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The Literary Life of Thingum Bob, Esq.

LATE EDITOR OF THE "GOOSETHERUMFOODLE."

BY HIMSELF.

I AM now growing in years, and—since I understand that Shakespeare and Mr. Emmons are deceased—it is not impossible that I may even die. It has occurred to me, therefore, that I may as well retire from the field of Letters and repose upon my laurels. But I am ambitious of signalizing my abdication of the literary sceptre by some important bequest to posterity; and, perhaps, I cannot do a better thing than just pen for it an account of my earlier career. My name, indeed, has been so long and so constantly before the public eye, that I am not only willing to admit the naturalness of the interest which it has everywhere excited, but ready to satisfy the extreme curiosity which it has inspired. In fact it is no more than the duty of him who achieves greatness, to leave behind him, in his ascent, such landmarks as may guide others to be great. I propose, therefore, in the present paper, (which I had some idea of calling "Memoranda to serve for the Literary History of America,") to give a detail of those important, yet feeble and tottering first steps, by which, at length, I attained the high road to the pinnacle of human renown.

Of one's very remote ancestors it is superfluous to say much. My father, Thomas Bob, Esq., stood for many years at the summit of his profession, which was that of a merchant-barber, in the city of Smug. His warehouse was the resort of all the principal people of the place, and especially of the editorial corps—a body which inspires all about it with profound veneration and awe. For my own part, I regarded them as Gods, and drank in with avidity the rich wit and wisdom which continuously flowed from their august mouths during the process of what is styled "lather." My first moment of positive inspiration must be dated from that ever-memorable epoch, when the brilliant conductor of the "Gad-Fly," in the intervals of the important process just mentioned, recited aloud, before a conclave of our apprentices, an inimitable poem in honor of the "Only Genuine Oil-of-Bob," (so called from its talented inventor, my father,) and for which effusion the editor of the "Fly" was remunerated with a regal liberality, by the firm of Thomas Bob and company, merchant barbers.

The genius of the stanzas to the "Oil-of-Bob" first breathed into me, I say, the divine *afflatus*. I resolved at once to become a great man and to commence by becoming a great poet. That very evening I fell upon my knees at the feet of my father.

"Father," I said, "pardon me!—but I have a soul above lather. It is my firm intention to cut the shop. I would be an editor—I would be a poet—I would pen stanzas to the 'Oil-of-Bob.' Pardon me and aid me to be great!"

"My dear Thingum," replied my father, (I had been christened Thingum after a wealthy relative so surnamed,) "My dear Thingum," he said, raising me from my knees by the ears—"Thingum, my boy, you're a trump, and take after your father in having a soul. You have an immense head, too, and it must hold a great many brains. This I have long seen, and therefore had thoughts of making you a lawyer. The business, however, has grown ungenteel, and that of a politician don't pay. Upon the whole you judge wisely;—the trade of editor is best:—and if you can be a poet at the same time,—as most of the editors are, by the by,—why you will kill two birds with one stone. To encourage you in the beginning of things, I will allow you a garret; pen, ink and paper; a rhyming dictionary; and a copy of the 'Gad-Fly.' I suppose you would scarcely demand any more."

"I would be an ungrateful villain if I did," I replied with enthusiasm. "Your generosity is boundless. I will repay it by making you the father of a genius."

Thus ended my conference with the best of men, and immediately upon its termination, I betook myself with zeal to my poetical labors; as upon these, chiefly, I founded my hopes of ultimate elevation to the editorial chair.

In my first attempts at composition I found the stanzas to "The Oil-of-Bob" rather a draw-back than otherwise. Their splendor more dazzled than enlightened me. The contemplation of their excellence tended, naturally, to discourage me by comparison with my own abortions; so that for a long time I labored in vain. At length there came into my head one of those exquisitely original ideas which now and then *will* permeate the brain of a man of genius. It was this:—or, rather, thus was it carried into execution. From the rubbish of an old book-stall, in a very remote corner of the town, I got together several antique and altogether unknown or forgotten volumes. The bookseller sold them to me for a song. From one of these, which purported to be a translation of one Dante's "Inferno," I copied with remarkable neatness a long passage about a man named Ugolino, who had a parcel of brats. From another which contained a good many old plays by some person whose name I forget, I extracted in the same manner, and with the same care, a great number of lines about "angels" and "ministers saying grace," and "goblins damned," and more besides of that sort. From a third, which was the composition of some blind man or other, either a Greek or a Choctaw—I cannot be at the pains of remembering every trifle exactly—I took about fifty verses beginning with "Achilles' wrath," and "grease," and something else. From a fourth, which I recollect was also the work of a blind man, I selected a page or two all about "hail" and "holy light;" and although a blind man has no business to write about light, still the verses were sufficiently good in their way.

Having made fair copies of these poems I signed every one of them "Oppodeldoc," (a fine sonorous name,) and, doing each up nicely in a separate envelope, I despatched one to each of the four principal Magazines, with a request for speedy insertion and prompt pay. The result of this well

conceived plan, however, (the success of which would have saved me much trouble in after life,) served to convince me that some editors are not to be bamboozled, and gave the *coup-de-grace* (as they say in France,) to my nascent hopes, (as they say in the city of the transcendentals.)

The fact is, that each and every one of the Magazines in question, gave Mr. "Oppodeldoc' a complete using-up, in the "Monthly Notices to Correspondents." The "Hum-Drum" gave him a dressing after this fashion:

"'Oppodeldoc,' (whoever he is,) has sent us a long *tirade* concerning a bedlamite whom he styles 'Ugolino," who had a great many children that should have been all whipped and sent to bed without their suppers. The whole affair is exceedingly tame—not to say *flat*. 'Oppodeldoc,' (whoever he is,) is entirely devoid of imagination—and imagination, in our humble opinion, is not only the soul of POESY, but also its very heart. Oppodeldoc,' (whoever he is,) has the audacity to demand of us, for his twattle, a 'speedy insertion and prompt pay.' We neither insert nor purchase any stuff of the sort. There can be no doubt, however, that he would meet with a ready sale for all the balderdash he can scribble, at the office of either the 'Rowdy-Dow,' the 'Lollipop,' or the 'Goosetherumfoodle.'"

All this, it must be acknowledged, was very severe upon "Oppodeldoc"—but the unkindest cut was putting the word POESY in small caps. In those five preeminent letters what a world of bitterness is there not involved!

But "Oppodeldoc" was punished with equal severity in the "Rowdy-dow," which spoke thus:

"We have received a most singular and insolent communication from a person, (whoever he is,) signing himself 'Oppodeldoc'—thus desecrating the greatness of the illustrious Roman Emperor so named. Accompanying the letter of 'Oppodeldoc,' (whoever he is,) we find sundry lines of most disgusting and unmeaning rant about 'angels and ministers of grace'—rant such as no madman short of a Nat Lee, or an 'Oppodeldoc,' could possibly perpetrate. And for this trash of trash, we are modestly requested to 'pay promptly.' No sir—no! We pay for nothing of *that* sort. Apply to the 'Hum-Drum,' the 'Lollipop,' or the 'Goosetherumfoodle.' These *periodicals* will undoubtedly accept any literary offal you may send them—and as undoubtedly *promise* to pay for it."

This was bitter indeed upon poor "Oppodeldoc;" but, in this instance, the weight of the satire falls upon the "Hum-drum," the "Lollipop," and the "Goosetherumfoodle," who are pungently styled "*periodicals*" — in Italics, too — a thing that must have cut them to the heart.

Scarcely less savage was the "Lollipop," which thus discoursed:

"*Some individual*, who rejoices in the appellation 'Oppodeldoc,' (to what low uses are the names of the illustrious dead too often applied!) has enclosed us some fifty or sixty *verses*, commencing after this fashion:

> Achilles' wrath, to Greece the direful spring
> Of woes unnumbered, &c., &c., &c., &c.

'Oppodeldoc,' (whoever he is,) is respectfully informed that there is not a printer's devil in our office who is not in the daily habit of composing better *lines*. Those of 'Oppodeldoc' will not *scan*. 'Oppodeldoc' should learn to *count*. But why he should have conceived the idea that *we*, (of all others, *we*!) would disgrace our pages with his ineffable nonsense, is utterly beyond comprehension. Why, the absurd twattle is scarcely good enough for the 'Hum-Drum,' the 'Rowdy-Dow,' the 'Goosetherumfoodle'—things that are in the practice of publishing 'Mother Goose's Melodies' as original lyrics. And 'Oppodeldoc, (whoever he is,) has even the assurance to demand *pay* for this drivel. Does 'Oppodeldoc,' (whoever he is,) know—is he aware that we could not be paid to insert it?"

As I perused this I felt myself growing gradually smaller and smaller, and when I came to the point at which the editor sneered at the poem as "*verses*," there was little more than an ounce of me left. As for "Oppodeldoc" I began to experience *compassion* for the poor fellow. But the "Goosetherumfoodle" showed, if possible, less mercy than the "Lollipop." It was the "Goosetherumfoodle" that said:

"A wretched poetaster, who signs himself 'Oppodeldoc,' is silly enough to fancy that *we* will print and *pay for* a medley of incoherent and ungrammatical bombast which he has transmitted to us, and which commences with the following most *intelligible* line:

> "Hail, Holy Light! Offspring of Heaven, first born."

"We say, 'most *intelligible*.' 'Oppodeldoc,' (whoever he is,) will be kind enough to tell us, perhaps, how '*hail*' can be '*holy light*.' We always regarded it as *frozen rain*. Will he inform us, also, how frozen rain can be, at one and the same time, both 'holy light,' (whatever that is,) and an 'offspring'—which latter term, (if *we* understand any thing about English,) is only employed, with propriety, in reference to small babies of about six weeks old. But it is preposterous to descant upon such absurdity—although 'Oppodeldoc,' (whoever he is,) has the unparalleled effrontery to suppose that we will not only 'insert' his ignorant ravings, but (absolutely) *pay for them!*

"Now this is fine—it is rich!—and we have half a mind to punish this young scribbler for his egotism, by really publishing his effusion, *verbatim et literatim*, as he has written it. We could inflict no punishment so severe, and we *would* inflict it, but for the boredom which we should cause our readers in so doing.

"Let 'Oppodeldoc,' (whoever he is,) send any future *composition* of like character to the 'Hum-Drum,' the 'Lollipop,' or the 'Rowdy-Dow.' *They* will 'insert' it. *They* 'insert' every month just such stuff. Send it to them. WE are not to be insulted with impunity."

