which we should try a work of art is the delight it gives us; and we believe that there are very few persons who could honestly say that Titian's real paintings gave them more real pleasure than this of Venus. We think that the proprietor has injured the character of the work by setting apart a day for the admission of women only. No picture should be looked upon by a woman alone which she would hesitate to look at in the company of her father or brother. For ourselves we think that very old and very young men would do well not to give the Venus exhibiting in Broadway a call.

THE MAGAZINES.

THE SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER for May, has, among other good papers, a caustic review of Captain Wilkes' Narrative of the U. S. Exploring Expedition. The overbearing conceit, the ignorance and the tyranny of the Commander, are here displayed as they should be—and we recommend the whole article to his serious attention. More ludicrous instances of incompetency were never afforded by any American naval officer than by him. Neither his discretion nor his education would have entitled him to the command of a fishing smack. His grammatical blunders, in especial, are of a kind that must bring a flush of shame into the face of every American who reads the book. What but the grossest obtusity combined with the most ineffable conceit and self-sufficiency, could have induced Captain Wilkes to trust his composition to the public eye without the supervision of his clerk—or of some respectable school-boy? We give a brace of his sentences:

"Harmony and good feeling he would enjoin upon all: the necessity of cultivating this, and the united exertions of all, cannot claim too much of your attention."

"You may rest assured also of receiving impartial justice from me, and that in the assignment of duties and promotions, if any should occur! and that all will have the opportunities they desire of entering upon the scientific duties, nothing shall be wanting that can tend to this end."

This number has also a paper of much historical interest—a "Sketch of the Military services of Guilford Dudley in the Carolinas during the Revolution." A criticism on the Poems of Christopher Pease Cranch is not particularly to our taste. It is better, however, than the commentary on Miss Barrett which appeared in a late number of the Messenger, and which, as far as we can learn, excited no less decided a feeling than universal contempt wherever it was perused by those who are themselves poetical. This is a topic on which we could not forbear speaking out if we would. It is in our opinion, something even worse than sacrilege—this entrusting to *such hands* the august works of Tennyson and Miss Barrett. For our own part, we cannot find words to express the unutterable loathing which crept over us as we read those flippant comments on poems which, if we are entitled to estimate the merit of anything by its effect on the greatest intellects and on the noblest hearts—are *divine*, if there be any divinity within the soul of man.

There is *no* poetry in the May number of the Messenger.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK for June is, also, already issued, and presents numerous claims to attention. Its engravings are, "Admonition," by Gimbrede, from a painting by W. Wright; "Domestic life among the Indians," by Rolph and Jewett, from a design by Darley; and *two* fashion plates on the same leaf, back to back. Miss Leslie *concludes* her very excellent story "The Bloxheim's and Mayfields." Herbert has an eloquent sketch, entitled "The Great Plebeian"—Grund some forcible "Remarks upon [on] the Drama"—William Kirkland a sensible paper (with some exception) on "British and American Monthlies," and "French without a Master," is a good hit by the late J. M. Field. The Rev. H. F. Harrington contributes a very interesting and well written sketch—"The Lone Woman." In the "Editors' Table" is a page of comment on the death of Mrs. Willis—a page which we read with an interest the most painful—the most profound.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE for June is in all respects an admirable number. Its engravings are all good, and the view of Rock Mountain, engraved by Rawdon & Co. from a drawing by Smillie, is, in especial, excellent. The other two plates are "The Masquerade," engraved by Posselwhite, and a Portrait of Dr. Rufus W. Griswold, engraved by Parker, from a painting by J. B. Read: as a likeness, the latter is by no means praiseworthy. Mr. Griswold has a much finer face in every respect. The biography attached is written, we fancy, by Mr. C. F. Hoffman, and does Mr. G. no more than justice, either in regard to his acquirements or character as a man. We learn from this sketch that he "has now in press, a Survey of our Prose Literature, to be published in the ensuing autumn," and that he "has been a considerable time engaged

on the Biographia Americana, a work of great extent and research."