This made an end of me; and as for the "Hum-Drum," the "Rowdy-Dow," and the "Lollipop," I never could comprehend how they survived it. The putting *them* in the smallest possible *minion*, (*that* was the rub—thereby insinuating their lowness—their baseness,) while WE stood looking down upon them in gigantic capitals!—oh it was *too* bitter!—it was wormwood—it was gall. Had I been either of these periodicals I would have spared no pains to have the "Goosetherumfoodle" prosecuted. It might have been done under the Act for the "Prevention of Cruelty to Animals." As for "Oppodeldoc," (whoever he was,) I had by this time lost all patience with the fellow, and sympathized with him no longer. He was a fool, beyond doubt, (whoever he was,) and got not a kick more than he deserved.

The result of my experiment with the old books, convinced me, in the first place, that "honesty is the best policy," and, in the second, that if I could not write better than Mr. Dante, and the two blind men, and the rest of the old set, it would, at least, be a difficult matter to write worse. I took heart, therefore, and determined to prosecute the "entirely original," (as they say on the covers of the magazines,) at whatever cost of study and pains. I again placed before my eyes, as a model, the brilliant stanzas on "The Oil-of-Bob," by the editor of the "Gad-Fly," and resolved to construct an Ode on the same sublime theme, in rivalry of what had already been done.

With my first verse I had no material difficulty. It ran thus:

> *To pen an Ode upon the "Oil-of-Bob."*

Having carefully locked out, however, all the legitimate rhymes to "Bob," I found it impossible to proceed. In this dilemma I had recourse to paternal aid; and, after some hours of mature thought, my father and myself thus constructed the poem:

To pen an Ode upon the "Oil-of-Bob"
Is all sorts of a job.
(Signed,) Snob.

To be sure this composition was of no very great length—but I "have yet to learn" as they say in the Edinburgh Review, that the mere extent of a literary work has any thing to do with its merit. As for the Quarterly cant about "sustained effort," it is impossible to see the sense of it. Upon the whole, therefore, I was satisfied with the success of my maiden attempt, and now the only question regarded the disposal I should make of it. My father suggested that I should send it to the "Gad-Fly"—but there were two reasons which operated to prevent me from so doing. I dreaded the jealousy of the editor—and I had ascertained that he did not pay for original contributions. I therefore, after due deliberation, consigned the article to the more dignified pages of the "Lollipop," and awaited the event in anxiety, but with resignation.

In the very next published number I had the proud satisfaction of seeing my poem printed at length, as the leading article, with the following significant words, prefixed in italics and between brackets:

[*"We call the attention of our readers to the subjoined admirable stanzas on "The Oil-of-Bob." We need say nothing of their sublimity, or of their pathos:—it is impossible to peruse them without tears. Those who have been nauseated with a sad dose on the same august topic from the goose-quill of the editor of the "Gad-Fly," will do well to compare the two compositions.*

P. S. We are consumed with anxiety to probe the mystery which envelops the evident pseudonym "Snob." May we not hope for a personal interview?"]

All this was scarcely more than justice, but it was, I confess, rather more than I had expected:—I acknowledge this, be it observed, to the everlasting disgrace of my country and of mankind. I lost no time, however, in calling upon the editor of the "Lollipop," and had the good fortune to find this gentleman at home. He saluted me with an air of profound respect, slightly blended with a fatherly and patronizing admiration, wrought in him, no doubt, by my appearance of extreme youth and inexperience. Begging me to be seated, he entered at once upon the subject of my poem:—but modesty will ever forbid me to repeat the thousand compliments which he lavished upon me. The eulogies of Mr. Crab, (such was the editor's name,) were, however, by no means fulsomely indiscriminate. He analyzed my composition with much freedom and great ability—not hesitating to point out a few trivial defects—a circumstance which elevated him highly in my esteem. The "Gad-Fly" was, of course, brought upon the *tapis*, and I hope never to be subjected to a criticism so searching, or to rebukes so withering, as were bestowed by Mr. Crab upon that unhappy effusion. I had been accustomed to regard the editor of the "Gad-Fly" as something superhuman; but Mr. Crab soon disabused me of that idea. He set the literary as well as the personal character of the Fly (so Mr. C. satirically designated the rival editor,) in its true light. He, the Fly, was very little better than he should be. He had written infamous things. He was a penny-a-liner, and a buffoon. He was a villain. He had composed a tragedy which set the whole country in a guffaw, and a farce which deluged the universe in tears. Besides all this, he had the impudence to pen what he meant for a lampoon upon himself, (Mr. Crab,) and the temerity to style him "an ass." Should I at any time wish to express my opinion of Mr. Fry, the pages of the "Lollipop," Mr. Crab assured me, were at my unlimited disposal. In the meantime, as it was very certain that I would be attacked in the Fly for my attempt at composing a rival poem o Oil-of-Bob," he (Mr. Crab,) would take it upon himself to attend, pointedly, to my private and personal interests. If I were not made a man of at once, it should not be the fault of himself, (Mr. Crab.)

Mr. Crab having now paused in his discourse, (the latter portion of which I found it impossible to comprehend,) I ventured to suggest something about the remuneration which I had been taught to expect for my poem, by an announcement on the cover of the "Lollipop," declaring that it, (the "Lollipop,") "insisted upon being permitted to pay exorbitant prices for all accepted contributions;—frequently expending more money for a single brief poem than the whole annual cost of the 'Hum-Drum,' the 'Rowdy-Dow,' and the 'Goosetherumfoodle' combined."

As I mentioned the word "remuneration," Mr. Crab first opened his eyes, and then his mouth, to quite a remarkable extent; causing his personal appearance to resemble that of a highly-agitated elderly duck in the act of quacking;—and in this condition he remained, (ever and anon pressing his hands tightly to his forehead, as if in a state of desperate bewilderment) until I had nearly made an end of what I had to say.

Upon my conclusion, he sank back into his seat, as if much overcome, letting his arms fall lifelessly by his side, but keeping his mouth still rigorously open, after the fashion of the duck. While I remained in speechless astonishment at behaviour so alarming, he suddenly leaped to his feet and made a rush at the bell-rope; but just as he reached this, he appeared to have altered his intention, whatever it was, for he dived under a table and immediately re-appeared with a cudgel. This he was in the act of uplifting, (for what purpose I am at a loss to imagine,) when, all at once, there came a benign smile over his features, and he sank placidly back in his chair.

"Mr. Bob," he said, (for I had sent up my card before ascending myself,) "Mr. Bob, you are a young man, I presume—*very*!"

I assented; adding that I had not yet concluded my third lustrum.

"Ah!" he replied, "very good! I see how it is—say no more! Touching this matter of compensation, what you observe is very just: in fact it is excessively so. But—ah—ah—the *first* contribution—the *first*, I say—it is never the Magazine custom to pay for—you comprehend, eh? The truth is, we are usually the *recipients* in such case." [Mr. Crab smiled blandly as he emphasized the word "recipients."] "For the most part, we are *paid* for the insertion of a maiden attempt—especially in verse. In the second place, Mr. Bob, the Magazine rule is never to disburse what we term in France the *argent comptant*:—I have no doubt you understand. In a quarter or two after publication of the article—or in a year or two—we make no objection to giving our note at nine months:—provided always that we can so arrange our affairs as to be quite certain of a 'burst up' in six. I really *do* hope, Mr. Bob, that you will look upon this explanation as satisfactory." Here Mr. Crab concluded, and the tears stood in his eyes.

Grieved to the soul at having been, however innocently, the cause of pain to so eminent and so sensitive a man, I hastened to apologize, and to reassure him, by expressing my perfect coincidence with his views, as well as my entire appreciation of the delicacy of his position. Having done all this in a neat speech, I took leave.

One fine morning, very shortly afterwards, "I awoke and found myself famous." The extent of my renown will e best estimated by reference to the editorial opinions of the

day. These opinions, it will be seen, were embodied in critical notices of the number of the "Lollipop" containing my poem, and are perfectly satisfactory, conclusive and clear with the exception, perhaps, of the hieroglyphical marks "*Sep.* 15—1 *t.*" appended to each of the critiques.

The "Owl," a journal of profound sagacity, and well known for the deliberate gravity of its literary decisions—the "Owl," I say, spoke as follows:

"'The Lollipop!' The October number of this delicious Magazine surpasses its predecessors, and sets competition at defiance. In the beauty of its typography and paper—in the number and excellence of its steel plates—as well as in the literary merit of its contributions—the 'Lollipop' compares with its slow-paced rivals as Hyperion with a Satyr. The 'Hum-Drum,' the 'Rowdy-Dow,' and the 'Goosetherumfoodle,' excel, it is true, in braggadocio, but, in all other points, give us the 'Lollipop!' How this celebrated journal can sustain its evidently tremendous expenses, is more than we can understand. To be sure, it has a circulation of 100,000, and its subscription-list has increased one fourth during the last month; but, on the other hand, the sums it disburses constantly for contributions are inconceivable. It is reported that Mr. Slyass received no less than thirty-seven and a half cents for his inimitable paper on 'Pigs.' With Mr. Chas, as editor, and with such names upon the list of contributors as Snob and Slyass, there can be no such word as 'fail' for the 'Lollipop.' Go and subscribe. *Sep.* 15—1 *t.*"

I must say that I was gratified with this high-toned notice from a paper so respectable as the "Owl." The placing my name—that is to say my *nom de guerre*—in priority of station to that of the great Slyass, was a compliment as happy as I felt it to be deserved.

My attention was next arrested by these paragraphs in the "Toad"—a print highly distinguished for its uprightness, and independence—for its entire freedom from sycophancy and subservience to the givers of dinners.

"The 'Lollipop' for October is out in advance of all its contemporaries, and infinitely surpasses them, of course, in the splendor of its embellishments, as well as in the richness of its literary contents. The 'Hum-Drum,' the 'Rowdy-Dow,' and the 'Goosetherumfoodle' excel, we admit, in braggadocio, but, in all other points, give us the 'Lollipop!' How this celebrated Magazine can sustain its evidently tremendous expenses, is more than we can understand. To be sure, it has a circulation of 200,000, and its subscription list has increased one third during the last fortnight, but on the other hand, the sums it disburses, monthly, for contributions, are fearfully great. We learn that Mr. Mumblethumb received no less than fifty cents for his late 'Monody in a Mud-Puddle.'