The number is particularly rich in contributions. There are papers from Cooper, Paulding, Longfellow, Hoffman, Street, Tuckerman, Chandler, Hosmer, Mrs. Osgood, Mrs. Stephens, Mrs. Seba Smith, Fanny Forrester, Mrs. Caroline Butler, and several others. A Sonnet to Dante by Longfellow, has a magnificent beginning:

> Tuscan, that wanderest through the realms of gloom
> With thoughtful pace and sad majestic eyes,
> Stern thoughts and awful from thy soul arise
> Like Farinata from his fiery tomb!

The "Like," however, should be "As." We copy in full a characteristic poem from the pen of the most truly graceful, delicate, and yet impassioned of American poetesses—Mrs. Osgood.

LULU.

There's many a maiden
More brilliant, by far,
With the step of a fawn,
And the glance of a star;
But heart there was never
More tender and true,
Than beats in the bosom
Of darling Lulu!

Her eyes are too modest
To dazzle; but oh!
They win you to love her,
If you will or no!
And when they glance up,
With their shy, startled look,
Her soul trembles in them,
Like light in the brook.
There are bright eyes by thousands,
Black, hazel and blue;
But whose are so loving
As those of Lulu?

And waves of soft hair,
That a poet would vow
Was moonlight on marble,
Droop over her brow.
The rose rarely blooms,
Thro' that light, silken maze,
But when it does play there,
How softly it plays!

Oh! there's many a maiden,
More brilliant 't is true,
But none so enchanting,
As little Lulu!

She flits, like a fairy,
About me all day,
Now nestling beside me,
Now up and away!
She singeth unbidden,
With warble as wild
As the lay of the meadow lark,
Innocent child!
She's playful, and tender,
And trusting, and true,
She's sweet as a lily,
My dainty Lulu!

She whispers sweet fancies,
Now mournful, now bright,
Then deepen her glances,
With love and delight,
And the slow, timid smile,
That dawns in her face,
Seems filled with her spirit's
Ineffable grace.
Oh! the world cannot offer
A treasure so true,
As the childlike devotion
Of happy Lulu!

MUSICAL ITEMS.

ONSLAUGHT UPON THE CRITICS, BY ONE OF THE MIRROR SCHOOL.

We have been highly amused by a ridiculously severe article in one of the large sized weeklies, upon the musical critics of New-York. The subject is really a capital subject, and handled by a competent person, much that is curious and surprising might be evolved by its consideration. But the person who wrote the article in question, brings no other qualification to the task, than a Mirror certificate, which is utter ignorance of the subject on which he treats. He might to be sure lay some claim to a knowledge of music, after the fashion of the gentleman who on being asked if he had ever been to Germany, replied "no," but added, that he *ought* to know something about it, as his uncle played a *leetle* on the German flute! so, by a parity of reasoning, our friend the critic, ought to know something of music, as he is the *worser* half of one singer, the brother-in-law to another.

He treats us very tenderly—he says we are *very* capable of writing a good and correct criticism, but he complains that we seldom choose to write a just or a fair one. What a terribly bad fellow we must be. He says our pen is always dipped in gall!—which accounts, probably, for the freedom of our style. This is the unkindest thing he says, and, feeling the reproof deeply, we have, through the agency of our polite and enterprising independent Postmaster General Hale, procured a precious pot of the delicious honey from Hybla, in which we have dipped our crow quill, for the especial benefit of our friend, who will, we trust, enjoy the luscious flavor of our vehicle.

The critic of critics, praises, by implication, the original New World, the musical department of which was edited by us for four years—is he not a discriminating critic? The critic of critics admires the "good taste and judgment perceptible in the criticisms of the Albion," all of which, for the last eighteen months, were written by us! O wise critic: a second Daniel, or some other *Jewish* critic, come to judgment. This critic of critics doubtless admires his own paper, in which, by the bye, as far as his department is concerned, he stands in a position of enviable singularity, but we must inform him that the first musical impulse was given to it by ourselves; and if he has quietly appropriated the credit due to us for what we did for him, we are content,—we can well spare it.