"Among the original contributors to the present number we notice, (besides the eminent editor, Mr. Chas.) such men as Snob, Slyass, and Mumblethumb. Apart from the editorial matter, the most valuable paper, nevertheless, is, we think, a poetical gem by 'Snob,' on the 'Oil-of-Bob'—but our readers must not suppose, from the title of this incomparable *bijou*, that it bears any similitude to some balderdash on the same subject by a certain contemptible individual whose name is unmentionable to ears polite. The *present* poem 'On the Oil-of-Bob,' has excited universal anxiety and curiosity in respect to the owner of the evident pseudonym, 'Snob'—a curiosity which, happily, we have it in our power to satisfy. 'Snob' is the *nom-de-plume* of Mr. Thingum Bob, of this city,—a relative of the great Mr. Thingum, (after whom he is named,) and otherwise connected with the most illustrious families of the State. His father, Thomas Bob, Esq., is an opulent merchant in Smug. *Sep.* 15—1 *t.*"

This generous approbation touched me to the heart—the more especially as it emanated from a source so avowedly—so proverbially pure as the "Toad." The word "balderdash," as applied to the "Oil-of-Bob" of the Fly, I considered singularly pungent and appropriate. The words "gem" and "*bijou*," however, used in reference to my composition, struck me as being, in some degree, feeble. They seemed to me to be deficient in force. They were not sufficiently *prononcés*, (as we have it in France.)

I had hardly finished reading the "Toad," when a friend placed in my hands a copy of the "Mole," a daily, enjoying high reputation for the keenness of its perception about matters in general, and for the open, honest, above-ground style of its editorials. The "Mole" spoke of the "Lollipop" as follows:

"We have just received the 'Lollipop' for October, and *must* say that never before have we perused any single number of any periodical which afforded us a felicity so supreme. We speak advisedly. The 'Hum-Drum,' the 'Rowdy-Dow' and the 'Goosetherumfoodle' must look well to their laurels. These prints, no doubt, surpass every thing in loudness of pretension, but, in all other points, give us the 'Lollipop!' How this celebrated Magazine can sustain its evidently tremendous expenses, is more than we can comprehend. To be sure, it has a circulation of 300,000; and its subscription-list has increased one half within the last week, but then the sum it disburses, monthly, for contributions, is astoundingly enormous. We have it upon good authority, that Mr. Fatquack received no less than sixty-two cents and a half for his late Domestic Nouvelette, the 'Dish-Clout.'

"The contributors to the number before us are Mr. Chas, (the eminent editor,) Snob, Mumblethumb, Fatquack and others; but, after the inimitable compositions of the editor himself, we prefer a diamond-like effusion from the pen of a rising poet who writes over the signature 'Snob'—a *nom de guerre* which we predict will one day extinguish the radiance of 'Boz.' 'Snob,' we learn, is a Mr. Theodore Bob, sole heir of a wealthy merchant of this city, Thomas Bob, Esq., and a near relative of the distinguished Mr. Thingum. The title of Mr. B.'s admirable poem is the 'Oil-of-Bob'—a somewhat unfortunate name, by-the-bye, as some contemptible vagabond connected with the penny press has already disgusted the town with a great deal of drivel upon the same topic. There will be no danger, however, of confounding the compositions. *Sep.* 15—1 *t.*"

The generous approbation of so clear-sighted a journal as the "Mole" penetrated my soul with delight. The only objection which occurred to me was, that the terms "contemptible vagabond" might have been better written "*odious and* contemptible, *wretch, villain* and vagabond." This would have sounded more gracefully, I think. "Diamond-like," also, was scarcely, it will be admitted, of sufficient intensity to express what the "Mole" evidently *thought* of the brilliancy of the "Oil-of-Bob."

On the same afternoon in which I saw these notices in the "Owl," the "Toad," and the "Mole," I happened to meet with a copy of the "Daddy-Long-Legs," a periodical proverbial for the extreme extent of its understanding. And it was the "Daddy-Long Legs" which spoke thus:

"The 'Lollipop'!! This gorgeous Magazine is already before the public for October. The question of pre-eminence is forever put to rest, and hereafter it will be excessively preposterous in the 'Hum-Drum,' the 'Rowdy-Dow,' or the 'Goosetherumfoodle,' to make any farther spasmodic attempts at competition. These journals may excel the 'Lollipop' in outcry, but, in all other points, give us the 'Lollipop!' How this celebrated Magazine can sustain its evidently tremendous expenses, is past comprehension. To be sure it has a circulation of precisely half a million, and its subscription-list has increased seventy-five per cent. within the last couple of days! but then the sums it disburses, monthly, for contributions, are scarcely credible; we are cognizant of the fact, that Mademoiselle Cridolittle received no less than eighty-seven cents and a half for her late valuable Revolutionary Tale, entitled 'The York-Town Katy-Did, and the Bunker-Hill Katy-Did'nt.'

"The most able papers in the present number, are, of course, those furnished by the editor, (the eminent Mr. Chas.) but there

are numerous magnificent contributions from such names as Saxe; Mademoiselle Criboilittle; Slyass; Mrs. Fibslittle; Mumblethumb; Mrs. Squibslittle; and, last, though not least, Fatquack. The world may well be challenged to produce so rich a galaxy of genius.

"The poem over the signature 'Saxe' is, we find, attracting universal commendation, and, we are constrained to say, deserves, if possible, even more applause than it has received. The 'Oil-of-Bob' is the title of this masterpiece of eloquence and art. One or two of our readers may have a very faint, although sufficiently disgusting recollection of a poem (!) similarly entitled, the perpetration of a miserable penny-a-liner, mendicant, and cut-throat, connected in the capacity of scullion, we believe, with one of the indecent prints about the purlieus of the city; we beg them, for God's sake, not to confound the compositions. The author of *the* 'Oil-of-Bob,' is, we hear, THOMAS HAWK, Esq., a gentleman of high genius, and a scholar. 'Snob' is merely a *nom-de-guerre*. *Sept.* 15—1 *t.*"

I could scarcely restrain my indignation while I perused the concluding portions of this diatribe. It was clear to me that the yea-nay manner—not to say the gentleness—the positive forbearance with which the "Daddy-Long-Legs" spoke of that pig, the editor of the "Gad-Fly"—it was evident to me, I say, that this gentleness of speech could proceed from nothing else than a partiality for the Fly—whom it was clearly the intention of the "Daddy-Long-Legs" to elevate into reputation at my expense. Any one, indeed, might perceive, with half an eye, that, had the real design of the "Daddy" been what it wished to appear, it, (the "Daddy,") might have expressed itself in terms more direct, more pungent, and altogether more to the purpose. The words "penny-a-liner," "mendicant," "scullion," and "cut-throat," were epithets so intentionally inexpressive and equivocal, as to be worse than nothing when applied to the author of the very worst stanzas ever penned by one of the human race. We all know what is meant by "damning with faint praise," and, on the other hand, who could fail seeing through the covert purpose of the "Daddy"—that of glorifying with feeble abuse?

What the "Daddy" chose to say of the Fly, however, was no business of mine. What it said of myself was. After the noble manner in which the "Owl," the "Toad," the "Mole," had expressed themselves in respect to my ability, it was rather too much to be coolly spoken of by a thing like the "Daddy-Long-Legs," as merely "a gentleman of high genius and a scholar." Gentleman indeed! I made up my mind, at once, either to get a written apology from the "Daddy-Long-Legs," or to call it out.

Full of this purpose, I looked about me to find a friend whom I could entrust with a message to his Daddyship, and, as the editor of the "Lollipop" had given me marked tokens of regard, I at length concluded to seek assistance upon the present occasion.

I have never yet been able to account, in a manner satisfactory to my own understanding, for the *very* peculiar countenance and demeanor with which Mr. Crab listened to me, as I unfolded to him my design. He again went through the scene of the bell-rope and cudgel, and did not omit the duck. At one period I thought he really intended to quack. His fit, nevertheless, finally subsided as before, and he began to act and speak in a rational way. He declined bearing the cartel, however, and in fact, dissuaded me from sending it at all; but was candid enough to admit that the "Daddy-Long-Legs" had been disgracefully in the wrong—more especially in what related to the epithets "gentleman and scholar."

Towards the end of this interview with Mr. Crab, who really appeared to take a paternal interest in my welfare, he suggested to me that I might turn an honest penny and, at the same time, advance my reputation, by occasionally playing Thomas Hawk for the "Lollipop."

I begged Mr. Crab to inform me who was Mr. Thomas Hawk, and how it was expected that I should play him.

Here Mr. Crab again "made great eyes," (as we say in Germany,) but at length, recovering himself from a profound attack of astonishment, he assured me that he employed the words "Thomas Hawk" to avoid the colloquialism, Tommy, which was low—but that the true idea was Tommy Hawk—or tomahawk—and that by "playing tomahawk" he referred to scalping, brow-beating and otherwise using-up the herd of poor-devil authors.

I assured my patron that, if this was all, I was perfectly resigned to the task of playing Thomas Hawk. Hereupon Mr. Crab desired me to use-up the editor of the "Gad-Fly" forthwith, in the fiercest style within the scope of my ability, and as a specimen of my powers. This I did, upon the spot, in a review of the original "Oil-of-Bob," occupying thirty-six pages of the "Lollipop." I found playing Thomas Hawk, indeed, a far less onerous occupation than poetizing; for I went upon *system* altogether, and thus it was easy to do the thing thoroughly and well. My practice was this. I bought auction copies (cheap) of "Lord Brougham's Speeches," "Cobbett's Complete Works," the "New Slang-Syllabus," the "Whole Art of Snubbing," "Prentice's Billingsgate," (folio edition,) and "Lewis G. Clarke on Tongue." These works I cut up thoroughly with a curry-comb, and then, throwing the shreds into a sieve, sifted out carefully all that might be thought decent, (a mere trifle); reserving the hard phrases, which I threw into a large tin pepper-castor with longitudinal holes, so that an entire sentence could get through without material injury. The mixture was then ready for use. When called upon to play Thomas Hawk, I anointed a sheet of fools-cap with the white of a gander's egg; then, shredding the thing to be reviewed as I had previously shredded the books,—only with more care, so as to get every word separate—I threw the latter shreds in with the former, screwed on the lid of the castor, gave it a shake, and so dusted out the mixture upon the egg'd foolscap; where it stuck. The effect was beautiful to behold. It was captivating. Indeed the reviews I brought to pass by this simple expedient have never been approached, and were the wonder of the world. At first, through bashfulness—the result of inexperience—I was a little put out by a certain inconsistency—a certain air of the *bizarre*, (as we say in France,) worn by the composition as a whole. All the phrases did not *fit*, (as we say in the Anglo-Saxon.) Many were quite awry. Some, even, were up-side-down; and there were none of them which were not, in some measure, injured, in regard to effect, by this latter species of accident, when it occurred;—with the exception of Mr. Lewis Clarke's paragraphs, which were so vigorous, and altogether stout, that they seemed not particularly disconcerted by any extreme of position, but looked equally happy and satisfactory, whether on their heads, or on their heels.

What became of the editor of the "Gad-Fly," after the publication of my criticism on his "Oil-of-Bob," it is somewhat difficult to determine. The most reasonable conclusion is, that he wept himself to death. At all events he disappeared instantaneously from the face of the earth, and no man has seen even the ghost of him since.

This matter having been properly accomplished, and the Furies appeased, I grew at once into high favor with Mr. Crab. He took me into his confidence, gave me a permanent situation as Thomas Hawk of the "Lollipop," and as, for the present, he could afford me no salary, allowed me

to profit, at discretion, by his advice.

"My Dear Thingum," said he to me one day after dinner, "I respect your abilities and love you as a son. You shall be my heir. When I die I will bequeath you the 'Lollipop.' In the meantime I will make a man of you—I *will*—provided always that you follow my counsel. The first thing to do is to get rid of the old bore."

"Bear?" said I inquiringly—"pig, eh?—*aper?* (as we say in Latin)—who?—where?

"Your father," said he.

"Precisely," I replied,—"pig."

"You have your fortune to make, Thingum," resumed Mr. Crab, "and that governor of yours is a millstone about your neck. We must cut him at once." [Here I took out my knife.] "We must cut him," continued Mr. Crab, "decidedly and forever. He won't do—he won't. Upon second thoughts, you had better kick him, or cane him, or something of that kind."

What do you say," I suggested modestly, "to my kicking him in the first instance, caning him afterwards, and winding up by tweaking his nose?"

Mr. Crab looked at me musingly for some moments, and then answered:

"I think, Mr. Bob, that what you propose would answer sufficiently well—indeed remarkably well—that is to say, as far as it went—but barbers are exceedingly hard to cut, and I think, upon the whole, that, having performed upon Thomas Bob the operations you suggest, it would be advisable to blacken, with your fists, both his eyes, very carefully and thoroughly, to prevent his ever seeing you again in fashionable promenades. After doing this, I really do not perceive that you can do any more. However—it might be just as well to roll him once or twice in the gutter, and then put him in charge of the police. Any time the next morning you can call at the watch-house and swear an assault.

I was much affected by the kindness of feeling towards me personally, which was evinced in this excellent advice of Mr. Crab, and I did not fail to profit by it forthwith. The result was, that I got rid of the old bore, and began to feel a little independent and gentleman-like. The want of money, however, was, for a few weeks, a source of some discomfort; but at length, by carefully putting to use my two eyes, and observing how matters went just in front of my nose, I perceived how the thing was to be brought about. I say "thing"—he it observed—for they tell me the Latin for it is *res*. By the way, talking of Latin, can any one tell me the meaning of *quocunque*—or what is the meaning of *modo?*

My plan was exceedingly simple. I bought, for a song, a sixteenth of the "Snapping-Turtle:"—that was all. The thing was *done*, and I put money in my purse. There were some trivial arrangements afterwards, to be sure; but these formed no portion of the plan. They were a consequence—a result. For example, I bought pen, ink and paper, and put them into furious activity. Having thus completed a Magazine article, I gave it, for appellation, "Fol-Lol, *by the Author of* 'The Oil-of-Bob,'" and enveloped it to the "Gooseherumfoodle." That journal, however, having pronounced it "twattle" in the "Monthly Notices to Correspondents," I rebeaded the paper "'Hey-Diddle-Diddle' by Thingum Bob, Esq., Author of the Ode on 'The Oil-of-Bob,' *and* Editor of the 'Snapping-Turtle.'" With this amendment, I reenclosed it to the "Goosetherumfoodle," and, while I awaited a reply, published daily, in the "Turtle," six columns of what may be termed philosophical and analytical investigation of the literary merits of the "Goosetherumfoodle," as well as of the personal character of the editor of the "Goosetherumfoodle." At the end of a week the "Goosetherumfoodle" discovered that it had, by some odd mistake, "confounded a stupid article, headed 'Hey-Diddle-Diddle' and composed by some unknown ignoramus, with a gem of resplendent lustre similarly entitled, the work of Thingum Bob, Esq., the celebrated author of 'The Oil-of-Bob.'" The "Goosetherumfoodle" deeply "regretted this very natural accident," and promised, moreover, an insertion of the *genuine* 'Hey-Diddle-Diddle' in the very next number of the Magazine.

The fact is I *thought*—I *really* thought—I thought at the time—I thought *then*—and have no reason for thinking otherwise *now*—that the "Goosetherumfoodle" *did* make a mistake. With the best intentions in the world, I never knew any thing that made as many singular mistakes as the "Goosetherumfoodle." From that day I took a liking to the "Goosetherumfoodle," and the result was I soon saw into the very depths of its literary merits, and did not fail to expatiate upon them, in the "Turtle," whenever a fitting opportunity occurred. And it is to be regarded as a very peculiar coincidence—as one of those positively *remarkable* coincidences which set a man to serious thinking—that just such a total revolution of opinion—just such entire *bouleversement*, (as we say in French,)—just such thorough *topsiturviness*, (if I may be permitted to employ a rather forcible term of the Choctaws,) as happened, *pro* and *con*, between myself on the one part, and the "Goosetherumfoodle" on the other, did actually again happen, in a brief period afterwards, and with precisely similar circumstances, in the case of myself and the "Rowdy-Dow," and in the case of myself and the "Hum-Drum."

Thus it was that, by a master-stroke of genius, I at length consummated my triumphs by "putting money in my purse" and thus may be said really and fairly to have commenced that brilliant and eventful career which rendered me illustrious, and which now enables me to say, with Chateaubriand, "I have made history"—"*J'ai fait l'histoire.*"

I have indeed "made history." From the bright epoch which I now record, my actions—my works—are the property of mankind. They are familiar to the world. It is, then, needless for me to detail how, soaring rapidly, I fell heir to the "Lollipop"—how I merged this journal in the "Hum-Drum"—how again I made purchase of the "Rowdy-Dow," thus combining the three periodicals—how, lastly, I effected a bargain for the sole remaining rival, and united all the literature of the country in one magnificent Magazine, known every where as the

"Rowdy-Dow, Lollipop, Hum-Drum,

and

GOOSETHERUMFOODLE."

Yes; I have made history. My fame is universal. It extends to the uttermost ends of the earth. You cannot take up a common newspaper in which you shall not see some allusion to the immortal Thingum Bob. It is Mr. Thingum Bob said so, and Mr. Thingum Bob wrote this, and Mr. Thingum Bob did that. But I am meek and expire with an humble heart. After all, what is it?—this indescribable something which men will persist in terming "genius?" I agree with Buffon—with Hogarth—it is but *diligence* after all.

Look at *me!*—how I labored—how I toiled—how I wrote! Ye Gods, did I *not* write? I knew not the word "ease." By day I adhered to my desk, and at night, a pale student, I consumed the midnight oil. You should have seen me—you *should*. I leaned to the right. I leaned to the left. I sat forward. I sat backward. I sat upon end. I sat *tete baissée*, (as they have it in the Kickapoo,) bowing my head

close to the alabaster page. And, through all, I—*wrote*. Through joy and through sorrow, I—*wrote*. Through hunger and through thirst, I—*wrote*. Through good report and through ill report, I—*wrote*. Through sunshine and through moonshine, I—*wrote*. *What* I wrote it is unnecessary to say. The *style!*—that was the thing. I caught it from Fatquack—whizz!—fizz!—and I am giving you a specimen of it now.

EDGAR A. POE.

Critical Notices.

A Chaunt of Life and other Poems, with Sketches & Essays. By Rev. Ralph Hoyt. In Six Parts. Part II. New York: Le Roy and Hoyt.

The Publishers' Advertisement to this beautiful volume informs us that "the first part was very kindly received by the reading public and the press, but a considerable number of elegantly bound copies being destroyed by fire, the author became embarrassed and unable to proceed"—until aided or urged to do so, we presume, by the present publishers. It would have been, indeed, a great pity to abandon an enterprise so flatteringly commenced. We shall look with interest for the completion of the series.

Part II. contains the second Canto of a very fine poem, "The Chaunt of Life." From the first stanza we quote the three remarkably beautiful lines;

Slow droop the eyelids of the drowsy day;
All weary life and every heart oppressed,
In soothing slumber now may sink to rest.

The fourth and fifth stanzas are very noble:—

Give me to love my fellow, and in love,
If with none other grace to chaunt my strain,
Sweet key-note of soft cadences above,
Sole star of solace in life's night of pain.
Chief gem of Eden, fractured in that fall
That ruined two fond hearts, and tarnished all!
Redeemer! be thy kindly spirit mine;
That pearl of Paradise to me restore,
Pure, fervent, fearless, lasting, love divine,
Profound as ocean, broad as sea and shore.
While Man I sing, free, subject, and supreme,
O! for a soul, as ample as the theme!

Sad prelude I have sung, by Sorrow led
Along the mournful shades that own her sway,
Where, *by a stream that weeping eyes have shed*,
Low chaunted I my melancholy lay,
In pensive concord with the soothless wail
Of sighing wanderers in that lonely vale.
Ah, chide not those whose woe seems hard to bear,
The heart must hover where its treasures sleep;
I saw the great, the wise, the gifted there,
With humbler multitudes compelled to weep;
No penury, no wealth commands relief!
No Serf, no Sovereign in the realms of grief!

We Italicise two passages, however, for their defects, and not for their merits. We can conceive that a gem may be "fractured in a fall" and even (imperfectly) that in so falling it may "ruin two fond hearts", but how it can "tarnish all" or anything, in so falling, does not appear. The stream of tears is in shockingly bad taste. But the stately and pensive thought and well-sustained modulation of the stanzas amply redeem these demerits.

Mr. Hoyt is occasionally halting in his metre, although rarely or ever in his rhythm. In stanza VIII. a foot is missing in the fifth line:

Rise! with heroic strength be strong.