We warn our musical friends to be specially polite to this gentleman, for his power does not end with the large weekly. O no! he is,—we fear to pronounce what he is even to ourself—but in the strictest confidence and in the softest whisper we tell you that he is one of the council of the incapables—we should have said, one of the inscrutable Council of Ten, who govern the destinies of the Town. This is a fearful power in the hands of *so terrible* a critic, for here he can lash his friend and foe alike; can hold them up to ridicule; expose their private concerns to a public, greedy for scandal, and do many equally honorable things under the cover of obscurity. Such men always attack those they hate or envy, behind a screen, and generally choose some defenceless person, some way or other connected with the object of their enmity, as their grand point of assault, for the reason that they can thus injure two a tonce.

We do not envy the critic of the large weekly his double occupation: in the one he only renders himself ridiculous, while in the other he becomes infamous. We advise him to employ himself more honorably, as we suppose he can, if there be any truth in the title pages of books, in which his name appears as translator; but it is a dangerous practice to affix one's name to any strange manuscript that may fall into one's possession by accident, for the *real Simon Pure may turn up one of these days.*

We have not done with this gentleman yet. We will amuse our readers with some specimens of his style, which is an amalgamation of ignorance, presumption and slang.

NEW YORK SACRED MUSIC SOCIETY.

We attended the performance of the Oratorio of the *Creation*, at the Tabernacle on Friday evening last, and were, *comparatively speaking* only, much gratified: for the last concert given by the society, (the *Messiah*) was any thing but creditable to the management, whether as respects the *principal singers*, the *chorus*, or the *band*. On this occasion we had at any rate *two* artists, Mrs. E. Loder and Mr. Henry Phillips, capable of giving the music of Haydn as it ought to be given, and in a way, in fact, not to be approached by any other two singers on this continent. It would be impossible to speak too highly of *With Verdure Clad*, as sung by Mrs. Loder, or of the various recitatives and airs allotted to Mr. Phillips. And here we would stop; but we are compelled to notice other parts of the performance which were obnoxious to criticism. To begin with the *Orchestra*: There is invariably a want of steadiness and *unanimity* among the instruments which is *not* even compensated by a strict attention to *time*. We can only account for the latter defect by supposing that there are some young hands in the Orchestra who have left the school room too soon. The management should not allow this. Half a dozen inefficient performers will always destroy the effect of a Band, let the remainder be *ever* so perfect. With regard, however, to the frequent deviation from strict time, so observable among the gentlemen composing this orchestra, what shall we say? Is it owing to its great width, which prevents those on the north side from hearing what is doing on the south side? Is it the fault of the performers in not condescending to watch the baton of the conductor? or, is the sole blame attachable to the conductor? We can hardly presume the latter to be the case, considering the number of years Mr. U. C. Hill has held this responsible office: but be the fault where it may, it should be forthwith remedied.

With regard to the *Chorus* which is very numerous, and consequently less governable, we have always considered that department of the Society the most efficient; and any praise due to Mr. Hill on this score we freely give him.

The choruses on Friday evening were, some of them, very well performed, particularly *The Heavens are Telling*. *The Lord is Great*, which comes in after the trio *Most Beautiful Appears*, was not so well executed.

The other vocalists of the evening were Miss Northall, Mr. Oakley, and Mr. Andrews. Of Miss N. we have before spoken. She has a good clear voice, of sufficient compass for the general run of soprano

songs; and, in the course of time, she will, doubtless, take a very respectable rank in her profession. She is quite young, and, with all due deference to her advisers, we think she has been put forward too soon to sing such music as that in the *Messiah* and the *Creation*. Thus her execution of the recitative *And God said let the waters* and air: *Oh mighty Pen*, was evidently beyond her powers; but the young lady is improving.

Of Mr. Oakley, who comes from Boston, we are disposed to speak favorably in consideration of his being a visitor: but we cannot like him—we mean his *singing*. He has a voice loud enough to be heard *any where*, with compass enough to sing up to *any thing*; he evidently sings as well as he can, and gives the music tolerably correct. We cannot explain our antipathy more intelligibly than by saying we are always delighted with good, chaste, classical singing, and that, therefore, (we presume) we do not like Mr. Oakley. Of Mr. Andrews, we have much pleasure in speaking in terms of praise. His voice is a bass of moderate compass, but exceedingly good quality, so good in fact, that it reminded us of Henry Phillips's more than once. His style is good. The two duetts with Mrs. Loder, *By thee with bliss*, and *graceful consort*, were very well sung; and though we cannot undertake to say how Mr. A. would have got through music of a more prominent nature, we must do him the justice to say, that on this occasion he acquitted himself well, very well. We hope to hear him often in the concert room.