In stanza XII. there is a superfluous foot in the second line:

Ecbatana and Babylon and Tyre remote—

although the stanza as a whole is particularly sonorous and Miltonic.

The poem entitled "Old" has so many rare and peculiar excellences, that we shall venture to copy it in full. It will forcibly remind our readers of Mr. Durand's exquisite picture "An Old Man's Recollections"—although between poem and painting there is nothing more than a perfectly admissible similarity. The quaintness is, in our opinion, to be defended as a legitimate effect, conferring high pleasure upon a numerous and cultivated class of minds. In his continuous and absolutely uniform repetition of the first line in the last of each stanza, he has by much exceeded the legitimate limits of the quaint, and impinged upon the simply ludicrous. The poem, nevertheless, abounds in lofty merit, and has, in especial, some exquisite passages of pathos and of imagination. We Italicise some of these.

OLD.

By the way-side, on a mossy stone
Sat a hoary pilgrim sadly musing:
Oft I marked him sitting there alone,
All the landscape like a page perusing;
Poor, unknown,
By the way-side, on a mossy stone.

Buckled knee and shoe, and broad-rimmed hat,
Coat as ancient as the form 'twas folding,
Silver buttons, queue, and crimped cravat,
Oaken staff, his feeble hand upholding,
There he sat!
Buckled knee and shoe, and broad-rimmed hat.

Seemed it pitiful he should sit there,
No one sympathizing, no one heeding,
None to love him for his thin grey hair,
And the furrows all so mutely pleading,
Age, and care:
Seemed it pitiful he should sit there.

It was summer, and we went to school,
Dapper country lads and little maidens,
Taught the motto of the "Dunce's Stool,"
Its grave import still my fancy ladens,
"Here's a Fool!"
It was summer, and we went to school.

When the stranger seemed to mark our play,
(Some of us were joyous, some sad-hearted,
I remember well,—too well,—that day!)
Oftentimes the tears unbidden started,—
Would not stay!
When the stranger seemed to mark our play.

One sweet spirit broke the silent spell—
Ah! to me her name was always heaven!
She besought him all his grief to tell,—
(I was then thirteen, and she eleven,)
Isabel!
One sweet spirit broke the silent spell.

Angel, said he sadly, I am old;
Earthly hope no longer hath a marrow,
Yet why I sit here thou shalt soon be told,
Then his eye betrayed a pearl of sorrow,—
Down it rolled!
Angel, said he sadly, I am old!

I have tottered here to look once more
On the pleasant scene where I delighted
In the careless, happy days of yore,
Ere the garden of my heart was blighted—
To the core!
I have tottered here to look once more!

All the picture now to me how dear!
Even this gray old rock where I am seated,
Is a jewel worth a journey here;
Ah, that such a scene must be completed
With a tear!
All the picture now to me how dear!

Old stone School-House!—it is still the same!
There's the very step so oft I mounted;
There's the window creaking in its frame,
And the notches that I cut and counted
For the game;
Old stone School-House!—it is still the same!

In the cottage, yonder, I was born;
Long my happy home—that humble dwelling;
There the fields of clover, wheat, and corn,
There the spring, with limpid nectar swelling;
Ah, Forlorn!—
In the cottage, yonder, I was born.

Those two gate-way sycamores you see,
Then were planted, just so far asunder
That long well-pole from the path to free,
And the wagon to pass safely under
Ninety-three!
Those two gate-way sycamores you see?

There's the orchard where we used to climb
When my mates and I were boys together,
Thinking nothing of the flight of time,
Fearing nought but work and rainy weather;
Past its prime!
There's the orchard where we used to climb!

There, the rude, three-cornered chestnut rails,
Round the pasture where the flocks were grazing,
Where so sly, I used to watch for quails
In the crops of buckwheat we were raising,—
Traps and trails,—
There, the rude, three-cornered chesnut rails.

There's the mill that ground our yellow grain;
Pond, and river still serenely flowing;
Cot, there nestling in the shaded lane,
Where the lily of my heart was blowing,—
Mary Jane!
There's the mill that ground our yellow grain!

There's the gate on which I used to swing,
Brook and bridge, and barn, and old red stable;
But alas! the mom shall no more bring
That dear group around my father's table;
Taken wing!
There's the gate on which I used to swing!

I am fleeing!—all I loved are fled;
Yon green meadow was our place for playing;
That old tree can tell of sweet things said,
When around it Jane and I were straying;—
She is dead!
I am fleeing!—all I loved are fled!

Yon white spire—a pencil on the sky,
Tracing silently life's changeful story,
So familiar to my dim old eye,
Points me to seven that are now in glory
There on high!
Yon white spire, a pencil on the sky!

Oft the aisle of that old church we trod,
Guided thither by an angel mother;
Now she sleeps beneath its sacred sod,—
Sire and sisters, and my little brother—
Gone to God!
Oft the aisle of that old church we trod!

There I heard of Wisdom's pleasant ways,
Bless the holy lesson!—*but, ah, never*
Shall I hear again those songs of praise,
Those sweet voices,—silent now forever!
Peaceful days!
There I heard of Wisdom's pleasant ways.

There my Mary blest me with her hand,
When our soul drank in the nuptial blessing,
Ere she hastened to the spirit-land;
Yonder turf her gentle bosom pressing:
Broken band!
There my Mary blest me with her hand.

I have come to see that grave once more,
And the sacred place where we delighted,
Where we worshipped in the days of yore,
Ere the garden of my heart was blighted
To the core!
I have come to see that grave once more.

Angel, said he, sadly, I am old!
Earthly hope no longer hath a morrow;
Now why I sit here thou hast been told;
In his eye another pearl of sorrow,—
Down it rolled!
Angel, said he, sadly, I am old!

By the wayside, on a mossy stone,
Sat the hoary pilgrim, sadly musing;
Still I marked him sitting there alone,
All the landscape, like a page perusing;
Poor, unknown,
By the way-side, on a mossy stone!

The stanza commencing "Buckled knee and shoe," &c. puts us somewhat too forcibly in mind of Oliver Wendell Holmes' "Old Man." The exclamation "Ninety-Three!" introduced, as it is, independently of the observations which surround it, must be regarded as one of the happiest instances either of refined art or of natural pathos.

"The stanza beginning "Yon white spire" cannot be too warmly commended.

"New" is a *pendant* to "Old," but its artificiality of construction is even more displeasingly apparent. We quote one or two sweet passages:

Ah, June can only charm her eyes
With flowers of paradisial dyes
And azure skies.

This, however, should read, "Ah, only June," &c.

The glowing tranquil summertime;
The summertime;
Too listless in a maiden's prime;
Dull melancholy pantomime!
Oh for a gay autumnal clime!
Too listless in a maiden's prime
The summertime.

Love nestles in that gentle breast—
That gentle breast.
Ah Love will never let it rest—
The cruel sly ungrateful guest
(A viper in a linnet's nest)
Ah Love will never let it rest—
That gentle breast!

"Boemos" is the concluding poem of the volume, and is marked by the same peculiarities of metre—peculiarities, however, which, in a composition such as this, must be considered out of place. We conclude our review with the quotation of a very spirited stanza—a stanza which would do no discredit to Campbell, and is much in his vein:

O'er all the silent sky
A dark and scowling frown;
But darker scowled each eye
When all resolved to die!
When (night of dread renown!)
Three thousand stars went down!

The Mysteries of Berlin. To be Completed in Ten Parts. Part VII.

This is a very weak and absurd imitation, or rather exagger-

ation of all the most reprehensible features of "The Mysteries of Paris."

The Roman Pontiff, or a Sketch of the Lives of the Supreme Heads of the Roman Catholic Church. New York. H. G. Daggers & Co.

A pamplet of great interest. Its title so fully explains its design that we need say little about it. The work is well translated from the French.

Two Letters on Slavery in the United States, addressed to Thomas Clarkson, Esq. By J. H. Hammond. Columbia, S. C. Allen McCarter & Co.

A nervously written pamphlet, the design of which is to show that slavery is an inevitable condition of human society.

ISRAFEL. *

In Heaven a spirit doth dwell
"Whose heart-strings are a lute;"
None sing so wildly well
As the angel Israfel,
And the giddy stars (so legends tell)
Ceasing their hymns, attend the spell
Of his voice, all mute.

Tottering above,
In her highest noon,
The enamoured moon
Blushes with love,
While, to listen, the red levin
(With the rapid Pleiads, even,
Which were seven,)
Pauses in Heaven.

And they say (the starry choir
And the other listening things)
That Israfeli's fire
Is owing to that lyre
By which he sits and sings—
The trembling living wire
Of those unusual strings.

But the skies that angel trod,
Where deep thoughts are a duty,
And Love's a grown up God,
And the Houri glances are
Imbued with all the beauty
Which we worship in a star.

Thou art not, therefore, wrong,
Israfeli, who despisest
An unimpassioned song,
To thee the laurels belong,
Best bard, because the wisest!
Merrily live, and long!

The ecstasies above
With thy burning measures suit—
Thy grief, thy joy, thy hate, thy love,
With the fervor of thy lute—
Well may the stars be mute!

Yes, Heaven is thine; but this
Is a world of sweets and sours;
Our flowers are merely—flowers,
And the shadow of thy perfect bliss
Is the sunshine of ours.

If I could dwell
Where Israfel
Hath dwelt, and he where I,
He might not sing so wildly well
A mortal melody,
While a bolder note than this might swell
From my lyre within the sky.

EDGAR A. POE.

* And the angel Israfel, whose heart-strings are a lute, and who has the sweetest voice of all God's creatures.—SALE'S KORAN.

Musical Department.

FRENCH OPERA—PARK THEATRE.—The intense heat of the weather has been sadly injurious to the success of the various theatres, keeping away hundreds who would otherwise have visited such places of amusement.

La Juive has been represented once, but we were unable to attend. It was, however, we understand, very successful, having been produced on a scale of the greatest magnificence. Should it be again performed, we will describe it fully.

La Fille du Regiment was produced last week. If Donizetti had never written any thing but La Fille du Regiment and *L' Elisir d'Amore*, his name would surely be preserved for posterity. There are many beauties of high character in all his serious operas, but he is never so thoroughly at home as in the works of lighter character. Throughout both the operas mentioned there is a continued flow of delicious melody, varied and original in its character; the concerted pieces also exhibit an unusual degree of excellence, and the instrumentation is of a higher order of merit, being more richly and variously harmonized. La Fille du Regiment is truly French. Donizetti has most happily imitated the peculiarity of the school. It lacks however the quaintness of Auber, and sometimes the Italian school intrudes, as in the lovely romance, "Il faut partir," sung by Marie; but as a whole it is an admirable conception, worked out with masterly skill.