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We will now make a few remarks upon the government of this society. It has been for several years weak in action, obstinate in folly, and blind to its true interests. It has been governed now by one clique, and anon by another, upon principles generally of self-interest, until the policy has become contracted, bigoted. With every facility afforded it by its liberal charter, in what position do we at present find this society? Is it prosperous, popular, or efficient? We answer, no! What little success it has met with is of so recent a date, that no certain augury for the future can be drawn from it. It may prove but the rallying of the energies previous to the flitting away of the life for ever. But a few months since and the Sacred Music Society, incorporated according to an act of the Legislature, had fallen from its supposed palmy state to a body of some forty or fifty members: so miserable were the prospects, so poor the attendance at meetings, and so dispirited were the members, that we are told that it was actually proposed to *disband* the society. However, some active and determined individuals took the society in hand, and in a short time, by some extraordinary *legerdemain*, swelled its number of members to an extraordinary amount. Especial care they also took to ensure the prosperity of the society, by making the members support it; in other words, they assess each member according to the probable expense of the Concerts, from one to two dollars each, for which they have a certain number of tickets which they can either sell or give away.

Of its popularity the best proof is, that when the members gave an irregular Concert for some national purpose, in which they depended entirely upon the public, the expenses for getting up the Concert were not covered by the receipts. We were told that on this occasion, one of the most spirited and liberal among the officers made up the difference.

Of its efficiency we have given descriptions any time these five years. Two years ago it was far superior in choral excellence to what it is at present. Then most of the members had practised for years, and were supposed to be somewhat conversant with the music they had to perform; now the members are mostly novices, and however willing the public may be to believe them capable, one performance is quite sufficient to destroy all confidence in their ability to do justice to aught save a simple psalm tune.

We repeat that the material is good, but it is profitless, being thrown away—wasted.

When the government or head of a society cannot be depended upon, how can a society flourish? Facts speak for themselves. A certain party is engaged to sing—terms are agreed upon, and music given for study. Information arrives that an individual threatens, if the engagement is persisted in, that he will withdraw himself, daughters, music, &c. from the society! The society is *compelled* to yield to the individual, and the engagement is begged off. Another engagement is made, and again broken, because some other member of the government had engaged somebody else. Can any society, so governed, hope for success? Are such *governments* worthy of confidence?

Unless an entire and beneficial revelation takes place in the management of the N. Y. S. M. S. the *off-shoots* from its body will spring up, and over-shadowing it, draw the life blood from the parent stem.

We shall, in a future number, detail to the public how little this over-praised institution has of late years effected in the cause of music.

CASTLE GARDEN.—This really elegant and extensive place of amusement, opened for the season on Monday last. Signoras Valtellina & Pico, Signori Antognini and Sanquirico, with a large chorus and effective band, were the attraction of the evening. A very large audience was present, and it delighted us to find Signora Valtellina so warmly received. This lady has never been duly appreciated by the public, but we trust that she will now meet with the success she deserves.

Miss Garcia, from Boston, with other artists, appear on the off nights—Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday.

We shall give this establishment an extended notice next week. We trust that it will succeed.

DRAMATIC OVATION.

By an extract from a private letter to the editor of the Albion, it appears that Mrs. Mowatt has had a most warm reception in Philadelphia, on the score of the great popularity of Fashion, not the great racer so called, but the five act comedy of which she, Mrs. M. is the author. The play bills, printed on satin, in letters of gold, we easily picture to our mind's eye, but the "MOST REGAL STYLE," as applied to the new American house, is quite beyond our understanding. We quote from the Albion's letter:

"Fashion drew to the Theatre crowds of people of a class that had not been there in years, and the management, to show their appreciation of the comedy, invited Mrs. Mowatt to visit Philadelphia as their guest, and received her in most regal style, in splendid apartments at the new American House, providing a carriage for her special use during the whole visit. On the night of her benefit, play bills printed on satin in letters of gold were presented to Mrs. Mowatt, and the performers seemed to outrival all previous efforts.

"At the conclusion, in consequence of the repeated plaudits of the audience and calls for the authoress, Mrs. Mowatt rose from her seat and bowed to them several times. The loud calls still continuing, Mr. Blake, the popular manager, and who had made so decided a hit in his delineation of the old farmer from Cattaraugus, stepped forward, and in a handsome speech, thanked them in the name of the authoress for their favourable reception which he hailed as the assurance that the time was near at hand, when the American people would possess an American Dramatic Literature of their own. That, encouraged by their kind reception, Mrs. Mowatt would endeavour to render the next Comedy upon which she was now engaged more worthy of their approbation, and the curtain then fell, amid the most tumultuous uproar. This was on the 18th night of the performance of Fashion."

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

WORKS IN PRESS.

BY LEA & BLANCHARD.

A System of Surgery. By J. M. Chelius, of Heidelberg. Translated, with additions, by Dr. South, of London, and Dr. Morris, of Philadelphia.

Memoranda of a Residence at the Court of St. James, from 1819 to 1823. By Richard Rush. This is supplementary to the former volume under the same title.

History of the War of 1812. By Charles Jared Ingersoll, Esq. of Philadelphia.

Graham's Colonial History. With Notes by Quincy, Sparks, and Prescott.

BY HARPER AND BROTHERS.

Smuggler. By James.
The Martyr of Carthage. By Wilson.
Lands, Classical and Sacred. By Lord Nugent.
The Hellenes. By J. A. St. John.
Chronicles of Fashion. By Mrs. Stone.
Life of Lord Hill. By Rev. Edw. Sidney.
Curiosities of Physical Geography.
Parsons on Education.
London's Lady's Country Companion.
Self, a Novel. By the author of Cecil.
Anne Hathaway, or Shakspeare in Love.
The Power of the Soul over the Body.
Mrs. Norton's Child of the Islands.
A new Novel. By Frederika Bremer.
The Bokhara Victims. By Captain Grover.
Lives of Men of Letters and Science. By Lord Brougham.
Peninsular Sketches. By W. H. Maxwell.
Miss Acton's Modern Cookery.

Mr. Henry B. Hirst, the author of the fine poem "May," published in this number of the "Journal," has in the Boston press, and will shortly issue, "The Coming of the Mammoth, the Funeral of Time, and other Poems."

RECENT AMERICAN PUBLICATIONS.

The Club Room and other Temperance Tales. By T. S. Arthur. Price 25 cents.

Recollections of the United States Army. By an American Soldier. Price 31 1-4 cents.

Will Terrill, or, the Adventures of a Young Gentleman born in a Cellar. By Prof. Ingraham. Price 12 cents.

An Order of Family Prayer for Every Day in the Week, and for the Commemoration of the Holy Days and Seasons of the Church. By Rev. J. M. Wainwright, D. D. 12mo. 75 cents.

A Synopsis of the Symptoms, Diagnosis and Treatment of the more common and important Diseases of the Skin. By N. Worcester, M. D. With 60 Plates.

A Charitable Judgment of the Opinion and Conduct of Others recommended, being the last sermon preached by the Rev. James Milnor, D. D., late Rector of St. George's Church, N. Y. Twelve and a half cents.

Education in Romish Seminaries: a Letter respecting the Selection of places of Education among the Seminaries under the control of the Church of Rome. By a Presbyter of the P. E. Church.

Indications of the Creator. By William Whewell, D. D. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart, 1845. Price 25 cents.

Elocution made Easy; Containing Rules and Selections for Declamation and Reading, with Figures illustrative of Gesture. By R. Claggett, M. A. New York. Paine & Burgess, 62 John street.

The Appletons have just published No. 5 of the history of Germany by Kohlrausch, which reaches to the middle of the 18th century. The next number will complete the work.

John Douglas, Printer, 106 Fulton Street.