The cast was as follows:

Marie (La Fille du Regiment)	M'lle Calve.
Marchioness de Berkenfeldt	M'me Mathieu.
Tonio, a Tyrolian peasant	M. Boucher.
Sulpice, a sergeant	M. Bernard.
Hortensius, a steward	M. Mathieu.

M'lle Calve personated La Fille most admirably. Her manner was that of a petted child of rude but chivalric men—a happy mixture of playful boldness and shrinking maiden modesty. In all that M'lle Calve does, she is a true woman—whether as the playful coquette, teasing but tender, wilful to commit a fault, but eager and earnest to sue for forgiveness; or as the young girl, whose nature, full of the stronger and deeper emotions, gratitude and affection for her protectors, and love for one who loves her fondly in return; whether as the wild and light-hearted vivandiere, or as the titled lady—M'lle Calve is the true woman in all, faithful to life in every phase of the character.

Of her singing we can truly say, that in the character of Marie she exhibits more excellence than in any other character she has appeared in. Her execution of "Il faut partir" was a beautiful exhibition of deep, tender, and regretful feeling. "Chacun le sait" was admirable for its point and finish, and the enthusiasm with which she gave "Salut a la France," could only be equalled by the reception it met with from the audience. She dressed the part with her usual taste,—which is perfection. We hope to see her repeat this character.

Madame Mathieu as the Marchioness Berkenfeld, elicited general approbation. Her acting and singing in the trio, "Le jour naissait," was not to be surpassed; while in the graver portions of the character she was equally good. Her second dress was in truth a most admirable costume.

M. Couriot, who was to have played Tonio, continuing

seriously indisposed, M. Buscher, at two days' notice, had to undertake the part. He acquitted himself very creditably. His voice is not quite equal to the music, although it is certain that he would have appeared to much greater advantage had he been more familiar with the music.

M. Bernard, as the old Sergeant, is deserving of our warmest commendation. Not for one moment did he forget the character of the Old Soldier. It was a true picture from the beginning to the end. The sternness of the old warrior, the tender affection for La Fille, and the quiet quizzing of the peculiarities of the antiquated Marchioness, each received at his hands full justice. His singing was correctly and artistically rendered.

The acting of M. Mathieu as the Steward, was an exquisite piece of quiet humour.

The chorusses were well executed, although scarcely equal to some former performances.

The Band displayed its usual excellence. In the finale to the second act, however, where the short fugue passage occurs, there was much obscurity among the stringed instruments, but M. Prevost ably retrieved the error. We must particularly compliment M. Ribas for his exquisite performance upon the "Chor Anglaise" in Marie's song, "Il faut partir"; also the first violoncellist for his obligato accompaniment in the second act.

Opening of the Organ for Trinity Church, New Haven.—We were present at Mr. Erben's Factory, Centre-street, on the occasion of the exhibition of an organ built for the above church.

The following is a statement of the construction, &c., &c.

The organ is contained in a splendid gothic case of black walnut. It has two complete sets of keys and two octaves of pedals.

GREAT ORGAN.	
1 Open Diapason (metal pipes throughout.)	12 Principal.
2 Stop Diapason.	14 Hautboy.
3 Principal.	15 Trumpet.
4 Twelfth.	16 Cornet.
5 Fifteenth.	
6 Cornet.	CHOIR BASS.
7 Sesquialtra.	17 Stop Diapason.
8 Trumpet.	18 Principal.
9 Flute.	
	19 Double Diapasons from CCC — 16 feet—Two Octaves.
SWELL ORGAN.	
10 Open Diapason.	COUPLING STOPS.
11 Stop Diapason.	20 Gt. Organ and Swell.
12 Dulciana.	21 Gt. Organ and Pedals.
	22 Pedals and Choir Organ.

It will be seen by this statement that the organ, although it is by no means a large instrument, possesses considerable power; indeed, for its size, it possesses extraordinary power. A *coupling* movement for the Great Organ and Swell, which goes as low as C below Fiddle G, gives great power to the instrument and enriches the Great Organ exceedingly, when used either full or in part. The pedals down to 16 foot C, are very good, speaking almost immediately, and being equal throughout.

The Reed Stops are admirable; we must particularize the exceeding beauty and delicacy of the Hautboy in the Swell, and of the rough, full, and truly characteristic quality of the trumpet in the same department, showing great improvement in a few years in these particular stops. The Flute is in the Great Organ, and is very mellow, soft and delicate. It can be used as a solo stop with more convenience and better effect than if it were in the Swell. Organ builders should bear this in mind, and never put the Flute Stop in any other than the Great Organ or Choir.

To the Diapasons generally we must award unqualified praise; they are exceedingly *heavy* and rich. The Pedals may be coupled either with the Great Organ or Swell, or both. The omission of Composition Pedals is, however, much to be regretted, as they so greatly facilitate the labor of the organist, in the rapid change of stops necessary to produce striking effects.

Shortly after we went in, Mr. W. A. King, Organist of St. Peter's Church, sat down to the organ. Mr. King is acknowledged to be the most eminently capable man of all men in the country, to show off an organ, of whatever size, to the greatest advantage. As an extemporaneous player, we have not met his equal on this continent; his fancy is brilliant, —his thoughts of beauty succeed each other in rapid succession; he handles his subject with much clearness; these qualifications, combined with his perfect knowledge of the various and beautiful combinations, and his complete mastery over the *King of Instruments*, have gained for him his high and well-earned reputation. His performance on this occasion was extemporaneous; in it he introduced several beautiful airs from *Robert Le Diable*. So masterly was his performance—so various and so orchestral was his treatment of his themes, that he kept a very miscellaneous audience rapt and silent for something more than half an hour—the hightest tribute that could be paid to his genius.

Altogether, we were much delighted with the exhibition, and we consider that the congregation of Trinity Church, N. H., cannot fail to be truly gratified with their purchase.

Musical Review.—*Oh! Say Not; Sing a Careless Lay.* Composed and dedicated to the author of the words, *Miss Justine Bayard*, by *Herman S. Saroni*. *Thou Art Welcome, Dearest Sister.* The words by *Jonas B. Phillips*. The music composed and dedicated to his friend, *Eugene Plunkett*, by *Herman S. Saroni*. *The Heart's Despair.* Words by *Jonas B. Phillips*. The music composed and respectfully dedicated to *Miss Frances P. Wood* by *Herman S. Saroni*.

All the above pieces are published by John F. Nunn, 240 Broadway.

The first song is in E minor, common time. It is constructed upon the simplest form of English ballads. The first eight bars are in E minor; it then changes for a brief period into C minor, returning again to the original key. The melody is exceedingly plaintive and expressive, and, although the closes are somewhat hackneyed and common-place, yet the accompaniments are so full and so judiciously used they redeem and dignify the character of the song. A false relation occurs in the twelfth bar of each verse, where the right hand accompaniment and the voice descend in seconds, making a most inharmonious effect. A false accent is also given in the third verse to the word 'joyously.' The accent falls with a minim note upon the penultimate syllable. This should always be avoided in order to preserve the integrity of the pronunciation. The poetry is pretty and full of sentiment, and is modelled after the style which Haynes Bayley rendered so popular.

It is got out in excellent style.

The second song is by far the most melodious composition we have seen from Mr. Saroni's pen. It is truly a gushing forth of feeling and sensibility. A right hearty "Welcome to his Sister" was evidently the feeling nearest to his heart, and he has expressed it with singular fidelity. We recommend this song most earnestly to our musical friends. The poetry by Mr. J. B. Phillips is smooth and agreeable, and expresses a warm and amiable sensibility. The third song is in C minor, 3-4 time. Its character is mournful to a painful degree. The principal subject is to be found in the symphony, and is given to the left hand. It is well carried out through

the song, and imparts to it a sad and reflective tone, which forcibly impresses the hearer. This song has not the stamp of genuineness so strongly marked as the second under notice, but it is a good song.

All these songs are got out in admirable style by J. F. Nunns, 240 Broadway. Our musical friends would do well to look them through.

The Drama.

At Niblo's, Mrs. Mowatt is still delighting large, fashionable, and very intellectual audiences, who testify their sympathy with the woman, not less than their approbation of the actress, by the most profound and respectful attention.

Last week we had seen the fair *débutante* only in Pauline, but we have since been charmed with her delineations of Juliana, in "The Honeymoon," and Lucy Ashton, in "The Bride of Lammermoor." The former of these plays has very little to recommend it—especially to Mrs. Mowatt. Its leading incident is grossly absurd. A duke (Aranza,) wedding, in his character of duke, a haughty gentlewoman (Juliana) makes her believe, after marriage, that he is not only a peasant, but more entirely brutal and disgusting than peasant ever yet was. He maltreats her in almost every way—sneers at her—insists upon her standing up in his presence and attending his friends in the capacity of a slave—locks her up in her chamber—refuses her communication with her parents—does every thing in short but strike her—and makes his brutality only the more odious by putting on, at one point, the airs of a man of honor—drawing down the rapturous approbation of the audience by certain rhodomontade to the effect that

> "Whoever lays his hand upon a woman,
> Save in the way of kindness, is a villain
> Whom 't were base flattery to call a coward."

—as if the severest personal chastisement he could have inflicted would not have been *less* cowardly than his other bestial affronts to her dignity and honor. But all this would be nothing, if we were not required to believe that, by such conduct, the duke finally subdues the haughty temper of his wife, and actually secures her most passionate love! These things are so grossly unnatural as to destroy all the verisimilitude of the play—and the total irrelevancy of the under-plots confirm the difficulty and strengthen the disgust. "The Honeymoon," in short, is a wretched affair, which has been unluckily saved to the stage (for its sins) by a number of sparkling points well adapted to tell with audiences too ill-cultivated to estimate merit otherwise than in detail—and especially by a quality which, so far from saving it, should have secured its instant condemnation—we mean its palpable plagiarism of all the worst demerits of "The Taming of the Shrew."

In Juliana—because Juliana is a *rôle* altogether out of nature—we did not expect Mrs. Mowatt to do much—for not much is there for any one to do. So far as a gracefully dashing demeanour goes, she nevertheless accomplished something—and

> Oh what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
> In the contempt and anger of her lip!

We were delighted, however, to find her announced as Lucy in "The Bride of Lammermoor," for our remembrances of this opera were connected only with the music of Bellini and the glowing romance of Scott. If, in all the literature of fiction, there is a character for which Mrs. Mowatt is peculiarly adapted, it is the Lucy Ashton of the original "Bride of Lammermoor." If the authoress of "Fashion" knew her own strength, she would confine herself, nearly altogether, to the depicting in letters, as well as on the stage, the more gentle sentiments and the most profound passions. Her sympathy with the latter is evidently intense. In the utterance of the truly generous—of the really noble—of the unaffectedly passionate—we see her bosom heave—her cheek grow pale—her limbs tremble—her chiselled lip quiver—and Nature's own tear rush impetuously to the eye. Now it is this freshness of the heart which will provide for her the greenest laurels. It is this enthusiasm—this well of deep feeling—which should be made to prove to her an exhaustless source of fame! As actress, it is to her a mine of wealth—worth all the dawdling *instructions* in the world. Mrs. Mowatt, *as she now stands*, is quite as able to give lessons in stage *routine* to any actor or actress in America, as is any actor or actress to give lessons to *her*. Let her throw all *support* to the winds—trust proudly to her own grace of manner—her own sense of art—her own rich and natural elocution—and let her be assured that these qualities, as she *now* possesses them, are all sufficient, when considered simply as the means by which the great end of natural acting is to be consummated—as the mere instruments by which she may effectively and unimpededly lay bare to the audience the movements of her own passionate heart.

Feeling this—being well assured, from first seeing Mrs. Mowatt as Pauline, that her forte lay in the depicting of passion, we were anxious to see her in Juliet (a part which will yet render her immortal) and were delighted when we saw her announced for Lucy Ashton. But alas! it was Scott's Lucy and not the Opera Lucy of which we dreamed. The play, as we saw it on Tuesday, is miserably ineffective—and the remembrance of that most passionate and romantic of novels, *will* intrude itself to render the defects of the *dramatization* more palpable. We even fancied that we could perceive the depressing influence of this remembrance in the countenance of Mrs. Mowatt. With a bosom full of emotion, she seemed to suffer from the total insufficiency of the words of the dramatist, to give utterance to her thought. But what was to be done was done to admiration. The actress lost no opportunity. The appeal to the mother was very noble acting. The signing of the contract, and the wild shriek at the sudden entrance of Edgar, would have done honor to any one. The apathetic and mute despair at the conclusion of the play, and during the interview with Ravenswood in the mother's presence—the dumb uncomprehending wretchedness—the half-conscious rendering up of the broken gold—the laboring anxiety for the relief of words—the final maddening confession, heart-breaking, and death in the lover's arms—were the teachings not of Mr. Crisp, but of Nature herself—speaking in tones that could not be misunderstood. The audience grew pale, and were betrayed into silence and tears—and if any one went away sneering that night, it is at least quite certain that he felt ashamed of the sneer.

The Fine Arts.

Joseph Bonaparte's Collection of Paintings.—It will doubtless prove a source of high gratification to all who feel interested in the Fine Arts, that the valuable paintings which Joseph Bonapate collected together at Bordentown, will not be transmitted to England for sale, but will be sold at Bordentown on the 17th and 18th of September next. Such a collection should not be divided. It should form the nucleus of a great gallery.

If the wealthy and ardent admirers of the Fine Arts in

New York, would but take the matter in hand, how easy it would be, by subscription, to purchase the entire collection for New York.

Why should not Mr. Astor give to our city this collection? It would be a gift to posterity, and would make his name historical with the progress of the Fine Arts in this country.

Catalogues, which will be sent to the numerous institutions through the whole range of the country, are now in preparation.

THE NEW YORK HERALD VS. THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS.—While defending the National Academy against the ill-judged remarks, false accusations, and grossly ignorant misstatements which appeared in the Herald a short time since, we wish it to be distinctly understood *that we are no partizans of the Academy or its supporters.* What we have done is simply an act of common justice to the Academy: at the same time it is an act of duty imperative on us to endeavor to disabuse the public mind of any false impressions which the article in the Herald was calculated to convey.

The following quotations from the Herald will clearly prove the utter ignorance of the writer in question, of all that appertains to the National Academy, its constitution, and the intention of its establishment.

National Academy of Design.—This institution has now closed its exhibition for the season, and one or two remarks in review may be made with propriety. One of these applies to the character of the works, and on this topic we have to say, that little improvement has been observable in the pictures over those of former seasons. This stationary state of the exhibition is a matter of regret, and totally at variance with the specific and ard object of the association, which are by introducing to public notice, and awards of premiums to excellence, to develop latent talent, encourage genius, and foster a true taste. To accomplish this, no person who reads the discourses of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and other standard writings on the Fine Arts, can overlook the essential importance of high models to the education of the artist. This admitted, the inference is obvious, that for the improvement of students at least, a few works of a high order of excellence would be of infinitely more service than the most extensive accumulations of mediocre or worthless pictures, such as compose the major part of those displayed every season by the Academy of Design.

To the first remark we would simply reply that the rooms of the Academy were open as usual for the works of every artist, but if the artists will not improve from year to year, surely the Council of the Academy is not to be blamed. In the next place, the object of the institution is not to award premiums, but simply to instruct young students, and to offer them when sufficiently advanced, and other artists, a medium through which their works may be presented to the public. The Academy offers no premium to the exhibiter. The exhibition is composed of the works of *artists* and not of *pupils*. When an artist ceases to be a pupil, he ceases to acknowledge the competency of any tribunal to judge of his works short of that of public opinion. To the award of that tribunal he cheerfully submits, and the prize he contends for is Fame.

The introduction of Sir Joshua Reynolds' name would have much weight, did the opinions quoted from him bear any relation to the subject in question. The accumulation of valuable pictures is the province of the directors of a National Gallery, which gallery should be opened, as in England, France, &c. certain days in the week, for the study of the pupils of the National Academy.

"Another fault attributable to it is the mode of its management, which we are sorry to say does not betray liberality, or solicitude for the character of the body. Cliques are bad enough, and detestable under any circumstances; but to allow their influence over an institution avowedly dedicated to one or more of the Fine Arts, smells of sacrilege. What do the "Council" then say to the charge against the composition of the body—that it is made up of a coterie of painters, to the exclusion of those who are not—that they practise a system of favoritism, giving prominence often to wretched dabs, because the authors have influence with them, and consigning to neglect works of merit or of promise, for reasons best known to themselves, and the sufferers from their partiality."

What defence can we make to the terrible charge that "artists," and only artists, presume to manage an institution devoted to instruction in the arts? We will merely inquire if persons ignorant of music are more competent to teach than musicians?—if one who never read a law book is more capable to defend a cause than a practised lawyer? When these questions are answered in the affirmative universally, this charge will have some weight, but until then we trust that every professional association will be managed by professional men.

The charge of unfairness in the conduct of the *hanging committee*, scarcely needs a reply. Their task is a most difficult and a most unthankful one. That they *are* accused of unfairness is not to us a matter of surprise—had they *not* been so accused would indeed have been surprising, for what artist that ever exhibited but believed his works (however wretched) deserving of the very best place upon the walls. This charge is too frivolous to require further comment.

"Once more, we reproach the Council of the Academy of Design with giving a sordid and grovelling character to their policy. They do not seem to be aware that money making is not the object of the institution, or are ignorant of the truth that the gain of pence and the acquisition of taste and artistical skill, have no connection with—no affinity for each other. Making money is not the end to be sought in these exhibitions, and yet there is good ground for blaming the managers for a departure from this truth. Instead of concocting narrow plans for gain, it is the office of the managers to disburse all the funds they are able in patronizing and encouraging merit without favor or partiality; and one mode of doing so would be the establishment of a Drawing School, which has been too long neglected. We want to see this Academy of Design with an "odor of nationality about it," and to have that it must not be narrow, sordid, or illiberal, but comprehensive in its objects, simple in its operations, and elevated in its motives—then it will be what it professes to be, an *American* Academy of Design."

To this last charge of "sordid and grovelling policy" we have only to oppose facts. Not one single cent of the money received from the public exhibition has ever been appropriated to the personal uses of the members of the Academy. The whole of such proceeds has been expended in sustaining the institution, as the *reports* will triumphantly show.

The last two sentences of the Herald's sagacious article cap the climax of the writer's incredible ignorance, and shameless assurance. Has the man been sleeping for the last twenty years? or were his statements merely wilful and malicious slanders, penned with the intention to prejudice the public against the National Academy? We are compelled to believe the latter suggestion, arguing from the illiberal tone of the article throughout. This person actually asks the Council of the National Academy why they do not establish a drawing academy? Why, such a school has been in existence for the last twenty years! It was established by and supported always from the funds of the Academy. It is open several months in the winter season for students—*free of expense.* Some of the finest casts, from the antique, in the world, are at the service of the students. In fact the number of classical models in the school is very great. Besides statuary the student has the advantage of drawing from the life figure; to procure which is a heavy tax upon the funds of the society. These advantages are freely offered, gratuitously, to young persons desirous of studying the art, and the number of pupils to this school, collected from all parts of the country, has been *sixty* and upwards every year. Does this smack of "sordid and grovelling policy"? Is this the conduct of narrow-minded or illiberal men? If they desired to keep the entire public patronage, why should they voluntarily instruct so large a number of young men,

some of whom might naturally be expected to deprive them of some portion of that patronage, when they might if they choose appropriate that money to themselves, which is now as it were the means of existence and fame to hundreds.

The Academy has its faults, but there is so much that is excellent in it that we have thought it proper to put the public in possession of the facts. In our future numbers we shall make the public acquainted with the history of this society and the benefits it has conferred upon the artist in this country.

SONNET.—SILENCE.

There are some qualities—some incorporate things,
That have a double life, which thus is made
A type of that twin entity which springs
From matter and light, evinced in solid and shade.
There is a two-fold *Silence*—sea and shore—
Body and soul. One dwells in lonely places,
Newly with grass o'ergrown; some solemn graces,
Some human memories and tearful lore,
Render him terrorless: his name's "No More."
He is the corporate Silence: dread him not!
No power hath he of evil in himself;
But should some urgent fate (untimely lot!)
Bring thee to meet his shadow (nameless elf,
That haunteth the lone regions where hath trod
No foot of man,) commend thyself to God!

P.

Prison Association.

First Report of the Female Department of the Prison Association of New York.

The object of this most praiseworthy attempt is to give the convict a fair chance for re-commencing life, on equal terms with those amongst whom he finds him or herself, when released from confinement. The idea is one capable of the best results, if fairly carried out; which we feel assured it will be, when intrusted to such hands as it appears naturally to have fallen into. No public reform appears to us so loudly to be called for, or with so much justice, as that which would ameliorate the condition of the prisoners in or out of jail: and, perhaps, from the existing state of things, it is even more incumbent upon society to help him from getting into prison, than in the first instance even to send him there. When we consider the stigma attached to the fact of ever having been confined in a prison, (whether justly or unjustly); that it too often casts a blight upon a man's character and prospects, from which he rarely recovers: and then only from admirable resolution, patience, and a most uncommon force of mind and character: it is a most solemn prompting of the conscience that commands us to treat the victim of folly, of ignorance, or of crime, with at least the same tolerant spirit, the same equal justice which we ourselves would hope for, in the same situation.

The fact really is, that very many are obliged to 'commit' themselves, or perish by the bleak freezing of neglect;' that to obtain a shelter and food to sustain life, they must even return to the hated jail.

That a small number, like Mr. Rathbun of Buffalo, whom we have ever admired for his enterprise and public spirit; whom we have thought a much more eminent man than many of his fellow speculators and tempters to doubtful schemes of profit; whose offence considered not as a selfish crime, but as springing from a desire to advance the public interests, and to interweave his name (a laudable ambition) with his favorite town, we might almost pardon as venial, were not justice the most exacting of all virtues—that not a few like him, by dint of energy, the salient spring of self-confidence, and great activity of mind, can occasionally recover lost ground, perhaps become better and alter many thereby, is no argument against a society like the present, whose aim is to help the vast majority, who are not able to help themselves.

The report is clearly and skilfully drawn up, in an admirable spirit of humanity, and with an eye to impartial justice, and a wise economy, at the same time. We have been requested to make the following statement:

"The Female Department of the New York Association, being about to establish a Home for the temporary reception of such discharged convicts as may appear willing to reform, earnestly solicit immediate aid from all those interested in this attempt, in the form of money, clothing, household furniture, fuel, books, or goods of any description,—in short *everything* that can be used in a large and destitute family.

CAROLINE M. KIRKLAND, *Cor. Sec'y.*"

MR. WILLIS.—Nothig for a long time has given us so true a pleasure as to learn that this distinguished gentleman has entirely recovered his health. He is now busily at work—and has commenced his anxiously expected Letters for "The Mirror"—four of them having been already received. Among all our men of literature there is *not one* whose laurels have been more nobly earned than have been those of Mr. Willis. The country has a right to be proud of him—*and is.*

It is extraordinary, says Mr. W. in one of his late letters, how little the English change! Regent-street, after four or five years, is exactly what Regent-street was. The men have the same tight cravats, coats too small, overbrushed whiskers, and look of being excessively washed. The carriages and horses exactly the same. The cheap shops have the same placard of "SELLING OFF" in their broad windows. The blind beggars tell the same story, and are led by the same dogs: but what is stranger than all this sameness is, that the *ladies* look the same! The fashions have perhaps changed—in the milliner's shops! But the *Englishing* that is done to French bonnets after they are bought, or the English way in which they are worn, overpowers the novelty, and gives the fair occupants of the splendid carriages of London the very same look they had ten years ago.

Still, there are some slight differences observable in the street, and among others, I observe that the economical private carriage called a "Brougham," is very common. These are low cabs, holding two or four persons, with a driver, and perhaps a footman in livery on the outside seat, and one horse seems to do the work as well as two. This fashion would be well introduced into New York—that is so say, if our city is ever to be well enough paved to make a drive any thing but a dire necessity. The paving of London is really most admirable. Vast city as it is, the streets are as smooth as a floor all over it, and to ride is indeed a luxury. The break-neck, hat-jamming and dislocating jolts of Broadway must seem to English judgment an inexcusable stain on our public spirit. And, *apropos* of paving—the wooden pavement seems to be entirely out of favor. Regent street is laid in wooden blocks, and in wet weather (and it rains here some part of every day,) it is so slippery that an omnibus which has been stopped in going up the street is with difficulty started again. The horses almost always come to their knees, though the ascent is very slight, and the falls of cart and carriage-horses are occurring continually. Nothing seems to "do" like the McAdam pavement, and wherever you find it in London, you find it in as perfect order as the floor of

bowling-alley. I see that all heavy vehicles, (by the way) are compelled to have very broad wheels, and they rather improve the road than spoil it. A law to the same effect should be passed in New York, if it ever has a pavement worth preserving.

We are requested to call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Messrs. J. B. Carey, &c., Manufacturers of Ornamental Show Cards, 34 Beekman st.

These cards are adapted to all kinds of business. We have seen some beautiful specimens at their rooms, displaying much taste in the getting up, and were assured that they have already found their way into most of the large cities in the United States. Those about to purchase we would advise to call as above and examine the styles.

Items—Literary or Scientific.

Miss Cushman is daily growing in favor with the Cockneys. To exhibit her lately in light comedy, the "School for Scandal" has been produced.

While Hackett was playing at the Haymarket recently in Monsieur Mallet, a cross of the Chevalier of the Legion of Honor fell from his breast, when Prince Albert, who was in the house at the time, accompanying the Queen, sent his private Secretary, Mr. Anson, with an elegant breastpin, which he had been wearing at the time, as a present to the American actor.

The Rev. Mr. Barham, author of the well known Ingoldsby Legends, died last week at his residence, Amen corner, St. Paul's, London.

The French Operatic Company from Brussels, at Covent Garden Theatre, has been very successful.

The idlers of Paris are flocking in numbers to gaze upon the open circus, called the Hippodrome, and modelled after the Roman Coliseum, which is fast advancing to its conclusion in the neighborhood of the Etoile. Stakes driven into its vast arena already mark out the path of the antique chariots which are to revive the Olympic contests. A hundred horses have been purchased for the service of the establishment.

An English ship, the Victory, which has just arrived from the Mediterranean, states that on the 13th ult., in lat. 36 40 30, and lon. 13 44 30, immense balls of fire were seen to issue from the sea.

Mr. William John O'Connell recently obtained a verdict, in the Court of Common Pleas, London, and £50 damages, against the proprietors of the Morning Post, for a libel.

"Eugene Sue," says Tate's Magazine, "runs a fair chance of being better known, and certainly better appreciated throughout the British Dominions, than Sir Walter Scott." "The Mysteries" are the confessions of Vidocq, and something worse, turned into a romance, strong, filthy, and full-flavored. Mankind is there represented, not in his glory, but in utterly incredible debasement. It is so interesting to trace and gloat upon our intimate connection with the brutes! Faugh! can we endure such infamy, and yet pretend that our hearts are clean?

There is every reason to believe that the Irish Collegiate Bill will prove a failure in the working. The Irish Members, headed by O'Connell, who have come over to Parliament in connexion with the measure, have not succeeded in persuading the Government to accede to the requirements of the Irish Catholic Bishops.

The new comet was first seen in the south of Europe, by the officers of the middle-watch of her Majesty's steamer Volcano, on its voyage from Malta and Marseilles.

The Napoleon Museum in London has been lately sold. Most of the articles connected with the personal and historical associations of the extraordinary man they commemorated have been sold for almost nothing.

The project to throw a high tube composed of sheet iron, across the Menai Straits, for the transmit of a railway, has been abandoned; owing, doubtless, to the probable disastrous effect of a gale of wind pressing upon such an extent of surface as so large a tube would necessarily present. It is in contemplation, to erect in its stead two bridges of solid construction, both of them uniting on the Britannia Rock, and to throw out two piers from each side of the Straits.

The fund for erecting a marble monument to the memory of Robert Southey, Esq., the late poet Laureate, in Crosthwaite church, Keswick, is progressing in such a manner as to afford the utmost satisfaction to those exerting themselves in the undertaking.

Mr. Charles Green, the aeronaut, made his three hundredth ascent in his large balloon, from the ground of the Albert saloon, at Hoxton.

A steamer, to be called the 'Lady of the Lake,' has been launched on the Windermere. This is said to be the first steamer on any English or Irish lake.

Madame Laret recently ascended in the balloon from Avignon. The balloon dropped into the Rhone, and but for the exertions of a young man, who jumped into the river to her rescue, she would have been drowned.

Mr. Everett, the American Minister, has been delivering an Address before the British Agricultural Association at Cambridge.

Punch complains that some one of the English Magazines has stolen (from Hood's) a story called "The Red Herring" or something of that kind, and details the incidents. We read the whole matter years ago in the original French.

A work called "The European Diplomatists," by Capefigue, the second volume of which has just appeared, is much read and relished. Sir Robert Peel is severely dealt with by the author; but the best portraits are of Mole, Guizot, and Broglie. It is a work to be recommended to all English statesmen. The tragedy of 'Lucrece,' which was refused at the Theatre Francais, has produced the author 60,000 francs.

"Poets, painters, feuilletonistes, and all our men and women of rank," says the Paris correspondent of the New-York Mirror, "are retiring to their 'Sabine fields,' while the bar and the bench are on the wing for Baden, Homburg, Spa, and Vichy. M. Cunon-Gridaine is expected at the latter place, and M. Guizot has retained his apartments for the month of July. A small revolution has been consummated in the musical department of the bath. Young Musard has been dethroned, and his sceptre passed to the hands of an obscure pretender, M. Strauss, not he of Vienna, but a very clever Strauss for all that. The literary men of distinction have their Tusculums, like the great letter writers of Rome—without adverting to the three castles of M. Scribe, or of the magnificent property of Mr. Vaudeburch—purchased with only half the "author's rights" of a single farce. "The Gamin de Paris"—Soulie has a delicious villa at Bievre, and Jules Janin an architectural gem at Passy. I may cite many other retreats, where the imagination and the fancy may inhale, with the fresh breezes of nature and spring, poetical inspirations. Alexander Dumas is installed in the prettiest and greenest spot of the terrace of St. Germain, in a delicious cottage, formed of two pavilions, which overlook the brightest scenes: the eye wanders over the immense panorama of the woods of Vesinay and Charenton—admires the sides of Marli—and follows the "sinuous Seine," winding its slow way through "alleys green."

To the Author of the "Lines on the Grecian Flute." We fear that we have mislaid the poem.

Index to our first Volume.—We did not purpose to publish an Index to our first volume, but by the numerous requests for one, we have been induced to change our mind. We shall accordingly forward a complete Index to our subscribers in the next number of the Journal.